

## **The young surgeon.**

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### **Publication/Creation**

[London] : [Henry Colburn], [1829]

### **Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/haqcws4m>

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P. 2. 8 The Young

THE YOUNG SUR

It may, perhaps, be thought that by  
reference of one who, like myself, is  
known to be not infrequently thrown  
into the same incidents have occurred to  
myself, I have less desire  
to write a history of my life.

My father was a gentleman in the  
service of the East India Company, and  
was distinguished by his small  
share of business. It was his custom  
to visit, from his earliest years,  
London, where he became intimate  
with the persons of his day, and formed  
himself to think, descended into  
the world when I also was despatched  
to visit, from my earliest years,  
London. I took small lodgings,  
which happened to me was the  
first time I was ever in London.  
My desk was one  
of the best. In vain I searched and  
found. Fortunately I had had 20l. at  
my disposal. Putting it into my pocket,  
I went to my father. No man intrudes  
upon my privacy. I found Mr. Brookes  
He was heavily employed in his Museum.  
He entered my name in his book, and  
was sensible for it was—my guests for  
the first time lecture and I attended.  
I attended a curious incident which I  
never, when he had never seen before  
after a little conversation, said, "Mr.  
—Oh, certainly," said Mr. Brookes,  
"I was just to point out to  
you,—" he replied Mr. Brookes,  
of attending a course of my lectures,  
and a satisfactory answer to your  
request, I was, and retired. He again  
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when properly employed, is truly deserving of our respect; and, in my opinion, its proper employment is to provide by the sacrifice of petty conveniences, inconspicuous comforts, and useless charities, sufficient means for those elegant pleasures, and that fashionable style of expenditure which the present constitution of society imperatively requires. I hope next Christmas will evince the success of my own endeavours thus to perform my duty to myself, to my family, and to the world.



THE YOUNG SURGEON, NO. 1.

It may, perhaps, be thought that but little interest can attach to the adventures of one who, like myself, has passed the greater portion of his time in the dissecting-room and in the hospital; but, as it was my fortune to be not unfrequently thrown into the society of persons whose characters and conversation were not unworthy of being recorded, and as some incidents have occurred to me, the singularity of which may afford amusement, I have less hesitation in giving to the world this brief piece of auto-biography.

My father was a gentleman in the West of England, who inherited from his father little more than 300*l.* a-year, and an invincible love of ease. Attaching himself solely to literary and scientific pursuits, he contrived, by economising his small fortune, to avoid all the cares and toils of business. It was his custom to spend a portion of every year in London, where he became intimate with many of the most celebrated persons of his day, and formed various friendships, some of which, I am proud to think, descended unbroken to myself. At length the time arrived when I also was despatched to town to study the profession, to which, from my earliest years, I never remember to have been indifferent. I took small lodgings in — Street, where the first thing that happened to me was the loss of half the money which I had brought with me. My desk was one night broken open, and 25*l.* were carried off. In vain I stormed and raved, in vain I summoned the police. Fortunately I had hid 20*l.* at the end of Celsus, and this treasure escaped. Putting it into my pocket, I sallied forth to Mr. Brookes to pay him my fee. No man intrudes upon another when he goes to pay him money. I found Mr. Brookes extremely polite and courteous. He was busily employed in his Museum, putting up some preparations. He entered my name in his book, and I paid him my fee, and a most reasonable fee it was—ten guineas for attending his lectures, as long as he lived to lecture and I to attend. As we were walking about, he mentioned a curious incident which had once occurred. “A gentleman, whom he had never seen before, was ushered into his study, and, after a little conversation, said, ‘Mr. Brookes, I have waited upon you to ask rather a strange question, but I am sure you will excuse it, Sir.’—‘Oh, certainly,’ said Mr. Brookes.—‘Well, Sir,’ continued the stranger, ‘I want you to point out to me the exact situation of the heart.’—‘Sir,’ replied Mr. Brookes, ‘if you will do me the honour of attending a course of my lectures, I have no doubt that you will receive a satisfactory answer to your enquiry.’” The stranger looked confused, bowed, and retired. He appeared, according to Mr. Brookes,

to exhibit no symptoms of derangement. On another occasion, a man waited on Mr. Brookes, and begged him to give a certificate of the insanity of a young woman whom he had never seen in his life. The rascal was, of course, ejected without ceremony. I once heard a surgeon-apothecary, in a party of six or eight persons, state that he had placed the mistress of a friend of his in a mad-house, in order to break the connexion between them. I could not forbear loudly exclaiming against this piece of dark iniquity; and I afterwards told the gentleman at whose house we were dining, that if he had acted rightly he would have driven the wretch from table.

It was the opinion of the late Dr. Joseph Adams, who wrote an excellent work on morbid poisons, and whose name is well known in the medical world, that Mr. Brookes was by far the best teacher of anatomy in London. I breakfasted one morning with the Doctor at his residence in Hatton-Garden, and we had a great deal of interesting conversation on medical subjects. He spoke much of John Hunter, a name venerated by all medical men, and by none more than by Dr. Adams. He said that Mr. Brookes taught anatomy very minutely, but remarked that by learning it minutely, you were sure of retaining the more essential and important parts in your memory. "In some years," continued Dr. Adams, "it will be said, such a man was a pupil of Joshua Brookes."

Certainly no man ever took more pains with his pupils. He was daily with them in the dissecting-room for hours, pointing out the principal objects of attention, and making surgical and pathological remarks. It was quite a picture to see the old gentleman admiring a good dissection. His countenance lighted up, and his eye beamed with pleasure. In his manner of teaching he was very methodical, and by his plan of classifying the muscles, bones, &c. he added greatly to the facility of acquiring and retaining anatomical knowledge. Once a week he held a conversazione in his anatomical theatre, where many important practical points were discussed, and each pupil examined as to his progress. I wish the pupils had been aware of the great benefit attending these meetings, but Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane demanded the presence of the greater number. I recollect, one day just before lecture, there was the Devil's own noise in Blenheim-street—such shouting and such scampering! It was a number of people pursuing a mad dog. Pincher was soon slain, and of course fell into the hands of Mr. Brookes. Being brought into the theatre, and laid out in due form on the dissecting-table, Mr. Brookes set to work to examine the state of the digestive organs,—a task in which he evidently delighted. We had now a long lecture on hydrophobia, with the signs of its having existed when a dead animal is examined. The dog's stomach was found to be in a diseased state, with here and there dark-coloured spots and marks of inflammation visible. This was not the only mad creature with which Mr. Brookes had to deal. He kept a great number of animals in a yard attached to his house,—dogs, and foxes, and rabbits; and amongst the rest a wolf-dog, a savage devil from New South Wales. This beast one day got loose, and was worrying one of the pupils, when some others coming up rescued him. One of the foxes went mad, and jumping at Mr. Brookes bit him on the head, and the injured part was cut out. Besides these creatures, there were all kinds of birds, eagles, owls, &c.

Such a curious assemblage of life and death as was here gathered together I never saw before.

I was one day heartily vexed at my own ignorance. Mr. Brookes asked several of us if we talked French. I for one said, I was not accustomed to speak the language. The fact was that Cuvier, the famous French naturalist and anatomist, was going to dine with him, and he asked several of his pupils who could speak the French language to join the party. Sir A—— C—— was asked, but he declined meeting Cuvier: I dare say his French prevented him, as mine had prevented me. Cuvier was very pleasant and cheerful, and admired the Museum greatly, particularly the collection of the skeletons of animals, which he pronounced to be the next to that preserved in the Jardin des Plantes, which is indeed superb. Nothing gave Mr. Brookes more pleasure than showing this Museum, especially to those who were able to appreciate its value, and the infinite labour and undaunted perseverance of its founder. He had devoted himself to it under all circumstances; he had sacrificed his property, his health, and even his reputation as a practical surgeon, in promoting this his favourite object. To the disgrace of Government, and of our great public institutions, this noble Museum has been dispersed.

Soon after my arrival in town I had the good fortune to be introduced to Fuseli, and we subsequently became very intimate. He was a noble specimen of a great man in a little compass; for though diminutive in size, his soul was capacious and his genius lofty. His conceptions were all on a grand scale, and when he gave full stretch to his imagination, and roved abroad through the worlds of his own creation, how delightful were the emanations of his genius! They who can understand the intimate union of poetry and painting, will ever admire the works of Fuseli. He was fully conscious of the powers of his mind, and of the singular strength of his intellect. I remember talking with him one day about his celebrated friend Lavater, when he made this remark:—"Lavater," said he, "did ten times more than he had genius for, and I have done ten times less." When he used to say things of this kind, he would look at you like a lion. I frequently talked to him of Haller, of whose experiments he gave me an account, accompanied with some curious anecdotes. I had been reading a life of Haller, and ventured to correct Fuseli in some details. "Oh!" said he, in his sarcastic way, "I beg your pardon; you lived with Baron Haller, I dare say!" No man ever possessed a more tender heart than Fuseli. He hated cruelty of every kind, particularly cruelty to animals. To hear his abuse of anatomists for operating on living animals, was tremendous. His eyes flashed with indignation, and he would pour forth his eloquent denunciations with a vehemence almost overpowering. Sometimes, in order to rouse him and enjoy the display, I used to tell him that the students had been operating on a dog. Often, after lecture at Brookes's, I tripped down to Somerset House. "Well, Samuel," said I to the old porter, "how is the Governor to-day?" for such was the name by which Samuel always designated his master. "Oh, in great spirits." Then I used to proceed to his painting-room, tap at the door, and I shall never forget the "*Coom in!*" "Oh, is it you? How do you do, Mr. —? Have you washed your hands? How is Mr. Brookes?—he is a nasty fellow; always dissecting. By G—! Michael

Angelo was almost killed with dissecting a woman; it destroyed the powers of his stomach." I have often heard Fuseli regret that he got into the habit of swearing so much. Though in joke, he would say to Mrs. Fuseli, "Why don't you swear, my dear? it will ease your mind." I recollect going to the Academy one day, and finding Samuel highly amused. The "Governor," finding the students' hats in his way, had thrown them all down stairs. He then shouted out, "Samwell! Samwell! Sam! damn you all together, and Mrs. Fuseli too!" He was an admirable companion; full of fun!

He had a great aptitude for the acquisition of languages. He told me that he had never laboured seriously in learning Greek, and that he found it so easy that he seemed never to have bestowed any trouble on the acquisition. Yet he was, I believe, a good Greek scholar, and had Homer almost by heart. He wrote Latin with facility, and said he thought he could acquire any language in the course of three or four months. Mathematics, he told me, he could never make any thing of; that he had once looked into Euclid's Elements, but that he could not master them. His mind certainly was not of a mathematical cast. Fuseli's English style was admirable—rich, nervous, and classical.

One of Fuseli's arguments in favour of a future life was, that this life was so short that few men had time to perform a quarter of what they were capable of doing; and that, as nothing was created in vain, therefore, those powers were to be exerted in some other state of existence. I have heard him exclaim, "I have done nothing! I am capable of doing ten times more than I have had time for doing." By way of urging him on, I said that was no proof of a future life. "It is enough for me," said he; "I know that I am immortal, and shall live again!" Looking at me and laughing, "I know nothing about you; you may be a clod of earth for what I know—I know I am immortal! *Coom* here again as soon as you have time, but mind and wash your hands before you *coom*. That Brookes is a nasty fellow; Oh, by G—! he is a nasty fellow!—dissect! dissect! dissect!—every thing is death with him!" So I said, "Well, Sir, I'll see you again very soon." Accordingly, the next day I gave him a call; and as soon as he saw me, he said, "By G—! but you seem to have a deal of spare time on your hands!"

Of his friends—and he had known most of the celebrated people of his day, both here and abroad—he often told me many amusing anecdotes. In his youth, he had travelled in Italy with the well-known Dr. Armstrong, the poet; but they quarreled and parted. He was in company, too, with Smollett a short time before he died. Mary Woolstoncraft's attachment to him is well known. The late bookseller Joe Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard, was one of his best friends, and he used often to dine at the weekly dinners given there. Mr. Bonycastle, the professor of mathematics at Woolwich, Mr. Joyce, and Mr. Belsham, frequently met him at those parties. At one of these dinners, a gentleman asked him what he conceived to be the aggregate value of the pictures then exhibiting at Somerset House? "Five hundred guineas!" said Fuseli. "Oh dear, Sir! only five hundred guineas!" "I tell you I have only *one* picture there—I think it is worth it." At the house of Johnson's successor, Fuseli met the late Mr. Edgeworth and his celebrated daughter. He was not much pleased

with Mr. Edgeworth, who kept the conversation to himself, and would not suffer Miss Edgeworth to have her proper share of it. Joe Johnson was a real friend to Fuseli, and when he wanted a little cash had pleasure in supplying him. In his earlier days he was much distressed for money, and frequently had not a shilling to buy canvass, so that once when a picture was ordered, he was obliged to paint over another which he had finished! In the latter part of his life he passed much of his time in the country, at Lady Guilford's. One of the greatest pleasures he enjoyed was rising at five o'clock in the morning, and walking in the gardens. "Oh, my God! it is delightful!" he used to say. He had been long intimate with Mr. Coutts, whose kindness to him he always duly appreciated. When Fuseli had finished his picture of the Lazar-house, Mr. Coutts came to see it. He viewed it attentively for some time; at length the scene of hopeless misery, so touchingly depicted, softened him to tears. He asked Fuseli the price of it—I think it was three hundred guineas. Taking up a piece of paper, he wrote a check for that sum, and presented it to Fuseli, desiring, at the same time, that the picture should retain its station in his rooms.

Fuseli had great quickness and discrimination. A friend of mine, and the best friend I ever met with, asked me one day if I would introduce him to Fuseli. "Oh ay! I'll introduce you," said I; "but you must not mind what he says. He'll perhaps ask you what the devil you came to disturb him for." So we fixed to go the next morning. Fuseli, I knew, was engaged in painting the Descent of the Fallen Angels, and on our way to Somerset House I said, "You must tell the old gentleman that the hand of Satan starts from the canvass!"—"Well," said my friend, "I will." After we had looked at the painting, he said to Fuseli, who stood between him and myself, "Why, the hand looks as if it started from the canvass!" Fuseli, instead of answering him, turned to me and said, "Thank you, Mr. —, for the compliment!"

When the King of Prussia was in London, he expressed a desire to see the Royal Academy, and it was the duty of Mr. Fuseli, as keeper, to attend him. On the appointed morning the old gentleman was in waiting, looking with great impatience for the arrival of the royal visitor. At length he grew too nervous to sit still, and striding about the room with steps as long as his body, he exclaimed, "Why does he not *coom*? Why does he not *coom*, I say? I wish the man would *coom*. By G—the spittle is leaving my mouth!"

Fuseli generally went into his painting-room between ten and eleven in the morning, and remained there till between four and five; and it was there that I enjoyed so many delightful conversations with him. It was wonderful to see the old gentleman painting, when he was above eighty-five years of age, and talking with all the vivacity of youth. He told me one day that he was almost worn out. "By G—I may tumble over any day. My strength is gone, I tell you." He always dressed like a gentleman, and had the hair-dresser every day, who knows many an anecdote of him. He possessed the property of being able at will to eject the contents of his stomach. He told me that he could eject his dinner with the utmost ease, and without any feeling of nausea; and that when he found any thing disagreeing with his stomach, he retired and threw it off. Cases of individuals possessing this power are not common. He was very temperate, both in eating and drinking, and



only occasionally took a teaspoonful of spirits in his tea, which he called "a Doctor."

I must now close my account of Mr. Fuseli. When I was last in town I went to the Exhibition, but how altered did the place appear in my eyes! There was a strange man at the door, and I said, "How is Samuel?"—"Who, Sir?—Samuel?—Oh! you mean the porter who died some time since, I suppose." As I went up-stairs, I looked into Fuseli's little dressing-room, where I had heard him tell so many strange stories and utter many a piece of wit. I thought of the happy hours I had passed there with the old gentleman—but it was all over. "He is gone," said I, "to join the illustrious men of former days; and Homer, and Milton, and Michael Angelo, and Raphael, will welcome his shade."

I saw Nollekens but once. A friend of mine, a young sculptor, who has since acquired the highest honours of his art, offered to introduce me to him, and to show me his rooms. I was quite shocked at the sight of such a poor, miserable-looking creature. — had not informed me how Nollekens dressed, and in the yard I saw a wretched old man, who looked as if he had just come out of a workhouse. To my infinite surprise, I was introduced to him as Mr. Nollekens. He appeared to be a disagreeable man, and I never went again to see him. When I mentioned my visit to Fuseli, he said, "Nollekens is a poor creature."

Amongst the adventures which befell me during my residence in London, was one which I have never been able to explain. As I was going to bed one night, and had reached the head of the staircase on the second floor, I heard close to me a terrific scream, more like the cry of a maniac in distress than any thing I had ever heard. I said, "Oh, good God! what is it?" but could see nothing. The girl heard it below, and she and the landlord of the house came up, and we searched every room in the house, but no one was found. A short time after this event the landlord hanged himself on the very spot where I had heard the scream. While I lodged in this house, there were several attempts made by some rascals to get into the premises, and one night I thought I heard them in the yard. I got up, and opened the window very quietly, and there I saw a man standing. Taking the basin, and filling it with water (which I could hardly do for laughing), I went softly to the window, and dropped it. Unfortunately, it did not hit the fellow, but I had the satisfaction of thinking that the horrid noise it made must have shaken his nerves to the very brain.

There are no persons better acquainted with the miseries of human life than medical men, and especially the younger members of the profession. The pupils of the Dispensaries have ample opportunities of witnessing all kinds of distress. I remember, when I was a pupil, seeing a whole family at St. Giles's lying ill of the putrid sore-throat. They were five in one bed, and they lay with the heels of some towards the heads of the others. The cellar was above four inches deep in water, and you stepped on a few bricks to keep you out of it.—I shall never forget another scene I witnessed in the same quarter of the town. I was appointed by the professor of midwifery to attend upon a poor woman in her confinement, and accordingly I sent my address to her, and one night, about ten o'clock, I was summoned. I followed my con-

ductor till we came to a narrow street, and here we went down an entry or passage, at the bottom of which I saw a slaughter-house. We then went up to the second floor of a miserable house, where we tapped at a door which was opened by an old woman, more like a fiend, or a witch, than a human being. In the middle of the room on the floor lay nearly a cart-load of bones, with a dead fowl on the top. In one corner of the fire-place sate an idiot girl of seventeen or eighteen, and opposite her my patient. I had no sooner entered the room than I heard two or three people coming up-stairs, making a tremendous noise, and in rushed three Irishwomen, drunk and reeling. They wanted money, which, to get rid of them, I was compelled to give. I then began to talk to the grandmother, who told me that her daughter's husband was a ballad-singer, and was out late that night singing a new ballad. "But Lord bless you, Sir!" continued the old hag, "we must bolt the door—we must not let him in; for he is not quite right in his mind, and he swears if he ever finds a doctor here, he'll finish him, and throw him out of the window. He says he is sure my daughter's child is not his, but belongs to her last husband, God help his weak brain! who died fourteen years ago." Here was pretty encouragement for me! I said to myself, "I wish to heaven I had never studied physic!" and went to see that the door was fastened. Thank God, the ballad-singer never made his appearance, and when I next went to visit my patient I took a friend with me. Such is St. Giles's!

Though I was not a pupil of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, yet I was induced, from the great celebrity of Mr. Abernethy, to attend a course of his lectures on surgery, which fully answered the expectations I had formed of them. There was so much good sense conveyed in so striking and forcible a manner, that the doctrines he inculcated could not fail to be impressed on the minds of his pupils. He never makes use of notes. His lecture is a pleasant conversation on the subject of surgery, illustrated with many cases and interesting examples. He is one of the few lecturers who know how both to amuse and instruct. A lecture is a very dry affair without some humorous anecdote to enliven it. To sit for an hour or two to hear one trite truism following another without a single sally of mirth or sparkle of wit, is indeed intolerable. But to hear Abernethy give an account of what he says to his patients, and what they say to him, would make the dullest fellow laugh. Some of the medical men think Abernethy mad; — says he is more knave than fool; but be he knave or be he fool, he has done more to advance the diffusion of sound pathological knowledge than any man of his day, and his pupils will be found in almost every county hospital in England standing high in public estimation.

I was one day walking along Holborn, when a very modest, decent-looking young woman came up to me and said, "Sir, I cannot let you pass without thanking you; you may have forgotten me, but I shall never forget you, Sir!" Egad, thought I, what can she mean? "I am very comfortably married, Sir," she continued, "to an excellent young man."—"Very good," I replied, "but I do not exactly see what I have to do with that."—"Oh, Sir," replied the poor girl, "have you forgotten me? you saved my life!" I immediately recollected the circumstances, which were these: I was passing one day near the Haymarket, when a little girl came running out of a house crying bitterly,

and exclaiming, "Oh! Margaret has poisoned herself!" I stopped the child, and went back with her. In the house I found a very pretty young woman suffering the deepest anguish. Several small bottles were before her, which had contained laudanum, bought in small quantities at different shops to prevent suspicion. The contents of all these she had swallowed. I immediately sent for an emetic of sulphate of zinc, and having procured the ejection of the laudanum, I proceeded to question the young lady. "Come now, my good girl," said I, "how came you to do so rash a thing?"—"Well, then, Sir," said she, "I will tell you the real truth of my affair. Some time ago a dancing-master fell in love with me—"—"Why!" I exclaimed, "you surely were not going to kill yourself for such a creature as a dancing-master!"—"Yes, indeed, Sir; he said he loved me so, and that he would never have any other woman but me for his wife, and now, oh dear! oh dear! he has forsaken me!" and the poor creature began to weep. "Come now," said I, "let us have a little conversation with some good sound sense in it. I think you told me this fiddlestick fellow was nearly forty years of age; in ten years' time he will be good for nothing, and here were you, a girl of twenty, going to kill yourself for such a creature! He may break his leg any day, and then what becomes of his dancing? Come, come, I'll engage that you shall meet with a better sweetheart; and if nobody will take you, why I'll take you myself!" At this the girl laughed, which was a good sign. I had her well watched for a time, and then lost sight of her for some years.

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THE BAIRAM.

— "Patrum servavit honorem."—*Virgil. Æneid. v. 550.*

AFTER a nine days', or rather a nine nights' journey over the luxuriant plains of Asia Minor, we finally embarked from the Piræus of Bursa, a small sea-port hamlet, pleasantly intermixed with gardens, on the southern shore of the Marmora. We travelled during the Ramadan, the Mahomedan Lent, a period of fasting and supplication throughout all Islam. Nothing could be more edifying, in the way of fleshly mortification, than the conduct of these Moslim. Our Janissary was the pink of sanctity: he was a well-dried, bony, yellow-looking man, past fifty, who divided his time between prayer and riding, and entertained a lively faith in the condescension and charms of the Houris. I wish a Benedictine from the marble convents of Catania had seen him: he would have returned to his summer refectory, or promenade through the Corso, somewhat humiliated at the spiritual perfection of the Publican. He ate nothing and drank nothing; and what is the very gall and wormwood of the concern to a Mahomedan, smoked not during the entire day. This was more easily arranged than might have been imagined: civilization has advanced in Turkey, and the precepts of the Khôran are rendered as little inconvenient as possible to all true believers. The Turk, if rich, sleeps during the day, but feasts at night; for he has this advantage over the Giours, that the precept does not extend beyond sunset. Hassan disdained this privilege, and could scarcely be induced to take a few cups of coffee in the evening; he lived on his pipe during the night, and passed the hot hours, stretched

viously. For thirty years past the snow had not fallen so thick or been so prolonged, and the cold had not been remembered so extreme. Yet no rigours of the weather deter travellers, chiefly pedestrians, from attempting the passage, who are in general obliged by their affairs to pass and repass from Italy. A more than usual number of guides were provided, but the loss of so many of their admirable dogs was severely felt. During the many frozen and pitiless nights that occurred in December and January of that long winter, the guides did not close their eyes, remaining constantly on the watch; some within the walls, others sallying out as far as it was possible to go, to meet any hapless passengers who might be unable to reach the walls, or to search for those who had already sunk and been buried. But they could not lately proceed far from the monastery, the snow having, particularly in February twelvemonth, fallen to such a depth as to render it impossible to explore. The falls of snow came on so suddenly, and lasted so long, and at so late a period in the season, when passengers in general believed they might venture with safety, that the fatality was unusually great. This cannot be fully known till the showers and sunshine of spring have melted the snow, and then are discovered the secret ravages of the season. The avalanche often covers so deeply the victims, that the sagacity even of the dogs is ineffectual: the depth beneath baffles their scent. It is rather from beneath the snow-storm than the avalanche that the victims are rescued: pulled out from their fatal canopy by the teeth of the sagacious animals, aided by the long poles of the guides, they are placed on these poles crossways, which serve as a temporary bier, and borne rapidly to the Convent. If life still remain, however faintly, the instant remedies resorted to are generally successful; if it is extinct, the perished traveller is borne to the Morgue, and placed in any attitude that suits the taste of his bearers, among the many hundreds who have already ended their wanderings in the same gloomy place of rest.

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THE YOUNG SURGEON, NO. II.

I HAD for years longed to study medicine at Edinburgh. The renown of her illustrious professors had excited my most ardent desire to become one of their disciples; and the names of Cullen and of Brown, of the Gregorys, of Playfair, and of Leslie, had long been familiar to my ear. At length I set off on my journey, refusing all letters of recommendation. Of all things in the world a letter of introduction is to me the most unpleasant. I well know what passes in the mind of him who receives it. No—the only introduction which a wise man will carry to a professor is the fee for attending his lectures.

On my arrival at Edinburgh, my first object was to matriculate, viz. to enter my name on the College books, and pay ten shillings. After this ceremony, I immediately proceeded to procure a ticket to the lectures of a gentleman, whose name was for many years deservedly famous, as a medical lecturer, throughout Europe. No man could more truly deserve the high reputation he enjoyed than Dr. Gregory. In his family learning and talent have been an inheritance. The father of the late Dr. Gregory was not less distinguished by the soundness of his understanding, than by his unaffected piety and goodness of heart.

produce insensibility. No one ever came to inquire after her destiny, or to claim her remains, which were deposited in the cemetery amidst the number of victims who had long tenanted it.

The community of St. Bernard, however, do not, like that of La Trappe, live beneath a system of terror. They are neither expected to endure rigorous fasting nor maceration. The allowance of wine daily dealt out to each, the good monk said, was not copious, being confined to a bottle, that was to serve during the two meals of dinner and supper; but if any of them are ailing or unwell, an additional quantity is allowed. Their manner of life is less luxurious than in many of the monasteries of the south and east, their repasts being extremely simple; though most travellers who have spent a day or night beneath their roof, have found the table well served, a good supper on the board, and often a bottle of choice wine. The Muscat of Chambave, a delicious and old wine from the Valley d'Aost, is kept there; and we were so fortunate as to purchase of the Convent between one and two dozen, the whole of the stock they had left, which was twelve years old. The superior always sits at table with his guests, and seldom any of the other brethren; he is an elderly and agreeable man, and exerts all his powers of pleasing to make his visitors comfortable and at their ease. Most visitors remain no more than a few hours, and find that period quite sufficient in so dreary and unattractive a region; those who arrive in the evening take up their lodging for the night. The community do not accept any recompense, but there is a poor's-box in the church into which the donations of all strangers are dropped, and this is a genteeler mode of remunerating their hospitality.

The chief superior of the Convent does not reside in it; but, being an old man, has lived for many years at Martigny, in the Valais, attended by a few of the chief brethren of the community. The air on the mountain of St. Bernard is more piercing than he can endure, and this obliges him to reside in the milder climate beneath. The monk himself, who related these particulars, enjoyed a pleasanter life than most of his brethren; he was one of the cleverest of them, and was engaged six months nearly, in every year, in travelling over all the cantons to receive subscriptions, which were most willingly paid. Wherever he came, he always found a kind and ready hospitality; he fared well, was well lodged, and mingled in a great deal of good society. The effect of this was very evident in his manners and address; there was nothing of the ascetic about him, and there was something in his eye that said he had made no vow against the pleasures of this life. To Italy his feet never wandered, they were confined to the mountains and valleys of Switzerland; sometimes he found a lodging in a peasant's chalet or an auberge, and the succeeding night was made welcome in one of the best dwellings of the land. This vicissitude, and the kindness shown him, made the monk of St. Bernard strongly attached to his wanderings; few pilgrims probably ever set out with much greater satisfaction on their journey than he did, when the snows began to melt and the April sun to shine warm and clear, from the walls of his abode, where, for seven months, he had been inclosed, with the same inclement weather and chilling scene.

The winter before last was dreadfully severe on the mountain, and more persons are supposed to have perished than for a long time pre-

The Doctor's father, Dr. John Gregory, was joint professor of the practice of physic with Dr. Cullen, but died soon after his appointment, when his son was about twenty-two years of age. Notwithstanding the youth of the latter, he had given such indications of genius, that he was, even at that early age, appointed professor of the theory of medicine; and to his honour it has always been asserted that he relinquished to his sisters his share in his father's property. I called on the Doctor at his house in St. Andrew's-square, and after waiting a few minutes, a noble old gentleman appeared, totally free from all the pomposness and affectation which sometimes accompany learning. It was easy at once to perceive that he was a man of no ordinary genius. Little did I think when I called upon him, that I was so soon to become one of his patients. I had not been more than a few days in Edinburgh when I felt chill and unwell. One night, after reading "The Black Dwarf," I went to bed, when, lo! the ugly little monster was close to my pillow. Then came a great bullock, followed by other similar annoyances; in short, I was in that most distressing state of half delirium, with a beating pulse and an aching head. In the morning I sent for that excellent anatomist and physician, the late Dr. Gordon, who directed me to be bled in the arm, and in the evening ordered my temporal artery to be opened. My landlady procured me a nurse, who got drunk in the night whilst I was delirious. I fancied I was a man of large property, and that I was giving dinner-parties to the nobility, while the old woman kept crying out, "Hoot, hoot awa, what folly!" In the course of the day Dr. Gregory was called in; he directed that my head should be shaved, and that I should be sponged with vinegar and water. Never shall I forget the kindness of these good Samaritans. They came twice a day up five pair of stairs, to visit one who had no claim on their kindness. Let me here remark, that the practice of the affusion of cold water is growing out of fashion, and much do I regret it, for a more efficacious and safe remedy in fever is not to be found—but more of this hereafter. Having rapidly recovered, I began to attend the different lecturers. Nothing could be more delightful to any one who was desirous of acquiring medical knowledge, than the lectures delivered by Dr. Gregory on the practice of physic. His numerous illustrations, his acute remarks, his wit, his fine dignified deportment, and his perfect ease of manner, all combined to render him a most popular lecturer. He always lectured with his hat on. After raising it, and bowing respectfully to his class, he took his seat and began his discourses. Except in his introductory lecture, he seldom made use of notes, but had a number of books before him to which he occasionally referred, remarking upon them as he proceeded. I have heard the best lectures in almost every department of science, but I never knew any one who so entirely riveted the attention of his audience as Dr. Gregory. His language was excellent, his illustrations apt and numerous, and his knowledge of books, particularly of the older medical writers, accurate and extensive. These qualities, added to his long experience as the leading physician in a great city, made every word he uttered truly valuable.

Amongst the many amusing illustrations with which the Doctor enlivened his lectures, I remember a remarkable case which he mentioned of loss of memory. He wrote to a gentleman in the coun-

try with whom he was acquainted, to come to Edinburgh in order to attend the funeral of a mutual friend. The gentleman obeyed the summons, but when he arrived at the Doctor's house he had totally forgotten the object of his visit. A few hours afterwards, hearing some one mention the Doctor's name, he said he was very glad to hear that the Doctor was in Edinburgh, forgetting that he had just parted from him. When in London he forgot the place where his lodgings were, and it was with great difficulty that he again reached his home. After this, he always carried about with him, fastened to his coat, a piece of paper with his name and place of abode. My own memory is sufficiently treacherous. One day, a gentleman acquainted with some friends of mine invited me to dinner. I went, but just before I arrived at the house I entirely forgot his name. In vain I attempted to recall it! so, knocking at the door of the house next to that where my host lived, I said, "Is this Mr. Smith's?"—"No, Sir," said the servant; "there is no one of that name in this street."—"Why, who then," I inquired, "lives at the next door?"—"Mr. —," said the servant. That was enough. But I was not so unfortunate as the man, who, according to the ancient story, forgot his own name. Calling on a gentleman who happened to be from home, the servant said, "Who shall I say called, Sir?"—"Ay," said the unfortunate man, "that is just the question I am considering." But not being able to solve it, he walked away.

The Doctor related to us another anecdote, which may serve as a caution to his less-experienced brethren. A gentleman, whose temper had been irritated by some occurrences that had taken place in his family, locked himself up in his dining-parlour. After waiting several hours the family became alarmed, and bursting open the door, discovered the unfortunate gentleman lying on the floor insensible. A physician was sent for, who immediately directed the patient's head to be shaved, and applied a large blister. Mustard sinapisms were placed on his feet; he was bled; and the young Doctor, prognosticating a fatal result, promised to return early in the morning. On his arriving at that time, to his infinite surprise, he found his patient in full health, but bitterly complaining of blisters, bleedings, and sinapisms. The secret was now explained. The poor gentleman had sought for consolation in the wine-bottle, and had, unthinkingly, drunk such a quantity as to throw him into this psuedo-apoplexy.

Dr. Gregory was one of the best Latin scholars of his age: his large work entitled "*Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*," will ever remain a monument of his ability as a physician and his skill as a classical scholar. It is admirably adapted for the instruction of young medical students, to whose perusal I strongly recommend it. To the poor, Dr. Gregory was most kind and benevolent, and would never receive his fee from persons in indigent circumstances. Of his conduct in this respect, I have heard many anecdotes highly creditable to him. He made it a rule never to invite any of his students to his house, for he had so large a class that some must necessarily have been neglected; and, as the Mayor of — once said to me, "The people you invite to your table soon forget it, but those you do not invite, never forget it, and therefore," said he, "I am for treating nobody." The present Dr. George Gregory of London is a nephew of the Doctor's, and sus-

tains the family reputation with honour and success. His elementary work on the practice of Physic is one of the best we possess, and reminds me of Dr. Currie's elegant discourses on medical subjects.

Of the writings of Dr. Currie, whether scientific, literary, or political, it is difficult to speak too highly. Throughout the whole of them the mind of the philosopher is visible; and such are the graces and elegance of his style, that subjects of the most uninviting nature assume a new interest in his hands. In his Essays on Cold Affusion, his great merit consists in the philosophical rules which he has laid down for the practice of that most efficacious remedy in fever—rules by which the application of the remedy is rendered as safe as the drinking of a cup of tea. The cold affusion itself had been before practised by the late Dr. William Wright of Edinburgh, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to enjoy. Notwithstanding all the observations which have been made upon it (and some of them have been sufficiently illiberal), the Life of Burns will ever remain a monument of liberal and philosophical criticism, of benevolent views, and of chaste and elegant composition. The pamphlet published by Dr. Currie under the assumed name of *Jasper Wilson*, was the best written and most powerful publication of the day, and will long remain as a record of that love of liberty of which he had so lively a sense.

Dr. Currie graduated at Glasgow, and thus obtained his degree a year sooner than he could have done by remaining at Edinburgh, which required a residence of three years. He was afterwards on the point of going out to practise in the West Indies, but fortunately for the interests of literature and science, he took up his abode in Liverpool, where he practised many years, and where he was visited by the learned from all parts. When at length, on account of the declining state of his health, he was compelled to leave Liverpool, he chose the neighbourhood of Bath for his residence. It must have been highly gratifying to him, on his removal, to find that his high reputation had preceded him, and that his practice promised to be more extensive than even in Liverpool.

“Freedom and Peace shall tell to many an age  
Thy warning counsels, thy prophetic page;  
Art, taught by thee, shall on the burning frame  
The healing freshness pour and bless thy name;  
And Freedom, proudly whilst to Fame she turns,  
Shall twine thy laurel with the wreath of Burns.”—*Smyth*.

During my residence in Edinburgh, I saw a good deal of Dr. Currie's youngest son, then a student of medicine, who, in his fine abilities and his excellent disposition, no less than in his personal resemblance, reminded every one of his celebrated father. Had he been spared, he would, I doubt not, have added fresh lustre to a name so well known in the literary and scientific world.

One day, as I was lounging in a bookseller's shop, one of the partners introduced me to an old gentleman, with whose works I was before well acquainted. It was Hector M'Neill, the poet. Almost the first thing he said was, “Do you remember Dr. Currie?” The tear glistened in his eye, and saying, “Come along, come along,” he carried me to his lodgings. He took hold of my arm, and as we went along he said, “You are walking with a dying man.” This, indeed, was but



too true. I sat some time with him, and he told me some interesting anecdotes of his friend Dr. Currie. A few weeks afterwards he died, and when his body was examined, a great quantity of water was found in the ventricles of the brain.

I met with a singular occurrence one day, when standing at the door of the same bookseller's shop. A very decent-looking woman, with an infant in her arms, came up to me in a state of great agitation, and said, "Have you, Sir, any natural affection for your children?" I saw the state of the case in a moment, and replied, "I could not answer for a certainty, for I was not blessed with any at present."—"Well, Sir," said she, "then I can tell you, that for this poor infant I have no more affection than for the stones under my feet, and I could dash out its brains without remorse.—Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a state for a mother! Hell is as certainly my lot as the air I breathe!" I tried to soothe her, and inquired where she was going. She told me, to a clergyman; and here lies the point of the story. I told her I would accompany her, and talk with the clergyman about her. We went, but the reverend gentleman was not at home. However, we saw his son, a young man of about twenty years of age, who told me that he believed his father was of the same opinion as himself, that the woman had an evil spirit in her. I could hardly restrain my laughter. "Then the great thing," said I, "is to get this evil spirit out of her."—"To be sure, Sir, it is."—"Then, Sir," I continued, "have the goodness to inform your father that the woman is mad—quite insane—and that if measures are not taken to prevent it, she will destroy probably both herself and her infant. As for evil spirits, you may rest assured that they have taken their flight to the moon." The young man stared at me; but by my advice the poor creature was prevented from doing herself any injury, and was placed in a proper receptacle.

I had the pleasure and good fortune of obtaining an introduction to that great chemist and excellent man, the late Dr. John Murray. I attended his chemical lectures during several courses, and most admirable I found them; the language good, and the experiments ably selected to illustrate the principles of the science. In general, he was very successful in his experiments; but when they failed, he would, with great acuteness, point out the causes which had led to the failure, thus rendering his very errors subservient to the ends of science. He was attended by many amateurs, and amongst others by the late Catholic Bishop, Dr. Cameron. I often sat by his side, and before lecture we frequently conversed together. He was a pleasant well-informed man, and an excellent preacher. I was one day not a little amused at a great heavy lad, who had, I suppose, heard his more stupid father talk about the dreadful and bloody Catholics. He said he did not like to see the Catholic Bishop there—that he was sure he was after no good, and might turn his knowledge against the Protestants. I met with another instance of this intolerant spirit at my landlady's. One morning I heard her daughter crying out for mercy, and the mother exclaiming, "I'll teach you how to stop and listen to those Devil's pipes! I'll teach you how to stop at the Episcopal Chapel, madam!" and she continued to beat her. This is very enlightened work, thought I, so I went to inquire into it. "Oh, Sir!" sighed the good lady, "it's quite idolatry to go on as they do at the Episcopal Chapel; it's almost

as bad as the Catholics, and I'm afraid of my child being corrupted. —Mind!" said she, looking at the girl, "mind you never stop to listen to those devil's pipes again." I said—"As for reasoning with you, I know that is of no use, for there are no bounds to the fooleries of a disordered imagination; but pray don't beat your child for such a trifle as this."—"Oh, Sir! we cannot be too severe on subjects of religion; and I'm sorry, Sir, to say, that I heard you whistling yourself last Sabbath, as ye cam up the passage." I found it was now high time to beat a retreat.

I was often amused with the nationality of the Scotch. Whenever there was any popular article in "The Edinburgh Review," it was always attributed to some Scotchman. It was either Jeffrey, or Sir James Mackintosh; and I have heard them say, "Ay, that's too deep for Brongham!" God help you! thought I, how you are blinded by your national pride! I recollect I was once very near being drubbed by a brawny Scotchman, as I was entering the theatre to see Kean, who had come to astonish the phlegmatic natives. As I stood in a great crowd round the pit-door, the doorkeeper exclaimed that "he would tak no more money." "Then," said I, "you're no Scotchman."—"Hoot, hoot," shouted a great fellow near me, "I'll knock ye doon."—"Pooh!" said I, "don't you see the joke?"—"I dinna ken it," he said; and while he was reflecting, I sidled away.

It is melancholy to think of the number of eminent men that Edinburgh has lost within a few years. Playfair, Brown, Gregory, Gordon, Barclay, and, last and greatest, Dugald Stewart; all men of the highest order of intellect. I had the great pleasure of meeting with Mr. Playfair several times. At a dinner-party at Dr. Gordon's, he gave us an account of his tour in Italy, from which he had just returned, and of his visit to Mount Vesuvius. It was delightful to hear a man at his time of life, above seventy years of age, recounting his travels. He was a man of much general reading and information, and shone equally in the drawing-room and in the college. In him were united the polished gentleman and the enlightened philosopher. Such are the men who enlarge the boundaries of science, restrain the hands of fanatics, and diffuse a liberal feeling through the various orders of society. Dr. Thomas Brown was another signal ornament of the University, and of the society of Edinburgh. He gave me several invitations to breakfast at his house, which I always accepted with gratitude; for one could not be in the company of such a man without deriving some benefit. I have heard Dr. Brown speak in high terms of the present P—— L——, whom he considered a very able man, and a singular instance of what may be done by indefatigable exertion in acquiring knowledge under the most adverse circumstances. It ought to be mentioned, to the honour of that gentleman, that when he had any idea that a young man wished to attend his lectures, and was not well able to pay the fee, he would beg his acceptance of a ticket of admission.

Soon after my arrival at Edinburgh, I spent an evening at the house of a lady highly distinguished for her mental acquirements, and for her ardent love of those principles of freedom and justice, which sooner or later must prevail, which are even now fast reconciling the Protestant to his Catholic fellow-Christian, and which, ere long, shall unfetter the poor negro, and place him in the scale of humanity. I was introduced

to an elderly lady, and though I did not catch her name distinctly, I was delighted with her conversation; so much anecdote and wit, her manners so unaffected, her views so benevolent! I felt certain that she was no ordinary woman, nor was I mistaken. It was Mrs. Grant of Loggan, the celebrated author of "Letters from the Mountains."

I have mentioned the theatre, but I must not forget to record a scene I once witnessed there at the annual competition of bagpipers. How the judges determine which is the best player, I cannot divine, unless they select the man who makes the most discordant sounds. Oh Heavens! the fellow that won the prize made a noise like the music of ten thousand cats! The players come on one by one, and strut about with great pomp; and, on the evening when I was present, a fellow who expected to gain the prize was not contented with one appearance. As soon as the decision against him was announced, he rushed upon the stage, and raised an uproar on his pipes that would, I dare say, have animated a regiment of Highlanders to the attack of the whole grand army of France. He continued striding up and down the stage, playing with all his might;—as to ordering him off, it was out of the question, for he drowned all other sounds; besides, Donald was a most robust man. At length, having spent his wind and his vengeance, he was pleased to retire.

It is fit that I should now give some account of the *grinding* system. The *Grinders* are medical men, who gain a livelihood by instructing the students in the art of talking Latin, and prepare them for their examinations before the professors. It is a common practice to ridicule this system; but I am convinced that it is very useful, for it is a test of your knowledge, and a continued stimulus to farther exertion. The usual method is for a grinder to form several classes, which meet at stated hours, generally five or six students in a class. They take their seats round the room, and the tutor commences by asking one of the pupils a question in Latin, which he is expected to answer in the same language. The anatomy and physiology of the body are gone through, and the whole range of chemistry—the proper remedies in cases of poison—the composition of medicines, their doses, and their natural history. In fact, the whole range of medicine is examined into, and no student can attend a course of these lessons without being impressed with the necessity of great exertion and perseverance. The gentlemen who devote themselves to this branch of education are many of them excellent scholars, and possess profound knowledge of medicine. As a proof of this fact, I need only mention the beautiful edition of Celsus by my friend Dr. M——.

In preparing for his degree of M.D. the pupil is bound to write a thesis on some medical subject, or some subject connected with medicine. This little treatise must not be less than sixteen pages, and as much longer as your vanity desires. Some have not been satisfied under one hundred pages. This, being finished, is sent to one of the Medical Professors, who looks over it and makes such alterations as he deems necessary. According to the time when the thesis is sent in, the examination takes place, so that each student knows pretty nearly the time when he will receive a summons to appear before the Professors for a private examination. I have heard students frequently say that they had no fear of going before the Professors to be examin-

ed ; but this, I am sure, is false. I have known young men of strong nerves greatly agitated at these times ; nor is it surprising, for it is a serious undertaking to suffer a cross-examination for a couple of hours by six professors, each examining on a subject with which he is perfectly acquainted. However, the Professors are very kind, and conduct themselves in the most gentlemanly manner towards the students, never asking them what are called *catch questions*, but examining them fairly as to their knowledge of anatomy, chemistry, &c. When this examination is finished, two cases of disease are given to the pupil. The symptoms only are described, and the pupil is expected to name the disease, its nature, the prognoses, &c. and to point out the best method of cure. The answers are to be given in at a sitting of the Professors, who, after examining them, inquire into the grounds and reasons of the answers. In general the first private examination determines the question, whether you are to be honoured with a degree or not. The average number of pupils sent back to pursue their studies is about one out of five or six. A day is then appointed for the student to defend the thesis ; and this takes place in public. The Professors all sit in a row, like the judges in the Court of King's Bench. The Professors call upon one of the students by name, who stands up to defend any objection that may be made to the thesis. In general, the pupils endeavour to make their doctrines coincide as much as possible with the particular views of the venerable professors.

Man has in all ages been a *ceremonious* animal. In consecrating bishops, and in conferring degrees, the ceremony is made as imposing as possible. With what anxiety do the successful students look forward to the great day when, as the senate expresses it, "the highest honours of medicine are to be conferred !" Some are delighted because they are so soon to visit their native homes ; others, weary of their *Alma Mater*, sigh for change of scene ; some, labouring under that disease fatal to all comfort, the *res angusta domi*, are spinning out their pittance in fearful anxiety lest they should be left penniless in Scotland—a consummation most undesirable. At length the day arrives. The Janitor of the University provides the gowns of the advocates from the Court of Law, for which each student pays a guinea. The students gather together, and the whole University is assembled. In the midst of the Professors sits the venerable Principal of the University, who commences the ceremony with a Latin prayer. The oath is then administered, that each one will do his utmost for the good of his patients and for the honour of his *Alma Mater*. Each student then enters his name in a book, upon which the venerable principal consummates the ceremony by crowning each student with the University cap. The Professors then, standing in a row, shake hands with the young doctors, and congratulate them on becoming their brothers.

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## JOHN BULLISM.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you some more of my maxims, the last with which I shall intrude upon you, as I fear I am but a poor moralist.—“Poor moralist, and what art thou!” (to quote Gray,) “that thou shouldst set up to advise thy kind?”

CXVI. Cant is better sauce than Harvey's for every ragout, whether it be a sermon or an auction, a charity or a dish of politics, a public meeting or the Rev. Edward Irving's.

CXVII. Never remember your premises when drawing your conclusions; the former are but a text, from which, after the manner of modern divines, you may infer any thing. No two men agree in opinion upon all affairs, and is it to be expected that all conclusions should be alike—Mr. Locke say what he may?

CXVIII. If you would win the world, be sure never say “No” to any body.

CXIX. If you are a physician and want practice, turn atheist and be talked about; if you are an author in the same predicament, write slander; if you are a parson, preach mysticism and paradox, John Bull will patronise you.

CXX. If your wife be of opinion that absolute monarchy is better than constitutional government, be resigned, you cannot say your sovereign was not of your own choosing.

CXXI. Patronize the Italian Opera above all things; it has the moral merit, beyond all the other theatres, of never offending the ear with ribaldry and nonsense, for the very good reason that the audience cannot understand a word that is said.

CXXII. Do not marry a woman who has more understanding than fortune, but catch at her who has more fortune than understanding; a wife too knowing is an inconvenient piece of furniture, a wife who knows nothing will decorate equally any corner of your dwelling.

CXXIII. If you find you lay by money at too slow a rate, become three times bankrupt, and you will make your fortune.

CXXIV. If you make love to a widow, who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by swearing you really thought they were sisters.

CXXV. The system of education for men of birth and fashion is the most perfect possible—if your son understands *quæ genus*, is up to a verb in *μ*, can dance a quadrille, leap a five-barred gate, solve a problem of Euclid, and snuff a candle with a pistol-ball at ten paces, he is ripe for the church, the law, or the senate.

CXXVI. This is the most charitable of all times, the most pious of all ages; the very lobbies of our theatres inculcate the virtue of benevolence, by sheltering prospective penitence.—What foreign country does the like?

CXXVII. Give advice to every body, whether wanted or not; and then, if out of the quantum given any one individual is ruined from acting in opposition to it, you will gain the reputation of a sage.

CXXVIII. The seven darlings of John Bull are—the shop, the stocks, the newspaper, religion, roast beef, prejudice, and port wine.

CXXIX. Always think your own vocation the most honourable of any, even if you are an attorney.

CXXX. Ask your fishmonger if you should keep Lent, your lawyer





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353 to 457

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