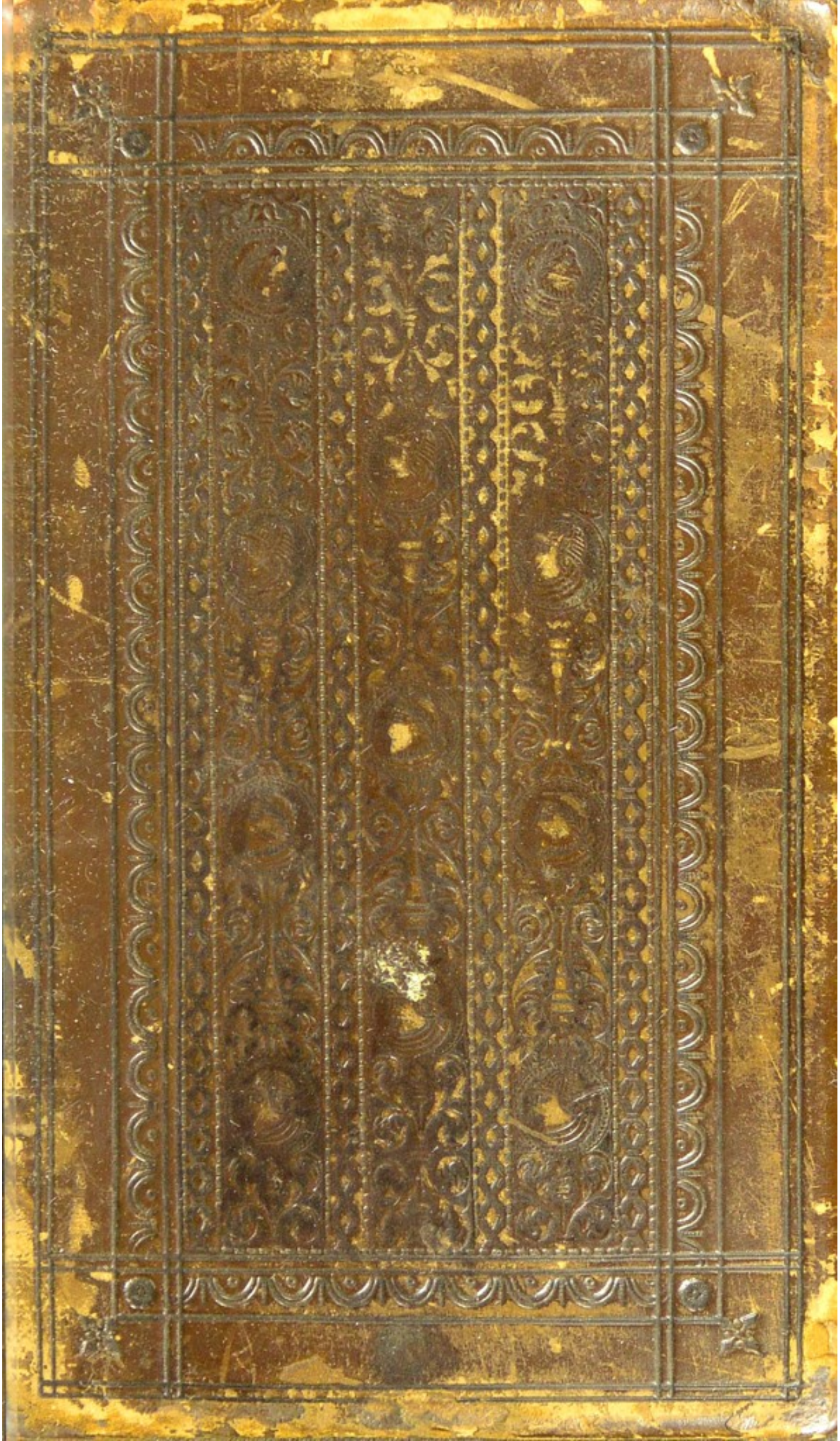

M. Loughnan.
Granddaughter of
L. B. Birkett

Guys. 1913. 1916.

Godfrey Batchelder.

Edmund Lloyd Burkett

Fred. J. Butler

Rob R. Clay

"

William T. Douglas.

Chas. H. Fleming

John B. France

Thomas Longmore

James Oldham

C. M. Otway.

John Pandt.

J. H. Sampson

Jas. R. Strawson

Charles Taylor

CHRONICLES

and

CORRESPONDENCE

of the Society of

"OLD GUYITES,"

FOUNDED MAY, MDCCCXL.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

Printed for the Society by Robert Ash,
London Bridge.

MDCCCXLIX.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

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

The Society of the **Old Guyites** has reached one such 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 in 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 a supplementary Banquet at the Trafalgar. Soon after his arrival he engaged in practice at Cheltenham, where he is well spoken of, and merits 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 Company's Service. He has seen much of India, was in Scinde after its annexation; and is now, it is be-

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

lieved, 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, and the West Indies; and is at present in Canada, looking forward to a happy re-union at no distant period.

BATCHELER is "happy Southwell's pride," though 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 at Winchester, looks well, cultivates flowers, and, amid the calls of an extensive practice, has scarcely ever failed on the "First of June."

COLMAN will, it is hoped, attend more regularly when time and fortune shall make him a little more independent.

DOUGLAS has had some obstacles to surmount at Banbury; 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 a good Chronicle when absent.

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

MOORE is the "mother of inventions," but occasionally forgets "the necessity" of remembering the "First of June."

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

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

OLDHAM has made excellent way at Brighton, and has been instrumental in founding a Medical 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.

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

VEASEY'S exertions at Woburn have earned him the confidence and regard of rich and poor; and constantly as the year comes round, proves himself a true and facetious Guyite.

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

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

The GOVERNOR has been far from well, but he is 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 himself 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 Guyites.** Of the Society itself it remains only to say, that its Festivals have always been fairly attended, that they have served to keep alive those feelings of friendship, upon which the Society was founded; and that they continue a source of the purest 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."

Ecclus.

"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."

SMOLLETT.

RULES
of the
"OLD GUYITES."

1. That a Club be formed, under the title of "Old Guyites."

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 Guyites," 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 Guyites," 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 Guyites."

OLD GUYITES.

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

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 acqaintance 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.

CHRONICLES

of the

"OLD GUYITES."

First Anniversary.

On Monday, June the 1st, 1840, the "**OLD GUYITES**" met for the first time at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich,—Otway in the Chair,—the Members present being, Batcheler, Bedford, Birkett, Clay, France, Longmore, Menzies, Oldham, Otway, Veasey, Weston, and the "Governor" The Dinner was placed upon the table at Seven; after the removal of the cloth, letters were read from all excepting one.—The healths of those absent were drunk, in the first bumper, with the sincerest good will; Eleven o'clock brought us Punch and "Auld Lang Syne"—and the evening, amidst song and festivity, passed too quickly away.

Letter 1.

Mr. Secretary,

In compliance with the regulations of our excellent Society I presume it will be expected that I should state, briefly, my reasons for being absent upon the present occasion; and in so doing I trust I shall not be considered careless or indifferent to the interests of the Society, or to the promotion of friendly feeling and attachment amongst its members, when I mention that family engagements, of an unavoidable nature, debar me from the pleasure of participating in your enviable jollification; and it is, I assure you, with feelings of considerable regret and disappointment that I am obliged to leave town so short a time before the "glorious 1st of June,"—more especially, as it will of course be an object to muster as many as possible at the first meeting—however, I doubt not but that there will be found plenty of true English hearts present, beating high with delight at the idea of forming one link in the chain, which will, I trust, for many years continue a firm bond of union between the individual members of the "Old Guyite Society," and enable them to chaunt with becoming pathos, "Auld Lang Syne."

The time since the formation of the Society being so short, of course one has but very few adventures, &c. &c. to relate. One act of which I have been guilty, I will, however, mention, viz., that of obtaining the Diploma of the College, which though of itself comparatively nothing, makes one feel particularly comfortable, and would, I doubt not, add an extra relish to your sumptuous repast, had I an opportunity of testing it on the evening of the 1st. But as such is not the case, I will conclude this Laconic epistle by wishing you all the happiness and jollity that can attend your party; and hoping that no one may plead guilty to the appellation of "Obadiah Wilson,"

Believe me, yours sincerely,

F. J. B.

Empshott Vicarage,
Near Liphook, Hants,
May 29th, 1840.

Letter 2.

Dear Bedford,

I have received a letter by this morning's post, which, I regret to say, will prevent me from joining you this evening :—it is a great nuisance, but "such things will occur in the best regulated families"; hoping that you, and all the rest of the company, may spend a pleasant evening,

Believe me to remain,
Yours very sincerely,
J. C.

Letter 3.

187, Blackfriars Road,
May 30th, 1840.—½ *past* 1, *a.m.*

My dear Friends and Fellow Students,

I am sorry that the journey which, in a very few hours, I am about to make, should prevent me from joining your brotherly "Guyite Dinner, and which I would certainly have postponed—I mean the journey—should I not, in doing so, have been opposing the last wish of my only parent, which the has expressed previously to my leaving my home for five years. My object in going, and the place of my destination, is too well known to you to require my stating it, therefore all I will now tell you is, that at Eleven o'clock, London time, I will, next Monday night, drink, my dearest friends, your healths and happiness, for Auld Lang Syne, at Falmouth. Next year I trust I shall have more time for expressing my feelings, thongh not with more warmth than at present. Blessings on you all, dearest friends, and should I hear that you, on such an occasion, drink my health with the other absent Guyites, believe me I shall receive great pleasure. In greatest haste,

Ever yours, with the warmest attachment to the cause,
C. F. E.

Letter 4.

10, Rue de Rivoli, Paris,
May 26.

My dear Old Guyites,

According to our established custom I sit down to give you a short account of my humble self; but before entering upon such an egotistical subject, I must wish you everything that may be conducive to your health, happiness, and future prosperity.

After numerous perils, and an indefinite number of adventures, I arrived safe and sound at this town, May 12th, 1840. Our worthy and most noble, kind-hearted and most charitable Secretary accompanied me as far as Gravesend. I am happy to be able to tell him that his hopes were realized, for there was, throughout the whole of our voyage, scarcely a ripple to disturb the mirror-like appearance of the Sea. All the passengers were in excellent spirits—eat and drank like pantiles; and, alas! when the shades of evening fell round and round, they all, as if agreed amongst themselves to disturb the stillness of the night, began at once to snore like bricks. Oh the horrible sound, as useless to the maker as it is annoying to the listener! Fancy dear brethren, I was placed between two such wretched specimens of humanity, who rivalled each other in producing this detestable noise. My rest at every moment being disturbed, and I not being a Job, got rather angry, however my choler served me nought, and the only redress I could get was, by kicking the brainless head of the one, and pulling the feet of the other, which little and well adapted counter stimulant caused them both to start up in a fright, as if the devil had twitched them by the nose; but unfortunately like all our stimulants, it only was of temporary benefit, for after gazing at one another in a sort of semi-stupor for a moment or so, they laid down and snored again. If any of you should chance to travel, and should go by way of Havre, remember to forget to go to the Hotel de l'Europe, for it is of all the hotels that I have ever been in,—and I have been in a great many,—the dearest and the worst. At Havre I got into

one of those ponderous vehicles, semi-waggons, and semi-coaches, which go under the comprehensive term of *diligences*. In this barbarous, though I must own not uncomfortable conveyance, I rolled for upwards of fourteen hours, at the end of which period the coach vomited its inmates into the glorious and gay streets belonging to the French capital.

Here I have been for fifteen days enjoying myself,—sometimes in the pursuits of the closet or lecture room, sometimes in strolling through the fashionable promenades. Oh how different are the frequenters of these walks from those who stroll in ours! here, everything seems (I say not is) gay and merry, and all seem happy and contented,—whereas in England, everybody seems (I say not is) dull and heavy, and when they walk out, they seem marching to a funeral dirge rather than for the purpose of amusement.

I also frequent the theatres, which present great attraction, and form one of the chief amusements of a Parisian life. I must not forget to mention its gilded and richly decorated coffee-houses, which rival palaces in magnificence;—then their bals-champêtres, and lastly, their grisettes. Don't blush bashful listeners, for I am going to say nothing that would even shock the modesty of a maid. Having now put you on your guard, or off your guard, I will take up again the charming grisette: this class is, I am sorry to say sadly overrated, for the most part of them possess neither wit, worth nor beauty, but on the contrary are uncommonly dull, stupid, and ugly. But females here can't be compared to ours, they want that feminine air which so distinguishes our little fairies from all the others in the world,—they want the modest look, the fair, the soft, the alabaster skin,—and lastly, they want the British blood to make them women that men can love. Oh brethren, forget not amongst your toasts the one to the fair,—to England's ornament,—a bumper, a bumper fill! If you have read thus far, I must still beg you to continue, for if you do not, you will think I have forgotten to wish you a merry merry evening and that you and we may have many many of them, and may the First of June be long known to us as a glorious day, a day in which we meet each other as friends, and all ready to act up to the good old proverb,

"a friend in need is a friend indeed." Begging to be remembered to you all, and to the Governor.

I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate Brother,

N. M.

Letter 5.

Dear Bedford,

I have much pleasure in forwarding you an account of my affairs up to this time. I have taken a practice at Rotherham, Yorkshire. I regret, much, my inability to join you on the first meeting of the "Old Guyites"; but though absent, I shall, nevertheless, endeavour to hit upon your time of festivity, and by no means neglect to sing "Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot," at the appointed hour.—Shake hands with every Old Guyite for me, and for yourself, accept my best wishes,

My dear Bedford,

Yours sincerely,

F. G. M.

ROTHERHAM, YORKSHIRE. "O. G."

Letter 6.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

Dear Bedford,

I am extremely sorry that I shall be unable to attend at the "Old Guyites'" Dinner, owing to my having to accompany my father to an operation,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

J. C. P.

Letter 7.

Guy's Hospital,
Friday Evening.

My dear Sir,

It is with deep and sincere regret that I find myself necessitated to be absent from our social party of "Old Guyites," owing to my having made arrangements to proceed tomorrow on my route to Paris. The nature of my absence will, I trust, be a sufficient apology; I need, therefore, only repeat my original intention of forming on future occasions, a small but powerful link in the chain which cements the hands and hearts of the "Old Guyites," and offer my most fervent congratulations on this happy event; wishing you all, through life, such a share of happiness as "Old Guyites" may reasonably anticipate.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
J. R. S. a.

Letter 8.

Dear Bedford,

My disappointment is exceedingly great that I am prevented from joining the dinner of the "Old Guyites" on Monday, being obliged by circumstances over which I have no control to leave town.

Believe me it is not a slight cause which prevents my meeting so many old friends, and that I sincerely hope my first absence may be the only occasion on which I shall be debarred the pleasure of talking over "Auld Lang Syne," and of congratulating each other on what fortune may please to send us.

I am, dear Bedford,
Yours, &c.
J. R. S. t.

To the Secretary of the "Old Guyites."

Letter 9.

18, Holland Place, Clapham Road,
June 1*st*, 1840.

My dear Sir,

To day the "Old Guyites" meet for the first time, under, I doubt not, auspicious circumstances; and I trust it may prove the foundation for friendship and good feeling between those who have been fellow pupils, and are now enrolled under the title of "Old Guyites."

I am sorry that I shall be numbered amongst the absentees at this, the first meeting, being under the necessity of sending this (favored by Mr. Otway) as a poor apology for my non-appearance. But I trust that you and your fellow companions at the merry board will admit of my excuses; and not think that "I am careless of cherishing that bright flower, in the wilderness of life, Friendship," nor that I am willing to forget old friends, and regardless of the happy hours I have spent in their society." For the last few days I have been suffering from a severe cold, together with cough and general indisposition, and have been careful as to diet and exposure to the air. Under such circumstances I think I may expect a verdict in my favor of "not guilty."

My residence most of you know, and as to success or misfortune, I can scarcely say at present what will be the result of my first eight months' practice.

As to my adventures, you are most of you familiar with them, frequently seeing me at "Guy's." I have nothing amusing to relate,—no killing or curing patients in a hurry, and in any new fashioned style; but am content to jog on gradually, and I hope, at some future time successfully.

May I hope that I have exonerated myself?—Commend me to my "Guyite Brethren," who, I trust, are well, happy, and prosperous; and that you may spend a most pleasant evening, is the wish of

Yours sincerely,
C. T. "O.G."

Letter 10.

26, Watling Street, Canterbury,
30*th May*, 1840.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I regret very much indeed, that I am prevented joining you at this our first festival, but being so busily engaged at Canterbury with my old Master, with whom I am acting now as assistant, I reluctantly give up all idea of spending a happy day with you, but anticipate so doing at the next meeting, when I hope to see a number of old friends. I sincerely wish you all a very pleasant evening; but I must request that you will be good boys and not drink too much punch, nor sing "Auld Lang Syne" too loud, so as to disturb the peaceful and quiet inhabitants of Greenwich, or wherever you may be.

Wishing you all health, happiness, and prosperity.

Believe me to remain,
Yours ever truly,
H. W.

Letter 11.

Tremadoc, Caernarvonshire,
29*th May*, 1840.

My dear Guyites,

I regret very much, being prevented from joining you on the first of June, for I cannot picture to my mind anything that would afford me greater pleasure than meeting old acquaintance on such an occasion,—although I shall not be with you in person, my whole heart and soul will be. I have been very much engaged since I have come to Wales, and am much afraid I cannot return to London soon.

I have performed three operations since my return,—one was for a hare-lip, and has done uncommonly well;—another

was a case of trephining, the patient fell into a slate quarry, and fractured his occiput, with depression—at first he had no bad symptoms—in about nine days afterwards, the time I first saw him, his intellectual faculties were quite destroyed, and he was having frequent severe convulsive fits. From the symptoms which presented themselves, I thought matter must have been pressing on the brain ; on trephining him it proved to be true, and it was let out ; since which the fits have left him, he has recovered his senses, and his speech, which he previously had lost, has returned. I am glad to tell you he is doing very well, and the operation has been done nine days. I performed the operation of lithotomy last Tuesday, and when I tell you the difficulty I experienced, I have no doubt but that you will sympathize with me. The patient is an old man of sixty—he had a much deeper perineum than I expected, the prostate was very large, which I knew before, and also very tough ; but the stone was immense, (a triple phosphate), and in drawing out gradually broke to pieces; I then extracted all I could with the forceps, scooped the rest out, and washed the bladder well afterwards. The stone, I should think, weighed very near four ounces, I have preserved three ounces, and a great quantity was lost with the blood and the water. The patient was on the table about three quarters of an hour. I had given up all hopes of his recovery, but to day I entertain a more favorable opinion. I go to see him every day, the distance of eighteen miles I used the straight staff and Key's knife, cut into the bladder very nicely, and pleased my old uncle amazingly, by both the operations. If I write more, it will only occupy your time in reading it, which would be otherwise more pleasantly spent.

Wishing you every happiness and prosperity, and a cheerful and pleasant evening.—God bless you.

I remain,

Your true and faithful friend,

R. W.

P.S.—I have delayed writing this letter until the very last moment, anxious to give you some information respecting my stone patient, thinking it may create some excitement and

interest :—hoping you will overlook this scrawl having only just come home, and little time to write it, having been detained longer than I expected.

FRIDAY, R. W.
12 o'clock at night.

Second Anniversary.

THE Second Annual Dinner took place on Tuesday, June 1st, 1841 at Lovegrove's Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall. The "**Old Guyites**" sat down precisely at Half-past Five,—FRANCE in the Chair,—Otway, Batcheler, Weston, Menzies, Longmore, Stedman, Parrott, Clay, Birkett, and Bedford, were present,—the Governor, who had been unavoidably detained, joined us in half an hour. The day had been cloudy, but the evening became magnificent,—the Dinner was excellent. Immediately upon its termination, the Grace-cup, quaffed to the prosperity of the Society, passed round, and we proceeded to read the communications of our friends; we heard from all excepting Montefiore and Elcum, whose letters, however subsequently arrived. The first bumper, heartily combined with its appropriate toast, was drained. At the "cannie hour of e'en," Punch sparkled in our glasses, and "Auld Lang Syne"

came bursting from our hearts.—But alas! "the shades of evening" had "closed around us"—"the iron tongue of time tolled twelve,"—and the unrelenting omnibus hurried us to that point at which fate again dispersed us for another year.

Letter I.

Hotel Meurice, 42, Rue de Rivoli, Paris,
May 28, 1841.

Brother Guyites,

It is with feelings of deep regret that I am again compelled to resort to this means of representing myself at the Annual Meeting of our excellent Society, especially so, as I had indulged, until quite lately, in the hope that I should have been able to participate in the enjoyment of the society of many of those worthy and jovial characters who rejoice in the name of "Guyites"; but such a pleasure being denied me, I will endeavour to comply with our regulations by giving you a brief account of the principal incidents that have occurred to me during the past year; some of which, though of importance to myself, will, I fear, prove but little interesting to you; upon which account, I would implore that kindness and liberality in the perusal of them, which I am sure predominates in the minds of our fraternity, and request that the feeling toward the Society, herein contained, may be looked upon as that most worthy of notice.

As I had last year, at this time, the satisfaction of congratulating myself upon passing the College, so I have now the pleasure of knowing that I have succeeded in victimizing the worthies at the Hall, and thus put a finishing stroke upon my preparatory labours; since which time I have given myself up to enjoyment previous to pitching my tent, I hope for life; and never did any poor sinner, just let loose from school, ever glory more in the removal of all restraint, than myself upon this occasion.

The spot of my future labours is one abundantly fertile and productive of everything that is desirable to one of our profession. But to be more precise, I have entered into partnership with Mr. Wickham, of Winchester, on the most satisfactory and advantageous terms, and with every probability of the most happy result; but whatever be my lot, I

trust I shall ever have it in my power to administer to the comfort and happiness of any Brother Guyite that may feel disposed to seek the shelter of my roof. It would of course be unnatural to look upon such a pleasing prospect with anything but pleasure and delight; at the same time I cannot but feel that, in pressing forward to gain this, which requires the test of time to prove its true character, I am leaving behind me that, which, for the last three years, has afforded me the greatest happiness I have ever yet enjoyed, viz., Guy's Hospital; with which name I shall ever associate feelings of the most agreeable and enviable nature, accompanied with pride—and what, I would ask, tends to strengthen and render the bond so durable, as the "Society of Old Guyites?"

After concluding everything at Winchester, I started, with Veasey for Paris, which place we reached on Tuesday last, after a most delightful journey, viâ Havre, Rouen, &c.; and here I am, a regular John Bull amongst a set of French rascals, not being able to parlez vous sufficiently to obtain the common necessaries of life, though by the aid of that never-failing remedy, *Money*, I have lived like a fighting-cock ever since I quitted England,—though yesterday I was fool enough to be gulled by an Englishman, in the Rue Rivoli, to the amount of 5f., upon the plea of having his luggage seized, and requiring that sum to get it out, &c. I afterwards had a rencontre with a cabman, the scoundrel swearing that I did not know what o'clock it was when I looked, or some such impudence; upon which, failing to make him understand by ordinary means, I was about to impress upon him my feelings of annoyance at the imposition in true English style, but was arrested in my progress by the collection of a crowd of French vagabonds, the sound of Gendarmes, and the horrors of the station-house, &c., so was obliged to pocket the affront, and pay my money, to my great horror and dismay.

There is one circumstance I cannot refrain from mentioning, as it struck Veasey as well as myself; that is, the very great likeness of the landlord of Meurice's to one of our party, viz., the "Old Governor," and we both could not help exclaiming,

May he be as good! Only conceive the sober-minded Veasey and myself, at two o'clock in the day, sipping brandy and water and smoking cigars!

How far distant the time may be at which I shall be able to understand the chattering scoundrels, I have not the most remote idea, and have fully made up my mind to be victimized as long as I remain in this place, and would strongly recommend every one "not to go to France unless he knows the lingo, for if he does, he'll repent by jingo." I have not yet felt disposed to quit the fascinating scenes so abundant in this part, for the less attractive ones in the neighbourhood of the Hospitals, but hope to make my debût at the Hotel Dieu, tomorrow morning, at the gothic hour of Seven. Hoping that some of you may feel disposed to transport yourselves to this place ere long, (though not at the public expense), and wishing you a good meeting, and every comfort and happiness that can possibly attend you, and a safe return from Blackwall.

Believe me, Brother Guyites,
Yours very sincerely,
F. J. B.

Should you write, please to direct to Galignani's, Rue Vivienne, No. 18.

Letter 2.

DOVOR.

Dear Bedford,

I am very sorry that I am unable to join you on the first of June, although till to day I had great hopes of being amongst you at the dinner; as you are well aware it is no easy matter to escape from a physic shop, you will not be surprised on the receipt of this letter.

In conclusion I wish you and all old friends a pleasant evening and may the anniversary be celebrated for many years.

Believe me,
Your's sincerely,
J. C.

Farewell.

Letter 3.

BANBURY, *May 27th*, 1841.

My dear Old Guyites,

I fear I have incurred the displeasure of you all, in my supposed neglect, in not writing agreeably to the Rules and Regulations of our Society, at the first and last anniversary; and not wishing to fall into the same dilemma again, I had anticipated the happiness of meeting you at the forthcoming anniversary, but circumstances have transpired of domestic origin, which oblige me (Deo vol.) to be at Leamington on Monday next; this, even, is most inconvenient to me, for just now we have a great deal of Scarlet Fever, and other inflammatory affections among children, who require particular care and attention. My partner, of course, might be well able to manage withont me for a day or so, whereas, if I extended my absence for several days, I feel it would be very prejudicial to my interest; especially too, as in this neighbourhood, there is so much competition and rivalship amongst medical men, which makes us on the alert to take care of our own; unfortunately there are people who will take an advantage, if the opportunity offers, and having had proof of this, every day impresses on my mind the necessity of sticking tooth and nail to business, to ensure a probability of success. My inclination would lead me to come up and join you at a risk: yet duty echoes back a somewhat dreary prospective of the consequences. So I put the question to you all, would you wish me to enjoy a "mens conscia recti," by agreeing with duty? or a "mens conscia mali," by acting with inclination? To fulfil the object of the Sixth Rule of our Regulations, I may commence by saying, that at present I have rooms in my partner's house, who is a married man, without family; how long I may continue, as I am, in lodgings, is uncertain,—how long too, before I become a housekeeper, is again uncertain,—still more so, how long I remain a bachelor. My time here has been very limited, so that I have had nothing more than the usual routine of practice at present, except, perhaps, more acute cases of inflammation, in different organs, than generally happen in so short period—as to my success with them I

cannot boast of that, for unfortunately several have died; then how consoling is it to have another to share the responsibility with you: for till now I have never experienced the many anxieties and annoyances of practice. However, we must not expect a perfectly smooth path, but take patiently, the good with the bad.

This will surely be deprecated as a moralizing ditty, for the fact is, I am in no other mood just now; however, 'ere I close it, I will wish that you, the Old Guyites may ever experience the greatest happiness, prosperity, and success, with a long life to enjoy them, and hoping I have again quite redeemed my character, so as not to merit the fulfilment of the late extra clause, but like the lost sheep, may be again restored to the flock under the same fold and the same shepherd.

I am,
My dear fellows,
Ever yours faithfully,
W. T. D.

P.S.—I may here mention, that should any circumstance whatever, bring either of you near me, you will surely not neglect to pay me a visit, for the best my house can afford shall be open to you.

Letter 4.

Cata Branca, Brazil,
April 1*st*, 1841.

My dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

Through a miscalculation of mine, I fear this letter will not arrive soon enough to be opened at our Annual Dinner,—this gives me great pain, because I know that the cause may be misconstrued, and my old dear Guyites may think "I am willing to forget old friends." Though a Foreign land detain me far from you—though new scenes engage my view—believe me that my thoughts are not unfrequently occupied, and my hopes gladdened, by looking forward to the coming day, when I shall again join you, and "tak a right gude willie waught for Auld Lang Syne."

I will now proceed to comply with Rule 6.—I reside at the Gold Mine of Cata Branca, Minas Geraes, Brazils. The situation is beautiful, mountainous and monotonous—the Quails plentiful—population about 600, consisting of Brazilians, Negroes, and Englishmen—is six miles from the nearest village, and thirty from Ouro Petro or Villa Rica, which is the Capital of the Province.

My adventures are few, I have not been shot at, stabbed, robbed, poisoned, or in love,—'tis true one young lady of five and thirty years complete, rather inspissated, sends me pieces of pork, fowls, pines, apples, and certain significant flowers, which, interpreted, mean don't desert me, don't let me alone, or don't let me be alone; but all this I think very natural, and means only kind attention—nothing of love—no my comrades, the heavy millstone of single-blessedness is like to hang about my sterile innocence, as long as I wander in the Columbian territory; but away with such melancholy sentiments. One incident of a painful nature I must mention,—I was just now obliged, in great trouble, to leave off this letter, to bid adieu for ever, to a very old friend, whom there is no chance of seeing more,—who, since my childhood, had partaken of my food—was my companion in all my walks and excursions—valued by me as one whose company I would have wished to enjoy as long as I live. Lately, however, and quite unexpectedly, he had caused me so much uneasiness and anxiety, by some serious mischief-making, of which he was the author, that I resolved at last (fearing that the misery I endured for his sake would injure my health) to separate from his company for ever; thus frustrating the hopes I entertained of introducing him to the Guyite Club at some future time.—I will only further observe that he was a rotten old Bicuspid.

My operations have been few.—Sundry toes and fingers have been lopt off by my merciless knife. One young black gentleman I sent to another "old black gentleman," minus a large portion of parietal bone, which I now think he might as well have taken with him. The interest of the case consisted in his living one week after the accident, with the skull fractured to the foranum magnum, and several portions of

bone, the size of farthings, or larger, detached from the rest, and one much depressed on the upper and posterior part of one of the hemispheres of the Brain; and yet, with all this mischief, and a piece of disorganized brain posterior to the lateral ventricle, of the size of a walnut, there was partial sensation, and a little voluntary motion, in the whole body, with partial sensibility. There was, however, a dilated pupil on the damaged side, and less power on that side of the body, corresponding with the sound side of the brain. He could recognize and pronounce the name of his attendant, to within a few hours of his death. He had no external wound, and died about eight hours after operation. The accident was caused by the falling of a stone upon the skull—it was not known from what height; his skull was not thicker than a half-crown. Another accident of interest arose from a man falling into a chasm, fifty or sixty feet deep; the consequence was, he broke off the internal condyle of the femur, against (I suppose) a projecting point of rock. No means I could adopt, owing to the enormous swelling, and constitutional irritation, enabled me to replace it for several weeks; and afterwards, though I greatly reduced the deformity, I was unable to prevent his being most seriously crippled. I have one case more of interest to mention, viz., of stricture, with false passages—chronic extravasation into the scrotum and urinary fistulæ, on the pubes and scrotum. For seven years the man had been nearly incapacitated for working, and for one year entirely so, I opened the urethra from the perinæum, January 1st, without a single consequent unfavorable symptom, and now he is as fat as Daniel Lambert, and works in the mine without inconvenience—all fistulæ are healed; the scrotum, which was before of an enormous size, is but little larger than natural, and the urine flows from the natural passage, as it would from the pipe of a fine garden engine in full play.

My amusements are horse riding and shooting. I forgot to observe that the chief medical disease here is worms,—almost all the blacks, of all ages, and many whites, particularly children, are afflicted with the lnmbricus teres: occasionally they will pass a dozen in the day.—I attribute it (most likely erroneously) to the water.

And now my dear companions, I will detain you no longer with my twaddle, but breathe a wish that those medical acquirements which have made so many of you renowned at Old Guy's, may make you glorious in the wider spheres of future extensive practices. My warmest remembrances to the Old Governor, to whom I owe a large debt of gratitude for the many lessons I have scraped out of his handsome bald pate. Your healths shall be drunk on the First of June, Brother Guyites, by your old comrade.

C. F. E.

Letter, 5

AMSTERDAM,
June 27, 1841.

My dear Secretary and Friendly Guyites,

I owe you all so many apologies, that really I don't know well how to begin, and fearing that this letter might contain nothing but uninteresting excuses, I shall at once, by abusing your good nature, throw myself, with all my faults, upon your generosity, and then jump, like the old Roman warrior, without hesitation, in medias res. I had intended to have been in merry old England about two months ago, but owing to one of those curious accidents that happen, occasionally, to every one, I was led to the fair sunny south, to which beautiful clime I will now take you, by easy journies, so that you may not feel fatigued or wearisome, en route.

It was on a nasty cold evening that I bade adieu to the best of capitals, and as its towers and public buildings faded from my eye, so did my heart fail within me; melancholy and grumbling I sat in the corner of my carriage, saying not a word to my cousin, who, tired of speaking in vain, fell fast asleep, and left me to my own pleasant cogitations. Never travel post in France, if you can avoid it, for what with the postillions, and the repairing of the carriage, one is bothered out of one's wits. It was for these reasons that, when we came to Chalons we sent our carriage back, and risked our precious

bodies upon a steamer. Perhaps some of you are fond of adventures, and therefore I shall relate the following one that happened to us. We were all sitting down in the cabin, at dinner, when of a sudden we experienced an awful shock, that sent the sauces into the ladies' laps, and made the glasses ring in so frightful a manner, that, with a little imagination, it might be thought they were tolling for the dead : conviviality made us soon forget all this, and nothing more would have been said about it, had we not been surprised with the information that the ship was filling; nobody was aware of any danger until we got to that old town of the Popes, Avignon, when I asked the captain where we should sleep, why, replied he, with the most remarkable nonchalance, most likely at the bottom ! The devil, I cried, and would, if I had been calmer, have made use of Otway's watery oath, but not having time, I rushed down to the cabin, where, to my dismay, I found already four feet of water. All the fates be thanked, just at this crisis we reached a landing place, and thus saved our baggage and ourselves : as to the ship, it crossed to the other side of the river, and then sunk. I promised at the beginning of this epistle not to tire you, but really I must now take a long trip ; and therefore not to break my word, let me be your Asmodeus,—jump without fear upon my back, close your eyes for fear of turning giddy, and in a trice behold yourselves at Naples. How do you like this sort of travelling ? There is no place like this city, and no people like its inhabitants. It resembles that nice little garden where man and woman first sinned, for the soil is so fertile that agriculture becomes useless, and the sun so warm that anything but fig leaves is quite unnecessary. Oh such a place as this I love ; and then the women with their sparkling eyes, which say so many things that the tongue dare not utter, makes one feel another man, 'Tis here Old Guyites where we must retire to spend our days,—'tis here, and here only, where we can sing of love and pleasure,—'tis here where we must hasten to consecrate our friendship unto eternity, and form a republic which shall go by the name of Happiness ! Oh impatient roving spirit of mankind, that has invented all sorts of engines merely to hurry us from those we like, and for what purpose ? Why, but nonsense. I see you are in a hurry to be off, so jump up once more—take care of

my crutch—that will do. Oh ! well may you be astonished to see those churches and marble palaces, rising, as it were, from the waters of the deep. There is the Place St. Marc, where I have lounged on many a summer's evening, listening to the soft tones of a guitar, or to the sweet melody of the voice. There is the gondola, that boat of luxury and of ease; contemplate for a moment, its downy cushions, its noiseless way, and then fancy yourself, when the moon is up, and the stars twinkling in the blue canopy of heaven, to be in such a bark, and near a fair Venetian. The thought is even bliss, what must the reality then be ? We are off again, and if you look down you will see a fine gothic church, its countless spires, or rather towers, sparkling in the sun, produce a grand effect, indeed, 'tis this cathedral that makes Milan worth seeing. Being short of time we wo'nt go in, but rather take a peep at the Scala.—Do you not wonder at its brilliancy ?—'tis a gala night, and the five thousand wax lights are lighted in honour of the Emperor's birth-day. How crowded are all the boxes, and how well the people are dressed.—Do you know why ? It is because they can look at each other, for ordinarily it is so dark, that it is quite impossible to see from one side to the other. You begin now to find it cold, well I am not astonished, for we are going over the Great St. Bernard,—look down at that steep mountain covered over with I don't know how much snow. It was there I ascended, to the no little risk of my neck ; holding myself up by the help of a piked stick, I managed to reach that house which you now see, completely surrounded by snow-clad rocks It is there where the charitable monks reside, and very nice fellows they are too. We, from vanity, were the first to go up that hill, which you see yonder, called the Col de Fenêtre; indeed, it was sometimes laughable to witness one another, every now and then, sinking almost up to one's chin in the snow, and then being pulled out again. Hold fast, for we are off now in earnest, if the height does not make you giddy; look down and you will see Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Fribourg, Basle, the Rhine, Frankfort, and, lastly, Amsterdam, where I set you safely down.

To you, Mr. Secretary, I now address myself, in order to beg you to remember me to all my friends, not forgetting our

good Governor Hills, who is, I hope, still strong and hearty. You would oblige me, also, by saying some kind things for me to Mr. Browell, and, in fact, to all those who have not yet quite forgotten my existence. How is Dr. Addison? pray say something special to him for me, and tell him that I will write to him in a few days. Once again, Brother Guyites. I must bid you, for a time, adieu. In a little month or so, I hope, however, to be with you once more, and then we will talk of things gone by, as if we had never been parted. Before the green curtain falls, let me beg you to forgive my seeming negligence, and to remain as ever,

Your ever affectionate Brother,

N. M.

P.S.—If Mr. Secretary is kind enough to answer this letter, I must beg him to address his Letter to N. M., l'Hotel de Russie, Frankfort S. M.

Letter 6.

To the Old Guyites.

Dear Brethren,—My heart yearns to come to you, but my practice restrains me; and by reason of its pressing calls, I fear I shall be equally unfortunate the second time of your general assembly: but though absent in the flesh, I shall be present in the spirit, in order that we may all shake hands at the witching hour of night.

If my prosperity be reckoned worth your knowledge, I have much pleasure in informing you that a progressively increasing practice has fallen into my hands, and that is the only reason why I shall be debarred from participating in the festivities of this joyous occasion. Remember me particularly to the old Governor. Wishing health, happiness, and prosperity to all Old Guyites,

I am, yours ever,

ROTHERHAM. F. G. M.

Letter 7.

Blackheath Park,
May 26th, 1841.

My dear Brother Guyites,

There is nothing I regret more than that my illness should prevent my having the pleasure of joining our admirable and social meeting this year. I regret it the more, because I know that there are some of our friends who, next year, may be separated from us by the waves of the wide Atlantic; but this I bear in mind, that though we may be scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and the waves of the wide ocean roll between us, yet on the 1st of June our hearts will return to England, as the heart of one man, and that "we few, we happy few, we band of brothers," will all be wishing each other, health, happiness, and prosperity, at the same moment.

My last year has been one almost entirely of illness, but still I have seen a great deal to interest and please me. I was on the Continent for three months,—my voyage thither was certainly severe, in a miserable cockle-shell of a steam boat, exposed to a gale off Ostend; I was happily not sea-sick, but an unfortunate Frenchman, who lay in a berth above me, cast up his accounts "sans intermission," and after making a considerable noise, called out between times, "Pardon Monsieur," which I accordingly granted, although the gravity of my risible muscles was considerably disturbed. After arriving at Ostend I travelled through Belgium, seeing all the splendid paintings by the old masters of the Flemish School, and then went on, by Liege, to the Rhine. The scenery there is truly magnificent, as our excellent Secretary can well tell you, and I arrived in time to see the vintage, which is very interesting. I remained at Bonn upon the Rhine for seven weeks, when I was called away to my brother who was dangerously ill on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. The Swiss scenery, in the Winter as well as in the Summer, is quite magnificent;

the depth of snow on the mountains, and sometimes a splendid colonnade of icicles across a deep ravine, with the sun shining upon it, is indiscribably beautiful. I remained in Switzerland a month, and returned to England by way of Paris, all the time suffering from illness. While writing this letter, I can hardly bear to give up the pleasure of meeting you; but every one who has seen me thinks that it will be imprudent, so I must submit That God may bless you all, and give you health and happiness, and every blessing, for the ensuing year, is the sincere wish of,

Your Brother Guyite,

J. O.

Letter 8.

HAILSHAM,

May 23*rd*, 1841.

My dear Sir,

It is with unfeigned regret that I am compelled to state my inability to participate in the conviviality of the next Anniversary Meeting of the "Old Guyites": a meeting which I am quite sure will be attended with the happiest results, and will undoubtedly tend to promote the laudable object of cementing the friendship of its members. Under any circumstances I should feel that I had sustained a great privation in being absent from such a distinguished Society as that of the "Old Guyites," but I feel this especially on the present occasion, as it is probably the last dinner at which we may hope for the presence of our much esteemed friends, Menzies, Longmore, and Weston, in whose prosperity and happiness I am sure every member of our Society must feel the deepest interest.

It would be only imposing upon your time to attempt the recital of what has occurred since the last Annual Meeting, with respect to myself, since I have had a recent opportunity of communicating to most of my friends, my present unfortunate position, that is, without any constant employment; most

sincerely do I hope that another year will afford me the pleasure of joining your social party, when I shall be able to express in person what I can now only do by letter, viz. my sincerest and best wishes for the prosperity of the Society, and the happiness of its members,

Believe me,
My dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
J. R. S. a.

Letter 9.

18, Holland Place,
Clapham Road.

To the Secretary, and Society of "Old Gayites."

My dear Brethren,

Again has the First of June arrived, and the joyous year has gone its merry round. Again the birds warble, and the flowers put forth their beauties, and deck the village green.

"Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm,
"And every sense, and every heart is joy."

Again the lads and lasses roam forth to the hay-fields, and sport about the hay-cocks, in search of happy hours, and think that all the world, like them, is merry.

"Full as the summer rose,
"Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
"Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
"Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek."

But alas! that any time so pleasant in itself, should carry with it aught else than pleasure; but such is the case, and it

grieves me to repeat the same sad tale I told this time last year. Within the last week I have had an attack of my, now to be expected, spring companion—Hay-asthma, or something very like it. I cannot sleep without an extra pillow, nor can I eat without suffering from Dyspnœa, after it. Must I say I cannot come? If I were present I should only mar your joy divine,—nor could I quaff the juice of the glorious vine,—and Lovegrove's good cheer would be casting pearls before swine, or at least it would increase my troublesome complaint. Since this time last year the fortunes of your fellow Guy have been, in most respects, improving; at that time I was on the point of entering into partnership, which was soon after settled, (not that partner who would "share with me my sorrows, and all her joys with me"), this lasted three months, since which time I have been, as some folks say, on my "own bottom," and that has pretty well borne me. The cases of professional interest that have occurred are not many. One of labial hernia, in an old lady, who died unoperated on; one of dislocation of left humerus, easily reduced; various cases of midwifery; one of perforation from narrowing of outlet of Pelvis, in which I had our excellent friend Mr. Lever's assistance; one of hydrocephalus, the child dead in utero. I have lately had a simple fracture of the Tibia and Fibula, in a child aged four years,—put up in pasteboard splints, and doing well; and, lastly, through all the means of art, have been unable to save a beautiful child of twelve months old, who, nine weeks having elapsed since first convulsions, was carried off by the symptoms of effusion, which the postmortem proved it to be. These have been the more interesting cases,—there have been others of trifling interest compared to them; not exactly such trifling ones as "come to the doctor who makes them worse," although perhaps many might get well without the aid of that august personage. Such has been my varied lot; and how much pleasure it would have given me to relate them "viva voce" I need not say. I shall rejoice to hear that you have had a full attendance, and spent a right joyous evening; my only trouble is, that I cannot make one of you.

I must request our very good Secretary to give my best

wishes, and kindest regards for their welfare, to all "Old Guyites" who are over the seas and far away; and those who are present at this the Second Anniversary, will please accept the same in the full spirit of friendship and good feeling that should prevail on such an occasion.

Again I must repeat how much I regret that anything should prevent my being present on an occasion like the present; but now five springs and summers have each rolled on, and brought with them, at this time, a very unpleasant guest to me. That such may not be the lot of any "Guyites," I earnestly trust; but that the fresh bloom of health may always mantle their cheek, and that happiness without alloy may always cheer their brow, is, with repeated good wishes,

The earnest desire, "Brother Guyites,"

Of your old companion in Scalpels and Catheters,

Your trusty Friend,

C. T. "O.G."

Letter 10.

Hotel Meurice, à Paris,

la 27 *Mai*, 1841.

Ye gude auld friends!—A Guyite sends
A hasty line, for "Auld Lang Syne."

Much do I regret that my present plans would not admit of my forming one in that jovial company of merry merry men, who I trust will assemble, without any drawback to their happiness, on the glorious First of June, to commemorate our Guyite Anniversary. But since the fates have otherwise ordained, I must solace myself by this imperfect expression of my full participation in those friendly feelings which I doubt not will prove, at this celebration of our common union, to have confirmed and strengthened the indissolu-

ble chain which binds us to each other. The lively recollection of kindness experienced, and of that agreeable interchange of friendship, which has ever marked my association with the members of Guy's Hospital, and of whom my Brother Guy-ites form the major and the better part, at the same time that it produces emotions of real pleasure, cannot fail to arouse, also, feelings of regret at the prospect of separating from such society, the members of which will still hold a high place in my regards, and towards the strengthening of which ties our Society so kindly and powerfully tends.

I would fain hear of the good fortune of each brother Guy-ite, and envy you who now experience that unfeigned pleasure. For myself, the tenor of my life since we last met is well known to you all; but now I am immersed in other scenes, and after various incidents am fairly settled down amid the luxuries and splendor of Paris. My departure from London was marked by an unlucky event, which was but a poor impression to receive as a last token from that city,—a rogue contriving to extract from my pocket all my letters of credit, to a large amount, which I fear may cause me a serious loss. I look to better treatment here, and with our good friend Butler have had a delightful voyage from Southampton by Havre and Rouen, enlivened by many ludicrous dialogues with our French neighbours, which, could they all be accurately described, would occasion you some merriment; nor are we quite without mementos of Guy's, for our worthy host here, by his great urbanity and paternal appearance, reminds us very agreeably of our much esteemed friend and perpetual guest, the worthy Governor, whose name I cannot mention withou expressing the high respect and sincere regard which I entertain towards him in common with you all. May he long continue to dwell among us! to impart to our successors the same excellent instructions and valuable counsel which we have received from him; and to obtain, as he ever must, equal suffrages of respect and attention from all. Any attempt to express my feelings towards all the party now assembled, must fall short of the reality, therefore I hope you will consider that "dum taceat loquitur"; and wlth the sincere wish that brotherly feeling and hilarity may prevail

among you to gladden your festival, and knit yet more closely together the members of the glorious Society of Guyites, whereof I am proud to be a member,—permit me to subscribe myself,

Your sincere and constant friend,

H. V.

J. R. Bedford, Esq. Secretary to the worthy Society of Guyites.

Be kind enough to direct any letter with which I may be favored, to Messrs. Galignani's 18, Rue Vivienne, à Paris.

Letter II.

26, Watling Street, Canterbury,

31*st May*, 1841.

Brother Guyites,

"For Auld Lang Syne."

It would have been the source of infinite pleasure to me to have dined with you all on this glorious day, instead of being compelled to send this my deputy, and I trust you will not think there is anything wanting on my part that I am not myself present; but although I shall be at Canterbury, my heart and soul will be at Blackwall.

I shall always hail the First of June as a jolly day, it will always bring to my recollection days of youthful happiness. I remain with my old master in statu quo,—neither married nor in practice, nor gone to India. Which of these things will happen before the First of next June, I do not know, therefore I will not say anything about either As to India and private practice, I think the chances are quite even,—I do not care a straw which; as to taking unto myself a wife, the chances are, I think, a thousand to one I do not, (I mean to say before the First of June, 42). So much for my own poor self

Now there is one thing I must impress on your minds, on

this important occasion,—" Do not take too much Snuff after your dinner." I only wish that I could be with you to hand round the " box," I would take good care Parrott did not knock it off the table.

I shall think of you at Eleven o'clock, chaunting "Auld Lang Syne," and swilling into the punch, but pray take care of Batcheler, if he is with you, do not let him be robbed, as he once thought he was, of his purse, going home. The "Patriarch" will, I'll lay a crown, think of you all to-morrow.

I beg you will, all of you, accept my best wishes for your prosperity during the next and all succeeding years. May I be allowed, though absent, to give you a toast? viz. " Success to the Society of the Old Guyites," with musical honors, and may the Governor take the lead.

I must now shut up, by wishing you a pleasant evening, and hoping you are all " bene" ; I am, thank God, as hearty a Roach.

And yours very sincerely,

H. W.

Take care of the Governor, for he is a good fellow, but in words he is always a bankrupt, and his heart is always solvent.

Letter 12.

TREMADOC,

May 26th, 1841.

My dear Friends,

It is needless for me to make any prologue, to state why I do not attend at the next meeting ; for those who know me it is sufficient for me to say, were it in my power to do so, nothing would give me greater gratification, for the happiest days of my life have been spent at Guy's Hospital, in the company of those whom I now address

Since I wrote this time twelve-month, I will give you a brief description of my movements. I lived six months in the country, with an uncle, whom I am in partnership with, and as you may naturally suppose, I did the drudgery work, which, in a large practice in Wales, is next to slavery; but I did manage to get some days of recreation, which I employed in going after the hounds, it being my favorite sport. The neighbourhood at the time was very gay, there were either balls or private dances almost every other night, which you may imagine I continued to attend as often as I could, making old uncle keep watch. If you were to know how captivating and beautiful the Cambrian lasses are, you would be surprised I have not yet lost my heart. Since January I have kept a house of my own, which is pleasant in many respects, but always seems as if there were something wanting, and is very dull when I am alone and unoccupied (which I am glad to say is but seldom), particularly to a person who suffers very much from the blues.

Now for a little professional news I have neither worked miracles nor made any bungles. I have performed several operations since I have been in practice, which on the whole have done well,—viz., amputation, hare-lip, removing tumours, and squinting; the last-named operation I performed first of all, about three weeks ago, the two cases I have done succeeded beyond my own expectation,—and there is a devilish pretty girl coming to me next Thursday, to have her eye put straight. I have attended two cases of midwifery a week, on an average, and am considered to be a skilful Accoucheur, and to excel in a branch which I paid the least attention to while I was in the Hospital. I have had a great many fractured cases, which have turned out well; the worst compound comminuted fracture I ever saw, did so well, that it has lessened the celebrity of bone-setters who infest this county; it happened in some mines at Beddgelert, which I attended at £100. per annum. There has been some misunderstanding between the company whom it belongs to, so that now I get only Sixpence per head a month, and only attend when sent for; before, I had to go there twice a-week. I have a stone case that I am pressed to operate upon, but the bladder is in

such an unhealthy state that I am afraid to venture for fear the result would be like the former one.

I was three months after I came here, almost night and day at it, now business is very slack; but unfortunately our assistant has left us, and the apprentice is taken ill, so between visiting, dispensing, and book-keeping, I am fully employed. I am getting on as well as I could wish, and am now considered an old practitioner,—my hair is getting grey. I like this neighbourhood very much, the people are very kind, and there is a good deal of visiting. A Cricket Club has been established this summer, and there is a Rowing Club in progress of being established, which makes it very pleasant when I can get a leisure hour. I fervently hope you will spend a pleasant evening; though my body will be in Wales, my mind will be with you, and I can to some degree participate in your enjoyment. I intend celebrating the day at Tremadoc. Good bye, God bless you,

Believe me ever to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

R. W.

LONDON:

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CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES."
1842.

Third Anniversary.

OUR Festival this year fell on Wednesday, and the Trafalgar, Greenwich, was the scene of re-union. EDMUND BIRKETT presided, James Stedman, Charles Taylor, James Sampson, Charles Otway, Frederick Butler, Nathaniel Montefiore, Robert Clay, John France, Henry Veasey, Thomas Longmore and Joseph Bedford, surrounded the merry board. On no previous occasion had more genuine hilarity prevailed,—greater enjoyment and harmony could not; and at length we separated, regretting that such true delights should be so transient, but treasuring them up as "green spots in mem'ry's waste".—a source of oft recurring kindly thoughts hereafter.

Birkett has commenced practice, attends Guy's daily, and meets with but few adventures to disturb the

"even tenor of his way": Sampson has located himself in the thriving town of Southampton, where he has met with a reasonable amount of success: Stedman continues to fill his purse at Guildford: Kennington can testify to Otway's increasing practice and reputation: Taylor is going on quietly in the Clapham Road: Butler has obtained a share of a first rate practice at Winchester: Montefiore is roaming about the world: Clay progressing gradually in the Wandsworth Road: France is settled in Cadogan Place expecting patients daily: Longmore awaiting a medical appointment in the Queen's service: Veasey engaged in active practice at Woburn, with a partnership in prospect: and Bedford contemplating the exchange of England's peaceful vales for the warmer ones of India.

Letters were received from all except Coleman.—Success is pretty universal, death has divided no link of the chain which binds us, and despite time and absence, whose chill influence too often benumbs the kindly emotions of the human heart, the Old Guyites entertain as warm a feeling for each other, as when living in close companionship, each day brought its friendly grasp.

Letter I.

SOUTHWELL,
May 30, 1842.

My dear Old Guyites,

I will not enter into a long list of regrets at not being able to be present at our third Anniversary. The fact is my young practice and other engagements prevent me, and I have now hoisted my flag at the above mentioned place, perhaps for life. It required however, at first some little resolution on my part to settle in the country, being predisposed in favour of town, so far however, I congratulate myself on my choice; the town of Southwell is small, contains four thousand inhabitants and is quite an aristocratic place, the majority like myself being Tories. It's also celebrated for apricots and pretty girls, especially servants, there is indeed a great overplus in favour of females, poor things, how I do pity them! They seem however resigned, and misfortune does not affect their good looks. As a medical man, I of course do my duty to render their peculiar circumstances bearable. I trust gentlemen, Mr. Secretary, and Old Guyites assembled, that you will not for a moment let a doubt enter your minds concerning the purity of my morals in thus being somewhat prolix concerning the fair part of the inhabitants; remember gentlemen, I intend to take the vow of celibacy so that I may mingle sans reproche amongst the fairest of the fair. Concerning practice, it's much better than I could possibly have expected for the short time I have been here, it continues to improve and in a few years I trust to be in full employment, at present I can pay my way comfortably and that's more perhaps than many a Londoner can boast of. My establishment is small, consisting of my mother, a servant girl, a man servant, two tom-cats, fine fellows, the admiration of all the canine in the neighbourhood, they are good mousers, and very prudent in their way; a horse and dog will finish my establishment. The house is a large one, old fashioned, possesses one great virtue, that is, it's my own, it contains also a good library, and some real havannahs. I have not much to

say about operations, &c. mine have been pretty smooth and quiet hitherto; two cases of midwifery however required manual assistance, in one the child lived, in the other was not so fortunate, the women however did well. I must not forget to mention one circumstance; I attended a woman in her confinement at the workhouse, on the following day, as she suffered from after pains, half a dozen powders were sent each containing five grains of Dover's powder, with proper directions, it appears the paper was lost, and the nurse concluding as the powders were so small they must be for the child, in her omnipotent wisdom, gave the poor thing one. Next morning I was sent for in a hurry and on arriving found the child dying from the effects of opium. A coroner's inquest was held for which I got my guinea and the affair ended very quietly. I am now what in the country is called parish doctor, the situation is a pretty good one, especially for a young beginner, I receive 10s. 6d. for all bastardy cases, and £3. for fractures extra; so the more unfortunate the young women are, the more fortunate it will be for me. But let me hope now they have got a real bachelor surgeon, they will follow in his steps and think twice upon the subject. There is one thing in the country which is highly gratifying to a medical man, (i. e.) a general practitioner, that is, he is treated by all in every respect as he ought to be, viz. as a gentleman. I am much afraid such is not always the case in town, where a few, who, under the shadow of the profession deem themselves gentlemen, are a disgrace to their calling, and do no small injury to their brethren. Thank our stars none such exist amongst the Old Guyites.

Well, my dear Fellows, I do envy you this evening. However I will have a do of some sort, and a regular good glass of grog, which I will drink at eleven o'clock, to Auld Lang Syne, and the Old Guyites, God bless them! I presume our much respected friend and Guyite Mr. Hill's will be present, give my respects to the Old Governor and say the cock pheasant is hearty and well, in good health and spirits, smokes as usual, and in cases requiring particular and delicate attention never says nay, but bears in mind Nelson's motto, England Expects, &c. &c.

Commend me also to our worthy chairman, Dr. Birkett, who with his usual benevolence and admirable singing

will contribute much to the pleasure of the meeting, not to mention his opening speech, which of eourse will be worthy of him. Tell my classical friend Butler, that I often think of him andGregory's conspectus—may I congratulate him on becoming a "Benedict,"— Well! I hope to see you all married and done for. I congratulate the society upon the never to be forgotten and munificent present which,if I am informed rightly by our communicative secretary, was made by France, viz. the pair of real gaiters and umbrella, which last year adorned the room ; and I doubt not, could I but see our venerable chairman, that I should behold the trophies waving in undiminished grandeur over his head. Believe me it would make my heart glad to have one more fond gaze on their remains.— In conclusion, had not I driven my writing to the eleventh hour, I would have given you a better letter, but such as it is take it in good part, 'tis from a true Old Guyite; one word more, it comes from an old man, be not offended. Remember on your way home that flesh is weak, and wine strong; take thy fill, but go thy way as I did. Now for another year, farewell! that you may succeed to your hearts desire, and that health and prosperity may attend you is the most sincere wish of my

Dear Old Guyites,

Your sincere and attached Friend,

G. B.

P. S. I trust that our hitherto absent brother, who always swells so after dinner, will be able to attend.

Letter 2.

Banbury, *May* 20, 1842.

However we may be situated the old subject of making excuses seems never inexhaustible, yet my dear Guyites if it were not most inconvenient for me to get away from practice, it would ill suit my feelings, or inclination to seek an excuse on such an interesting, and soul-stirring occasion, as the forthcoming anniversary of the Old Guyites, a society of which I am proud to be a member, not only because amongst the members, are enrolled the names of my best friends (a few of

whom by the way will perhaps have cause to censure my silence since this will be the only indirect means of correspondence between us for some time past,) but, inasmuch as, it affords the means of bringing us together occasionally to refresh the most pleasing reminiscences of the past, to drive away dull care at least for a time, and mutually to brighten our hopes of prosperity for the future. Since then my absence will debar me this satisfaction, I must endeavour to give you some account of myself by letter, when I say then, that I am still in lodgings although in a different part of the town, this will naturally lead you to infer I am still a bachelor, and when I say that I have bought my partner's house, it may perhaps lead some to suppose this is a step previous to *going in harness.* I cannot say but sometimes I have dreams of connubial happiness, and now and then entertain a distant glimmering of its reality, for certainly I have a great notion of social comfort, and feel how much it may be enhanced (even considering the pros and cons,) by a kind and agreeable partner; so as soon as I can obtain possession of a residence and get the "dear crittur" in the right way of thinking, so soon shall I set to* in the matrimonial interest, for I consider it almost a sine qua non to a professor of physic. (a hint for the Bachelor Guyites.) As regards my standing in the practice of physic and surgery I feel I ought to be tolerably well content for if steady and gradual progress be success, I am happy in the realization of it. We do occasionally hear of loud boasting characters who would wish us to believe they are carrying every thing before them. I make no such assumption but hope I may be fortunate enough to swim progressively on, with the stream of time I feel it would be a complete dereliction of duty, did not I offer my best thanks to our excellent secretary for the kind manner in which he discharges his onerous office, and he will be pleased to tell the good jolly governor, how much I value his practical hints on fractures, although we are infested with bone-setters in this neighbourhood. Fellow Guyites you have my sincere and best wishes for your success and happiness, and hoping (as I am sure) you will enjoy a sumptuous dinner, believe me ever

Yours faithfully,

W. T. D.

* Two ? Ed.

Letter 3.

Cata Branca. Minas Geraes.
BRAZILS. *March 3d*, 1842.

My dear Secretary and dear old Associates.

To all—to every member of the club, I wish future prosperity and happiness—now that "seas between us braid hae roar'd sin' Auld Lang Syne" my old hospital associations and remembrances come back to my heart with keener sensations than they could have done had I always remained with you and acutely do I feel the irksomeness of my present situation which keeps me from you at a time when the current of your souls will be flowing in merriment, good-fellowship and friendship. I can truly say, that with many of my hospital companions I have passed the pleasantest hours of my life; that retrospective joy that boys are reported to derive from school recollections—is only kindled in me when my connection with Guy's Hosp'tal, rises in my memory, all I hope is that you the friends of my heart may possess a reciprocal feeling,—then be we separated or be we together, we shall be cemented by a brotherly attachment which no length of time shall damp or destroy. The last 12 months have afforded but few incidents in my life worthy your attention.

In the last three weeks I have amputated two legs below the knee, in consequence of severe laceration of soft parts and compound comminuted fractures of bones—one accident happened 10 days after the other, both the unfortunate victims of our dangerous mine are now beginning to walk about; one of them was an Englishman of 47.—the other a black of 25 years of age, and 6 feet 2 inches in height (more or less,)in both I performed the circular operation—in the one, I brought the integuments together five hours, and in the other, fourteen hours after amputation, both stumps have nearly healed by the first intention. In both cases, I applied cold water dressings first; one required two, and the other three ligatures on the arteries.—During the year I have had four fractured arms and legs to set besides a compound comminuted fracture of the scapula—two tumours to remove—one of a fibrocartilaginous character from the inferior turbinated bone of a pretty Brazilian girl; though of small size it gave me considerable trouble—the other was a small encysted tumour sit-

uated over the parotid gland. I have had two cases of stricture of the rectum and one very severe midwifery case of placenta presentation ; these close my account, every one of the aforementioned maladies have done very well.—to morrow I intend to inject a scrotum to cure an old hydrocele.

Feeling that letters from other Guyites will occupy much time and afford more interest than mine can do, I will only detain you a little longer, to pray you to believe that all I ask, all I desire, is to be deemed a sincere friend of my old cherished acquaintances, my brother Guyites and a staunch supporter of the club,—to you all I wish health, happiness and prosperity. " Gude night and joy be with you a".

C. F. E.

P. S. My warmest remembrances to our valued warm-hearted good " Old Governor" Mr. Hills.

Letter 4.

Guy's,
1st *June*, 1842

My dear old Guyites,

I have looked forward with great pleasure to this day, the glorious 1st of June, and am much disappointed at not being able to meet you at the Trafalgar. I have been grossly insulted by a gall Stone, which without my consent entered my unfortunate duct, and although he was attacked immediately, yet nothing could stop him as he was determined to go on till he came opposite the duodenum and there he stuck like a plug, till at last (or at least I hope he did,) he fell never to rise again. I wish you all a pleasant evening and a safe return, for although my liver is wrong my heart is solvent.

Believe me to be,

Yours very faithfully,

M. H.

Letter 5.

Dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

With mingled feelings of pleasure and pain I behold

the approach of our third anniversary dinner. With unfeigned pleasure, because I feel that the chain of friendship which now unites us, is strengthened by another link, and with heart-felt sorrow, because I know I cannot be present on the joyous occasion. To proceed with my adventures, you are all aware that I commenced my career in the Milingtary last November, and steering my bark to Erin's Isle, joined the dêpot of the gallant XXth; here the considerate kindness of my commanding officer, and the cordiality of the jolly subs. with the novelty of the life quite enchanted me and during the whole time I was in Ireland, either at Fermoy, in the peaceful vale of the Blackwater, on the banks of the noble Shannon amongst the belles of Limerick, or on the heights of Cork, not a single unpleasant circumstance occurred to interrupt my happiness. If I had a practice of £2000. a year offered me I would not leave the army. In whatever town or station he may be,a military surgeon with the others is welcomed in the first circles; he is not at the call of every ignorant old woman, whose imbecility of mind only keeps pace with her imbecility of body, and who fancies she never gets value for her guinea. He has an extended sphere of observation, has ample opportunity of remarking on men and manners, and although the pay of an assistant surgeon in this country is hardly sufficient to enable him to join in the amusements of his brother officers, a very moderate extra allowance will enable him to do so. I have seen a great deal of Irish society,and ye who know my susceptibility of disposition will not imagine I am sure that I regarded coldly the beauties of the fair Milesians, but although I had several particular weaknesses as they are called here, I declined coming to the point in every instance. Your Irish girls do not, like our own fair country women,veil their charms as the blushing moss rose under a canopy of modesty. They give you glance for glance, laugh for laugh, and squeeze for squeeze, aye and with good interest and hence though always commanding your admiration they seldom gain your love, but enough of this. Many a delightful flirtation I have had with them. For the lower classes I can say nothing good, the only features of character I found correctly described are their buoyancy of spirits which makes them laugh in their rage, and their blarney which beguiles the money imperceptibly from your hands into theirs

while they are speaking; but they are filthy, impudent, cheating, lying Knaves, making promises every hour in the day which they never intend to fulfil. For the sake of filthy lucre, and from desire to see more of theworld than Icould by passing my life ingloriously in the barracks of the United Kingdom, I lately determined to seek my fortune in the East, and am just about to embark to join my new regiment the 94th, at Madras, urged on I must confess however by more than two motives; Mars, Plutus and Venus are all beckoning me to the shores of India, but my dear brother Guyites whether on the snow-capped Himalayas, or on the burning plains of India. I shall always be the same Old *True* Old Guyite. The 1st of June shall always be a holiday with me, and calculating the difference of time between India and Greenwich, you may fancy me at a late tiffin drinking prosperity to the Old Guyites, and chaunting "Auld Lang Syne" (probably with a more distinct articulation, than I could command on previous occasions,) at an hour corresponding with your Eleven. I forget to mention that my professional labours have been chiefly medical; a few severe cases of fever and pneumonia have fallen under my observation, but nothing worthy of remark.—Surgical operations, Phymosis and Bubo. Remember me kindly to the old Governor, long may he be spared to lend a charm by his presence to the Old Guyite dinners, and with heartiest wishes for the success and happiness of each and all Old Guyites, believe me my dear friends,

Yours very sincerely,

E. M. O. G.

Assistant Surgeon, 94th Regt.

Letter 6

ROTHERHAM,

May 22, 1842.

Dear Bedford,

I have deferred my annual O. G. letter to the last moment, hoping to have been a partaker of your punch instead of being shewn up as a defaulter, ad tertiam vicem, when I

should have had much pleasure in meeting with and hearing of the prosperity of all O. G's. but as this pleasure cannot be obtained I shall wait with as much patience as possible, the arrival of the third annual report, which I hope will abound with incidents arising from the universal success, which all O. G's are sure that all O. G's merit.—(the Governor excepted for he has not answered my last letter,) though not with my O. G. friends on Auld Lang Syne-night, I shall drink my punch at the usual hour, but not in silent solitude. Most heartily wishing you all unbounded prosperity.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

G. M. O. G.

Letter 7

107, King's Road, Brighton.
May, 29th. 1842.

My dear Brother Guyites,

It is indeed with deep regret that I am compelled again to write to instead of meeting you on the 1st. of June. Believe me it is not a small thing that would detain me but I have only been in practice five months and was last week obliged to be in London, so that I do not feel justified in being again so soon absent particularly as I am in part "locum tenens" for another.

With regard to my progress in practice; it has I think been satisfactory. I have obtained one of the Dispensaries here which at least gives me employment and occasionally affords some interesting cases. In private the only case of interest that I have had is one of fractured Scapula which is doing extremely well.

And now my dear friends I wish you all the joy and happiness that springs from that true and lasting friendship which exists in the warm and kind hearts of the "Old Guy-

its". May every success attend you during the ensuing year! Remember me kindly to the Old Governor ; I sincerely hope that he is better.

Believe my dear Brother Guyites,

Yours very sincerely,

J. O. O. G.

Letter 8

7, King William Street.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I cannot attempt to describe how sad and great my disappointment is, to find I am obliged to absent myself on this joyous occasion. As my old friend Bedford will tell you, it has been, until very lately, quite a settled point that I should assist in drinking,(as I hope ever to do,)success to the "Old Guyites" but when I tell you that on this very day, I have taken unto myself a wife, I know what all and each of my old friends will say, " well Gentlemen, we will drink an extra glass, and wish themlong life and happiness." So you see, my old friends, I flatter myself, that altho' absent I shall not be forgotten.

My future residence will be in the far famed town of Brighton. I have, after great difficulty, secured a very comfortable house in Gloucester-place; many and strong are the difficulties I expect at first to encounter, but unless I happen to be very much deceived, the field before me seems to secure me success. Our " brother Guyite" Oldham is also established in the same town, and I am most happy to say he has no reason to regret it. I only hope that next year I may be enabled to report personally, that my present most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. My time during the past winter months has been agreeably occupied by a visit to the Parisian Hospitals. I must say that, as far as my health allowed, I never lost a single opportunity of gaining all the information I could, indeed I shall always consider my trip has been one of immense benefit to me. In the 1st place, I was fortunate enough to secure the friendship of that excellent surgeon, Dr. Amussat, at his side my time was almost wholly occupied, and in every way did he strive to make me acquaint-

ed with French practice. Many young men I have known return from France, with only sorrow and regret depicted in their looks, and always complaining of the insincerity and incivility of French practitioners,—Far, however, opposed to such an opinion, do I stand, for not only from my friend Amussat, but from all others with whom I became acquainted, did I receive the greatest attention. In the 2nd place, my appoint ment as secretary to the Parisian medical society, was also of infinite value to me, inasmuch as it brought me in contact with many eminent men, among whom I may enumerate, Dubois, and Ricord. Such is a brief outline of my visit to Paris, at which place I would strongly recommend every one to pass a few months. My time is now as you may well suppose, so fully occupied that I must hasten on to close my epistle, although I must now bid you all farewell for a time, yet I trust it will not be for long. A trip to Brighton is now most easily accomplished, and should any one of you ever chance to take a peep at the blue sea, never forget that at No. 33, Gloucester-place, you will always find a most hearty welcome. Most sincerely do I wish you may all enjoy a most merry evening, and with the hope that at the next meeting I may be enabled to join in all your toasts,

Believe me to remain,
My dear brother Guyites,
Your sincere Friend,
J. C. P.

Letter 9

CANTERBURY,
26, Watling Street.
22*nd May*, 1842.

My dear Bedford,

I received your kind letter relative to our anniversary, and I do sincerely hope I shall have the pleasure of making one of the party at dinner, but upon this subject I will not say too much in case of disapointment.

On Wednesday I am going down to Tenterden to endeavour to make some arrangement with my Father, with regard to establishing myself in some practice, either in town or country. If I am fortunate in that respect, I shall then take a trip to London, to see what is in the market in the shape of partnerships, at the same time I shall be enabled to join the jovial party of Guyites.

I have remained here since I left town at my Father's desire, he anticipating that my Governor might be induced to take me as a partner, as his practice is large and increasing. We have made the offer, but he in consequence of having a large family and intending to educate two sons for the profession does not intend to take a partner, which I was aware of long, long ago, but could not make my Father think so. I shall now very shortly move my quarters and seek a partnership.

If I should by any means be prevented joining the party, I will most certainly, (though much against my inclination) select the alternative, that of writing.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

H. W.

* Just before dinner a hasty line was received, stating Waterman's unavoidable absence, from deep domestic affliction, "Ed."

Letter 10

Lines of 1st European Regiment,
Colabah, near Bombay,
March 29, 1842.

Brother Guyites,

How much, but in vain, do I long to be with you at the annual meeting of our members on the forthcoming 1st of June,—were it merely to share with you the transient happiness during one short evening, of listening to the relation of the success, prospects, and various incidents occurring to each throughout the past year. Though absent and unable to hear from some a vivà voce, and from others a written ac-

count of themselves, yet I look forward with the greatest pleasure to the receipt of a letter from our much esteemed. nay invaluable secretary. As regards myself, with the particulars of my life, during the first six months of the past year, you are acquainted, those of the last are not characterized by anything remarkable, indeed they deserve to be buried in oblivion. At the termination of a half year's tedious and uninteresting voyage, I found myself landed at the capital of the North-west of India. Here, my arrival (on March 16th) is far too recent to enable me to give you a full account of Indian life, manners or society. The scene, ever since I put my foot on Terra Firma has been constantly changing, as well as the dramatis personæ. An assistant surgeon directly he arrives is obliged to make a number of official calls. He then has to deliver his private letters of introduction, and choose a spot where he shall fix his quarters, until placed in orders. He has to furnish himself with a proper uniform too, as well as many articles of dress which he will require. At present I like my appointment very well, but if I am sent to any unhealthy or lonely station, I shall wish myself back again in England. I should observe that in military life in India, there appears to be a strange mingling of style and display with poverty and careful contrivance. A man's pay as assistant surgeon is barely sufficient for the three or four first years. He has to pay even house-rent out of it; besides every thing at Bombay is extremely dear, more so than at Calcutta, I have been told. The Bungalow I am living in is quite devoid of what an Englishman at home would call comfort; it merely contains three rooms, one of which is surrounded by a verandah. The furniture is composed of a camp table, a few chairs, bedstead and wash-hand stand, in fact there is nothing that is not portable, or actually necessary. Many useful and even common things in England, may be looked upon as articles of luxury, and extravagance here, except amongst the more opulent civilians, and the too fast living, if not senior,officers. It is quite as much as an assistant surgeon can do to live on his pay, in supporting the mess, joining subscription funds, and replenishing his wardrobe. Many on coming out imagine that their light clothes will last as long as in England, but in nothing are they more mistaken. For a few times only of sub-

jection to the merciless stick of the washermen, serves to produce symptoms of speedy annihilation. Of servants I have not had sufficient experience to form an opinion, but from what little I have seen, they appear too fond of filling their own pockets, and being idle. The exterior of Bungalows, belonging to private families, that I have visited, has disappointed me, but I have been as much surprized by their interiors, containing spacious halls, large lofty rooms furnished in the most elegant and luxurious manner. Many houses which I have been into resemble those of the nobility in England as regards their internal magnificence. The dinner hour in India at least in Bombay is 7 o'clock, often half-past. Many take tiffin at 2, most breakfast between 8 and 9. At present I rise about 6 A. M. go to the hospital at 7, Breakfast at 9, after that make calls till 3, and which have hitherto been so numerous as to prevent my devoting any time to reading. I then lunch, go to Hospital at 4, and afterwards take a cool walk at sun set, until time arrives to prepare for mess at 7, subsequent to which half an hour is obtained for a moonlight stroll before turning in.

Now let me remind you to think of me at 11 o'clock. Although "out of sight you will not be out of mind." If I am unable to hold you, hand in hand whilst joining in chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" yet I can confidently assure you that the link of friendship which binds us together is too strong to be easily broken, by either time or distance. With best wishes for your prosperity, health and happiness and kind remembrance to the good old Governor,

Believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

C. T. W.

Letter 11

DOLGELLEY,
May 29, 1842.

My dear Old Friends.

I regret exceedingly that circumstances will not allow me the great pleasure it would have afforded me to see old faces. But you have my sincere wishes for a happy meet-

ing. Since I last wrote I have been busy in a laborious practice, which two or three times has been too trying to my constitution,and I have been obliged to lay by for a little time, but I am thankful to be again on my legs as active as ever. Nothing has transpired of consequence during the last twelve months. On the whole I am going on very well, but not without a good many annoyances and crosses, for I find the path of life strewed with some thorns. I have taken some quarries with about 1600 workmen to attend, and they pay three-half pence in the pound of their wages, which amounts to about sixpence a head per month. Evans who was at Guy's, if any of you know him, has come down to assist me. To prevent any body coming into the neighbourhood I have also taken some districts of union between my Uncle and self. We have eleven parishes to attend. I cannot conclude without thanking our secretary for the great trouble he has been taking. With great regard for your welfare and happiness, believe me to remain,

Yours faithful to the last,

R. W.

P. S. I have come to this neighbourhood to see a relative, who is very ill or I would have written a longer letter, I forgot to say that when I was in this neighbourhood before I came to assist my brother to remove the superior maxillarcay bone, the man has done well.

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CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES."
1843.

Fourth Anniversary.

The "**Old Guyites**" mustered but small numbers this year. We dined at the Trafalgar, Greenwich—LONGMORE presided, and was met by the Governor, Otway, Clay, France, Birkett, Butler, and Bedford. Only three of our Correspondents were deficient and in a few days their letters arrived.—Longmore after remaining some months at Chatham, has obtained the appointment of Assistant Surgeon in the Queen's 19th Regiment, the dêpot of which is now quartered in Dover Castle; he is uncertain whether he will remain in England, or be sent to join the service Companies of his regiment in the Ionian Islands. He finds the life one of an agreeable character.

Butler is the spirit of cheerfulness, and more than content with his present and prospective existence, although his practice is no sinecure, demanding ample exertion from mind and body.—Otway finds his progress to be, if not very rapid, at least

of a sound and satisfactory character, and calculated to lead hereafter to all that he could wish.

Clay has suffered during the last year from an acute Rheumatic attack, which did not subside without giving his heart a gentle tap, his usual health and spirits however have now returned

France devoted some time this spring to visiting Rome, in order to be present at its Easter Ecclesiastical ceremonies, and took the opportunity of seeing the land of the Gaul, Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine and Belgium. He is just appointed assistant surgeon to the Eye Infirmary at Guy's,

Birkett is still actively engaged as Secretary to the Clinical Society ; has been made one of the Editor's of the Guy's reports, and looks trustingly forward.

Bedford anticipates sailing for India this year, and finds amongst his most painful thoughts, that which tells him of his separation from the Guyites. The Governor is well and hearty "as a Roach", still acts a paternal part towards the Dressers, and enjoys the regard of all.

Few meetings could have proved more gratifying to us than the last, it was a day not to forgotten, and will tend to rivet still stronger the chain which binds us.

The tone of our absent companions letters breathes cheerfulness and content—May such continue their lot, and may we meet for many years in undivided friendship to congratulate each other on the past, conjure up bright prospects for the future, and indulge in hope that our days decline may be warmed by the same sun of esteem and regard which has thrown so bright a flood of light upon its meridian.

Letter 1.

Dear Guyites,

Like the Mayor of Calais who gave Louis the Eighteenth seven reasons for not firing a salute as he passed through the town, the first being that he had no powder and consequently conclusive, so I could give seven things that happened to prevent me from joining the anniversary, but the first being "that I could not get away" will save me the trouble of wading through the other six.

I regret that I should have omitted to write to the Society on the 1st of June, but I can make no excuse except a desperate dislike to pen, ink and paper, which is a very old fault, and one which has got me many a thrashing in former times.

Hoping that you are all doing well.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. C.

Letter 2.

SOUTHWELL, NOTTS. *May*, 20*th*. 1843.

My dear Old Guyites,

It was my intention to have been with you this anniversary, but business of an unexpected nature compelled me to remain, thus preventing my meeting my old and dear Friends once more; however I must be content to envy your happy meeting, and make the most of my misfortune.

I have very little to say concerning my adventures the last twelve months, I have not performed any wonderful operations, nor committed any very wonderful blunders. Practice so far is gradually but slowly on the increase, hitherto my path has been smooth and gay. I still exist in a state of single blessedness, in which capacity you will in all human probability see me next year. I lead a virtuous and steady life and only indulge in rational amusements, such as Fishing, Cricketing, Pigeon

Shooting, Coursing, Card-playing, &c. &c. I have attended two missionary meetings this year, and report sayeth I conducted myself in all seeming piety and devotion towards the female part of the congregation; who knows but that I may be, what our late worthy President Dr. B, is? viz. the admiration of all old women and children. I shall be very anxious to hear how the meeting went off, how the very and all sufficient President astonished his auditory, how the waiters devoured the sweetmeats during his affecting and heart rending oration, and lastly how some dear Brother Guyites got home. I trust dear Mr. Secretary it will not fall to your lot to have to record any sudden or unnatural deaths, as I heard there was no small or ordinary danger attending the transfer of several illustrious individuals last year, be once more a father to France, do if possible bestow thy balmy influence upon our unfortunate brother Taylor for fear be should suffer from his old complaint after dinner, a relapse is always dangerous more especially when attended with swelling. Excuse my dear Old Guyites the paucity of this epistle, believe me the 1st. of June shall not pass away without my drinking health, long life, prosperity and happiness to all absent friends. Remember me to all especially the Governor who, I trust, is like myself hearty and well, and by this time smiling with rather a red face right and left, the admiration of all who know him. Joking apart, believe me

My dear Old Guyites,

Your very sincere and attached Friend,

G. B. O. G.

Letter 3.

CATA BRANCA, MINAS GERAES, BRAZILS.
March 25th, 1843.

My dear Secretary and dear Old Comrades,

Health and happiness to all—again do many of you meet to pass together a few delightful social hours, whilst I and a few others of the unfortunate must remain far away, however there is some solace in our absence, that al-

though nature has not given you or us the physical advantages of arms and hands sufficiently long for a friendly grapple, she has at least endowed our hearts with sentiments durable enough to reach you warm with the brotherly recollections and affections of Auld Lang Syne.

My professional cases during the last year have been of but little interest—I amputated the leg of a black below the knee, following Liston's directions and plan exactly, of flap and length of stump, &c., the case has turned out exceedingly well, though complicated with severe injury of the chest and most extensive wound above the knee of the limb not amputated ; for these reasons the cure was more protracted than in the two former cases, when I performed tho circular operations. I have had a most extraordinary number of head cases, some with fractured crania only, others combined with concussion, more however have died or required the trephine, two of the injured parties have not been thoroughly restored, one being, after intemperance, subject to slight delirium with greate xcitement, the other is affected by loss of general muscular power. I have cut off some fingers and toes and treated a few simple fractures. To give you a general idea of my practice, I would mention that during the last three weeks. I have had to amputate the finger of an Englishman, set a fractured metacarpal bone, and treat a man with concussion, slight compression and probably fractured skull, however the case is not at present very clear. I have also had a well marked case of concussion with fracture of frontal bone, doing well ; had two midwifery cases one of them with twins, children both living, the mother (a black woman), has since been attacked with puerperal fever, but is likely to recover ; have removed from a Brazilian lady part of a very fœtid placenta,five days after abortion, doing well; yesterday had to dress a severe sword wound of the hand of a Brazilian inflicted during a drunken brawl, it is not impossible the case will terminate in tetanus, after finishing this letter I have to ride some 12 miles to visit a Brazilian priest, suffering from gravel, and said also to be afflicted with that dreadful disease mal de St. Lazarus. During the 12 months I have lost only one man from an accident in the mine, in conse-

quence of simple fracture of upper arm, comminuted ditto. of the lower, with numerous superficial wounds of the wrist, and hand, the casualty was caused by the unexpected explosion of a hole charged with gunpowder, I thought to save the limb and in the attempt lost my patient, who died of Tetanus. Query? had I amputated, where should the operation have been performed, above or below the simple fracture? You may imagine the danger of our mine, when I tell you that it is 100 fathoms deep, funnel shape in form, with the apex below, its side walls sloping; that kibbles or iron pails are constantly being hauled up to the surface, holding a ½ ton weight of stones, over one of these irregular sloping walls studded with numerous projections under which should the kibble hitch, the iron chain must break or something give away before the machine can be stopped, thus the pail with its contents is constantly being thrown down to the contracted bottom, where some 40 men night and day are working; it breaks on an average twice a week, if not much more frequently; again, timbers run from side to side of the mine to support the walls, on these timbers are tons and tons of rubbish, the wood constantly affected by moisture, weight, blasting and time, often giving way and carrying all before it on which it falls, many times have I known these stules or artificial roofs fall in since I have been here, and am only surprised that numbers have not lost their lives in consequence. In the year 1842,—386 accidents (trivial and severe) occurred in our establishment

My life, since I last wrote to you, has gone on very tamely, with two exceptions when it has been exposed to peril; some few weeks ago a friend thinking his pistol unloaded, endeavoured with a percussion cap on the nipple, to put out a light which I had in my hand, fortunately he was a good shot and hit his mark, but much to my surprise, with a ball, it passed a few inches from my hand and head, partially struck a wooden partition and a nail which was in it, rebounded and fell between me and another friend by my side. Caution! Young men, never play with fire arms! The other escape was from lightning two weeks since, it utterly annihilated my kitchen chimney, (some 10 feet high), broke (*or stove in*, Mr. Secretary) my

oven, danced about the kitchen damaging it on all sides, then frisked into my stable, knocked down my horse and killed one of my pointers, a most excellent dog; the room in which I generally sit, is on a level with the chimney, and the doorway about three yards from it, at the time of the accident I was fortunately some 80 yards off, this is the second time Cata Branca has been struck in two years, on the former occasion two pigs were killed. To make things more agreable I have constantly the pleasure of seeing our powder magazine, containing some 600lbs of powder quietly standing about a 100 yards off from my home, however the hill on which it stands, tops my building by some 70 feet.

I will tire you no longer with my dull details, but to give my regards to Mr. Hills, who I hope is, and will be for many years to come, in health and prosperity. And now my dearest Secretary, and old associates for another year adieu!

Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie,
Ye favoured, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands do hie,
Pursuing fortune's shad'wy ba,'
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa.'

C. F. E.

Letter 4.

BANBURY, *May* 21*st*. 1843.

My dear Guyites,

I had been anticipating the pleasure of meeting you this anniversary of the Guyite dinner and had prolonged the time for writing the usual absentee letter that I might be the more able to decide whether circumstances would allow me to do so, and when I mention to you that my only Brother was taken from us but yesterday in the last stage of consumption with one of those fearful attacks of hœmorrhage, you will think mine is not a simple excuse.

Since your last meeting I have become a Benedict and am

settled in the style of a very decent housekeeper, with a most amiable and lovely companion. Our little town boasts of nine Medical men and a Physician, so that we ought to take pretty good care of rather more than 7000 inhabitants, however most of us have a very fair practice, and although I might covet more, still I am satisfied in doing well. Within the last year I have operated successfully for Femoral Hernia, I need hardly say in the female. The prospect of the case at first was bad for me, it had been overlooked by a neighbouring Surgeon as merely obstinate constipation at the same time there was most inveterate sickness and that stercoraceous, the Bowels had not been moved six days and the Gut as far as I could ascertain had been strangulated five days, so that you may imagine I found it deeper than a chocolate color; I succeeded after very considerable difficulty in dividing the stricture, there were so many adhesions around the Sac, the sickness after the operation caused within thirty-six hours, and the Bowels moved in the course of twenty-four. The woman suffered from great prostration three week weeks, but is now as well as ever. Most curious to say I had a very severe case of compound dislocation of the elbow joint in a boy 15 years old, through falling off a straw rick, the Humerus projected over the Radius and Ulna near three inches and a half, it was a most difficult case to reduce, and one Surgeon who came in during the time we were making attempts at reduction, suggested the propriety of sawing off the end of the bone thinking it was impossible to succeed so great was the force required, yet with a steady perseverance we overcame all obstacles, as I expected in the union of the joint there would be very little motion, so the result has proved. I took care to place the arm in the most useful position, about the angle perhaps of 45.

My married condition seems to have given a degree of condence to my patients, so that I am getting a full share of practice in general.

Wishing you all every success, and a good appetite for the White Bait at Greenwich, believe me my dear Friends and Guyites,

Yours ever faithfully,

W. T. D.

Letter 5.

CANNANORE, *March 23rd.* 1843.

Dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

The receipt of this letter will prove to you that I have not forgotten the glorious 1st. of June, and you all know me well enough to render it hardly necessary for me to declare that I wish from my heart I could join you on that day. I have now been in India six months, and as yet have no reason to repent my choice of country. I am, thank God, very well, and when I get married, shall be, I have no doubt contented and happy. In Bombay, where I landed I had the pleasure of encountering the gallant THORNGATE "arrayed in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" still however retaining the same native modesty, and admiration for the fair sex generally, which rendered him notorious at home. Since I came down here I have availed myself of a month's leave of absence to travel over Coorg in company with two other brother Officers; neither time or space will permit me to enter into detail, suffice it to say that from the beauty of the country and invigorating climate, it proved one of the most interesting and refreshing tours I have ever made. My Regiment marched yesterday morning for Trichinopoly; I am left behind to take charge of the convalescent women and children, who go part of the way by water; we leave this in a day or two and join head quarters about eleven or twelve days march down the coast. The 25th. Borderers relieved us here, we were in great hopes of going up to Scinde to join Old Napier but I fear there is no such luck for us. We are none of us very sorry to leave this place, there is very little society, indeed in most Indian stations there is a great want of it, and a sect of humbugs called New Lights is fast increasing, who, under the cloak of religion conceal avarice and every other sin, and endeavour to prevent rational people from enjoying themselves. Trichinopoly we understand is much gayer, though at the same time a Pandemonium as regards heat. Weston was complaining that he could hardly make his pay cover his expenses, I am happy to say I find mine ample, and even manage to save money. As yet I

have had no misfortunes or many adventures, as for operations my instruments might almost be as well in Laundy's. Booth the 2nd. Assistant and myself have operated successfully on two cases of Strabismus, but nothing else. We see some melancholy cases of Liver and Dysentery here. But I know you must all be waiting impatiently for the first bumper, so with kind regards to the Old Governor and every one else, and wishing you all a merry evening, success and prosperity to the Old Guyite Club,

Believe me my dear Friends,
Yours very sincerely,
E. M. A. S. 94th. Rt O. G.

Letter 6.

STANHOPE STREET, *May*, 30*th*. 1843.

My dear brother Guyites,

I am in a shocking bad humour, and as the disease is contagious I should strongly advise you to put this letter aside. If however your profession has rendered you so fearless of all danger, that you, in spite of my caution still persist in the perusal of this epistle, why then I must beg of you as honest men to exonerate me from any evil consequences that may ensue from so rash a proceeding.

This year my dear Brother Guyites I was to have been your President, and so sure was I of holding that honourable post that I had begun already to study oratory, and indeed I only wanted a few more elegant phrases as a pretty wind up to the whole, to have completed an elegant speech, but alas! like many other things it was doomed to an untimely death; for on the very day when my muse was at her highest pitch and great wonders might have been expected, I was suddenly startled by the news that a good and boon companion was on the eve of setting off for Mexico, and by all "————" but I wont swear, sufficeth however to say that his departure falls upon our own most glorious first of June, and to bid him farewell I must deprive myself of the long looked for pleasure of shaking you all on that day by the hand.

Now according to rule I must tell you what I have done, what I do, and lastly what I am going to do. I have done nothing! this negative activity however was not my fault, for during the winter I was deprived of the natural powers of volition by several disagreeable attacks which required surgical aid to be got rid of, and upon my conscience I can affirm that though the practice of surgery may be amusing, yet to be practised upon is much to the contrary. I am now leading an idle life, my daily occupations being merely eating, sleeping, and drinking, whilst my evenings are spent in some genteel squeeze, otherwise named a ball or soirée; a vapour bath is an ice house compared to these assemblies, and it is doubtless from frequenting such places that I remain so thin, for what I gain in bulk during the day I am sure to lose at night

In Jul I begin aga in to roam about, having the intention at that period to visit Franktort and after having staid there long enough to satisfy all laudable desires, I mean to wend my way to luxurious Spain, where men's brains are so heated by fiery discontent that reason has no hold upon them. The women on the other hand are so mild and gentle that 'tis love love and love only that causes *them* to outrun discretion, and really who would have the heart to blame them for it? Not I!

If in this country of orange and lemon groves, of fair damsels and of mustachioed brigands, I neither fall a victim to the cholera nor lose my heart or my head, I shall once more betake my steps to Guy's where I am ever sure of spending happy days and of meeting many a friend. I have also some idea of having a large blue board stuck over the Porter's lodge, on which, in neat old English letters I shall have all my qualifications inscribed, which infallably must bring me practice; my only hesitation in not putting this profitable thought at once into execution, is the difficulty of finding a piece of wood large enough for my purpose.

I am the more sorry at being prevented from meeting you on the *first*, as it is the last time that our good Secretary will honour us with his presence; for in November he quits his native land for a distant shore, where I trust his brightest

anticipations will be realized; this is not only my hope, but thehope of all those that know him, for never did there exist a truer hearted man than my friend, *Joseph Bedford*, God bless him.

And now my dear Brother Guyites, begging your indulgence in my behalf of this poor scrawl, I, with kindest wishes to you and yours, of course not forgetting the Governor, beg to snbscribe myself

Your affectionate Brother.

N. M.

Letter 7.

Dear Bedford,

If it should so happen that I cannot be present at your O. G. Dinner, may I beg your especial notice of the fact of my having nothing particular to communicate which over a glass of wine, can prove particularly interesting. I have progressed steadily up to the present time, in the usual routine of a country practice, and some 10 or 12 months since was elected Surgeon to a public Dispensary in this town, which has proved a source of honor, versus emomulent. I now continue to hold an appointment under the Poor-law Commissioners, in consequence of which I am passing rich with £40. a year. You hint at a further increase in my family, such is not the case, my progenetive powers not producing so many results as yours, worthy Secretary.

How are you all affected by the income-tax. I am a victim, and trust you are all so too. Be kind enough to particularly abuse the Governor on my account, and should he rebel, top him into the punch-bowl that he may thereby stir up the sugar.

May good digestion wait on appetite, and good luck attend you all.

Yours faitfully,

F. G. M. O. G.

Letter 8.

85, Western Road, Brighton,
May 30*th*, 1843.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Again our Anniversary has come round, and again

I am most unwillingly obliged to be an absentee. I am very sorry to say that I have had so severe an illness, that it would not be at all prudent for me to join you. Let me assure you that my heart is with you and more especially with those of your friends who are likely for a time to be separated from us. May they and all of you have as much happiness and prosperity during the ensuing year as I wish you.

In practice I have done more than I could have expected, considering that I have been three months absent through illness. I selected Clifton for my resort and I have to thank the air of that most beautiful place for a larger share of health than I usually enjoy.

I shall think of you at 11 o'Clock on Thursday, and shall then make a point of drinking health to you all, and as in duty and inclination bound, a distinct toast "to the health, happiness and prosperity of our beloved and excellent Secretary."

I sincerely hope that you will have a happy meeting and with the sincerest wish for the health and happiness of all.

Believe me to remain,
Most truly your Brother Guyite,
J. O. O. G.

Letter 9.

3, Gloster Place, Brighton,
May 23rd, 1843.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Many circumstances may combine to render it impossible for me to form one of your jovial crew, on the ensuing 1st of June. Seeing therefore the probability of my unavoidable absence, I must avail myself of the only alternative left, that is, to send you some account of the incidents that have occured to me during the past year. In the last 12 months many changes have taken place in my affairs. I have taken unto myself a Wife, commenced practice, and have lately had the honours of Paternity thrust upon me. A succession of events, all of which have greatly contributed to increase my happiness. Concerning my progress in practice, I am happy to say, I have been extremely fortunate, I feel quite confident

of my ultimate success. The cases, that have fallen under my care, have not presented anything of peculiar interest. Among them I may mention one of Fractured Femur in an adult, treated without splints, the removal of a steatoma from the back, and an operation for Phymosis, all of which terminated successfully. In the Medical department, I have had some very acute cases; one of Pleuro-peripneumony, which ended fatally. Several cases of Scarlet Fever, Hooping Cough, &c. In addition to my own patients, I always make a point of visiting our Hospital daily, at which institution, there is ample space for observation, and opportunity of gaining information. I thus find my time fully occupied.

With this sketch of my movements, I must now take my leave. Wishing you all a merry evening, and with kind remembrances,

Believe me, to remain,
My dear Brother Guyites,
Yours very sincerely,
J. C. P.

Letter 10.

SOUTHAMPTON,
May 18*th*, 1843.

My dear Old Guyites,

I feel assured you will all sympathize with me when I inform you that I am again compelled by stern necessity, to forgo the indescribable pleasure of joining in the festivities of our next Anniversary, that happy day, which never fails to gladden the heart of every Old Guyite, and to revive in the mind so many pleasing associations of "Auld Lang Syne"

"Still o'er those scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

I fear a retrospect of my professional life for the past year, will prove rather barren of interest, as nothing bordering on the marvellous has fallen to my lot, yet, in compliance with our golden rules, I will briefly mention two cases which have required the use of the knife for their cure. The first, was a

case of Prolapsus Ani, in which I adopted Dupuytren's method with perfect success. The second, was one of Fistula in Ano, communicating with several sinuses, and complicated with Internal Hœmorrhoids. I laid open the Fistula, and tied the Hœmorrhoids with a double ligature: the case is progressing most satisfactorily.

My practice is at present but slowly increasing, still sufficiently so to give me encouragement to persevere, and having been recently appointed one of the Surgeons to the Southampton Dispensary, I have every reason to hope for future success. Should the increase of our town keep pace with the expectations of the inhabitants, there will at least be a wide field for exertion.

I beg you will all accept my most cordial wishes for a pleasant evening, and every happiness this world can afford, for the future. To the good Old Governor, give my kindest and grateful remembrance, with the fervent hope that he may long be spared to share with us the pleasures of the glorious 1st of June.

Believe me, my dear Guyites,

Yours ever sincerely,

J. R. S.

Letter 11.

GUILDFORD, *Wednesday, May* 17,

My dear Brother Guyites,

I deeply regret that it will not this year be in my power (for reasons explained to our worthy Secretary), to meet you on the ever memorable 1st of June, a retrospect of the last two occasions on which I have had the good fortune and pleasure to meet so many of my old friends, has much increased my desire this year again to join you, but it cannot be, and I must content myself when the day arrives, with wishing you all a merry meeting.

In conformity with our rules. I must now enter into a detail of my proceedings during the past year, during which period although in constant and active employ, but little worthy of professional note has fallen to me. In surgery a few frac-

tures, two fatal cases of injury to head, one concussion, the other fracture of the base, to which I called Mr. Callaway.

In Midwifery, three cases requiring forceps, one with deformed pelvis, the others of protracted labour, with large heads, one bad case of contracted pelvis and deformed spine, where I found it necessary to perform craniotomy, and a troublesome case of flooding, together with one of adherent placenta, form all in this department worthy of note.

In Medical cases, a few bad ones of scarlet fever, together with influenza, and about two months since, a fever similar in symptoms, and attended with the same form of petechiæ, to what we had so many cases of in Guy's four years since, made its appearance in our Union house, I treated them on the same place as Dr. Bright made use of, and out of many severe cases, lost only two very old people bedridden and worn down by chronic disease. I am happy to say I get what Eye practice our neighbourhood affords, but have not had any operations this year.

I much wish I had more of interest to detail, that I might more fully comply with the spirit of our regulations.

I am still remaining here in single blessedness, and in lodgings, but have every reason to believe that before another three months have passed away that I shall have taken unto myself a wife. I have only just succeeded in getting a house, which I hope to enter in a couple of months; where I trust that any Guyite who may be wandering in our part of the world, will not forget an old companion, I for my part will undertake a hearty welcome.

I must now conclude and with my best wishes for the health, prosperity, and happiness of you all, and when the 1st of June again comes round that I may be able to join heart and hand (voice I will say nothing of, as I am a croaker,) in "Auld Lang Syne" with you all, is the sincere desire of,

My dear brother Guyites,

Yours most sincerely,

J. R. S. G. G.

Letter 12.

CLAPHAM ROAD, *May* 31*st*. 1843.

To the Secretary and Members of the "Old Guyites."

My dear Friends,

It is with regret I am prevented joining you at the festive board to morrow, on the occasion of our fourth anniversary. Recollecting as I do the joyous evening we spent last year, nothing short of an almost unavoidable engagement would have kept me away from you at this time. Although absent yet will "memory, blest memory" recall to mind the friends who now are parted, tossed about in the whirlwind and eddy of human life, a few only meeting this day at Greenwich. Far different were the days we spent together at Guy's, frequently shaking by the hand, and saluting each other, now all are dispersed, some many hundred miles away, yet will the hand of friendship and good feeling be held out to us by a Brother Guyite, in at least three of the four quarters of the globe: and this day be, as it were, a centre to which we all in imagination bend our steps, and see our friends again. "Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live!" Business is progressing slowly, without any just cause of complaint, beyond the anxiety and desire we all have to "go ahead," (as the Americans say.) The majority of patients are gratutous, as connected with the Royal South London Dispensary, where are seen about fifty daily. Nothing remarkable has occurred in private practice, and I am "in statu quo ante bellum," or in other words, located as last year. To those dear brethren who are present, I will now offer my sincere well wishes for their prosperity and success. May you enjoy a right jovial evening, and part to meet again next year, with an increase of good fortune to your lot, and may I then have the pleasure of again meeting you. To those who are absentees, whether at home or abroad, I would kindly, and warmly remember myself, giving each and all a hearty shake of the hand "for Auld Lang Syne," and trusting that on some future occasion we may yet meet in health and

happiness, I wish you now farewell; God bless you all, and believe me to be

Your old and sincere friend and Brother Guyite,

C. T.

Letter 13.

WOBURN, BEDS,
May 19, 1843.

My dear Brother Guyites,

It would afford me infinitely greater pleasure to form one amid your merry circle, than to be sending this sheet of paper as my representative. So fondly do I cherish the remembrance of our former intimacy and every association connected with our almamater, that nothing but stern necessity should induce me to forego the pleasure of recalling those scenes in your society; and amid the friendly greetings of present friends hearing the reports of those whose hearts are with you, while every noble sentiment has full play, the most laudable conviviality prevails among you, and the bond of friendship, which at each remove amongst us ever proves a lengthening chain, is drawn closer and closer till the wassail bowl goes round, and hand in hand you all upstand, and shout and sing, till the echo's ring, hurrah for Auld Lang Syne!

Twice out of the three times that our glorious anniversary has been celebrated have I experienced the happiness of those friendly re-unions which form so pleasing a feature in our excellent society, and much do I wish that nothing would ever occur to prevent my thus celebrating with you the glorious first of June.

But having once fairly espoused the onerous duties of a country practice, and contented to take it for better or worse with all its charms and all its annoyances, I will not shrink from my post, or quarrel with it because it not unfrequently mars my most favorite plans. It so happens that this perverse spouse of mine has fairly hemmed in the gap at which I had been meditating an escape from her toils, (not always golden ones) and after trying all round, getting all the while more and more entangled I am fairly obliged to confess that

"I can't get out." This leads me to observe, all the while relatively to myself for this seems by nature doomed to be a most egotistical letter, that since we last met I have sealed my fate and cast in my lot among the inhabitants of this district by uniting myself in partnership or a family compact as you may better term it with my Grandfather, a veteran of 82, and my Uncle with whom I was appenticed. My situation is all that I could wish, the country around extremely beautiful, the poor and most of the neighbourhood known to me from early years, and a very fair prospect of as pretty a practice as any man of reasonable desires, who likes the varied scene with a rural district presents in patients of all classes, from the peasant to the peer, could wish for.

There is not it is true, so much opportunity for culling those laurels with which I hope many who bear the name of Guyites will decorate their brows in the metropolis and principal cities of our land: but there is abundant call for the exercise of all the knowledge which can by any diligence be acquired in our profession in its most noble and exalted tendency, not so much to magnify our own names, as to minister to the necessities, and relieve the sufferings of our fellow creatures.
"Nam homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam in salutem hominibus dando."

Thus you see that a contented mind is to me at least, at present, a continual feast, and although there must be clouds as well as sunshine, I am happy in being able to speak satisfactorily of the success which has crowned my efforts for the most part, both in the Surgical department and also in the Medical and obstetric. It is unnecessary to enter into the varied detail which a whole year of pretty active practice would call for, especially as it has not produced very many of those "raræ aves" those magnificent cases which form as it were epochs in our existence, though were I in friendly quiet, and agreeable chit chat with yon, I could enumerate several cases of much interest, and which have afforded me great satisfaction as well as tended to enhance my reputation and establish my character in this neighbourhood. One event occurred this winter to break the even tenor of my way which

which proved the value of improving those all prominent advantages which the extended course of study we have pursued presents to us in the shape of medical jurisprudence for had it not been that I was forewarned a browbeating and clever counsel might have succeeded by his subtleties in entrapping me into admissions with which he would afterwards have overturned the evidence I was giving in a case of manslaughter, but after a stiffish contest with him, I came through his ordeal unscathed, and had the satisfaction of finding afterwards that the case had raised me many a peg. Now that I have told you how I fare professionally, you may look for some more interesting communication of how I stand personally; but there I cannot vie with many who will either join your festive group, or send their hymeneal notices to you. My Bachelor life is uninterrupted at present by any visions of domestic bliss except when two neat cards prettily linked together, arrive from one who used to range free as air when Guyites were Guyites; then it is I rouse myself and begin to ponder what I am about, but generally conclude demurely by a "pas encore"

Enough now of myself and I assure you that I am as tired of the subject as any of you can be, so let me dwell in return upon the group which I shall picture to myself, assembled under the fostering wing of our worthy Governor, mingling with happy unity of feeling in the merriment of this evening, and the indulgence of every generous and friendly feeling towards all who bear the name of Guyites, whether present or absent. And though I am doomed this time to rank among the latter, my thoughts you may rest assured will be present with you all, and not one among our numbers will more sincerely join in hearty wishes for the happiness and prosperity of every individual member, of the whole Society collectively, and for many very merry meetings, than your warmly attached friend and

Zealous Brother Guyite,

H. V.

Letter 14.

Dear Brother Guyites,

I am sorry I cannot join your party on the first of

June, consequently I shall drink at home "health, happiness, and prosperity" to all Old Guyites, and sing Auld Lang Syne. I have this year commenced practice, and am succeeding pretty well. Having rather a hard battle to fight, I think it prudent to remain at home and keep a quiet "look out," so that I may get all the fish that come to my net.

I have not yet had any interesting cases, but possibly next year I may have something to relate.

With best wishes to all, not forgetting our friend "the Governor,"

Dam John,
Canterbury,
22*nd. May*, 1843.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
H. W.

Letter 15.

CAMP, AHMEDABAD,
April 24*th.* 1843.

My dear Bedford,

Your very acceptable letter of the 28th. January, has arrived in safety, though rather later than it ought to have done. I did not receive it till the 8th. of this month, in consequence I imagine of some negligence on the part of the Clerks at the Post Office, Bombay. You seem to think, judging from the tenor of your letter, that I am dissatisfied with India: now that is not the case, though my expectations have certainly not been fully realized. The Golden days of the Surgeons in India are past and will never return. An appointment, for instance, the Civil Surgeoncy at Ahmedabad, worth a few years since about R. 1200 per mensem, has been cut down to between 5 and 600 R. a month; and the clippings and cuttings are not over yet, for only a few days ago an order was issued by the Governor directing every medical man in the service to send in for the information of Government a full statement of his emoluments. Interest too, seems to be as necessary in India as in England, where you will allow it is a "sine qua non." If an Assistant Surgeon who has been out about 18 months has the good fortune to possess a pressing

letter of introduction to the Governor or Commander in Chief, he will without any difficulty fall into a comfortable appointment, otherwise he may remain 3 or 4 years before he gets the permanent charge of a Regiment that entitles him to R. 420 a month. A salary of R. 250 may appear a very good one to a person in England, but when one considers the great expense of living here, the great wear and tear of clothes on general duty, the disagreeable climate, liability to sickness, and feeling of banishment, you will, I think, coincide with me in considering it little enough. But a competency, as the before mentioned sum is, is preferable to starving in England, or being dependent upon one's friends. As far as I am able to judge, under all circumstances, your choice of India for your future professional career is a wise one. And as you have determined to come out, I only hope it may be your lot to be directed to proceed to this Presidency where sooner or later we may have the pleasure of meeting. Should I on your arrival be in this Division, I may perhaps be able to obtain leave of absence and run down to Bombay to see you ; a very delightful thought to indulge in after being so long without meeting a single old friend; though I must confess I have a sort of inward fear that long ere you arrive I shall be in Scinde. Bring as little as possible out with you, but do not forget, (I am advising you from my own experience,) to get all your uniform complete in London, and made to fit well. Silver & Co. were careless with my clothes, and I was obliged to get a new blue frock coat made at Bombay. Also bring a few well made pairs of trowsers for patterns, as well as jackets and waistcoats. If I were coming out again I should bring a piece of good English Drill cloth with me, for it is exceedingly dear here; but this is not absolutely necessary. All kinds of linen clothes you can get made here if you supply the tailors with good patterns. Our friends Ward and Stewart I have not yet seen, they are both in Scinde, the former in charge of 12th. N. I. the latter on general duty. As regards the society in India, I should say upon the whole you will be pleased with it rather than not. As there are few who reside long at any particular station, nearly all, not knowing how they may be situated

hereafter, or under what circumstances they might be brought into collision with others, endeavour to be as agreeable to each other as possible, even to those for whom they have no great affection. India too, still justly maintains its high reputation for universal hospitality. But to be candid, I must confess there is one great fault in the society of this country, viz. the general proneness that prevails for indulging in scandal; the bane of many an individual's happiness. Unfortunately at small stations there is often a lack of subjects to converse upon, and thus people for amusement are apt to lend their ears to all idle reports and circulate as well as invent them for their own diversion. I must apologise for not acknowledging the receipt of the 2nd. number of the Chronicles of the Old Guyites, the perusal of which gave me the greatest pleasure, the omission on my part was quite unintentional, indeed, I thought a proper acknowledgment had been made. My brother I hope has defrayed all expenses for he has been requested so to do Absence on general duty I beg you to offer to the Society as the reason of my not duly reporting myself this year, with the assurance that unless I am campaigning it in Scinde, where the mail is often interrupted, I will transmit a long epistle by the next April steamer instead. Guzerat is now becoming very uncomfortably warm Here am I at the present moment sitting in a room quite darkened (to keep out the strong glare of light,) and hung with tatties to cool the interior of the apartment. Yet I am melting away fast; at the same time clad merely in a shirt and pair of thin loose trowsers. In the day time it is madness to go out and the hot winds that blow then are like the blast of a furnace, blisting your face in a very short time. But the heat of the days I care little about, it is the hot air at night that gives me so much discomfort rendering one quite unable to sleep and exceedingly restless. I sleep in a tent with one wall of it removed so as to allow a free circulation of air but seldom get cool till two or three hours before sunrise, and often am tempted, though I am afraid you will consider me rather slothful, to indulge in lying in bed till after the sun has risen, thus losing my accustomed walk or ride. Menzies, I

have only heard of once since I left Bombay. A friend in the 2nd. Queen's with whom I marched to Ludpoor (en route to Deesa,) told me that in coming up the coast on his way out he had seen him at Cannanore, and was then quite well. Your friend Jeffreson the late oculist of this Presidency was without doubt a very fortunate individual. His successor may possibly make a little by private practice, but there are very few fees to be picked up in this country. It is long since any one made £6000 a year by private practice. As to the frequent occurrence of Ophthalmic cases, they may in the different towns for aught I know be common enough, but in the Military Hospitals I have visited, a few cases only have I met with: perhaps however I may have visited them at an unfavourable time. When (rather a long time to look forward to,) I get permanent charge of a Regiment, I shall be able to indulge in the purchase of a select collection of books, the best kind of amusement I think in this country. Your own plan is a good one, merely to bring out as many books as are actually necessary, and send for the rest afterwards. For you cannot expect to obtain at first a permanent appointment, though the members of the Medical Board always favour the married men. It is the poor Bachelors who get knocked about so much on general duty. Your delicate insinuations about my entering the matrimonial state are of no avail. Setting aside one grand obstacle, the being on general duty, there is another quite insurmountable one, a scarcity of spinsters. One of this class newly arrived from England has recently paid us a visit and disappeared. Now there is not one left. But though unmarried ladies are so scarce, yet those of the fair sex who have been led to the altar, are deserving of every praise and the highest esteem for doing their utmost to render the society of the station agreeable and free from dissensions. Should you come to Ahmedabad you will I doubt not for a moment be of the same opinion, and I am happy to say I have heard there are but few stations where concord and harmony do not prevail. Remember me to all my old Hospital friends, and give them my hearty wish for their speedy success in practice, with affectionate regards to all Old Guyites In

the expectation of much pleasure from shortly meeting,

Believe me I remain

Yours sincerely,

C. T. W.

Letter 16.

My dear Friends,

I regret I have only the same tale to communicate this year as the last, viz. How much I feel that I cannot be present at your annual meeting, but please God, I fully intend doing myself the pleasure (which I anticipate will be very great,) of joining in your rejoicings next year.

I have nothing interesting or worth relating regarding myself, during the past year business keeps much the same, sometimes slack, sometimes very busy. On the whole I am satisfied, feel tolerably happy and comfortable, and like the neighbourhood very much. I wish you all a pleasant evening, and above all prosperity in your profession, then the rest will follow. I trust some of you will be making a tour through Wales. I need not say how delighted I should be to see old faces. It may be some of you have applied yourselves hard to business and want change, don't forget staying some time

With your very faithful friend,

R. W.

ASH, PRINTER, LONDON BRIDGE.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
1844.

Fifth Anniversary.

The "First of June," fraught with so many joyful associations to every true **Guyite**, has again come and gone; but, unlike festivals in general, its pleasures are by no means confined to the meeting, but growing gradually throughout the year, only blossom in their full intensity of happiness on the "Glorious First." The meeting was not numerous, but never did more happiness prevail. NATHANIEL MONTEFIORE presided, and with John F. France, Henry Veasey, William T. Douglas, Charles Otway, Robert Clay, the Governor, and Edmund L. Birkett, surrounded the festive board, and represented with the proxies of absent members, (two* only excepted) the united

* Charles T. Weston, at present in Scinde, whose letter may have probably miscarried; and J. Colman, at Dover, who has returned no answer to two separate letters.

feelings of the Club. The Dinner was served in the old Room at the Trafalgar, at half-past Six, and all were ready, on the introduction of the "Loving Cup," to join their President in the one earnest heart-felt wish for the "Prosperity of the Society." On the removal of the cloth the seals were broken, the communications of the absent brothers listened to with deep interest, and their healths proposed and drank with the usual warmth.

Birkett has, this year, performed the duties of Secretary, though Bedford, fearful of breaking the slenderest thread which might serve to unite him with the members, in idea at least, retains, by express wish, the title, and looks forward most anxiously to the day when he may be again called upon personally to exercise its duties; and in that expectation he is most heartily joined by all the members, who, though from an estimation of his worth, they deplore the separation, yet, from the consideration of his welfare, view in his departure the seed-time of joys, which, in the fulness of harvest, they hope to reap on his return.

Letter 1.

SOUTHWELL, NOTTS., 31st May, 1844.

My dear Old Guyites,

I write at the eleventh hour, and feel sorry my epistle must be short indeed. I have litttle to communicate, excepting that in June last my horse came down all fours, and I of course went over his head, the consequence was I received a concussion, which made work with my top piece; at the time I vomited a great quantity of blood, which came from my stomach. I continued insensible for nine days, during which period I had 172 leeches ad occiput, blisters, salivation, and oh! worst of all my head *shaved*, think of all my beautiful locks thus swept away by the ruthless hand of a Barber. Now I am hearty and well, and for the last nine months have never had either ache or pain, except after getting so-so with my friends occasionally. I am in excellent health, good spirits, plenty of fun which I appropriate daily, in fact, as the Governor used to say, the cock pheasant leads a jolly life. I am still single, or in more polite terms a batchelor, which many a lady fair can vouch for, a great thing let me tell you young men at my time of life after having braved so many temptations; well I wont trouble you with a moral lecture, hoping you will have a good dinner, good wine, and plenty of good fellows to enjoy it. Wishing you all success, health and happiness,

I remain,
My dear Guyites,
Yours ever most sincerely,
G. B. O. G.

Letter 2.

SHIP "ROBERT SMALL," OFF RYDE.

My dear Old Guyites,

As it is possible that no other opportunity may

occur for writing to you, I seize the opportunity of the Pilot's departure to inform you that I am at length upon the "Briny."

My communication must of necessity be short, but before long I trust to give you something better and longer. May I flatter myself you will regret that I have gone? It does not please me to quit old England, but my prospects in India promise well, and I should not fulfil my duty were I to neglect them. A few years at most will restore me to you, when I shall again anticipate filling your Secretary's chair, and meeting you all in kind companionship. At this moment we have just had dinner, thirty in number,—seven ladies, the others of the rougher sex: I have dined in tolerable comfort, but some are already suffering. My heart bleeds to leave England, but I trust to return to you in honor.—Keep up our Annual Festival in all its kindliness.

And believe me,
Yours most affectionately,
J. R. B.

Letter 3.

WINCHESTER, May 31, 1844.

My dear Old Guyites,

Until the eleventh hour I have indulged in a faint hope of again forming one of the jovial crew at the old Trafalgar, but alas! I fear all my hopes upon that point are now shipwrecked, as Friday night is arrived, and the ties which bind me firmly to my post are as stringent as ever; I have therefore no alternative left but to yield to the decree of the Fates, and substitute this miserable representative, and that almost solely in consequence of certain inconsiderate individuals having thought proper to place their wives in such a position as not to be able to dispense with the services of the Doctor at this *trying moment;* but if people will do such things *we* must be the victims, and I suppose should grumble if we were not!

With regard to my professional adventures during the past year, notwithstanding that I have been constantly and actively engaged, nothing *very wonderful* has fallen to my lot. I have I think every reason to be perfectly satisfied with my position in this place, having a large but not very laborious practice, no parishes or poor, one of the best fellows in the world as a partner, a capital house, my mother and sister as housekeepers, and plenty of society; and since this has been made a station for Guards we have been very gay, plenty of balls, concerts, &c. We have generally a Regiment of the Line here as well, and at the present moment we have about 1500 or 1600 men in garrison, which must be a great advantage to the town, as also to the doctors; and lately I have started what I flatter myself is rather a stylish turn-out in the shape of a Tilbury. With all these comforts I do not feel particularly anxious about following the example of some of my worthy friends and brother Guyites, by altering my condition in life, and unless some very tempting bait should float in my way I dont think I shall be readily hooked!

If I have gained more reputation in any one particular department than another, it has been in Opthalmic Surgery, of which I have had a good deal; my partner and self rather monopolizing diseases of that class. Within the last two or three months we have had four cases of Cataract, from a considerable distance, that poor Tyrrell was to have operated on, and why they did not go to my worthy friend France I can't imagine, as two were much nearer London than Winchester; however I won't quarrel with him upon that point, as they turned out very well and paid liberally!

Dr. Bright was here twice during the winter and pocketed his 50 guineas each time; and once I went up to him with a patient laboring under Albuminuria, and whose death the little Doctor predicted within a very limited space of time, but I am happy to say the patient, at the end of five months after this sentence, is improving. Brodie also came down a few days ago to a case of senile gangrene, for which of course he did a wonderful deal of good.

The Hospital here affords me an ample field for observation and practice, as I have almost the entire management of Mr. Wickham's patients, and occasionly get sundry operarations, which tend to keep my hand in pretty good order for more important matters.

Since our last year's meeting I have come in contact with several of our fraternity, and the other day, delighted as I was to shake our worthy Secretary once more by the hand, before his departure from this Country, it was my painful lot to see himself and his amiable wife into the train that was to convey them to the vessel, which I trust ere long will land them safely on the Indian Shore and where I trust he will realize his utmost expectations, and in the due course of events join his auld acquaintance at Greenwich. Feeling that you must all be as tired of listening to this egotistical epistle as I am of inditing it, I will wind up by wishing you all health, happiness, and prosperity, and hearts and voices to feel and sing "Auld Lang Syne"; and believe me that as the clock strikes 11 on the First of June, there will not be a heart, even amongst the merry party at Greenwich, filled with warmer feelings of friendship than that of

Your sincere brother Guyite,
F. J. B.

Letter 4.

CATA BRANCA, MINAS GERAES, BRAZILS,
February 29th, 1844.

My dear and cherished Friends,

With unfeigned pleasure I once more wish you every blessing; and may our Society, on this festive anniversary, prove, like the formation of the crystal, that the only change produced on it by time, has been, and will be, to attract and cohere gradually and surely every particle of good feeling into one whole, big, and bright crystal of brotherhood—yet let the resemblance there cease, for never may the laws of de-

composition, nor superior affinities, nor the action of metal, (tin) influence or separate the union.

I have but little professional news to give—my principal cases have been the following: excision of a carious malar bone (not curious molar—Mr. Printer), after abscess of the antrum, and erysipelas of the head and face; what was the cause of the caries I know not; a small portion of the upper jaw with three molar teeth was also obliged to be removed; a fistulous salivary duct ensued, but was ultimately cured by setons, pressure and escharotics. The man's whisker in a great degree hides the deformity, and he is quite free from inconvenience either in eating or winking. I have had no amputation during the year of more importance than taking off three fingers with the lower part of the corresponding metacarpal bones. In midwifery a rather curious case of water in the cranium, of a nearly brainless monster, of nine months gestation—the woman was two days in labor before I was sent for, and then I had great doubts what was the presentation; but after staying the whole night with her, I became assured that I felt the cranial bones, and immediately perforated—at a guess I should think there must have been three pints of putrescent water within the cavity, and an embryo brain, resembling in size and appearance the lateral ventricles. Distance from home and great haste prevented further examination—the woman did well.

I have had a placenta case, in which, after repeated hœmorrhages of three or four months duration, the birth took place at the natural period, without manual assistance; the child was still-born and decomposed—the mother recovered. I fear the first of these adds but little to my diagnostic credit, but hush! dont tell any one! Though my surgical capabilities have been little exercised, we have lost, on different occasions, four blacks and an Englishman, by accidents in the mine.—Four were killed almost instantaneously, and the fifth died a few hours after the injuries received. Between ourselves, I am dubious if I treated this case properly: there was compound comminuted fracture of the upper part of the

tibia of one leg, simple fracture of the femur of the other, with other injuries about the head and chest; rather against my better judgment I tried to save the limbs, but am a little doubtful if the patient did not consequently lose his life—however he began to sink in an hour after the accident, probaby from the hœmorrhage which had taken place before his arrival in the hospital.

Again my life has been in great jeopardy, in consequence of lightning igniting 2655lbs. of gunpowder. By measurement the floor of my room, in which I was standing at the time of the explosion, was 196 feet from the magazine, and 64½ feet below it. When lights were brought I had the extreme gratification to find that my head, by 5 feet at the farthest, by a hair's breadth at the nearest, had escaped a stone weighing 124lbs. and a bar of wood, at a supposition, of 60lbs. weight; also a splinter of wood from my door, and about two feet long, had pierced or been driven, like an arrow from a bow, straight into a partition wall close to where I was standing. I will not occupy more time in the details, but merely observe that it was almost miraculous that my house and the hospital were not entirely demolished, and many persons on the establishment killed. No one was killed, however, and one only slightly bruised, though the roofs of several houses were knocked in by showers of stones, windows and doors smashed, hospital wall partly blown down, and the whole front of a house, further off and lower than my own, was entirely destroyed—my own house was so much damaged as to require supports and a general renovation; and yet the whole property which I lost amounted to the value of only one shilling. On two former occasions, since residing here, animals within 200 yards of me have been destroyed by lightning, and twice in ten years the house in which I live has been struck.

I suppose, my dear old comrades, you would like to know something of my private history,—money matters. I shall be worth, by my situation next year, about £600. more than I possessed when I last saw you. I intend to leave Cata

Branca at the end of my agreement, in May, 1845, what I shall then do is uncertain; perhaps I shall continue in the Country, as my name is tolerably well known for thirty miles around the mine. There is no credit in this, because in that distance there are but two persons (excepting myself), an Englishman and a Brazilian, that deserve the name of doctors or surgeons. I am a very idle fellow, always resolving and resolving, and doing nothing; I am tolerably steady—shoot as much as I study—love surgery more than physic—operate on the dead body occasionally—can joke with a black or white lassie—au reste je n'ai point vie de Seigneur, d'une si bonne fâme, qui moi-même. Should your Secretary express a wish, on your parts, that my next letter should contain an account of provincial Brazilian or black characters, I shall be most happy to state all I can on the subject; probably you have a more contemptuous opinion of the country, than it deserves, which prejudice I will endeavour to remove, —though the mass about us are little more than mere men, there are some that deserve better appellations.

Before I bid you all farewell, may I ask you, my dear Bedford, to squeeze the Governor's hand for me—squeeze it right hard, for I have some suspicion, as I can't get a word from him, that he has no feeling,—does he wince? if not the Patriarch must step over and give him a hearty shake himself. Don't be in a hurry to resume your seat, Mr. Secretary,—now shake, for me, the hands of every man at the table, of my fellow dressers—God bless them! and that done I wish them all good bye; and that the lot of each and all of them may be as happy as mortal can inherit, is the sincere wish of their true brother Guyite,

C. F. E.

Letter 5.

FORT REGENT, JERSEY,
May 24*th*, 1844.

My dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

I cannot tell you how much regret I feel in finding

myself compelled this year to commence the system so much more honored in the breach than the observance, of presenting a letter instead of myself, at our annual Old Guyite re-union. I am the more disappointed, because I fear the cause which prevents me now, will equally prevent me from being with you for many meetings to come. One of the regulations of our service obliges every one to be present at muster on the last day of each month; and no commanding officer can give leave of absence from it, unless under peculiar circumstances, and then only with the sanction of the Commander in Chief. I have thus, while quartered at Jersey, no more opportunity of joining you at Greenwich, on the First day of a month, than I should have were I removed to twice the distance I am from it at present. I shall still hope, however, that some lucky chance, some further improvement in steam, or one of its rival powers, or perhaps a prolonged leave of absence, may yet enable me to enjoy the pleasure of your society, before leaving Home for Foreign Service; and in the mean time I shall try and content myself with indulging in memory "to former joys recurring ever," and reading the account of your sayings and doings and merry-makings, which I expect to receive from our kind pro-tem Chronicler and Secretary—Dr. Birkett.

My own movements have not been very extensive since I I met you. At this time last year I was stationed at Dover Castle,—I took leave of its old walls with regret, for I had spent some happy days there, on October the 18th, and marched with my depot to Portsmouth, stopping a day or two en route at Winchester. On the 23rd we embarked on board the Angelina Transport, for Jersey, and got anchorage off the Island on the third day afterwards. From this, as ill luck would have it, we were driven off by a sudden gale, and, in consequence of the tempestuous weather which followed, were kept at sea until the return of that day so celebrated in the history of our country, and of the art of pyrotechny, the Fifth of November. It was no matter for laughter or levity *then*, I assure you, for in this interval we underwent the hor-

rors of expected shipwreck, and various minor miseries, too numerous to mention here; but all happily soon driven from our thoughts, by the kindness and hospitality which greeted us on our arrival at St. Helier's. I have been quartered in Fort Regent, the chief in the island, ever since our landing; and here expect to remain, until ordered to join the head quarters of my regiment at Cephalonia. As far as the station itself is concerned, I do not desire a change: the scenery fully deserves the reputation it has for beauty—the climate is pleasant and healthy, and the society friendly, gay, and agreeable; but I confess a good dry under-sea tunnel to England, or someting of the sort, would vastly improve it in my estimation, who am no lover of the waves and their boasted freedom.

I continue to feel satisfied in every way with my professional position. As to practice, I have sufficient practice to occupy a fair portion of my time, and to prevent me altogether forgetting the lessons I learned at Guy's. During the past year (between March 31st, 1843, and March 31st, 1844), I found, on making up my annnal returns, that I had treated in hospital exactly 400 cases; this number being inclusive of all classes of diseases among the soldiers, but exclusive of the diseases of their wives and children who are visited in barracks. From the judicious regulations employed in the treatment of sick soldiers, and the powers and relative position of the medical officer, he necessarily avoids much of the loss of time, and many of the annoyances, incident to practice in private life. Now and then, when he hears of the large fees and large fortunes, and high honors enjoyed by some of his brethren in civil life, the Assistant Surgeon can't help counting over his day's 7s. 6d. and concluding it to be, by contrast, rather a pitiful pittance; but he puts it back, closing his purse with a feeling of contentment (at least I speak for myself) when he thinks of the anxious days and sleepless nights, and of the expenditure of health, freedom, and feeling, by which, too often, such distinctions are gained.

One other topic I must touch upon, but I hardly know

how to do it in writing—how I wish I could talk it over with you instead:—I mean our Secretary's departure for India. Poor Bedford! yet I do not know why a term of pity should be used in conjunction with his name, for I really think he will be more happy in his new sphere of action than he would have been had he remained in England. It is to us rather such an expression should be applied, for who among us is there who does not feel that with Bedford has gone, for many years, one of his best and worthiest friends, no less than one of the most kindly-disposed and zealous members of our brother band? May he meet with all the success and happiness his virtues and accomplishments deserve! and you will agree with me in thinking that his share of these blessing will then be no small one. Fancy him, five and twenty years hence, a retired member of the Medical Board of Bengal, supported by a ditto of Bombay, by two Inspectors General of H. M. service, a full attendance of Royal Serjeant Surgeons and Physicians in ordinary, &c., the Sir A's and Sir B's of the day, and by last, not least respected, the Governor: just fancy him rising, with the first bumper in his hand, and with one of his peculiar chuckling satisfactory smiles, congratulating the Society on there being no letters to be read, there not being any absentees on the occasion!—and then fancy all present realizing the enjoyments, described by Smollett in the quotation so appropriately prefixed to the two last numbers of our Chronicles! May the event prove this no mere picture of the imagination; but sometimes when I think how we are all separated and are separating—some by miles of intervening land and sea, more by the ties of local duties—I almost fear that some of the predictions which were uttered by sundry worldly-wise croakers, at the institution of our Society, may come true, and that it may cease to exist before its full time is accomplished. I for one will do all in my power to prevent such a premature termination, and I think I know many others who will join with me in the endeavour. To strengthen myself in this worthy resolution, and to dissipate the gloomy thoughts called up by the departure, from us, of our Secretary, I intend on Saturday, the First of June, at the

proper hour, with a jorum of PUNCH in my hand, and with AULD LANG SYNE in my mind, to drink the health of all Old Guyites; especially not forgetting the little band who may be just at that moment chaunting (I will not say how solemnly, as our 9th Rule has it) the same sentiments across the channel at Greenwich.

With sincerest wishes that health, happiness, and professional success may attend you all during the year to come, and that I may have the opportunity, next year, of hearing you say you have enjoyed them.

Believe me to be,
Your affectionate Brother, **O. G.**,
T. L.

Letter 6.

TRICHINOPLY, *March*, 1844.

My dear Friends and Guyites,

The Chronicles of our Club up to 1843 are now on my desk. What delightful reminiscences are connected with them. What visions of past pleasures; happy faces; white bait; sparkling champagne; &c. do they conjure up. Shall I ever realize those dreams again? Well, I'm not one of your croakers. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Long, long may we remember our golden rule, and though stern Destiny has scattered most of us far and wide: may our *hearts* on the first of June be ever joined in one.

When I last wrote to you I was on the eve of starting from Cannanore: we had a delightful march of a month's duration, and arrived here on the 23rd of April. In point of size, society, and even climate, this I think an infinitely superior station to the last. The heat at Cannanore is of course tempered by the sea breezes, and is 10 or 15 degrees less than here. On the other hand the dampness of the atmosphere at the former place, engenders Liver Complaints and Dysentery to a frightful extent, whilst here, (with the exception of Cholera, which hangs over one's head like the sword suspended by a thread,) Europeans enjoy a remarkable immunity from

disease. We have been exceedingly gay since our arrival here; we've had Balls, Dinners, Pic-nics, Amateur Theatricals, ad libitum. I am sure none of you will wonder at my taking an active part in all; without vanity I may say I was Prima Donna on the stage, and drew down thunders of applause, as Peggy in raising the Wind, and Mary in Charles II., &c. The absence of some of our best characters has put a stop to acting for a time. Now I am going to surprize you. I am married!!! to a widow!!! Did it merely to prove all Mr. Weller's arguments about "Widders" incorrect. I have been spliced a fortnight and have every chance of being happy. I've a nice house, garden, servants, two horses, and above all, the climate as yet, agrees with me remarkably well. I believe I am about getting a step. Booth, the 2nd. Assistant Surgeon, is going home with Liver Complaint, and probably wont come out again. Turnbull, our Senior, will probably be promoted in a year or so, whice will make me 1st. for any chance charge that may be temporarily vacant. I have operated successfully on one of our Light Cavalry for soft cataract, and extracted the Lens. I don't think I've had any misfortune worth speaking of. By the bye, I am in debt to some kind friend among you 4s. for the Books. How I am to remit it I don't know, probably I may have some money in my agent's hands in a few months. With kindest regards to France, Birkett, the Governor, in fact, all of you, and fervent wishes for our continued prosperity, believe me,

Your sincere Friend and Guyite,
E. M. 94th. Regt.

P. S. This letter is not nearly so long as I could wish, but I fancy I see the longing eyes for the First Bumper of Cool Sherry, so I take pity on you.

Letter 7.

Dear Friends,

Only think of a poor fellow riding 180 miles to his dinner and then going home without it. Such is my unfortu-

nate situation, being compelled to return a day before the fair. I most sincerely wish each of you a good dinner, and may it be well digested. I am increasing the population as fast as I know how, and also possess what may be called a pretty fair practice, very nearly £500. a year. Short time prevents my doing more than wish you all well, not forgetting the Genuine Old Governor.

Your faithful Friend and O. G.

F. G. M.

Letter 8.

85, Western Road, Brighton,
May, 30*th*. 1144.

My dear Brother Guyites,

For the last three weeks I have been contriving and planning how I might be present with you on our festivity of the First of June, but I am afraid that I must make the same excuse that was made eighteen hundred years ago, "I have married a Wife, and therefore I cannot come." Not that the Wife herself prevents me, but the absence consequent upon obtaining her does; and this I know will be fully appreciated by those, who like me, have a young practice to look after. I cannot be too thankful that I have not again to plead ill-health, but am able to tell you that I was never better or *so* happy in my life. My marriage has been the great event of my last year. Practice has progressed at a satisfactory rate, and I was to-day elected to the Office of Surgeon-Accoucheur to the Brighton Lying-in-Charity. My thoughts will be with you all on the glorious First, and particularly shall I remember our much esteemed Secretary, and all far-off members of our society. God bless you all. I sincerely trust that another First of June will not find me an absentee from my post,

Believe me, my dear Guyites,

Your's very truly,

J. O. O. G.

Take care of the "Old Governor" this time, and mind that he makes a speech.

Letter 9.

CLAPHAM COMMON.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I regret being obliged to absent myself from your circle this Evening, but I cannot with any safety leave home just now. During the past twelve months, many and important changes have fallen to my lot. In the First place, my sudden departure from Brighton, and my being taken into partnership with my Father. Secondly, the birth of a daughter a few weeks ago. I think therefore, I may justly consider myself a most fortunate man.

It was my intention, had I been one among you this evening, to have made some remarks relative to the manifest downfall of our Club. The majority of the present members will I know, never be able to be present on the First of June, owing to the distance at which they reside; and one can scarcely expect to meet more than six, or at the most, eight, of the members. In my opinion, a *jovial* meeting requires a more numerous attendance, and as a remedy to this sad falling off, I would suggest the propriety of adding a few fresh names to the list of Members: of course such men as are likely to reside in the neighbourhood of London, would be preferred. I trust therefore that some steps may be taken, as may restore our Club to its once flourishing state. Wishing you all a merry Evening,

Believe me to remain,
Yours very faithfully,
J. C. P.

Letter 10

SOUTHAMPTON,
May, 20*th*. 1844.

My dear Old Guyites,

There is a peculiar charm in Guyite Society, which makes it a hard matter for me to deny myself the gratification of being with you on the First of June, but since duty forbids

the indulgence, I am sure you will not hesitate to palliate the offence of my being once more absent from the scene of conviviality, on that memorable day, which is wont to renew in the bosom of each of us, those pleasing recollections of the good old times when we first joined hand and heart in the formation of our unrivalled society. I shall not be so inconsiderate as to occupy any more of your valuable time, which will of course be much more pleasantly and profitably spent, in friendly intercourse; but, will merely give a brief statement of myself.

I have recently had the good fortune to enter into partnership with a practitioner, who has, for several years past, been located in Southampton. The practice is small but good, and in course of time will doubtless place me in a better position. The absence of my partner for the benefit of his health, is the sole cause of my not joining you on the present occasion.

Science has not been much advanced by my labours since our last anniversary, but it is satisfactory to reflect, that I have been so far able to follow in the steps of others, as to operate successfully for Inguinal Hernia. In two cases of difficult labour, I have had occcasion to use the forceps. A severe case of Hæmoptysis, followed by Delirium Tremens, has lately occurred to me, in which various forms of Opium, equivalent to a scruple of the solid drug, were given within 48 hours, before any good effect was produced. The patient recovered. With sincerest wishes for your present enjoyment, and your future health and prosperity,

Believe me, my dear Old Guyites,

Yours ever sincerely,

J. K. S.

P. S May the blessings of long life and happiness, attend the good old Governor.

Letter 11.

GUILDFORD, *Monday Morning*,

My dear Birkett,

I have delayed answering your note of invitation to the annual hospitalities of the Guyites, in the hope that I this

year should have formed a link in the chain of kindred spirits, assembled on the ever memorable First of June.

But alas, owing to the influence of some evil star, I am again this year compelled to state the impossibility of my being present, and to hold communion with my brother Guyites, through the cold and unsatisfactory medium of a letter: for in fact, the late cold winds have kept us much engaged, and I have several cases of Midwifery in daily expectation. So, sorely against my own will, I must say I cannot join you, and therefore proceed to render an account of my doings during the past year. Much constant and laborious occupation, with much less of surgery than I could have wished for, has fallen to my lot. I have every reason to be well satisfied with my advance in practice, but have not much worthy of especial notice; several minor amputations, a severe fracture of scapula, together with several of the ribs broken at their angles, and symptoms of injury to lung, in a delicate woman, treated with success. I was some little time since, called to a case where there was retention of urine, with excessive effort to pass fœces without success. Altho' there was very slight external signs of abscess, yet from symptoms, I felt convinced there was large collection of matter, between the rectum and bladder. I cut down between the bladder and bowel, and reached a very large abscess, containing nearly two pints of highly offensive pus. The case did well. I also had a case of Tetanus, arising from slight injury and wound of index finger. On the commencement of symptoms, I amputated the finger, but without beneficial result; I treated the case with large doses of opium, but the patient died in 48 hours. In Midwifery, a breech presentation, and two cases requiring the use of forceps: one from deformed pelvis, and the other, ten days since, pelvis of natural size, but a first child, and mother 46 years old; with deficient pain and large head. This irregular catalogue comprehends all my doings, both medical and surgical; I must therefore terminate my detail, by a return to the personal state of my affairs. Since the last First of June, I have taken a Wife and a fortnight since, attained the honors of

paternity; and having now been a married man well nigh a year, I therefore recommend to all brother Guyites, yet remaining single, to take into serious consideration, the pleasure and comfort, of (after a long day's work,) conferred by your own fireside, and a cheerful companion. Suffice it to say, that I, some time since a strenuous advocate of the independence and freedom from care of single life, have fully recanted the same.

I must now bring my epistle to a conclusion, and with best wishes to all friends and brother Guyites, and when over the flowing bowl you chant, "Auld Lang Syne," may those who are enjoying that social hour, give a thought, and a "God bless ye," to their friend and brother,

J. R. S.

Letter 12.

CLAPHAM COMMON, *May* 30*th*, 1844.

My dear Friends,

In addressing myself to you it must be through the medium of our friend and pro. tem. Secretary, Dr. Birkett, and in reply to his kind note, received a short time since, I lament to say my absence this year must be again recorded in the chronicles of the "Old Guyites." Since the receipt of his note, my dear mother, who had suffered for many months from Bronchites, and Anasarea has departed this world and is freed from a life of much pain and suffering; for which little but alleviation could be rendered, even by Dr. Addison, whose valuable and friendly aid was afforded throughout her illness. I must not, however, speak of my own troubles further, than as a reason and apology for my absence. May this letter find each and all of you free from any like cares, but, on the contrary, with health and happiness abounding in your families. The Fifth Anniversary has now arrived, and since we first enrolled ourselves, how have our fortunes altered? for we are some here, some there,—

scattered about by the fickle gales of fortune. I was even on the point of saying that we ourselves have altered; not, I trust in this one great and brotherly tie that unites us in the name of "Old Guyites."

"Tempora mutantur, sed non mutamur in illis,"—may it be many many years ere a link of that chain be broken. Farewell to our friend and Secretary, Bedford, whose departure from among us is but recent; I am sure you will all unite with me in good wishes to him, looking forward to the time when, having reaped some of the golden fruits of India, he will return and enliven us with his good companionship again. I would also congratulate my brethren on their choice of a locum tenens in Bedford's office, not doubting that he will make as efficient a Secretary as he did Chairman two years since. I must now become egotistical, and speak of my own adventures. Since our last Anniversary practice has been gradually improving; a constant succession of most of the ills that flesh is heir to come under my observation, either in dispensary or private practice. Among surgical cases, I may mention two of old Hydrocele, treated on the plan of tapping, and afterwards the Iodine injection with perfect success. The removal of an erectile tumour of the external angle of the eye, by means of the double ligature. In the Midwifery department, one in particular, a young unmarried woman, her first confinement followed by inflammation of the uterine appendages; on partial recovery from this, an attack of phlegmasia dolens,—and to sum up, puerperal mania afterwards, for which she is now an inmate of Bethlem Hospital. Another case, occurring to me last Winter, I would also mention, namely: the supposed infanticide of a male child. Fortunately, for the mother, the umbilical cord being round the child's neck, allowed a verdict of natural death. How little is Medical Law made the subject of study, and yet how important it is to the medical man when summoned before a Grand Jury. I have also had some Small-pox, &c.; and there are few of the ordinary medical cases but what have fallen to my lot. Enough of my affairs, and perhaps you may

think almost too much. I shall be heartily glad, on the receipt of our next number of Chronicles, to read a good account of yourselves and doings, that good forune is crowning your endeavours, and last, not least, that you spent a right joyous evening in the Trafalgar room, none of you falling over the balcony into the river beneath; but arriving safe at your homes soon after midnight, still preserving the centre of gravity undisturbed. Good bye, God bless you all, is the sincere wish of

Your old friend and brother Guyite,
C. T. "O. G."

Letter 13.

Friday Evening.

My dear Birkett,

I have delayed this unpleasant task of writing again to you, until the last moment, hoping I might screw up my conscience to neglect business and dine with the O. G's. to-morrow at the Trafalgar: but I find it can't be done; my engagements have been for the last few days and still are such as to prevent my leaving home for 24 hours. Under such circumstances, our Friends will I am sure take the will for the deed. I have no particular cases this year the details of which would interest you. Wtth best wishes to our Friends, at home and abroad,

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Sincerely yours,
H. W

Canterbury,
31*st. May*, 1844.

Letter 14.

TREMADOC, *May*, 29*th*. 1844.

My dear old Guyites,

I have only the same tale to tell you, that I find it impossible to leave practice, so as to join you on the

First of June. Nothing worth relating has happened to me, during the last twelve months. I go on plodding in the same routine of practice. I am now just recovered from the Scarlet Fever, and am writing this in bed. Wishing you all much happiness and good fortune,

Believe me,
Ever your's faithfully,
R. W.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
1845.

Sixth Anniversary.

Another year has been added to the age of the Society, and the **Old Guyites** have been permitted to hold their Sixth festival, without a single recollection, save separation, to sadden the past, or the approach of a cloud to darken the future. The meeting took place on Monday, the 2nd. of June, in the old room at the Trafalgar, and was marked by that warmth of feeling, cheerfulness of expression, and kindliness of manner, which form the characteristic badges of that friendship, which all cherish alike as the golden chain linking their hearts together.

FREDERICK BUTLER presided, and Clay, France, Moore, Oldham, Otway, Sampson, Stedman, Taylor, the "Governor" and Birkett, lent their assistance in preserving the tone and maintaining the cordiality of the Society.

The letters of the absent members harmonised well with the feelings of the meeting; and each was received according as it displayed the sentiments of the writer, with hearty laughter or earnest interest. On the conclusion, the Health and Prosperity of the absent members, were drunk with Guyite heartiness.

Colman was again a defaulter; Elcum's letter, owing to the delay of the mail, did not arrive till the middle of June; and Parrott, writing immediately after the meeting, stated that he had intended to have been present; and again alluded to, what he alone seems to have felt, the decline of the Society. This subject wonld not have been here mooted, had it not been for the anxiety, which many members have expressed, either personally or by letter, lest any alteration should take place in the fundamental constitution of the Society. The last meeting, however, now just over, it is hoped will satisfy all members that the Society is as prosperous as ever; and a further proof of its persisting vitality, may be drawn from the fact, that the day of meeting is always ardently looked for, and that the fruition never falls short of the expectation.

The Society is indebted to Joseph R. Bedford, its much valued Secretary, for the present of a handsome ivory seal, on which has been engraved the motto with the device and initials of the Society, and which

according to the wish of the donor, will in future be used as the official seal.

It may not perhaps be out of place to allude to another subject. It is well known that many members have become votaries of St. Benedict; but perhaps it is *not* known that the Society itself has become a "Mama," two healthy children having blessed its vigorous maturity; one at the Hospital, which celebrated its birthday at the Trafalgar on the 18th. of June, and the other at Cambridge. And may happiness and prosperity be their lot, both individually and collectively, is the earnest wish of every "Old Guyite."

The members present at the dinner were in good health, and spoke cheeringly of their prospects. Stedman had been ill, but was recovering; and the "Governor" was well, but had been ill, very ill, with acute rheumatism in the early winter. In conclusion, may each year bring renewed strength to the Society, and may all look forward to the return of those members, who, though separated by thousands of miles, still cherish in their hearts that bright flower, the possession of which, is so highly valued by every true Guyite.

Letter 1.

SOUTHWELL, May 31st, 1845.

My dear Old Guyites,

I have but little to communicate, this having been a very barren year, so far as news is concerned. However, I am still a gentle unoffending Bachelor, perhaps a litttle too modest for a medical man, but in time no doubt virtue will have its reward. The fact is I cannot make up my mind to speculate so largely with happiness; the publication of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures (i am sure you will be sorry to hear) caused a relapse rather of a frightful nature, should a good constitution, never endangered by excess, once more be capable of appreciating happiness, I intend either to turn hermit or take the cowl.

My practice continues to increase annually, especially in the Midwifery department. Concerning operations, this year they have all been of a trivial nature, too humble to mention before such accomplished and highly talented young gentlemen as now assembled. I trust gentle Mr. Secretary you will have a good meeting of jolly fellows to partake of Mr. Hart's good cheer; I also trust my benevolent friend that necessary caution will be taken to see ALL those sweet young men home, or at least, if possible, in a direct line for their abode. I will not intrude further on the patience of those gentlemen who are craving for the dessert, wishing to hear of the health and prosperity of all Old Guyites.

I remain, dear Sirs,
Your ever true and attached friend,
G B.

P. S.—I am well and jolly.

Letter 2.

SHIP "ROBERT SMALL," May 14, 1844.

My dear Old Guyites,

Here I am at last upon the "Briny," luxuriating in

all the delights of sea and sky, with the "blue above, and the blue below," as Barry Cornwall hath it. I take it *he* never was upon this self-same ocean, or surely he never could so far have prostituted truth as to surround with imaginary delights this dreadful degrader of human greatness. Picture to yourselves, I will not say myself, but any man judging himself possessed of one square inch of dignity, moral or material, —one who hopes to stand above his fellows,—one who piques himself on a well-cut coat, or neatly tied cravat: fancy such a man, I say, lying grovelling in his cabin, prone on his anterior, with nasal organ assiduouly investigating the intricasies of a pot-de-chambre. Such is the dreadful depth to which humanity may sink—such was the lot of your unhappy friend and brother Guyite. You will rejoice, I know, to be informed that I start for India with the best prospects; whether they may be real or visionary time alone can shew.

I left England, with my wife and baby, on the 27th of April,—the sun shone on our departure, but failed to penetrate our hearts, just then too deeply steeped in the regret of leaving many kind friends to be very susceptible to such impressions. Never did I feel more thoroughly wretched than during our journey of the preceding night, from Southampton to Gosport; it seemed as if the steaming, smoking monster was hurrying us on to eternal misery, and shall I let you into a secret of the human heart? I almost hoped the vessel might have sailed, and thus by the prevention of my passage, the whole prospective movement might be altered.

Ruthless and iron-hearted as she is, on went the locomotive, stopping not till we arrived at our ultimate destination—when there, the safe conveyance of some five and twenty packages engrossed my attention. Piled up and lashed on the summit of a "Buss" we wended our way, some mile, to Portsmouth. We drove on to the Steam Bridge, to cross the Harbour—whilst there my situation was perplexing—seated behind the coachman, I had a full view of the dark expanse of water around, and the very little rails on either side; to increase my comfort, he (the coachman) got down, leaving me, to all appearance, sole manager of the rampant steeds;

they were not my only care, for in addition I had to keep my back against, and my eye upon, my luggage piled in a pyramid behind.

All our cares passed by, and dangers surmounted, we arrived in safety at the "Quebec," and prepared for the operations of the next day. The morning broke upon me very much as the morning of his last day would rise upon a felon—serious thoughts beset me of doing some dreadful act, which might incarcerate, and thus detain me in my native land. Whilst thus cogitating, up came the servant with a horrible smile upon his sallow visage. "Sir," says he, "the captain's compliments and all your luggage being on board, he will wait upon you in the cutter in half an hour." Thus perished the last frail tie which bound me to England,—in half an hour, sure enough, a gentle breeze was wafting us towards the "Robert Small," lying at anchor just over the spot where the Royal George sunk. No time for thought, —on board, luggage stowed away, sails being given to the breeze, the sailors' not inharmonious or unpleasing song as they heave the anchor—the gallant ship swings round with the tide, and off we go. England farewell! how many of those hearts with us, now beating high with hope and happiness, will live to see thee once again.

Evening found us rounding "The Wight," the following day off Portland, and Monday shewed us the last trace of England's white cliffs.

Our party numbers nearly thirty—eight ladies, four or five Queen's officers, and cadets. All goes on pleasantly enough as yet; our greatest sea-storm has been the Bay of Biscay, one long continued roll—they promised us rolls for breakfast, and i'faith they kept their promise. "Up and down, up and down, billows crown," through the crest of the waves, and the funny scenes around. Next to me, "the Doctor," sits an hypertrophied female, named, par excellence, "the stout lady," occasionally, in a heavy lurch, she loses her balance, and gives me an ecstatic dig in the ribs, not particularly pleasant, but very good for digestion.

On Monday last we just sighted Madeira, whose high land looked most attractive to such sea-worn marfiners.

I have the good fortune to be Surgeon to the ship, which places me in position. Most have already come under my hands; I think I have made friends of most.

Singularly enough, I had not been many days on board, when a steerage passenger was attacked with Iritis. The case is now progressing satisfactorily. Another woman, troubled with that singular and unaccountable disease, "Fœtus in utero," has smuggled herself on board. She proposes to disburden herself about the Cape, and I'll bet ten to one 't will be in a gale of wind. Our weather has hitherto been delightful, with the exception of two nights ago. when a storm threatening, preparations were made—I had retired to my virtuous couch,when a tap came to the door, "Who's there?" "Carpenter, sir." "What do you want? "To put in the dead lights, sir." I experienced a kind of mental collapse, and faintly requested him to walk in.

Yesterday I had a most narrow escape from entire and irremediable blindness; opening a bottle of Muriatic Acid, and holding it too close, the stopper flew out with some violence, the vapour, or as I in the first moment thought, the acid, rushed into my eyes; I almost fell back with pain, and even in my agony, my whole position rushed before my mind. Cupping possibly required—no aid—a stop to all professional exertion—not yet in the service. These were but a few of the phases of thought rushing through my mind. Oil was immediately poured into them, and closing for an hour, I found, to my happiness, the pain diminished, and sight perfect.

But I must not weary you with this,—believe me I shall most faithfully remember the 1st of June. I had intended to have written individually to you all before I started. Let me hope, as the surest pledge of your regard to me, that you will all unite in keeping up the Annual Festival of the "Old Guyites," that we may all meet again at the same board. Receive my warmest wishes for your welfare; think of me often,

as I shall think of you, and believe, amid all my change of scene, it will prove a solace and a joy, to know that I have such friends as those who exist amongst your ranks.

Believe me, dear friends,
Your's most affectionately,
J. B. O. G.

Letter 3.

COMILLA ZILLAH TIPPERAH, BENGAL,
February 20, 1845.

My dearest Guyites,

Once more, all Hail! Hail! to the courtesies, the kindnesses of life,—the brotherly regard which weaves in one magic chain, well-nigh extending now around the world, the thoughts and feelings of so many old companions. The clear remembrance of your well-known faces, the kindly recollection of your parting grasp warms my heart to bursting, and raises a magic atmosphere around, in which all present objects fade away, and my soul, severed from its earthly tenement, seems to hover around your heads, watching your libations, and sprinkling the essence of friendship in your wine. Even as I write, the mirror of my mind displays, with almost the reality of life, the group assembled round your festive board. The gentle Edmund poking sly fun at, and nudging his neighbour in the ribs, his hair perhaps a trifle thinned, and its raven black something more tinted by the snows of time—whiskers luxuriating in primeval freshness, and his nether man encased in a respectable suit of sables. Doth he still affect the fair sex and the world of infants? Is France demure as ever? casting my eyes beneath the table, for a single instant, a sight, almost too brilliant, breaks on my distracted vision; dangling in mid air I see his fairy feet, still nestling in the identical gaiters, in contemplating which, my wounded spirit has so often found a balm, and from which have often sprung, and still arise, a multitude of tender recollections. To me, where'er I roam, whether in Himalaya's icy fields, or the burning regions of the South, will those blessed gaiters ever

be a type of "life's young day." Doubtless at this moment he is a sufferer from an acute attack of double Divergent Strabismus—for see, one eye is fixed, with steady gaze, upon his wine, whilst the other wanders far away round the corner, in search of something white floating in the breeze—a petticoat is of course the last thing that would attract his attention. Whose is the good old laugh resounding through the room, linked ever and anon with change of countenance, and a hearty anathema upon some "infernal scoundrel?" whose should it be, but Otway's—how looks his good old face? does it convey a "splicy" impression, as though he meditated taking a partner to his bed and "bussum." 'Tis quite time, no man should remain in single blessedness, for in such an absence of restraint, young men of warm temperaments, after dinners at Trafalgars, at Greenwiches, are too apt, as the old ladies say, to go astray. One portion of my vision is but misty, but still I think I see Charles Taylor, or if not there himself, his good spirit fills the place he ought to occupy—but yet it must be he, the figure's not sufficiently ethereal for aught but solid humanity Doubtless by this time, he and some graceful Hebe "are linked in one heavenly tie," may she fill his cup of happiness to the brim, with full measure running over; may his olive branches spring so vigorously as at length to form a thick domestic grove! whose closely tangled leaves, whilst warding off the cold winds of the world's unkindness, shall let in every here and there such gleams of sunshine, as may warm his heart, invigorate his spirit, and strengthen him to battle with the trials which hang around him. There is one full round face amongst you, whose calm contented glow is well set off by the gleams of light shining from an honorable and extensive forehead. 'Tis our "perpetual guest," "the Governor"; see! how his lip quivers on the glass's edge, as he drinks the bumper "to all absent Guyites"—thoughts of past days, of kind companionship, all past, are hovering round his heart; and if it happen that their softening influence, force from beneath his lid a crystal drop to the memory of "those away," you'll not esteem him less a man. Longmore is probably away, chained to his military

duties, to that "sparkling gem, set in the silver sea," wherein half-pay officers delight to dwell, y'clept Jersey. Doubt not his thoughts pun upon his name, and he *longs more* than ever to be at your side, the *more long* he stays away. Doubtless, if he be playing the highly interesting game of knife and fork beside you, the silver mottling of the ebon casing of his pericranium shines with redoubled radiance, reflecting all the smiles around.

Does Godfrey the bold, Batcheler I mean, the brave, the beautiful: does he involve you this happy day in the fascinating atmosphere which breathes around him! Does he nod that noble head in approval of the fish? does he relax that overwhelming brow in favor of the soup? Shoots there aught of fire from that dark unfathomable eye, when lighting on a sausage? Myriads of musings muster mid that manly mouth, and how its many muscles twitch with expectant pleasure as the savoury morsel nears him on the fork. How is the "Rosy Boy?" Doth he still affect the fair sex? Are "widders" still his weakness? Methinks my vision shows a "raither" smart cravat, which tells me Butler has a seat amongst you. I need not ask you how he fares in practice? The "favorite Doctor of the ladies" can scarcely fail to be a friend of fortune's. Does Montefiore indulge himself in "water racket" with accustomed gusto? I heartily trust his Parisian feet are twinkling beneath your mahogany. Clay belies his name, he's doubtless full of flesh, more especially in the region known to anatomists as the abdominal. If you increase in this way, Robert, you'll never get a wife—no reasonable woman, solicitous for domestic happiness, no matter how deeply her affections were engaged, would ever have a man with such an unweildly accompaniment. So instantly cut him down to half rations—decline supplying him the "other bit of beef"; and make the present an occasion for instructing him in all the beauties of a practical stoical philosophy. What other beaming faces are amongst you I can hardly tell. Stedman, no doubt, is one—is he a steady man as of yore? Sampson I'm sure is scarcely wanting;

long may he flourish, keeping virtuous counsels, free from all assoil; and more fortunate than his great ancestor, may no momentary weakness enable some false Delilah to cut off his lock. How fares the noble Douglas? The turbaned "Moore?" May I hope that Parrott has a long bill for every patient? May "Veasy" never be "wheezy," and Waterman never be troubled with the pure element. To Williams every good wish. From our warm-hearted brother Elcum I have just received a letter—the rogue fears "Old Guyiteism" may decline, never whilst such hearts as yours beat in its support. But he, I trust, and Weston, and Menzies, will tell you of themselves.

But in truth I am forgetting to be egotistic. A very favorable voyage, presenting in its novelty much to interest me, and never more so than when our gallant ship battling with the giant waters of the Cape, was approaching Calcutta. A reception in a city, where, to all belief, no friend awaited us, hospitable beyond conception, formed a pleasing preface to our Indian sojourn. Four months, during which I attended one hour per day at the General Hospital, if convenient, passed pleasantly away. Calcutta society was laid bare to us, and numerous kind friendships were formed. The scarlet fever was not strong upon me, for I believe I only appeared two or three times in regimentals. December saw me gazetted to officiate as Civil Surgeon at Tipperah, (from whence I write), and the day after I was directed to do duty under the orders of the Superintending Surgeon of Agra. The option of selection being given me, I chose the former. In proceeding to this place our route lay through the Sunderbands, a very jungly track, and much repudiated by Indian travellers. Its ever graceful palms, however, feathery dates, and towering betel trees, fringing the river's brink, conferred a charm upon it difficult to be described. At length our Budgerow entered the mighty Ganges, "Mother of Indian Streams," and in about eleven days we disembarked at Jaffiergunge (not Shakspeare's Jaffier's native town) and made our way in palanquins, with twenty bearers, puffing and blowing round us, through twelve miles wanting to complete our journey. Comilla is a jungle station, I had heard much of its recom-

mendations in that line before starting—jungles you are aware produce tigers, which were also notified to be particularly plentiful. Fancy us then with these anticipations, making our way through the woods—Did'nt I look to the right and left, I'm satisfied my vertebra dentata must have wished he belonged to anybody else, I used him so unmercifully. Thank goodness! as the sun declined a Mussulmauny spire met our view, and at the same moment two interesting individuals, in snow white flowing robes, and ditto turbans, made their low salaam, and announced themselves my "native doctors." "Very well," (said I briefly, in Hindostanee of not only a broken, but regularly macadamised kind) Very well! I've no objection. On we went to the judges, who had kindly invited us; and it was eventually arranged through the medium of a series of pantomimic movements, that I should be at the hospital next day at eight o'clock.—Now then, if you have anything like imagination, call it to your aid; for my feeble pen is utterly unequal to the task of faithfully depicting the extraordinary scene which took place the following morning on making my hospital visit. Behold me advancing to the edifice, a brace of native doctors, ditto male nurses, the vaccinator, and a varied group of natives gazing at me, with open mouth and upturned eyes. Boldly dashing onward, not however without some conscientious forebodings of the frightful malpraxis likely to ensue; I dived into the building, and lo! my horror-struck vision encountered some sixteen patients, all in the last stage of disease, anxiously awaiting to be restored to life and hope by the new doctor. The first mental query which arose was, whether I should not at once fairly turn tail, bolt straight forward to the coast, and, in default of cash, work my way home before the mast; but better thoughts prevailed, and I essayed to ask the nearest piteous looking wretch 'how he did"—the word "how" I fairly managed, but "did" was not at command. Anything was however preferable to silence, so fortunately calling from remembrances of Calcutta Eye Infirmary, the Hindostanee term for that important organ, I said, in a peremptory tone, with a view of alarming and subduing a rising

chuckle which I heard behind me, "kyse aukh hy," that is, how's your eye? The poor creature in an agony of disappointed expectation held up his hands and then pointed imploringly at his belly. At the same moment all taking alarm, commenced a series of agonizing cries, simultaneously pointing to the parts in which they suffered. At this moment I fairly had the staggers, my brain began to swim; when my good genius whispered in my ear the simple Materia Medica of British-Indian practice—it passed through mine ear like an electric shock—"croton oil for congestion, salts for seapoys"—I hnrriedly ordered every man a dose ad libitum, and mounting my horse, gallopped in a frenzy home.—Scarely had I arrived and begun to contemplate a twelve hours' respite when my native doctor came (oh! cruel mockery) to consult me regarding some out-patient; another pleasing and highly diverting pantomime ensued, so much so indeed that a second individual who accompanied my professional friend, after several, of what appeared to me to be convulsive attacks, rushed hastily from the room, and appeared, judging from the noise he made, to be as near the condition of bursting as any man I ever heard. Since my arrival six weeks have elapsed, and my incumbency having ceased, I am looking out for another appointment. A few operations have fallen in—Staphyloma, Cataract, Artificial Pupil, and most curious of all, Iracheotomy, which I performed upon a mare suffering under a peculiar and incurable form of "Strangles"—I found her absolutely dying, but operated, she recovered strength and lived 18 hours, and had she not been much weakened by previous bleeding would I believe have recovered. Now comes the important question, how do I like India? Give me an independent £300. per annum, and England should be my home; but for a man who has his fortune to make, India is in truth a golden land. The Rupee trees are not so thickly planted as they were, the fruit may grow something higher on the branches; but a man with moderate ability and perseverance will at once on entering the service have a tree assigned, beneath whose shade he may repose whilst the rich product of the branches will fall slowly but surely, at certain intervals around

him, and if he have but just the energy to rise and climb, the whole prize may be his with no competitors to struggle for it. Can every man so find a tree in England to shield and support him whilst he gathers strength. You are possibly aware the object of my ultimate ambition is to be made Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary, Calcutta—you will rejoice to hear that such a contingency is more probable than in my most sanguine moments I had dared to anticipate. I look upon such an appointment, in the city of palaces, as the most desirable thing in our profession the world can shew. Handsome allowances, practice, if successful, varying from £1000. to £4000. per annum—military rank—an equal position with your highest patients—yearly fees—the first society, and a guest of the Governor General, constitute this path. A fine feeling too prevails between patient and physician. My friend Goodeve, just retiring from practice here, gets in a few weeks a testimonial of regard in the shape of a breakfast service (silver) valued at between £400. and £500. When did the shabby patients in England, who esteem you a fortunate man if they don't deduct 20 per cent from your bill, ever do anything like that? From the day I determined on starting for the East, fortune has shed her light upon my path—the time of my arrival was most opportune, friends flocked around us: every thing as yet tends to accomplish my highest ambition. One misfortune only, the thought of which however, must cast a damp for many a day around us, has occurred in the death of our dear little girl, who accompanied us from England. India is a land of the highest philosophic interest at the present moment, we are assisting at the new birth of a great nation. Ancient idolatry and superstition are fast yielding to the morning light of Deism, to be succeeded by the sunrise of Christianity. There is a sense of dignity in aiding, however humbly, in such improvements. England may pass away, her fair cities be humbled in the dust, the name of Briton may be heard no more; but the good seeds of thought and knowledge she has sown in this mighty Empire, will spring up and flourish, presenting a perpetual monu-

ment to her good deeds, while the world shall last With the sincerest sentiments of esteem, regard and affection,

Believe me, my dear Guyites,

Your's ever most sincerely,

J. R. B. Sec. O. G.

Letter 4.

Banbury, *May* 28*th*. 1845.

My dear Old Guyites,

The pleasing reminiscences of our last Guyite Meeting are so agreeably imprinted on my memory that be assured I would not trouble you with this substitute were I not prevented by professional engagements from attending in propria persona on the glorious 2nd., (I presume this year ;) therefore as I fail to present my corpus round the social table, I will shortly acquaint you with my present condition, both domestic and professional. Within the last two months, my dear wife has increased my paternal honor, (if not my paternal happiness,) by presenting me with a second son, which makes me feel perhaps, a man of more importance than I really am, at any rate, it has rendered the ties of home far more dear and binding than I can conceive any of my *Bachelor* friends would imagine.

With regard to my professional standing, I have no cause to complain, for I feel that I am making steady progress, and increasing our Practice, but perhaps some of you may be settled in a locality like myself, where there is more rivalry and envious feeling than ought to be shown by members of a liberal profession. Nothing very extraordinary or worth communicating to you has fallen in my way of late, for mine is general routine practice ; we have not much Surgery, as there is no particular manufacture here, except that of *Banbury Cakes*, which gives us little else to do than clear out now and then an over-loaded stomach.

May you all have a keen appetite to enjoy a good dinner, without too much distension, is the wish of

Your sincere friend and brother Guyite,

W. T. D.

Letter 5.

CATA BRANCA, MINAS GERAES, BRAZILS,
March 17*th*. 1845.

My dear Secretary and dear old comrades,

Again one of your absent brothers sends you his friendship's token ; hoping it will reach you in the height of happiness and health.

I have had this year, a very large number of instructive cases, but none of an extraordinary nature. Our deaths from accidents have been most serious ; since December last, seven men have been killed in our mine, of whom three were English. Four poor fellows still are buried in the ruins, 700 feet below the surface.

Concerning myself, I have only to say that I am in excellent health, and am looking forward to the expiration of my agreement with anticipations of great pleasure. In eleven weeks, I shall be journeying towards you and old England.

Last year I promised to give you a description of the Brazilians and Negroes of our neighbourhood, but on consideration, deeming the subject one quite unfitted for the dinner table or a letter to boon companions, I beg to be excused. However to afford you a phrenological subject of discussion over the "Old Port," I will give as my opinion, that the only cause why blacks have been charged with deficiency of capacity, has arisen from the want of instruction. Brazilians generally fear to educate them, and when they do not fear, they are at least quite indifferent concerning their moral culture. Creoles proverbially show great aptitude, even as much as the whites; also many of the coast blacks who have lived long in the country. If thoughtlessness were personified, I would choose for the model, the gay, blundering, conceited black, who is always ready to laugh, play, eat, drink, dance, scream and enjoy the present. Anecdotes or black jokes here, are as frequent as they were with the British slaves, but, as the essence of them depends on their misapplied, ungrammatical Portuguese lingo, they would not suit your table. I will mention an instance of brute behaviour in a comparatively

new imported black, during an operation. I had to take off the man's leg just below the keee, during the operation he was calling me and the second officer of our establisment, ——————— as fast as his tongue would move; immediately the limb was off, he resolutely contracted the joints, and resisted every effort we made to extend it, till he was allowed to smoke, after which he relaxed his limb, and puffed away until, and long after he was in bed.

Feeling totally unfitted for writing, and apologising for this dullest of letters, I wish you all a very happy evening, and that every future year may close upon you in felicity, fame and success.

With my best wishes for the prosperity of our absent friend, Bedford, and the Governor,

I remain, my dear Secretary and comrades,
Yours ever,

C. F. E.

Letter 6.

FORT REGENT, JERSEY,
May 26th. 1845.

My dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

In my letter of last year I mentioned my fear that the cause which then prevented me from meeting you would hinder me for many years from joining in our First of June festivity. However, from its falling this year on a Sunday, and the day of meeting therefore postponed till the 2nd. of the month, the same difficulty of obtaining leave of absence so as to have, time to reach you would not have existed—but now, strange enough, another and equally insurmountable one has suddenly arisen. We have unexpectedly received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed to Ireland, and are expecting that on the 29th. or 30th. of the month, H. M.'s Steamer "Rhadamanthus" will call to convey us to our present destination, namely, Cork. I am therefore at present in all the bustle of making preparations for our departure. Thus, the time that you will be passing in the old room at the Trafalgar

in social festivity and pleasant recollections, I shall in all probability be spending out at sea, in a very different mood and condition. I need not tell you what a disappointment this occurrence is, for you know I should have derived the greatest pleasure in being present at the scene of re-union. Had this sudden move not happened, I would have strained every point to have been with you, and it is not unlikely I should have succeeded in my endeavours.

From my having been quartered all the year in the same station as that from which I last wrote to you, I have very little to tell in the way of adventures, success, &c of which Rule 6 speaks. My practice has not been attended by any thing professionally remarkable or worthy of interrupting the more important and agreeable business of the meeting. I have had about the same number of cases as during the previous year, a few above four hundred, and my views with regard to military practice, the position of the military Surgeon, &c., have not changed in any respect since I last wrote to you. Other things being equal, I should be very loth to exchange my present mode of life and practice for similar pursuits in a civil position. During the autumn of last year I had a very pleasant ramble over Normandy and Brittany, and at Christmas I spent two months on leave of absence in London. The chief pleasure of this last mentioned holiday was the opportunity it afforded me of renewing, and cementing still more firmly, my friendship with several of our number, and I was indeed glad to hear and see how all were steadily rising in general prosperity and professional position. The only drawback in this account was my finding our friend the Governor on the sick list and very enfeebled, but I had the satisfaction of leaving him quite convalescent. Many years of life, and health, and prosperity to him! and to all who may be around him at the reading of this letter—a full band I hope, as well as a happy and harmonious one. Though fate hinders me from joining with you in the *Chorus.* it cannot prevent me from joining in the *sentiments* of Auld Lang Syne—and that I will do with heart and soul—and moreover, whether on shore or afloat, (that is, if there's a glass of Punch

to be had on board H. M.'s "Rhadamantus," and I don't much doubt such an article is to be found among her stores,) on monday evening next, I'll toss off a glass of that renowned beverage as a pledge of of my earnest wish for the welfare of all Old Guyites, of prosperity to our Society, and of my having an early opportunity of being present at its June festivity.

Believe me ever,
A staunch member of the Fraternity, and sincere friend to its interests.

T. L. O. G.

Letter 7.

ADEN, *April 27th.* 1845.

My dear Friends and Guyites,

Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, another act in the drama of my life has commenced. New scenes and other lands have opened to my view, and my footsteps now mark the soil of a fresh path towards that bourne, beyond which, we all must meet again: and precious hard queer soil it is. One is tempted to exclaim as Birkett used to do, "What *have* I done to deserve this? Oh! that man, civilized man, should be sent to wear his boots and patience out on a magnified Cinder! 'tis too horrible: perhaps you are not generally aware of it, but the rock to which Prometheus was chained, stares me in the face, and the fire which that adventurous youth stole from heaven, is supposed to have given the volcano cast to the island of Aden. I wo'nt attempt to describe it. You've heard it's the key to the Red Sea, and I dare say you've read all the nonsense Mrs. Postans says about it, and its importance to our Government; perhaps it's all true, perhaps it is'nt. I am sure of one thing however, that if Parliament was assembled here for a month, Captain Warner would gain his point, and the whole rock would be swept from the face of the known world: however, here I am, and here I shall probably have to remain for the next three years. The head detachment of the 94th. Regiment arrived here on the

1st. of March to relieve the 17th. Regiment. Our left wing has gone to Moulmein. The movement and destination were as unexpected as disagreeable to us: the only set off against the dreary and gloomy exile we now endure, is the advantage with regard to climate over India; as yet it is delightful, perhaps next year I shall have to describe the Fiery Sturmâl with the storms of sand and dust which rage during the hot months. However, I wo'nt fly to evils that as yet I know not of. I have little to say about my adventures, success, or misfortunes. I have had uninterrupted good health, which I attribute to regular habits and domestic felicity. I am glad to find the number of our Benedicts increasing. Get married, all of you. Of course each of us will have one son at least in the medical profession *at Guy's*, so that we may look forward to our Society descending as a heir-loom for generations. My professional career goes on smoothly and sans èclât, and although I should probably be walked down the private staircase of the College very quickly if I attempted to pass it now, I flatter myself I am still up to a dodge or two. I have had another successful case of Extraction of Lenticular Cataract. I wonder any other operation is performed in *uncomplicated* cases. Du reste, I am as fond of my profession and the army as need be. I observed with sentiments of deep regret, in the last Chronicles, a proposition to extend the Society. How destitute must that man be of the feelings which actuated its amiable and accomplished Founder, how careless of cherishing that bright flower in the wilderness of life, Friendship. I am, myself, culpable, I know—guilty of great neglect. 'Tis true I answered Bedford by the ill fated "Memnon," I have the stamp to show; still I ought to have written again, not only to him but many others; the cares and pleasures of public and private life have prevented it, but *I am not changed*; in *essence*, in *spirit*, I am the same: and after long years of absence if I am spared to return, the right hand of fellowship shall be extended as freely and warmly as ever, to friends, and *friends* I trust *alone*. Remember me kindly to all O. G's, present or absent, not forgetting the old Governor. I fancy

I hear him striking up that "Tinker" with his hammer. Good bye, God bless you all.

I am
Your sincere friend and brother Guyite,
E. M.

Letter 8.

MALTA, 14*th. March*, 1845.

My dear brother Guyites,

Another year has passed, and the first of June again summons us to the jovial board. I can not obey the trumpet's sound, so I take up my pen, according to rule, in order to tell you of my past and present actions. Of late I have been a wanderer and seen so much that is worthy of note that I feel some difficulty in condensing my matter into a tangible form.

It is not however my intention to drag you to every city I have passed through, or even to name them, so be not afraid of being teazed to death with long details of marble palaces, churches, temples, ruins and the like, for my plan is but to skip here and there, and just to pause where fancy dictates.

Once upon a time, as old women have it, being tired of remaining comfortably in statu quo, I jumped on board the "Royal Tar," bound for Gibraltar. It was blowing fresh, the sky was overcast, and as we veered round the Needles, and the ship began to dance on the merry waves, my spirits flagged and I wished myself at home again; my brother doubtlessly felt these sensations much more poignantly than I did, for he was obliged to seek his berth, all the members of his body, having, as in the fable, commenced a violent mutiny. After five days of tossing up and down we reached Cadiz, which like a sea nymph seems to rise all loveliness from the deep. Cadiz, praised for its women and bull fights: the women are all like Queens, and to see them walking up and down the public gardens, one feels,—heaven knows how—a species of admiration which I can not describe. The Spanish lady, wearing the graceful mantilla and twirling her fan, pro-

duces more effect upon you than many of our English dames bespangled over with countless gems! Then the Spanish women have such eyes, they don't look at you, but through you; but I will not linger even upon so fair a topic, except just to say that they walk better than any other nation in the world. Oh, if ours did the same they would indeed be divine! The bull fight is an exciting spectacle, and the first view of the Theatre filled with thousands of spectators, can not fail in producing some astonishment, for my part, though I went with my imagination heated by wondrous tales of wondrous feats, I was not disappointed. As to the fray itself, it is cruel sport, at least to the poor horses, who often-times are shockingly mutilated. I saw one bull, who got enormous applause, for the Spaniards praise the animals as well as the men, kill ten horses one after the other, indeed, such was his strength that he often tossed both man and horse right over and over. The poor bull however must die, and after he has been buffetted by the Piccadores and teazed by the men on foot, the magistrates make a sign, the drums beat and the bold Matadore, dressed in a rich Spanish costume, steps nimbly forth, in his right hand he holds a sword, in the left a scarf. Smirkingly he advances towards the infuriated animal, who, excited by the red colour of the scarf, makes a rush, the Matadore steps quickly aside and with a well directed aim plants his sword just behind the horns.

"He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline,
Slowly he falls amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies;
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by."

Of all the towns in Spain, Seville is the one I prefer. The streets are narrow, and during the summer months, awnings are stretched from house to house in order to preserve you from the sun. Each house contains a patis or court yard filled with flowers, fountains, chairs and sofas, where the luxurious inhabitants rest during the hot weather. The

Sevillians too are agreeable people and truly Spanish, no mixture here, and the bright black eye shines out in all its glory. In the shops you may go and chat, look and admire, without being pressed to buy or hurried away. You can have ballets in your own house, in fact, the town abounds in every pleasure, and I could almost have wept when I bade it adieu. From Malaga I rode with my brother to Grenada, and having heard so much of Spanish bandits, I assure you often-times at night I felt not at all comfortable, especially when my guide, with a peculiar kind of satisfaction, pointed out several crosses which marked the spot of many a bloody deed. With the far famed Alhambra, I was, I am ashamed to say, disappointed. I had pictured to myself a beau ideal which the original was far from realizing.

I had intended to have returned home last winter, but some how or other I got to Naples, and there remained. I like Naples for its climate, for its situation, and from early recollections, otherwise as a residence it is somewhat monotonous. After leaving Naples I went to Sicily, visited Palermo, saw Pluto's residence wrapped in snow, then peeped at Syracuse, once so famed, now alas but a small town where nought but poverty and misery are to be seen. From Sicily's capital, at least in ancient times, I took the Steamer and reached Malta, of which place you have all heard so much that I need not keep you from your wine in giving you a description of it. To morrow I start for Patras, from which place I go to Athens, aud from thence to Constantinople.

And now my dear brother Guyites I have come to the end of my chapter,—for all omissions I claim your kind indulgence, and with a hope that this will meet you all in the enjoyment of health and spirits, I beg to remain, as ever,

Your brother good and true,

N. M.

Pray give my best compliments to the Governor.

Letter 9.

CLAPHAM COMMON.

My dear Birkett,

It was fully my intention to have been present at the anniversary of the "Old Guyite Club" on the 2nd. of June, but circumstances occurred which rendered it totally impossible. I must therefore excuse myself on this ground, of not having forwarded to you my letter prior to the Meeting. You will remember perhaps that last year I made some allusion to the sorry figure our club presented, in not furnishing out of a list of twenty-four members, more than five or six at the annual dinner. As a remedy, I suggested that a few additional hands be enlisted, and I should be very pleased to find that such should have occurred. As regards my proceedings of the past year, I have nothing of great moment to record. Among surgical cases, I have had an amputat on of the thigh, in a strumous girl, who had been confined to her room for fourteen years. This case, however, has turned out entirely to my satisfaction. The removal of the little finger, and two or three steatomatous tumours, have also fallen to my lot. My medical cases present nothing of any interest.

With every wish for the prosperity of our "Club,"

I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

J. C. P.

Letter 10.

WOBURN, *May* 30*th*. 1845.

My dear brother Guyites,

You will I trust give me credit for as sincere a wish as any of you have felt to keep up our good old custom, and for equal, though less successful efforts to gratify the same by emancipating myself from the trammels of practice, to enjoy, together with you, the pure delight, the refined and elevating pleasure which none more fully experience than our well knit company in its annual celebration of early friendships, formed

and cherished under the best auspices and with the greatest sincerity. I value the privilege of meeting you too highly ever to need any additional stimulant to urge me to my duty: but this year, despite of all my longings and all my plannings, I am utterly precluded from realizing the bright anticipations which I had suffered to dwell on the promised 1st. of June. However irksome and galling the restraint, however great the disappointment it entails upon me, you will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that it arises from increasing reputation; as the cause of my detention is principally due to the value which certain of the fairer class among my patients are pleased to set upon my services. Little have they thought, when in their most winning manner bespeaking my attentions for the latter end of May or beginning of June, how bitter a sense of disappointment my complaisant bow concealed. I have but little to tell of wonders achieved during the past year, or of any extraordinary events to mark my course. Practice continues to keep me steadily employed, and furnishes me with every reason to believe my footing to become more assured, as well as continual grounds for a higher value of the sound practical principles which Guy's and our worthy Governor inculcated upon us.

Thanks to these and to him, I have earned many laurels daring the past twelvemonth in the treatment of fractures and dislocations. Midwifery, as you perceive, is but too lavish of her favors, and for general practice I have hitherto met with success beyond my deserts. Our neighbourhood is not an increasing one, but practitioners have increased around us, despite of whom we sail gallantly along, and I doubt not shall continue to maintain our flag aloft. It has given me great pleasure to hear equally good accounts from several of our comrades, and much should I rejoice to listen to them more in detail. I long to hear of Bedford too, and our absentees, to shake our worthy Governor by the hand, and quaff the cup of kindness yet with our worthy chairman and you all. Instead of which I must content myself with remembering you all at the appointed hour, and wishing every happiness and the greatest enjoyment to you all while drinking to our next

happy meeting. Ever, my dear Guyites, with best wishes and the warmest attachment,

Your sincere friend and brother,

H. V.

Letter 11.

CANTERBURY, 31*st. May*, 1845.

Dear Mr. Secretary,

Another first of June is fast approaching, and I again find myself prevented attending the jovial meeting at Greenwich; as it is, I must put up with the disappointment and drink my Punch at home.

With best wishes to all O. G's,

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

H. W.

Letter 12.

SANATARIUM, BOMBAY, March, 1845.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, I have been gradually approaching the western boundary of our Indian territories, altho' perhaps not by a very direct route. After leaving Ahmedabad I proceeded through Katywar, Cutch, and across the Runn to the Desert of the Thurr, and adjoining part of Scinde. At the termination of 6 or 8 months I returned to Bhooj (which town I had previously visited) where I sojourned a short time, and then took my departure for Kurrachee, retracing my steps until I reached Lower Scinde; but from thence making almost a direct cut through the country, passing over the Indus at Tatta. The corps to which I have been attached, have been very numerous; that of the Engineers, or Sappers and Miners, being the only branch of the military service with which I have not done duty; for I have been ordered at various times to join European and Native Infantry, Cavalry, and Horse Foot Artillery. As I have been latterly chiefly on field service, it

has been my fate to be exposed to all kinds of weather—intense heat, excessive cold, heavy rain and dust storms. Indeed during the last two years, with the exception of three months, I have always lived in a tent. My present quarters in the Sanatarium (whither I have been obliged to fly for refuge from Scinde on account of sickness) are the most comfortable I have met with since I left Ahmedabad, notwithstanding they harbour myriads of musquitoes, and are over-run by rats without number.

The most remarkable as well as interesting tracts of country that I have visited are, the Runn of Cutch and the Desert of the Thurr. The former is supposed to be the dried-up bed of an inland sea; it consists, except after a fall of rain, or when the sea has been driven up during the monsoon so as to render the ground soft and muddy, of a perfectly hard, dry and flat surface, encrusted more or less with salt, in many parts to the depth of an inch. While marching across it (which I have done three times) great thirst is experienced—my lips each time had quite a salt taste. The constant feeling of thirst, in addition to the great fatigue induced by a march of about 40 miles renders it not at all a pleasant journey. When I last crossed this wide and arid plain, I went close to the "Ullah Bund," or "Mound of God," thrown up at the time the fort and village of Sindra were submerged. The lagoon or lake formed by the influx of the sea into the hollow caused by the upheaving of the earth in the form of a mound, at the time of the earthquake at Bhooj, is now diminishing in size, and slowly drying up.

The Desert of the Thurr consists of a series of undulating sand hills, covered here and there with a few straggling bushes. From the wind that blows there, the sand being loose and dry drifts much; and at Dupla, from morning till night, day after day, in the hot season, I have been enveloped in clouds of dust—indeed often the sun has for some time been quite obscured by their density. When the wind is lighter and more partial, devils, or moving pillars of sand as it were, come steadily moving along; and if just then you happen to be eating tiffin in your tent, the viands on the table

will be in a moment too thickly peppered to allow you to partake any more of them; a most mortifying occurrence when your appetite is keen and the repast scarcely commenced. Lakes, or rather in many places ponds, of salt water are frequently to be seen. At the distance of 30 or 40 miles apart, are what the natives are pleased to call villages, although they certainly are not worthy of the name, as they consist of merely 10, 15, or may be 20 miserable huts. Fifty or sixty mud-walled houses constitute a good-sized town. Forts of different sizes are scattered throughout the Desert—the one at Dupla we blew up before marching on. The country is peopled by a few marauding tribes, who are continually migrating from one part to another; formerly I believe they used to make incursions, for the sake of plunder, into Cutch. The western boundary of the Desert terminates most abruptly in an extensive plain, covered with a thick tamarisk jungle. About 800 of us (Cavalry and Infantry) were encamped in it on the banks of the river Phuraun, close to Wanga Bazar, for several months, for the purpose of driving the Beloochees out of that part and keeping the post of communication open between Hydrabad and Bhooj: the bed of the river just mentioned is quite dry during the greater part of the year, but as the stream of the Indus swells and rises from the melting of the snow of the Himalayas, the Phuraun fills—sometimes too, very suddenly, on account of the numerous artificial bunds that are made across it by the natives, who open or shut them at their pleasure. At Wanga Bazar the river (a quarter of a mile in width) filled in the course of a night; a sufficient space of ground had fortunately just before been cleared away in the jungle for our camp, or else we might have met with a fate similar to that of Pharaoh and his host, as we were at first, for want of room, obliged to pitch our tents in the bed of the river. One afternoon while walking along it with two or three companions, a dense yellow cloud was observed very rapidly approaching—in a few minutes afterwards we were completely enveloped in it, and to our surprise found ourselves surrounded by myriads of locusts—as numerous as the flakes of snow in a snow storm were these

yellow aeronauts; they presently alighted on the ground, and soon made sad havoc with every blade of grass or green leaf that fell in their way. The inhabitants of Scinde have a great penchant for them, and eat them when cooked with much goût; I have not heard though that wild honey is added to render them more palatable. On another day the natives brought into our camp a large Boa-constrictor, measuring 13½ feet in length; they had just killed it as it was about to seize upon a kid for its daily repast. This part of the country abounds in snakes, but chiefly of another description; the most common is a small black snake, whose bite is very venemous.

Kurrachee (which I left a fortnight since) will not be a bad station when a sufficient number of houses have been built. At present the dust storms, in the cold season from the N. E., in the hot season from the S. W., render a person very uncomfortable in a tent. About seven miles inland from the camp is the Muggin Sulao, or Alligator Tank,—it contains hundreds of these voracious gourmands; they may there be seen of all sizes and ages, from the time they have just emerged from the shell till they have obtained an enormous and unwieldly bulk. The natives hold them sacred, and will not allow them to be molested on any account. Close by are the hot springs—a thermometer placed in the hottest rises to 128 degrees; the water when properly cooled is very agreeable to drink—perfectly tasteless, inodorous and clear. A short distance off also, are several salt springs. Thus hot and cold fresh water, and cold salt water, are to be met with within half a mile of each other.

As I have nothing very interesting of a medical or surgical nature to communicate, as my sheet of paper too is completely filled, and you no doubt must feel heartily tired of this (for want of good adventures to relate) very dull letter, I will not try your patience any longer, but at once conclude by wishing you all, and the good old Governor, health, happiness and professional success to your hearts content. Till next year farewell.

Your sincere friend, and true brother Guyite,

C. T. W.

Letter 13.

TREMADOC, 29th May, 1845.

My dear Birkett,

I have waited without writing till the last moment, hoping I should have the gratification of meeting my friends, the "Old Guyites," on the 2nd of June, but a lady who expected to be confined a fortnight back, has taken it into her head to put it off, and deprive me for another year of the pleasure of joining in the festivities of our next anniversary.

I have moved into a much larger house this May, and intended to have gone to Liverpool to buy furniture this week, and taken the rail on so as to enable me to participate of your enjoyments.

I keep going on steady in the same path, and have been satisfactorily successful in all my undertakings. I cannot say my practice is at all extended, as the country being so thinly populated will not afford it.

On account of accidents in the quarries, as well as having the name of being a decent operator, I have had several operations of all sorts during the past year—five amputations of the leg, besides many other minor operations,—removing tumours, scirhus lip, cutting for hare-lip, fistula, &c. I also have a great many cases of midwifery. I completely failed to turn in one case of arm presentation till I exviscerated the thorax and abdomen, and I regret to say my patient died in forty-eight hours afterwards; being the only one I lost of hundreds I have attended since I have been in practice, and have had very many difficult cases. Medical cases are the bulk of my patients, and I have every reason to be satisfied with my success in the treatment of them, though they don't tell like the cases you have ocular demonstration of.

I trust you will muster strongly, and pass a convivial evening. Wishing you all prosperity, health and happiness.

Believe me to remain,

Your's ever faithfully,

R. W.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
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 Elcum.

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 gladsome; 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,

SOUTHWELL, NOTTS. G. B.

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 instanter, 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 acmè 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 Chittagong, 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 däk 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 däk 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 fœtus, 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, Dinagepore, 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 Bhauglepore, Moughyr, Patna, Dinaore, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Delhi, Paneiput, and

many other towns of inferior note, arrived at last at Kuinal. 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 seige 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 däk 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 Sobraon. 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, Alliwall, and Sobraon, 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 skrimmage. 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 Jumma 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.

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 Seikh Campaigns. But happy though I be, with what ecstacy 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 ætherial 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!"

Your affectionate Friend,
J. R. B., O. G.

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 become 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., O. G.

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 recipocral pleasure of meeting. The Old Governor, whom I saw at Guy's, will bear testimony to the salubriousness 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 shalll 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 meeting 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

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 Manheim, where I rested a few days with some friends. From Manheim I paid a visit to Heidelburg, 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 Manheim 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 Wallenstadt 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 Coie to the fort 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 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 fêting 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 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

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
Sin' auld lang syne."

Good bye!

Believe me ever
most affectionately yours,
T. L., O. G.

Letter 8.

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 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 Lesbi, 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 can 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 cooly 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, cooly." "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 swadling 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 cumberband: 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., O. G.

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,

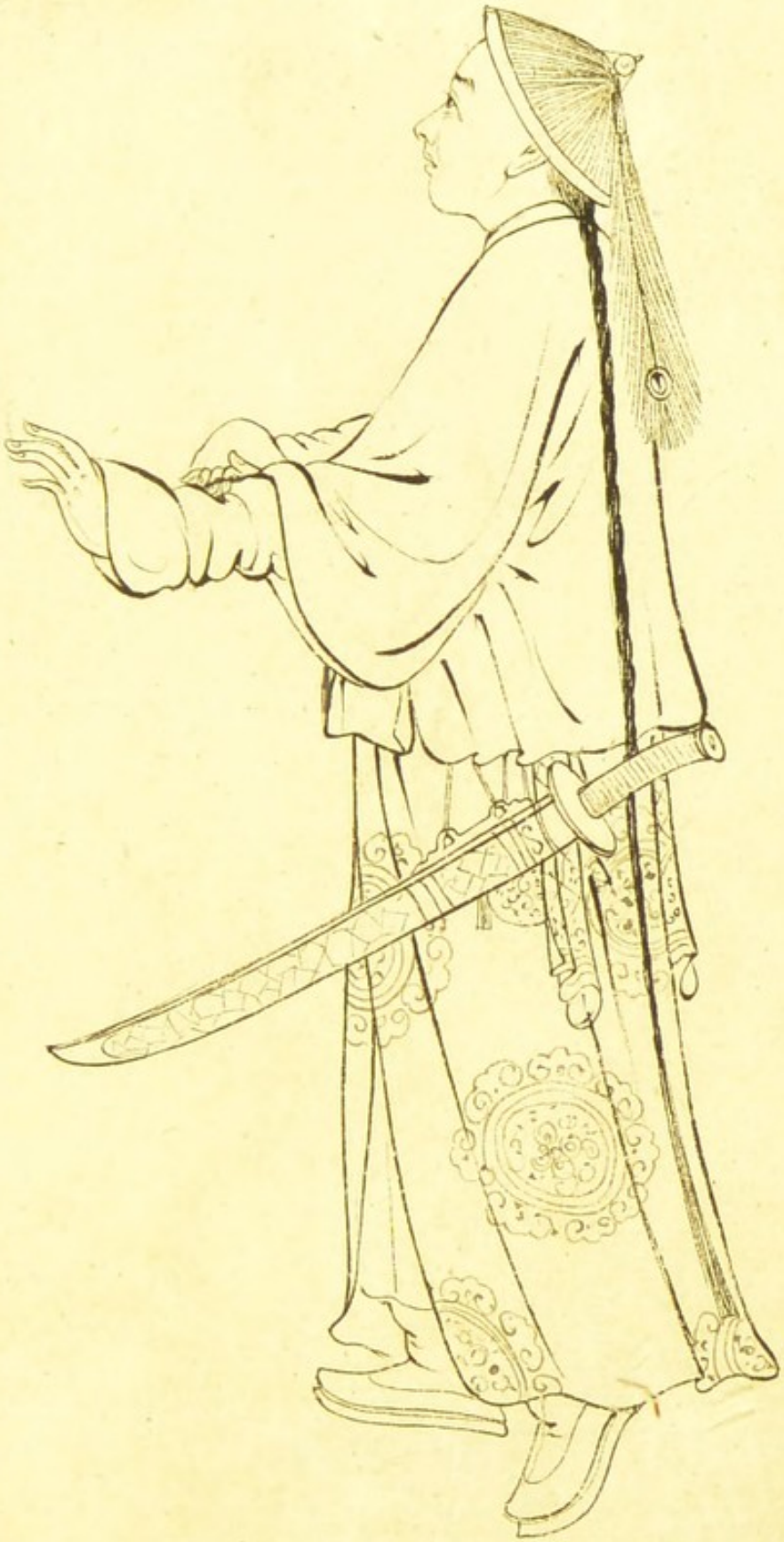
F. G. M., O. G.

STORT'S HOTEL,
Birmingham, May 20th.

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

The

Emperor!



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 Hœmoptysis, 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., O. G

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,

Your old Friend and Guyite,

May 29th, 1846. 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.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
1847.

Eighth Anniversary.

The **Old Guyites** held their Eighth Annual Festival on the appointed day at the Trafalgar. They were few in number, yet in warmth of attachment and in unity of interest they were strong indeed, forming a band, linked together as well by the joyful recollections of the past as by the cheering hopes of the future.

The **Auld Room** was the scene of the Festive Meeting. FRANCE presided; Butler, Clay, Otway, the Governor, and Birkett, surrounded the groaning board. The customary ceremonies, suggestive of their deep realities, were scrupulously complied with. The **Loving Cup** passed round to the **Prosperity of the Society;** every ear was open to the **Chronicles** of the Absent Members, to

whose **Health and Happiness** the **First Bumper** was devoted; and **Punch** well accompanied with **God Save the Queen,** and **Auld Lang Syne** closed the Festive Scene.

France still lives in Cadogan Place, and continues to discharge his duties as Assistant Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary, occasionally treating the Medical world with an "Ophthalmic Monograph."

Winchester is full of the destinies of Butler, who amid the turmoils of a large practice, has never forgotten the Guyite Festival and its happy Guests.

Kennington bears witness to the progress of Otway, who amid the grumblers around, and the necessary annoyances of a Parish Union, is nevertheless well satisfied with his lot.

Clay succeeds well in the Wandsworth Road, in testimony whereof be it known that he has during the past year taken unto himself a "companion in arms."

The Governor grows younger every day; rides his pony to keep down his "Gallic enemy," and is looked up to and respected by all who know him and value his useful aid.

Birkett, the *pro tem.* Secretary, moves steadily on; some tempting offers from the provinces have been made to him, but he has taken the Metropolis for better and worse, and is prepared to bide his time.

He has resigned the Surrey Dispensary, as the work far exceeded his time and strength; and has lately been appointed Curator of the Museum, in the place of Mr. Thomas Wilkinson King, who, in the early part of the year fell a victim to Phthisis, accelerated by his earnest zeal in the prosecution of his professional studies.

Letter 1.

SOUTHWELL, 31st. May, 1847.

Dear Old Guyites,

It affords me much pleasure to address you, hoping there is a full attendance of good men and true ; as for myself, "Guilty" must be the Verdict once again for non-attendance. Well—I dare not leave my practice at this period, not on account of its extent, but the nature, *viz.*, I have a number of accouchements in immediate prospect, secondly, the friend who acts for me on an emergency is out of Town.

I cannot offer anything wonderful to your Worships' notice during my practice the last year. The most prominent are two cases of Puerperal Convulsions, one case of amputation of the arm, one of poisoning by arsenic ; the three first cases did well ; to this of course must be added a sprinkling of fractures and dislocations, in fact, a quiet small Country practice, more Medical than Surgical.

I have felt very anxious concerning our dear Friend and late worthy Secretary, not having heard a word of him or from him ; I trust the fault lies with Messrs. Birkett & Co., who have been too lazy to forward his letters, indeed, I should be much grieved if anything has prevented our old messmate from writing, consequently I shall look forward to your Report with no ordinary anxiety.

Wishing you all health and prosperity with a jolly good dinner to warm your hearts,

I remain, my dear Old Guyites,
Yours as usual,

G. B.

P. S.—Remember me to the Governor, say my tail is up.

Letter 2.

CHITTAGONG, BENGAL, March 28th., 1847.

My dear old Friends,

This very day, a year gone by, your ancient comrade was basking beneath the sun of Agra, the Metropolis of

Northern India. Never before had circumstances so powerfully convinced me of the dictum, "Man is but dust." To walk along the road, in our English acceptation of the word, was a *feat* of the *feet*, impossible to be achieved; Wading best expresses the kind of locomotion I adopted. The ancient worthies who "shook their shoes" on egress from a City, for certain never went to see the one in question, or they could'nt have done it at any price. The only explanation of this pulverulent phenomenon which suggests itself, is, that all the "*dust*" which, from our earliest occupation of India, the Native Princes have so liberally "come down with," must have been deposited in this Imperial town.

Once again in my Palanqueen, I started for Cawnpore, at morning's dawn passed through Mynponie, and along the very road where not many months ago an officer of our Service was murdered by Dawîts. Fancy your sensitive Friend, ever alive to the gentlest impulse of humanity, gazing on the tree which witnessed the last struggle of the dying man; think on your tender-hearted correspondent fingering his pistols, regarding with a "look askance" every black bearded ruffian who successively passed by. Even when first starting on my dak journey, I had determined to "die game" in case any trifling incidents of cut-throatism or highway robbery should diversify my path. With this view, I made my travelling vehicle an armoury on a small scale. In a drawer lay loaded pistols ready to my grasp, a ponderous life-preserver slept beneath my pillow, whilst in a pocket above my head stuck out invitingly the handle of a Bowie Knife, the situation of which was contrived with a precision so exact, that a hasty upward movement of my hand would just suffice to reach it. So far all was well—no want of weapons! but contemplation conjured up a thousand doubts as to which I could wield with most deadly effect, if required by a painful necessity. But even now another item yet remains untold. My sword, whose bright blade glances on me whilst I write, my sword, reposed in quiet majesty beside me. At length, as evening waned, sleep trembled on my eyelids, but ere I closed them, determined to be ready for a night attack, I hung my life-preserver

round my neck, and grasped in either hand a pistol, whilst the two bits of steel thrust out on either side formed an impromptu chevaux-de-frise.

Two days and nights of cruel jolting brought me to Cawnpore Here I remained a week. The Station is one of our principal Military Cantonments, but offers little inducement for a prolonged sojourn except society. The strangest feature of the place consists in every house being numbered up from one indefinitely. Thus, *par exemple*, you address Major General Jenkin, No. 232, Cawnpore. Apropos to numbers, 'tis curious to pass the milestones on our great trunk road. "How," inquired I one day on my upward journey, "How shall I know when I'm approaching Delhi?" "Why," said a jolly Ensign who was near, "you'll find it just beyond the 800'th milestone!!" Cawnpore, as dusty as Agra, is considerably inferior in regard to its buildings and general attractions as a residence. Whilst I remained the hot winds began to blow; during their continuance every Anglo-Indian endures suffering equalled only by that of Chabert the Fire King.

Scarcely had I shovelled my month's pay into my pocket, than my dak was laid for Lucknow. Starting at early eve, I clattered o'er the Bridge of Boats which spans the Ganges, and found myself in Oude, the elysium of Thugs, and general retreat of all bad characters from the British territory. Lighted onwards by a queerish road beneath a brilliant moon, the morning saw me entering Lucknow. An elegant Mosque first rivetted my attention, which was subsequently most painfully distracted by a rugged Regiment of the King's Troops, preceded by its Band, as it came marching down the street. They were clothed and accoutred after our present British military style. Much is occasionally said about the discomfort to which Sipahis are subjected in being thrust into coats of European cut; but if it be so great, is it not remarkable that all Native powers should imitate us in the dressing of their troops? Their trumpets sounding in the distance, I gained my quarters, and found considerable refreshment from a Bath and Breakfast. Fourteen days passed by,

inspecting the Lions of this interesting city. Lucknow is the present great centre of Mahomedan power; and the best specimen of Asiatic regal state in India. Almost purely Native in its general character, it is, happily for a lover of the picturesque, unhappily for the philanthropist, free from that hybrid mixture of Europe's civilization with Asia's "barbaric pearl and gold" which mark all towns beneath our own immediate sway. The grand road, parallel with the river, is spanned at intervals by three gigantic archways of really magnificent design; and the fanciful gardens in and around the city, carry one back to the Arabian Nights. In the size of its streets 'tis much inferior to Delhi. I traversed them on one of his Majesty's elephants, seated in a silver Howdah, with two Chobdars or silver-stick men to clear the way. Coming it strong rather!! In one street of unusually narrow dimensions, we came in contact with a scaffolding, which my gigantic steed must, if he had not been stopped, have inevitably carried away, and your faithful friend become a martyr to his elevated position in the world. After threading for some time these winding roads, we emerged into the Chondney Choke, or principal street. 'Tis scarcely broader than those through which we've passed, but derives its principal interest from the thronging of turbaned crowds. Stretching perhaps near half a mile in length, a sea of various colored heads, is seen tumultuously tossing. From every house projects a balcony, in which are seated fair Cashmirian dames, whose lustrous eyes are prone to scorch the passing traveller, (Mem. France never to visit Lucknow,) and into whose vicinity you might jump from your elephant's back. (Mem. Bacheler to be strictly prohibited from mounting under such circumstances.)

The Royal Stables are extensive, containing some fifty chargers. About three miles from the city, are situated our Cantonments, containing three British Regiments and a few guns. Here I passed some pleasant "Nights at Mess" with an old shipmate. The Officers of our Army deserve great credit for the excellent Mess arrangements which prevail Not only is the table tastefully and admirably spread but

the general conduct is such that a lady might be present without offence to delicacy. Surely, in a country so far removed from the censorship which ever must exist at home, this is creditable. I was much pleased with "Constantia," the residence for some time of a famous General Martin, but as a grand climax to my visit, I witnessed a sight which will probably soon disappear from India, never to return—I mean the Coronation. If it will not weary I'll try a poor description.

Having received a regular card of invitation, to the effect that "His Majesty the King of Oude requested the pleasure of Dr. Bedford's company to Breakfast in the Dilkusha Palace after the coronation," I brushed up my dress uniform coat, carefully opened out my epaulettes from their silver paper, rubbed some incipient rusting off my sword, and delicately brushed my cocked hat. About 8 A. M. a lot of us assembled at the house where I was staying, and in about a quarter of an hour mounted our elephants. Passing the British Residency, and traversing some streets, where the curious rabble had assembled, we entered the first court yard of the Palace. This was filled with a somewhat noisy crowd of soldiers and retainers. In one corner was the Royal carriage, drawn by six horses, and driven by a singular individual, accoutred in black coat, cocked hat and flowing feathers; a compound of Jehu and Field Marshal. Passing these however on we went, and gained the second court. This space of fine dimensions, having in its centre a sheet of water, is flanked at one extremity by an open Balcony-like Room, at the other by the Banquet Chamber. Troops were ranged on every side. Entering the Reception Room we found the British Resident, his assistants, the Residency Surgeon, and Officers from Cantonments with their respective ladies. In a few minutes, being told that all was ready, we proceeded in procession to the grand apartment in which the Ceremony was destined to take place, and ranged ourselves on either side the really splendid throne composed of gold and precious stones. "God save the King" resounded through the halls, and lo! his Majesty appeared, surrounded by his nobles, and hanging upon the arm of the Resident, who slowly conducted him to

the throne. The Royal personage was a fat, stupid looking man of some forty summers; his dress was chiefly white muslin, powdered with gold, whilst from his waist and turban shone jewels of splendid size. The crowd now thickened round, presenting a *coup d'œil* not less remarkable for splendor, than for the moral interest by which it was characterized. The spirit of Britain, incarnate in our Resident, was conferring his crown upon an Asiatic monarch. A small array of British Officers, surrounded by swarms of Foreign troops, sanctioned the proceeding by their presence. Whilst I indulged in these reflections, his Majesty knelt down to pray, and all was silence. Few things struck me as more remarkable than the head dresses of the prime minister and other members of the Court. They were singularly shaped turbans, of all colors, mingled with cloth of gold, bearing a great resemblance to those with which we see the Jews of rank invested in ancient paintings. The priestly blessing gained, the Royal Fatty resumed his splendid seat, and offerings were made. First came his sons and brothers, kneeling with Nuzzur in hand, which, being accepted, they had the dress of honor conferred upon them, much to their physical discomfort. Conceive a man only moderately strong, being invested with six huge shawls, which even the brawniest of shoulders could scarce support in comfort. The sufferer made a rash attempt to smile, but even under that simple effort, perspiration came pouring down his cheeks, conferring a most lugubrious aspect. After thus disposing of sons and brothers, some British Officers were similarly tortured. This part of the ceremony over, a sort of Nautch began. Girls entered, attired in Ballet costume, with huge wings floating from their shoulders. By this time the room had become intolerably warm, and the British uniform a bore. Your Zoologic readings may have furnished you with specimens of animals who seem by nature destined to endure, but a more unhappy type of pressed existence can scarcely be conceived than the genus "Homo" bound up in a red coat in the Indian dog days. Your Prussian collar, well stiffened with gold, prevents any independent motion of the head. Your coat well padded, and tightly

girded in by sword belt, not only produces but maintains a most delicious glow. You puff and blow until serious fears arise that the ensuing expiration may drive your tongue out of your mouth. Your erect bearing is such, that you look as though you'd swallowed a poker in early life, and never brought it up again. Whilst, to crown all, your cocked hat, after damaging the eyes and picking the noses of half a dozen neighbours, is by pressure jammed down upon your head, until you are driven into an agony of blindness. Before this fatal termination, happily, the crowd began to move, and re-crossing the court yard, we made our way to a room overlooking the river, in which breakfast was prepared. In the centre sat the King, on his right the Resident, whilst between them, but a little in the rear, was the Prime Minister. Right and left sat nobles, members of Royal Family. Ranged upon the opposite side were the British. A crowd of servants, soldiers, and aide-de-camps surrounded us. One of the latter especially struck my fancy. You must know the worthy Monarch adopts scarlet as his national colour, but every Officer seems permitted to select for himself that uniform which he fancies most killing. In accordance with this latitude of choice, the aforesaid A. D. C. had donned a Lancer coat, and Shacko, whilst in regard to native custom, guiltless of shoes, he tramped about in silk stockings. On termination of the meal, we again returned to the Reception Room, and amidst the clang of cymbals, beat of drums, and other points of military display, were presented individually to his Majesty, who hung around the neck of each a silver tissue necklace. The day wore on amid festivities and fireworks. As the clock struck ten I once again stepped into my Palanqueen *en route* for Benares, after a pleasant parting from my friends. The hours of reflection ere I slept, were occupied in dwelling on the strange spectacle which I had seen, and which so powerfully demonstrated English might. Four dozen Europeans, in a Foreign Capital, the centre of Mahomedanism, were absolutely crowning the reigning monarch, whilst thousands, with arms in hand, stood round anxiously watching for our smile.

I was now travelling through Oude, the head quarters of Dawits, Thugs and Poisoners, and couldn't help fancying ere I slept that my Bearers looked very much as though they'd put a cord round my neck in the night On awaking at midnight, I found myself passing through a forest, beneath a brilliant moon. A strange scene greeted me, in an encampment of the King's troops, flanked by half a dozen six pounders, which poked their noses threateningly across my path. The day following I passed through Sultorpore, Juanpore, and on the third reached Benares—the Mecca of the Hindoos. After an inspection of the Holy City I proceeded on my road, and journeying without cessation for seven nights and half a dozen days, reached Calcutta. Oh! what a weary time! I absolutely thought it never would have passed. Anxious to get home, I seldom stopped for more than an hour at mid-day to get some nourishment. Only those who know India can feel the full force of travelling dak in April in the middle of the day. My Bearers were compelled to carry every man his green bough, thus manufacturing extemporaneous shade. Over the Palanqueen a sheet was hung, kept constantly saturated. You would not shake hands with me in Regent Street I'm sure if you met me in the costume which was assumed for my evening walk. Hair flying in the breeze—coat and waistcoat absent—Pajanas loosely tied about my waist, my *tout-ensemble* presenting a fair type of Indian vagabondism. Our great Trunk Road possesses, every ten or twenty miles, a dak Bungalow containing servants, who, immediately the traveller arrives, rush out and catch a fowl, pick and slaughter him instanter, then serve up in a grill. This is the first stage in a man's initiation to cannibalism—but hunger is imperious. Unluckily, in money matters I had shaved so close, that not above two-pence remained for the last two days feeding. To meet this difficulty, I made my last a hearty meal, hoping the digestion of a large mass might extend its beneficial influence through forty-eight hours, and ere I started surreptitiously pocketed two eggs. I went to sleep in the comforting belief that something was left me for the morrow. But dishonesty is ever punished. For when

the morning's dawn brought intellectual vigour, I found, Oh horror! that I'd smashed 'em, sleeping.

I never remember to have felt an hour of more anxiety than that which immediately preceded my arrival in Calcutta. No news had reached me from my wife for eight or ten days; the Cholera was raging in the City; and on gaining the house I absolutely feared to ring. Happily, I found all well. Knocking about in the City of Palaces consumed six weeks, when I was off again per steam for Chittagong, where I arrived early in June.

The glorious 1st. was spent in my solitary boat upon the river, but your cheerful faces, old friends, shone in upon each crink and cranny of that crazy boat. My solitary candle feebly lighted up a glass of smoking Punch, but there was no darkness in my heart. The scentillations from your visionary eyes made great illumination there. But the climax was complete when, excitedly rising from my seat, with emptied glass in hand, I shouted out "Auld Lang Syne," inciting some dozen awe-stricken Niggers by kicks and cuffs, to join in chorus.

I have now recounted all my wanderings, with a prolix pen. In future my life will be more peaceful. India is free from war, and will probably continue so, and unless I get a move to Calcutta, this place is likely to be my home for twelve or thirteen years. I am very much pleased with it. The country is most picturesque, consisting of a succession of hill ranges of no great height, upon which our Bungalows are perched. Two miles from us flows the ocean, along whose sands we ride and walk with English vigour. A river, running through some fine scenery, bounds us on one side. The Station contains many excellent roads, and a large number of residents to enjoy them. This is perhaps the largest Civil Station in Bengal, containing a double number of officials. My public duties consist in attendance upon these families, a Jail Hospital, Military Hospital, and Town Dispensary.

Moreover I am Post-Master, and grand consulting Surgeon for some 30,000 people. A pleasant little charge this! What huge responsibility such would involve in Europe.

Independent of the Service too, there are a certain number of families here connected with shipping—for you must know our Port boasts of some 300 vessels. My course of life much resembles that which prevailed in Assam, except that 'tis something busier. Starting on horseback or in Buggy before sunrise, I get home to breakfast about 10. Duties of Post Office, writing connected with Medical Returns, fill up the time till 4 or 5. Then comes a game at Rackets or Billiards, to be succeeded by our evening ride, which gives an appetite for dinner. The never failing and always pleasing curry, washed down by a glass of pale ale, puts one in good humour with the world; a sensation seldom broken in upon by any urgent calls to visit the sick. During the last nine months I believe I have only quitted home three times after dinner, and once or twice after getting into my nest. This suits my feelings to a nicety. It is altogether an insult to call a man from the bosom of his family—a piece of sacrilege towards our best affections. Usually I make a feeble attempt at post-prandial reading, but after getting through our daily paper, and skimming o'er a magazine, mosquitos, those dire enemies of the human race in India, begin their ravages. And adding as it were insult to injury, get into all the dark corners of the "human form divine." One has a certain respect for society, but mosquito bites put one altogether beyond the pale of decency. You accordingly scratch wherever "vagrant fancy leads," and are sometimes compelled to indulge in strange contortions. As a last resource for my benumbing faculties, I take up the "Chronicles." In an instant, India, with all its forms has vanished from my view, and once again the fairy-land of youth surrounds me. Surely, a book was never written which has such magic in its tone as those same "Chronicles." The very air seems changed. England comes wafted on the Eastern breeze. The distant jungle, and dark lines of tufted palm, give way to grassy upland and umbrageous forest, whilst stretching far away lie golden corn fields, backed by some village with its holy spire. Mosquitos buzz and Jackalls shriek in vain, my heart's in England mid "Old Guyite friends," and all is happiness. I wake to find it but

a dream; but oh! let us hope this is a vision of the future!!

Our habitation here is very snug—we have a pretty cottage on a hill commanding a fine sweep of the river. Our stud consists of two Buggy horses, two saddle ponies, and a little Zuttoo for the baby, whilst our establishment contains no less than four-and-twenty servants.

My pecuniary prospects are very satisfactory, and I trust to leave India with a few loose shillings in my pocket, with which I shall immediately on arrival proceed to the Trafalgar and bribe our friend the Greenwich Boniface to give certain grey old men a dinner. Oh! by St. Christopher! you'll all be changed. France shrunk into the dimension of his gaiters—Birkett a hoary headed sire—Otway a puffy practitioner, and Bacheler "a lean and slippered pantaloon," all his former beauties sunk in the infirmities of age. As for myself, this torrid clime appears to suit my constitution. The great and interesting problem of my life now is "to accommodate my breeches to my bulk." I've tried several "artful dodges." The last one was to let in a bit insidiously behind, but this was soon discovered, and I'm now trying on the "dodge military," affecting to wear a stripe on either side by way of ornament, but which in reality being all additional cloth, permits of unlimited abdominal extension.

One of the most agreeable incidents of this year was receiving a letter from Montefiore, our good Brother Guyite, from Agra. We must actually have crossed each other on the road as I returned from the wars. Would not such a meeting have been delightful?

Eighteen hundred and forty-six has acquainted me with Cholera on a large scale. It prevailed most extensively in this district, and in September attacked the town itself. Each morning I drove through the infected parts to distribute medicine. In every second or third house the dying lay before me. Latterly it got into the Jail Hospital, and attacking thirty-five prisoners, destroyed two-thirds. Seldom has it been my lot to be more pained by disease and its accompaniments, than on the first night of the eruption of this fearful scourge. Four men were lying prostrate on their

wooden beds, absolutely smelling of death. (Strange to say, but now, whenever I am called to a Cholera patient, the odour which surrounds him serves for diagnosis.) A charcoal fire gleamed in the centre of the room, which served for heating bricks with which to warm the sufferers. By its devious light, assisted by a feebly flickering lamp or two, the prison blacksmith was striking off the sick mens' fetters; four ironed convicts were attached to every case brought in, the rattling of whose chains as they did their ministry, increased the gloominess of the hour. There was my seat throughout the livelong night; and the life passed out from those four men before the morning's dawn. I divided all attacked, into sections of four, and with each section tried a different treatment. In the suburbs it has prevailed with greater violence. What think you of ten men lying dead in one house at one time? But Nature will never permit such frightful immolation to continue. Be quite sure that a bountiful Providence has, in the womb of Time, a cure. I propose in my next case to try Sulphuric Æther, and faintly hope it may break the chain of diseased action.

What wonderful results have followed its use in Surgical operation! Mesmerism has been in the ascendant in India. Several remarkable applications of its power have occurred. The most so was the removal of a Scrotal Tumor weighing 103 pounds, being seven feet in circumference, in fact, as heavy as the patient himself. The question is even now under Government investigation.

One of the most agreeable points in our Professional position is the nice relationship in which we stand to our patients. Should our services be required, no horny handed maid of all work rushes to your door, and with stentorian lungs shouts out "Hollo! I say Mr. Doctor, missus says you must come directly, for she's got a touch of the 'wenerables,' and if you don't be quick she'll send for 'Dr. Gripes,' the nice man what lives next door." *Au contraire*, in India, a friendly note requesting you to look in at a certain house if passing that way, greets you.

My mental changes are but slight. The position I occupy

tends to form professional decision. I am now perhaps disposed to esteem the administration of Medicine as of less importance than that decision of manner, and assumed perfect understanding of a case, which secures the patient's confidence. When consultation cannot be obtained, such assumption is venial.

Well! old boys, I've expended my stock of egotistic nonsense. So farewell for another year; but ere I go permit me to give you a song, the words of which I've just composed—but I'll trouble you, Governor, for the music, so strike up old boy!

1.

Fill up the brave bowl, boys, till every eye sparkle,
Redundant with light from the mirth-giving wine,
Not the ghost of a grief from the past Time shall darkle,
This moment when Friendship and Pleasure combine.
Chorus. So off with your bumpers, our toast be "Lang Syne!!!"
With a hip, hip, hurra! boys, and cheers nine times nine.

2.

What matter tho' Fate in her envious designings,
Hath severed our bodies by mountains and seas,
T'were folly to yield up to childish repinings,
While our spirits can mingle in unions like these.
Chorus. So fill up your goblets, Old Guyites, Hurra!

3.

A fig for the life of the stupid old proser,
Who never has parted from aught he holds dear,
D'ye think, boys, he ever could taste such Ambrosia,
As dwells in the hearts and the cups of all here.
Chorus. So fill up, &c. &c.

4.

What tho' scattered our band be, ere many red summers,
Have sprinkled the earth with their showers of gold,
To yon bowl from the East and the West ther'll be comers,
Whose hearts will be young, tho' their phizzes are old.
Chorus. So fill up your bumpers, our toast be "Lang Syne!!!"
With a hip, hip, hurra! boys, and cheers nine times nine.

Well done Governor! How beautiful Otway came in in the bass!!!

Ever your affectionate Friend,
J. R. B.

Letter 3.

Dear Guyites,

I am sorry I cannot leave home to join you, having several cases that particularly detain me.

I wish you all a pleasant holiday and a good dinner.

Yours truly,

J. C.

May 30th, 1847.

Letter 4.

BANBURY, May 28th, 1847.

My dear fellow Guyites,

There are many circumstances this year which would render it utterly impossible for me to join you, but my greatest and all-sufficient excuse is, that I have lately taken to the practice entirely on my own account, which of course makes me the more anxious to be on the spot, ready for all cases and emergencies; and when I say that my late partner has acted in a most selfish manner, and is still pursuing a most dishonorable course, I shall hope to crave most of your sympathies. I confess it has annoyed me much, because I find his secret hostility towards me is strewing my present course with many difficulties.

My good friend Veasey, who no doubt intends being with you, (as distance is no object when near a railway terminus) knows all respecting my position, therefore he is able to give you some idea how I am situated, which it is impossible to do so well in writing, and to him I owe much gratitude for his unfeigned kindness and good advice in the matter.

I often wonder whether most of you Brother Guyites find that age has such an important connexion with one's prospects, in my case this is decidedly the only objection, as I can discover, to my success, in quarters where I had hoped for encouragement. I am often inclined to say "God help me then," only call, see my wife and *three boys*, and this will put all ideas of age out of the question. However I trust

time will surmount all difficulties, and although I am unable to be with you this year I do hope another twelve months will enable me to give you prosperous accounts of myself, as I also hope to hear the like of yourselves; and may our success only draw us closer together, is the wish of your sincere friend and Brother Guyite,

W. T. D.

Letter 5.

CHELTENHAM, May 31st, 1847.

My dear Brother Guyites,

A year has shot by us since we last met—I then little expected I should have to write this letter, but since then changes have taken place in my career, which now render me incapable of joining your present brotherly board.

My wife (to whom I was married some four months since) has this last week been suddenly attacked with dangerous illness,—this (without other causes) renders me unable to dine with you to-morrow; but I am happy to say she is now out of peril.

I cannot, without a little emotion, think of the last letter I sent you; it was written in the Brazils, in 1845. Then I was joyous in expectation of shortly seeing you and all my other friends of England—of obtaining a good practice and pleasures which were to make me very, very happy! I have been a little mistaken, my patriarchal romance has faded away. The practice I purchased has not realized what I expected, consequently I have felt from time to time a little anxiety for the future; but patience—par science? Of professional cases I remember none of interest, excepting one that occurred yesterday, when I was sent for by an old midwife, to see a woman in labour with her second child. I found the face presenting—the waters broken six hours—after staying with the patient about an hour—finding the pulse and strength good and trusting to time (as the head was then slowly advancing) I left, telling the attendant I would return in two hours; just as this time expired a messenger arrived at

my house stating the patient was worse—when I reached her she was dead, either I suppose from puerperal convulsion, apoplexy, or disease of the heart. I found the face black from congestion—on using the lancet, neither the brachial or jugular veins yielded blood—she had been dead I believe some 20 minutes—I then opened the uterus and removed the fœtus, also dead.

I write in great haste, with my kindest regards to Mr. Hills, and a humble apology for my hasty scrawl,

Believe me ever,
My dear Brother Guyites,
Yours sincerely
C. F. E.

Letter 6.

Lang syne! How doth the word come back,
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loth to part!
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we fret and pine;
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It would not match Lang syne.

DELTA.

My dear Old Guyites,

When my last *annual custom*, as the tailors call their yearly mementos, left for you, I was on that coral rock, which all true Badians born dignify by the name of Little England: I now write to you from a much more magnificent island, in the same part of the world—Trinidad. The interval of time has been pleasantly and profitably employed, in acquiring knowledge of the wonders with which these regions abound, and in gaining experience in Tropical diseases, which a residence of four months in our South American colonies, while fever was rife there, more especially afforded me an opportunity of observing.

I shall comply most fully with Rule 6th, by giving, as far as my time and yours will permit, a detailed account of my movements. In June last when you heard from me, I was in

medical charge of the Head Quarters of my Regiment at Barbadoes, in consequence of the absence of the Surgeon in England; he joined us however in September, and his arrival moved me to the wing in Detachment in British Guiana. We had one Company at Georgetown, Demerara, while the two other Companies were forming the Garrison at Berbice. I passed my birth-day (I am afraid to think of, much more to write, its number) on board a steamer going to Georgetown, where I arrived on October the 12th: after my surprise had a little subsided at finding it to be a city of so great extent, and with such handsome stores and buildings, and the Demerara a river so crowded with shipping, I left, and went overland to Berbice. This trip first made me acquainted with tiger-traps, caymans, and some of the forest wonders, respect-which, the accounts given by Waterton, in his "Wanderings," are so calculated to excite curiosity, and also first gave me personal experience of the amount of suffering such little creatures, as mosquitos and such minute insects as sand flies, can inflict when they attack in sufficient numbers. I do not attempt to tell you what the varieties of these creatures are, or what they do in Guiana,—you would not believe me if I did; but you will form an opinion that they are not a desirable acquisition when I mention that in Fort Caujè, Berbice, we were often obliged to eat our dinner sitting in a cloud of smoke kept up by damp straw burned in iron pots under the table, and that even in the hospital, although smoke pots were always kept burning the whole night long, the irritation caused by these insects was such, as to become a serious item in calculating the probable issue of any particular case. When I arrived at Berbice, Remittent Fever had just broken out of a very severe character: in a month the hospital was crowded, and the Surgeon and myself had full employment. At the expiration of this period one Company, consisting of the men who had suffered most extensively, was removed to a convalescent station on the coast, called Mahiaca, hitherto proved to be the Montpelier of Guiana,—though its appearance, being surrounded by the densest jungle, and generally being overflooded, would lead me to imagine rather that it was a

perfect Golgotha. I was left in charge of the Troops remaining at Berbice until January the 12th of this year, when in consequence of representations respecting its climate, &c. the authorities suddenly ordered our removal to Demerara, and so we left this Ultima Thule of the West Indian British possessions. A Company of African soldiers took our place there. Notwithstanding that I had been very busily employed and had had many anxious cases, I left Berbice with regret; I was personally under little apprehension as to disease, being convinced that the intemperance of the men had led to their fever and sickness more than the climate. I had a good house and allowance: had made some pleasant acquaintances, and moreover, by a singular train of circumstances, which I need not mention here, had fallen in with a brother, who is at present deriving a good income from medical practice, about twelve miles from the Fort where I was stationed, and who is likely to continue in the Country I think for some years. Before leaving my account of this part of my year's residences and adventures, I must tell you that the leading Surgeon and Physician in the Town of Berbice is a Guy's man, by name Dr. Beresford, with whom I of course became intimate.

After crossing the "Rollers," well known to Sailors:—they are long waves, formed by the Atlantic breaking upon the level mud shore of Guiana, not unlike the surf at Madras I should think, we got to Georgetown and remained there in daily expectation, however, of a Transport to carry us away. Various changes at this time were going on in the Quarters of the Regiment: among others, two Companies left Barbadoes for Trinidad, and I received orders to join them. Early last month I bade adieu to the shores of Guiana, and on March the 8th, on a beautiful moonlight morning, anchored in the Gulph of Paria, the waters of which are flowing beside me while I am writing this letter. No description can give a consciousness of the magnificence of nature in this grand island—the Indian Paradise as it has been called—to any one who has not been out of Europe,—vastness and the richest fecundity are the ideas it embodies. Plants that are shrubs at home are large trees here, the common Bamboo grows to

the height of the highest Poplars, the ridges of the mountains are as much clothed as their sides; all that is wanting is the labor necessary to turn all this luxuriance to the best advantage for the use of man. I am convinced that thousands of those who are now starving at home, by temperance and the lowest degree of care, might live in the enjoyment of abundance here, with only the expenditure of so much labor as would contribute to health,—this, however, is not the place for arguing this matter. The people of Port of Spain and its neighbourhood appear to be more socially inclined than the residents of any part of the West Indies I have yet seen. They are chiefly English and French,—in the interior, I am told, there are still many Spanish families. I have been too closely employed, being in charge of the Garrison Hospital, and also acting as principal medical officer, yet to see much of the island. Just after my arrival I spent two days with Lord Harris, the Governor, (who, by the bye, seems nearly as worthy a fellow as our own particular Guyite Governor, of course he is with you, hale and hearty,) he was making a temporary stay at one of the group of islands known as the Bocas, and celebrated for the beauty of the passage through them—the Dragon's mouth, into the Gulph of Paria; and also for the Whale fishery carried on there. It was this sport Lord Harris had gone down to see, and for which he kindly invited us to join him. Unfortunately no Whale made its appearance while I was there, though all the boats were out. It was a loss, as from the accounts of the whalers, the harpooning and securing the Whale must be a very exciting sight; but though disappointed in this respect, what with the grandeur of the scenery, the novelty of every thing around us, some amusement in Pelican and Shark shooting, our trip fully gratified us. Bye and bye I hope to visit the Pitch Lake, the Waterfalls, and other wonders of this country, and if I don't write about them in my next letter, it will be that I am looking forward for some more agreeable opportunity of talking over them, and comparing notes with other wonders and other scenes that some of you will have mixed in. I have copied at the commencement of this letter a verse of a poem I casually met

with in a journal,—if the sentiments it expresses be true, what joy some of us may anticipate in our future meetings! It really gives me very great pleasure to hear the growing welfare and success of our little band; more especially as when casting the eye over the prospect of the future, no reasonable probability of an interruption to it can be observed. Abroad and at home, all of whom I have received news since our last Chronicles, seem to be acquiring honor and a honorable independence. I trust the next volume will tell the same tale of those of whom I have not heard; and not only of those who write letters, but of those also who are now listening to them, and, I hope, in full circle, enjoying the good things of the Trafalgar, and the still greater luxuries of Friendship and Auld Lang Syne. And so the pleasantest of pleasant evenings to you, and many returns of them for us all.

With kindest remembrances,
Believe me ever,
In all brotherly regard,
Your sincere Old Guyite,
T. L.

St. James's, Trinidad,
April, 1847.

Letter 7.

Madras, April 13, 1847.

My dear Friends and Guyites,

The period for my annual remembrancer to you has again come round, and believe me I feel no diminution of pleasure in addressing you for the sixth time; whilst the feeling of disappointment and regret, from hope deferred, increases with each year of the many which I fear must pass away (if my life be spared) before I can join your happy circle, and convince you in person that though time and an Indian sun have tanned and dried my frame, the current of friendship within me runs as warm and free as ever.

I wrote you last from Aden, at which time I was in medical charge of the Regiment, but shortly, as I anticipated, fell back into my old subordinate position; this happening at a time

when we had a rather sharp visitation of Cholera, reconciled me a little to the change, as it relieved my mind of much responsibility. I have been since so far fortunate in getting a step, by the death of our Senior Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Turnbull, which of course makes me eligible for any chance change which may happen in the Regiment. We left Aden on the 3rd of December, all of us I believe pretty well tired of it, and arrived in Madras on the 14th of February, after a very tedious passage. The left wing has joined us from Calcutta, and we are now occupying Fort St. George, which although not one of the most desirable of Quarters, has at least the advantage of being one of the healthiest in the Presidency. Madras is as much before Bombay as I fancy it is behind Calcutta: there some fine buildings in it, and it is a very clean town, which is the chief thing in India. Of gaiety there is not much generally in Madras—the great people being mostly hyper-religious or new lights: as usual the 94th. have set to work to correct their foolish ideas,—last night we performed "Raising the Wind," and "Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell,"—this evening it will be repeated, and followed by a ball and supper. The Marquis of Tweedale, though disinclined to patronize such amusements, has graciously intimated his intention to be present. I perform the part of "Mrs. Crank," in the last, and cut rather a laughable figure nursing a great baby, however I am rather used to that sort of thing now, having increased my family by one daughter since I last wrote.

Nothing of professional interest, beyond the usual routine of army practice, has occurred to me. The inhalation of Æther is attracting as much attention here as at home. I was highly delighted with the last number of the Chronicles, proving as it does, that each one of us cherishes as he ought that bright flower, without which life would *be indeed* a wilderness. With kindest remembrances to all, not forgetting the "Old Governor," whose, *Tactus eruditus*, has saved me many a heart-ache, believe me,

Dear Friends and Guyites.

Yours as ever,

E. M.

Letter 8.

HOPE HALL HOTEL, BOMBAY,
April 11th, 1847.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Another year has rolled away, glorious June has returned, and with it my pleasing task of sending you the customary letter. My epistles are generally long, and this one I am afraid will not be short. How can I condense into a page three hundred and sixty five days! really it is not to be done, and therefore if you look for brevity you will be fatally deceived. When I wrote last I was in a fast boat, off China, since then I have been constantly on the move, and of course seen much. I am not going to give you a journal of my rambles—Heaven defend you from such an infliction; my purpose is but to amuse you for a few moments, and if I effect that I shall consider my duty ably performed!!

All the world has heard of the city of palaces, or Calcutta; its name conjures up every kind of magnificence and Oriental luxuries, and yet in comparison to London, it is but a village; Calcutta boasts of one fine square, with noble houses, the rest is composed but of huts and hovels, which would have made even old St. Giles's blush,—such is this boasted city of the East; depend upon it name is everything. I staid there but a short time, and then, per dawk, went to Simla,—this dawk travelling is pleasant enough, one lays full length in a species of coffin, called a palchee, and which is carried by four men, who are relieved every eight or ten miles; the usual pace is about three miles and a half per hour, not quite so quick as the railway,—one generally only travels at night, occasionally the men let you fall, but that is not often, and with the exception of paying the bearers, your sleep is unbroken. I remember one night I was just getting into a doze, a Camel came thundering up against me and fell, the shock was tremendous, bearers, palchee and inmate were sent flying into a prickly hedge; I had neither shoes nor trousers on, and therefore you may easily imagine my new situation was

not a very agreeable one—these accidents are however rare; the Bungalows are pretty good, you can get a curry and a bath, and that is all that is required. I spent the greater part of the summer at Simla,—Indian people say there is nothing like it, and indeed I quite agree with them, for you have little else for four months but rain, the houses too are leaky—I had one room washed away, and as for my cook-shop it was a perfect lake; the hotel below me was almost destroyed, and sundry of its inhabitants not far from being drowned,—and yet this spot is called equal to England. "A perfect English climate," says an old Indian—"Potatoes and cabbages," cries another—"Currants and gooseberries," exclaims a fourth. In spite, however, of all these advantages, I was not sorry to leave it; and consequently in September I was again in the plains and wended my way to the Punjaub. I crossed the Sutledge, but saw not the spot where so many thousands fell; the swollen river had swept all away, leaving no trace of the bloody strife, all seemed forgotten, and I at midnight traversed the country, feeling as safe as if I were taking but a moonlight ramble over our hills at home!

Lahore, like most Eastern cities, is composed of long narrow streets, and surrounded by a good wall. Whilst there I saw the little King and Lall Sing, the then Prime Minister, and favorite of the Queen mother; she was in a dreadful way when he was banished, and did all she could to keep him, but it was all in vain,—Lall Sing went, and so the poor Ranee will have to look out for some other good-looking gentleman, and as the Seiks are fine fellows I don't see that she would have much difficulty. From Lahore I went to Amritzir, celebrated for its Holy Tank, and certainly a more striking building is hardly to be imagined. In the centre of a small lake, encircled by a beautiful variegated marble causeway, is placed the Temple, and which is attached to the main land by a narrow path composed of the same costly material as the causeway. I had no idea what the Temple was like, and you may fancy my surprise, after riding through some dozens of filthy lanes, nick-named streets, to come suddenly in sight of it: the sun was near the horizon, and its rays fell direct upon the building, pro-

ducing so gorgeous a sight that I was completely spell-bound, all seemed one mass of gold, the gilded dome seemed dancing in the tiny lake, whilst it, all sparkling bright, reflected every beauty a thousand fold,—it looked indeed like an enchanted lake, dancing all in gold around a golden temple!

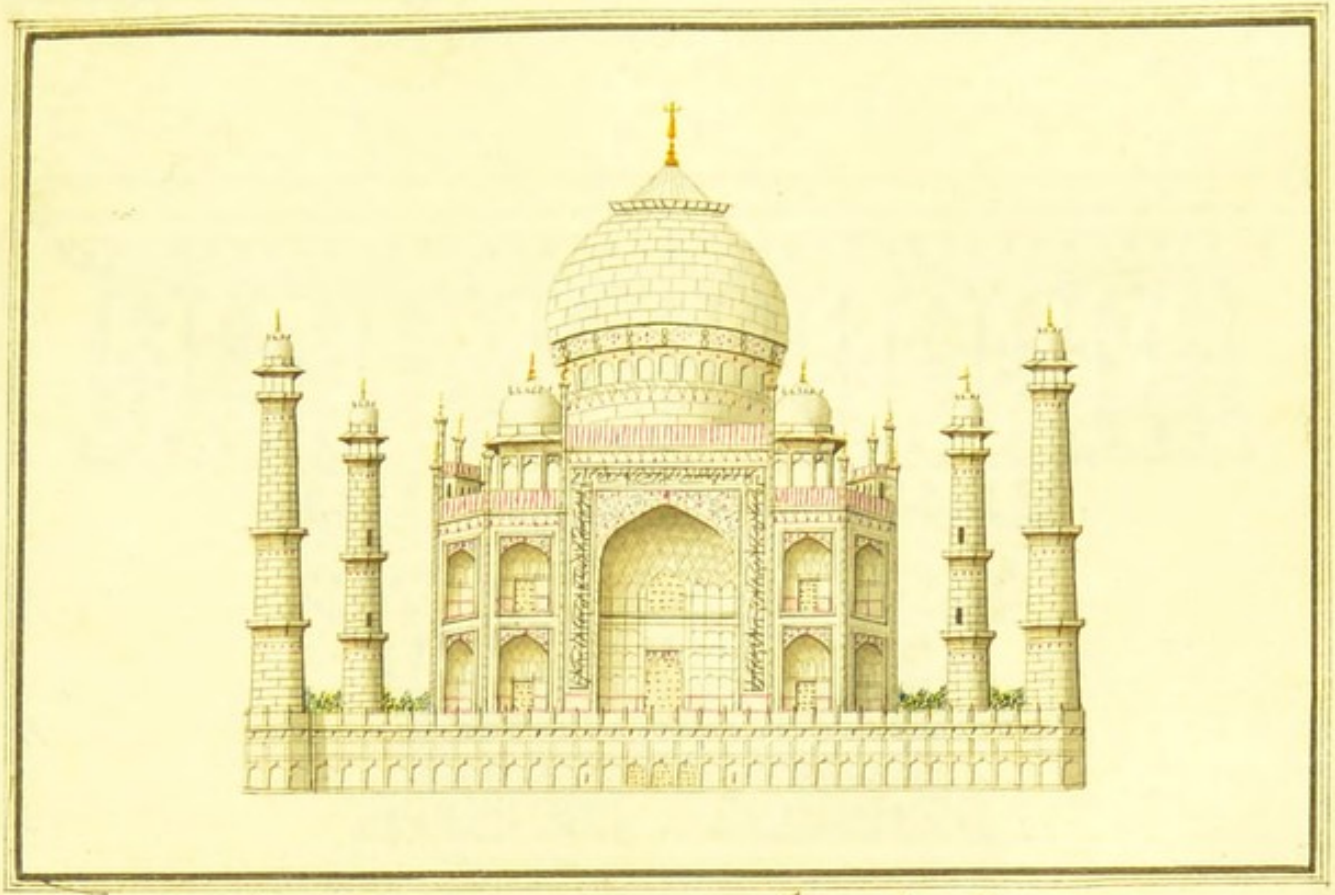
While at Amritzir I staid with the Governor, Mukheen Sing, or the Buttee Lion; in the Punjaub all are Lions, and doubtless they thought themselves the finest Lions in the world till the arrival of the British Lion put them out of countenance. Mukheen Sing was exceedingly civil, he not only showed the sights and fed me, but offered me some Cashmere damsels: who has not heard of the Houries from the Vale of Cashmere?—their eyes, their skin, their figure, have each in turn been the song of many a bard; and yet alas that I should have to say it, but truth must out, and so dear Brother Guyites their boasted beauty is all humbug—now and then a pretty face is seen, but for the most part they are as ugly a race as you could wish to see. They have a particular antipathy to water, and know not the use of soap; beside all this they are fat and wanting in grace; and now I would ask you what reliance is to be placed in the poet's pen! It will never do to go on at this rate, even the Governor, to whom I beg to be remembered, is getting drowsy, so we will take a good jump and step into Delhi—how different now to what it was, all, all in ruin, nought indeed remains of its former grandeur, to tell the traveller that he is sojourning in the city of the Great Mogul. He who used once to cause empires to tremble at his name now accepts a pension, and only rules within his palace walls: this man of straw, when marching forth, mounts the tallest Elephant, the cannon roar, and a noisy rabble running before, go shouting forth his name and titles, more numerous than the stars in the firmament. I did not see this wonderful personage, and therefore can't tell you whether he is like the sketch the card makers have made of him. In the palace there are about five or six hundred ladies belonging to his high-mightiness, they are I believe, young and skittish, whilst he is old and slow. Now it is said, but pray keep in mind that I don't vouch for the truth of the story, and therefore if you like to discredit the

scandal pray do—well, it is said that these naughty young ladies occasionally manage to smuggle in a man or two just to enliven them; it is no joke, however, for the poor devils never get out again—they are like flies in a pot of honey—being drowned in sweets. From Delhi I went to Agra, and visited the Tage Mahal, it is a perfect gem, and appears so fragile that the slightest breath seems sufficient to destroy it, and yet for more than two hundred years it has braved with impunity the tempest's roar. 'Tis indeed a matchless mausoleum, passing beautiful and above description. At Agra I set up a marching establishment; nothing is as well understood in India as living under canvas, and certainly nothing is so pleasant. You start at four or five o'clock in the morning, and reach your ground about nine or earlier if you wish, on your arrival you find everything ready, tents pitched, bath prepared, and breakfast on table; towards the afternoon the night tents come up, the day ones are struck, packed and sent off to the next ground: a march is about twelve miles, you can of course occasionally go double that distance, but your servants being on foot begin to grumble, the Camels don't approve of it, and you yourself find half the distance quite long enough. Marching in India is really luxurious; but as to the other boasted luxuries of an Indian life I must confess I have not as yet discovered them. People out here never want anything and never wish for anything except perhaps to get home. It was only yesterday a lady said to me, "Do you know I had rather be a milk-maid in England than live out here." "I think, said I, you would find the milk pails rather heavy." I must hurry on, so let us jump to Bindrabund, a famous place for monkeys; I was obliged to have a couple of men to guard me whilst at dinner. It is a crime to kill them: once two young Englishmen were rash enough to shoot one, the people immediately attacked them, and in endeavouring to escape by fording the river on their elephant, they were drowned. Bindrabund is also famous as having been the residence of Krishna; and there is a spot where ladies go who are desirous of being in that situation said to be peculiar to those who love their lords: it is a very proper spot for such a purpose, for the God Krishna is said to have

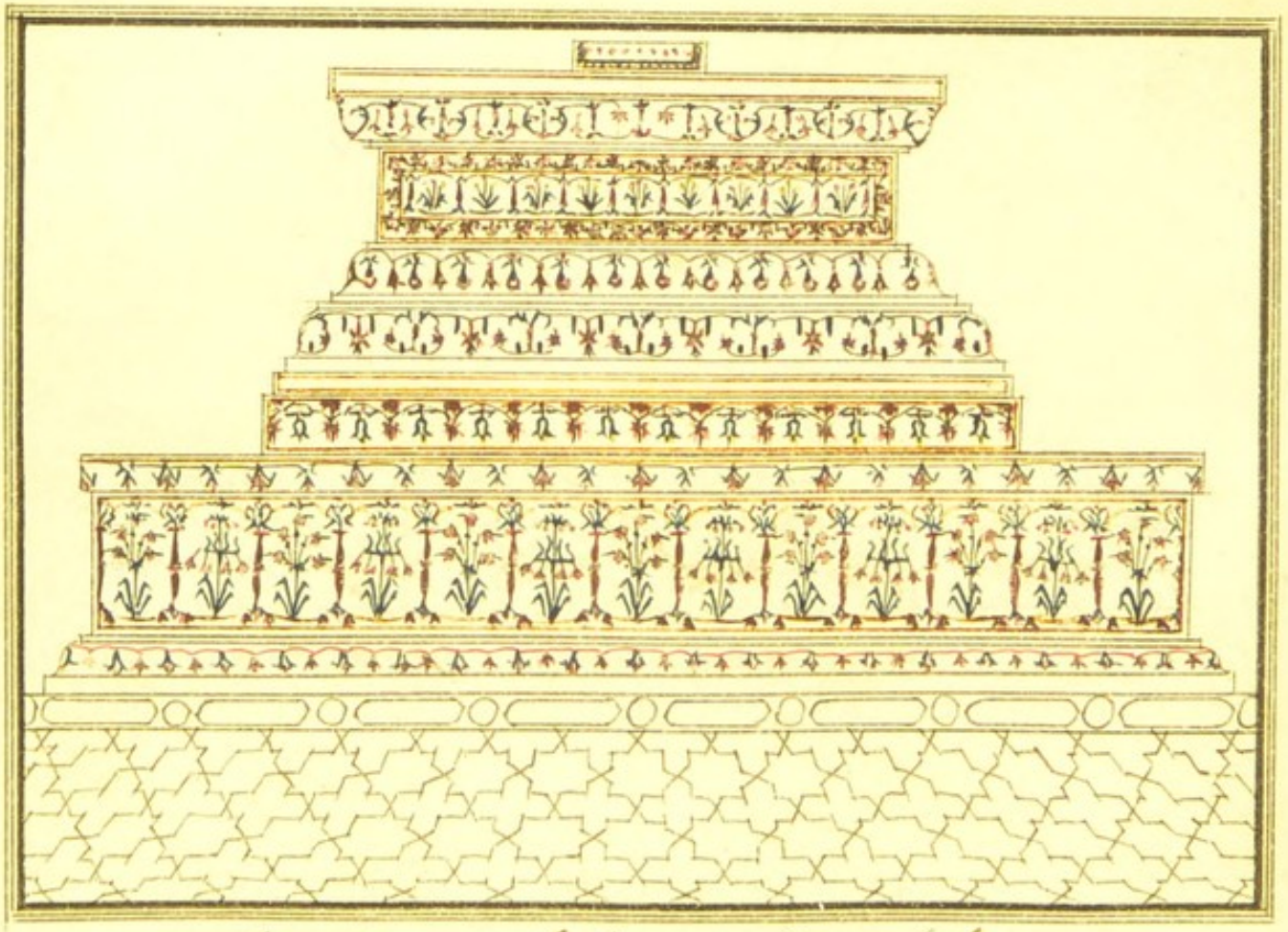
Salaid word on the screen in the Centre of which are the Combs

Another Specimen of inlaid work _ about the Screen

the screen is of course of marble
these flowers are all compose of the
most beautiful stones – there and
there one or two have been picked out



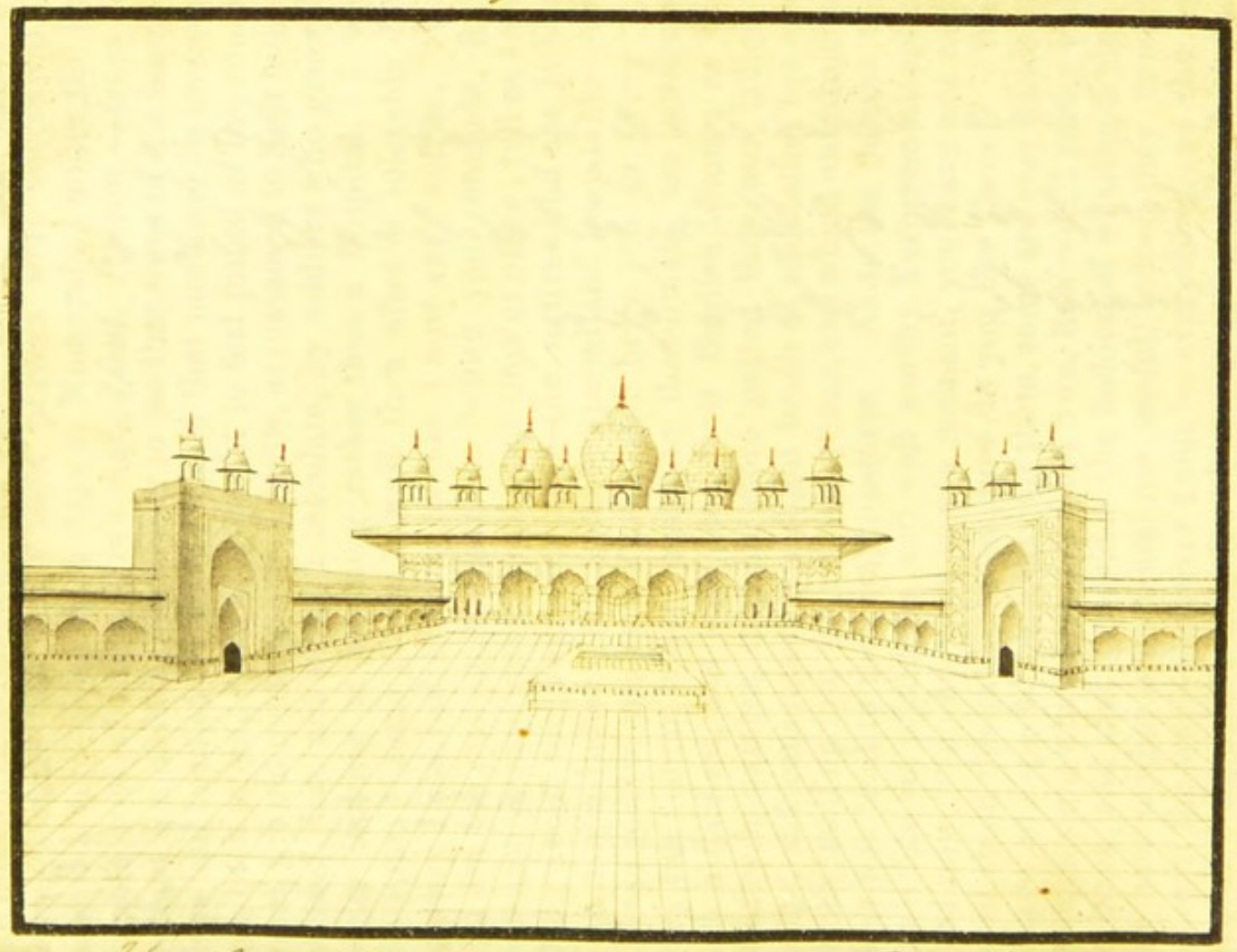
Front view of the Sacee Mahal.



Tomb of Emperor Shah Jehan

It is placed next to that of the his wife
noor Jehan, celebrated for her beauty,
They are both composed of marble inlaid
with precious stones - made to represent
flowers by an specimen

Agra



The Moorish Mausoleum or Bibi Mosque

It well deserves its name - being composed of the most delicate white marble - it is a gem.

transformed, in an incredible short space of time, 1600 virgins into matrons. During my stay I saw many fair votaries of the multiplication system, but owing to the little time I was there, I can't tell you if their prayers were successful. I passed a very pleasant 15 days at Nusserabad under the hospitable roof of half a Guy's man, *Lieut. Parrott*,—fancy the gallant son of Mars confessing to me that some of his happiest days had been spent at Guy's, and that moreover he longed to get back again. Old Guy ought to feel proud of the compliment, the old gentleman is, I know, accustomed to hear himself praised, but not often, I calculate, by soldiers who generally prefer looking at anything rather than a hospital. I want the spur, "come get on," well then after a tolerable long journey I reached Bombay, where I now am; and so, "now you are too fast again, therefore before you conclude, for I presume you are going to end some time or other; tell us something about the Anglo-Indians—the natives and the ladies." The Anglo-Indians are good tempered and hospitable—they always receive you as a friend, and help you in every way they can: their ladies, owing to the climate, are somewhat lack-a-daisical, and soon lose their English bloom; as they are few in number, they are more petted than our ladies at home, and consequently a slight touch of affectation too often winds itself up into their constitutions, and which unfortunately does not tend to their improvement. As to the natives they are a fine set of fellows, and well worthy European attention. And now, "no no, pray stop a moment, you have not said a word about the native ladies, how do you like them?" Well, I have no especial partiality for them, some are very handsome though somewhat dark; I must own, however, I prefer white to black, and that I consider the fashion of wearing a ring in the nose neither ornamental nor useful, indeed they must be often in the way,—however habit is everything, as the well educated cat said when found eating a mouse! And now, without more to do, I will take my leave, and, wishing you all a happy evening, beg to remain,

Dear Brother Guyites,

Yours very truly,

N. M.

Letter 9.

6, York Row, Kennington,
May 28th., 1847.

My dear Birkett,

I have an appointment with a Gentleman in Bedfordshire next week, which, while it debars me from the pleasure of meeting my fellow Old Guyites at the Trafalgar on the memorable 1st., will, I hope, lead to speedy and permanent professional advantage.

As I cannot be present to keep you in order, I trust the following distich of Old Phocilidies, as translated by his and our friend Hogg, who flourished some 500 years afterwards, will not be inopportune, and to which the latter prefixed this explanatory introduction :—

> "This is a distich by wise Old Phocilidies,
> An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days."

'namely'—

> " 'Tis fit for good wine-bibbing people,
> Not to let the jug pace round the board like a cripple,
> But gaily to chat whilst discussing their tipple."

Now don't forget the "Old Guyite Cup," neither the proposal for electing at each Anniversary the Chairman of the succeeding.

Wishing you all well through your duties, and safe in bed,

Believe me,
Yours faithfully.
F. G. M., O. G.

Dr. Birkett, O. G.
Sub Sec.

Letter 10.

53, Norfolk Square, Brighton,
May 31st., 1847.

My dear brother Guyites,

I have kept my note until the last moment in the hope that I might be able to join you at the "Trafalgar," but I have a lady who is expecting to be confined, and owing to

the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed with regard to her, I feel it impossible to leave. Our friend Dr. Birkett will explain them to you.

I am sure that you all know too well the great enjoyment and pleasure I have always derived from our meeting, to think that anything but the most dire necessity would ever keep me from you.

As regards my past year, I think that I have had a fair increase of practice, but have done nothing grand or heroical, and have had nothing of much interest.

My family has been increased by the addition of a young "Guy." I have now *three*, and am feeling quite patriarchal. No, not *patriarchal*, that would be entrenching on the office of one whose kind face and open brow I hope now grace your board; the veritable patriarch. He is, I trust, on the road to become *twelve times* more patriarchal. What will Elcum say to this wish at the present price of provisions? May you all have a happy day. If happiness is to be found in real, true, and abiding friendship, you will all possess it. I cannot be with you in *person*, but I will be in heart. This is our Eighth Anniversary, and not among our smallest blessing is to be ranked the fact that we are still "the living" to enjoy it. May we long remain unbroken in number, unbroken in feeling, unbroken in heart. So wishes your friend and brother Guyite,

J. O., O. G.

Letter 11.

1st. of JUNE—1 o'Clock.

My dear Old Guyites,

Up to the moment of my now writing it had been my intention to have joined your social party at the Trafalgar this evening—but I am now obliged, most reluctantly, to give up all idea of meeting our old Friends.

Wishing you all a merry evening,

I remain, dear "Old Guyites,"

Yours very faithfully,

J. C. P.

Letter 12.

SOUTHAMPTON, May 28th., 1847.

My dear Old Guyites,

The monotonous life of a Provincial practitioner affords but little scope for the exercise of his genius in recounting the adventures of a fleeting year. Domestic incidents are rare and uninteresting in these fearful days when the doctor's energies are cramped by poverty and scarcity. And now that science has attained almost the summit of its glory, the high sounding exploits in Operative Surgery, fall only to the lot of the choice few who delight more in butchery than humanity, or who kindly lend their aid in cutting away from public observation, the sad result of uncontrolled diseases which have come within the range of our less fortunate brethren. So that I turn in vain to science to relieve the monotony of the strain.

On reviewing the Chronicles of former years, I find some weighty testimony of my friendship for the Guyite fraternity, testimony which I have no wish to gainsay, but which I hope to prove consistent with my absence from you at this our Anniversary.

It happens most unfortunately, that just at the present time I have a run of business which I cannot venture to leave without incurring a risk, not only of a temporary loss, but also of ultimate injury to my reputation.

As the Guyite Chronicles have hitherto been made a sort of confessional, I feel bound to state the momentous fact, that having on a certain occasion allowed my philanthropy to soar to a *prodigious* height, my affections became suddenly entangled with those of a fair individual, who, it is probable, will some day stand in that relation to me, to which custom has assigned the dignified term of better-half.

I had almost forgotten to mention, that amongst my misfortunes in practice, I have to record two fatal Midwifery cases. The first poor woman was in the last stage of consumption, who died in less than an hour after delivery. The second case was one of Lingering Labour, in which Perforation,

and subsequently Turning, were had recourse to, but sad to state, our unhappy patient never rallied after the Operations.

And now my dear Old Guyites, I have only to add my hearty wishes that the 1st. of June will not be less happily spent than on former occasions.

With unchanged sincerity,
Believe me to be,
Your faithful brother Guyite,
J. K. S.

Letter 13.

FRIDAY EVENING, May 28th.

My dear Birkett,

I have reserved my answer to your notice to the very last day left free, in hopes that I might have been able to give a direct affirmative to your bidding to the glorious meeting of June 1st., but I am again doomed to disappointment, as I have unfortunately promised not to leave this neighbourhood until a Lady patient is out of her difficulties. This event should, in the common course of affairs, have terminated during last or this week, but I fear now there is no chance for me, and I must submit to my fate—not a little annoying however, as in addition to the attractions of the Old Guyites, there is also Ascot next week

During the past year things have followed pretty much the usual quiet course of a country Surgeon's life. I have not effected any great operation or wondrous cure, but have ample reason to be satisfied with my progress in life.

Some severe cases of fever during the winter, in which I found a very large quantity of stimulant necessary; several cases of severe croup early in the spring, in which the local application of a strong solution of Nitrate of Silver appeared to be very beneficial; a few fractures; and an unpleasant Tumour, which I this morning removed from the breast; comprises all of any import I have to record.

As I am close on Post time I must bring this to a hasty

conclusion, and with every good wish to, and regrets at not forming one of, the band of Guyites on the 1st. of June,

I remain,

Your very sincere brother Guyite,

J. R. S.

Should I fortunately be released from my engagement even at the last moment I shall come up.

Letter 14.

4, Bethel Place, Camberwell,
May 27th, 1847.

My dear Birkett,

You are aware of my late removal from the Clapham Road to Camberwell, and my having entered into partnership with Mr. Crisp; and therefore will, I trust, make my apology to the Old Guyites assembled on the 1st of June, at the Trafalgar, for my non-appearance.

Circumstances occurred, so that after mature deliberation, and by advice, I made the change referred to; and I must consider myself bound to attend in the most strict and careful manner to my new practice—we are moreover very busy just now, expecting three or four labours.

I must now address myself to those who may be present at the Anniversary, hoping they will accept this apology, and feel assured how pleased I should have been, had business allowed me, to have joined them on this occasion—I trust that on the next I may be more fortunate.

Of the absentees, I trust we shall hear good accounts, especially those who are away from their own Country; and that they may retain their health, and return in comfort home again.

To all, absent or present, I offer my sincere and heartiest well wishes that, since the last Anniversary, fortune has crowned their lot, and improved their store; that her smiles may be continually bestowed on them, and that the present evening (June 1st) may be one of the happiest of their lives.

In conclusion, I will say a few words of myself,—practice had been progressing, as is usual with most men in early

years, but in the beginning of this year I was induced to enter into this new partnership. The distance is about a mile from my old residence, so that I expect to retain many of my old patients—in fact have already done so. The early part of the year also brought with it a new comer to my fireside, in the place of another little boy; I need not say to those who are married, that both my little fellows are treasures and comforts, and I recommend to every poor unfortunate *Bachelor* most earnestly to take unto himself, "for better, for worse," one who, if he is careful and choose aright, will, I doubt not, taking her "all in all," prove far better for him in his own practice, by his own fireside, and for his general comfort, than he ever could be without her. But I am prosy—so good bye Old Guyites, and young ones,

And believe me,
Your attached and true friend,
C. T.

Letter 15.

WOBURN, May 27, 1847.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I cannot sign this sentence of exclusion from your happy meeting without a vivid sense of past enjoyment and present privation. It is, however, a matter of duty with me to deny myself that pleasure for this season, which I have so often enjoyed. There are many cogent reasons I might assign, but it is sufficient to mention that I have two or three cases just now which call for such close attention, that I cannot leave them for a single day, with any comfort to myself or satisfaction to my patients; besides which, a fair expectant would nullify my intentions even if otherwise free.

Fever prevails in our pretty little town, and around us, chiefly among the poor, whose condition just now is truly pitiable, and the mitigation of their wants, both medical and otherwise, a pressing duty upon all.

I have the happiness of seeing the poor fellow whom I lethotomized two years since, fulfilling the active duties of a top-sawyer with great energy, and saluting me as I pass on my way with a gladsome countenance.

A laborer, also, whose hand I was compelled to remove at the wrist, in consequence of an injury from machinery, holds up his stump to show how deeds were done.

Another poor fellow is now submitting to solution of a cataract, and will I trust, with God's blessing, add another to the little band, whose cures have tended so much to their own comfort and to my happiness.

In general practice I have met with those fluctuations to which we are all liable; but with much anxiety and some discouragements I have yet been blessed with considerable success, and even under reverses have gained fresh support from the proof they gave that my credit was better able to bear them.

I have spent some happy hours with some of our brethren since last we met, and would gladly recount my visits to Winchester and Southampton, as well as that more recently to Banbury, in the company of those who so kindly entertained me. Each of these old friends and true, hospitably welcomed me to their own homes; I can as yet claim no such honors, but should the Guyite tendency prove as matrimonial as it has hitherto done, and father Elcum's presidency prove auspicious of enlarged paternity, it will not be long before every Old Guyite shall have both a house of welcome, and a hostess to support it. But I hear those paternal members say that 'tis getting late, and they have been accustomed to better hours, so that I will no further trespass, nor delay the jovial bowl, than to add my hearty good wises to the Governor, and all around your venerable father and Brazilian chief, not omitting to pledge the same at the proper hour, with the utmost sincerity of your ever loving and devoted brother,

H. V.

Letter 16.

My dear Birkett,

I regret I could not join you on the 1st. of June, but the fact is I have been taking a cruise to Ceylon, and did not arrive in England till a few days since; having been detained at the mouth of the Channel owing to Easterly winds.

I trust all Guyites are well, and that you have no end of news to tell me. I shall take an opportunity of calling on you.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
H. W.

HAWTHORNDEN PLACE,
20th. June, 1847.

Letter 17.

BELGAUM, May 7th 1847.

My dear Friends and brother Guyites,

These few lines are written that I may not incur your displeasure by infringing the rules of the Society, or be supposed to have become at all lukewarm in promoting its objects. But as for furnishing you with an interesting account of any remarkable adventures or incidents, it is quite impossible while I remain at a station like my present one. I can therefore only tell you, that with the exception of being a year older than I was when I last wrote, I am "*in statu quo*," and shall probably remain in this quiescent or almost dormant state for some time longer, since the Government at home seems determined to prevent us from fighting in India. Thus there is an end to all rapid promotion, extra batta, or prize money. I am consoled however when I reflect upon this melancholy state of affairs, by the thought that I shall be able to take a furlough to Europe after, at most 4, and perhaps within 2 or 3 years. Then we shall indeed have a happy meeting. In the meantime "*jucunde vivere enitendum est.*"

With my hearty wishes for your health and prosperity, and warmest remembrance to the "good old Governor,"

Believe me ever,
A true and staunch Guyite.
C. J. W.

ASH, PRINTER, LONDON BRIDGE.

CHRONICLES
of the
"OLD GUYITES,"
1848.

Ninth Anniversary.

The Ninth Annual Festival of the Old Guyites was celebrated on the 1st of June, in the Auld Room at the Trafalgar. The meeting was small, but in all other respects it fully equalled those joyous re-unions of former years, which have served to keep alive, in the hearts of all true Guyites, the memories of Auld Lang Syne.

STEDMAN was in the chair; on his right were Veasey and Otway, on his left France* and the Governor, and Birkett faced him. The delicacies of the season were bravely acknowledged, and the Golden Rules of the Society duly observed.

In the course of the evening, while the assembled Guyites were solacing themselves with the fates and fortunes of their absent friends, the

* This is not the Gallic enemy alluded to in a former number, as from his proximity to the Governor some might be led to suppose.

doors of the banqueting room flew open, and Mr. Taffy, from Tremadoc, was announced. It is needless to depict the horror and indignation that rested on the countenances of the members,—that any should be found bold enough to intrude on their mysteries. But it is *not* needless to state that that horror and indignation soon became surprise and delight, when in the person of Mr. Taffy was recognised the veritable form and substance of Rowland Williams, who, having been misinformed regarding the railway trains, had arrived too late for dinner, but not too late to witness the happiness of a Guyite Festival.

The Chairman looked well, and, it might be said, venerable; his head had grown balder, but with his baldness had come increased confidence and success.

Veasey was cheerful and facetious as ever; and his account of his doings at Woburn, while they certified of his progress, added to the pleasures of the evening.

Otway, as appears from Moore's Chronicle,* is indeed the owner of three houses in Canterbury Row; but the Indian Guyites must not suppose from such a fact, that their Kennington brother has grown so fat, that, like the Elephant in the tale, he is too big for one. But the truth is, a house better than his own becoming vacant he secured it, but had no sooner done so, than

* Page 231.

another still better was offered to him, and being strongly recommended he took that also; he expects, however, to have but little difficulty in disposing of two of them. In the aforesaid Chronicle* there is another charge against the same individual, viz., that he either laughs or growls at whomsoever he meets; in sooth, he does laugh with the Guyite good and true, and only growl at those who are never to be found at their posts. Otway's account of his professional progress is gratifying; his health and strength, however, are not always equal to the arduous duties of a Parochial Surgeon.

France, on the death of Mr. Morgan, has been made Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary, and has already delivered his first course of Lectures on Ophthalmic Surgery. He has also brought out a second edition of Mr. Morgan's book, to which he has added copious notes. He is located at 41, Finsbury Square, and is progressing satisfactorily.

Rowland Williams did not arrive at Greenwich till past nine; he looked well, and gave a good account of himself; his only murmurs were prompted by the responsibilities attendant upon a large household.

The Governor felt younger the moment he got into the tented room; and, as usual, deemed the meeting the best of the series.

* Loc. cit.

Birkett has no reason to complain, his practice gradually increases, and his duties at the hospital are of a nature suitable to his taste. At the beginning of May, having been appointed by the Master and Fellows of Caius College the Thurston Orator for the year, he proceeded with France to Cambridge, to deliver the Oration in the Chapel of the said College; the subject was the preservation and improvement of the public health. He has also been made Physician to a new Assurance Society,—the Etonian and General, the prospects of which are very good.

The matrimonial tendencies of the Old Guyites have been noticed in previous Annals; and this year is recorded the immolation of another victim.* And it is a matter worthy of the deepest consideration, that out of seven Guyites present, five were unmarried: can it be *possible* that **Matrimony** and **Guyiteism** are antagonistic principles? If so,—must not something be done to arrest the progress of so fatal a disorder? but in the meanwhile it will be for the married Guyites to prove, by their presence at the next Anniversary, the groundlessness of the charge, and the perfect compatibility of **Love** and **Friendship**.

* J. K. S.

Letter 1.

SOUTHWELL, 31st. May, 1848.

My dear Old Guyites,

I wish you a merry and jolly meeting. My presence is out of the question, having been obliged to neglect my practice already too much. I have been confined for ten weeks to my bed from acute Rheumatism, consequently it was more than three months before I could set to work again, I am now, however, jolly again, can Cricket and Fish, &c. &c. as well as usual.

In the Medical or Surgical way I have nothing particular to say, and shall leave (for I'm in a great hurry) the wonderful effects of Chloroform to my worthy Guyites. Perhaps our worthy Secretary, Bedford, will give a glowing description of the effects of Chloroform upon female niggers. Depend upon it the poor devils in India will suffer dreadfully from Chloroform fever.

I expect ere this that my protegè Johnny Weston has married some rich Indian princess; poor fellow! when he returns a Nabob he will be the admiration of England and the English.

Remember the old cock pheasant to the Governor; also to France; tell the latter to leave me his venerable gaiters.

Well my boys, a good dinner and success to all Old Guyites.

I remain,

Yours as usual,

G. B.

Letter 2.

CHITTAGONG, BENGAL, March 12th., 1848.

My dear old Friends and Brother Guyites,

How rapidly does "old Time" wing his flight! It scarcely seems a month ago that I dispatched my last year's letter; and yet again has "jolly June" come round, bearing in his train a host of rich delights. 'Tis summer-tide indeed

with us! The sunshine of the heart is shedding its genial glow upon your merry meeting, and some stray beams have shot across the world, to warm us "dwellers in the desert" into something more than life!

The communications of the last Chronicles were indeed cheering! but I wish that "absent Brothers" would afford us an opportunity of more lengthy enjoyment of the recital of their fate and fortune. Bachelor, for instance, is very brief; and "John," my pride, my hope, my little Bombay Duck, is "*captus brevis*" in the midst of his letter, or why not give us much more interesting matter from his "happy home."

All seem well content and cheerful! And surely this is a subject of mutual congratulation in a world which contains so many who are not! My life flows on the same "unruffled stream" at Chittagong as heretofore. Every day too short for its proper occupations, and objects of interest springing into view all round. During the past year my principal efforts, independent of daily Office routine and Hospital visitation, have been directed to the investigation of Indian disease; Ethnological enquiries amongst the neighbouring mountain tribes; the improvement of the Post Office; introduction of sound Sanatory regulations into the town; and a general Registry of the population and its casualties. There are, as you may conceive, many incidental difficulties in my way, but the increasing knowledge of the people, and especially their language, tends to smooth them. Our task in India is indeed gigantic, and every man is bound to put his shoulder to the wheel; but it is the noblest that ever yet devolved upon a nation. The country teems with life—the sources of wealth—and mental aptitude. Present difficulties removed, and inoculated with the "spirit of Progress," India will rise a Phœnix from the black ashes of the past, and shine a brilliant planet in the firmament of nations.

During the last year I have had placed under me one of the young Sub-Assistant Surgeons educated in our Medical College in Calcutta. These young men are types of the educated class now rising up in India, and fulfil our most sanguine wishes. His immediate charge here is the Dispen-

sary, and I really find him invaluable. In mind and thought he is a perfect Englishman, quotes Cooper and Liston with the greatest facility, and discusses the varieties of doubtful plants in a way, which is, to me, (being no Botanist,) refreshingly instructive. He draws out all our cases and performs half the operations. His faith is Hindoo, and he retains most of his national dress, but is no idolater, simply a Vedalist, or believer in one great Creator. One of his contemporaries has distinguished himself very much in the upper Provinces, by performing most successfully a great number of capital operations.

This Station is an admirable school for professional improvement. With increasing experience I begin to prefer the study of Surgery to that of Medicine. In the latter there is, in spite of modern discovery, so little of an exact science, so much wandering in the dark, so great a competition with the specifics of old women ; whilst the removal of a Cataract, the lopping of a limb, or, more striking still, the achievements of the plastic art, are distinctly tangible blessings to humanity, and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the skill of the operator.

The last year has been pregnant with discovery. You had scarcely tried the Sulphuric Æther at home, as an anœsthetic agent, when it became universally adopted in India. The experiments in our Dispensary were partially successful. I operated upon one or two cases only, where insensibility was complete. Chloroform has now however gained the ascendancy. It is fabricated in Calcutta, and sold at the trifling charge of *a guinea* per ounce. In England I see it is retailed at eighteen-pence. Whatever the price may be, there cannot be a doubt of the enormous utility of the drug ; and its value is scarcely higher to patient than Surgeon ; in this country more especially. The Bengal, like the Irishman, shouts and flinches from the knife in such a way as materially to exaggerate the natural difficulty of all operative proceedings. Last week I tried it in seven cases. 2 of Cataract, 1 of Pterygium, 1 of Hernia, 1 of Club-foot, 1 of Hypertrophy of membrum virile, and 1 of Contraction from Burn. The last was in a child aged

eighteen months, with whom, finding twenty drops produce no effect, I desisted; but in the preceding six cases the result was perfect. In the case of Hypertrophy I need not tell you how deeply important was the quietude produced and maintained during the dissection off of the thickened skin. The patient lay throughout in a calm sleep.

Although very, very happy in my rustic home, I omit no opportunity of trying to get a staff appointment in Calcutta. It is only by Practice there our Service can hope to make a handsome fortune. If a man be once fairly established in the City of Palaces and succeed, then indeed the Rupees come rolling in apace. Although our position here is favorable compared with England, I must yet record my belief that the Medical Service is remunerated far less liberally than any other department. A fundamental mistake has been made in classing us, as regards rates of pay, with Regimental Officers. A Lieutenant whose professional education has cost him "nil"—whose daily outlay for the due prosecution of his calling consists in an investment of capital in sword and uniform, is paid as much as the Assistant Surgeon whose education averages a £1000; who must likewise don a scarlet coat, and who, to do his duty, ought by constant reading of expensive books, to keep up his mind to the highest standard of the day. Civil Surgeons have been cruelly used. Originally their allowances were fixed at a small amount because they were allowed the privilege of trade and proprietary of land; now, forsooth, they are forbidden to "have or to hold" anything but their own proper pursuit. But, strange to say, whilst issuing this prohibitory order, the "Honorable Court" forgot to raise their allowances. The Civilians, Judges, Collectors, and Magistrates, are paid enormously, with the view of keeping them out of temptation—but the Doctor, who has many opportunities of relieving his "itching palm," is allowed the high consciousness of acting virtuously from principle alone. The local Government 'tis true, endeavours to make some amends for this "starveling pay" by occasionally investing him with the dignity of Post Master, and Registrar of Deeds, but he does not always have these. Failing in

which, his pay is not so good as that of Head Native Clerks in Civilian Offices. All this tends to vex and spoil one's good temper. However, the feeling never lasts long, for in spite of occasional injustice, the Service is pretty well off, and the career is a noble one.

Our pension, a great portion of which is due however to our subscriptions, is a grand "anchor of hope." To me, pondering over foreign travel, the future beams full of enjoyment. Whatever interesting work comes before me, I enjoy the inestimable happiness of pausing in the midst of some gorgeous description of natural scenery and exclaim, "And I too, if life be spared, may see all this. Such meditations suffuse the future with a golden light. In India we enjoy through life, in certain ways, the often vaunted pleasures of our youth—a great and glorious prospect lies ahead. What matter if old death, hereafter, rudely break the spell, the hope and expectation now exist. I think that I have never yet met in India, a blasé man, whose evening joy has gained fruition. 'Tis something to be free of such humanities! One of our greatest pleasures here is the noble scope of action we enjoy—placed in the centre of a province large as an English county—its internal administration, on which depends such weighty good or evil, is largely influenced by us. As regards myself, for instance. The whole arrangement of the Post, through 180 miles of road lies in my hands. To me is delegated the appointment of the Runners and their Superintendents. You may conceive how large an opportunity such powers afford for reform or retrogression, and how much the happiness of individuals and the good of the state is influenced by the quick or tardy nature of the transit. So much for Post Office and public duties.

During the last cold season we made several excursions into the neighbourhood, to enjoy, as the papers say of Prince Albert, "the sport of shooting." Almost the only game in this part of the world consists of Jungle Fowl, which eat much better than their name implies. Tigers are few and far between—àpropos to the "Monarch of the Forest," I must tell you a good story. Last month, the Post being very

tardy, I issued threats of punishment; from that day forth whenever the Bag arrived later than usual, then came with it the explanation that "Rum Bux or Sam Ram had met a Tiger on the road and couldn't get by." "Ring Rush" said I, "issue a stringent order that whoever may meet with such a beast is fined two shillings." From that day tigers have disappeared as if by magic.

The most agreeable of this year's excursions was one taken to a famous place of Hindoo Pilgrimage, called Setakoond. It consists of a range of hills, about four and twenty miles from Chittagong. The central one of the chain is about 1000 feet above the sea, and its summit is attained by a capital brick staircase of 522 steps. "Sich a gittin up stairs" cannot probably be obtained elsewhere in the world, except indeed by ascending old Cheops' Pyramid. However, nothing daunted, I and a "compagnon de voyage" slowly commenced operations, escorted by one of the officiating Priests. The work was somewhat warm, considering we broke ground at the sunny hour of 2 P.M. My gastrocnemii were sorely punished, and rebelled against the prosecution of the task. But courage was the word, and up we went, amidst the gorges of the mountain. Sometimes on either side our balustrade the descent was precipitous—often and often did I wish some instant metempsychosis could seat my suffering soul within the body of a "mild Hindoo," that thus I might discard the civilized annoyance of my pantaloons. At last exhausted nature could no more, I sunk me down and loudly shrieked for beer. At length, refreshed, again we mounted, and gaining the summit, were rewarded by a noble prospect.

At the base of the mountain is a small chasm in the earth, from which arises an inflammable gas, burning with a blue flame. In the immediate neighbourhood are many springs, through which the same combustible terrene product makes its way. The whole series of known phenomena stretch over some twelve miles of the hill chain. I examined all the springs, as far as leisure was afforded me, and discovered considerable variation of temperature. Their predominent constituent appeared to be common salt; but specimens of

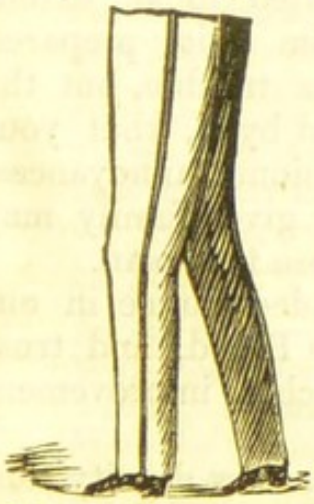
each have been sent to some of the chemically learned ones in Calcutta, and after obtaining their analysis, I propose publishing an account of what I observed, in some of our local journals.

During the past year I have had the pleasure of hearing from our Brother Menzies, who was staying on the other side of the Bay of Bengal. Twice have I written to the gallant Thorngate but have received no reply.

I trust you, old friends, are fructifying apace. May your olive branches shoot! your grog-blossoms bloom! Time wears on. 'Twas only yesterday the Figaro of Chittagong brought the fact uncomfortably present to my mind. Whilst pursuing in solemn silence his tonsorial duties, a sudden start and nip upon my top-knot alarmed me. "Good Heaven," said I, the tears coursing down my nose in excess of agony, "is this the way you barberize in Bengal." "Dekho, Sahib," replied my friend, with a gleam of demoniac delight lighting his infernal eye, "dekho," simultaneously thrusting before my awe-stricken orbits six grey hairs. It was enough! I sank spontaneously into a mesmeric trance. An ecstatic vision flashed rapidly before my mind; the view of what I was and had become. Not grey hairs alone, but "bulky belly with good capon lined," prevents the possibility of my becoming an embodiment of "Love's young dream."

Pictorial representation is the order of the day, so I'll just give you a diagram.

1



No. 1 Certified that this is what I was before entering the service of the Honorable East India Company.

2

No. 2 Certified that this is what I have become since entering the service of the Honorable East India Company.

Not wishing to be recognised by all the world, I merely insert my legs.

This adipose state of things leads to many painful ruminations. What enjoyment exists for me in the gay circles of England if I should return? As to *gliding* in the soft quadrille, 'twill be utterly impossible, unless I am prepared to bear the gibes of little boys, exclaiming in stealthy tones, "see how the fat un goes it." The waltz will be a sealed book—the Polka, Pandemonium.

But I must turn to other and less painful themes.

During the last year my family has been increased by a little girl. I wish you all many happy returns of the same!

The Profession at home appears to be in a state of very great confusion. You have Practical and Social Reforms in prospect, but they never come to anything. What you most require is a revolution in your modes of Practice. I cannot conceive the reason why you do not adopt the system which works so well in India. It would smooth the difficulties of your position most wonderfully, and do away with much of the uncomfortable feeling which now exists between patient and Physician on pecuniary grounds. In this country every Master of a Family engages to pay you a certain Fee per annum; whether you have been frequently at his house or not. This plan entirely does away with the "curse of drenching" under which your section of the British Islands labors most fearfully, whilst you could visit as often as you pleased, unconstrained by any fear of your presence being considered an unnecessary infliction, and of being carried to an extent which the occasion does not warrant. I am quite prepared to grant that you might have a little extra trouble, but the whole system of intercourse is so chastened by it, that your mind becomes eased of one half its Professional annoyances. Some of you strike an average of what any given family may be worth to you each year, and then propose this plan.

I should much like to see a more extended notice in our Chronicles of those who attend the Festive Board, and trust our worthy Deputy Secretary will effect such an improvement in this year's issue.

A few days ago I was very near having a new dignity conferred upon me in the shape of being made a "Rajah." A certain neighbouring potentate having conducted himself in

such a way as to disgust his subjects, they commenced a system of emigration into the Company's territories, but desiring to have some Chief who would defend their interests, and act as a patriarchal settler of differences, begged I would assume the office. This I was compelled to decline as we are interdicted the holding land in our own "Zillah."

You would scarcely credit the ignorance and apathetic superstition of these inhabitants of Bengal. Two cases have occured only this morning affording a strong illustration of it.

A shop-keeper near our Dispensary has a son 10 years of age, suffering from contraction of muscles of knee joint. I was very anxious to divide them, and proposed the operation. The Father was not unwilling to accede to it, but his other parent said "No—his legs have been twisted by a devil, and he had better live or die as he is." Another woman desiring to know if she were "en Famille," desired me to feel her pulse, for she said that was quite sufficient.

But once again old Time tolls the solemn word "farewell." Before we part I'll try to rouse your fainting spirits by a little bit of "poesy."

Chittagong,
My dear Guyites,
I write from Bengal,
Where the feathery Palms and the Cocoa Nuts tall,
The Mango, the Banian, and many such trees,
Serve as shade for the peasant, as glum for the fleas,
Mosquitoes and bugs, and the whole host of ants,
Are born, bred, and die midst these tropical plants.
Oh! why were poor devils like us e'er designed,
To dwell all alone mid the "Blacks" of mankind?
Lest you, my dear friends, should have any idea
Of "packing your traps up" and coming out here,
I'll briefly describe—faith! in "no words at all,"
The elysium that waits on a "day in Bengal."
At five in the morning you're turned out of bed,
With sleep in your toes—in your heels—in your head,
You foot it perchance—or your horse you bestride,
With the feeble delusion of taking a ride,
You try to inhale
The breath of the gale
Which wouldn't inflate e'en a cockle boat sail,

You steam as you go like some "offering votive,"
And return to your homestead a "done" locomotive.
The Bath now receives you; you fly to the water,
In the mad hope of cutting your sufferings shorter,
But just as you're in the "æsthetus of dress,"
(In "corpore nudo"—I mean nothing less,)
At least if old Adam, our respectable father,
Was considered "the thing"—which I guess he was—rather,
And you fancy yourself an Apollo at least,
The mosquitoes begin their ma-tu-ti-nal feast,
By the time that you tug on your breeches and brace,
You'll have six nigger servants all mopping your face.
I pass over the breakfast and tiffin. Each day
Has grief all sufficient, stern moralists say.
When old Sol is descending—your wife by your side,
You emerge once again to enjoy a cool ride:
By the time you have cantered a mile from the door,
The sweat will be pouring from every pore.
You sit down to dinner—Ah! happy at last!
But human enjoyments how rapidly past!
With a shriek of surprise, like a fit of the croup,
You discover a black beetle lapping your soup.
At last in obedience to nature's behest,
You kick off your breeches and sink to your rest.
Thus Britons are martyred that Britain may boast,
"The sun never sets on my line of sea coast."
Come and try it, dear Guyites, come one and come all,
Just to taste the delights of "a day in Bengal."

Ever your affectionate Brother,

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

Letter 3.

WINCHESTER, May 31st., 1848.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Most truly do I feel the disappointment which stern necessity has imposed upon me in depriving me of the opportunity of participating in this Anniversary of our excellent Society; but I must not complain, for out of the eight joyous meetings of which our Society can boast, it has been my happy lot to have been only once absent; and no brother, good and true, having once tasted of the pleasantries and

delights which attend those friendly re-unions, can but consider it an enjoyment and privilege to be present at their celebration; when the heart, grown more fond by absence, and warmed by Guyite nectar, pours forth every noble sentiment connected with early friendship and sincere regard.

The cause of my absence, I am sorry to add, is a somewhat distressing one, viz: the illness of my excellent Partner, who, for the last fortnight, has been confined to his house by synovial inflammation of the knee joint, which has necessarily entailed upon me the entire charge of the practice, and rendered my absence from home at this moment next to impossible.

For the last six months I have abandoned all the vanities of youth, and devoted myself to the relief of suffering humanity, as much to the addition of my personal comfort as professional advantage. I have neither tied the Aorta or trepanned the Spine.

Though absent in person the provident consideration of our worthy Secretary shall not be lost sight of; the "Loving Cup" shall not be forgotten, but as the Cathedral clock tolls eleven, *the chaunt* shall be sung, the hand extended, and the nectar drank to the memory of "Auld Lang Syne," and that health, happiness, and prosperity, may be the lot of every true Guyite, will be the sincere prayer of

Your ever attached Friend and Brother,

F. J. B.

The Old Governor is, I trust, well and jolly, and free from Gallic result—tell him the Trout are anxiously awaiting his arrival.

Might I suggest that the *rules* be appended to the Chronicles!

Letter 4.

WANDSWORTH ROAD.

Dear Birkett,

I will endeavour to be with you as usual on the 1st. of June, but I am almost afraid this time I shall be disap-

pointed. My wife, I am sorry to say, is in a very precarious condition, owing to excessive debility, caused, I am afraid, from a diseased condition of Liver. She is at present in the country, but I may be required to run down at a minute's notice. I will see what can be done. Trusting you are well,

Believe me, Yours, &c.

R. R. C.

WANDSWORTH ROAD.

Letter 5.

Dear Birkett,

If I possibly can be with you to-morrow I will, but it is quite uncertain; it entirely depends on to-morrow's post. Should the news I receive be favorable, I will certainly join you. My good wishes will be with you all at the festive board, and next year I trust to join you once more.

Give my kind regards to my Brother Guyites,

Believing me ever,

Yours truly,

R. R. C.

Letter 6.

DOVER.

Dear Birkett,

I regret exceedingly that I am prevented the pleasure of joining you on the 1st. of June.

My time is wholly occupied at present with professional business and other secular affairs, so that I am, what the Irishman would call, a moveable fixture.

Believe me to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

J. C.

Letter 7.

3, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM,
May 30th., 1848.

My dear old Friends,

Although it will be my unfortunate lot to be away

from you on another Anniversary of our brotherly Society, still my best wishes are with you.

Could I have joined the festive circle, I fear that the relation of my last year's proceedings would only have consisted in the plaint of a striving and anxious Pill Garlick—active in inactivity—always fishing but catching little.

I have no interesting professional cases to detail.

Last year you were informed of my marriage—on the present occasion, by way of a change, I must tell you—of course this is between ourselves—that my fair sposa promises, in a few days, to present me with a neat young specimen of the patriarchal breed. It would have been very delightful if this epicene genus had pleased to make a first appearance on the 1st. of June—though such will not probably be the case—you may depend I'll make the cutty sarked bittock of a Guyite squeak again, if he does not one of these fine days cry, success to the Old Guyites !

None of your sly-fellow cracks, Dr. Birkett, nor of yours, Mr. France, at my expence ; but rather follow the good example set by your respectable married neighbours. To them do I confidently appeal for protection and revenge, should you dare whisper one Benedictine joke against your ancient brother.

As it is near 1 o'Clock, A.M., and I have no news to detail deserving your detention from far more interesting letters, I have only to wish every one of my Brother Guyites, including the Governor, every blessing, till we all again communicate or shake hands together.

Believe me,
My dear old Guyites,
Ever your affectionate Brother,
C. F. E.

P. S.—As the copy of this letter may reach our devoted and beloved Secretary, Bedford, before he receives a direct letter from me, I will avail myself of this opportunity to express my earnest desire for his welfare and happiness.

Letter 8.

BARBADOES, April 10th., 1848.

My dear Brother Guyites,

The vessel is in the harbour to carry us from the West Indies to Canada, and I may not perhaps again have the opportunity of writing in time for the Anniversary meeting. I should be too sorry to give the least ground for a suspicion that I am forgetful either of my Brother Guyites or of the objects of our Society. I therefore send you a hasty note to tell you that, if my *real* Guyite letter (which I hope to send from Quebec) shall not have arrived, it will be on its way to you. Should it not arrive in time, let this convey the assurance of my increasing interest in our association, and sincere wishes that all—not omitting the Governor—may be met together on the 1st. of June, in full health, and with all zest for enjoying, as well the good things of the table, as the various tidings of their wayfaring brethren who are prevented from joining in the festivity.

Believe me,
Your very sincere Brother Guyite,
T. L.

Letter 9.

CANNANORE, April 5th., 1848.

My dear Friends and Brother Guyites,

Here I am once more at the same station from which I penned my first letter to you five years ago—as strong and hearty, and as well satisfied with the country and my position as I then was—with a charming wife and two bairns thriving apace. I'm a *trifle stouter* of course, that is to be expected, but I can still get through the church door without *squeezing*. There are some uncharitable people who will have it that at least three inches of new cloth are to be seen on each side of my dress-coat, under the elbows, and hint at the probability of my not being able to see my toes in a short time, without cocking them up—these remarks I

content myself with cocking up my nose at, for the present, and bearing with becoming resignation.

Our move here, from Madras, was one of the last acts of Lord Tweedale's government, and an especial mark of favour to the Regiment. The fact is, the perfect vortex of dinners, balls, and dissipation, into which a notoriously fast going Regiment like ours was plunged as a *matter of course* at the Presidency, nearly ruined us all, and if the Marquis had not (on the representation of our financial condition by our Commanding Officer,) removed us to a quiet full battá station, I am convinced half of us would have now been fattening in the Madras Stone Jug, on 2d. a day, whereas now we shall be able to pay off our debts and return to Old England with the Regiment which will have completed its tour of Foreign service in about three years.

During the past year I have been fortunate in having six months of independent charge, four of which were at the Queen's Depôt of Poonamallee, a small place about thirteen miles from Madras, where the Recruits, after landing from England, are physicked and prepared for marching up the country. I like the place and have a good chance of being permanently appointed as Depôt Surgeon of it in a short time—it will give me £16 10s. a month more than I have at present. The other two months were in Medical Charge of our left wing, which was to have marched, but as opportunity offered was sent round in Steamers. I arrived with them on the 26th. of last month. The place is much the same as it was. The people being military are always changing; the old German Missionary, Mr. Hebeck, thunders forth his anathemas as vigorously as ever, and two-thirds of the residents are, as formerly, affected with "wind and religion."

I have had one interesting case of Traumatic Tetanus during the year, cured by injecting and inhaling Æther—the worst case I have ever seen, I think. I had another; an operation on an un-united fracture of the Humerus, which succeeded perfectly—the soldier being, of course, Ætherized.

I was delighted at receiving a letter from the worthy Founder of our Club, some time since, and actually answered it. I fancy I see France and Birkett holding up their hands

in astonishment—never mind; I promise wonders in the monsoon, when there is no getting out here they say. I really am ashamed of being so lazy.

It gave me the sincerest gratification to find by the last number of the Chronicles that the professional prosperity of all old Guyites has maintained its ground; that it may steadily increase is my earnest prayer!

For the operation of our admirable little Club and our continued Friendship we can now have no fear, since it has stood the test of eight years working. To each one therefore, individually, separately, and singly, and altogether as one, with full soul, I wish many many happy returns of the day, and every comfort and happiness you can wish for yourselves. With kindest regards to the Governor, believe me,

Dear Friends and Brother Guyites,
Yours as ever, sincerely,
E. M.

P. S.—I was truly grieved to see the death of poor Morgan in the Lancet: don't forget to let me know the particulars.

Letter 10.

My dear Brother Guyites,

I am sorry that I shall not be able to join your merry party on the 1st. of June, being forced to dine on that day at home. Knowing the many long, amusing, and interesting epistles that will be read to you by my friend, Mr. Secretary, it would be wrong on my part to take up your time by mere tittle tattle, consequently I will be brief, and wishing you all a pleasant evening,

I remain, as ever,
Yours very truly,
N. M.

4, Stanhope Street,
Wednesday.

Letter 11.

LOUGHBOROUGH PARK, BRIXTON,
29th. May, 1848.

Dear Birkett,

That miserable specimen of an old Guyite,* the man with three houses in Canterbury Row, whom you can never meet but he'll laugh or growl, has only last night forwarded me the "Chronicles" for last year!—(loud cries of Disgraceful.)

I have for some time past been an active member of the Grumpy Club. Our duties consist in saying little, doing nothing, and inviting others to help us.

You will, therefore, readily perceive that my time must be fully occupied, to say nothing of the Midwifery cases I don't expect, the onerous duties of the Partnership I have not formed, and the numerous professional and other avocations with which I am not in the slightest degree connected—all these duties leave so much time on my hands, that I fear the dinner would not last long enough to be an event.

It needs no conjuror to discover that, with these multifarious duties, I shall not be able to dine with you on the First.

Thine, Old Guyites and Governor,
most faithfully,
In well wishes and sound drink,
F. G. M., O. G.

Letter 12.

53, NORFOLK SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
May 31st., 1848.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Nothing but dire necessity would again keep me from our happy meeting. I have looked forward to this year,

* C. O.

little doubting that I should be at my post; but ladies enter into the conspiracy to keep me away, and they are always successful.

I shall think much of you all, and trust that you will have a very happy and full meeting.

As to practice, I have nothing to report beyond a steady increase. I have reduced two dislocations of the Humerus, but have had nothing else worth recording.

There is one thing, however, in which I shall receive your sympathy, and, inasmuch as you *can* help me out of my difficulty, as true Guyites you are bound to do so. *Not one Guyite has been to see me during the past year.* I will give you a bed and a hearty welcome at any time, so mind and make use of it. With every wish for the happiness and joviality of the party, believe me to remain as ever,

Your sincere friend and Brother Guyite,

J. O., G. G.

Letter 13.

CLAPHAM, June 1st., 1848.

My dear Birkett,

I am reluctantly obliged to forego the pleasure of meeting you this day, from the circumstance of my being compelled to be present at my Father's table, to meet a large circle of Friends.

I am happy to say I have ample reason to feel contented with the events of the past year. Beyond the ordinary routine of a Medical man's daily avocation, nothing of any great moment has fallen to my lot, although I have been gratified at the happy result of some few important cases.

Wishing you all a merry evening,

I remain, my dear Birkett,

Yours very faithfully,

J. C. P.

Letter 14.

SOUTHAMPTON, May 29th., 1848.

My dear old Guyites,

"While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of Kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention."

The above quotation will prepare you for the acknowledgment that since I last appeared before you in the Guyite Chronicles, I have been wandering from the intricate mazes of Science and Philosophy, and have been yielding to the natural inclination we all feel in common, to unbend the mind, and to refresh our weary spirits by bowing the knee before the shrine of the little god, of whom we are all ready to ask, "How is Venus? how's your mother?" In plain truth then I am a married man, and we must leave it to the experience of years to decide how far this step is consistent with Guyite prudence. Under such peculiar circumstances, I am sure you will not condemn me if I plead, in scriptural language, "I have married a wife and, therefore, I cannot come." For I beg most distinctly to avow, that I am no disciple of the poet, who, adopting the opinion of the Rabbins, that man was originally found with a tail, and that the Deity, cutting off this appendage, transformed it into woman—exclaimed,

"If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan,
And knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he—leaves her behind him as much as he can."

If then, I take the scriptural text for my guide rather than

the poet's conceit, and once more resist the natural inclination I feel to be with you, I am sure you will not say that the "Rights of Woman" at all mar the sincerity of Guyite friendship.

In Physic, I have accomplished literally nothing of moment, beyond laying a foundation stone or two, upon which to build a better reputation at a more convenient season.

And now "Auld comrades dear and brother sinners,"

> "To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
> And as ye're merry may ye still be wise."

Believe me, dear Guyites,
with undiminished sincerity, your honest friend,
J. K. S.

Letter 15.

Bethel Place, May 30th. 1848.

Dear Birkett,

I regret I shall be unable to join the "old Guyites" on the 1st. of June at the Trafalgar. When I saw you the other evening I feared such would be the case, and now, having some cases hanging on and off, I cannot leave them.

I have nothing to say with regard to my doings, as they are those of general practice.

With many good wishes to all Guyites, absent as well as present on the occasion, and that they may all enjoy health and prosperity,

Believe me to remain,
Yours sincerely,
C. T.

Dr. E. L. Birkett.

The following Chronicles arrived from LONGMORE 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 agrémens 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 Bimland.

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 Gulph, 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 Gulph, 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° Farenheit, it was now only 41° Farenheit; we were subsequently entangled in a field in the Gulph, 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 Gulph, 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.

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 a 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 ancle-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 Punjaub 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 reconcileable 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 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 Mussulmaun.

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 voluntry 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 Musquitoes (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, Asmodeous-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.

Thank God I am well employed, and feel much satisfaction in performing my duties; but I am sure no one would feel greater delight in the communion of his friends than myself, if able to get amongst them. Another year I will be with you, if all is well. My domestic circle consists of my wife and *four* boys, which makes me feel mighty old at times; they are all fine little fellows, *of great promise*, the which of my Guyite friends Veasey can testify. I can imagine Butler shrugging his shoulders at this, and calculating the advantages, pro and con, of matrimony. The Governor no doubt presents a still more patriarchal pate; present my best respects to him; and wishing each and every one the greatest success in your several spheres of usefulness,

I am, my dear Guyites,

Your attached Friend and Brother,

W. T. D.

Letter 3.

3, Promenade, Cheltenham.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Another year has rolled on, and I am again deprived of the pleasure of meeting you; two weeks since I fully expected to have dined with you on this occasion.

I am attending a lady suffering from such aggravated nervousness that it amounts almost to madness, she requires my constant attention; it is true that I could leave here at 2 o'clock p.m., but I should be compelled to return next day by noon,—feeling far from well, I cannot muster courage to undertake the journey on such conditions.

My practice has this year decidedly improved, but I have nothing of interest to relate; my family consists of one boy, very nearly a year old, he was born on the 14th of June,—how very much should I have been pleased had he made his

appearance on the "First." I will drink your healths to-morrow, my dear comrades, and wish you all every success you could possibly yourselves desire. I have this year seen Butler, may I, before another Anniversary, have the pleasure of seeing some others of the Brethren; if any of you should be here, come to my house, I shall be most happy in offering you bed, board and lodging. With kindest regards to you all, and the Governor—bless his bald pate,

Believe me, dear Brethren,

Your devoted Brother,

C. E.

May 31st, 1849.

Letter 4.

MONTREAL, April 7th., 1849.

My dear Brother Guyites,

My last year's epistle was sent to you on my arrival at Quebec. I was sorry that it did not reach England in time to find its place in our Chronicles, along with the hasty note I sent on leaving the West Indies. Since then another twelvemonth has nearly passed away, and in the course of this period I have had ample opportunities of visiting many interesting objects in this part of the new world—among others, that wonder of the whole world, Niagara. Were it merely to witness the physical peculiarities of a winter here, any Englishman would be repaid for the trouble of a voyage to the shores of the St. Lawrence; but when with these are joined the exhilirating effects of the clear bracing air, the exciting sports and various delights of this festive period of the year, not omitting the charms of the fair Canadian girls, who by no means imitate the time, either in its stiff formality or coldness, I doubt if any one so inclined could taste the "delices de la vie" more thoroughly in any of your warm European

capitals, than in some of the cities of this ice-bound region. The winter is now passing away, and though to day we can still walk across the river, the sun has so much power that we are carelessly discarding our quondam cosy friends, the warm furs, and again returning to the black hats and sober clothing of your good people at home.

I am not going to interfere with your time or your digestion by sending you a guide book account of my travels in Canada, but as I must, in obedience to our rules, tell you where I've been and what I've done, I'll give you a hasty retrospect of my past year's occupation. After the ploughing through the ice fields in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, of which I made mention in my last, you may be sure I was glad to find myself on shore again at Quebec. I remained there only four days, and then, with the Wing of which I was in medical charge, joined the Head Quarters at Montreal. Here, with the exception of some brief periods of absence, I have continued assisting in the medical duties of the regiment, which, though not presenting any very remarkable characters, partly from the troops being placed in ill constructed and ill placed temporary barracks, and partly owing to the change of climate from the W. Indies, have been sufficient to keep the Surgeon and myself very fully employed. The most serious cases have been under Pneumonia and Erysipelas. I have also seen a good deal of Scarlatina of a very severe character. I had in July another brief stay at Quebec, during which I was enabled to visits the Falls of Montmorency. The drive to these Falls embraces some of the most grand and picturesque river scenery I have ever seen. On the 23rd. of the following month I left, with some Artillery, to go into Canada West, and after hurried visits to Kingston, Toronto, &c., arrived at Hamilton. Thence we had an eight days march through a rich and rapidly improving country to London, on the banks of the Thames, about 500 miles from Montreal. I did not hear of any white-bait being there—perhaps it was not the season—and there were a few other points in which both the river and the town differed from their namesakes, in whose vicinity you are now enjoying yourselves. Hereafter—who

can say?—the points of difference may be reversed. Before this can happen however the History of England will be a thick and cumbrous volume indeed; perhaps in a stray corner may be chronicled, "And there were Guyites in those days." One of the objects I visited in coming back to Montreal will still be in existence, thundering and rolling on, magnificent Niagara. I cannot understand how persons can be disappointed, as many say they are, at the sight of Niagara. I never felt my own insignificance and helplessness so forcibly as when sitting on the table rock and looking at the wilderness of waters which form the Canadian Fall, rushing irresistibly on alongside. What a contrast with the placid lovely Lake of the Thousand Islands, as the same water is called where it spreads out below Kingston! There is only wanting a poet such as Moore, and well worthy it is of one, to render this lake a much greater object of attraction than Killarney. It is already a lion among the summer pleasure-seekers of our Yankee neighbours. After a very pleasant and interesting excursion I returned to Montreal on September the 9th.

On October the 29th. I was fortunately selected by the Inspector General to go to Sorel, on the river Richelieu, to be in attendance on the Commander of the Forces, Sir B. D'Urban—a name you are no doubt familiar with. He was laboring under a severe attack of Cynanche with Laryngeal inflammation. He happily recovered, and after a pleasant sojourn under his hospitable roof, I returned on the 19th. of November to Montreal.

One more absence, but that neither for a long time nor distance, occurred on January 6th. of this year. The medical officer in charge of the Garrison at the Island of St. Helen's punctured himself at a P.M. Inspection, and the usual indications of absorbent inflammation followed. He was, as you may imagine, uneasy as to the consequences, there being no other medical man in the island, and, when it first occured, there being no communication with Montreal from the freezing of the river just then commencing. I crossed over on a Saturday, being the first person from Montreal who did so, excepting the regular Canadian guides, since the river "took"

on the previous Wednesday. There were four of us, two Canadian guides and Captain R——. As I had not been on the ice before, I looked forward to the passage—in distance about half a mile—with some little anxiety; but, however, we got over in about three quarters of an hour, with no other ill-result than a few tumbles, and sundry bruizes about the feet and shins from the sharp edges of the slabs of ice. The appearance and condition of the river is very different from what a stranger would expect; instead of being tolerably smooth as the surface of a frozen river in England, or of one of the smaller rivers here, the ice on the St. Lawrence is thrown up and wedged together with all the intricate confusion of a tropical thicket. Pieces of ice of various degrees of thickness, and of every conceivable form, are huddled together, and piled one on another, just as the current and the "shove" of the river, as it is familiarly called, may happen to force them. Among these, sometimes climbing over a heap, sometimes jumping over a broad crack, now making a detour to avoid some large air hole, now walking by the side of some fissure, covered over with recent thin ice, the passenger has to find his way, the track or route being determined by some of the Canadian guides, who, from long experience, are not only able to say where danger exists, but also to foretel its approach, as in the case of a "shove" (*i. e.* a general movement of the ice) for instance. Ten days afterwards, when the regular road through the ice had been cut, I returned, leaving my friend very nearly recovered from the effects of his accident. I have been at Montreal ever since. In all probability my letter of next year will be dated from the same place; rumours are however afloat of our leaving, in consequence of the unfitness of the barracks we are at present occupying.

In return for this long account of my doings, I hope to receive an equally long account of yours. Some of the last year's letters were much too short. I was much pleased at receiving a letter the other day from our Foreign Secretary: Chittagong seems to agree with him in all respects. I trust, if it be merely for the pleasure that it will give him

to hear of it, that you have a full meeting. I look forward with delight to making one among you, please Fate, the year after next. When will our Indian allies be able to join us? —the sooner the better. With kind remembrances to the Governor,

Believe me ever,

Your affectionate Brother Guyite,

T. L.

P.S.—I hope the idea that Guyiteism and Matrimony are opposed in their tendencies has been proved erroneous by the numerous attendance of Benedicts at the '49 meeting.

Letter 5.

BANGALORE, April 10th, 1849.

My dear Brother Guyites,

Just 29 years ago an infantile squall was heard (somewhere about my antipodes) indicative of your humble servant's little larynx having first been tickled with the breath of life: 29 years old! I can hardly realize to myself that I have lived half a moderate life without doing any good. Whilst you are reaping the rewards of industry and talent at home, becoming known and celebrated, I am skimming over life in inglorious obscurity. Don't fancy any of you that I am envious; God has given me a very even temper, and knows best why I was put into the world to do no good. So I am satisfied, and it does my heart good to hear of your success; but I can't help occasionally wishing I could share it with you.

What on earth is all this preamble about? I think I hear Mr. Secretary exclaiming! a mere passing reflection on com-

mencing my seventh epistle to our admirable club. My last was written from Cannanore, and here I am now on the table land, in the centre of the Continent; living on the very spot, at least so says tradition, where the treaty of Bangalore was signed, and Tippoo's power crushed. It is a delightful station, enjoying, from its elevated and central position, the advantages, without the disagreeables, of the two monsoons, S.W. and N.E. In the latter it is more like an English climate, than any I have experienced in India; and although this is the hot season, it is comparatively cool to other stations. We have English fruits here too, some in perfection, especially strawberries. I was ordered here from Cannanore, in September of last year, to take medical charge of the 15th Hussars until the arrival of Dr. Monat's successor, an old Guy's man—and who desires me, by the bye, in writing to remember him kindly to the "Governor." It is more pleasant, somehow, to serve under a Guy's man than any other, one gets on better, and Guy's men, wherever they meet, seem to have a kindred feeling, which others have not. Dr. Marshall is the present Surgeon's name. Since he arrived, I have been attached to the Hussars, by the kindness of the Deputy Inspector, Dr. St. John, and am likely to remain here until the appointment I told you of last year (Poonamallee) becomes vacant; and I trust it will be so before I next write. Professionally, I have nothing particularly interesting to impart; I have amputated a native's leg, and removed a little girl's eye for fungus hæmatodes, both under the influence of chloroform of course. N.B. if you are baffled in passing a Catheter in Spasmodic Stricture, it acts like magic in relaxing the muscular opposition. As far as my Domestic History goes, it may be summed up in a few words, poverty. happiness, and *another prospect*,—well, happy is the man who has his quiver full of them. Congratulate all who have got married during the year, and please give a decisive chuckle (at the few Bachelors remaining) for me; and propose as my toast, "the single married, and the married happy." I am in debt for printing; I must throw myself on the charity of the club at home, until I can find an opportu-

nity of remitting the sum. And now with kindest regards to, and best wishes for the success of all Old Guyites,

Believe me

Your ever attached Friend and Brother,

E. M.

Letter 6.

8, Brixton Place, Brixton.

Dear Birkett,

I hope the White Bait will be hot, and the Champagne cold. It is just possible that our family circle may be added to on the "First," it would therefore be rude on my part to be from home; but I shall remember the Loving Cup.

May good digestion wait on appetite. and health on both. Keep Otway quiet, and cheer up the Governor. I hope you will all enjoy yourselves, and have a merry meeting.

Yours faithfully,

F. G. M. O.G.

Letter 7.

My dear Birkett,

I regret to say I cannot join you on the approaching first of June; that is the Anniversary of my wedding day, and I have a very large Ball at my house on that evening.

Yours very faithfully,

J. C. P.

Friday May 18th, 1849.

Letter 8.

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 Menzies 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.