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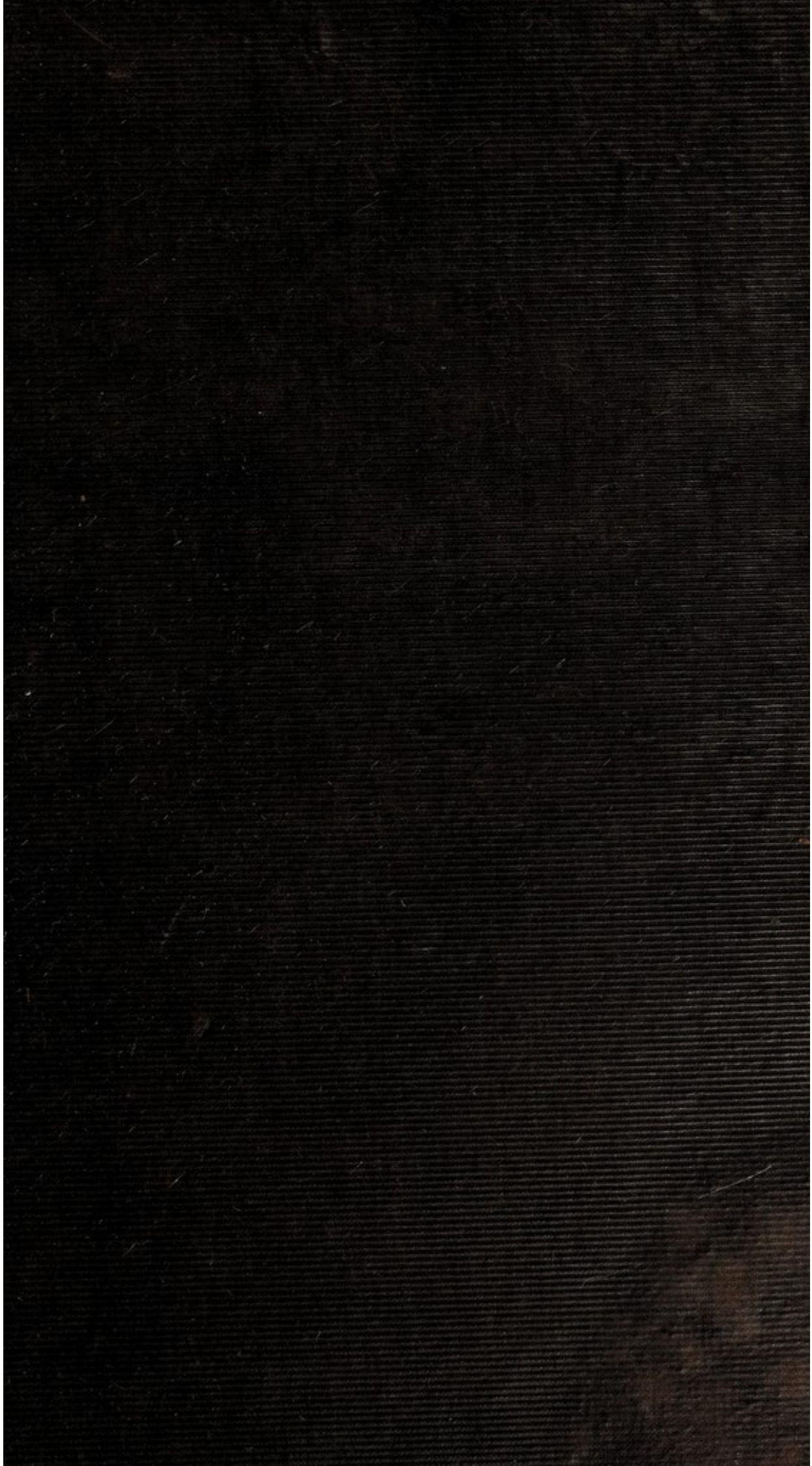
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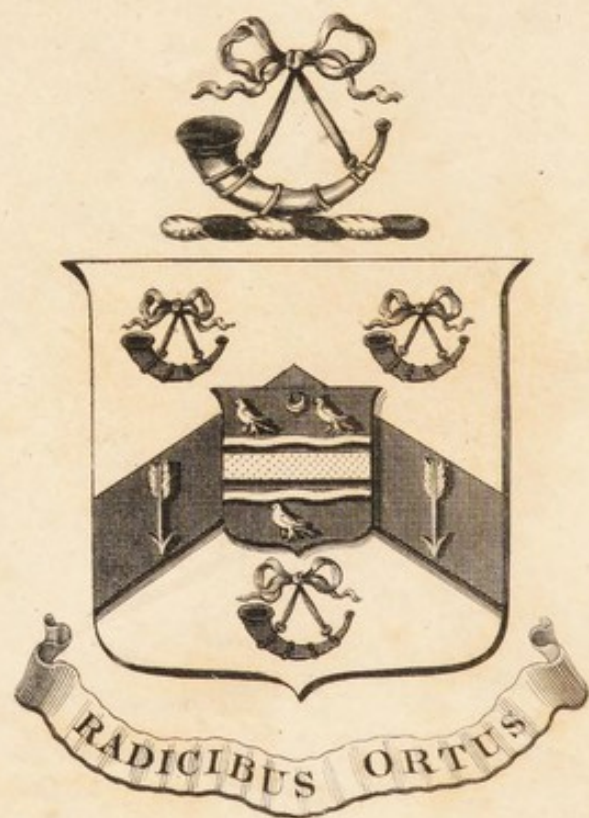
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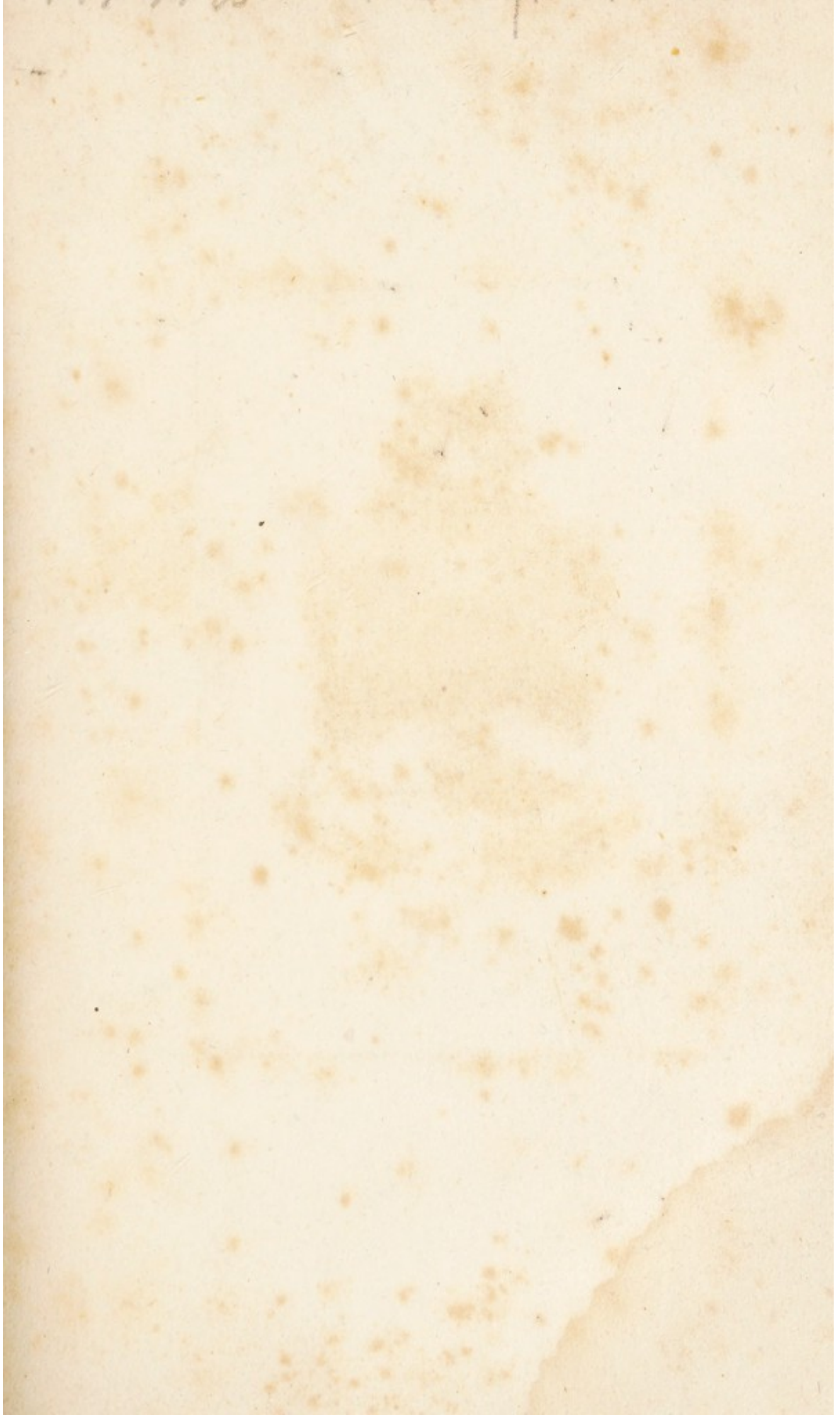


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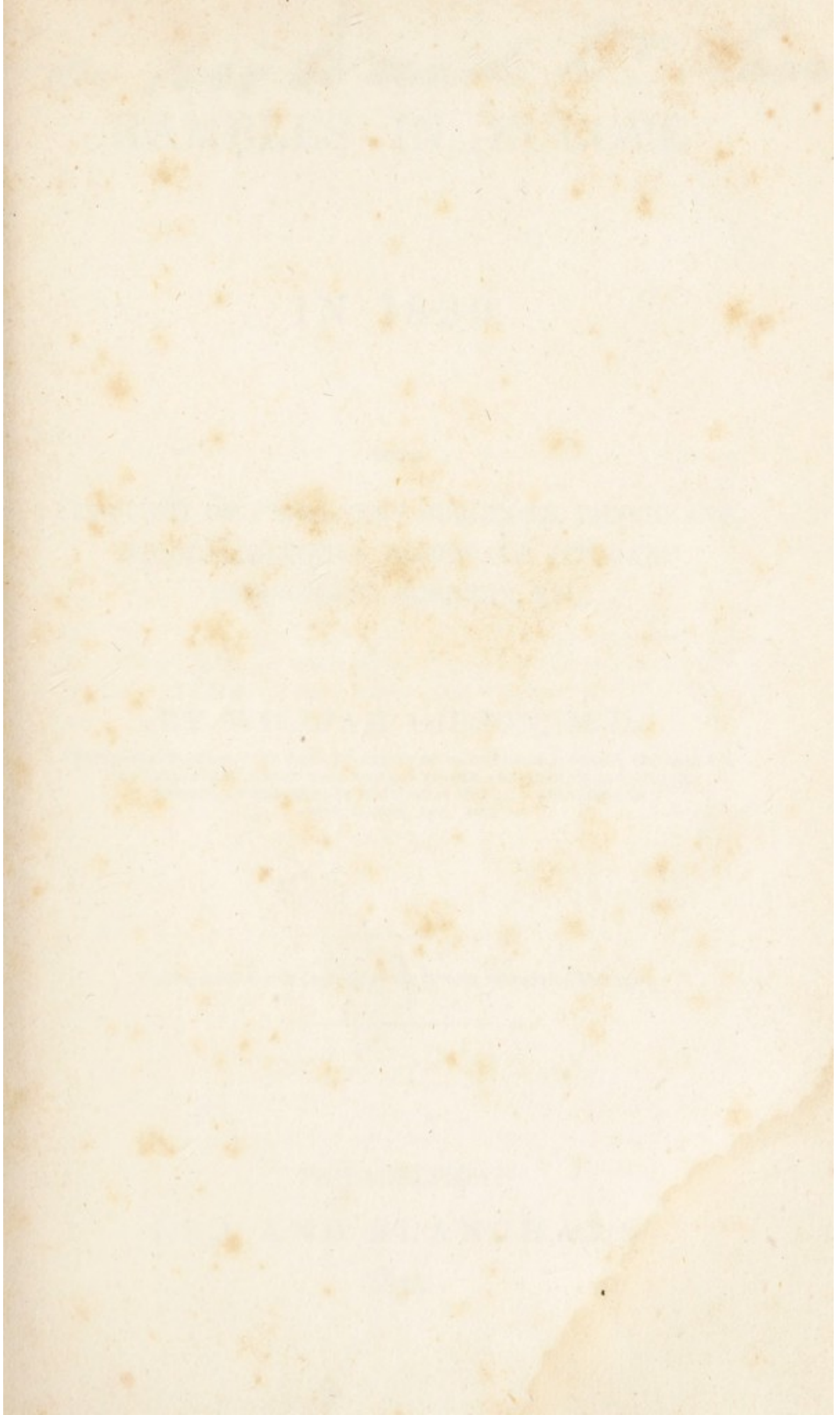





*William Roots.*









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*from his friend Dr. Warr*

RAMBLES IN EUROPE

IN 1839.

WITH

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT SURGEONS, PHYSICIANS,  
MEDICAL SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS, LITERARY  
PERSONAGES, SCENERY, ETC.

BY WILLIAM GIBSON, M. D.

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, SENIOR SURGEON TO  
THE PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL, MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL  
SOCIETY, OF THE BRITISH PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL  
ASSOCIATION, ETC. ETC.

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Phœbe fave! novus ingreditur tua templa sacerdos.—TIBULLUS.

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PHILADELPHIA:

LEA AND BLANCHARD.

1841.



18235

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## PREFACE.

DISTANT three thousand miles from the fountains of medical science and literature, how few of us have the opportunity of crossing the Atlantic, and of ascertaining, personally, the exact position of writers with whose works we may be, possibly, very familiar—works we receive in six or eight weeks after publication. Yet, what do we know, in many instances, of the age, standing, or experience of the writer? He is a mere boy, perhaps, fresh from his studies, may have received a good education, is possessed of native talent, very ambitious, and determined to force himself, at once, into notice—by writing a book. Accordingly, he rakes up authorities in every direction, uses the scissors freely, manufactures cases to suit his purpose, and compiles a volume, which, not selling at home, where he is unknown, or rather known, is shipped off to foreign parts, and too often swallowed, greedily, by those as young and inexperienced as himself. Or the work may be, really, from the pen of an experienced person, one, however, so eccentric, so peculiar in his views or notions, so full of prejudices, so connected with medical politics, or parties, so inaccurate, by nature, or from interest, in his statements, so determined to acquire a reputation by novelties, and to accomplish what the best authorities have deemed impossible, as to spare no exertions calculated to answer his end. Too many persons of each description are to be found all over Europe, with whose works our public and private libraries are filled to overflowing, generally through the medium of reprints by our booksellers, all which are devoured by students, who only discover too late that their labour has been thrown away. In other words, many a man looms largely at a distance, or is well thought of, who has no reputation at home,

or if so, only of equivocal, or possibly worse than equivocal, kind. It is true, attempts have recently been made, by two of our distinguished physicians, Drs. Bell and Dunglison, to obviate these difficulties by republishing European works of acknowledged merit, and so far with considerable success; yet others of great value must, for various reasons, often remain unpublished through these channels. Independently of such considerations, however, who is there so entirely divested of curiosity as not to wish to know something of the private or public history of those who by genius or industry may have raised themselves above the level of their fellow-men? Certainly very few, if any such, can be found; hence the avidity with which details of the biographical kind have been, in all ages and countries, and among all classes of people, hunted up. Aware of this all-pervading principle in human nature, I had long been accustomed to furnish in my lectures personal notices of remarkable medical men most likely to interest and benefit my pupils, by being held up as examples, especially those I had known, and could, therefore, speak of decisively. So much time, however, was consumed by these details, as to interfere with the essential business of the course—already too limited—and oblige me, in a measure, to discontinue the practice, much to my regret; knowing, as I do, the advantages possessed by the student who treasures up striking traits of distinguished writers and prominent practical men, whose names and opinions are brought forward continually in lectures, or made the subject of daily discourse. Influenced by these considerations, it naturally occurred to me that I could not render my class a more essential service than by furnishing sketches of the remarkable men I had recently seen abroad, and whose society, from my peculiar position at home, I gained access to readily. An attempt of the kind I have accordingly made, being cheered in the progress of it, by a former class having stamped, publicly, their seal of approbation\* upon two

\* CORRESPONDENCE.

*Philadelphia, November 12, 1839.*

DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the Medical Class of the University of Pennsylvania, held this day, Mr. M'Pheters being called to the chair, it was

introductory discourses embracing such topics; at a time, too, when I myself felt doubtful, how any deviation from the usual plan of such lectures, might be received, especially as that deviation embraced the delicate task of portraying living personages. The public, too, I found, took an interest in the theme, by showing strong inclination to become acquainted with the history of our

unanimously resolved, that a Committee be appointed to tender to you their sincere thanks for the highly interesting and eloquent Introductory Address which you delivered before them on the 5th instant, and to request a copy of the same for publication. In performing this pleasing duty, we must be permitted to express our own gratification, and we flatter ourselves with the hope that you will soon permit us to report to the class your compliance with their request; which will add another to the many obligations already conferred upon them.

With sentiments of respect and esteem,

We remain, your obedient servants,

JOHN H. HARRISON,  
A. H. SMILEY,  
N. D. BENEDICT,  
JAMES R. CHRISTIAN,  
E. J. LEWIS,

*Committee.*

*To Professor Gibson.*

*Philadelphia, November 13, 1839.*

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your communication requesting a copy of my Introductory Lecture, for publication, allow me to express, through you, to the Class, my deep sense of the honour they have conferred upon me, with the assurance that in acceding, as I do, most cheerfully, to their wishes, I cannot but feel how very undeserving I am of the commendation they have, so kindly, bestowed. Permit me, also, to return to yourselves, individually, my sincere acknowledgments for the very flattering terms in which you have been pleased to address me, and believe me to be, with great respect and regard,

Truly, your friend,

WILLIAM GIBSON.

*To Messrs. John H. Harrison,  
A. H. Smiley,  
N. D. Benedict,  
James R. Christian,  
E. J. Lewis,*

*Committee.*

great men in another hemisphere. And this has caused me to depart, in a measure, from the course I had originally chalked out—to give a comprehensive view, not only of the personal peculiarities of the leading physicians and surgeons it was my good fortune to know, but a regular analysis of their writings; which I could not have done, however, without rendering the work unfit for general readers. Whereas now it is presented in such form, and has been, with few exceptions, so divested of technicalities as to be readily understood by any one out of the profession. Moreover, I have so far consulted the inclinations or tastes of such readers, and I hope of my pupils, as to furnish occasional sketches of distinguished literary characters, and to relieve the tedium of mere medical detail, have endeavoured, though entirely out of my line, to paint scenery and to give zest to the whole, by infusing among it a few samples of the odd scenes every traveller meets with, more or less,—especially in that “green land” towards which American sympathies are now, and always have been, so warmly directed.

The greater part of the work has been written within the last eight weeks, not only amidst private, and hospital, and university duties, sufficient to absorb all my energies, but under the pressure of the heaviest bereavement and affliction. To enable me to bear up, by diverting, in some measure, the natural current of my thoughts, these labours, however, may have proved beneficial, I trust, to those young friends in whose prospects and interests my feelings are so warmly enlisted.

It cannot fail to be perceived, from reading these sketches, that I have presented the fair side of the picture in almost every instance. By some, therefore, I may be considered a mere eulogist,—a character I hold in utter contempt. It may be proper, then, to explain that I have only noticed, with few exceptions, persons towards whom I could really feel what I have expressed, and that in many instances I have purposely preferred entire silence where I could not conscientiously award praise. In other instances, again, I have accidentally overlooked some for whose talents and virtues I entertain the highest respect. Among these I may enumerate Professors Sharpey and Carswell of the London University, gentlemen from whom I received every demonstration of kindness and

regard, and whose peculiar merits I shall not fail to notice, should another impression of this little work be ever required. It is possible, moreover, under such circumstances, I may extend my sketches to other striking objects in Paris and London, such as the Louvre, Royal Academy of Painting, private galleries, various monuments and places of amusement, the House of Lords and Commons and their distinguished men, Hampton Court, Windsor, Richmond, Westminster Abbey, Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, Woodstock, Blenheim, Warwick Castle, Kennilworth, and other scenes of general interest.

Should the friends, for whose benefit and amusement these Rambles are made public, derive half the pleasure and instruction the scenes they relate to afforded the author, his feelings, by fulfilling Horace's maxim—"delectando pariterque monendo"—will be fully gratified, and his labours amply rewarded.

CHESTNUT STREET, MARCH 1, 1841.



## CONTENTS.

### CHAPTER I.

Object in visiting Europe—British liberality—Diary or journal—*Sir Astley Cooper*, his high reputation, courtesy, appearance, hospitality, playfulness, youthful waggery, memory for the poets, his account of Sir Everard Home, his kindness towards nurses and patients at Guy's Hospital, his visit to museum of that hospital, to College of Surgeons and Hunterian Museum, still engaged in practice, his agricultural experiments—*Sir Benjamin Brodie*, description of, intimate with late Dr. Dorsey, surgeon to St. George's Hospital, his visit to, and observations on diseased joints and amputation, his letter and the views embraced in it—Museum of St. George's Hospital, containing small, but very choice collection—*Mr. Lawrence*, celebrated as a writer and linguist, his appearance and manners, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, visit to, his clinical remarks, museum of that hospital, busts of Pott, Hunter, Earle, Abernethy, its preparations, Mr. Pajet, ovarian cysts—*Mr. Stanley*, lecturer on anatomy to St. Bartholomew's Hospital—*Mr. Samuel Cooper*, Professor in London University, his character and writings, his appearance—*Mr. Copeland*, his talents and agreeable conversation—*Mr. Guthrie*, his kindness and hospitality, his activity and energy, his army service, surgeon to Westminster Hospital and Charing-Cross Ophthalmic Institution, his appearance, manners, slightly resembles the late Dr. Physick—*Sir James M'Grigor*, his urbanity, benevolence, and popularity—*Mr. Bransby Cooper*, lecturer on anatomy and surgery at Guy's Hospital, his writings, kind and generous disposition, was an army surgeon—*Mr. Liston*, relation of late Sir Robert Liston, his manners and eccentricities, his courtesy, his tall, commanding figure, his instruments and museum, surgeon to North London Hospital, misrepresentations respecting, his hunting and rowing feats, his pas-



sion for domestic animals, his black cat Tom, his splendid chariot and horses, his museum at London University, of which he is clinical professor, his work on surgery—*Mr. James Wardrop*, formerly of Edinburgh, educated partly in France, his difficulties there, pupil of Beer of Vienna, his enthusiasm and ambition, settled in London, his institution and hospital reports, his works, surgeon to George IV., fondness for horses, his appearance and manners—*Mr. Travers*, his high reputation—*Mr. Tyrrel*—*Mr. Greene*—*Mr. Key*—*Mr. Morgan*, his work on the eye—*Mr. Shaw*, his talents and writings—*Mr. Mayo*, surgeon to Middlesex Hospital, his valuable publications—*Mr. Solly*, his work on the brain—*Sir James Clarke*, Lady Flora Hastings' affair, his appearance and manners, his works, physician to the queen, his hospitality—*Dr. Bostock*, man of fortune and does not practise, but takes great interest in the profession, his valuable and numerous writings, his liberality and refinement, his fine constitution and active habits, description of, pupil of Priestley, and relative of the Yates family—*Dr. Holland*, his education, talents, writings—*Sir Henry Halford*—*Dr. Chambers*—*Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke*—*Dr. James Johnston*, a ripe scholar, profound thinker, man of learning, and gentleman, - - - - 13

## CHAPTER II.

*Journey from London to Paris*—Thames—Phœnix steamer—India Docks—Deptford—Greenwich—Woolwich—Shooters' Hill—Gravesend—Sheerness—Margate—Broadstairs—Ramsgate—Cliffs of Dover and Dover coast—English steamers—*Havre*, its custom-house, Hotel des Etats Unis, English commissioner, Madame Lafayette, Mademoiselle Scudery, General Rouelle, Delavigne, Saint Pierre—The *Seine*, Honfleur, Grestain, Pointe de la Roque, Berville, Tankerville, Quillebeuf, Lillebonne, Caudebec, Duclair, La Vacherie, Rouen, Tyrolese minstrels, lost boy, Elbeuf, Pont de l'Arche, Andelys, Mantes, Herblay, Maisons-Lafitte, Saint-Germain—Railroad row, Stern-chase, Meurice's Hotel, - - - - 49

## CHAPTER III.

*Paris*, anatomy of the place, Samuel I. Fisher, Esq., Jardin des Plantes, Pere la Chaise, American students, Drs. Bulloch, Spencer, Grant, advantages of Paris for medical purposes, Pays-Latin, or medical region—*Velpeau*, description of, his

learning, surgeon to La Charité, his humble origin and great talents, M. Jarossay and the watch, revolution of May, 1839, gun-shot wounds, amputation by Velpeau, family pride ridiculous, Mr. S. of Staunton, Virginia, his admirable rebuke of an opponent—Hotel Dieu, *Roux*, description of, his extraordinary activity, and behaviour towards patients, character of French patients—Hopital de la Pitié, *Lisfranc*, chief surgeon to, appearance and manners of Lisfranc, style of his lectures—*Jules Cloquet*, his genius and skill as an artist, his character and medical writings, his Life of Lafayette, his lectures at the Hospital of the Faculty of Medicine, his appearance and manners—*Ricord*, surgeon to Hopital du Midi, his lectures, a Baltimorean by birth, his great reputation and youth—*Baron Larrey*, his age and retirement, his son—*Louis*, his great talents and reputation, his grief at the death of young Jackson of Boston, his character of him, his kind expressions towards Dr. G. . . . . d of Philadelphia, his works—*Dr. Guerin*, editor of Gazette Medicale, and superintendent of the Orthopedic Institution of Muette, account of, his address and interesting character—*Dr. Civiale*, his wonderful exploits as a lithotritist, his genius, hospitality, kindness and liberality, his wealth and reputation—*Leroy D'Etiolles*, his great merit and success in lithotripsy, his ingenious instruments, his appearance and character, a fine scholar and writer—Prejudiced statements in relation to Paris—Departure from Paris—*St. Malo*, Hotel de France, Marguerite, Diligence, description of, Norman horses—*Jersey*, St. Heliers, Union Hotel, description of Jersey, Castle of Elizabeth, La Hougue-bie, Rozel Bay—*Guernsey*, St. Peter's Port, Elizabeth College, Alderney cattle, Mr. Moss, Blisset, formerly of the American theatres, salubrity of the channel islands, steamer Atalanta and company, Southampton, custom-house, Winchester, St. Cross, Egham, Staines, London, - - - - -

62

## CHAPTER IV.

Provincial Association, meeting of at Liverpool, 25th July, 1839, object and origin of, *Dr. Hastings* of Worcester, character and writings of, his influence at the Association, and testimony of respect afforded by its members, his kind feelings towards Americans—*Dr. Barlow* of Bath, his appearance, intellectual powers, and writings—*Dr. Forbes* of Chichester, description of, a Scotchman, his liberality towards America, his works, editor of "British and Foreign Medical Review" and of "Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine"

—*Dr. Symonds* of Bristol, retrospective addresses, that of *Dr. Symonds*, on medicine, and of *Mr. James* of Exeter, on surgery, characters of these gentlemen and their writings—*Mr. John Bishop Estlin* of Bristol, his attention to diseases of the eye, and dispensary for, his researches into the nature and effects of vaccine virus, his letter on slavery in the West Indies, slavery in Europe and the United States passing remark upon, interesting character of *Mr. Estlin*—*Mr. Soden* of Bath, character of—*Mr. Norman* of Bath, distinguished as a bold operator—*Mr. Tudor* of Bath, the early friend and fellow-student of *Dr. Physick*, his account of him, character of *Dr. Physick*—*Liverpool*, her distinguished medical and literary men of former days, her living medical men of eminence—*Carson*, *Brandreth*, *Banning*, *Bryce*, *Bickersteth*, *Dawson*, *Scott*—*Manchester*, *Percival*, *White*, *Henry*, *Gibson*, each celebrated in bygone days, *Dr. Holme*, *Dr. Bardsley*, members of the Provincial Association, *Mr. Turner*, his eloquence, *Dr. Cowan* of Reading, his talents, translation of works of *Louis*, his tract on Quackery—*Dr. Baron*, his work on “tubercular diseases,” his *Life of Jenner*, his appearance and manners, his report on vaccination, his views confirmed by the drawings of *Mr. Ceely* of Aylesbury—*Dr. Gregory* of London, his work on the practice of medicine, his attention to smallpox, his appearance and manners—*Dr. Marshall Hall* of London, his talents, acquirements, and writings, formerly a surgeon at Nottingham, lecturer at Sydenham College, London—Advantages of Provincial Association, medical reform, Dublin medical press and its editors, London University, - - - - - 102

## CHAPTER V.

*Journey* from Liverpool to the north—Preston, Lancaster, Kendall, Ambleside, Windermere, Low Wood, Rydal Mount, Dunmelwray Stones, Helvellyn Hills—Penrith, *Mr. Morrison*, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, *Mr. Grainger*, his architectural exploits—Roxburghshire, Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Dryburgh Abbey, tomb of *Sir Walter Scott*, Abbotsford—description of Edinburgh, return to after an absence of thirty years, change since that period, my old lodgings, *Sir Charles Bell*, account of, anecdotes relating to, *Mary's* ghost, Onslow House, description and character of *Sir Charles Bell*, his numerous works, *Lady Bell*, her accomplishments, late *Mr. John Bell*, his splendid abilities and works, - - - - - 128

## CHAPTER VI.

*University of Edinburgh*, founded in 1582—its early medical professors, present professors, description of University, its library, museum, anatomical museum, capping or commencement, account of, *Sir George Ballingall*, professors' dinner at his house, his manners, appearance, and works, *Professors Alison, Christison, Graham, Jameson, Traill*, and *Syme*, account of each, *Dr. John Abercrombie*, his writings and personal appearance, *Professors Hope, Home, Monro, Hamilton*, and *Thomson*, their peculiarities and writings—*Dr. Combe*—*Professor Lizars*—Royal Infirmary, account of—Royal College of Physicians—Royal College of Surgeons, its museum, &c.—Royal Medical Society, its founders, high character, eminent members of, - - - 159

## CHAPTER VII.

*Edinburgh*—Lord Jeffrey, Craigcrook Castle, his summer residence, appearance and manners of—Thompson, the clergyman and artist, Scotch pride and vanity, monuments, public buildings, environs of Edinburgh—*Glasgow*, the University and its museum, pictures, medals, Chantry's statue of Watt—The *Clyde*, *Dumbarton Castle*, *Lochlomond*, *Dr. Smollett*, *Inversneyd*, *Shetland ponies*, *Loch Katrine*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Trosachs*, *Loch Achray*, *Lochlomond*, *Greenock*, *Roseneath*, *Hellensburgh*, *Lochgyle*, the *Clyde*, its towns and villages, *Campbell Town*, *Ailsa Rock*, *Isla*—*Giant's Causeway*, description of, *Misses Henry*, *Irish Fair*, account of, eloquent methodist, *Ballylough*, *Port-Rush*, *Dunluce Castle*, the *Skerries*, *Coleraine*, *Lochfoyle*, *Londonderry*, ride to *Dublin*, young L. . e, *mail* and female adventure—*Dublin*, *Imperial Hotel*, - - - - - 180

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Dublin*—*Mr. Carmichael*, *Lying-in Hospital*, founded in 1751 by *Dr. Mosse*, description of, regulations of, *Dr. E. Kennedy*, his high character, appearance of—*House of Industry*, founded in 1773, a series of hospitals engrafted upon, one of the most important institutions in Ireland, the *Hardwicke Fever Hospital*, contains one hundred and fifty patients, *Richmond Surgical Hospital*, one hundred and thirty, *Whitworth Chronic Hospital*, one hundred, lunatics and idiots engaged in various occupations, surgeons and physicians of, *Richmond Hospital School of Anatomy*, professors

in—*Steevens' Hospital*, account of—*Mr. Carmichael*, description of, his writings, Dublin medical press, medical reform—*Dr. Obeirne*, a descendant of Lord Baltimore, a good and enterprising surgeon—*Dr. M<sup>c</sup>Donnell*, *Drs. Maunsell and Jacobs*—*Dr. Graves*, description and characteristics of, physician to Meath Hospital, anecdotes of—*Meath Hospital*, account of—*Museum of College of Surgeons*, account of, *Dr. Houston*, curator of College of Surgeons, his talents, &c.—*College of Surgeons*, professors in, its regulations—*Trinity College*, its anatomy-house or medical school, *Dr. Lendrick*, *Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital*, description of—other hospitals of Dublin and medical schools—*Sir Philip Cramp-ton*, account of, peculiarities and anecdotes of, Irish horses—*Miss Edgeworth*, *Edgeworth's Town*, visit to, account of, *Miss Edgeworth*, her politeness and hospitality, the *Edgeworth family*, *Rev. Mr. Butler*, *Mrs. Butler*, *Mrs. Beaufort*, *Miss Sneyd*, letter from *Miss Edgeworth*—*Mr. John Hamilton*, his talents, and excellent qualities—*Dublin*, departure from, - - - - - 203

## CHAPTER IX.

*Kingston Harbour*,—*Liverpool*, railroad from to London, supposed rowdies, *British Association*, *Birmingham*, *New Royal Hotel*, *Sections of Association*, *Dr. Yellowly*, president of medical section, appearance and manners of, character resembles that of *Mr. John Vaughan*, professional character of *Dr. Yellowly*, *Mr. William Vaughan* of London, *Sir David Dickson*, paper by, *Mr. Middlemore*, *Dr. Foville* of Paris, his lecture on the brain, *Dr. Macartney* of Dublin, his paper on hemorrhage, leaden ligatures, *Dr. Physick's* claims to, characteristics of *Dr. Macartney*, *Dr. Blackiston*, his paper on sounds and on the voice, *Mr. Hodgson*, his work on aneurism, his appearance and qualifications, his paper on the red coats of arteries, *Dr. Neill Arnott*, description of, his works, &c., *Dr. Roget* described, *Dr. Golding Bird*, peculiarities and talents of, *Mr. A. Naysmith*, papers on the teeth by, anticipated by *Mr. Hayden* of Baltimore, other papers read before the medical section, *Dr. Pritchard* of Bristol, means of preventing extinction of aborigines, discussion growing out of, *Mr. George Thompson*, *Rev. Mr. Breckenridge*, of Baltimore, *Dr. Pritchard*, his appearance, manners, extensive acquirements, professional standing, *Dr. Hodgkin* of London, account of, *Mr. Goodsir*, *Professor Graham* of London, account of, *Town Hall meeting*, *Rev. W. V. Harcourt*, his address, his indisposition, complaints of a Hiber-

nian, Athenian lectures in Philadelphia, one on instinct, pressure, effects of, Marquis of Northampton, account of, public dinner at Town Hall, account of, *Professor Whewell*, his remarks, *Rev. Dr. Buckland* of Oxford, his eloquence, wag-gery, appearance, *Mr. Hallam*, his speech, professional relaxation, *Marquis of Northampton*, compliment from to Mr. Stevenson and the United States, *Mr. Stevenson's* eloquent reply, the white-haired Scotchman, Model-room, Birmingham Hospital—Front seat in an English coach, Miss G . . . . . h, Bromesgrove, Droitwich, Worcester, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Drs. Jenner, Baron, and Cheston,—Bristol, Estlin Dispensary, Bristol Infirmary, small hospitals commended, views about Bristol and Clifton, Bristol Institution, Dr. Pritchard and family—London—Journey to *Norwich*, Chelmsford, Braintree, Halstead, Bradfield, Long Melford, Bury of St. Edmund's, Ixworth, Botesdale, Long Stratton, *Mr. John Greene Crosse*, Philadelphia Journal of Medical Sciences by *Dr. Hays*, complimented, *Mr. Dalrymple*, Hingham House, *Norwich Hospital*, enlarged tongue cured by Mr. Crosse, Lunatic Asylum, cottage and grounds of Mr. Crosse, Norwich, its castle and fine gardens, return to London, appearance and characteristics and works of Mr. Crosse, - - 253



# R A M B L E S .

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## CHAPTER I.

FOR several years I had contemplated a visit to Europe, for the sake of personal intercourse with the great surgeons and physicians of that country, and of comparing their institutions and practice with our own. Owing, however, to the difficulty of disposing of professional business at home so as to admit of the necessary period of absence, I found myself again and again disappointed, and obliged, reluctantly, to forego the pleasure and advantage I believed would result from the accomplishment of my views.

Fortunately, at the close of the session of 1839, I was enabled to make the long-wished-for arrangement, and, accordingly, embarked for Great Britain, where I had previously resided, and received the greater part of my medical education, but whose soil I had not touched for thirty years. It may easily be conceived how eagerly I embraced, after a very short passage, the opportunity of flying to London, and throwing myself, as it were, into the arms of professional brethren, some of whom I had known in former days, and others only by their writings and reputation. Need I say, I was received *by*



*all* with a kindness and disinterested liberality I had no reason to expect; for having, with few exceptions, no claims upon their courtesy, save such as grew out of community of interest in the advancement of our science, it could not be supposed that the great professional men, engaged as they were in various pursuits in the metropolis of the world, would step out of their way for a solitary stranger, and give their time and attention, without certainty of receiving in turn an adequate compensation.

It will not be imagined for a moment, I trust, that I thus speak from egotism, or vanity, or from ostentatious display of any attentions received, or advantages enjoyed, whilst abroad; so far from it, I feel bound unreservedly to declare my conviction that all such attentions were the result of desire, of those who bestowed them, to honour the country and University, rather than the individual who happened, at the moment, to represent them. I will go further and say, I am persuaded that any respectable individual, from any of our well known medical institutions, who visits Europe, and calls upon distinguished professors and practitioners, will be received almost invariably in the kindest manner, and every demonstration afforded of desire to cultivate friendly intercourse, and to promote interchange of sentiment, opinion, and good offices. In fact, from all I have seen, I am convinced of the ardent wish of the British to acquire accurate information respecting our country, its institutions, civil and literary, its resources, population, and extent, its vast rivers, lakes, and mountains, its natural history, generally, and the physical and moral condition of its inhabitants,—most of whom they

look upon as their own descendants, possessing the same spirit, energy, and habits, speaking the same language, and allied to them closely by the ties of consanguinity, and, as such, disposed to favour and cherish them, beyond all other foreigners, notwithstanding attempts made by some of their own travellers and writers, for interested purposes, to destroy their confidence, and alienate their affections.

After these preliminary remarks and acknowledgments, I may, with propriety, I hope, venture to furnish a *sketch* of prominent medical characters, such as have come under my notice, during a sojourn of several months abroad, whom I met in various capitals, in smaller towns and villages, or assembled, in large bodies or associations, held, annually, at particular places. I wish, however, such account to be considered a *sketch merely*, or outline, to be filled up, or embodied, in my general course of lectures; for, having preserved, in form of journal, or diary, a full account of all I deemed worthy of notice, my manuscripts have amounted to several volumes, and contain a variety of details I could not have obtained from other sources than personal observation. To keep such a journal, I found it often necessary to rise at five, or six, in the morning, and seldom retired before twelve at night, and may safely say, perhaps, that little or nothing escaped me, and that I was enabled to form as good an estimate of characters and institutions, as if I had remained much longer abroad and pursued the ordinary course. Perhaps I may be permitted, also, to say, that from long experience, I could understand, at a *glance*, many professional matters ano-

ther, differently situated, must have examined closely, to comprehend.

It was natural I should wish to see the Wellington of British surgery, as Sir ASTLEY COOPER has been emphatically styled. I had attended his lectures, occasionally, and witnessed his operations, in Guy's and St. Thomas's<sup>+</sup> hospitals, thirty years before; I was familiar with his writings and high reputation at home, abroad, and, indeed, throughout the civilized world, and felt no ordinary desire to form the acquaintance of one who, in addition to the highest professional renown, was allowed, by common consent, to be among the most finished gentlemen of the day; I repaired, therefore, to his house, without any introduction whatever, was ushered into his presence, and received with a courtesy and urbanity I was totally unprepared to expect; for, upon my name being announced, by the attendant, he came forward with ease and alacrity, and expressed, in the kindest possible way, his pleasure at meeting one connected with a university he had long known by reputation, and with some of whose professors he had been upon the most intimate terms of friendship, whilst fellow-pupils with them, under the celebrated Hunter. Imagine a tall, elegantly formed man, moderately robust, with a remarkably pleasing and striking countenance, red, and fresh as a rose, apparently about fifty-eight or sixty years of age, but, in reality, above seventy, very agile and graceful in all his movements, simply, but handsomely attired, with the spirit and vivacity, and bearing of a youth, with, in short, no marks of advanced age, except a head as white as the driven snow,—and a very

+ Astley Cooper did not

just conception may be formed of the appearance of Sir Astley Cooper.

I had scarcely been seated five minutes before I found myself deeply engaged in discussing all the knotty points of surgery, question following question, in rapid succession, and the greatest interest evinced in the various answers returned—all touching points of practice, either peculiar to America, or in conformity with English or French doctrines, or notions, or, as sometimes happened, adverse to both. Thus employed, an hour glided quickly away, when a servant entered and whispered, audibly, that the rooms were full of patients, all anxious to obtain his advice. He rose suddenly, apologized for leaving me, and said, "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow precisely at nine, and any morning, if you please, at the same hour, as long as you remain in London, and I will go through with you, day after day, the various preparations in my museum, the most valuable and choice of which are contained in my house." The next morning I was at my post by the appointed time, breakfast was served precisely to the minute, and half an hour afterwards I found myself in his museum listening to a lecture on the structure and functions of the thymus gland, illustrated by some of the most beautiful preparations I ever beheld. At half past ten I took leave, and Sir Astley said at parting, "Come to me if you can, to-morrow at two o'clock, and I will take you to Guy's Hospital, show you the establishment and its large and splendid collection of preparations—many of which occurred in my own practice, and are very interesting and unique in their character." Whilst riding, upon that occasion, for miles along the crowded streets of London,

and moving so slowly as scarcely to reach our destination for an hour and a half, I was forcibly struck with the fund of anecdote which he was constantly pouring forth, chiefly illustrative of the scenes of his long and eventful life, and relating, in many instances, to ludicrous, or remarkable, circumstances in the history of some of his professional brethren—all told in such a way, as to convince me that he possessed an innate love for fun, or mischief, so refined, however, by benevolence, as never to wound, or tarnish, the characters of those whose peculiarities, or infirmities, he portrayed. I was the more persuaded of this ingredient in his composition, afterwards, from hearing, through an old friend of his in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, where he was born, the following anecdote—upon the truth of which I thought I could rely. “Sir Astley,” said he, “was the son of a clergyman of Yarmouth, where, upon one occasion, the church bells began to ring, so vehemently, as to alarm the inhabitants, who ran in great numbers to the parsonage to inquire of the minister the cause of such terrific peals from the steeple. ‘Oh!’ said the reverend gentleman, ‘I have no doubt it’s all the work of that mischievous wag of mine—Master Astley—and his hopeful playmate, Tom Goodfellow.’ Accordingly, upon ascending the steeple, it was found, as predicted, that the boys were busily at work, full swing, pulling and hauling the rope in fine style, and amazingly delighted at the stir and sensation they were creating throughout the town, and the trouble they were giving to the honest citizens.”

During the ride Sir Astley mentioned to me, also, a striking peculiarity—which showed the power and extent of his memory—by remarking he could take up any

of the poets, and from two or three readings repeat for years afterwards, whole passages without the slightest omission or mistake, and, in proof of it, immediately recited several pages from Young's Night Thoughts. In conversing with him concerning the destruction of Hunter's papers, by Sir Everard Home, he remarked it was true, and an act of great folly on Sir Everard's part, inasmuch as it led to the belief he had never produced an original work, but had stolen every thing from Hunter; whereas, he had strong reason to believe, Sir Everard had only burnt papers which he conceived to be of little or no importance, and that he was not, justly, chargeable, in a single instance, with plagiarism. He also spoke of Home, as having been an excellent surgeon, full of information, devoted to his profession, but rough in his manners and operations, and so decided in character, and independent in views, as to give, upon many occasions, great offence to his patients and brethren.

Upon reaching Guy's Hospital, I had soon proof of the activity of Sir Astley's frame, and the vigour of his constitution; for he walked with the quickness of a young man, and was so rapid in his movements, as to render it difficult to keep pace with him. I was particularly struck with his demeanour towards the house surgeons, the pupils, the patients, the superannuated nurses, and every living thing about the establishment, his manner being as kind and conciliatory as possible, taking, in several instances, the old men and women aside, and inquiring into their wants, and, upon one occasion, going considerably out of his way, and up a long flight of stairs, expressly to shake hands with an old woman, who had been one of his principal nurses more than forty years, and the only

surviving individual, he said, who had been connected with the hospital as long as himself.

After showing several interesting cases in the wards—one, an amputation at the shoulder-joint, performed by Mr. Key, and in a fair way of recovery, the stump being nearly healed, and beautifully formed—he led the way to the surgical cabinet, and pointed out, with his own hand, each interesting specimen, giving its history and peculiarity, and waiting, patiently, until I had secured his remarks in my note-book. There, and afterwards at St. Thomas's, I had the opportunity of examining all the preparations referred to in his great work on Hernia, the specimens in which the aorta, the iliacs, the subclavian and carotid arteries had been tied by himself, and the causes of failure, or success, amply demonstrated. There, also, I saw a specimen in which the subclavian had been tied, successfully, by Mr. Key, in a case where the axillary artery had been torn, in an attempt to restore a long-standing dislocation of the shoulder, and the result of which proved that I myself had been justified in pursuing the same course, under similar circumstances, long before. From the museum, (the extent and beauty of which can only be appreciated by those who have examined it, closely, as I had frequently, afterwards, opportunity of doing, and of comparing each specimen with the printed catalogue, in shape of a large volume, prepared by the intelligent Dr. Hodgkin,) Sir Astley kindly took me to the College of Surgeons, where we listened to a most eloquent discourse on the comparative anatomy of the kidney, in various animals, by the celebrated Mr. Owen; afterwards introduced me to all the prominent surgeons and physicians present, and con-

cluded by ushering me into the great Hunterian Museum, giving me free and unlimited access to every department of it, and there leaving me to revel in the regions of anatomical, surgical, and scientific research, to my heart's content. From that period I became a constant visitor at Sir Astley's, and, through him, formed the acquaintance of Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE, and most of the other distinguished surgeons of London.

There are many, even in London, who believe Sir Astley to have retired from the profession, into the walks of private life. This is a great mistake; for although he has ceased, for some years, to perform the duties of a lecturer, and to attend at Guy's Hospital, except as consulting surgeon, he is still engaged in business and the examination of numerous cases at his own house. It is true he purchased, some years ago, a splendid seat\* near London, and intended to retire from the profession. For a time he was delighted with his agricultural occupations, but, at last, found himself so pursued into his retreat by his old patients, or so watched and called upon, whenever he ventured to show himself in town, that he was obliged, in spite of himself, to resume his former pursuits, and has ever since attended, regularly, to the profession. Another circumstance is said to have contributed to drive him from the country. As long, said my informant, as Sir Astley could find a case of disease in his horses, cows, sheep or pigs, he was delighted and attended them with all the interest and fidelity he would have shown to a human being, often trepanned the head of some favourite ram, or ewe, in search of the cause of

\* *Gadesbridge*, near Hemel Hemstead, twenty-four miles from London.



its disease, but the moment he found his stock in perfect condition, he at once became unhappy and sighed for his town-house and the wards of Guy's Hospital.

Next to Sir Astley the most prominent London surgeon, perhaps, is Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE, with whose writings and reputation I had long been familiar, but with whom, personally, I had no acquaintance during my first visit to Europe. I intended to treat him without ceremony, by calling and making myself known, but Sir Astley had anticipated me, by previously speaking in my favour, and afterwards presenting me with a letter to him. His appearance was altogether different from what I had supposed; for, instead of being full, stout, and ruddy, as most Englishmen are, I found him thin, pale, and, seemingly, delicate and dyspeptic; the result, however, as it struck me, of hard professional work, mental as well as corporeal, rather than of natural feebleness of constitution. His countenance was pensive, and verging towards a melancholy cast, but the moment he spoke it was lighted up by a smile, so peculiarly winning and attractive, so strikingly benignant and intelligent, as (added to uncommon softness and sweetness of voice, with manners so gentle, unpretending and free from assurance or arrogance,) to be calculated, I thought, to captivate, irresistibly, the most fastidious taste. He inquired, eagerly, after our eminent men, most of whom he appeared to know, perfectly, by reputation; said he had been the intimate friend of our late Professor DORSEY, had corresponded with him for years, and formed the highest opinion of his talents and attainments.

After sitting some time and conversing freely on all

topics, he invited me to accompany him to St. George's Hospital, where he may be said to have received his practical education, and of which great Hunterian school he has long been one of the principal surgeons and lecturers. Upon approaching the Hospital, a large and splendid edifice at Hyde Park corner, I was surprised to find it present so different an aspect from the old building with which I was so familiar in former days, and could not conceive how it had been metamorphosed, until informed by Sir Benjamin that the original Hospital had been entirely demolished, and this new and splendid fabric reared in its place.

In walking its rounds, containing upwards of four hundred beds, I saw many diseased joints, and could not avoid asking Sir Benjamin if he performed as many amputations, for the relief of such diseases, as formerly. To which he replied "Oh no—not the twentieth part." How then do you manage? By rest, position, splints and diet, was the answer. I told him I was delighted to hear so candid an avowal, inasmuch as I had long been in the habit, in my lectures, of condemning the numerous operations recommended in his work, and of substituting the simple and efficient remedies he had just mentioned, for a knowledge of which the profession was chiefly indebted to my countryman, the late Dr. PHYSICK. "Then (said he) you have not seen the last edition of my book. I will send it to you, and with it, that there may be no mistake, in future, an explanatory letter." This letter, full of just views and independent sentiments, I cannot refrain from introducing into this place.

“ 14 Saville Row, May 22d, 1839.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I beg your acceptance of a copy of the last edition of my Treatise on the Diseases of the Joints. I also send you some pamphlets which you may, perhaps, find leisure to peruse on your voyage. I hope that my work on the joints, has, at all events, contributed to diminish the number of amputations performed in this country on account of this class of diseases. Certain it is, that many diseased joints were amputated, in the earlier part of my professional life, which the London surgeons would not even dream of amputating at the present time; and that in several of the cases recorded in my treatise as having been the subject of amputation formerly, (and to which, by the way, I am indebted for many of my pathological observations,) a cure would now have been obtained by easier means and without the mutilation of the patients.

“ Altogether, the proportion of severe operations has of late years become very much diminished in the hospitals of our metropolis; and I attribute this, mainly, to the improvements that have taken place in our art. Without underrating the importance and value of operative surgery, on many occasions, I must say, I could never bring myself to regard it as constituting the glory and pride of our profession. The mutilation of the human body is, at best, but a sorry expedient; severe operations are always attended with more or less of hazard; and I conceive that it is a much greater triumph for science, when she teaches us to cure a disease by other means, than when she leads us to the same result by the most skilful and masterly operation.

“ I am, dear sir, with great respect, your faithful friend and servant,

“ B. C. BRODIE.”

After going through the whole Hospital, prescribing for numerous patients, performing, in the wards, several simple operations, and explaining to the pupils the nature and peculiarity of each case, in a very lucid and unaffected way, Sir Benjamin took me to the museum, consisting of a small, but very choice collection of pathological specimens, beautifully prepared, and put up in better style than any similar collection I had yet seen in Europe.

Sir Benjamin Brodie may still be considered a young man, being only fifty-six, and in a climate where people attain great longevity and preserve their good looks, even in extreme old age, is likely to remain, for years to come, at the head of his profession, surrounded by crowds of patients and looked up to as one of the brightest ornaments of British surgery.

What medical man from this, or any other country, would visit London without seeing Mr. WILLIAM LAWRENCE—so well known, for the extent and variety of his information, for his intimate acquaintance with, and facility of speaking, most of the languages of modern Europe, for his celebrity as an anatomist and surgeon, for his valuable treatise on Hernia, for his lectures on physiology, zoology, and natural history of man, for his beautifully written anatomical and surgical articles in Rees' Cyclopaedia, and for his excellent character in private life?

Few, I will venture to say, that have formed his ac-

quaintance but will bear testimony to his merits. I had not inquired about his personal appearance, and was, therefore, particularly struck, upon entering his study, with his fine, manly figure; his open, expressive, intelligent countenance; his large and well-proportioned head; his lofty and expanded forehead; his clear and brilliant complexion; his mild, but sparkling, gray eye: and then when he spoke in a tone so quiet, modest and unassuming, with a manner so gentle and conciliating, and expressed himself so kindly and affectionately towards our country—its institutions and citizens—I could not but feel I stood in the presence of a superior being, could almost imagine I had known him all my life, and warmed towards him insensibly, as if he had been an old, long-tried, and intimate friend. And, yet, at that very moment, he was heavily pressed by the hand of affliction, having, as he told me, lately lost a promising son, to whom he was uncommonly attached. The next day I saw him again, having met by appointment, and followed him, amidst a crowd of admiring pupils, through the large and numerous wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, in former days, I had spent many weary, but instructive, hours, in listening to the discourses, and witnessing the operations of the celebrated Abernethy and his colleagues. Since that period there have been many additions to the good old building, many new wards, and others fitted up and accommodated to the taste and fashion of modern times.

Mr. Lawrence made but few clinical remarks, in passing through the wards, but questioned each patient closely respecting his symptoms, and prescribed very carefully, and evidently took a deep interest in the fate of every

sufferer. There were several fractured thighs, all treated by the inclined plane; numerous syphilitic affections, for which mercury, chiefly in form of blue pill, was administered; and several long-standing cases of cancerous mamma, one of eleven years' duration, for which no operations had been attempted, but only the most gentle palliatives employed—Mr. Lawrence remarking, “he had long known there were many cases of this description, which, if let alone, would not prove fatal for a great while, but if extirpated, would return speedily, and subject the patients to immense suffering and distress.”

After several hours spent in the wards, Mr. Lawrence took me to the hospital museum, where I saw a splendid bust of the distinguished Pott; another of his grandson, Mr. Henry Earle, lately deceased; a third, and the best I had seen in England, of John Hunter, by Chantrey; and a very superb one of Abernethy, lately presented to the hospital by his widow. There was, also, a fine bust of Lawrence himself, and a great variety of beautiful anatomical and morbid preparations, many of them put up by Mr. Pajet, the curator of the museum, represented as a young man of uncommon talent and promise. By him I was shown three or four remarkable specimens of ovarian cysts, removed successfully through a small opening in the abdomen. At the hospital I was introduced, by Mr. Lawrence, to Mr. STANLEY, one of the surgeons of that institution, and its lecturer on anatomy, a gentleman of distinguished talent, well known to the public for his zeal and acquirements, and from whom I received many marks of disinterested kindness.

Mr. SAMUEL COOPER has long been known in this country, in Europe, and, indeed, throughout the world, as

a literary, scientific and practical surgeon, of the first eminence. Very early in life he cultivated, successfully, foreign languages, and was enabled, through the knowledge of these, to lay up stores of information, from which most of his brethren were cut off; and having such advantages, joined to peculiar taste, for minute surgical investigation, began by publishing the opinions and practice of eminent men of every country, with comments and illustrations of his own, so peculiarly just and appropriate, with remarks and criticisms, so fair, open and liberal, as to gain the confidence and respect of the whole profession, and secure for himself a reputation for probity, industry, talent, discrimination, learning and practical skill, and for such endearing qualities of the heart and gentleman-like manners, as few men, in any country or in any age, have ever attained. His great work, the "*Dictionary of Practical Surgery*," and his "*First Lines*," the fruits of his unrivalled industry, well known to every nation on earth, where surgery is cultivated and esteemed, would alone be sufficient to establish for him an enviable fame. But he is, also, well known by his valuable labours as professor of surgery in the University of London; by his practical skill as one of the surgeons to the London Hospital, and by great experience, acquired in military hospitals, and on the field of battle, during some of the most eventful periods of the Peninsular war. It was my good fortune to form the acquaintance, and enjoy the society of this gentleman, and to glean from him many valuable facts and observations, I could have obtained from few other sources. He is now about sixty years of age, rather below the middle stature; stout, muscular, and of fine constitution, very mild and prepossessing in manners,

and his physiognomy so peculiarly agreeable and benignant as to attract the notice of the most careless observer. He is still a most laborious student, and unceasingly employed in enlarging and improving the works from which he has reaped so abundant a harvest of renown. At his house I had the pleasure to meet several of his friends, more or less distinguished for their surgical writings; among the rest, Mr. COPELAND, a surgeon, who for a long time has enjoyed high reputation in London, is well known, everywhere, by his works on the Rectum and Spine, and whom I found to be a most agreeable, lively, well-educated man, full of information on all subjects connected with the profession and its collateral branches, and possessed of a fund of anecdote seldom met with among members of our profession in England, who, for the most part, are persons of very solemn demeanour, and generally measure their words and actions by the strictest rules of sobriety.

There are few surgeons in London better known and appreciated than Mr. GUTHRIE, and whose reputation abroad, especially on the continent of Europe, is so firmly established, not only as a spirited writer, but as a man of sound, practical information and experience, full of decision, so energetic and prompt in all his measures, so active and untiring in his habits, (qualities probably derived, in a measure, from long army service under Lord Wellington,) as to look, though now on the list of "gray-haired sires," speak and act like a boy.

Through the kindness of his relatives, in this country, I was enabled to form his acquaintance and secure his friendship, witness his practice and operations in the Westminster Hospital, and his skill and dexterity in the



management of cataract, and other diseases of the eye, to which he has devoted great attention in private practice; and as surgeon of the Charing Cross Ophthalmic Institution, where, just before leaving London, I saw him operate, with much skill and delicacy, for several diseases of the eye, and prescribe for more than eighty patients afflicted with all the varieties of ophthalmia, and other similar affections. In addition to these hospital duties, he delivers, annually, courses of lectures on surgery—is one of the examiners at Surgeons' Hall—enjoys extensive private practice among the higher classes of society, especially officers of the army and their connections; and is so actively engaged from morning till night, as to render it difficult to imagine how he can find time to write books and pamphlets and lectures—and sufficient to account, notwithstanding his quickness and talent, for the carelessness of style, and occasional inaccuracy of matter evinced in his publications. In outline, Mr. Guthrie's face resembles slightly that of the late Dr. Physick—his countenance is animated and expressive, and full of good humour and benevolence. He is, indeed, universally considered, I believe, to possess the most amiable feelings, but when roused by opposition, or cross-examined in courts of justice, is said to be so keen, searching, sarcastic and witty in his observations and replies, as to silence, in a short time, the most talented members of the bar. His stature is about the medium height—his form muscular, inclining to *embonpoint*, well turned, if not decidedly handsome, and his whole air and bearing lofty; but his manners, at the same time, so free, easy, engaging and devoid of affectation, as to gain, irresistibly, the confidence of strangers, and secure, in a short time, their

attachment. Upon the whole, I found him an honest, jovial, good-humoured, unprejudiced fellow, with all the solidity of an Englishman, politeness of a Frenchman, and the activity, independence, spirit and enterprise of an American, and was never better pleased than when I found myself in his company, surrounded by a score of his army companions, and could hear them talk over the many hard-fought days of a peninsular campaign. Through Mr. Guthrie I was introduced to Sir JAMES M'GRIGOR, the celebrated medical director of the British army, who distinguished himself by long and meritorious services in India, and on the continent of Europe—not only as a most enterprising and energetic surgeon, but as an accomplished writer; who, in addition to these high qualities, secured for himself the esteem and admiration of the whole army, by the warmth of his heart and the uniform kindness he displayed towards his brethren. I need hardly say I was delighted with the urbanity and humility of this fine old gentleman, and, with much regret, was unable to join, through his invitation, the medical officers of the army at their annual dinner on the thirtieth of May.

Mr. BRANSBY COOPER, the nephew of Sir Astley, holds a most respectable rank in London, as a lecturer on anatomy, as surgeon to Guy's Hospital, and, as a practitioner, largely engaged in business. He is, comparatively, a young man, but has already published a valuable work on anatomy, and a volume on the ligaments, which have added much to his reputation. From having had the opportunity of knowing him intimately, and of enjoying much of his society, I am enabled to speak confidently of his open and generous disposition, his frank and manly

deportment and independence of character, combined with intelligence and substantial professional acquirement, rarely met with in the same individual. Like many other English surgeons he spent the early part of his life in the army, and acquired considerable experience in the continental campaigns and in Canada, during the last American war.

There is one of the London surgeons whose name I have not yet mentioned, but with whose reputation I have no doubt all are more or less familiar—Mr. LISTON, a native and for years a resident of Edinburgh, and a near relative of Sir Robert Liston, formerly ambassador to this country. For weeks I had resided in London, visited all the great hospitals, had become more or less intimate with most of the great surgeons and physicians, and yet felt no curiosity to see Liston, because I had been told, not by his fellow-practitioners, but by apparently disinterested persons, that he was full of eccentricity, very rough and uncouth in his manners, and a perfect *ursa major*, upon whose humour there could be no dependence; that, at best, he was a mere operator or carver, without judgment or discretion, and his knowledge of the treatment of disease, except by the knife, extremely limited. I left London, therefore, without seeing him. Returning, however, some weeks afterwards, it suddenly occurred to me, whilst passing his door, that it was wrong to be governed in any case by such prejudice. Under the influence of this feeling I pulled the bell, and at the next moment stood before him. He had been deeply engaged in examining the structure of an interesting pathological specimen, with a very splendid and powerful microscope, but rose as I entered, with an ease and

gracefulness I had been unprepared to expect. Judge of my surprise, then, when I found a tall, robust, and elegantly-formed man approaching me, in whose handsome and regular features and penetrating eye, there was displayed a degree of intelligence, benevolence, modesty and playfulness combined, I had seldom before met with; which joined to a manner peculiarly winning, unassuming and courteous, served at once to assure me that all the idle and gossiping tales I had so readily listened to were mere creations of the fancy. It seemed to me as if he could read my thoughts, and was pleasing himself with my agreeable disappointment; for immediately after making myself known, he said, "Come, sit down; you are the very man I want to see. I know all about you and your countrymen, and I hope you will not find me as bad a fellow as I have been represented." He then called my attention to his microscope, and the endless tortuosity of vessels displayed in the morbid structure under observation, and next took me into an adjoining room, a sort of *sanctum*, where I saw all sorts of recent preparations, some in process of maceration, some undergoing the bleaching operation, and others dried and ready for the case. In another room, the walls of which were covered with shelves, he pulled out numerous drawers filled with instruments and said, "Here is my '*clipper*'"—meaning his cutting-pliers—"there is my '*bull-dog*,'" putting into my hand at the same moment the prettiest and most efficient artery-forceps I ever beheld, and so in succession showed me his entire collection, and then said, "Now, if you have time, jump into my carriage at the door, and ride to the North London Hospital, and I will show you my wards and patients." Accordingly we

entered the magnificent coach drawn by a pair of spanking bays, such as I had not seen in the queen's stables, and in a short time I found myself cheek by jowl with my new friend up to his elbows in hospital work, surrounded by a flock of students, just from a lecture at the London University, in the opposite square. I saw numerous injured limbs and ulcers all elevated upon inclined planes; ah, said I, these are old acquaintances of mine—you've heard, I perceive, of Physick and his plans. "Yes," he replied, "I told you I knew all about you." Then turning quickly round to one of his dressers, who had covered a wound with charpie spread with cerate, he said, "My dear fellow, what possible benefit can you promise yourself from that greasy, slouchy, plaster. Pray, if you love me, take it away,"—intending to remind the pupil of his practice of using *aqueous* instead of *unctuous* applications. During the visit he performed several minor operations with an ease and dexterity I have seldom before witnessed, and in several cases of disease, not requiring the knife, displayed uncommon skill and judgment, and proved himself equally versed in diagnosis. In a private room we found a respectable lady, her husband and daughter, who, not meeting him at home, followed to the hospital to obtain his opinion respecting a cancerous mamma, and expressed strong desire to have it removed. He examined the breast very closely, and also the glands of the axilla, and finding the latter enlarged, immediately said, "My dear madam, do not suffer any one to touch you with the knife; let it alone and you may yet live for many years." The lady and her friends implored him to remove it, but he remained inflexible, and said, "If I cut it out it will return

in three months, and you will die ; if I let you alone you may live for a long time." It was just such a case as many a surgeon in Europe, and in this country, would have attacked by the knife without ceremony, and it gave me a better opinion of Liston's judgment and abilities than I should have formed, under other circumstances. I remarked to him, " My views correspond exactly with your own, but I am surprised at *your* giving such advice, inasmuch as you have the credit of never losing an opportunity to use the knife." He turned to his friend, Dr. Anthony Todd Thompson, and said, " Do you hear that ?" and repeated my words.

Such misrepresentations are, no doubt, to be traced, in some instances, to the apparent eccentricities of Mr. Liston ; for though, seemingly, of robust frame and great strength of constitution, he is so solicitous of preserving his health, and is so confident of the value of active exercise on horseback, as for a long time to have kept hunters and a pack of hounds, which, while he lived at Edinburgh, he exercised at day-break, and long before most of his brethren were out of bed. It is said he has now abandoned the sport, having fractured his pelvis, and nearly broken his neck at some inordinate leap, and since that period has followed the exercise of a boatman on the Thames, by rowing every morning several miles before breakfast. He has a passion for domestic animals—horses, dogs, and cats. His enormous black cat, *Tom*, is almost as well known in London as Liston himself, being, not unfrequently, mounted alongside his master in the splendid chariot, and a constant guest at his hospitable board, where I had the honour of forming his acquaintance, by finding his foot in my soup before aware of its proximity to my plate.

oh!  
 Mr. Liston is about forty-seven years of age, and though only a recent resident of London, has already much business, and will, no doubt, ere long, rise to the top of the profession. He is professor of clinical surgery in the London University, (an institution now nearly equal to that of Edinburgh, in the number of its pupils,) and has a large and valuable pathological cabinet, I took great pleasure in examining. He is the author, moreover, of an excellent work on surgery, rendered familiar to Americans through the edition, with valuable notes, by Dr. Norris, of this city.

With Mr. JAMES WARDROP, who, for the last thirty years, has resided in London and enjoyed high reputation as a surgeon, I was well acquainted in Edinburgh. He is a native, indeed, of Scotland, having been born near Linlithgow in 1782; but at an early age removed to Edinburgh and commenced the study of his profession under his uncle, Dr. Andrew Wardrop, for many years an eminent surgeon of that city. Having enjoyed all the advantages attendant upon British schools he repaired to France, during the height of hostilities between that country and England, and contrived, by concealing himself in obscure lodgings near the Ecole de Medecine, to pursue his studies with great success, though in perpetual danger of being discovered by the police, by whom some of his fellow-students and countrymen had been seized and thrown into prison. From France he escaped to Germany, where under the most eminent teachers, especially Beer of Vienna, he reaped additional advantages, and finally, after great privations, was fortunate enough, through a passport, obtained for him by his Edinburgh friends, from an American student, since one of the most

Dr. Warren of Boston

eminent professors in the United States, to reach his country again and able to impart to his brethren much valuable continental information from which, through fierce and protracted hostilities, they had long been cut off. Soon after his return from the continent he settled in Edinburgh, became a hospital surgeon, speedily acquired private practice, devoted himself to Anatomy, commenced the formation of a surgical cabinet, and was so full of zeal and enthusiasm in all his pursuits as to bid fair, in a short time to rival the most celebrated surgeons of the place. His ardent temperament, however, and unbounded ambition did not suffer him to remain contented with the comparatively small sphere in which he moved; animated, therefore, with the thought of measuring his strength with London surgeons of the first eminence, he sought that metropolis and at once entered, with characteristic enthusiasm, upon professional duty, struck out a new line of hospital practice, by establishing a charitable institution, whose wards were open, gratuitously, to every member of the profession, to whom the right was awarded of bringing his patients and operating upon them, one day in each week, before numerous professional visitors and distinguished foreign surgeons, whose counsel and assistance could be commanded to any extent. This Institution was continued for eight years, and was only abandoned on account of the great fatigue necessary to carry out the magnitude and importance of the scheme. The result, however, proved so far beneficial, by causing the publication, in the *Lancet*, of a great number of extraordinary cases, equally curious and interesting, under the title of "*Reports of the Hospital of Surgery.*" But before Mr. Wardrop left Edinburgh he had distinguished

What! Confined Sphere  
in Edinburgh?



himself as a writer, by the publication of an interesting and valuable work the "*Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye*," illustrated by very accurate and most beautiful coloured representations of the diseases of the different textures of that organ, by an excellent volume on *Fungus Hæmatodes*, and by numerous essays in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal. Since his residence in London, he has continued to employ his pen on the most important subjects—on aneurism, on diseases of the heart, on the diseases of the eye of the horse and their treatment, which gained a premium from the Agricultural Society; has furnished an interesting life of the late Dr. Baillie; and contributed, largely, to numerous journals, essays and cases of the most interesting description. With his late Majesty George the Fourth Mr. Wardrop was a great favourite, accompanied him, at the king's request, on his visit to Scotland, attended him, professionally, upon various occasions and in his last illness, and received from him the offer of a baronetcy—which, however, he declined from prudential motives.

I called upon Mr. Wardrop at his residence in Charles Street, and introduced myself as an old acquaintance, and was gratified to find he should have recollected me, after the lapse of so long a time, as one of the companions of his favourite pupil *De Souza*—a young Portuguese of great talent and promise, who perished prematurely, much regretted by all his friends, and by none more sincerely than by his affectionate preceptor. His appearance was much changed, since I had last seen him, the result, no doubt, of hard work of mind and body in a profession, which of all others requires the most incessant toil and labour, and which is sure to be accompanied with

unmitigated suffering and anxiety of mind, even if rewarded with the comforts, such as they are, of extensive practice and professional fame. There was something still striking, however, about his tall, thin, but well-formed figure, his quick, restless, inquisitive eye, and animated, but thoughtful countenance, which interested me exceedingly. I sat an hour with him and listened to his rapid and spirited elocution while he gave a sketch of some of the events of his chequered life, his difficulties and anxieties, his persecutions, as he considered them, his writings, lectures, operations, his amusements, his love for domestic animals, his passionate fondness for horses, their turf performances, their form, action and pedigrees, coupled with inquiries concerning American nags, their trotting feats and peculiarities; in all which he seemed equally interested, often getting out of breath during the details, flying from one part of the room to another, and answering questions himself when the response seemed to be coming tardily. Two or three other visits I paid him and invariably found him in the same mood. Upon one occasion, also, I met him walking in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park Corner, on a delightful afternoon, when there was an unusual turn-out of splendid equipages and of well-mounted equestrians, all of which he appeared to know, intuitively, and of which he gave me more information in half an hour than I could have got, probably, from any other man in London in a week. "Do you see," said he, "that fine-looking old gentleman on that ambling dun-coloured cob? That is Young the tragedian, whom you must have seen, formerly, on the stage, or, perhaps, known when he was a surgeon. Is it not strange he would condescend to ride such an animal?"

At the same moment a good-looking young man stopped at the Duke of Wellington's door and dismounted from a splendid dark-brown filly. "Ah," said he, "there's something worth looking at. That is the Marquis of Douro—there's blood for you!—look at her legs—examine her withers—observe her red-hot eye!—zounds! what a pair of ears, like the fingers of a glove;—did you ever see such a back! but come along, I know her stock;—come into the Park, I'll show you a hundred of the same breed. There comes the Queen and that awkward Russian Prince. Look at his long legs, like a pair of tongs. She rides beautifully. See how easy she sits in her saddle and how she plays him off. That's not her best nag either. Her little gray mare has more action: but she has had nothing very fine since she lost her black Arabian—*Beauty*." And in this strain he continued until it was time for me to call a cab, ride home and dress for a dinner at my friend Guthrie's. With some of the eminent London surgeons Wardrop is not very popular, owing to the belief that he has handled them roughly in the "*Lancet*." Most of them admit, however, his talents, and there are those who place many of his actions to eccentricity and enthusiasm, and make the necessary allowance. There are others, again, exceedingly fond of him, and I confess I saw much to admire and very little to find fault with—after making due allowance for a manner the result of quick perception and natural excitability.

It was not my good fortune, whilst in London, to meet with the distinguished surgeon, Mr. BENJAMIN TRAVERS, whom I knew formerly, and whose acquaintance I should have gladly sought again, but for domestic affliction which cut him off, for the time, from society. With great plea-

sure, however, I heard, from all quarters, of his high reputation, usefulness, and prosperity. Nor did I see, owing to my numerous engagements, Surgeons Tyrrel, Greene, or Key, the former the friend and pupil, the latter the nephew of Sir Astley Cooper, and all men of ability and reputation. At Guy's Hospital I was introduced, by Sir Astley Cooper, to Mr. MORGAN, the house surgeon, who has a fair reputation, and has lately increased it by a valuable work on diseases of the eye.

With Mr. ALEXANDER SHAW, the brother-in-law of my friend Sir Charles Bell, I was upon intimate terms, and found him extremely intelligent, well versed in all the departments of Anatomy and Surgery, possessed of the most amiable feelings, and greatly respected by the profession. Though quite a young man, he has already distinguished himself by various publications, and recently by a volume on the nervous system, which must add considerably to his well-earned fame. That he will soon attain high rank in London as a man of science and as a practical surgeon, there can be no doubt. Of Mr. HERBERT MAYO, one of the surgeons of Middlesex Hospital, well known for his valuable publications, I saw much, and received from him many kind attentions. To Mr. CALLOWAY I was made known by Mr. Bransby Cooper. He stands high as a surgeon, and is rapidly rising to eminence. The same may be said of Mr. SOLLY, one of the surgeons of St. Thomas' Hospital, the author of a beautiful work on the brain, whose kind offices, politely proffered, I had much regret in not being able to avail of.

Of the London *physicians* whose society I enjoyed, it would afford me pleasure to speak. I have neither time, however, with two or three exceptions, so to do,

nor would it comport with my views. There is one gentleman, however, of whom I cannot avoid especial notice, inasmuch as his name is associated with recent transactions in England, of so exciting a political character, as to have attracted the attention of the whole world. I allude to Sir JAMES CLARK, the physician of the Queen, and as such, *disagreeably* involved in the affair of the Lady Flora Hastings. Of this affair it is needless to speak, as various conflicting accounts have reached every one, further than to express the opinion derived from intimate acquaintance with Sir James—though I never conversed with him on the subject—that it would have been impossible for such a man, so highly gifted, so mild, amiable, gentleman-like, so well versed in all the rules of high life and good breeding, and withal, so full of discretion, self-respect, and foresight, to have committed any of the enormities attributed to him for political purposes, and by writers of the vilest stamp and most degraded associations. That he may have been deceived by appearances, failed in his diagnosis, and suffered his judgment to be misled, by the fear of responsibility, or erred from various other causes, is probable; but that he lent himself, and professional reputation, to the vile purpose of blasting the character and ruining the happiness of an unfortunate female, to secure for himself, through court intrigue, favour and rewards, advantages he could not otherwise have gained, is an assertion I am sure his most virulent professional or political enemy can never seriously believe; and that he could explain,\* to the entire satisfaction of the world, if circumstances would permit, his whole agency in the affair, I have the strongest reason, from disinterested sources, to assert.

\* As he has since done.

In person Sir James is rather tall and slender, his countenance open and cheerful and pleasing, but marked with deep thought and reflection, and his accent slightly Scottish and agreeable. With manners highly polished and refined, the result of much travel and education, he gains the good-will and confidence of all who approach him, and leaves an indelible impression upon their minds, of integrity, talent, learning, taste, and benevolence. He is the author of an excellent treatise on consumption, and of another on climate, is engaged in extensive business, and more consulted in diseases of the chest than any physician in England. He is still the physician and intimate friend of the Queen, and, except by a political party, is as much respected as any medical man in the kingdom. My last day in London was spent with his family, and the impression produced by their kindness and hospitality can never for a moment be effaced.

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I can mention no physician from whose society I derived more sincere pleasure and instruction than that of Dr. JOHN BOSTOCK—a gentleman I had known, during my first visit to Europe, at Liverpool (of which he is a native and where he resided for many years) through his relationship with some of the connections of my own family. He was then a bachelor, and it so happened I had not heard of his marriage, and felt, therefore, greatly surprised, upon visiting him in London, to be introduced to his accomplished lady and daughter, and had only to regret not seeing his son—then on the Continent—represented to me, from various sources, as a young man of superior talent and acquirements. Possessed of ample fortune Dr. Bostock practised, for many years, his profession at Liverpool; but abandoned it upon his removal

to London in 1817. He has never ceased, however, to take a lively interest in all its concerns, and has contributed, by his very numerous writings, to extend the boundaries of medical science and its collateral branches, and, by personal example, to sustain the respectability of the profession as much, perhaps, as any man in Europe; and it would not be too much, I am sure, to affirm, that an individual of more elevated views, of kinder feelings, of greater modesty and refinement, of more finished education, and of larger share of professional attainment and learning, especially in chemical and physiological science, does not grace the British metropolis. He is now in the sixty-eighth year of his age, but no one would take him, judging from personal appearance, his fine constitution, active habits, and lively conversation, to exceed fifty. Of his pedestrian powers I had, upon one occasion, ample proof, by accompanying him, for two or three hours together, through some of the most intricate streets and lanes of London, all which he threaded with the agility of a boy, dodging the cabs, and omnibus carriages, and coaches, and wagons, from right to left, with surprising quickness and accuracy, stopping, frequently, to look how I managed to escape, and often to help me out of some position where a false step or loss of presence of mind, might have been followed by a broken neck. And yet his sight appears defective; or, at least, he is never seen without spectacles. In stature Dr. Bostock is below the ordinary height, and is rather thin than otherwise; but his bones and muscles are large and salient, and his frame compact and well knit. His head and features are large and expressive, his eyebrows full and shaggy, and so overshadow his face as sometimes

to impress a stranger with the idea of a sternness and impassibility entirely foreign to his nature, which on the contrary is as gentle and conciliating as possible. In early life he was the pupil of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, from whom he probably derived his fondness for chemical studies. He is also nearly allied to the literary family of Yates—being the step-son of the late Rev. John Yates, the distinguished Unitarian divine, all whose sons in their various vocations have proved men of education and talents. His earliest and most intimate friend was the renowned Roscoe, and he afterwards became equally intimate with Sir Humphry Davy and Wollaston, and indeed, more or less, with all the scientific and literary men not only of the metropolis but of the kingdom. Upon the whole it may be truly said of Dr. Bostock, that as a gentleman, a writer, a scholar, a man of learning, of taste, probity, and irreproachable character, he has few equals in any country, and that his interesting work on physiology, independently of his almost innumerable essays on the most varied subjects, is, alone, sufficient to establish for him imperishable fame.

But, as a physician rising into eminence, there is no one, perhaps, in London superior to Dr. HENRY HOLLAND. Endowed with native talent of high order, having received the most finished intellectual education, accustomed, from the earliest period, to highly refined and cultivated society, having travelled extensively through Europe and other countries, and employed his active and energetic mind to investigation of disease abroad and at home, in private and hospital practice, there are few so well calculated to concentrate their resources and make them



bear, vigorously, upon abstruse or unexplored medical subjects.

Even whilst a student at Edinburgh Dr. Holland was distinguished for extensive classical and professional acquirement, and for logical precision and force of character, joined to such gentle and unpretending qualities of the heart, as to win for him the respect and affection of his associates. It was not my good fortune, at that period, to form his acquaintance, as he was absent upon an excursion to Albania, of which country he afterwards published an interesting account, so that I had no opportunity of presenting a letter of introduction to him I had received from his early friend, Joseph B. Yates, Esq. of Liverpool—a gentleman also distinguished for his respectability, literary tastes and acquirements. Availing myself afterwards, notwithstanding the lapse of time, of such credentials, I had no hesitation to call upon him in London and claim his good offices, which, I need hardly say, were bestowed with warmth of feeling and cordiality, in every way calculated to gratify a stranger—only diminished by the regret of not only seeing too little of such a man, but of the eminent literary, scientific, and professional characters that cluster around him. In particular I had cause to regret not being able to join a dinner-party at his house, composed of the celebrated Sidney Smith and others of literary renown, including our American friend Mr. Webster.

As a writer Dr. Holland is distinguished by a bold and vigorous style, eminently fitted to convey corresponding thoughts and impressions. He has, accordingly, signalized himself by the few medical productions that have emanated

from his pen, and by none more conspicuously than his "*Medical Notes and Reflections*"—a volume full of thought and original matter, speculative and practical, and well deserving a place in every medical library. In personal appearance there is nothing striking or commanding about him; on the contrary he is rather diminutive in stature, slender and delicate in frame, and from his pallid complexion and plain dress might pass, readily, for any thing but an Englishman. His head too, as a specimen, is little calculated to sustain phrenological doctrines—making due allowance for the fact, however, that very few who venture to pronounce decisively, in such matters, merely from a glance, or without actual examination and measurement, possess sufficient knowledge to enable them to express an opinion at all; in which number candour might, possibly, compel me to include myself.

With Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Chambers, Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, and Dr. James Johnstone, I formed no acquaintance, though possessed, from influential sources, of letters to each—my time being too much taken up with numerous other avocations to enable me even to pay them a visit, a ceremony always expected in Europe upon the ground, and justly, that a resident could not be supposed to know of the arrival even of a friend, much less of a stranger, until notified of his being in town; independently of the compliment implied by the very act of seeking the individual whose acquaintance we are desirous of forming, or of paying a first visit to those whose courtesies we expect to receive. The reputation of all these gentlemen, in their several departments, is, deservedly, very high, and they are placed by common consent

among the leading physicians of the metropolis, especially Dr. Johnstone, than whom a riper scholar, a profounder thinker, a more accomplished gentleman and practitioner, a man of deeper or more varied professional learning, or better writer, does not, in the general estimation of his English brethren, exist in the British empire—a sentiment, I venture to affirm, that will be re-echoed from one extremity to the other of the American continent.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM London to Paris there are many routes and modes of conveyance, some of them short and very direct, partly by steam but chiefly, after reaching France, by Diligence. I selected the longest but most varied and picturesque—by Havre. The Phœnix, built and owned in France, is generally considered the best boat on the line; but not being in port upon the day fixed for my departure, I took passage in the *Britannia*, lying in the Thames opposite the Tower. At ten precisely we got under weigh, and amidst a forest of masts, thick, diversified, and lofty, gradually descended the river, choked with coal lighters, boats and craft, and small steamers of every description, without even ruffling their sides; passed in succession the stupendous *East India Docks* on the left, *Deptford*, in Kent, on the right, famous for its docks and victualling-yards, *Greenwich*, a mile below in the same county, also on the southern bank of the river, with its large and splendid hospital for invalid and superannuated sailors, its beautiful park and observatory commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country for many miles, and in its neighbourhood the large receiving ship *Dreadnought*, used as a hospital for seamen of all nations, and supported by voluntary contributions. Three miles below Greenwich, we also passed *Woolwich*, remarkable for its Marine and

Artillery Barracks, Royal Arsenal, and new Military Academy, near which is distinctly seen *Shooter's Hill*, long celebrated for its prospects; on the same side, and twenty miles from London, and the limit of its port, *Gravesend*, handsomely situated, containing five or six thousand inhabitants, numerous handsome houses, a splendid pier, and bathing establishment, and in its immediate vicinity the beautiful gothic church of Milton. At five, P.M. we were off *Sheerness*, nearly fifty miles from London, the fortifications of which, and breakwaters around, were distinctly visible from our starboard quarter, the coast of Essex on the larboard, and in front an open expanse of water, upon which we were careering with a fair wind. Shortly after *Margate*, also, on the coast of Kent came in view, with its sands high and dry from a low tide, and the chalky cliffs about the shores forming prominent objects in the landscape. The town is beautifully situated on the margin of lofty chalk cliffs having their sides studded with perpendicular ridges, like the palisades of our Hudson, but of snowy whiteness instead of dark brown colour. *Broadstairs* and *Ramsgate*, within two or three miles of each other, both of which as well as Margate have long been famous as the resort of cockneys for bathing and other recreations, were successively passed. The whole coast of Kent, indeed, is dotted with villages and beautiful seats of the nobility and gentry, which, on a clear day, such as we enjoyed, may be seen to great advantage. About sunset a beautiful view was presented of the *cliffs* of *Dover*, extending, to judge by the eye, fifteen or twenty miles in length. Within a semicircle of these the town was, indistinctly, seen, being situated in a low valley. Its Castle, however, and Shakspeare's celebrated cliff,

besides numerous light-houses, on the different promontories, were strikingly conspicuous and grand. The outline of all these cliffs is very abrupt and peculiar, bearing some resemblance to the bold shores of the Chesapeake, (wanting, however, their rich yellow or red lustre and the lofty trees decking their margins,) but painfully oppressive to the eye from the glare of excessive whiteness reflected from their broad and irregular surfaces. By the time we had run down the Dover coast, night cast her shadows on surrounding objects, and the passengers, hitherto employed in gazing upon the delightful scenery and numerous steamers and other vessels constantly flitting across our path, now turned their thoughts towards each other and sought an acquaintance. There were some fifteen or twenty gentlemen and ladies, Scotch, English, and French, most of them sprightly, agreeable, and well informed—on their way to the Continent for pleasure or business. A few rough-looking, but well behaved, men and women occupied the forward cabin, with inferior accommodations and at a reduced price, and did not intermix with our company, partly from choice and partly from restrictions, always rigidly enforced in the English steamers, rail-road cars, and coaches.

An American who sees, for the first time, foreign steamers, finds much to excite his curiosity—so different are they, in every respect, from American vessels of that description. They are all as black as midnight externally, and are thus painted to hide dirt, inasmuch as it has been found impossible, owing to coal smoke and cinders, to keep them clean. The cabins, however, are handsomely painted, generally in imitation of maple, and, though seemingly small, are very convenient and

comfortable, the berths being so snugly arranged as not to interfere with the tables, chairs, and other furniture. In addition to these there are long and very wide hair sofas, well stuffed and padded, which make comfortable beds, and are used as such. One of these I selected in preference to a berth, and found it quite a luxury. The fare is excellent, the servants very attentive and obliging, and cost of passage quite inconsiderable—our trip of twenty-four hours from London to Havre, including every expense, not exceeding eight dollars.

At six the next morning, after a hard blow in the night and less pitching and tossing than might have been expected, the French coast came in view, with its long undulating outline: at nine we caught a glimpse of the picturesque and commanding heights of Havre, and after beating backwards and forwards for half an hour, opposite the town, waiting for the tide to rise sufficiently high to enable us to enter the harbour, reached at ten the first stage of our journey and breathed the atmosphere of France, which, considering the season, for it was the 30th of May, was as sultry as can well be imagined, and not much less oppressive than an American fourth of July. After a slight overhauling at the custom-house a few of us repaired to the Hotel des Etats Unis, and, under the direction of a commissioner, (an active intelligent young Englishman, who derives a precarious and scanty support by assisting his countrymen and Americans to escape from the extorsive clutches of the French police), consumed the morning in fighting for passports; and the rest of the day in walking and riding about the beautiful suburbs of the mean-looking town, examining the public buildings, ascending the heights, and viewing

the dreary and comfortless chateaus, some of which, however, were known to fame as former residences of distinguished women and men—Madame La Fayette, Mademoiselle Scudery, M. Cassimir, General Rouelle, Delavigne, and the renowned Saint-Pierre.

The next morning at nine, we took passage for Paris, in the steamer "Seine," a very long, narrow vessel; and, after crossing the wide estuary that pours its flood of waters into the ocean, near Havre, gradually ascended the river—in some places, within a few miles of its termination, quite grand and imposing, and rendered more so by the impending hills, crowned with dense forests as far as the eye can reach. The villages, too, on both sides of its banks, I found were numerous, and, in many instances, beautifully situated; some of them unique and romantic in the extreme, and others, again, remarkable for their quaint, old-fashioned, style of architecture. The first that caught my attention was *Honfleur*, a town, rather than village, containing eight or ten thousand inhabitants, prettily situated in a valley between two lofty hills, and containing many handsome houses, and several fine naval establishments. On a neighbouring hill stands the neat chapel of *Notre-Dame de Grace*, celebrated in ancient times for the religious ceremonies connected with its history and origin. A few miles above Honfleur, on the same side of the river—the right—is *Grestain*, renowned, in former times, for its Abbey, and interesting still for its historical associations. Further up, our attention was drawn to the *Pointe de la Roque*, a very steep promontory which seems to obstruct the passage of the river. Between this and Grestain,



the country is very fertile and beautiful, especially about *Berville*, a small, but neat and comfortable looking village—famous for its fisheries. On the opposite side of the river, some distance above La Roque, we passed *Tankerville* and its ruined Castle, and the Eagle tower, beautifully situated in the midst of one of the most fertile regions of Normandy, connected with historical events, of the days of the Harcourt, Tankerville, and Montmorency families, and the aspirations of Le Brun, all extremely interesting. Some of the estates of Marshal Suchet are in its vicinity. Three or four miles above, and on the opposite shore, stands *Quillebeuf*, a small, but rather picturesque village, remarkable chiefly for the immense number of quicksands, reefs, and moving sand banks around its shores, that make the navigation extremely perilous; and opposite this, again, *Lillebonne*, formerly a Roman station, called Juliobana, at which ancient statues in bronze and marble, helmets, remains of aqueducts, baths, &c., have lately been found in fine preservation. There, too, was the manor and palace of William the Conqueror, and the place at which he was accustomed to assemble his Norman Barons. Between *Lillebonne* and *Caudebec*, there are no very remarkable places, with exception, perhaps, of the *Forest of Brotonne*, so famous in days of chivalry. In many situations, extensive meadows may be seen, with numerous herds of cattle, horses, and donkeys ranging over them, and their shores covered with forests of Lombardy poplar. Than *Caudebec*, however, there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful town on the Seine,—situated, as it is, within an ellipsis formed by the river, and presenting from its quay, a

magnificent view of the adjacent country ; independently of its fine, ancient chapel, with its curious gothic steeple, and the historical recollections which crowd upon the memory from the moment of beholding it ; from the exploits of Talbot to those of Charles the Seventh, down to the interesting associations connected with the neighbouring ruins of the *Abbey of Fontenelle*. Some miles above Caudebec, on the same side of the river, stand the ruins of the *Abbey of Jumiéges*, of sufficient extent, in former days, to accommodate two or three thousand laymen and monks, and hard by, the chateau of Charles the Seventh, where he was visited so frequently by the beautiful Agnes Sorel. The next place of importance that strikes the eye, as we ascend, is *Duclair*, then the quarries of Caumont, the castle of Robert the Devil, then *La Vacherie*, where Madame Dubocage composed her "Colombiade." Between these and Rouen, with exception of many chateaus, handsomely situated, and their grounds tastefully laid out, there are few villages, or castles, or monastic remains, of much notoriety or historical importance.

*Rouen* itself, however, which we reached about two o'clock in the afternoon, is a large, old-fashioned town, containing upwards of an hundred thousand inhabitants, distant from Havre, by land, between sixty and seventy miles, and by water much further, as the whole course of the Seine is extremely tortuous, so much so, that in some places, especially between *Duclair* and *Jumiéges*, it has been proposed by the Marquis Vanban and by M. De Berigny, to cut a canal, with the view of shortening the navigation five leagues. So far, our passage had been a very comfortable and agreeable one, and to add

to the pleasure we all received, a band of Tyrolese minstrels came on board at one of the villages below, and immediately struck up some of the most lively and enchanting airs I ever listened to, which were continued with numerous variations, without interruption, until we reached the magnificent quay of *Rouen*. Among their group, I was particularly struck with the animated and beautiful features, rosy complexion, neat dress, and figure of a fine lad of twelve or fourteen, who played delightfully on the clarionet, and sang like a syren. Upon discovering that I took an interest in him, and learning from the other passengers I was an American, he came up to me and modestly said, "You come, sir, from the country of all others I am most anxious to see; many of my relations have gone to it, and write to us that they are rich and very happy. Do, sir, take me with you; yes, do, I am sure you will, I will be your servant, and will work and play for you. Won't you, kind gentleman, my mother and father are very poor, and I have six little brothers and sisters, and I travel about with these men, to help them to get a living, but I make very little, not half so much as I could make in your country. Ah, do take me with you, won't you, sir?" I felt extreme interest in the boy, and, at one time, was almost upon the point of saying I would comply with his wishes; but, recollecting how inconvenient it might prove to be encumbered with such a companion, knowing the vagabond life so many of these strolling musicians lead in Europe, and unable to get from any one a character of the lad, I resolved, much as appearances were in his favour, to decline the proposal. The stewardess of the boat, a good-looking, middle-aged

woman, overhearing our conversation, presently came to me, with her husband, and said, with great emotion, "You are from America, sir—perhaps you know our child?—Ah, he was a dear boy, much handsomer than the one you have been talking to. We let him go from Havre, with Captain Stephen Haynes, of the brig *Bulah* of Boston, or of Maine, four years and a half ago, and we have never heard a word from him since. His name is Eugene Janny De Marchyse, and he sailed from Havre to Dartmouth, in England, and thence to America, and he has never written to us since, and we are almost distracted about him. He was only fifteen, and an excellent boy, and could read and write very well, and we are afraid he is dead. Will you, kind sir, inquire after him, and send us word, and direct your letter to his father, Janny De Marchyse, who lives at the *Hotel de l'Amirauté*, at Havre." I sympathized warmly with these poor people, whose distress was, evidently, very far from being assumed, and promised to do all in my power towards recovering their lost child; though hitherto my inquiries have proved unavailing. Possibly some one may be more fortunate—should these pages chance to meet their eye. Upon speaking with Captain Pasquet, of the steamer, respecting the parents, he said they were both worthy people—that the boy he had, also, known, and a better or more interesting one could seldom be found.

We remained the rest of the day at Rouen, and after partaking of a sumptuous dinner consisting of turbot, and other delicacies, at the *Hotel Nord*—not by any means, in other respects, the best in the town—sallied

forth and examined with as much attention as our limited stay would permit, the magnificent Cathedral (among the finest in Europe) with its lofty towers overlooking the whole town and adjacent country, and containing the tombs, or monuments, of William the Conqueror, Richard Cœur de Lion, and various other interesting remains; then visited in succession the churches of St. Vincent, Madelaine, and St. Ouen, the Palais de Justice, and the statue of Corneille, and returned to our old castle of an hotel, which formerly belonged to some of the Norman nobility, and bore evident marks of having seen better days.

Early next morning, we left Rouen, in the steamer, for Paris—halting a few minutes to examine the superb suspension bridge, recently erected over the Seine, opposite St. Sever and Grand Pont,—passing through a country beautifully diversified by hill and dale, whose chalky cliffs, vine-clad slopes and well-cultivated fields and gardens, alternately created the most novel and agreeable sensations—stopping, ever and anon, to receive and discharge passengers at some picturesque town and village, like those we had passed on the lower Seine, such as *Elbeuf*, *Pont-de-l'Arche*, *Andelys*, the birth-place of Nicholas Pousin, with its fortress *Chateau Gaillard*, *Mantes*, the castle of *Roche-guyon*, now belonging to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, *Herblay*, *Maisons-Lafitte*, reached *Saint-Germain* at four in the afternoon, under the pitiless pelting of a thunderstorm, as tremendous as I ever witnessed in the mountains of my own country. Here terminates, as respects passenger steamboats, the voyage up the Seine, and here begins the rail-road that

leads to Paris—now only distant a few miles. But who would, willingly, leave such a place as *Saint-Germain*, associated, as it is, with so many interesting and remarkable events? Accordingly, instead of going with the rest of our steamboat companions, most of whom hurried into the cars, and were soon swept off at a rapid rate towards the capital, I remained over night, and part of next day to meditate upon the spot, where Henry the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Louis the Fourteenth, were born;—where Henry the Fourth resided;—where Mary Stuart, the wife of Francis the Second, sojourned;—to perambulate the lofty halls and rooms, stripped as they have since been of their original decorations, of the once gorgeous, but still very extensive and beautiful Palace—to range through the magnificent park, or forest, of eight thousand acres, and repose beneath the ancient and wide-spreading trees, that have often, perhaps, cast their shadows over the head of the unfortunate James the Second, and his exiled court—through whose devious paths the amiable and affectionate, but discarded, Madame La Valliere strayed, to pour out her sorrows, and escape from the penetrating gaze of her rival, Montespan. Having surveyed with pleasurable emotions, not unmixed with painful interest, many of the objects most worthy of notice in and around this elevated and salubrious region, I took my seat, after night, in a train of cars, and quickly reached the depot on the skirts of Paris. Here a scene which beggars all description immediately ensued; for the moment the cars arrived at their destination, out tumbled “*bagage*,” passengers, and all, simultaneously, into a

square pen, so barricaded and fortified by rail-road agents and police, as to render escape next to impossible; and then commenced the opening of trunks, the tossing of clothes, the overhauling of passports, the screams of women, the vociferations of men from within, and the re-echo of porters and idlers from without. One testy little Englishman, flanked by an old raw-boned Scotch woman from Edinburgh, made desperate efforts to prevent the contents of their trunks from meeting the officer's gaze; whilst a stout Irish Colonel, tired of restraint, and swearing he was "suffocated, any how, by the crowd, and kilt by the din of French jabber," made a headlong plunge at the barrier, broke it down, and leaped out, followed, helter skelter, by our whole troop of travelling captives, some without their baggage, and all with aching bones or battered shins. By great good luck I secured my own property, and bawling, loudly, for a fiacre or citadine, was surrounded instantly by fifty scaramouch-looking porters, one of whom quickly jerking up my trunk and bag, and throwing them over a frame, like a wheelbarrow, fastened upon his back, bolted straight forward, with the speed of lightning, shouldering and jostling the crowd from right to left, bidding me follow—which I did, with all the energy I was master of, nearly dislocating my ankles over the stones that rolled like cannon balls under my feet, and breaking my head against projecting sheds and houses, without side-walks, shouting, over and over, at the top of my voice, "Vilain, holla! vilain, halte lá! coquin, halte lá!" without being heeded any more than if I had been a post or a stone, until, after a glorious stern-chase of forty

minutes, I came up with the fugitive, in Rue Rivoli, where, with a graceful turn upon his toes, à la pirouette, he quickly removed my commodities from his back, smilingly led the way, and with the utmost possible good humour and nonchalance fairly scraped and bowed me, at midnight, into *Meurice's Hotel*,—puffing and blowing, and half dead with fatigue and vexation, and equally at a loss which most to wonder at, the imperturbable coolness, fine muscular proportions and politeness of the fellow, or my own activity in overtaking him.



## CHAPTER III.

AFTER a sojourn, then, of many weeks in London, my steps were turned towards the French capital, towards Paris—the wonder of the world in all that relates to gaiety and fashion, to the fine arts and to sciences, to medical and surgical literature and practice, to military renown, and to historical and political associations, and revolutions, from the earliest periods down to the present time. With two or three exceptions, I took no introductory letters, depending, as in England, mainly upon the voluntary courtesy and bonhommie of those whose acquaintance and society I sought—and was not disappointed. Through the kindness of an old Philadelphia friend,\* remarkable for his excellent endowments and amiable character, long settled in Paris, and intimately acquainted with the *anatomy* of the place, its long, narrow, irregular streets, its splendid public buildings, its various shops and residences of celebrated men, the habits of the people, their singularities, and prejudices, and the modes of overcoming them, but, above all, for the interest he takes as an amateur, in all that relates to the medical profession, especially where his American friends are concerned, I had abundant opportunities, by his guidance and assistance, of becoming

\* Samuel I. Fisher, Esq.

acquainted, almost immediately, with the city and its concerns, which, without such valuable aid, I might have remained in for weeks and known very little about. With an ardour and enthusiasm I did not expect and had no right to calculate upon, he went with me from hospital to hospital, from surgeon to physician, from the Jardin des Plantes to Père la Chaise, from monuments to catacombs, from the Louvre to the site of the Bastile, and through alleys, holes, and dungeons, where the light of heaven seemed not to have been admitted for half a century, hunting up books and prints, and instruments, inquiring after anatomical and surgical preparations, and a thousand nondescript articles of value or curiosity which are only to be found in that extraordinary capital. To several very intelligent young physicians, graduates of our school, pursuing their studies, very diligently and successfully at Paris, I felt myself, also under great obligations for their kind attentions in going about with me to the different lectures, delivered often in very remote, and almost inaccessible places, and procuring information for me, on various subjects, I should have found it very difficult otherwise to have obtained.\*

Of the advantages of a residence in Paris for medical purposes, beyond most other cities, I was well apprised, but the real amount and value of such advantages I certainly had no adequate conception of until they were presented to my view, nor could I fully understand why pupils, after having completed their studies in this country, and sailed for Europe in quest of additional information, should, almost to a man, take up their quarters,

\* Drs. Bulloch, Spencer, Grant, &c.

exclusively, in the French metropolis, and never think, afterwards of attending the lectures and walking the rounds of the English, Scotch, and Irish colleges and hospitals. But I had not been a week in Paris before I understood, perfectly, the nature of the case, by finding that there were hundreds, nay thousands of individuals, employed in demonstrating, teaching, and unravelling, in every possible way, the most intricate subjects, in every branch of our science and art, and for a compensation so exceedingly small, and, oftentimes, without any compensation at all, as to be within the limits of the poorest and most destitute student—that the demonstrations and lectures were carried on throughout every season of the year, and with an energy and enthusiasm, altogether surprising and unheard of in most other European countries—that *subjects*, owing to peculiar regulations of government, an overgrown population and accidents, and diseases resulting therefrom, were more abundant and cheaper than elsewhere, and that *living*, where the student was really desirous of economising and of employing his time to the utmost advantage, was so cheap as not to amount necessarily beyond a few francs a day. Above all, I found that the regular lectures in the different hospitals and institutions, by men of the first eminence, were paid for by government, and *gratuitous*, as respected the pupil; that the reputation of these men was dependent, mainly, upon the exertions they made in their several departments or lectureships, and that in turn, their chances of obtaining high standing in practice and lucrative employment, was in proportion to their success and celebrity as professors, teachers and hospital physicians and surgeons; the natural consequence of all which was, that

pupils would remain in Paris, where they had little or nothing to pay, and where the advantages were at least equal to those for which in other countries they would be obliged to pay, and that their teachers, from having the strongest possible motives for improving themselves and their classes, must necessarily acquire a skill and reputation, at least equal to that of teachers in other parts of the world.

My first visit upon reaching Paris, was to that quarter of the town called the Pays-Latin, in which the greater number of the hospitals, the Ecole de Médecine and its Museum, the Clinical Hospital of the School of Medicine, the Museum of Dupuytren, are situated, where all the medical students and many of the professors, private lecturers, demonstrators, medical booksellers, instrument makers, medical artistes, anatomical workers in wax and papier maché, preparers of natural and artificial skeletons and other varieties of surgical and anatomical specimens, reside; where the streets are so narrow and filthy, and without pavements or side walks, as to endanger life at every corner; where the houses are so high, old-fashioned and gloomy as to resemble jails, or penitentiaries, and nearly shut out the light of heaven; where the Catacombs, those vast depositories of human bones, the accumulated collection of ages, lie beneath the feet, extend to unknown distances, and seem to respond by hollow groans to the tread of the foot-passenger, and rumble beneath the jar of cumbrous vehicles and the tramp of clumsy animals, that are incessantly threading the narrow defiles above their desolate but populous domains; where noisome smells of concentrated vigour and activity and varied odour, assail the olfactories from every quarter; where

loud and discordant cries of wandering tribes of vagabonds vending their peculiar animal and vegetable productions, fall upon the sensitive and startled tympanum of the stranger like strokes of the sledge-hammer or harsh gratings of the sawpit; where the barking of dogs, the screams of parrots and the chattering of monkeys, mixed with the gabble of old women and men; where the bowing and nodding, and scraping and salutations and recognitions of street passengers, bobbing against and shouldering each other—followed by the incessant and everlasting apology “Pardon Monsieur,” and, in return, by the complacent shrug and grin of the sufferer, and the exclamation “pas du tout,” afford the most amusing and melancholy mixture of pleasurable and disagreeable sensation that can possibly be conceived, and have afforded, no doubt, many a scene for the dramatist and painter.

Yet in this very quarter, so different from the fine squares and buildings, and gardens, and broad avenues of other parts of Paris, and separated from them by the intervention of the river, are to be found the dwellings of men whose fame and reputation have extended to every corner of the earth; where the science of medicine in all its branches is taught with an assiduity and accuracy, enthusiasm and fidelity, unknown in most other parts of the world; where the student revels from dawn to sunset, and, if he please, throughout the night, among lectures, dissections, demonstrations and preparations, until he is stuffed and crammed, and saturated with knowledge to such extent, as to leave no room for additional supply; where he may go at almost any moment and witness important operations on the living body, listen to a lecture on the case and the reasons for per-

forming it, and, if with an unfavourable result, have an opportunity of seeing the injection and dissection of the parts, and their mode of preservation; where he may perform with his own hand operation after operation, guided by some able assistant, until he acquires a perfect knowledge of the principles which govern him, the instruments he employs, and the nature of the case in which he resorts to such measures; where, in short, he may be engaged for months, or years, in such varied and useful professional avocations as to be insensible to the disagreeable scenes by which he is surrounded, and to become so attached to the filth and iniquated atmosphere he has been digesting and respiring for so long a time, as to feel almost broken-hearted at the prospect of leaving them.

It was in the midst of this professional region I found it necessary to establish my quarters; for although I had attempted, whilst living near the Tuileries in the most fashionable part of the town, to follow the hospitals by rising at day-break, I soon discovered it impossible to continue such long walks without fatigue and loss of time, and, therefore, fixed myself in lodgings long celebrated as the resort of American students, and where I had the pleasure of being the inmate of some of my former pupils. Early one morning whilst sitting in converse with these and my excellent friend, Professor Eve of Georgia, there was a gentle tap at the door, followed by the entrance of one at whose approach my friends simultaneously rose and bowed in a way to indicate peculiar respect, and the next moment I found myself almost encircled by the arms of VELPEAU, who said, in the most complimentary way, he had called to pay his respects to me, and imme-

diately after, fixed his eye upon the tall, lathy figure of one of my young countrymen, six feet three inches high, and remarked, in broken English and French, he perceived I had a *Kentuckian* in the room—much to the confusion, but amusement, of my friend and his fellow-students.

I had often heard of Velpeau as a homely, ungainly, personage, with grizzly hair standing up like a shoe-brush, rough in his manners and careless in dress. I found him, however, polite, agreeable, lively, easy and genteel, dressed plainly, but with as much neatness as most other gentlemen. He sat for half an hour conversing with great intelligence and good humour on various subjects; asked numerous questions respecting our medical men, and his former American pupils, whom he named and spoke of with pleasure. In referring to his numerous works, and expressing my surprise that he should find time, engaged as he was in hospital and private practice, to read and quote so many English, American and other foreign books, he replied with an honesty and candour I did not expect, “Oh, my dear sir, you see how little I know of your language, it would be impossible for me to read all these books myself, but I have excellent young friends among your countrymen, and students from all parts of the world, and get *them* to read for me and furnish translations and extracts, and in this way appear as learned as you have been pleased to consider me.” I was delighted with this amiable frankness, and afterwards took every opportunity of seeing him at his house and at *La Charité*, where he is principal surgeon. His history is an extraordinary one, and calculated to make a strong impression upon a student who has experienced the hard

usage and buffetings of this world, as it will convince him there is no situation in life, however humble, no circumstances however difficult, no misfortunes and entanglements, however complicated, he may not extricate himself from and rise to the highest eminence, provided he is endowed with talent, energy, enterprise and good conduct.

I was walking with my old Philadelphia friend in the *Palais Royal*, in quest of a watch, and struck with the open and honest physiognomy of a middle-aged man, whom we observed through the window so busily engaged at his work as not to perceive us, determined to enter and examine his commodities. After selecting an article of beautiful workmanship, such as we had not seen in any other establishment, demanding the price, and then, according to usage, endeavouring to get at the lowest sum, the man, with a deep sigh and most disconsolate look, said that *his* profession was a most unfortunate one—that for years he had toiled from morning till night poring over the wheels and springs of watches with magnifying glasses, until he had nearly put out a pair of the finest and sharpest eyes God ever made, and by long sitting had injured his limbs and impaired his constitution. “Oh,” said he, “that I had been a surgeon, how different might have been my situation!” Then turning, and looking us full in the face, he continued, “Gentlemen, I am a poor individual, without fame or consequence, but my history, inasmuch as it is connected with that of a dear friend, whose reputation is well known all over the world, is nevertheless a singular and interesting one, and for his sake, if you can spare time, I will relate it to you.” Struck with the manner and earnestness of



the man, and favourably impressed towards him, we took seats in his small shop and listened to his narrative. "I was the son," said he, "of a poor miller, and the father of my friend followed the occupation of blacksmith in the village of Breches and province of Loire, and at an early age we were both initiated in the mysteries of our paternal vocations, he shoeing horses, and I grinding grain from morning till night. In spite, however, of the severe labour to which my friend was exposed, he devoted many hours of the night to improving his mind, and twice a week attended a country school three miles off. His father's library consisted of two books—the complete drover and a volume of medical receipts—which the young blacksmith was so enamoured of as to commit to memory, and from that period turned his attention to medicine. He continued, however, to shoe horses, and prescribe for their diseases until his twenty-third year, when growing tired of such labour and burning to distinguish himself in higher pursuits, proposed to me to leave our native village and repair to the Capital, where he was sure, he said, we should both meet with occupations worthy of our toil.

"With scanty means and slender wardrobes fastened to our backs, we commenced our journey on foot, and after a time reached Tours, where the money of my friend giving out, he was obliged to remain and work at his trade, while I pursued my solitary way to the Capital, and meeting with no better employment took up with the villanous business of watchmaking. Several weeks afterwards my friend arrived, and hiring for three francs a black coat, which did not fit, and contrasted strangely with his country garments, waited upon the celebrated

DUBOIS—offering to become his pupil—who, impressed favourably, notwithstanding the ludicrous figure he cut in his long-tailed coat and sky-blue pantaloons, told him he might live among his servants and have the run of his kitchen for some weeks, until he could ascertain the nature and extent of his qualifications. The proposal was joyfully accepted, but before the expiration of the allotted time, my friend gave so many proofs of genius and talent, and worked with such assiduity and success as to astonish Dubois, and cause him henceforward to consider him as a companion and friend. From that moment the fortune of my village crony was made; for, under the excellent Dubois, he not only made astonishing progress in his medical studies, but was so diligent and untiring as to acquire in a short time such knowledge of the classics, and most of the languages of modern Europe, as to read them with facility. So much time, indeed, was devoted to all his pursuits as to render him very careless of his appearance and costume, and I remember how much mortification I experienced from perceiving that my master did not relish the occasional visits of my friend, and especially when he told me upon one occasion I ought to keep better company, for he was seriously afraid that ill-looking fellow would rob his shop. I endeavoured after this to prevail upon my old friend to attend better to his toilet, but he said such matters were beneath a man of science and proofs of a weak mind, and for his part, thought when a coat required brushing it was time to get a new one.

“ Since that period only a few years have elapsed, and my country friend, farrier, and blacksmith, is now at the head of the profession in Paris, a distinguished professor

and hospital surgeon, the author of large and valuable volumes in every department of the profession, and, withal, a man of fortune. And where," he continued, "am I? Still a poor miserable watchmaker in the Palais Royal, and the tenant of this pill-box of a shop, in which you are sitting." And pray, Mr. Jarossay, said I, may I ask who that friend of yours may be? "That friend, sir," said he, slowly rising from his bench, putting forth his right arm, and stamping firmly with his foot upon the floor, "that friend, sir, is no less than the celebrated VELPEAU."

The next day I called upon Velpeau, and found him in his study behind a pile of books, which he was pitching with great vivacity from right to left, in search of authorities and quotations for a large work on surgery then in press. He showed me the translation of a letter I had sent him, at his request, detailing the results of certain operations in my own practice, and said he had obtained similar documents from other American surgeons. Before leaving I took the opportunity to ask if Jarossay's story was correct. "Perfectly so," said he, "as far as it goes, he is still my friend, an honest man, and one of the best watchmakers in Paris, of whom you may purchase without hesitation." I returned to the Palais Royal and secured the watch, and commend all in quest of such articles "to go and do likewise."

I arrived in Paris shortly after the revolution of May, 1839, when the hospitals were crowded with gun-shot wounds of every description, in men, women and children, many of them received, accidentally, in their houses whilst engaged in domestic concerns, from stray bullets, which found their way into the most retired places. One

poor fellow, among the rest, lost his life from a ball which struck him in the neck whilst shaving in a garret of one of the lofty houses on the Quai Voltaire, and which had been fired from the opposite side of the river. Another, a noble-looking man, while shutting the windows of his shop, received a shot in the middle of the thigh, which fractured the bone in a shocking manner. I saw him, among others, on the 11th of June, whilst accompanying Velpeau through his wards. He seemed in a deplorable condition, his skin like wax, and covered by clammy perspiration, his tongue foul, his eyes glassy, his system irritable in the extreme, his thigh prodigiously swollen, each orifice of the wound blocked up by a fungus, through the crevices of which offensive matter streamed copiously. Velpeau was evidently alarmed, and turning to me said, "What do you think of that case, and what would you have done with it in your hospital?" I should have cut it off, I replied, as soon as possible after reaction. "Ah," said he, "that would have given his limb no chance. I have been trying to save it; besides, he was unwilling to part with it; saying, he would rather die than wear a wooden leg. But I believe I must now operate, though it is rather late." Soon after he repaired to his lecture-room and poured forth, extemporaneously, one of the most learned and interesting discourses on spontaneous gangrene, I ever listened to, quoting immense number of authorities with the utmost ease and accuracy, but, in the midst of his fluency suddenly stammered, and, under great embarrassment, said, "Gentlemen, this is the first time I ever forgot a name,"—which was confirmed by the pupils around, some of whom had attended him for years. After lecture, the poor patient with broken

thigh was brought in and placed upon the table, and Velpeau, with the long, narrow, double-edged knife, resembling a cut-and-thrust sword, and used by most French surgeons, amputated the limb by forming a double flap, and sawing off the bone two inches above its shattered extremity. The poor fellow gave one loud and agonizing scream and fell back. Velpeau, however, proceeded very deliberately and humanely, and, if not with the despatch of a Roux or Liston, with accuracy and neatness sufficient to prove himself not only a learned lecturer, but a very clever operator. The man through strength of constitution recovered; but nine patients out of ten, in a crowded hospital like La Charité, would have died, and their lungs, and other internal organs, been found filled with metastatic abscesses.

There are persons, no doubt, in all parts of the world ready to exclaim, upon hearing that Velpeau was a blacksmith, "Oh, he must be a vulgar fellow; it is impossible he can know anatomy, or surgery, or classics; he may be a good farrier," &c. Accordingly, his enemies in Paris, jealous of his reputation, avail themselves largely of the circumstance, and deride his claims to distinction. In these days, when people are springing like mushrooms out of the earth, and shooting in a few hours, as it were, into notice, without any aid but their genius, can there be any thing more contemptible, weak and ridiculous, than to depreciate them, and upon the very grounds which entitle them to distinction? For we must all admit that one who, without family, without education, without means, and with nothing but his own native intellectual vigour and superiority to depend upon, can emerge from the cloud by which he is surrounded, and

soar through regions of ineffable brightness, a shining mark, to guide and control his high-born, rich and college-bred brethren, should be an object of respect, sympathy and affection, rather than of obloquy, shame and detestation. The proper reply perhaps, to all boasters, who value themselves upon family distinctions, not the result of intellect, or of personal exertion, is that of the able and honest Pennsylvanian,\* who, though born in humble life, and bred a shoemaker, was enabled, by his genius and industry, to rise superior to the frowns of fortune, and by his own unaided efforts, to elevate himself to the highest rank in the councils of his country, and who, when jeered, twitted and taunted in open debate upon his low origin and humble occupation, told his assailant, in language which nearly cut him in twain, that "if *he* had been bred a shoemaker he would have been one *still*."

I have mentioned the name of Roux, the chief surgeon of the *Hôtel Dieu*, successor of the celebrated Dupuytren, the author of an interesting work on the comparative excellence of English and French surgery, and of other valuable publications, of whom every one, no doubt, has heard more or less. To see him in all his glory we must go to the scene of his exploits—the oldest and largest hospital in Paris, founded in the seventh century, containing formerly eight hundred beds, but now only six hundred, owing to a part of the hospital having recently been pulled down for the purpose of improving the streets on the southern bank of the Seine, the deficiency of which, however, is temporarily supplied by the use of an hospital in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine.

\* The late Hon. W. S. of Staunton, Virginia.

I rose at five on a fine summer morning, the seventeenth of June, and after a pleasant walk along the banks of the Seine, and through some of the antiquated streets of the neighbourhood, paid my first visit to the great school in which DESAULT and BICHAT may be said to have lived and died; for the greater part of their lives were passed in the Hôtel Dieu, in the hall of which I saw tablets with the most respectful and appropriate inscriptions to their memory, together with their portraits, and that of Dupuytren. For an hour and a half I walked through the long corridors, and wards and rooms and chapels, of this venerable pile of buildings, founded by Bishop Landri, and added to, successively, by Philip Augustus, St. Louis, Henry the fourth, Louis the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth; examined minutely the various arrangements for the reception of all classes of medical and surgical patients, and at seven found myself in presence of Roux, who had just entered the hospital, followed by a crowd of pupils, of every nation, colour and appearance. He saw I was a stranger, and with great politeness immediately came forward, addressed me in broken English, mistaking me, probably, for a John Bull, but upon finding I was an American expressed himself highly pleased, and invited me to examine with him every interesting case in the ward. I accompanied him from bed to bed, heard his remarks upon each patient, and with surprise saw him dress, with his own hand, every wound, ulcer and fractured limb, and apply every bandage with a neatness and despatch almost incredible. I asked if such was his habit. "Certainly," he replied, "I wish to give my pupils all the benefit of my experience and practice, for how could they learn from those

in the hospital who are only in the act of learning themselves, and if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well?"

The appearance of Roux is rather singular. He is a dapper little gentleman of great stir and activity, straight as an arrow, stands bolt upright, and has a peculiar obliquity and twinkling of the eye, which indicate sly humour and self-satisfaction. His complexion is rosy and healthful, his nose thick, turned slightly to one side, and its extremity snub and somewhat bulbous. In person he is remarkably neat and particular, and seems not a little vain of his gentleman-like figure and manners. He is very kind, seemingly, to his patients, and I observed a peculiar smile of satisfaction playing over their features as he approached, and in a good-humoured, chirping, way said something to each, by way of pleasantry and consolation. I was much amused, in particular, with the familiarity of a rosy-cheeked, chubby little fellow, about twelve years of age, who, as Roux came near, shook his fist at him, and displayed all sorts of antics; towards whom Roux in turn seemed so attracted as to commence by tickling the varlet under the ribs, as he lay in bed half naked, and ended by covering him with kisses. The French, indeed, are more familiar with their hospital patients, generally, than any other Europeans I met with—treating them in many instances more like companions and friends, than strangers and dependants; and the patients, on the other hand, appear more intelligent and respectable than the same class in England, or in this country, and seem to have an attachment to the higher orders unknown elsewhere, unless in Ireland, where I saw much of the same kind feeling between the gentry



and their servants, and medical men and their patients. In particular I remember being struck by the bearing of Dr. GRAVES, of Dublin, towards his patients in the Meath Hospital, and could not help asking if, like Roux, he ever tickled them—which had the effect of tickling him not a little.

Roux has long been considered the neatest, quickest, and best operator in France, and although now seventy-one, appears to have lost none of his energy and activity of body or mind. His private practice is very large, and the labour he goes through in the Hôtel Dieu, from seven until ten in the morning, is immense. I saw in his wards several amputated stumps, beautifully formed and nearly closed, through adhesion—also compound fractures of the leg, admirably adjusted, and put up with long narrow splints, and the bandage of Scultetus. Notwithstanding, Roux is considered in Paris very unsuccessful in hospital practice. I cannot help thinking, however, from all I saw of this old hospital—the Hôtel Dieu—that its immense size and crowd of patients, the sluggish streams of the Seine nearly surrounding it, and exhalations therefrom rising and filling it, together with the lofty houses in all the thickly-settled streets in the vicinity, must tend considerably to curtail the number of successful cases, and that his failures are, mainly, owing to these and other causes, rather than want of skill, caution, and judicious after-treatment—as has been alleged.

Next to the Hôtel Dieu, the largest and best ventilated hospital in Paris, containing six hundred beds, surrounded by spacious squares and gardens, filled with noble and luxuriant trees, is the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, situated

in the Rue Copeau, of which *Lisfranc* and *Sanson* are the chief surgeons, and *Serres*, *Clement*, and *Piorry* the principal physicians. *Sanson*, at the time of my visit, was indisposed, having undergone lithotrity; I did not therefore see him; but of *Lisfranc* I saw enough to convince me that many of the reports concerning him are without foundation. He is a big, burly, narrow-shouldered man, more than six feet high, negligent in dress, awkward in gait, uncouth in manners, and loud and boisterous in discourse. In his lectures he is said to be so unsparing of his brethren, and, in hospital practice, so harsh towards his patients, as to be unpopular with both. I cannot say whether those charges are well founded, but am inclined to believe them exaggerated, inasmuch as I saw nothing, beyond the natural want of polish in the man, (increased, I thought, by affectation of wishing to appear worse than he really was) from which I should have drawn such a conclusion. I was seated, with a bevy of young medical friends, beneath the boughs of a wide-spreading elm, on a delightful summer morning—the 18th of June—and saw him, for the first time, as he entered the hospital gate, and sauntered slowly along the gravelled walk of the long and wide avenue, leading to the ward containing his female patients. His head, covered with a rusty black and red cap, which, in shape of a tea-cup, stuck like a plaster to the summit of his crown—his long-waisted, scanty, snuff-coloured coat, dangling about his heels, and tapering away to sharpness, like the tail of a kite—his curiously contrived pantaloons, loose and bagging about his hips, and at each stride fluttering to the wind—his long, shovel-shaped shoes, scattering pebbles as he walked, from right to left

—his arms standing out from his body, like the handle of a pump, conjoined with his outstretched, flexible neck, which swung to and fro beneath the pressure of his lengthy and wedge-shaped visage, presented one of the most ludicrous spectacles I ever beheld. He cast an inquiring, sidelong glance at our group, as he passed, which seemed to indicate, I thought, a belief that we were amusing ourselves at his expense, for he instantly bristled up, and with averted head hurried out of sight. We followed, and the next moment saw him stretching through the wards, his right hand grasping a speculum and his left a brush, for wiping the ulcerations after his instrument was applied. There were fifteen or twenty females labouring under the peculiar complaints, for the treatment of which he is so celebrated. Before commencing with these, however, he called the roll, to ascertain that all his *internes*, or house pupils, were mustered at their posts, and refused to proceed until a delinquent, who was in bed taking his morning nap, was brought to the scene of action. He then began a clinical discourse, explaining the general nature of the diseases before him, waxing warmer and warmer, as he proceeded, and gradually raising his stentorian voice, until its tones seemed to shake the foundations of the old building and startle the very rafters above our heads—whilst he, peering and scanning, from right to left, the looks of his auditors, with great self-satisfaction, seemed to inquire into the effect his sesquipedalian words and thundering sentences may have produced upon their minds, and, after a few more sweeping oratorical flourishes, made a regular set-to at his patients—applying his instruments rapidly and without ceremony—giving each pupil a fair opportunity to see and judge for himself.

From all I saw of Lisfranc, upon this and other occasions, I am disposed to entertain a better opinion of him than the one usually held in France. That he is, naturally, an unpolished man, there can be no doubt; but full of information, practical skill, and judgment, equally certain; so much so, that even his enemies and professional rivals admit him to be more successful, in most of his operations, than any one in Paris. My conviction, therefore, is—that he *assumes* many of the eccentricities of manner and dress, and puts on, for the sake of effect, the roistering and overbearing behaviour, for which he is so remarkable, rather in imitation of a Radcliffe or an Abernethy, than from any want of kind feeling in his composition. Indeed, some of his friends spoke of him to me as an honest, good-hearted fellow at bottom—full of wag-gishness and affected singularity, but a man of unquestionable erudition, science, and practical skill.

Than JULES CLOQUET there are few medical men in France better known as an accomplished writer, lecturer, anatomist, and practical surgeon. Possessed of genius of high order, combined with exquisite taste and skill as an artist, the most finished education, and manners peculiarly bland and attractive, it may be readily imagined such a man could scarcely fail to become eminent. From thorough acquaintance with his splendid folio volumes on anatomy, illustrated by twelve or thirteen hundred lithographic figures, mostly drawn from nature, with his pathological and anatomical researches on hernia, numerous memoirs on various other surgical diseases, and interesting "*Souvenirs de la vie privée du Général Lafayette*," of whom he was the confidential friend, I felt peculiarly desirous of forming his acquaintance. Through the kindness of Dr. Bertin, one of the

most eminent physicians of Paris, I had the happiness to hear him lecture and see him operate, at the Hospital of the Faculty of Medicine, where he is clinical professor, but (owing to domestic afflictions, by which he was overwhelmed, at the time of my sojourn at Paris) had no opportunity to enjoy his society; which I regretted the more as I was exceedingly interested by his whole appearance and demeanour. It would be difficult, indeed, to find an individual in any country better calculated to produce a favourable impression upon most minds; for, independently of his eminently genteel figure and air, and his handsome, expressive features, there is something so gentle, quiet, and unpretending about him, as to win, instinctively, every heart, and sufficient to account for the universal estimation in which he is held, even by his brethren, who, in Paris especially, are the last to see and acknowledge merit in contemporaries and rivals.

RICORD, notwithstanding his youth, from the high position he holds as a lecturer and hospital surgeon, may be looked upon as one of the most eminent men in France. He is attached to the *Hôpital du Midi*, in the Rue des Capucins, faubourg St. Jaques, where he delivers clinical lectures several times a week, to crowds of pupils, on the various forms of syphilitic disease—this hospital being devoted exclusively to such complaints, under the management of himself, *Manec* and *Cullierer*; the latter of whom has, also, considerable reputation. Than Ricord, however, I have seldom listened to a more eloquent and successful lecturer—being remarkable for the simplicity and clearness of his language, which flows in a copious, uninterrupted stream, with an enunciation so distinct and emphatic as to be understood, with perfect ease, by every pupil and stranger.

On this account, as well as his profound knowledge of the subject, his lectures are crowded with Englishmen and Americans, to the latter of whom he is particularly attentive—being, in fact, himself an American, born of French parents, in Baltimore, where he received his education, and resided, as he told me, until his sixteenth year. This is sufficient to account for his speaking English as fluently as French.

Ricord is now about thirty-five, a tall, fine-looking man, prepossessing and gentleman-like, and extensively engaged in private practice. In style and manner he resembles FARRADAY, the celebrated London chemist—and best lecturer I heard in Britain.

BARON LARREY, Napoleon's celebrated surgeon and friend, I did not see. He was much indisposed, at the time of my visit, and although possessed of credentials from the Count Survilliers which would have secured me a welcome reception, I felt unwilling to trespass upon the old gentleman's privacy at that moment. He is now seventy-five, and lives in great retirement, having never recovered entirely, it is said, his spirits after the emperor's disastrous reverses of fortune—though he still continues, occasionally, to give the profession the result of his vast experience, through the medium of memoirs and other contributions. His son, a young man of reputed talents, is rising into notice, and has already acquired some reputation by his surgical writings, and especially by his account of the siege of Antwerp.

Of all the *physicians* of Paris there is no one, perhaps, at this moment, who occupies more elevated ground than *Louis*. I saw him for the first time, at the Hotel Dieu, going the rounds among his patients, before breakfast, and was particularly struck with his tall, slender, erect,

and commanding figure; and not less pleased with his open, expressive, and eminently handsome physiognomy —altogether bearing a close resemblance, except in being much taller, to one of our most promising young physicians, Dr. B . . . . e. Being, then, too much occupied with his patients to engage in free conversation, he invited me, kindly, to visit him as often as I found convenient; and next day called at Meurice's and sat an hour; asked numerous questions concerning his American pupils; spoke, with tears in his eyes, of the loss our country, and, indeed, the world, had sustained by the death of young Jackson of Boston; repeatedly exclaiming, "Ah! pauvre jeune homme, pauvre jeune homme! il fut un honneur du genre humain, si modest, si bon, si prudent, si affectionné et si obéissant: et cependant, quoique si jeune, il possédait tout le jugement, la sagesse et la connaissance d'un age mûr;" referred again and again to the beautiful tribute paid by his father\* to his memory; in publishing his letters whilst a student in Paris—letters, he said, not filled, as too common, with the frivolities, and fashions, and amusements of our capital, but written from the hospitals, at the bed-side of patients, containing concise and accurate views of their cases, and this, too, at a time, when surrounded by the dead and the dying, in the midst of cholera, typhus, and other malignant diseases, when most students would not only have fled the hospitals, but even the city. He also inquired, affectionately, after Dr. G . . . . d, of this city, of whom he spoke in terms of high commendation, said he had been one of his best and most attentive pupils, rejoiced to hear of the reputation he had, already,

\* The distinguished Dr. Jackson of Boston.

acquired for knowledge of diseases of the chest and their treatment, and pronounced him, on all professional subjects, "*un medicin habile.*" A few days afterwards I paid a visit to his own house, and having a slight pain in the side, from taking cold, asked him to *explore* my chest and see if he could find any thing wrong, which he very obligingly did in the most minute and circumstantial manner, and then, laughingly, exclaimed, "if the chests of all my patients were like yours, I should have no demonstrations for my class."

Of the works of Louis it is not my intention to speak; nor am I competent, perhaps, to express a decided opinion on their merits. It is universally conceded, however, by those best able to judge, however they may differ with him in certain views, that they speak for themselves, and contain not only matter of the most important description, but have all been the result of close and scrutinizing observation, of the most patient industry, with fidelity of detail and experimental research unbounded, and reasoning, therefrom, approaching nearer, perhaps, to the inductive system of philosophy than any other *medical* productions of modern times. Louis is about fifty-four years of age, and notwithstanding the immense labour he goes through, his health and activity are such as to render it probable he may yet live a long time; and if so, there is no telling to what pitch the improvements he is making in the treatment of some of the most common, and hitherto almost unmanageable diseases, to which the human race is subject, may extend.

One of the most interesting surgeons I saw in Paris was *Dr. Jules Guérin*, editor of the *Gazette Medicale*, and Superintendant of the Orthopedic Institution of



Muette—situated at Passy, near the Bois de Boulogne. Accompanied by my friend, Dr. Mott, by whom I was introduced to Dr. Guérin, I spent the greater part of a fine day in ranging over the numerous buildings and apartments of the fine old chateau, now converted to other purposes, and its beautiful grounds of forty acres, ornamented with every variety of tree and shrub, and tastefully laid out with gravelled walks, gardens, lawns, all furnished with every species of rural luxury calculated to please the fancy or benefit the health of those who, from choice or necessity, may seek such an asylum. Here boys and girls of almost every age, but in separate departments, were skipping about full of frolic and glee, some performing complicated evolutions on the tight-rope; others ascending inclined planes by the power of their fingers and toes; and all engaged in various gymnastic or callisthenic exercises, admirably calculated to brace and develop the muscles, expand the chest, or strengthen the joints. In other places we saw limbs carefully put up in various forms of ingenious machinery, some calculated to keep ligaments and tendons upon the stretch, others to sustain the entire trunk or limbs and take off the pressure of superincumbent parts; and others, again, to retain, in proper position, parts previously separated by the knife, until the process of adhesion should be established in new situations. Many of the cases, indeed, furnished interesting specimens of spinal disease in all its varieties and modifications—from the simple lateral distortion, to the perfect posterior angular deformity—to correct the former of which division of the tendons or muscles of the back in a few instances had been resorted to. Here, too, we saw *Pied-*

*Bot*, or club-foot, (displayed in endless tortuosities, or characterized by the most singular and uncommon angularities,) either made straight by the division of tendons, or, when the peculiarity of the case did not admit such operation, under the influence of pressure and tension, from machinery or apparatus adapted expressly to the purpose. In more than two hundred instances had Dr. Guérin, as he told us, already performed, with more or less success, the common operation for that disease, the peculiarities and results of which, not resting merely upon his own ipse dixit, but confirmed by the testimony of numerous respectable surgeons, who, from time to time examined the patients, or saw, from beginning to end, the treatment. It would be difficult, indeed, to enumerate the various cases of wry neck, muscular contraction, ankylosis, dislocation, and other deformities offered to our inspection, all which were subjected to the influence of mechanical contrivances either invented for each peculiar case, or adapted to it with mathematical precision or nicety, and their action, watched with scrutinizing care and untiring assiduity. From the patients' rooms we walked to a separate building, a short distance from the chief establishment, containing the museum or collection of morbid specimens of every possible variety of deformity, as well as plaster casts, almost without number, of some of the most uncommon and extraordinary muscular or osseous derangements or irregularities. Nothing could exceed the politeness with which we were greeted by Dr. Guérin, or the zeal and enthusiasm displayed by him in explaining the peculiarities and advantages of the institution under his direction; without, too, exhibiting the least jealousy or

fear lest we should carry off one or more of his plans, and afterwards report or publish them as our own. Nor was there any invidious comparison between his own institution and others of similar character; nor the slightest attempt to extol or blazon forth the merits of himself and coadjutors; many of whom we saw engaged in their various duties of conducting the education of the patients, while he himself took the sole charge of their diseases, so that they did not lose the benefits of the former, as too often happens, while subjected to misfortune of the latter. Upon the whole, we returned to Paris, after our long visit, highly gratified with all we had seen; and not less pleased with the urbanity, modesty, and gentleman-like address of Dr. Guérin, than with his fine talents, professional learning and skill. He is quite a young man in appearance, not exceeding, I should think, thirty-five, is rather tall and thin, with fine sparkling eyes, and black hair, and most animated joyous expression, very active and quick in his movements, and altogether such a man as would force another, if he had any thing in him, to bring it out, or, in other words, to inspire vivacity—by his own vivaciousness. From all quarters I, afterwards, heard of the superiority of his institution over every other in France; and of his own merit there cannot be stronger proof than the circumstance of his having received from the Academy of Sciences their great surgical prize of ten thousand francs, for the excellence of the principles by which he is governed, and for the superiority of his modes of treating the peculiar diseases, and injuries, and malformations, to which he has devoted so much attention.

It would be impossible to speak of all the meritorious

surgeons of Paris; I have, therefore, sketched a few only of the most prominent, and by these the rest may be judged and measured. There are two individuals, however, I cannot pass over—inasmuch as they have elevated themselves to the highest rank in the profession, and conferred an honour upon their country, and a blessing upon the world, which time can neither destroy nor remove. I allude to CIVIALE and to LEROY D'ETIOLLES.

The history of lithotrity is too well known to require, in this place, any comment. It will be sufficient, therefore, to speak merely of the men to whom we are indebted for almost all our information on the subject. My acquaintance with Civiale commenced on the 15th of June, 1839, at the *Hôpital Necker*, in the Rue de Sevres, of which he is chief surgeon. My old Philadelphia friend, as usual, accompanied me upon this occasion, and from having long been an *amateur* of lithotrity, and a particular acquaintance of the great operator, introduced me, and explained my desire to know him and witness his exploits. As Dr. Civiale is not less remarkable for his kindness and hospitality than for skill and success as a lithotritist, it will create no surprise when I say that we were received with the utmost cordiality, and invited to accompany him through the hospital, after which we were taken to the lecture-room, and there found two or three calculous patients waiting for him. He commenced by examining one, upon whom he had previously operated several times, to ascertain if any fragment could be found. After repeated injections of the bladder, however, (with which he never dispenses) and very careful search with a straight canula and litholabe, not the smallest particle could be discovered, and the patient was discharged—

cured. A second patient then presented himself, and, like the first, without assistance got upon the table, when Civiale, after injecting the bladder, very cautiously and slowly introduced a *percuteur*, of construction peculiar to himself, caught the stone instantly, and as quickly crushed it, again and again, by opening and shutting the instrument repeatedly, and taking fresh hold—without giving the slightest pain, for as soon as the instruments were withdrawn the man jumped off the table with the utmost alacrity, and, with a smile upon his countenance, walked to his room. After this, Civiale commenced a lecture on lithotrity, which continued an hour, during which he explained, in the most minute and circumstantial way, the whole process, and particularly inculcated the importance of *injecting the bladder, and using the instrument with the utmost care and gentleness*, saying, that all the accidents inexperienced operators had met with, were to be traced to harshness and violence. After lecture, we again walked with him through the wards, and saw numerous cases of stricture, enlarged prostate and other similar affections, all under treatment. Upon reaching the hospital gate, he insisted upon my friend and myself getting into his barouche, and allowing him to escort us home. During the ride he talked chiefly of the frequency of stone in all parts of the world; said it was much more common than was imagined; that many persons died from it who were never suspected, during life, to have had any complaint of the kind; that he had no doubt there were stone cases enough in many of the large American cities to employ two or three surgeons; that a young surgeon of Paris had found in Vienna more than three hundred cases of the disease in less than a year,

when few or none were supposed to exist in that city; and concluded, by remarking, that he himself had met with stone in a *new-born* infant, which, upon analysis, was found to consist of three layers, each of peculiar composition. At parting, we received an invitation to dine with him a few days afterwards, saying, "I will then show you my whole collection of calculi, such as I have removed by the knife or reduced to fragments, and all the instruments I have ever found it necessary to employ."

Although prepared, from report, to meet with great dexterity on the part of Civiale, I had no just conception of the extraordinary facility with which he manœuvred his instruments, until I witnessed the operations referred to. There could not, indeed, have been exhibited more perfect skill in any branch of operative mechanics, than displayed by him upon the occasion, and yet not such as an *inexperienced* person would have estimated, for there was not the slightest attempt at *effect*, by twisting or turning of instruments, or any aim at feats of dexterity, but, on the contrary, the most deliberate, delicate, graceful movements imaginable, as if the instrument were performing its own evolutions, for it seemed to be *gliding along* under its own weight and power, rather than from any effort of the operator. This, indeed, is the great peculiarity of Civiale, and the foundation of his success; for most operators I had previously seen, hurried as much as possible, without proper regard to the patient's suffering, whereas Civiale watched closely the countenance, and when he saw any evidence of pain kept his instruments still, waited for some time, or removed them, if necessary. The last observation, indeed,

he made to me, upon taking leave of him in Paris, was, "Be as gentle as possible, and do not keep the patient long on the table, and you will seldom experience any difficulty or disaster."

At the appointed time, accompanied by my friend, I waited upon Civiale, but found myself so engaged, in conversing with him and his guests, assembled to meet us, and in enjoying his elegant hospitality—for he lives like a prince, in one of the most splendid and costly houses in Paris—as to have no opportunity of examining his instruments and calculi. After dinner we all retired to the drawing-room, in the middle of which stood a magnificent billiard-table—to which the French gentlemen, speedily, made their way, Civiale among the rest, all anxious to display their skill. I felt curious to know how the great lithotritist would acquit himself in this kind of occupation, and therefore watched his manœuvres closely, but was disappointed; for he proved himself unequal to his opponent, but bore his defeat with very good grace, while some of his friends, equally unsuccessful, seemed on wires and under the highest excitement. Upon one occasion, when Civiale had been making most strenuous efforts to pocket the balls, I whispered to him, I was sure he could *get them out* of the bag much easier than he could put them in; at which, understanding at once the professional allusion, he laughed immoderately. The next day I spent a long time with him examining his superb collection of calculi and instruments, some of which last he insisted on presenting to me—saying, he wished them to be known to my class. From this period I saw Civiale daily, and witnessed numerous operations on his private patients, which were performed in a style and with a result impossible to exceed.

Some may, after all this, wish to know what sort of a looking man Dr. Civiale is. I answer, in few words, that he is one of the most polished, gentleman-like, and agreeable men I ever met, as simple and unaffected as a child, always good-humoured, and when he speaks has a gracious smile playing over his features irresistibly attractive. He is about five feet eight inches in height, stout and muscular, very active, and handsomely proportioned. His features are regular, and expressive of great energy and decision, his eyes very penetrating, and his hair black as jet. He was a poor boy, without any resources but his genius. He is now one of the richest professional men in Paris—having received immense fees for his operations—is as liberal as he is rich, and in every way deserving of the reputation and wealth he has acquired. He is now forty-nine years of age, and if he lives twenty years longer will have *quarried* half the stone in Europe. To see and know him and witness his performances, is *alone* well worth a trip across the Atlantic.

With *Leroy D'Etioles*, the celebrated lithotritist, my acquaintance was not less intimate, perhaps, than with Civiale. Through my friend Dr. Bertin, I became known to him, and not only received at his hands great hospitality and kindness, but through his unwonted assiduity in calling for me—frequently before six in the morning—witnessed a number of his operations on private patients, and in hospital practice, all which were performed with the utmost dexterity, and a success that almost invariably crowns his efforts. The first operations I saw him perform were on the 21st of June, at the clinical hospital of the School of Medicine. His instruments differ, in many



respects, from Civiale's, but are all intended to answer the same ends. *Leroy D'Etiolles*, indeed, is the inventor of a greater number of ingenious instruments for many surgical purposes, besides lithotrity, than any other man, perhaps, in France.

In person he is rather spare, below the middle height, well-formed, muscular, remarkably quick in his movements, and able apparently to encounter great professional labour. His features are large, prominent, full of animation and gaiety, and indicate great quickness of thought and talent. He is a fine scholar and writer, speaks English fluently, as well as other languages, is engaged in extensive practice, and enjoys the highest reputation, not only in Paris, but throughout Europe, for his share in advancing lithotrity. He is, moreover, an accomplished gentleman, admired and respected by all that form his acquaintance, and would hold high rank in the profession and in society, in any part of the world.

It will appear, I trust, from all I have stated, that my visit to the metropolis of France must have proved to me in every respect most satisfactory. I take more pleasure in making this acknowledgment, because I had laboured, I confess, for years, under most erroneous impressions respecting it and its great professional men—impressions derived, in some instances, from foreign writers, and in others from reports of prejudiced Americans after their return home. Ocular demonstration, often the best corrective of error, has convinced me we have heard, and still hear, many statements totally destitute of foundation, and others *true*, to a certain extent, which properly explained would lose half their importance, or admit, largely, of palliation.

In leaving Paris, on my return to London, instead of taking the usual routes by Calais or Boulogne, I preferred the more circuitous and agreeable one by *St. Malo*, inasmuch as I should pass through a finer country, as well as larger towns, some of which, like *Caen*, are, in every respect, deserving of attention; and besides, should have the opportunity of stopping at the Channel islands—*Jersey* and *Guernsey*. After a ride, therefore, rather comfortable than otherwise, of two days and nights in the Diligence, I arrived at *St. Malo*, and remained there a few hours; quite long enough to satisfy my curiosity and induce me to leave by the first steamer for Southampton—particularly as strong disposition was evinced by the proprietor of the “*Hotel de France*,” where I put up, to throw every obstacle in the way of departure. By great exertions, however, a party of us succeeded in obtaining passports, notwithstanding the opposition of a very active, masculine, woman, named *Marguerite*, who appeared to have great influence over the civil authorities, and indeed, the whole town, and followed the occupation of a commissaire or procurer of passports,—whose indignation we excited by not applying to her, instead of a rival, who has, lately, attempted to interfere with her vocation and authority.

A French *Diligence* has so often been described, and is probably so well understood, even by those who have never seen one, as not to require, perhaps, much notice. It is in reality an immense omnibus, so divided into compartments as to accommodate fifteen or twenty people of different classes, at different prices,—the highest price being paid for the *coupé* or front partition, containing three or four seats with front and side glasses, which

give those that occupy them the opportunity of seeing the country to great advantage. Notwithstanding the broad wheels of the vehicles, and their immense weight, independently of the enormous loads of "*bagage*" they carry, they get forward at a very rapid rate, the horses being at all times, up hill and down dale, at full trot or gallop, their mettle being kept up by the incessant slash of the long whip and the everlasting shout of the *con-ducteur* and his postilions; the last of whom, if they happen not to ply their spurs vigorously, are apt, every now and then, to get a rap, pretendedly designed for the horses. In general these animals, especially when of Norman breed, are uncommonly fine, being sixteen hands high, of great bone and muscle, short and roached in the back, with prodigious stifle, capacious in the chest, very spirited, and yet so docile and intelligent as almost to be driven by the voice, and without reins,—so perfectly do they seem to understand the language and actions of their masters. In form they bear very close resemblance to Canadians, with exception of being nearly twice the size. Three are commonly put on the lead and two at the pole; and, notwithstanding their awkward, ungainly harness, manage to whirl along the cumbersome machine and its contents often with the speed of lightning, and without, notwithstanding such vigorous exertions, the loss of breath, from their clumsy appearance, so likely to follow.

Leaving St. Malo, rather a large and irregular town, surrounded by a wall, we took passage in the Lady Saumaurez steamer for the Island of Jersey, distant forty miles, and reached its principal port—St. Helier's—in four hours and a half, disembarked and took

up quarters at the *Union Hotel*, in Royal Square, whose landlord, a very obliging man, was particularly attentive, from having been treated, as he said, with great kindness by Americans whilst a prisoner at Boston the last war. The approach to the island of Jersey, at high water especially, is very inviting; for the steep promontories, the commanding heights, the diversity of hill and dale, the rocky and precipitous shores, the green slopes, the indented inlets and bays, the cultivated fields, the numerous hedges and forests of luxuriant trees, that everywhere meet the eye, afford strong temptation to the stranger to land and tarry for a few hours at least. The quays and piers in front of the town are very lofty and substantial, and require to be so; for the tide rises higher than forty feet, and without such precaution the town, situated at the foot of commanding heights, occupies a hollow of inconsiderable extent, and would be liable to inundation. Its inhabitants are chiefly natives who speak French or broken English, or English gentry, and particularly half-pay officers of the army and navy, with their families, who live very economically and genteelly upon a small sum, since their wines and many other articles of luxury are without duty. After spending a day and a half in this island, viewing the fine market of St. Helier's, so famous for its fish, and vegetables, and fruits, riding for miles around its environs, examining the Castle of Elizabeth, remarkable in ancient times for its fortress where Clarendon wrote part of his history, Fort Regent, La Hougue-Bie, or the Prince's Tower, Rozel Bay, the beautiful and extensive domains of Mr. Lempriere, the Government House and its grounds, then occupied by Governor Gibbs, and numerous country-seats

tastefully laid out and owned by natives or strangers; walking through the fields and scrutinizing the Alderney cattle—mostly of white and dun colour, dark brown or brindle—so renowned for the richness of their milk, their large udders and enormous abdominal veins, I took passage in the steamer *Atalanta* for the Island of Guernsey, thirty miles from Jersey, and landed at St. Pierre, or Peter's Port, beautifully situated on the sloping sides of an extensive and lofty eminence, and affording some of the most picturesque and striking objects I ever beheld. Fortunately, the captain of the steamer had made arrangements to remain several hours, in order to accommodate a large number of young gentlemen, belonging to some of the best families in England, Ireland and Scotland, pupils of Elizabeth College, (a very large and celebrated institution,) about to return to their homes during vacation. This afforded the opportunity to range over the town and its suburbs, examine Carey Castle, Elizabeth College, and other splendid public and private edifices, many of them remarkable for their architectural beauties, neatness, and highly cultivated parks and grounds, and gardens filled with the choicest vegetables and fruits. Here, too, I had still better opportunity to examine the fine Alderney cattle, many of which I saw, in small paddocks belonging to gentlemen's seats, evidently superior to those in Jersey, being larger and decidedly handsomer; and, in some instances, so uncommonly fine-looking as, really, to approach, in size and symmetry, Durhams. At this I was the more surprised, as these animals are, generally, represented as small, ill-proportioned and ugly, and are not valued, except for the extreme richness of their milk

and cream, and yellow butter—the last being, probably, the result of their enormously large livers and profuse secretion of bile.

From Mr. Moss, an intelligent bookseller, and very civil gentleman—into whose store I stepped to purchase some splendid views of Guernsey scenery I saw at the window—I learned, afterwards, that the fine specimens of those cattle I had seen, were pet animals belonging to wealthy residents, who took great care of them, and had carefully selected, from extensive herds, the largest and best-looking; that the mass of them were not handsome, but that all, as a race, were decidedly superior to the Alderneys of Jersey or of the island of Alderney itself, whence the stock takes its name. The same gentleman also informed me, that a common Alderney cow was worth from eight to ten pounds, and a very fine one from fifteen to twenty; but that noblemen, not regarding price, occasionally came over and gave as high for a favourite animal as thirty guineas. In course of conversation I ascertained, from Mr. Moss, that *Blisset*, so famous many years ago in America as a comic performer, resided at St. Pierre with his family, was a man of large fortune, and only regretted that his health would not permit him to reside in the United States—a country to which he was devotedly attached. Upon the whole, the impressions I received from this casual and short visit to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey were decidedly favourable, and corresponded with all I had heard in France and England respecting them—their great salubrity, mild temperature, uncommon fertility, excellence of markets, cheapness of living, industry and sobriety of the native labouring population, refined and elegant society,

numerous schools, academies, and places of worship, all combining to make them most desirable permanent or temporary residences—the only drawbacks being, as it appeared to me, the shutting out of some of the finest views in both islands by the practice, universal, of building very high walls along the highways, in every direction, and suffering the hedges to attain such altitude as completely to exclude the view in every direction, and the very sudden rise of the sea, upon many occasions, so as to sweep off numbers of poor people whilst employed, as they generally are in great numbers, in the month of July, collecting sea-weed for fuel. A very splendid picture I saw at St. Helier's, representing a scene of this description, taken from life, by a young artist of uncommon talent, with two women in the foreground, making desperate exertions to save their cart and horse, whilst a man, so bent upon securing a heap of weed he had collected, remained so long behind as to suffer the waters to cut off his retreat. The tides, in like manner, ebb and flow with great rapidity, and while the docks are empty, carts and horses are seen in every direction, on the gravelly bottoms, removing goods from vessels thus left high and dry. Upon returning to the *Atalanta*, at the time appointed for leaving, I found on board the Rev. Dr. Davis, a fine-looking man, principal of Elizabeth College, and, under his charge, a great number of very sprightly, active lads of twelve or fifteen, all in high spirits at the prospect of soon reaching home, Sir John and Lady Cameron, residents of Guernsey, Captain Gossett of the English navy, and several other distinguished individuals. In passing along I was particularly struck with the immense number of small rocky islands scattered in every direction, for miles

around Jersey and Guernsey, some of them eminently beautiful; one in particular, on the western extremity of Alderney, shooting up into fantastic spires in some places, and crowned with turrets in others. Early the next morning we passed the Isle of Wight, and soon after reached Southampton, where most of the passengers were subjected to strict custom-house search—my own luggage being very slightly overhauled, in consequence of the officer accidentally observing the word "*Philadelphia*" on the trunk, which induced him to inquire for an old and intimate friend, who had been, he said, his guardian, and whom, fortunately, I knew sufficiently well to give him a full account of. From Southampton, a very neat and comfortable town, I took the Telegraph coach, and, passing through Winchester, St. Cross, Egham, Staines, and by the seats of Lord Bolton, Sir F. Baring, Duchess of Gloucester, reached London at four in the afternoon.



## CHAPTER IV.

HAVING formed the acquaintance and enjoyed the society of the most eminent of the London faculty, I felt a natural desire to see the *provincial* surgeons and physicians; many of whom, in almost every town and village of the kingdom, had attained distinction, and were by their writings more or less known abroad. How to accomplish the purpose, however, I was much at a loss; for, to proceed regularly from town to town, with the view of hunting them up, would have consumed so much time as to preclude the possibility of attaining my end. Whilst reflecting on the subject, I called at Sir James Clarke's, and luckily met Dr. Forbes of Chichester, who, in course of conversation, mentioned, that the "*Provincial Medical and Surgical Association*" would shortly meet at Liverpool, and gave a pressing invitation to attend, assuring me I should there see almost every eminent country practitioner of England, Ireland, and Scotland. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and I had accordingly great pleasure in joining that illustrious body on the 25th of July, 1839.

This association was established at the suggestion, and chiefly through the exertions, of Dr. Hastings, of Worcester, in 1832—with the view of concentrating all the provincial medical and surgical talent, and directing it towards the investigation of disease, the diffusion of use-

ful information through hospital reports, dispensaries, and private practice; the laws of epidemics, and their connection with peculiarities of climate or soil, or habits of the people; geological, statistical, meteorological, and botanical inquiries, in reference to topographical information; advancement of medical jurisprudence; but chiefly towards "maintenance of the honour and respectability of the profession generally in the provinces, by promoting friendly intercourse and free communication of its members; and by establishing among them the harmony and good feeling which ought ever to characterize a liberal profession."\* Upon the foundation, thus laid, a most important institution has been reared, one calculated to exert immense influence, not only over the English provinces and the metropolis itself, but upon the medical literature and practice of almost every nation under the sun; for the great body of British physicians and surgeons, residing in the country or in country towns, being remarkable for their intellectual education and classical attainments, having the full advantage of well-regulated and sufficiently large hospitals, and, withal, not so overwhelmed with the crowds of patients that infest and besiege the most eminent of their London brethren, a large proportion of whose time is consumed in riding slowly through streets choked with vehicles of every description, and so thronged by foot-passengers as to render progression extremely difficult, and sometimes almost impossible, to the great detriment of mind and body, and to the disadvantage of patients thus subjected to the advice and

\* An address delivered at the first meeting of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, by Charles Hastings, M. D.

prescriptions of men so fagged and wearied as to be unable, confessedly, to remember the cases presented to them from day to day, or the remedies ordered for their relief\*—are acknowledged to be, *as a body*, the most learned and efficient practitioners in the kingdom.† But if evidence were wanting to establish the fact, the numerous and voluminous writings of provincial men, though issued generally from the London press, would be amply sufficient to substantiate their claims. If such, however, have been the merits, almost from time immemorial, of the profession in the country towns, where there was no connecting link to bind them to each other, or standard under which to rally and fight their way to the heights of fame, for want of which they have so often been induced to throw their strength into metropolitan arms, how much more may now be expected from such professional combatants, when inspired by the enthusiasm that springs from the love and pride of native soil, heightened by the all-pervading influence of interest and community of design? That the anticipations of the few who assembled under the auspices of their enlightened and enterprising leader, have been amply realized by the treasures so bountifully thrown, within the last eight years, into volumes of "*Transactions of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association*," the offspring of the united contribution of a long and honoured list of professional worthies, from every nook and corner of "English, Scotch, and

\* It is well known that physicians and surgeons of London and Paris, in very extensive business, are obliged to ask their patients, constantly, to show them the prescriptions of the day before.

† This declaration was repeatedly made to me by those who could afford to be candid.

Irish land," there cannot be the smallest doubt. Of most of these it would be impossible to speak. But the names of Hastings, of Barlow, of Forbes, et quibusdam aliis, are too intimately blended, not only with the "Provincial Association" but with the medical literature of England, to be passed over in silence.

Dr. HASTINGS is a native of Worcester, about forty-five years of age, rather tall and slender, and, but for a halt in his gait, the result probably of some accident, might be said to possess an eminently handsome figure and carriage. His countenance is open, cheerful, and joyous, and remarkable for its animated and benevolent expression, so that a stranger would instantly ask, "What kind-hearted, intelligent-looking man is that—so full of activity, enthusiasm, gentleness, and humility combined?" I saw him, for the first time, in the crowd of medical men assembled in the hall of the "Liverpool Medical Institution,"—a splendid stone building of the Ionic order, designed by Rampling—where the association held its meeting; and immediately exclaimed to my friend, Dr. Smith of South Carolina, I know not who that man may be, but am deceived if he does not play an important part in this assembly. Upon entering, a few moments after, the lecture-room, our eyes were instantly turned to a magnificent full-length portrait of the person in question, and beneath to a large, superbly executed, mezzotint of the same picture, with the name of *Charles Hastings, M. D.* upon its margin. Upon inquiry, we found that the portrait had been painted at the expense of the society, and presented to the family of Dr. Hastings, in commemoration of his very important services and the affectionate interest evinced by him, upon all occasions, for the welfare and

happiness of his fellow-members. The print, too, we were told, had been subscribed for, at an additional expense, by numerous members anxious to possess some memorial of the man for whom they all entertained the highest respect and admiration. But notwithstanding the extraordinary hold thus possessed by Dr. Hastings on the affections of the society, with a modesty and humility which reflect great honour upon his heart, it was soon discoverable that his services were the spontaneous offerings of disinterested benevolence, actuated solely by a deep and abiding sense of the duties he owed the profession, by disregarding the dictates of ambition, which so often prompt the best of men to efforts of personal aggrandizement. Influenced by such feelings he has continued, from the first, to occupy the humble but important and arduous office of *secretary* to the association, instead of aspiring to the more dignified and elevated seat of *president*, which he conceives should be reserved for the exclusive use of such elder members as are fairly entitled to the honourable designation—"clarum et venerabile nomen." There are occasions, however, when Dr. Hastings is drawn from the retirement he courts, by the resounding voice of the society, that leave him no chance for escape, when he is called upon to enter the lists with disputants and discuss the merits of some important question, or to exercise his solid judgment upon points that try the understandings of his associates, or when selected to preside over the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," inspired by the splendid repast that crowns the festive board and terminates each annual meeting of the association, when he is sure to make, in a strain of manly eloquence, such powerful appeals to the head and to the

heart as never fail to carry conviction to the minds of his delighted hearers, and to attach them, body and soul, to his person and plans. Various demonstrations of the kind were afforded me, during debate, at the regular sittings of the association; but at the public dinner, served at the Town Hall, where four or five hundred members, citizens and strangers, assembled and listened to an extemporaneous address by Dr. Hastings, as chairman upon the occasion, the most thrilling sensations were created in every bosom, by the delicate chords touched by a master hand, as it played over, with exquisite grace and felicity of expression, the various symphonies best adapted to warm the heart, enlighten the understanding, and excite the ardour and enthusiasm of all present. It was then too he won golden opinions from every stranger, by a display of unbounded liberality towards cultivators of science, and particularly the science of medicine, over the whole earth; it was then he awakened the sensibilities of every American present, when he spoke of a "country endeared to Britain by the ties of consanguinity, of a country in which the same language was spoken over a vast extent of territory, of a country of brethren, towards whom England looked as her sons and descendants, and for whom she entertained the feelings which ought to exist between parent and child;" when he said "he was glad to find that Americans visited the homes of their ancestors, and mingled with their brethren on that side of the Atlantic, and particularly glad they had upon that, and other occasions, honoured their medical association by their presence, hoped they would repeat their visits, and others join with them hereafter, from the same great country, in celebrating their anniversary, and in cementing

a bond of union that would prove equally honourable and beneficial to both; and above all, that members of the University of Pennsylvania, so long and so favourably known, would unite with them in harmony and good fellowship, and assist in extending the boundaries of medical science to the remotest corners of the earth." I should not have done justice to my country, or to my own feelings, or to our university, had I remained silent after the loud, enthusiastic and reiterated cheers, which followed that and some other portions of Dr. Hastings' address, and trust that the sentiments and views I had then the honour to present, feeble as they were, and must have been, after the waving of a magician's wand, may have served at least the salutary end of drawing closer, and of strengthening the bonds of amity and respect which ought ever to exist between a kindred people and kindred professional men, who, not content with affording every demonstration of kindness towards my native land, had conferred the same day the additional honour of appending my humble name to the list of their own distinguished members.

Independently of his connection with the Provincial Association, Dr. Hastings enjoys high reputation as a practitioner, and is not less distinguished as a fine scholar and classical writer, as is sufficiently proved by his valuable work on "*Inflammation of the Mucous Membrane of the Lungs*," and by various essays in the different periodical publications of the day.

Of the venerable *Dr. Barlow* of Bath, who the year before had filled the honourable office of president of the association, I cannot but speak in terms of high commendation. Though approaching, in appearance and

garb, to the primitive simplicity of a quaker or methodist, there is an energy displayed in his fine, regular features, in connection with a bald head, and such developement of the anterior lobes as a phrenologist would associate with extraordinary moral and intellectual qualities, conjoined with uncommon vigour of frame, in shape of short, well-knit joints and brawny muscles, as would induce even a careless observer to conclude, at first sight, that he was no common man. Such was my own conclusion before he opened his lips, and by the time he had uttered a dozen words, in returning thanks to the association for the compliment paid in selecting him as last year's chairman, I was fully prepared to believe that few men could be found in that, or any other assembly, superior to him in vigour of intellect, clearness of conception, consistency of views, and dignity of mind and demeanour. And I was not mistaken; for, afterwards, during the whole of the debates, there was displayed a degree of intellectual composure and serenity, with quickness, sagacity, and even sharpness—so visible in his piercing black eyes—mixed with it, but so tempered, at the same time, by kindness of manner and benevolent expression, as to impress irresistibly his hearers that he was not only a very sensible, highly cultivated and learned man, but a good, honest, truth-seeking, plain-dealing, excellent Christian. By birth, I believe, Dr. Barlow is an Irishman. Certainly he ought to be, judging from his short, compact figure, square shoulders and muscular powers. But he has not a particle of brogue, nor any of that merry moisture of the eye, and comicalness of countenance, that stamp the Hibernian: on the contrary, his speech and whole demeanour afford apparent



evidence of the regular John Bull. His writings, by which he is well known in Europe and in this country, consist of a work on *pathology*, published twenty years ago, an essay on *ovarian dropsy*, another on the efficacy of *Bath waters*, and of various papers in different periodical publications.

Of *Dr. Forbes* of Chichester, whose name I have already mentioned, it gives me peculiar pleasure to speak, not only on account of the great personal civility experienced at his hands, in being made known, through his kindness, to most of the distinguished members of the Provincial Association, and through his instrumentality, in the most flattering way, elected a member of that society, but for the rank he, deservedly, holds in the profession, to which he has raised himself by talents of very high order, conjoined with such excellent qualities of the heart, as have endeared him to society, and, above all, for the liberality and good feeling he has uniformly displayed in speech and action, and in his numerous and diversified writings, towards his American brethren and their country, by using upon many occasions such language as the following:—"The love of science is too pure and elevating to permit those imbued with it to be contaminated by the narrower and baser feelings, so mischievously encouraged by too many writers who have visited America, and who have composed books apparently without entertaining any views worthy of the people of that enlightened country."\*

*Dr. Forbes* is a tall, stout, broad-shouldered, powerful man, and looks as if he could not only endure great

\* British Foreign and Medical Review, vol. i. p. 214.

hardship and labour, but judging from his quick step and activity, would take great delight in encountering it. His head is large and well formed, his complexion healthful and ruddy, and his features animated and agreeable. By birth he is a Scotchman, but has lived for a long time in England, first at *Penzance* or the *Land's End*, on the climate of which he published a valuable dissertation, and subsequently at *Chichester*, where he still resides, enjoys extensive private practice, and has control of a well-regulated infirmary. He is, moreover, the translator of *Laennec*, the author of an excellent work on *Medical Bibliography*, and one of the editors of the "*Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine*." But he is better known at home, and abroad, by his valuable contributions to the "*British and Foreign Medical Review or Quarterly Journal*,"—edited by himself in conjunction with his distinguished friend *Dr. John Conolly*, formerly of *Warwick*, but now of *Hanley* near *London*—than by any other productions. Of this work it would be out of place to speak, further than to say, that of all the foreign *reviews* it is incomparably the best, being conducted on the fairest and most liberal principles, filled with details, theoretical and practical, of the most interesting and useful description, and breathing a spirit of independence such as every educated and high-minded American must cordially approve, and as such deserving extensive circulation throughout every part of our extensive country.

Although no small share of the attention of the *Provincial Association* was directed, during my attendance, to medical reform and various other professional interests, general and local—the discussion of which drew forth the powers of numerous members, some of whom were

not remarkable for grace or elocution, whilst others displayed an extent of information, a tact and logical precision in argument, and an eloquence, combined with courtesy and respect towards opponents seldom met with in mixed assemblies—yet the highest degree of interest, it appeared to me, was elicited by the delivery of the “*retrospective addresses*”—two of which are read annually, by distinguished members appointed previously to the task—the one embracing medicine, the other surgery, with all their concomitant relations to associate sciences. These addresses, upon the occasion referred to, were delivered by *Dr. Symonds*, of Bristol, on medicine, and by *Mr. James*, of Exeter, on surgery, and listened to, respectively, by crowds, in a room capable of holding five hundred people, without the escape of a cough, or whisper,—a decided evidence, upon that and all similar occasions, of silence being a more infallible test of the approbation of an audience, than plaudits, however loud, reiterated, long continued or tumultuous. And they were well deserving of such close attention; for both were characterized by strong, good sense, easy, flowing diction, classical purity and precision, great research and liberality in the admission of claims to novelty, and both delivered in a style so unpretending, so entirely divested of presumption or arrogance, as to appear like the productions of twin brothers. There was a marked similarity, also, in the character of the individuals, much greater than the difference of age would seem to justify; for both were remarkable for diffidence amounting to humility, both, seemingly, in delicate health, or of delicate constitution, both, apparently, sensitive under the weight of responsibility, and shrinking, as it

were, from the task assigned them; both governed by the same principles, and both eliciting equal admiration from a gratified and kindly-disposed audience.

*Dr. Symonds* is quite a young man, not having reached, I should imagine, his thirtieth year, but has already given so many unquestionable proofs of talent as to render it certain, that he must, should health permit, attain, at no very distant day, high rank in his profession. Of *Mr. James* it would seem almost superfluous to speak further; for what surgeon in this country but has known him, by reputation, as a most intelligent and successful practitioner, and by his lucid and valuable work, on "*The Nature and Treatment of Inflammation*," as a writer of no ordinary learning and power?

Of the many other acquaintances I had the honour to form at the Provincial Association, there is no one I recall to mind with more pleasure than *Mr. John Bishop Estlin*, a gentleman of excellent intellectual endowments, most amiable disposition and of character perfectly irreproachable. He is a native of Bristol, where he has always resided, son of the Rev. Dr. Estlin, a celebrated clergyman, and for the last thirty years has enjoyed extensive practice as a medical and operative surgeon. He is better known, however, throughout the south of England, for the attention he has bestowed upon diseases of the eye and the skill displayed in their treatment, than for any other of his good works; for, twenty-eight years ago, he established a private ophthalmic dispensary upon very economical principles, the published reports of which exhibit patients to the number, nearly, of thirty thousand, from the commencement of the institution to the present time; a number sufficient, under any circumstances, to

afford ample experience to more than one individual. Within the last three or four years, moreover, *Mr. Estlin* has distinguished himself by researches into the nature and effects of *Vaccine Virus*, an interesting account of which was read by him before the Medical Section of the British Association, in 1839, at which I had the honour to be present, giving the history of the vaccine lymph, taken from a cow recently affected by the disease, for a year, through forty-eight successions, proving it very certain at first, or for eight or ten months, locally and constitutionally, establishing the important fact, confirmed by others, that, at least for some generations, the lymph becomes milder as it recedes from its original source. "*Mr. Estlin* availed himself," says *Mr. Soden*, of Bath, "of an opportunity of witnessing the vaccine disease in the cow, and of procuring a supply of fresh lymph from the animal. He lost no time in ascertaining the effect of this virus on the human frame, and finding it more certainly efficacious than the old stock, he communicated the fact to the public, and with the zeal and liberality for which he is distinguished and admired, furnished supplies of the fluid from the new source to medical men in nearly every part of the kingdom. The fresh lymph has been extensively used, and generally with very satisfactory results. The committee appointed to superintend the employment of the new virus in the vaccine institution at Glasgow, report to the faculty of medicine in that place, that they regard the introduction of *Mr. Estlin's* lymph as a great boon to the public and the profession."\*

\* An address delivered at the third anniversary of the Bath District Branch of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, June 6th,

As a writer Mr. ESTLIN is comparatively unknown, for, with exception of a sensible essay on *Diseased Spine*, fugitive papers in provincial journals, and "*Observations on the present state of Slavery in the Island of St. Vincent*," in the form of letter, to the editor of the "*Christian Reformer*," and published in that magazine in 1834, there is little by which the profession can judge of his medical acquirements or literary merits. Of that letter—prettily composed and full of the most liberal, praiseworthy, benevolent, and independent sentiments, such as would do honour to the head and heart of any philanthropist and Christian, but which, nevertheless, drew down upon him the ire and indignation of a certain portion of the English people—it gives me pleasure to speak.

For the benefit of his health Mr. Estlin, in 1834, broke loose from his numerous professional avocations and sought an asylum in the West Indies, where he remained several months, and had ample opportunities of ascertaining, personally, the actual condition of the slave population, and did not hesitate, though opposed to slavery in every shape, upon his return to England, to disabuse, in the most public manner, his countrymen on that subject, and to declare his conviction, that a West Indian slave was better clothed, fed, and taken care of, worked less, and was more merry, happy, and contented than a very large portion of the white population of their own island. And what unprejudiced person, familiar with slavery in the United States, and who has travelled extensively through Britain—where thousands upon thousands, starved and

1839—by John Smith Loden, president of the meeting, p. 9. See, also, papers on the same subject, in *Medical Gazette*.

almost naked, meet the eye in every direction; where the disproportion between unbounded wealth and extreme poverty is such as to raise the higher classes to the privileges of gods, and sink the humble citizen into the dust; where all classes of the labouring population of Ireland are exposed to intolerable hardships, and paraded by droves\* through the streets of their large cities, headed by mounted municipal officers, to expose their abject poverty and wretchedness, with the view of eliciting charity; not to speak of the millions of slaves which Britain holds in India, Africa, and other provinces, and which, if report say true, are almost pulverized to nothingness—but must acknowledge the *condition* of the negroes, from one extremity of our favoured land to the other, whether free-men or slaves, to be as far superior to that of the wretched remnants of mortality that cumber European soils, as they themselves are to the worst species of the brute creation, and, but will sustain with all the force that truth and justice, in the majesty of their might, must one day or other make manifest to the world, the falsehood of the charges so often urged against the owners of our slaves, and by the people, above all others, who *still* hold millions† of the same property, and who themselves not only furnished us with the germs of slavery, but planted them so deeply in

\* On the 21st of August, 1839, I myself saw, marched through the streets of Dublin, between two and three thousand men, women, and children, nearly naked, carrying banners, on which were emblazoned the words "*We must eat or die.*" Was such a spectacle ever exhibited in any part of the United States?

† See Breckenridge's Letters to Wardlow in *Colonization Herald*, Vol. II. No. 39.

our soil as now to render their extirpation, we fear, very difficult. God forbid, however, that I should for a moment be supposed, from the few remarks just made, to be an advocate for the continuance of bondage in any part of the world ; so far from it, I hope the day will not be very distant when the owner, on the one hand, shall be so indemnified for his property as to be induced, cheerfully, to part with it, and the slave, on the other, so situated as to enjoy that liberty of which, through our British ancestors, he has been so long deprived.

That *Mr. Estlin* recovered from the effect of his candour and love of truth, however, in a short time, there is reason to believe ; indeed it could not be supposed that any stigma could long attach to a man of such known integrity and such benevolent views, especially when it could not fail to be perceived, by all high-minded and liberal persons, that he was actuated, not by interest, but by the best and purest motives. Many evidences of this were offered to my observation, afterwards, on a visit to *Bristol*, where, as an inmate of his excellent family, enjoying the society of his highly gifted brother-in-law, *Dr. Pritchard*, of his talented pupil, *Dr. Carpenter*, and other distinguished citizens, I had fair opportunities of testing in how much estimation the excellent endowments and amiable qualities, of one of the best of men were universally held.

I mentioned, a short time since, the name of *Mr. Soden*. This gentleman and his friends, *Mr. Norman* and *Mr. Tudor*, were the chief surgical representatives, at the Provincial Association, of the important and beautiful city of Bath—so long celebrated as a watering-place, and not less distinguished as the residence of the late *Dr. Parry*,



and, at different periods, of other eminent medical men. With each of these surgeons I formed, more or less, acquaintance, and have great pleasure in bearing testimony to their merits. Of *Mr. Soden* it may with truth be said, it would be difficult to be long in his company without being struck with the grace and proportion of his tall, commanding, and eminently handsome figure, which gives him the port and bearing of a military man, an occupation, it seems, he at one time followed—as a medical officer in the memorable Egyptian campaign. He is not less distinguished, moreover, for elegance of manners and the kind and fascinating courtesy with which he greets his acquaintances and friends. Withal he enjoys, to a great degree, the respect and confidence of the profession and the public; and there are few men in England, perhaps, better qualified to sustain, with gentleman-like demeanour, the dignity and honour of the profession, or to promote its interests or usefulness by personal exertion and example.

*Mr. Norman* has long been known, in his own country, as a very well informed surgeon, and has distinguished himself, upon various occasions, as a bold and successful operator—particularly in the tying of *iliacs*, and other large arteries. He is of ordinary stature, rather stout, of ruddy complexion, about fifty years of age, quiet and unostentatious in his manners, and evidently liked and respected by his brethren.

With *Mr. Tudor* my acquaintance was slight, whilst attending together the Association, but I afterwards met him, on an excursion he made with his family to the Westmoreland lakes, and had great satisfaction in enjoying, though for a short time, the society of so fine a spe-

cimen of an English gentleman of the old school. He had been the fellow-student, it appeared, and intimate friend of the late *Dr. Physick*, under the roof of the celebrated *John Hunter*, and took great interest in the details I was able to give of his history and brilliant career; exclaimed, repeatedly, during the narration, that he was a very extraordinary young man, the most extraordinary he had ever known; spoke of his talents, his classical tastes, his purity of life, his conscientiousness, his value of public opinion, his steadiness, his devotion to study, his quickness of perception, his accuracy and love of truth; remembered his keen, penetrating, black eye and eagle glance, his delicately-formed aquiline nose, his beautiful, mild, and expressive countenance, his neat and graceful figure; said he had always predicted he *must* become a great man; that Hunter loved him as his own child, and wished him to remain in London. I was pleased to hear the good old man thus dwell upon the merits and virtues of the friend of his youth, of one he had not seen for half a century, of one I myself had known so long and so well, the pride of my profession and my country, from whom I had received so many tokens of kindness and regard, and so many substantial proofs of confidence and respect.

It may be easily imagined I took great delight in dwelling upon the virtues he displayed in after days—upon his rare discretion and masterly judgment; his fertility of expedient; his mild forbearance; his playfulness; his calm deliberation; his cautious circumspection; his firmness of purpose; his admirable address and readiness of mind; his grace and dignity; his delicacy and refinement; his modesty and morality, and his reverence for religion—

in recounting the story of his life, "the fortunes he had passed, the moving accidents by flood and field, the hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach"—in reciting the honours he had won; the confidence he had gained; the unbounded love and admiration he had inspired; the triumphs over disease and death he had enjoyed; and the unfading laurels he had twined around his own and country's brow.

I had mentioned his death, and just begun to unfold some of the closing scenes of his eventful life, when I perceived the eyes of my friend to fill with tears, and his bosom to heave with many a sigh. I could bear it no longer, but turned suddenly away and gazed upon the unruffled sheet of *Windermere*.

It was with unfeigned regret I could not fulfil a promise made Mr. Tudor to visit him at Bath; especially as I afterwards heard, from every source, of his high reputation in the profession, and of his excellent and interesting character as a man.

*Liverpool* herself has long been distinguished for the number and excellence of her physicians and surgeons, with some of whom, in former days, I was acquainted; and though an Allanson, a Currie, a Brandreth, a Park, and a Rutter—with their illustrious literary cotemporaries, a Roscoe, Yates, and Aiken—no longer remain to shed lustre over their respective provinces, and the name of a Bostock, pre-eminent for science, virtue, and taste, has been transferred to a wider field of usefulness and fame, yet others have followed in the wake of their great masters, not unworthy altogether to sustain their reputation and renown. Among these I may enumerate a Jeffreys, who, as the successor of Dr.

Barlow, presided over our meeting, with a dignity and effect worthy of his high standing and professional eminence—a Carson, long known as a successful practitioner and physiological writer, a Brandreth, a Banning, a Bryce, a Bickersteth, a Dawson, a Scott, who have all given evidence, in their respective capacities, of talent, usefulness, and respectability.

*Manchester* too, the great manufacturing metropolis, justly renowned, in days of yore, for her Percival, her White, her Henry, her Gibson, and others, “known to fame,” and still in the plenitude of her professional strength, did not fail to send forth a select and honoured band—willing and able, in every way, to uphold the reputation and protect the interests, virtually, if not officially, entrusted to their care—that, in open debate, and upon less obtrusive occasions, amply sustained and realized the expectations of the association. Foremost in the rank of these stood *Dr. Holme*, one of the permanent vice-presidents, who, three years before, had acted as president, and, by his high professional character, learning, and dignified manner, and admirable arrangements, made for the reception and accommodation of the society, whilst in his own hospitable town, had won enviable laurels, and still enjoyed the highest respect and consideration the members could bestow. Next came *Dr. Bardsley*, lecturer on the practice of physic, materia medica, and medical botany, physician to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, Fever wards, Dispensary, and Lunatic Hospital: who, at Cheltenham in 1837, had read the retrospective medical address, to the delight and edification of all, and received, upon the present occasion, every mark of respect and attention. And last,

but not least, appeared *Mr. Turner*, well qualified, by nature and education, to represent the claims of surgery, and protect her interests to the fullest extent; and although a young man, in appearance, possessed of such ready resources, such luminous conceptions, such fluency in debate, as to prove more than a match for most of his antagonists; and reminding me, forcibly, of the bursts of eloquence, commingled with the persuasive language and graceful manner, I had often witnessed at political meetings, or gatherings, of our own people, in Virginia and Maryland, for which our Southern *stump* orators are so deservedly celebrated, and in which they excel, vastly, European speakers, by whom that species of talent is either not cultivated, to any extent, or not valued; so much so, that I did not meet with another speaker of the kind in the association—much as I noticed and appreciated the general style of elocution, characterized as it was by strong good sense, classical phraseology, dignity of demeanour, and courtesy towards associates—except *Dr. Cowan* of Reading, a tall, thin, lathy, active young man, with light hair, open, generous, but solemn countenance, and gray eye as keen as a Damascus razor, who, every now and then, blazed like a meteor, and electrified the audience with short, pithy speeches, full of spirit and animation, sparkling like gems suddenly struck from a bed of rubies. He was, I understood, a few years ago, a favourite pupil of *Louis*, has translated his work on *Typhus Fever* and *Consumption*, is the author of a sensible tract on *Quackery*, and will, if I mistake not, play a prominent part, ere long, in his profession. It was refreshing to enjoy the society of such a

youngster, and to hear his quick, delicate, repartee and buoyant declamation, after the fatigue of listening, occasionally, to the homilies, and plodding formalities, and antiquated harangues of some "potent, grave, and reverend signior," some ceremonious, tedious, well-meaning, fat, respectable, old-fashioned gentleman.

I have already, perhaps, stepped too far out of my course, in descanting upon *physicians*, when I should have confined my observations, chiefly, as in former sketches, to surgeons. But I found the professions so united, at the Association, in feeling, sentiment, and good offices, and discovered so much resemblance between British provincial practitioners and our own, both of whom avoid, to certain extent, *specialities*, and practise, more or less, all the branches, as to feel at a loss how to separate them. This very reasoning, however, must cause me to trespass still further, whilst I glance, rapidly, at a few other characters I had the happiness to meet, and whom, indeed, from their high position and singular merits, I could not, with any show of justice, pass over. These are *Dr. Baron* of Cheltenham, formerly of Gloucester, and *Drs. Gregory* and *Hall* of London.

With the high standing, profound learning, and professional acquirements of *Dr. Baron*, most of his European brethren are as familiar as with his excellent work on "*Tubercular Diseases*," and his interesting life of the celebrated *Jenner*. His appearance is very striking and prepossessing, so much so, as to induce me to inquire, immediately, who he was. He is rather above the medium height, and his person well-turned and handsomely moulded, being neither too stout nor too thin, and such as to be shown, to great advantage, by a neatness and at-

tention to dress, that serve to give him a fashionable and aristocratic air, and impress one, irresistibly, with the idea of his having always been accustomed to the best society, and, indeed, born and bred a gentleman. His physiognomy is open and agreeable, but wears the aspect of deep thought and serious contemplation; and these characteristics, conjoined with his snow-white head, create an impression that he is much older than he really is. In the ordinary business of the association he did not appear to take a very active part; but, upon important occasions, generally came forward, and it was easy to perceive that great deference and respect were entertained for his opinions and person. This was particularly exemplified upon his reading a long, very interesting and most elaborate report on *Vaccination*, confirming many of the original views of Jenner, "proving, that *cow smallpox*, if duly and carefully communicated, has an enduring influence in protecting the constitution, and affording unquestionable evidence of its being capable, if generally and properly applied, of mitigating, controlling, and perhaps of extinguishing smallpox in any district," and recommending to parliament to prevent, by enactments, illiterate persons from engaging in *smallpox inoculation*, from which, since the abandonment of the practice by medical men, many patients had lost their lives. Several of Dr. Baron's views, at the close of the Association, were illustrated by beautiful coloured drawings, prepared and explained by *Mr. Ceely*, an intelligent surgeon of Aylesbury, who had been engaged, successfully, in making very interesting experiments with human *smallpox* matter, introduced, by inoculation, into the body of the cow, the result of which was the production

of *variolo-vaccine* lymph, that, when applied by re-inoculation to the human subject, produced all the effects of common vaccine matter—thus proving, as contended by Jenner, the *identity* of human and vaccine variolæ.

With *Dr. Gregory* I was acquainted many years ago, while pursuing together our medical studies at Edinburgh, and had great pleasure in meeting him again, at the house of a fellow-student, *Dr. McLaughlin* of Paris, where we passed many hours in talking over the matters and merriments of by-gone days, and in wondering if we could have been half so idle and frolicsome as many youngsters of the present time. He had been travelling through the mountains of Normandy, for the benefit of his health, much impaired by heavy domestic bereavements; and I was pleased to find, on seeing him again at Liverpool, how much he had improved by his excursion.

Dr. Gregory is the nephew of the late celebrated Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, by whom he was educated; and under such a preceptor it is easy to imagine what his intellectual and professional education must have been. He is the author of an excellent elementary work on the theory and practice of medicine, which has gone through several editions in England, and is well known in this country, where it was reprinted, some years ago, with valuable notes by *Drs. Potter* of Baltimore and *Colhoun* of Philadelphia, of which he spoke in terms of commendation, begging me to say to those gentlemen how much he felt flattered by the compliment they had paid him. Few medical men in England have devoted greater attention to smallpox and vaccination than Dr. Gregory. He is physician, indeed, to the *London Smallpox Hospital*,



and has a large share of general practice. Like every other Gregory, perhaps, ever born in Scotland, he is very tall and raw-boned, careless in dress, blunt in speech, independent in manner, full of integrity, talent and learning, scrupulously honourable, and good-humoured in the extreme.

*Dr. Marshall Hall*, who for the last twenty years has attracted so much attention by his voluminous practical and physiological writings, was a close attendant upon the meetings of the Provincial Association. He is a man of striking appearance, and of cast of features so decided and remarkable, as not to be overlooked even in a crowd. He commenced his career as a *surgeon* at *Nottingham*, but afterwards removed to London, where he is chiefly known as a physician, and a lecturer in *Sydenham College*, a private medical institution founded by himself and a few associates. Of unquestionable native talent and originality, joined to unflinching application, Dr. Hall has pushed his way to eminence by his own individual merits and exertions—without any of the adventitious aids and trickeries which men of limited capacity and scanty acquirements so often resort to, successfully, to blind and bamboozle the public. Even before he graduated, and whilst a student in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, he delivered lectures on Diagnosis, and published reviews and essays in periodical journals. From that period to the present time, a space of nearly thirty years, he has been a most diligent and laborious cultivator of almost every branch of medical science, as his works, which speak for themselves, amply testify. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, I formed the acquaintance, slight as it was, of such a man.

I cannot close my account of the *Provincial Association* and its prominent members, without referring to the efforts made, individually and collectively, by that great body, to accomplish three leading and important purposes—equally dear and interesting as they ought to be, and will prove, no doubt, in time, to ourselves and the profession at large, throughout the world—“*to watch over the interests of the profession, to consider the nature, extent, and evils of quackery, and to give to the profession, through the medium of reform, a sound and legal constitution.*” It would be impossible, within the scope of my present undertaking, to enter into the details necessarily embraced by this important, interesting, and all-absorbing subject; and will, therefore, barely mention that immense efforts are making by the Provincial Association, directed by such men as *Barlow, Hastings, Forbes*, and by their distinguished associates in Ireland,—*Carmichael, M'Donell, Obeirne, Maunsell*, and others, through the “*Dublin Medical Press*”—and by the *London University*, as must at no distant day, bring about a revolution in the medical affairs of Britain, which may, eventually, extend to the whole world.

## CHAPTER V.

WITH sorrowful feelings I took leave of friends and "*Provincial Association*," and turned my steps to the north—passing through *Preston*, and *Lancaster*, and *Kendall*, and other beautiful towns chequering the smiling and cultivated landscape, that extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, until I arrived at *Ambleside*, in the bosom of the peaceful and romantic lake of *Windermere*. Here I reposed, after the labours of the day, enjoyed the good cheer of the neat and comfortable inn of *Low Wood*, and slept in the very room I had occupied thirty years before, dreaming of "my boyish days," of friends who had passed away, and of the changes that time had wrought on all around, even on the features of the placid lake and mountains wild, that now seemed dwindled to a span—tame and lifeless, compared with the mighty floods and lofty summits of my native land. I arose by dawn, scrambled o'er the rocks and precipices skirting the margins of the lake, traversed its shores for miles around, sought every noted crag whence to catch a glimpse of former beauties, saw *Rydal Mount*, *Dunmehwray Stones*, *Helvellyn Hills*; but all in vain, my dream was true: our own *Lake George* had broken the spell. I thought of the lines—

"Alas! how changed the scene:—what sudden horrors rise!"  
for clouds were now gathering in the horizon portentous

of a storm. Returning, therefore quickly to the inn, I secured a hurried breakfast and started for Carlisle through as pelting and ceaseless a rain as ever dropped from the canopy of heaven.

At *Penrith* I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Morrison, of *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, a sprightly, intelligent, young surgeon, on his return from the Association, who gave a pressing invitation to change my route and accompany him home. The proposition was gladly embraced, and we left Carlisle by railroad, and after a ride of forty miles reached the prettiest and ugliest town in the kingdom; for, strange as it may seem, buildings have sprung up, like magic, in Newcastle within the last few years, which in point of extent, magnificence, and utility, may well vie with any architectural designs in London or any other town in England; and what is still more extraordinary, these splendid specimens of taste, incongruously scattered among dilapidated huts and rude piles of rubbish, have all been designed by and reared at the expense of a *Mr. Grainger*, who a very few years since was a charity boy, or foundling, but bids fair, ere long, to be one of the richest and most influential men in Britain. Through the kindness of my new friend, who is lecturer on anatomy in the Newcastle Medical and Surgical College, and has already given proofs of talent, I had every opportunity of seeing the Infirmary, Lunatic Asylum, Keelmen's Hospital, and other medical establishments, that reflect great credit upon the taste and philanthropy of a town, not only famous for its commerce but as the birth-place of an *Eldon*, an *Akenside*, a *Collingwood*, and a *Bewick*—the last of whom, so famous for his exquisite and spirited

sketches and finished engravings, *on wood*, was there buried, a few years since, with public honours.

From Newcastle the road to Edinburgh leads through the wild and hilly passes of Northumberland, renowned, in feudal times, for border minstrelsy and bloody wars 'twixt Percy and the Douglass. Many vestiges of martial operations still remain. Amongst others, I saw a pile of stones, in crucial form, reared after the battle of Otterbourne, in commemoration of James Earl of Douglass, and upon the very spot, it is said, he fell. Passing soon after into Roxburghshire, the southern county of Scotland that forms one of the boundaries between it and England, numerous evidences were afforded, in every direction, of the predatory warfare, the rapine and conflicts, that constituted the chief occupation and delight, for centuries, of the ancient nobility and their vassals. A few remains, however, of a different description still meet the eye, calculated, in every way, to excite enthusiasm and call forth historical recollections pregnant with the highest degree of interest. Who, indeed, that has ever pored over the classic and soul-stirring pages of *Scott* could pass through the towns of *Kelso*, *Jedburgh*, and *Melrose*, without having his steps, irresistibly, turned towards the magnificent remains of the monasteries of the same name? Who, indeed, could breathe the atmosphere propinquous to *Abbotsford*, without wishing, instinctively, to behold the literary treasures so bountifully supplied by the wisest and best of men, to wander through the lofty halls and consecrated rooms, filled with the choicest relics of ancestral renown, to occupy the chair used, and touch the last garments worn, by the friend and benefactor of the human race, to explore the

domains reared, and thread the extensive forests planted by the hand that touched the "*wizard note*" of

"Knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's matchless eye."

Who could hear the rushing waters of the Tweed, and stand within the bounds of Dryburgh's consecrated pile, without treading lightly on the soil that held the mighty and venerated remains of the "*Great Unknown*," without invoking the

"Spirits, Intelligences, passions, dreams,  
Ghosts, genii, sprites!  
Muses that haunt the Heliconian streams!  
Inspiring lights!

Whose intellectual fires, in Scott combined,  
Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind!  
Who o'er-informed and overwrought  
His teeming soul,  
Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought  
From pole to pole;  
Enlightening others till itself grew dark,—  
A midnight heaven without a starry spark.

Not only for the bard of highest worth,  
But best of men,  
Do I invoke ye powers of heaven and earth!  
Oh! where and when  
Shall we again behold his counterpart—  
Such kindred excellence of head and heart?

So good and great—benevolent and wise,  
On his high throne  
How meekly hath he borne his faculties!  
How finely shown  
A model to the irritable race  
Of generous kindness, courtesy, and grace!



the grave of the illustrious dead, to match a similar relic obtained among the scattered and useless portions of the crumbling ornaments of Melrose—either of which, in a little time, would have been carried into the bed of the Tweed and swept away by its rapid stream.

In leaving the romantic region round *Dryburgh* and *Melrose* in the *Eildon Hills*, and approaching the *Ettrick* and the *Yarrow*, I could not enter the domains of *Abbotsford* without mingled feelings of sorrow and delight; without a painful sense of the desolate grandeur of the place, and the mournful reality of the spirit of the house being no longer there, associated with the pleasurable emotion, that I then stood on the very spot where the good Sir Walter had so often stood before, and might, at the next moment, realize all the brilliant images I had so often treasured up as identified with the genius of the place.

With such feelings, glowing to intensity, I left the highway, and following the circuitous gravelled road that stole, quietly, through the dense foliage of a forest of young, but luxuriant trees, soon reached the magnificent gateway and its lofty and beautiful iron palisade, and came, suddenly, upon the irregular pile of buildings, with angularities and turrets in various old-fashioned styles of architecture; entered the hall, paved with black and white marble, its walls covered with panels of richly-carved oak, from the *Dumfermline Palace*, and hung with martial weapons. From the hall I passed into the armoury, a long, low room, with a window at each end filled with a vast collection of weapons, highly polished and in fine preservation—among the rest the gun of *Rob Roy*, the pistols of *Claverhouse* and of *Napoleon*, and the



immense sword of *Sir William Wallace*. The drawing-room, which communicates with the armoury, I also found well worthy of notice, being filled with gorgeous specimens of carved and costly antique ebony furniture of different ages. In the dining-room, which is large and has an oak ceiling, splendidly carved and ornamented, I saw a few fine pictures—one of *Claverhouse*, another of *Cromwell*, a third representing one of the family of *Fairfax* on horseback, a fourth of *Queen Mary*, and several full-length portraits of Sir Walter and family. The largest room, however, is the library, being upwards of sixty feet in length, and wide and lofty in proportion, and containing twenty thousand volumes. Adjoining this was the private study of Sir Walter—with very little furniture besides a writing-table and stuffed leather chair—the doors and windows of which were all double, to keep out noise. From the study a door opened into a small room, or niche, that contained the entire suit of clothes last worn by the illustrious dead, enclosed, for preservation, in a glass case. In looking at the exterior of the house scarce a part could be observed that did not contain some remarkable relic of antiquity. Near one corner of the second story were the door and jambs of the old Tolbooth, or Edinburgh prison, the keys of which hung in the hall below; in another stood the *pulpit of Erskine*; and, in various situations, carved stones, removed from other buildings, were embedded and shone conspicuously. But why should I attempt to portray the wonders of the place, when there is scarcely a stone, or an inch of ground, but tells of the deeds of ancient times; scarcely a relic, from *Rob Roy's purse* to *spurs of Flodden-Field*, but could there be found; scarcely an individual, of any

country, old or young, but has derived pleasure and information from the great magician's varied lore? Why, therefore, endeavour to present within narrow bounds what a volume could hardly unfold?—From such scenes it may be, easily, imagined, then, I could hardly find courage to tear myself away. Yet time was pressing, and a glorious prospect still lay before me—the fascination of which I felt it would be impossible long to resist. I returned, therefore, to Melrose, revisited the old Abbey, mounted the top of a coach, on a clear sunny morning, and passing, from right to left, in varied succession, the beautiful streams and vales of the *Allan*, the *Tweed*, and *Gala water*, the seats and towers of the *Pavilion*, *Langlee House*, *Galashiels*, *Torwoodlie*, *Crookston*, *Bowland*, *Arniston*, *Bothwick* and *Dalhousie Castles*, *Newbattle Abbey*, *Hawthornden*, *Melville Castle*, *Eldin* and *Roslin*, catching, ever and anon, splendid glimpses of the *Pentland Hills*, of *Arthur's Seat*, of the *Firth of Forth*, entered the Queen of the North, "*Edina, Scotia's darling seat*," after a delightful ride of six-and-thirty miles.

It would be impossible to describe my sensations upon thus being suddenly dropped into the midst of a people, among whom years of my boyhood had been passed; whom I had left as a stripling, and to whom I returned a "gray-head sire." My first impulse, however, I may say, was to cast about, and see if I could discover no familiar good-natured face with which to claim acquaintance; but, alas, no such face could be found. I saw the same houses standing where I left them, but their old tenants had disappeared and others occupied their place; I saw the same strange-looking, uncouth, figures, the *cadie's*, the fish-women, and others of various occupa-

tions, parading the streets, and listened to their well-remembered, discordant, cries; I saw them eyeing me, from head to foot, with the same inquisitive glances, and wondering, apparently, from what strange land I had come. The story of Rip Van Winkle flashed across my mind, and I involuntarily repeated to myself "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" I began to consider whether I could have slept in the mountain for twenty years, and suddenly awoke with a gun upon my shoulder, when my reverie was disturbed by the touch of the coachman's finger, reminding me of his fare. I dropped the fellow a shilling, stepped into Waterloo Hotel, engaged rooms, deposited my luggage, and the next moment found myself on the North Bridge, stretching towards the college, in quest, instinctively, of my old lodgings and my old landlady. The college which from Scotch pride had been commenced on a grand scale, some fifty years ago, and from Scotch economy left unfinished for a long time, had, during my absence, been built up, and so changed the aspect of the adjoining streets as to render it somewhat difficult, at first, to thread my way to a spot, which in former times I could have found, though blindfold, or at any hour of the night. I got, however, at last, upon the right scent, ascended the winding staircase, not, as formerly, with hop skip and jump, but by slow degrees, and after many a halt, and blow, and wheeze, reached the "*garret high, with cobweb hung,*" summoned, by a thundering knock, the lazy inmates, and entered, without ceremony, the very den, where as a youngster, I had consumed, over the midnight lamp, many a weary hour, and, at times, enjoyed many a merry prank with a score of Virginia

lads—most of whom, poor fellows, have since passed away. I looked about and found that here, at least, I was at home; for I saw the same hooks I had driven into the wall to support my anatomical preparations, the same nail-holes I had made, by mistake, still open and staring me in the face, and above all, what can nowhere be found, except in a Scotch country, the same pane of glass upon which I had scratched with a flint, my name thirty years before, as safe and sound as the day it was fixed by putty in the sash. But where was the good old tabby, the kind-hearted soul that had administered so often to my wants, as landlady, and counsellor, and friend? Gone to her long home, to her final account and resting-place, to receive the reward of her “exceeding honesty,” her pure, disinterested, benevolent actions. I found, upon inquiry, that the rooms had, ever since my occupancy, been devoted to the same purposes—a lodging for students. It so happened they were disengaged, and nothing but the great distance from the new town, where most of the friends I expected to meet resided, prevented me from resuming my old quarters.

Having satisfied my curiosity and promised the new landlady to send her, if I could, for “*auld lang syne*,” some of my young countrymen as lodgers, I returned to Waterloo, dined on haggis and sheep’s-head, swallowed mouthfuls of singed wool, which I washed down with the best ale in the world, and then sallied forth in quest of my preceptor and friend,—*Sir Charles Bell*.

In every large town certain streets remain as permanent avenues, and particular buildings are preserved and serve as landmarks for ages; it was not, therefore, surprising as I passed in the coach through Clerk and

Nicholson and South and North Bridge streets—one continued line, under different names, of the principal entrance to the old town—I should have recognised many buildings quite familiar to me in former days. But I soon found when I attempted to avail myself of previous information, and applied the rule to the new town, and particularly that portion which, in my time, embraced the suburbs, I was almost as much a stranger as I should have been in Bagdad; for *streets* and *squares*, and *terraces*, and *crescents*, and *places* had multiplied without end or number, and Calton Hill had been partly cut down and paved and built upon; and, in short, I found what had long been considered the most beautiful city in Europe, now so extended and changed, so transcendently magnificent and superior to itself, as to hear without surprise of its having doubled in less than a quarter of a century. Still I was not prepared to believe I could lose my way in any part of "*Auld Reekie*," and was only undeceived upon finding I had walked for two hours in search of *Ainslie Place*—the residence of Sir Charles—a place, upon the site of which woodcock and snipe were formerly shot, now covered by some of the finest houses and quite in a central part of the town. It may be proper, perhaps, to premise I had been, for months, the house pupil of Sir Charles, in London, and ever after his correspondent; that in 1837 he accepted the professorship of surgery in the University of Edinburgh, left London and returned to his native city, where he now resides and still holds his appointment.

He was aware of my being in Europe, and had been expecting me, daily, in Edinburgh. When my name, therefore, was announced, he came out of his study with

alacrity, bounding into the hall like a young stag, full of life, animation, and vigour, and so little altered that I should have known him, instantly, had we met, in any part of the world. He was overwhelmed, however, at that moment with business—being engaged in reviewing theses, upon which he was to examine candidates the next day at the public commencement or “Capping.” I insisted, therefore, upon his leaving me to range over his gallery of ancient masters, and still better collection, by his own hand, of spirited water-coloured sketches and finished drawings, with which large and numerous portfolios were filled, embracing almost every subject. In ascending together the hall stairs, my attention was instantly drawn to a very striking and spirited sketch, in oil, of the head of a lion, of full size, with the mouth widely expanded, the tongue and teeth finely displayed, and the whole features expressive of great energy and excitement. It was, indeed, an old acquaintance, and the first picture Sir Charles ever attempted in oil. I reminded him of my having procured, for dissection, the body of a large lion from Pidcock’s menagerie, and, with the assistance of fellow-students, lugged it, at night, upon my shoulders, to his house; of his coming into the anatomical room next morning, and exclaiming, “My dear Doctor, I *must* have a sketch of that fine fellow’s head before you cut him up;” of the great artists, Haydon and Eastlake, then his pupils in anatomy, determining, also, to try their skill in the same way, and of some other circumstances. He replied: “I had forgotten some of the things you mention, but remember enough to know you are fairly entitled to the picture, and if you think it worth carrying across the Atlantic, can only say it will

gratify me, exceedingly, if you will accept it"—adding, it had been much admired by artists and amateurs, and even offers made for it by dealers, and had once actually been carried off, temporarily, by a friend, who seemed determined to possess it. I need hardly say, I was too happy to receive such a boon, and would almost as soon lose an eye as part with it.

From that moment I was a daily, almost hourly, visitor at Sir Charles's, saw him under all circumstances, met him at Lord Jeffrey's, of whom he is a bosom friend, and other places, and had great pleasure in hearing him spoken of everywhere, as entitled to the highest honours for superiority of intellect and excellence of heart; and, in short, found him, wherever personally known, honoured and beloved beyond measure. I was exceedingly struck with the tenacity of his memory, especially for *events*; for he told me many circumstances concerning myself I had entirely forgotten. Among others, he said, "You must have a very large and valuable library, by this time, if you have continued to collect with the same spirit you evinced while residing with me; and then mentioned the greater number of old, scarce, and valuable works I had picked up, commencing with the large and splendid volumes of Sandifort and of Chesselden on the Bones, and descending in the list until he almost enumerated my library. I had procured a very rare and singular specimen of monkey, whose features, even after death, were so queer and ludicrous, as to induce Sir Charles to ask me to sketch them for him, but I found it difficult, while thus engaged, to keep the head from trembling; for as fast as I put it in one position, it shook like an aspen and assumed another. "Do you remember," said he, "that

queer animal you were painting, that '*simia tremens*,' as you called it?" The circumstance had entirely escaped me until thus forcibly brought back. Upon another occasion he had received a visit from an old friend—Dr. Blake of Dublin—whom he had not seen for twenty years, and overheard him say, in the hall, "I wonder if he will recollect me," upon which Sir Charles, who really had forgotten his *name*, came out and said, "Do you play upon the violin as delightfully as ever?" to the great joy and astonishment of the Doctor. As our conversations, when alone, turned, chiefly, upon the events of former days, I was not less surprised than amused at the account he gave, occasionally, of individuals whom we had both known. In particular, I remember an eccentric but eminent old physician—*Dr. Garthshore*—who was a friend and frequent visitor of Sir Charles. Upon asking after him, and alluding to his habit of rising before day to make his own fire, "Dear me," said he, "do you remember the good old man?" and then told me how he had gotten up, sooner than usual, one bitter cold night, and finding no fire in the grate, slipped on his wrapper, and, in stocking feet, attempted to cross the street, to knock up a neighbour and get live coals, when, unfortunately, a corner of the garment catching, unperceived, in the door, as he closed it after him, he was held fast, and though he pulled his own bell vigorously, and bawled for assistance, could neither wake his own servants nor rouse the neighbourhood, so that the poor old soul was well-nigh perished from cold, having remained out more than an hour almost naked; and was only relieved, after break of day, by some one, accidentally, passing by. Sir Charles also mentioned, that the same individual, who



was very rich and very penurious, once said to him, "Bell, I like you better, and pay you more visits, than any of your countrymen, because you are the only Scotchman that has not borrowed money of me."

When I resided with Sir Charles he occupied a large old-fashioned house in *Leicester Street, Leicester Square*, that formerly belonged to *Speaker Onslow*, for which he paid a small rent, much smaller than most such houses could be procured for; and upon boasting before Garthshore of his bargain, the old man said to him, in a peculiar, significant, way, he could not account for till months afterwards, "Never mind, my friend, you'll pay dearly enough for it at last; you might as well have a wife and seven children, or a millstone about your neck; its a divil of a house, an awful place, and you'll have a divil of a time in it I'm thinking." Months rolled away, however, and nothing occurred to disturb his tranquillity. The lectures went merrily on, and pupils were dropping in, and he was then a bachelor, and had nothing to care for; but, at last, his servants began to leave, one by one, and, as fresh were engaged, they, in turn, in a week or two, cleared out; his house-pupils, too, who, at first, preferred single rooms, were not satisfied until they could be crowded together into one or more beds, as far as possible from the Anatomical Theatre. All this, however, was mystery to Sir Charles, for as often as he asked what was the matter, what had got into the heads of the cooks, and chamber-maids, and waiters, and into the minds of his pupils, he was only answered, "Nothing, sir, nothing, nothing in the world." He got reconciled, at last, to the thing, and thought no more of it, until one night, after a hard day's work, being restless, excited,

and not very well, and tossing about, half asleep half awake, as he supposed, he felt his foot suddenly grasped by an *ice-cold hand*—but for how long, it was impossible to say—such was the horror inspired even by the thought, much less the reality of such an event. All he remembered, afterwards, was pacing the floor industriously, for some time, to shake off the effect of his *dream*, for from such source, no doubt, had the impression, he experienced, been derived. Upon talking with his pupils, next day, on the subject, he heard, for the first time, the cause of their clustering together in one chamber; and was distinctly told that every body in London believed Onslow House *haunted* by a beautiful young woman, who died, whilst engaged to be married, and whose body was dissected by different London surgeons. This accounted for Garthshore's remarks, and, perhaps, for the pathetic ballad soon after published, under the name of "*Mary's Ghost*," as follows—

" 'Twas in the middle of the night  
 To sleep young William tried,  
 When Mary's ghost came stealing in,  
 And stood at his bedside.

Oh William dear! oh William dear!  
 My rest eternal ceases:  
 Alas! my everlasting peace  
 Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares  
 Would end with my last minute;  
 But though I went to my last home,  
 I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,  
 And made a snatch at me;  
 Its very hard them kind of men  
 Won't let a body be.

You thought that I was buried deep,  
Quite decent like and chary,  
But from her grave in Mary-bone  
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm  
Is took to *Dr. Vyse* ;  
And both my legs are gone to walk  
The Hospital at Guy's.

I vowed that you should have my hand,  
But fate gave us denial ;  
You'll find it there at *Dr. Bell's*  
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, my little feet,  
You used to call so pretty,  
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,  
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,  
But *Dr. Carpue* can :  
As for my trunk, it's all packed up  
To go by *Pickford's* van.

I wish you'd go to *Mister P.*  
And save me such a ride ;  
I don't half like the outside place  
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !  
My William, we must part !  
But I'll be your's in death although  
*Sir Astley* has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,  
And think that there I be,  
They havn't left an atom there  
Of my anatomie."

How long Sir Charles lived in Onslow House after being fully aware of the reports concerning it, and which must have interfered, still, with his domestic comforts and even with his lectures, I do not know—but imagine not very long. Whilst in London I had walked down to Leicester street to see my old domicile, but being sorely puzzled to discern the premises, stepped into a furrier's shop and inquired for Onslow House, by which name every one had known it in my time. "Lack-a-day, sir," cried an old woman, peering through a pair of blue spectacles, from behind a counter, "*Onslow House* has been gone many a day, pulled down on account of Mary's ghost and other people that were cut up there. Bell could'nt stand it himself, no how, and cleared out for Soho-Square, and that big house you see over the way is in place of the old castle, and mighty glad we all were when him and all his body-catchers were scared off, for we had mighty nasty times of it with the strange noises at night and the bad smells that vaporated from it at all times." And how long, madam, may I ask, have you lived in the street? "More than forty years," was the reply—"thirty-one years with my first husband and ten with my last." And did you ever see a ghost, during that time, in the neighbourhood? "No, I never seed one myself but I know's them that has, and my first husband said that he always thought Bell ought to be persecuted according to law, for such doings, among decent trades-folks' dwellings, just under one's noses, and for a long time we were afraid folks might think our tippets and muff's and capes would smell of it." I should be afraid of that myself, said I, or I might be tempted to buy some of those handsome sables. "Oh, dear sir, I assure you

there is not the least danger. I'm sure there was no truth in those stories, and Bell was a good neighbour and we liked him well, and our house is the oldest fur house in the West End, and if you know Surgeon Guthrie, he and his ladies will recommend you to *Diekman's*, I know." And sure enough I found the old lady's story, as regards her commodities at least, perfectly true, and by advice of my friend Guthrie became a purchaser, but not until I had amused myself a little further by telling her I had lived in the house at the time poor Mary had walked her rounds, and saw most awful sights—worse than any she had ever heard of—all which she swallowed with avidity, crying every now and then, "dear me, you don't tell me so. It's jist what my first poor man always said; but our good neighbour *Still*, the cutler, honest soul, who's been dead and gone many a long day, never would hear to the like, and always said it was only English clash to hurt poor Scotch bodies like himself and his friend Bell, who was a good-natured sensible lad, and would some day be a great man, like his brother John, he'd warrant he would, for he always bought his instruments of him, and said they were the best Edinburgh or London could fabricate."

Sir Charles laughed, heartily, at these and other details I gave about his old premises, and told me, in turn, some amusing stories on the same subject. His manner of relating anecdotes struck me as peculiar. There was no circumlocution, no preparatory smile indicating he was about to say something witty or pleasant, but he came to the point immediately, and in a very few quaint and expressive phrases, with his head thrown slightly backwards and his eyelids nearly closed, produced exactly

the effect he intended—such as to leave an indelible impression upon his hearer. I remember one among many very striking instances of the kind. We had been talking over the disposition, so prevalent among uneducated surgeons, especially young ones, to cut and slash, unmercifully, instead of attempting to cure their patients upon scientific principles without the knife, when he suddenly stopped, and inquired if we had any such characters in America, and upon being answered—a few—said, after a deep sigh, with peculiar archness and simplicity—“I believe a *wretch* of that kind is to be found everywhere,” adding, with a smile of benevolence, “thank God, I have nothing of the sort to reproach *myself* with.” But I could fill a volume with such details, and have only adduced a few to show the character of the man when conversing with his family and friends; for, among strangers he is rather shy, cautious, and reserved, but always perfectly open and independent when his real sentiments, on important subjects, are asked—by those who have a right to demand them.

In person Sir Charles is rather below the medium height stout, muscular, and admirably proportioned, quick and energetic in his movements, when roused or under the influence of mental excitement, the result of thought or study; but in moments of relaxation is singularly calm, placid, and unostentatious. His head is large, forehead lofty and expanded, his eye full, and prominent, very expressive, and of gray colour, his features animated and agreeable, and his voice soft and melodious in the extreme. His hair is perfectly white on the sides and top of the head, but grayish behind. It would be impossible, however, to form any idea of the man from

the prints published by Pettigrew and others—so miserably deficient are they in drawing and expression. The same may be said of the oil pictures, one of which, nearly a full length, hanging in his own house, bears little or no resemblance, and is hard and disagreeably vulgar. The only print, indeed, I have ever seen at all approaching his physiognomy, is that of the celebrated *Vesalius*—from a picture by Titian—in his frontispiece to his large work on Anatomy and Surgery. He is now above sixty, having been born in 1778, but might easily pass, from his fine complexion and good health, for fifty. His father was an eminent Scotch Episcopal divine, all of whose sons were men of distinguished talent, especially the celebrated John Bell, by whom Sir Charles was educated. The only surviving brother of Sir Charles is *George Joseph Bell*, professor of law in the University of Edinburgh, successor in the Court of Session to Sir Walter Scott, and author of very celebrated works on Law—well known all over the world. There is no relationship between this family and that of the late surgeon, Benjamin Bell—erroneously supposed by many to exist.

The traits of character in the mind of Sir Charles Bell are eminently striking, and yet not easily understood or appreciated. His genius is of very high and commanding order, combined with inordinate powers of application, and perseverance so unflinching as to enable him to master any subject, and by unravelling its complexities, make each position as clear, and each statement as distinct, as the noon-day sun. So great, indeed, is his concentrativeness as to exclude, at will, all extraneous matters, and neither see objects around him, nor be roused

by what would startle or enforce the attention of a common man. By many persons, unacquainted with this peculiarity, he has been considered cold, haughty, and supercilious, and has experienced, accordingly, ill usage for supposed slights and affronts, and has even suffered heavy losses by the jealousy and ill will of professional men and others, thus engendered and kept alive by most mistaken and unfounded impressions. And yet there is no one possessed in a more eminent degree of the milk of human kindness, no one who takes a deeper interest in the fate of a patient, whether of low or high degree, who studies the case with more unremitting diligence, and conscientiously gives his opinion, or applies his remedies with more perfect disinterestedness. But if I were to select, from his various merits, the trait most conspicuous in his pure, upright, honourable, blameless, character, I should say it was deep, most affectionate, and unquenchable regard for his family, relations, and friends, such as would induce him to run all hazards for their benefit, and sacrifice his comforts and interests, and even life, for their welfare and reputation. This, I am aware, may seem high praise, extravagant eulogy, nevertheless the picture is perfectly true to nature, and only to be overshadowed, perhaps, by the commanding qualities of mind that have enabled him, through some of the most brilliant discoveries which have ever adorned the annals of our profession, to place himself upon an eminence so exalted as to entitle him, beyond all question, cavil, or doubt, to the enviable prerogative of being considered the best anatomist, the best physiologist, the best pathologist, and one of the best medical and operative surgeons in the British empire, and, perhaps, in the world.



How does it happen, then, he has not enjoyed the extensive practice, and become so enormously rich as some of the European surgeons we hear of? This is easily understood, when recollected, that the facility of gaining practice does not, invariably, depend upon amount of intellect or extent of individual qualification; that many persons, of very limited capacity and meager acquirements, possess, inherently, the faculty of pleasing, and even fascinating the public—who are no judges of professional merit—to a great degree; that others cultivate, as a business, the means of obtaining professional livelihood, independently of professional knowledge, and resort to every stratagem and device which self-preservation suggests, in order to place them on a level, or force themselves above their intellectual rivals. So that many a man, with only the manners of a waiter and the intellect of a mouse, has obtained enormous business, whilst his talented brother has actually starved, or, perhaps, been thrown into prison. Such is well known to be the case, not only in our profession, but in law and divinity, and more or less, perhaps, in every other vocation, not only in Europe but in this country, and, indeed, throughout the world. Now Sir Charles, from early life, has been employed, most laboriously, in studying and teaching his profession; in writing and publishing large and valuable works; in hospital practice; in making collections of human and morbid anatomy, and pictures for class demonstrations, so expensive, as to absorb most of his professional receipts, and leave little time for playing the fine gentleman, for bowing, and scraping, and flattering old maids, and young maids, and old women, and noblemen, and gentry; and withal, has been too

scrupulously honest, upright, and independent in sentiment, to stoop to any measures, however well calculated to advance his fortune, between which and strict professional dignity and honour he found vast incompatibility. I do not mean to infer, however, from what I have just said, that all who obtain extensive practice must, necessarily, resort to unworthy means. The reverse I know to be the case, in many instances; nor do I wish to be understood to say, that Sir Charles had not succeeded, at all, in obtaining business; but only to imply, that his private professional calls, though numerous and important, were much fewer than if he had laid himself out for practice, by cultivating the arts of obtaining and securing it. This much, however, is certain, that any man of moderate capacity, who, for years, has been a hospital surgeon, will see more, in two or three months, than any one, engaged in private practice only, in a year; and will often reap more, from close investigation of a single case, than another from fifty; so that, after all, it is not the number of cases a medical man may have attended, but the use made of them, which will establish for him the character of a bad or good practitioner.

Of Sir Charles's talents as a *professor* or *teacher*, of his exquisite taste and skill as an *artist*, and of his numerous and very diversified writings, I have as yet said very little. As regards the first, if I may be allowed to judge from attending his lectures, formerly; from his present style of elocution; and from a very spirited, extemporaneous address to the graduates of the University of Edinburgh, at the public commencement, I attended, and of which I shall afterwards give a short account; I should say, he had lost none of the plain, easy, enviable mode

of elocution, so characteristic of a great and successful lecturer—none of the animation, sparkling vivacity, and enthusiasm, so indicative of genius—none of the substantial and effective power of reasoning, so essential to satisfy the understanding—none of the interest in communicating information, without which knowledge becomes dry and tasteless—none of the warm and sympathizing affection and playfulness towards his pupils which induced them to treat him more as a friend and beloved companion than as a stranger—none of those resources which enabled him to lay open, at pleasure, his vast storehouse of facts and boundless information—none of the authority and respect which maintained lenient order and indulgent supremacy over all around him—none of the ingenuity and felicity of illustration, and vigour of mathematical demonstration, that irresistibly carried conviction to the minds of his hearers—and none of the unbounded goodness of heart, sincerity, and self-derelection, for which he has always been so remarkable. That this is no idle exaggeration, no groundless panegyric, no overweening partiality, no undue bias on the part of a friend and pupil, much higher authority than my humble name is ready to attest. “The Discourses of Sir Charles Bell,” says the venerable *Bishop of Durham*, “before the Royal College of Surgeons of London, conveyed to me the impression not so much of a lecture as of a man *thinking aloud* ;”—a remark, previously made by Goldsmith, of himself.

Of the genius of Sir Charles Bell, as an artist merely, and independently of his literary, and scientific, and professional merits, it would not be too high praise, perhaps, to affirm, that few, if any, now living,—except, possibly,

the *Landseers*, and some of his other pupils that have attained the highest eminence as painters—can be compared to him, in delicacy of touch, in force of expression, in accuracy of outline and drawing, in anatomical precision, in faithfulness of character, and in variety of delineation and effect. To establish this position, his splendid work, on the “*Anatomy of Expression in Painting*,” is alone sufficient; but any one examining, as I did, the *original sketches* accompanying that work—for they lost much in the hands of the engraver—and his numerous portfolios, containing real, or imaginary portraits of remarkable beggars, odd-looking people, paralytic men, dancing girls, Scotch lassies, tailors “clouting claes,” quizzical-looking Frenchmen, landscapes of every variety of scene, in the Highlands, about Edinburgh and London, and many other parts of England, large and finished coloured drawings of the wounded at Waterloo, magnificent sketches of anatomical and surgical subjects for illustration of lectures; to say nothing of the exquisite *etchings* by his own hand, in his numerous publications; and of the immense number of engravings throughout all his works, copied from his original drawings, would declare, that if he had directed his attention and energies exclusively to the arts, he would have equalled, probably, *Pousin* or *Murillo*, or even *Raphael* himself. Indeed, I remember hearing Haydon, then his pupil, and now one of the greatest painters in England, declare that the *Lion’s-Head*, I formerly spoke of, was in the style, and quite equal, in some respects, to the productions of *Rubens*.

The immense number of valuable publications by Sir Charles Bell—anatomical, surgical, physiological, patho-

logical, practical, and literary, the work of a lifetime of indefatigable labour, all showing immense research, almost unexampled industry, profound learning, exquisite taste, unbounded practical skill—the result, in many instances, of information obtained on the fields of *Corunna* and *Waterloo*; for he was the first surgeon, after those great battles, to break all his engagements, and leave England, and enter the ranks, and dress, with his own hand, the wounded and comfort the dying—it would be impossible, in the present work, to notice, further, than present a simple outline of each.

His first, a large folio, full of the finest drawings—“*A System of Dissections, explaining the Anatomy of the Human Body, the manner of displaying the Parts and their Varieties in Disease,*” was published in 1799, whilst a mere boy, and before he had passed his examination as surgeon—an admirable work, which has served as a model for every subsequent publication on the subject. His second was the work on Anatomy, in two volumes, designed for the completion of two former volumes by his celebrated brother, Mr. John Bell. The third, “*Engravings of the Arteries*”—the fourth, “*Engravings of the Brain*”—the fifth, “*Engravings of the Nerves*”—the sixth, “*Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting*”—the seventh, “*A System of Operative Surgery, founded on the basis of Anatomy*”—the eighth, “*A Treatise on Gun-shot Wounds*”—the ninth, “*Letters concerning Diseases of the Urethra*”—the tenth, “*An Idea of a new Anatomy of the Brain*”—the eleventh, “*Engravings from Specimens of Morbid Parts*”—the twelfth, another work on “*Gun-shot Wounds*”—the thirteenth, “*Surgical Observations or Quarterly Reports*”—the

fourteenth "*An Essay on the Forces which circulate the Blood*"—the fifteenth, "*A Treatise on the Diseases of the Urethra, Vesica Urinaria, Prostate and Rectum,*" with admirable notes by his talented nephew, the late *Mr. John Shaw*—the sixteenth, "*Observations on Injuries of the Spine and Thigh-bone*"—the seventeenth his large and splendid volume, "*The Nervous System of the Human Body*"—the eighteenth, "*The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, &c.*"—the nineteenth, "*Institutes of Surgery*"—many of these works are voluminous and of the most splendid description; and yet the author remarked to me that he never could bear to look at any one of them after their publication; and upon being asked why—replied, "because I am always stung with the reflection, how much better I might have made them." And yet what writer, ancient or modern, has written so much and so well, and where shall we find, throughout, such varied information, clothed in such chaste simplicity of felicitous diction, illustrated and adorned by such marvellous and surpassing creations of the pencil?

Sir Charles Bell has long been most happily married, but is without children, yet it may truly be said, no man has deserved them more; for in all the domestic relations, he has proved, in the highest degree, exemplary and blameless. It is but just, however, that a life of extreme toil and labour, exerted for the benefit of his race, to the entire exclusion of every selfish consideration, and without that substantial and useful reward, which has so often followed, undeservedly, the efforts of very inferior men, should, at least, have been blessed with the smiles of a companion and friend, who, throughout all his difficulties and vexations, has served as a

model of cheerfulness, patience, and resignation, and by her elegant and refined manners, talents, accomplishments, personal charms and sweetness of disposition, has won the admiration and respect of all, ever admitted within the magic circle of her attractive society.

In closing this imperfect account of my illustrious teacher and friend, I cannot but indulge in a few passing comments upon the attributes of one, who in the space he filled in professional importance, during the eventful period of his brilliant, but chequered, career, shone as a polar star to his benighted brethren, to guide them through the perilous passes of uncertainty and doubt, and direct the rays of their feeble and flickering lamp towards fields of investigation previously unploughed save by his own adventurous hand. I need hardly say I allude to the late *Mr. John Bell*—a man of unquestionable genius, of rare accomplishments, of highly embellished mind, of the most lively wit and sportive imagination, and powers of sarcasm, so keen and searching, as to wither, without effort, any medical fabric he chose to touch—a man of unwearied application, of dauntless energy, of unequalled powers of mastering any subject however abstruse and complicated, of profuse stores of general information and of boundless professional learning—a *writer* of singular merit and brilliancy, with endless copiousness of language and illustration, with fund of anecdote inexhaustible, with fondness for pleasantry inextinguishable, with matchless force of reasoning, and argumentative display irresistible, with zeal in sifting and bringing to light the most hidden treasures, with ingenuity in unravelling and explaining the most secret operations of the animal economy, in unfolding the laws that determine the effects of disease,

and in framing doctrines so plausible, so lucid, so natural, so effective, so seasoned with probability, so garnished with taste, so fortified by facts and observations, as to receive the sanction and gain the support of the ablest minds—a *teacher* whose ready elocution, striking declamation, persuasive manner, clear enunciation, flexible and melodious voice, appropriate action, extensive information, powerful inductive reasoning, diversified with subtilty and wit, and amusing illustrations, never failed to secure a large and gratified audience—a *surgeon* deeply versed in the history and literature of his science, skilful in diagnosis, abounding in practical resources, wary and efficient in selection of remedies, full of enthusiasm for his patient, untiring in noting down the peculiarities, and in sketching, with his exquisite pencil, the features of each remarkable case, and, *withal*, a singularly bold, daring, dexterous, and successful operator—whose exploits, with the knife, were the result of profound anatomical knowledge of parts in a sound and morbid state, guided by a chivalrous spirit in facing and conquering difficulties, combined with calm deliberation and circum-spect address, rarely equalled.

These remarks are not from hearsay, but from intimate acquaintance with the man, from close observation whilst enjoying his society, from seeing him act his part in public under the most trying exigencies, and from poring over, by night and by day, those vast depositories of information his "*Principles of Surgery*," volumes now laid, as it were, on the shelf, but too often consulted by writers of all countries who do not hesitate, in many instances, to appropriate, bodily, doctrines and precepts and practice, to which they can lay no shadow of a claim.



It is melancholy to think that such a man, so gifted with wonderful endowments, and powers almost super-human, should from mere frailties, so incident to genius, and so often the effect of disease, be doomed to persecution and distress from his fellow-men, because he could not always restrain, within bounds of discretion, those sallies of wit, too often scattered, it must be admitted, with unsparing hand, around those he could not but feel to be far beneath him in talent and acquirement, but nevertheless deserving of kind consideration. Valuable as his numerous and very diversified writings proved to the world, they created for himself, at last, enemies, whose jealousy, implacable hatred and vengeance, drove him, in disgust, from his country and his home, to perish among strangers in a foreign land. But peace to his venerated remains; *“for take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.”*

## CHAPTER VI.

THE University of Edinburgh was founded in 1582, under charter from James the Sixth, and opened for pupils, in 1583. It was not, however, until 1721 that a medical department was annexed—at the suggestion of Drs. Sibbald, Pitcairne, Balfour, Burnet and Stevenson, and by the exertions of Dr. John Monro, an eminent surgeon apothecary. The first professors were Dr. Alexander Monro, on anatomy and surgery; Dr. Sinclair on the theory of medicine; Dr. Rutherford on the practice; Dr. Alston on materia medica; and Dr. Plummer on chemistry. About the same period an attempt was made to establish a hospital, for clinical purposes, in connection with the University. It did not, however, succeed; but, upon being renewed, some years afterwards, sufficient funds were raised to enable the professors to open a small house for a few patients, and the subscriptions still increasing, a charter was granted, for an act of incorporation, by George the Second, and the foundation laid, in 1738, of the *Royal Infirmary*. From that period, to the present, an intimate connection has subsisted between the institution and the University—beneficial to both. Thirty-five years after the University had been in operation, Dr. Cullen was appointed professor; soon after Dr. John Gregory, then Dr. Black and Dr. Alexander Monro, secundus; and from that period the

institution became the most celebrated in Europe, and has continued to flourish beyond example.

When I commenced attendance in 1806, on lectures in the University of Edinburgh, the professors were Dr. Alexander Monro, secundus, on anatomy and surgery, in conjunction with his son Dr. Alexander Monro, tertius; Dr. James Gregory, on the practice of physic; Dr. James Home, on materia medica; Dr. Andrew Duncan, on the theory of physic; Dr. Thomas Charles Hope, on chemistry; Dr. James Hamilton, junior, on obstetrics, and Dr. Daniel Rutherford on botany. Of these the elder Monro, Drs. Gregory, Hope and Hamilton were the most distinguished. In June, 1809, I graduated in the University, and in August, 1839—thirty years afterwards—returned to it, and then found Drs. Monro, Gregory, Duncan and Rutherford, no more; Dr. Monro, tertius, holding the anatomical chair; Dr. Home transferred to practical chair; Dr. Christison, elected in his place, to materia medica; Dr. Graham appointed to botany; Dr. Alison to theory of physic, and Drs. Hope and Hamilton still occupying their respective chairs. I discovered also, that new chairs had been created—one on pathology, to which Dr. John Thomson had been appointed; another on surgery, occupied by Sir Charles Bell; a third, on military surgery, held by Sir George Ballingall; a fourth, on medical jurisprudence, of which Dr. Traill was the incumbent, and a fifth, on clinical surgery, entrusted to Mr. Syme—making in all twelve distinct chairs. The old buildings, too, erected in the time of James the Sixth, which constituted nearly one-half of the college, whilst I attended, were in 1815 pulled down, and the new, commenced upon a magnificent scale in 1789; but the greater

part left unfinished, for nearly thirty years, for want of funds, was then completed, and, indeed, had been occupied by all the departments, for a considerable time.

The University is very imposing in appearance, and would, from architectural merits alone, attract attention in any part of the world. Its walls are of freestone, similar to that of most of the houses in the New Town. The eastern front, extending on South Bridge-street, two hundred and fifty-five feet, is ornamented by a beautiful portico, supported by Doric pillars more than twenty-five feet high—each formed of a single block of stone. The western is of similar extent, and the north and south sides three hundred and fifty-eight feet in depth. Within this extensive pile there is a large quadrangle, from which an entrance leads to the museum, library, and principal lecture rooms. Than the *Library* a finer room cannot be imagined—being a hundred and ninety-eight feet long, by fifty wide, and so lofty, as to admit of an extensive gallery, which, together with the arched ceiling, is supported by handsome pilasters. Seventy thousand volumes are contained in the room, which is, also, decorated with some large and fine boar-hunts by Snyders, with a Teniers, and other pictures, bequeathed to the University, I believe, by Sir James Erskine. The *Museum*, commenced by Dr. Balfour, and added to by Dr. Sibbald, in the infancy of the University, was so diminished by the decay and loss of its specimens, as to be of little value, at the time Professor Jameson took the chair of Natural History; by his unwearied zeal and industry, however, an immense collection, in almost all the departments of his branch, has been brought together; which, in conjunction with the superb and valuable specimens of ornitho-

logy, purchased in France, the mineralogical cabinet of Dr. Thompson of Naples, and very numerous zoological contributions, are sufficient to fill several large rooms and galleries, some of them nearly a hundred feet long.

The *Anatomical Museum*, formed chiefly by the three Monros, part of which still belongs to the present professor, is not remarkable for variety, extent, neatness, or beauty of the preparations, but very inferior, in every respect, to most of the private collections of London, or, indeed, of the country towns throughout England.\* Nor is the Anatomical Theatre such as to reflect credit upon the college, or to correspond with the rest of the lecture-rooms, which, though small, generally, are numerous and well adapted to the purpose. Each professor, however, has, as in most other institutions, his own private collection to illustrate his lectures. The Obstetrical has long been considered valuable, and that of Dr. Christison very extensive, and well calculated to make *Materia Medica* what it ought to be, always, and, for the last few years, has been with us—a *demonstrative* branch. The same may be said of the Chemical department, long rich in every variety of apparatus, and also of the Surgical, illustrated by some of the most splendid drawings and models to be found in any country.

I arrived in Edinburgh the 30th of July, 1839, and went, by invitation, the next day to the University, to attend an examination on *theses* by the different profes-

\* It is but fair, however, to say, that the preparations put up by *Dr. McKenzie*—the present demonstrator of anatomy, an intelligent and successful cultivator of his branch, who politely gave me every opportunity of examining the different departments of the University—are quite equal, in many respects, to any I saw in Europe.

sors, preparatory to commencement, or *capping*, to take place the day after—the 1st of August. In one of the lecture-rooms twenty or thirty candidates were assembled; and, on a rostrum opposite them, were seated Professors Hope, Ballingall, and Monro. Through politeness of Mr. Lewis, an intelligent young West Indian, who had attended lectures in our University, two years before, I obtained a comfortable seat, and got a clue to all the proceedings. To my astonishment, however, I had hardly been seated a minute before Dr. Monro mentioned my name in connection with a thesis “*De Forma Ossium Gentilitia*,” I published at Edinburgh, in 1809, and attempted to give, from memory, some of its contents—without the least idea that the author was sitting before him. After the ceremony I walked up to the Doctor, whom I had known before, and asked if he did not recollect me. He replied, he certainly did not, and appeared not less surprised than disconcerted, when informed that he had been speaking of me shortly before, in his examination, and, inadvertently, no doubt, made several mistakes in relation to my thesis. Immediately after he inquired, eagerly, if I had brought any bones with me from America; when, remembering, of old, his disposition to coax all the specimens he could out of his students, I replied—None but my own, and these I intended, if possible, to take back with me again. I next repaired to another room, where I found Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Traill, and Mr. Syme engaged in similar examinations; and thence to the other rooms, and saw the candidates go through the same operation.

The next day the *capping* commenced in due form; and, at ten o'clock, I was at my post, by appointment, and introduced to the old and new professors and other

functionaries, in a room where they are accustomed to meet, previous to marching, in phalanx, to the hall of ceremony. After a little delay the whole body moved in procession, and I joined their ranks, by invitation, and took my seat in the midst of the medical faculty, on a slightly-elevated platform; upon which, also, were seated the Provost of the town and Vice Principal of the University, in their robes of office, and surrounded by the professors in all the various departments. An assembly of five or six hundred ladies and gentlemen, on elevated benches, occupied the hall and overlooked the candidates—ranged in two rows between them and the college dignitaries—each of whom, as well as the candidates, wore a black gown, fringed and studded with silk tassels. The Provost, a dapper little gentleman, with hatchet face and thin sandy hair, was dressed in a scarlet gown, spotted with white fur, rather worse for wear, having been, perhaps, for ages, a municipal heir-loom. On his left sat the Vice Principal of the University, (the representative of the venerable Principal Baird, who was absent) a stout, square-built man, with large bald head and intellectual appearance, whose name I have forgotten, by whom the ceremony was opened with prayer. Immediately after, each candidate was called out by name, and, as he passed, received from the Vice Principal the touch of a velvet cap or bonnet, said to have belonged to James the Sixth, which was laid, slightly, upon the head—hence the etymological import, "*capping*." The whole having thus received "imposition of hands," Sir George Ballingall rose, and, with considerable effect, delivered an address to the candidates, extemporaneously, of fifteen minutes, in which he urged them to practise their profession "*caste, caute, probeque*." He was followed by Sir

Charles Bell, who, as Dean of the medical faculty, gave friendly advice, and, touchingly, said many things that evidently reached the heart, and showed he was a favourite. This address was also extemporaneous, marked with great simplicity and beauty, and strongly reminded me of his style of lecturing in by-gone days. He, afterwards, called out each candidate, to whom a prize had been adjudged, either for superiority of thesis, or excellence of examination. The ceremony closed with a prayer from the Vice Principal; when Sir George Ballingall advanced to me and said, "The medical faculty were accustomed, by turn, to dine together, on each annual capping-day, and it would give them all great pleasure if I would join their party, at his house, at six that afternoon." Of course I could not refuse so flattering an invitation; for I had, that morning, enjoyed the satisfaction of occupying the seat of honour in the midst of some of my old masters, before whom I had last appeared in the, comparatively, humble and unimportant character of a young and timid adventurer, whose way was yet to be made in the world; and should have the additional advantage of seeing the lights of my alma mater in a private sphere, and be better enabled to estimate their merits, as citizens and men, than if I had observed them, for a much longer period, as public functionaries. Accordingly, at the appointed time, I was at my post, and had the honour of being welcomed by all the Professors, with the exception of Drs. Hope, Home, Monro, Thomson, and Hamilton—who did not join their fellow-members.

*Sir George Ballingall*, as already mentioned, is Professor of Military Surgery in the University, to which chair



he was appointed a few years since. He had, previously, served long in the army, had seen much service in India and other foreign countries, and, withal, was distinguished for close observation, extent of acquirement, peculiarly amiable disposition, and gentleman-like address. I found, from conversation with several students and young physicians, he was a favourite, had acquired reputation among them for accuracy and caution, for the substantial information he imparted, and for his clear and comprehensive way of explaining difficult subjects. He is the author of several important works—one on “Fever, Dysentery, and *Liver Complaints* ;” another, consisting of “*Introductory Lectures to a course of Military Surgery* ;” and a third on “*Military Surgery* ;” besides numerous essays in medical periodicals. Sir George is rather tall, robust, and active, of open, generous countenance, mild and amiable manners, and so quiet and unpretending, as to gain, readily, the esteem and confidence of all that form his acquaintance, and shows to great advantage in the midst of his interesting family.

*Professor Alison* is a tall, slender, fine-looking man, of very quiet manners, neat but plain in dress, with peculiarly winning, pensive, and benevolent countenance. He is son of the celebrated Episcopal divine, of Edinburgh, who gained so much reputation by his sermons and work on “*Taste*.” In every way, he appeared to me, worthy of such a father, judging from his interesting conversation, while sitting beside him at dinner. As a teacher he holds high rank, and, being quite a young man, is destined, I have no doubt, to obtain still higher eminence. His work on “*Physiology and Pathology*” is deserving of commendation.

With the reputation of *Professor Christison* most persons, in this country, are well acquainted—through his excellent “*Treatise on Poisons, in relation to Medical Jurisprudence, Physiology, and the Practice of Physic.*” I was pleased with his tall, commanding person, agreeable, sprightly conversation, artless and engaging manners; and gratified to hear from his associates, and from disinterested sources, of the high position he held in the University, as Professor of *Materia Medica, Dietetics, and Pharmacy*—taking great pains to illustrate his lectures, by an ample collection of preparations adapted to the purpose.

*Professor Graham*, too, as far as I could learn, was highly appreciated, not only for extensive knowledge of Botany and zeal as a teacher of that science, but for his excellent qualities as a man. That he is highly popular with his class and the public I had reason to believe; for, being detained by engagements and entering the room late during the *capping*, it was easy to perceive, from demonstrations of respect afforded by the candidates and audience, that he was a welcome and well-known personage. Like his associates, Drs. Alison and Christison, he is of middle age, tall, and of fine constitution; and if equanimity and good humour ever contribute to longevity, has every chance of holding, with them, his professorship for many years.

My old acquaintance, *Professor Jameson*, I had met before, and ranged over, in his company, with great satisfaction, the extensive suit of apartments, containing his museum; but had not less pleasure in meeting him at the social board, in hopes of witnessing some relaxation of that habitual gravity for which he has always been so

remarkable. But though I found him little altered in appearance, being very erect, thin, and active as a man of forty, and still a bachelor, I discovered no disposition, notwithstanding he must be on the confines of seventy, to be garrulous, or more communicative than he was wont to be. I tried, indeed, upon several occasions, to draw him out, but without success. Among other questions, I asked if he recollected the enormous reptile thrown ashore on the Orkneys, more than thirty years ago, and examined by Neill, Flemming and himself, and if he did not suppose it similar to our sea-serpent. He should not like, he said, to give an opinion, though he remembered that Orkney animal well, and thought it "*a strange kind of creature.*" I told him I had again seen some of its bones, lately, in the Hunterian Museum, and been assured, by Mr. Owen, there was reason to believe they had belonged to the *Squalus Maximus*. But could get no more out of him than the simple reiteration—"it was a strange creature." There is no evidence, however, of taciturnity in his lectures, except never having been known to use a superfluous expression, and in coming to the point, at once, in as strong and pithy language as ever escaped from the lips of a speaker. Of his very numerous writings, on Mineralogy and other parts of Natural History, I need not speak, since they are as well known as any that have ever appeared on the subject. Concerning his excellent qualities, as a man, I found no difference of opinion.

Of *Professor Traill* I saw little, either at the dinner or before. He is a short, thick, squat-looking man, with bushy, black head, and queer expression, skellies slightly out of one eye, and is very busy, bustling, and important. He had resided at Liverpool, and been transferred thence

to Edinburgh, and to the chair of *Medical Jurisprudence*, which he fills, it is said, with more or less cleverness.

*Mr. Syme*, the Professor of *Clinical Surgery*, is about forty years of age, has extensive practice and is represented as a good operator. By Sir Charles Bell, and some of his other colleagues, I found him well spoken of—both as a surgeon and a man.

It was with great pleasure I renewed my acquaintance with *Dr. John Abercrombie*—after the lapse of so many years. Like most of his contemporaries, I found him little altered, though sixty, and, if any thing, rather improved in appearance. In stature he is about five feet seven inches, stout, and well-proportioned. His most striking feature, however, is the head, which is uncommonly large, with all the moral and intellectual organs, to use the language of phrenology, so developed, as to attract, forcibly, the attention of the most common observer. His face, too, is large, eyes dark, full, and prominent, nose aquiline, and his whole countenance beaming with intelligence and benevolence. He is very pious, but exhibits so little of the devotee, that it would be difficult to discover a saturnine or ascetic particle in his composition; on the contrary, there is so much cheerful simplicity and playfulness about him, that a stranger would be apt to conclude he was a highly-educated country gentleman, instead of a hard-working medical man, visiting patients from morning till night, and composing books on the most difficult and abstruse subjects—most of which have gone through numerous editions, especially his work "*On the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth*," his "*Researches on Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Chord*," and his volume on "*Diseases of the*

*Stomach.*" He, like myself, was an invited guest, at Sir George's table, and appeared to be respected and esteemed by all present.

*Professor Hope*, though seventy-five, is, for that period of life, still a fine-looking man, partly, perhaps, from natural vigour of constitution and partly from dress—which most Europeans, as they advance in years, instead of neglecting, pay increased attention to. He was, in my time, celebrated for clearness and simplicity as a lecturer on chemistry; for dexterity in unravelling the most intricate subjects, and presenting them in so precise and tangible a form, as to make the least intellectual student comprehend, in a moment, his meaning. As an experimenter, too, he was equally successful, being hardly ever known to fail in any thing he attempted. Yet with all these qualifications he was a *petit-maitre*, wayward, irritable towards his class and assistants, and full of affectation and misplaced emphasis in his elocution. It is said, he still retains a spice of such qualities; and, indeed, I had a sample of the kind when listening to his examination of the candidates on their theses. His career, as a chemist, has never been marked by originality, nor has he signalized himself by any discovery of importance. Withal, however, he has been, for a long time, one of the main stays of the college, and is still reputed an effective lecturer. Though a fashionable man the greater part of his life, and devoted to the ladies, he never was successful in obtaining a partner—owing, it is said, to his starch manners, pride, and formal address; and I remember well, it was a standing jest among the pupils, of his having asked a lady, at the Queen's ball, if she were *saturated* with dancing, which, happening to be overheard by a rival

chemist, he remarked, "Hang the fellow, he ought to be *precipitated* downstairs."

*Dr. Home*, the present professor of practice, and successor of the late celebrated *Dr. James Gregory*, was formerly professor of *materia medica*! He was never distinguished, however, as a teacher in that branch—being deficient in voice and manner, and had acquired so inveterate a habit of hemming, snuffling, hesitating, and recalling words, as to render his lectures very unpalatable to most of his hearers. Age, I found, had not corrected but increased these defects; and, as he never enjoyed private practice, to any extent, and, indeed, seemed to have no turn for it, but depended, altogether, for his experience, on a month or two of clinical attendance, annually, upon a few patients in the Royal Infirmary, I presume his lectures on the *Practice of Physic* cannot be very edifying to his pupils. He is, however, a man of fine education, extensive general information, solid professional acquirements, and, I believe, of most amiable feelings, and respectable character. Though of too full habit, rather florid, and beyond seventy, he appears to enjoy good health, and may yet live for some years.

Of *Dr. Alexander Monro, tertius*, the present Professor of Anatomy—descended, in a direct line, of a dynasty of professors, the son and grandson of two of the best anatomists, physicians, and teachers, that ever adorned any University, with opportunities unbounded of acquiring information—from collections of human and comparative anatomy, the accumulation of ages, from extensive libraries, transmitted by his ancestors, and from profuse stores of hereditary wealth—what shall we say? neither more nor less than this—that it was, certainly, most extra-

ordinary that any body of intelligent, respectable men, in the enlightened city of Edinburgh—at a time, too, when the celebrated *John Bell* was in the zenith of his glory as an anatomist and teacher; when *Barclay*, a man of intellect, with profound knowledge of the subject, was lecturing to large classes; and when young *Gordon*, a man of genius and of great promise, was just springing into notice—should make such an appointment; and without recollecting the classic lines,

“Genus et Proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi  
Vix ea nostra voco.”—

My old friend, *Dr. John Thomson*, whose private lectures on surgery, I attended, so advantageously, whilst a student at Edinburgh, author of the celebrated work on Inflammation, and professor of pathology in the University, I was grieved to find too unwell to attend *capping* or join his colleagues at their annual dinner. Under guidance, therefore, of his sons—*Drs. William* and *Allan Thomson*, two accomplished young physicians and lecturers of Edinburgh,—I walked to his cottage, pleasantly situated at the foot of *Blackford Hill*, and had a delightful interview with the old gentleman, if I may apply the term to one not much above sixty. I found him in bed, suffering from chronic bronchitis and rheumatism, but quite cheerful, his sparkling black eye dancing to and fro, perpetually, and his attractive smile playing over his fine features as he spoke of events of former days; some of which he detailed to prove he had not forgotten me. With peculiar pleasure he seemed to dwell on his American acquaintances, asked many questions respecting the late *Drs. Physick* and *Dorsey*;

spoke of Drs. Horner and James Rush, regretting he had not the valuable work of the latter "*On the Voice*," from which he had read, merely, extracts. He was very liberal, too, towards his own countrymen, doing them ample justice, I thought, upon all occasions. Among other things he said *Berlingeri* had complained to him in Italy that Sir Charles Bell had appropriated some of his discoveries, that he put into his hands a copy of Sir Charles's "*Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain*," and silenced at once his pretensions. But it would be impossible to recount the many details gathered from his interesting conversation, all proving his memory, judgment and other faculties, to be perfect, and shall, therefore, barely observe, I returned to town and ranged over his extensive library and immense collection of water-coloured pictures—chiefly by the celebrated painter, *Syme*,—illustrating almost every form and variety of disease.

The last of the professors I have to mention is the late *Dr. James Hamilton*—so long celebrated as an obstetrical teacher and accoucheur. He attended "*capping*," and at first I wondered who he was; for I did not recognize his features until attracted by his fierce black eye, lively movements and restlessness; and then asked if it were not Dr. Hamilton, remembering such contortions and attitudes in his lecture-room, and found I had guessed correctly. After the ceremony I made myself known, when he entered into animated conversation, and spoke, particularly, of a controversy waged between himself, Dr. Collins and others, of Dublin, then at its height; said he had suffered, for some time, from asthma, and was obliged, every now and then, to run to the Continent, to



get rid of it; that he was, then, suffering from an attack, brought on by those "*Irish blackguards*," as he called them, and should leave town, in a day or two, for France; for he was, seriously, afraid if he remained longer and answered their last pamphlet, it would kill him. I pitied the poor old gentleman, exceedingly, for he appeared very ill, was a mere skeleton, the shade of a shadow; and, yet, it was both painful and amusing to see with what intellectual fire and vivacity he attacked his opponents, pulling his little red wig quickly from right to left, as he spoke—showing the "ruling passion strong in death." He called, subsequently, upon me, and left a bundle of controversial pamphlets and a card. Poor fellow, he died shortly after—leaving a vacancy in the University, he had occupied for forty years with great usefulness and distinction in his way.

I cannot forbear saying how much I was pleased with *Dr. Combe*, celebrated everywhere for his valuable works, and, justly, appreciated at home, for his practical skill and scientific attainments. In personal appearance and manners he closely resembles his distinguished brother, favourably known in this country by his interesting lectures on phrenology, and so much esteemed for his many virtues. It would be ungrateful, too, not to mention the kind attentions of *Professor Lizars*, author of a useful volume on surgery, and who, as a practitioner, holds respectable rank.

Perhaps no town in Britain, of the same population, contains a greater number of public buildings and charitable institutions than Edinburgh. Among these connected, more or less, with medicine and surgery, may be enumerated the *Royal College of Physicians*, the *Royal Col-*

*lege of Surgeons, the Botanic Garden, the Wernerian Natural History Society, the Royal Medical Society, the Harveian Society, the Hunterian Medical Society, the Medico-Chirurgical Society, the Phrenological Society, the Royal Infirmary, the General Lying-in Hospital, the Public Dispensary, the Trinity Hospital, Heriot's Hospital, George Watson's Hospital, John Watson's Hospital, the Lunatic Asylum, Gillespie's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, Asylum for the Blind, and several others.*

Of most of these it would be impossible, here, to give an account. I shall, therefore, merely, glance at three or four, best deserving of notice—the Royal Infirmary, the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Royal Medical Society.

The *Royal Infirmary*, as before stated, was founded in 1738. It is situated in Infirmary-street, within fifty yards of the University, and consists of a main building two hundred and ten feet long and thirty-six broad, of two wings seventy feet long and twenty-four broad, each of which contains three floors, besides garrets, divided into numerous wards and rooms. The front of the building presents an antiquated but imposing appearance, and is adorned by a statue of George the Second. A fine bust, by Nollekins, of Provost Drummond, who was chiefly instrumental in raising funds for erection of the building, is situated in the hall, and the first object, on entering, to attract attention. The operating theatre and surgical wards, formerly in the main building, have, within a few years, been removed to another house in the same square—the old *High School*—which was purchased for the purpose, under an idea, always prevalent, more or less, that the surgical patients suffered, in many

instances, from contagion of the *medical* wards—a truth, too much overlooked, in some other parts of Europe and in this country. In the Infirmary there are *clinical* wards for the professors of medicine and surgery, who during the session deliver lectures, not in the Infirmary, where the cases are previously examined by the students, but, on specific days, at the University. The fees to the hospital, from these lectures, and general attendance of pupils, average, annually, five thousand dollars—each ticket being twenty-five dollars, instead of ten, the usual fee in our hospitals. Formerly every member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Edinburgh, had the right, whether qualified or not, to attend a month at the Infirmary and operate upon patients. So great were the evils, however, of this absurd system, that *Professor James Gregory* wrote a large octavo against it, which was answered, at the request of the surgeons, by *Mr. John Bell*, and replied to by Gregory, in a quarto of five or six hundred pages, containing an immense fund of information, and written in a style of pleasantry, never, perhaps, exceeded, and only equalled by *Mr. Bell's* productions on the same subject. The result was the defeat of the surgeons by a suit at law; and, ever since, special appointments have been made as in most other parts of the world. The Royal Infirmary contains about four hundred beds; but it rarely happens so many are occupied at one time. Upon an average, I believe, between two and three thousand patients are admitted annually.

*The Royal College of Physicians*, founded in 1775, though a charter had been obtained for it from Charles II. as far back as 1681, is a handsome building, eighty-

three feet in length, by sixty-three in breadth, ornamented, in front, by a large portico, supported by four Corinthian columns. It is situated in *George's-street*, near *St. Andrew's Square*, contains a valuable library, and serves as a place of meeting for the physicians, who, by their charter, are required to visit, twice a year, all the apothecary shops in Edinburgh and its vicinity, and destroy useless or damaged medicines.

In 1778 a charter was obtained for the *Royal College of Surgeons*, and a building, soon after, erected in *Surgeon's Square*. Such were the inconveniences, however, of the old apartments, as to induce the members to put up a new edifice in a better situation. Accordingly, in 1832, a very splendid hall was reared on *Nicholson-street*, large enough to contain the valuable museum bequeathed to the institution, by the late *Dr. Barclay*, part of the museum of *Sir Charles Bell*, that also of the late *Mr. Wilson*, of *Great Windmill-street, London*, and a very numerous collection of preparations, presented, from time to time, and for a long series of years, by most of the Edinburgh surgeons and physicians. So numerous, indeed, are now the preparations, and models, and drawings, contained within these buildings, as to require, for a bare recital and very limited description of them, an octavo volume of 369 pages, published in 1836, under the title of a "*Catalogue of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, part 1st, comprehending the preparations illustrative of Pathology.*" Besides the museum there are numerous private apartments handsomely fitted up for various purposes—especially the meetings of the surgeons, the examination of candidates for diplomas in surgery, &c. The front of this building has a splendid

portico, with pediment, sustained by six fluted pillars of the Ionic order. Taken as a whole, perhaps, there is no structure, in point of purity and classic taste, superior to it in Edinburgh.

One hundred years have passed away since the foundation, of the *Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh*, by six medical students—*Drs. Fothergill, Cleghorn, Russell, Cuming, Kennedy, and Taylor*. They were soon joined by others, among whom was *Dr. Cullen*; from that period the institution became known, and has continued to flourish beyond example; for few, if any, medical men of eminence in Britain, since its creation, but have been members of it. It is not surprising, then, that so much influence should have been exerted by it, not only over the doctrines taught in the University, but over the medical literature of the world; particularly when recollected, that many of the most ingenious and novel theories were there broached—that there *Crawford* first brought to light his doctrine of *Animal heat*—there *De la Rive* first displayed his views of *Magnetism and Caloric*—*Henry* his first dawnings of *Chemical Science*—*Currie* his enlightened opinions on *Cold* and its *therapeutical effects*—*Thomson* and *Wilson Philip* their researches into the nature and consequences of *Inflammation*—that there *Pritchard* first read his *Physical History of Man*—and there that an *Emmet* and a *McIntosh*\* first tried their wings with flights of eloquence, which afterwards, in another and more congenial sphere, raised them to the heights of fame.

\* See oration delivered before the members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, at the celebration of their Centenary, February 17th, 1837, by W. B. Carpenter, senior president of the society, &c.

It may be thought, perhaps, I have dwelt too long on these subjects; I trust, however, when it is remembered that most of the medical luminaries of Britain have derived their honours from the Edinburgh school—that, for a very long period, our own medical men drank at the same fountain—that a *Morgan*, a *Shippen*, a *Rush*, a *Wistar*, and a *Physick* all hailed from the same alma mater, and that I myself am the only one left, of all my colleagues, who happened to follow in the same track, I shall stand excused for giving way to personal feeling, in enlarging upon topics more interesting to me, probably, from early associations, than to those who now fully enjoy, in their own country, advantages only to be obtained, formerly, abroad.

## CHAPTER VII.

I HAD devoted, assiduously, days, and even nights, to examination of the medical institutions of Edinburgh, saw all the prominent physicians and surgeons, under various circumstances, drew a parallel, in my own mind, between them, the English, and the French; and then felt entitled to look into other concerns, to scan the curiosities of the place, to see and know some of the great men in other departments of literature, of whom I had so often heard and read. The period of my visit, however, was adverse to the latter purpose; for many were absent upon business or pleasure—August, in all parts of the world, being appropriated to recreation.

From my intelligent friend, Dr. Wilkes, of New York, I obtained an introduction to his celebrated brother-in-law, *Lord Jeffrey*, whom, fortunately, I found at home. He received me with great kindness, spoke handsomely of many Americans he had known, in this country some years ago, inquired, especially, after the late Mr. Rawle and his family, and invited me to ride out to *Craig-Crook Castle*, his summer residence, beautifully situated among the Corstorphine Hills, and view his prospects—promising to ask his old friend, Sir Charles Bell, and others, to join us in the afternoon at dinner. Such an invitation I could not, of course, refuse. I had been slightly acquainted with him in former days, and was

astonished to find how little he was altered ! for, though at least sixty-five, he had all the vivacity of a young man, and walked with so much activity over his grounds as to make it difficult for me to keep up with him. Indeed, from his light, slender figure, florid complexion, round, sparkling, prominent, black, eye, animated and rapid elocution, and stylish dress, a stranger might easily take him for a man of forty. In talking on that subject, he remarked, nothing in the United States struck him so forcibly as the little attention paid to persons, supposed to be *old*; that there society seemed to be in the hands of *chits*, as he expressed it, who were continually talking of *old* Mr. or Mrs. ———, individuals, perhaps, of forty, and very superior to the youngsters, in every way, by whom they were slighted; whereas, in Europe, those even advanced in age fought against it, were determined not to be elbowed out, and thus, actually, preserved their health and good looks, instead of sinking into mopes and drones. I could not help thinking there was too much truth in his remarks, and had many opportunities, afterwards, of verifying them. *Craig-Crook Castle* does not belong to Lord Jeffrey, but is leased by him for fifteen or twenty years. He told me it was in a ruinous state when he first took possession, but by laying out large sums of money, had been got into the condition I then saw. And, indeed, nothing could be prettier than the house with its old-fashioned style of gothic architecture, its curiously-fashioned antique doors and jambs, and windows, and grounds, laid out in corresponding taste, and kept in the most perfect order imaginable, so that every tree and twig and blade of grass appeared in its proper place. Adjoining *Craig-Crook*, however, Lord Jeffrey owns a



large estate with good houses upon it, let out to various tenants, and it was over this we rambled, and at last reached an eminence commanding a view of *Arthur's Seat, Calton Hill, Salisbury Crag, Firth of Forth, Island of Inchkeith*, and distant mountains of *Fife*, penetrating with the eye to the *Grampian Hills*, and even into the *Highlands*, and reminding me more of some of the best scenery of the *Hudson* than any I had seen in Scotland. In returning we met Sir Charles and Ladies Bell and Jeffrey, who had been in search of a site among Lord Jeffrey's grounds for Sir Charles to erect a cottage upon. At the house we were joined by *Mr. Empson*, Lord Jeffrey's son-in-law, a fine looking, gentleman-like man, of literary distinction, and his wife, young, pretty, and very pleasing. During dinner the conversation turned upon American statesmen, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others, of whom Lord Jeffrey appeared to be well-informed. He took particular pleasure in speaking of *Washington Irving*, saying he possessed very fine talents, only equalled by the excellence of his heart and his kind, gentleman-like manners; asked where he, now, resided, and if engaged upon any important work. He does not profess, I believe, to know much of the arts, but has contrived to collect some fine and very striking pictures, which adorn the walls of his dining-room. I asked if he recollected Aaron Burr, whom I had seen in his company in 1808. "Perfectly," said he, "for he had that kind of face one could never forget, and *Scott*, who dined with him at my house, remarked that he had the eye of a *black snake*." After dinner Sir Charles Bell, Mr. Empson and others, went out upon the lawn to play at bowls. Their movements were watched with interest from the window by Lord

Jeffrey, who suddenly exclaimed the grass was rather wet for him to venture out, or he would let me see how he could "*lick them all.*" I mention these trifles to show the character of the man; for who is there but wishes to know the traits, however trivial, of distinguished men, especially one so celebrated, not only as the editor of the Edinburgh Review, but as one of the most accomplished legal characters any country has ever produced.

The celebrated *Dr. Chalmers* and *Professor Wilson*, were both out of town at the time of my visit, and *Will Clerk* and other prominent characters, still living, mentioned by Lockhart, as the intimate friends of Sir Walter Scott, either away or not visible. As a preacher the *Rev. Dr. Binney* was superior to any I heard in Edinburgh, and though a sensible, learned, man—as an orator—not to be compared with many of our American divines. With *Mr. Chambers*, the author of the magazine, and his friend *Mr. Simpson*, both distinguished literary men, I had the pleasure to meet at Dr. Combe's. *Thompson*, the clergyman and artist, and pastor of the church at Duddingstone Loch, at the foot of Arthur's Seat, I had known before, and took the opportunity of visiting again. He has long been celebrated as a landscape-painter, and I found him in his study, busily at work, surrounded by large and small pictures—very inferior I thought, to those of many artists of London, or of our own country. He is a large, fat, coarse-visaged man, full of conceit, and looks like any thing but a clergyman. Self-esteem, indeed, seems to be one of the characteristics of the mass of the Scotch metropolis, for it is impossible to walk, in any direction, without being struck with the lofty carriage and patronizing air, either natural or as-

sumed, of the lowest orders of people—arising, probably, from the magnificent town and picturesque suburbs constantly before their eyes—reminding one of the dialogue between George Heriot and Richie Moniplies, in Scott's novel, the *Fortunes of Nigel*: "I suppose you will tell me next, said Master Heriot, that you have at Edinburgh as fine a navigable river as the Thames, with all its shipping!" "The Thames!" exclaimed Richie, in a tone of ineffable contempt—"God bless your honour, we have at Edinburgh the water of *Leith* and the *Nor-Loch*!"—the one, I need hardly remark, an active man might almost spring over, the other the size of a mill-pond.

In spite of the observation, however, of Dr. James Johnston, that the New Town of Edinburgh is "*beautifully monotonous and magnificently dull*,"\* it would be difficult to find any city in Europe, as a whole, to be compared to it; for, independently of the *Castle*, overlooking, in awful grandeur and majesty, both towns and the adjacent country, for miles around; of *Calton Hill*, another commanding eminence, surmounted by the monuments of *David Hume*, *Dugald Stewart*, *Playfair*, *Burns*, and *Lord Nelson*, and of the *Palace of Holyrood*, so interesting from its extent, antiquity, and historical associations, there are hundreds of public buildings and numerous *Squares* and *Crescents*, containing magnificent private dwellings, not surpassed by any in the kingdom; among the former of which may be enumerated the *Hall of the Advocate's Library*, the *Register Office*, the *County Hall*, the *Post Office*, the *Exchange*, the *Bank of Scotland*, the *High School*, the *Royal Institution of Fine Arts* and

\* See his work, *The Recess*.

others—all of which I took great pleasure in examining with as much minuteness as my limited time would allow.

Having made repeated visits to my old haunts—*Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, St. Anthony's Chapel, the Meadows, Bruntsfield Links, the Borough Moor, St. Bernard's Well, the Hermitage of Braid, Craigmillar Castle, Leith, Portobello, Musselburgh, Roslin, and Hawthornden*, I took leave of Edinburgh; and, after a pleasant ride of four hours, reached *Glasgow*—on my way to the *Highlands*. Not having time to remain long in that city, I repaired to the *University*, and devoted several hours to the *Museum*, bequeathed by the celebrated *Dr. William Hunter*. It had been much enlarged since my last visit, but was not remarkable for its anatomical or surgical preparations, its value consisting chiefly in the library and medals, a splendid statue of *Watt*, by *Chantrey*, that cost two thousand guineas, and a small collection of pictures, by the old masters, among which I saw a fine head by *Rembrandt*, another of a boy by *Murillo*, a third, by the same master, of a child with its arms resting, on each side, upon a lamb's head, called the *Good Shepherd*, a very large and good picture by *Snyders*, of dead game and dogs, and the original portrait of *Vesalius* by *Titian*—so like Sir Charles Bell, as formerly mentioned. From Glasgow I descended the *Clyde*, in a steamer, remained a few hours at *Dumbarton*, scanning its *Castle* and other curiosities, and then set out, on a clear and beautiful day, for *Lochlomond*, passing, on the way, the house in which *Smollett* was born, and the *Tuscan column* erected to his memory, the thriving village of *Bonhill*, reached *Balloch*, took the *Lochlomond steamer*, and ascended the *Lake*—

starting from the point where it pours its waters into the river *Leven*. At first there is nothing striking about the scenery; but, after advancing four or five miles, *Benlomond* is seen at a distance, on the right, and still further *Benvoirlich*, in the centre of a group of other mountains, lifts its head. The hills, in different directions, have scattered cottages on their slopes, belonging to the *Buchannans* of *Arden*, the *Smolletts*, and others; and in some situations noblemen's seats are distinctly visible. Further up, the village of *Luss* comes into view, and, upon passing this, the scenery is rendered more and more striking by the contraction of the lake, and by very lofty and almost perpendicular mountains, frowning overhead, looking as if ready to precipitate themselves into the fathomless blue water, and crush the tiny craft skimming its placid surface. Still higher up, on the left, a remarkable range of rocks is seen shooting into fantastic spires and pyramids, denominated the *Cobblers*, and, at their base, the small landing-place of *Tarbert*. A few miles beyond this, on the right, is situated the *Falls of Inversneyd*, where stands a solitary hut, and, near it, an apology for a mill, the rickety wheels of which are turned by the spray of the cataract that tumbles from the rocks overhead. Here I saw no "beautiful Highland girl,"—

"Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
Here scattered like a random seed  
Remote from men ;"\*

but a sturdy, thick-ankled wench, in tartan duds, with fiery red hair, as coarse as that of the long tails and

\* Wordsworth "To a Highland Girl,"—at Inversneyd upon Lochlomond.

shaggy manes of a drove of Shetland ponies; she was trying, by speech and cudgel, to keep quiet until the passengers, who rushed like a whirlwind from the steamer to the shore to select the best, could mount and cross the moor, six Scotch miles "and a bittock" to *Loch-Katrine*. For once in my life I found some slight knowledge of horse-flesh an advantage to me; for, instead of selecting, like many of the Jehus, the largest, with long backs and most daylight, I picked out, from a snug corner, a little high-shouldered, roach-backed, ewe-necked, nubbin of a gray, with an eye like a ball of fire, a set of shingle-shaped shins, and a body as round and tight as a tar-barrel; and mounting, before most of the others could turn round, shot up the hill like a rocket, and took the lead—casting furtive glances backward, occasionally, to enjoy the sport of a parcel of long-legged Highland taupies urging on beasts and riders by a sharp pole, screaming all the while in Gælic, like the notes of a cracked fiddle, at the poor four-legged dwarfs, many of which would not suffer themselves to be pushed beyond a slow, high, and hard, jog-trot, that did not suit the balance, or agree with the comfort, of the Nimrods bestriding them. Half of the animals, indeed, it was discovered, before the pilgrimage was near over, were as fierce as bull terriers and obstinate as mules, sometimes bolting, head-foremost, off the road into bogs and among the heather, at other times squealing and letting their heels fly like devils, if any one came too near their flanks, and occasionally standing bolt upright, and dislodging their incumbrances, or refusing to stir a peg, so that some of the tourists and sight-seekers were fain to leave them on the moor and foot their way through Rob Roy's country.

A few of us having reached Loch-Katrine, and refreshed ourselves with milk and oat cakes, selected boat, oarsmen and guides, and sought the scene of the *Lady of the Lake*—leaving the rest of the company behind, some to stray from the beaten track to visit a neighbouring Highlander a hundred and four years old, and others to contend with their refractory *Tom Thumbs*.

There is nothing very imposing in the scenery of the western part of *Loch-Katrine*, as the shores are flat and monotonous; but after ascending the lake four or five miles, the mountains become bolder and bolder, until a fair view is obtained of the lofty summits of *Ben-venue* on the right, and *Ben-nan* on the left. Our guides turned out to be a set of merry grigs, who, though they could neither read nor write, managed to recite with great beauty and emphasis some of the finest passages of the *Lady of the Lake*, to sing, with taste, the various songs, and point out all the remarkable spots we passed, celebrated in the poem—*Ellen's Isle*, the *Goblin Cave*, the *Dell* where the stag

“ — dashing down a darksome glen  
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
 In the deep *Trosach's* wildest nook  
 His solitary refuge took;”

and a little further on the very spot where *Fitz James's* “gallant horse exhausted fell.”

“ I little thought when first thy rein  
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,  
 That Highland eagle ere should feed  
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!  
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray.”

The following is very pretty in poetry, much prettier, indeed, than the original scene, for though the *Trosachs*, in reality, exhibit many views strikingly grand and diversified :

“Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar’s plain,  
•The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seemed fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret :”

yet to the practised eye of an American, who has seen the wild and transcendently beautiful features of his own country, upon a gigantic scale, the whole of *Loch-Katrine* cannot but appear, especially after Scott’s enchanting description, lifeless in the extreme.

After spending a night at the small and comfortless inn on *Loch Achray*, a mile from the *Trosachs*, owned by Lord D’Eresby, I joined another large party, retraced my route through *Loch-Katrine*, crossed again the moor on my spirited little Sheltie, under the continued pelting of a Highland shower, washing his “sweltering sides” in two or three mountain streams, which half an hour’s rain will, at any time, convert into a flood, reached *Inversneyd*, like a drowned rat, borrowed garments of the red-haired woman’s husband, hung for two hours over a peat fire and breathed the suffocating smoke of the Highland hut, took steamboat through *Lochlomond*, and did not stop until I reached *Greenock*—where I became snugly ensconced in the neat lodgings of Luckie M’Farlane, and enjoyed the best bed and cheer I had met with in Scotland.



Who would imagine that *Greenock*, the resort of Greenland sailors and fishermen, could be fit for gentlefolk to abide at? Yet it is one of the prettiest towns in Scotland, and the scenery around the finest, decidedly, I had seen in the kingdom; for here the *Clyde* is more than two miles wide; and the view of the opposite mountains of Argyleshire and Dumbartonshire, with the beautiful village of *Roseneath*, at the mouth of the *Gareloch*, so famous for its salmon and herring, and the small town of *Hellensburgh*, most picturesque and unique. The hills on the back of *Greenock*, too, are very lofty, and their outline agreeably diversified. From their summits issues a copious stream, called "*Shaws-water*," which runs with the celerity of a race-horse, and supplies a great many mills and factories in the town, and which, if it had been availed of thirty or forty years ago, would have materially interfered, it is said, with the commercial prosperity of *Glasgow*. It had been proposed, indeed, for many years, by public-spirited citizens, to convey the stream into the town, but the scheme was long frustrated by the obstinacy and influence of an *old bachelor*, a member of the council, who never could be made to believe in its feasibility, but who, at length, was, unwillingly, prevailed upon to consent—declaring, at the same time, that whenever the "*Shaws-water*" found its way into *Greenock* he should be married. Accordingly, some three or four years afterwards, he was under the disagreeable necessity of looking out for a partner, and was, reluctantly, bound in hymeneal bands on the very day the water entered. *Greenock* is the birth-place of the illustrious *Watt*, and is not less famous for its wealth than the piety of its citizens.

After remaining two days in the place, and visiting most of the small villages, on both sides of the Clyde, I left in a steamer for *Ireland*, at four in the afternoon, and passed, in succession, many handsome seats and towns. Three miles below Greenock, on the left, is the pretty village of *Gourock*, and, nearly opposite, the mouth of Loch-gyle, famous for *Campbell's* beautiful lines—*Lord "Ullin's Daughter."*

"Now who be ye would cross Loch-gyle,  
This dark and stormy water?  
O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

Still further on is passed *Laven-tower, Ardgovam, Innerskip, Kelly-burn, Largs* the commencement of Argyleshire, *Dunoon* a famous bathing-place, *Holy-loch, Kilmun Bawkie-bay, Toward Castle, Rothsay, Mount Stewart, Etterick bay, the islands of Bute and Arran*, the former low and mostly fertile, the latter very mountainous and full of game, great and little *Cumrahead*, the apparent termination of the Clyde, and, in the distance, seen like a speck upon the ocean, the famous *Ailsa Crag* referred to by Scott, in the lines—

"Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
Is firm as Ailsa Rock."

By twelve at night the steamer reached *Campbell Town*—a populous settlement, renowned for its trade in whiskey and horses—many hundred families from which emigrated, lately, to Illinois and Ohio—where she remained half an hour. Next morning, by daylight, we had a fine view of the Scotch island *Isla*, of the Irish coast of *Antrim*, indented, for many miles, with remarkable rocky caves, and the basaltic range of headlands, so lofty and

peculiar in conformation, terminating at their base in the *Giant's Causeway*—upon which we were landed, by a fishing-boat, at seven; the steamer, afterwards, proceeding to Londonderry through Lochfoyle.

Than the *Giant's Causeway* nothing of the kind can be more grand, curious, and unaccountable; so that much allowance should be made for the superstitious belief, still prevalent among the common people of the neighbourhood, of the whole being the work of human hands. Much, indeed, as I had heard of the wonders of the place, I was far from being prepared to realize the scene, and was perfectly astonished, upon stepping ashore, to find myself walking over a bed of rocks extending hundreds of yards, in every direction, and running to unknown depths and distances into the sea; each of which was fashioned so curiously into the other by ball and socket joint, at certain lengths, and so regularly shaped, being either hexagonal or pentagonal, or prisms of four or eight sides, as to resemble, when thus closely crowded together, a solid *honeycomb*, so beautifully connected, and so tastefully arranged, as to puzzle human ingenuity to contrive a model of any part of it. The square and triangular columns are least numerous, and, indeed, sometimes cannot be found without very close search. All of them vary in length from eight to twenty-four inches, and are nicely articulated at each termination, either by convex or concave surfaces, four inches in depth. In breadth they seldom exceed twelve and a half inches. But the most extraordinary circumstance is the exact regularity of the angle of each column, the sharp and defined edge, the perfect fit of one to the other, so that there is not the least interspace, or vacuity, to be

found over the whole surface or body of the mole or quay. All the columns on the *Causeway* are perpendicular, but those on the sides of the hill, above, are, in many places, slanting. In one spot below the brow of the hill there is a series of columns like a bundle of reeds, tied together, or resembling the pipes of an organ—the taller pipes being in the centre, and the shorter on each side. They are, indeed, called the *looms* of the organ. Some of these pillars have forty or fifty joints. In general, they do not exceed twenty feet in height. The whole country, for miles around, is filled with the same formation, and the promontories of *Fairhead* and *Bengore*, from three to four hundred feet high, as well as the whole coast of *Antrim*, are composed of similar columns, differing from each other, however, in many respects, and from those of the *Causeway*; sometimes appearing in the shape of piles of magnificent natural architecture, at other times as immense caves or ruins.

Having satisfied my curiosity, for the time, I ascended the steep hills overlooking the *Causeway*, and after walking three quarters of a mile, on a rough and circuitous road, reached the comfortable mansion, or inn, recently erected by the Misses Henry, most respectable ladies, who have established themselves in this wild region—partly from enthusiasm for the singular beauties of the place, and partly from desire to accumulate some of the gold pieces which tourists, especially the English, scatter, so lavishly, during their peregrinations. The house is large, very comfortable, and generally filled with parties of pleasure from all parts of Europe. A large salmon just caught, in a neighbouring loch, being put on the table, amongst other dainties, furnished capital cheer to

several weary travellers and myself; and hearing, after our repast, that a *Fair* was annually held on that day—the 13th of *August*—at the *Causeway*, I determined to remain, for a short time, and witness the scene—lest no other chance of the kind might present; and I had heard too much of an “*Irish Fair*” not to have great curiosity respecting the orgies and strange doings commonly attending it.

About two, in the afternoon, crowds of well-dressed women and men arrived from every quarter, on foot, in jaunting cars, and on pillions, and either occupied the booths—scattered around Miss Henry’s mansion and the adjoining hills, and filled with all the commodities of the season, gooseberries, black currants, dried sea-weed, cakes, oysters, and whiskey—or walked in groups over the extensive moors or commons, descended to the *Causeway*, or crowded into boats, that lined the shore, or sparkled on the sea, smooth and placid as the day was clear and delightful. Before, however, the whiskey had time to operate, a tall, delicate, young man, of very fine countenance and prepossessing appearance and manners, had collected about him some of the best looking women and men on the ground, and began to exhort them, in a gentle, persuasive strain of elocution, seasoned with choice, classic phraseology, that arrested, in a moment, my attention, and induced me to listen to his discourse. His garb and whole demeanour proved him a methodist, without the slightest tincture of over-wrought zeal—but with talents, education, and acquirements decidedly beyond the common run of most sects. The impression made on all around was, evidently, very powerful; the more so as he seemed to have dropped into the midst of

them unknowing and unknown; for none, though I inquired eagerly, could tell his name, whence he came, and whither he meant to go. There was no sobbing, sighing, or shouting, among his hearers, though surrounded by hundreds long before he finished, but silent, most respectful attention paid from beginning to end of his discourse; which, chiefly, inculcated temperance, under every possible form, subjugation of the passions, interchange of good offices among friends, relations, and neighbours, cultivation of all the kindly feelings of our nature, and deep and heartfelt devotion to the duties they owed their country and their God. Most of his hearers were not, judging from appearance, of his persuasion—but presbyterians, mixed with a few catholics. It was, therefore, still more remarkable they should have been so swayed by the weight of his authority and eloquence; for to these were, mainly, attributable the perfect order and quiet that ensued during several hours of the afternoon and night; so much so, that I observed, in the crowd of seven or eight hundred men, women, and children, but one drunken man; and he was marched off the field, bodily, in spite of his resistance, by two strapping young women, his sisters—each seizing an arm and leg, and lifting him with as much ease as if he had been a child. But it should be remembered, that an *Irish Fair*, even *Donnybrook*, is not *now* what it *formerly* was—owing to the constant attendance of an armed police, sufficient to enforce authority, and to quiet, instantly, any attempt at riot or a broken head. Twenty or thirty well-dressed, handsome young officers, of this description, attended upon the occasion; but, so far from having disagreeable duties to perform, were taken up, chiefly,

in escorting the fine-looking, well-attired, damsels, every where to be seen on the ground.

However it could not be otherwise than that such an assemblage should, also, include a motley crew of *beggars*, some half naked, others in shreds and patches—*odd-looking women*, wrapped in tattered snuff-coloured cloaks, with hoods covering their heads—*gipseys*, men and women, with their coal-black hair and eyes, and brown complexions, stealing through the crowd, or sitting in groups under stone fences, or in retired spots among the rocks or declivities of the hills, watching their opportunity to pilfer, or tell the fortunes of the country girls—*miserable-looking, half-grown boys and girls*, with their long, wire-like, elfin locks hanging in disorder about their dirty faces and necks—*oystermen* and *oysterwomen*—*boatmen*—*old women*, with white, red, stringy, or carrot hair, matted with dirt and grease, prowling about for prey, imploringly asking charity, their fierce gray or black eyes madly shooting out of their spheres—*decrepid fiddlers*, or tatterdemalions, scraping on one or two strings of a remnant of a violin, whose squeaking tones set the teeth on edge, or made the blood run cold; to the notes of which a crowd of bare-foot, merry, quizzical-looking, wretches, were flinging their heels and tattered garments in every direction so vigorously, as to cloud the atmosphere with dust for some yards round, and assail the olfactories with the noisome fumes of tobacco, whiskey, and other abominable smells.

Owing to the perpetual movement and merry-making of such characters, I found it impossible to get an accurate sketch of them, until I thought of the expedient of paying them to go with me, in groups, to retired places,

where I could, without interruption from lookers on,—some of whom had previously evinced displeasure at my attempt, as they conceived it, of caricaturing their associates, scandalizing their country, and ridiculing their sports—make accurate portraits of the most remarkable figures. Their shyness, I afterwards found, arose from belief of my being an English artist, who had sought their country and *Fair* to sport with their eccentricities, and afterwards defray my travelling expenses, by publishing at home, exaggerated sketches of themselves and their misfortunes. When they discovered, however, I was really no John Bull, but an American travelling from curiosity, a wonderful change was wrought in their sentiments, for many of them eagerly crowded round me, asking numerous questions about America and their relations, of some of whom, it so happened, I could give accounts. It was evident, indeed, upon that and other occasions, while travelling in Ireland, that a strong sentiment pervaded the middle and lower classes in favour of the United States and its institutions, especially in the north, whence the greater number of respectable Irish emigrants to our country come.

About nine at night the meeting broke up, many riding or walking home, five or ten miles, or spending the night at some of the taverns, or among friends in the neighbourhood, to meet, again, next day, and the day after, and to enact the same scenes. Having seen enough, however, to satisfy my curiosity, I left Miss Henry's, after breakfast, in a *jaunting-car*—(a very light, comfortable, one-horse vehicle, so contrived, as to enable one to jump off, without danger, in case of accident)—and rode to all the remarkable places in the neighbourhood—to *Bushmills*,



famous for its *Poteen* or Irish whiskey, to *Ballylough*, *Port-Rush*, *Dunluce Castle*, (a large ruined tower near the sea, between the Causeway and Port-Rush and opposite the Skerries, or shelving rocks, two or three miles from shore, whence there is a beautiful view of the mountains of McGillichan and mouth of Lochfoyle) *Port Stuart* and *Coleraine*. After spending a few hours at the latter place, enjoying the good cheer of mine host *Maggrotty*, keeper of the "*King's Arms*," and the amusing conversation of some English artists and gentlemen upon a fishing expedition, for trout and salmon, along the river Bann, I left in the afternoon for *Londonderry*, distant thirty miles; and passed through a country sufficiently picturesque, but, in other respects, only remarkable for peat-bogs, poor soil and sparse population—the latter a very uncommon circumstance in Ireland.

The approach to *Londonderry*, however, is inviting, the lands becoming better and the landscape cheered by the vicinity of *Lochfoyle*, a large and beautiful sheet of water, of which there are many fine views, through vistas, the last ten miles of the journey. The city is quite handsome, of very antiquated and romantic appearance, situated upon a lofty eminence, and partly surrounded by a high and ancient wall, around the base of which the river *Foyle* sweeps gracefully, and seems, nearly, to encircle the site upon which the town stands, and gives it the aspect of a peninsular promontory. On the top of the wall there is a broad foot-pavement, that serves as a favourite promenade for citizens and strangers, from which an excellent view of the town, suburbs, and adjacent country, may be obtained. A very high tower, or *monument*, was erected, many years ago, on the eastern

part of the wall to the memory of the *Rev. George Walker*, who, during the siege of one hundred and five days, in 1688, by the army of *King James*, after the governor had determined to surrender, stimulated the inhabitants to further resistance, and, being appointed by them to the command, after the stores and ammunition had been nearly exhausted, gained a splendid victory. This monument, a very fine old *cathedral*, near the western margin of the wall, and an admirable bridge over the *Foyle*, upwards of a thousand feet long, built by the same architect who designed the one over our *Schuylkill*—to which river, indeed, for many miles up, the *Foyle* bears a strong resemblance—are among the most interesting curiosities of the place. The surrounding country is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and the parks of the *Marquis of Abercorn*, and seats of the *Lyles*, *McLellans*, and other gentry, afford handsome specimens of rural architecture and highly cultivated estates; upon all which is seen, especially in the meadows, the valuable and luxuriant grass peculiar to that district—the *Agrostis Stolonifera*, or *Fiorin*.

The distance from Londonderry to Dublin is a hundred and fourteen miles, equal to a hundred and forty English; but so good are the roads and so comfortable the coaches, that a traveller gets forward with great rapidity, and experiences very little inconvenience, if he has secured an inside seat. But woe to the unfortunate wight who bargains to ride on the *top*, unless amply provided with "*McIntosh*" fisherman's boots and enormous umbrella, in case of heavy, settled rain; and in Ireland and Scotland it would require the skill of a magician to

tell, each half-hour of the twenty-four, whether wet or dry will predominate. I left for *Dublin* by mail, on a beautiful afternoon, with a pleasant company of Irish ladies and gentlemen, and a very interesting lad of fourteen, son of Mr. L . . e an eminent barrister of Dublin, and relative of one of our most respectable Philadelphia families, to some of whom the boy bore a strong resemblance. We had passed through *Strabane*, *Newton-Stuart*, *Omagh*, and other pretty towns, by day, with the weather as clear as possible, our young friend riding, from choice generally, on the outside, but entitled to an inside seat whenever he chose to demand it. At one of the villages we picked up a middle-aged woman, bedecked and bedizened, on her way to a Dublin wedding. She had engaged an outside place, but young L . . e permitted her to enter the coach and occupy his seat until he should require it. About midnight, soon after passing the river *Boyne*, one of those hurricanes and pelting showers, so common in August, suddenly came up, which induced our young friend, reluctantly, to seek inside accommodation, much to the astonishment and dismay of the fine lady, who, snugly ensconced in a corner of the coach was, really or pretendedly, snoring away at a fine rate, regardless of the storm, until roused by the powerful shake of the guard, and simultaneous request to come out and let the young gentleman have his seat. The good lady, however, made the coach ring with her protestations—said she should not “budge a fut”—no not she, “for all the guyards in Ireland nor the young jantleman neither.”—“And sure,” she cried lustily, “are you wushing to give me my death—are you wushing to kill a body

—are you after murthering me?—Am I to be drowned for your devarsion?—Troth, ye may take me for a fule, but I'll no budge, I'm telling ye, a fut—faix, Mr. Guyard, I've paid my sheelings, and I'll no stir to be flooded to death.—Sure, and a great fule I'd be to be stuck upon the outside in all this shower.—The childer and all my frinds would never forgive me.—Sure, and yourself knows better than put me out—and don't I know very well what you're after.—Och, and I'm sick at the stomick, any how.—Arrah, and it's jokin now ye are, Mister Guyard.” Finding the guard and coachman determined to pull her out head foremost, I said, come, come, my good woman, you ought to be thankful to the young gentleman for letting you ride so long, and you must be sensible you really have no claim upon the lad's seat, and, unless he had permitted, you could not have entered at all. “ Well, well, your honour, you spake like an honest jantleman and sure that's throe enough, and I'm beholden to you for your advishing, and by coorse I must go—but arrah, its hard-hearted in ye any how, and och, thin must I go out like a haythen?” So out she jumped, and having no umbrella was soaked through in an instant like a sponge. The kind-hearted boy seemed to feel for her very much, and said, if he had not received so many injunctions from his parents, to keep his inside seat after night—as he was subject to sore throat and croup—he would not have disturbed her; and to prove he was sincere, long before day hailed the coachman to stop, sprung out, and ordered the poor creature to resume her seat, to the annoyance of us all; for she came in dripping wet, her clothes sticking tightly to her body,

like the feathers of a fowl after standing, for hours, on one foot, under the eaves of a leaky shed, or beneath the tail of a cart. To make the matter worse, nothing would serve but she must shake herself to prevent us, as she said, from getting wet. At seven, next morning, the coach entered Dublin and stopped in Sackville-street, at the *Imperial Hotel*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

KNOWING that my stay in Dublin must be short, I took cab, and sallied forth from the Imperial in quest of Morrison's hotel, said to be, in situation and every other respect, the best in the city. A more unfortunate choice, however, could not have been made; for of all the uncomfortable and disconsolate-looking inns I had encountered, in Britain and France, it was the worst. After swallowing, therefore, a wretched breakfast, and nearly breaking my teeth upon a muffin as tough as tripe, I walked to the nearest book-store, and purchased a picture of the town; and having studied the map, to get some idea of the course of the principal streets and squares, consumed the greater part of the day in walking about, and towards evening pitched upon neat and suitable furnished lodgings, in College Green—about the centre of the city and in the immediate vicinity of the Castle, Trinity College, the Bank, and most of the public buildings.

Next day I called, and left letters of introduction with a card, upon Archbishop W . . . . . y, Lord T . . . . t, Col. McA . . . n, Mrs. P . . . . l of Merrion Square, and upon Mr. Carmichael, the celebrated surgeon—the only one I had the good fortune to find at home. This gentleman I had, previously, formed the acquaintance of, at the

Provincial Association, through a letter of introduction from his friend Mr. Combe, who attracted such large classes of the most intelligent and respectable persons in this country, by his interesting phrenological lectures. He received me with great cordiality, and immediately made arrangements to enable him to break all his engagements, and conduct me, personally, through the hospitals. He resides in Rutland Square; through the handsome garden of which we walked to the *Lying-in Hospital*, a very splendid edifice, founded in 1751 by a benevolent physician—Dr. Mosse; who expended his whole fortune upon the charity, and afterwards obtained from government large grants of money for its additional support. The building fronts on Great Britain Street, to the extent of a hundred and twenty-five feet, and rests upon a rusticated basement, in the centre of which there is a break sustaining four Doric columns. Above the basement there are two series of windows, the lower of which have cornices, the upper architraves, and those above the entrance, pediments. Two Tuscan colonnades, as high as the basement, extend from it, and terminate in handsome pavilions. The building recedes from the street forty or fifty feet, and has its handsome granite façade, adorned by a court-yard, which is surrounded by a neat iron balustrade supported by a dwarf wall. In the hall there are striking marble busts of Dr. Mosse, the late celebrated Dr. Joseph Clarke, and others, who have contributed, by bequests or personal exertions, to the welfare of the institution. The Chapel, a large room with a gallery supported by pillars, and containing numerous mahogany pews, is beautifully ornamented with stucco and gilding, from the ceiling to the floor. In

recesses, also, of the same room, and around the communion table, over which there is a splendid canopy, numerous figures larger than life, in alto relievo, are seen, representing angels, faith, hope, and charity. Over the organ there is a figure of Moses with the two tables and an angel blowing the trumpet. The whole were designed by Cremillon, and executed by the sculptors Francini, and, merely as works of art, are well deserving close examination. The wards of the hospital are neither very large nor very numerous, but neat, well ventilated, and comfortable, and sufficient to contain the requisite number of patients, consisting of destitute parturient women; the object of the founder being to provide for such only, and, at the same time, to make the institution subservient to the education of male and female obstetrical practitioners; eight of the latter of whom are constantly in the hospital, and are sent, from time to time, to distant parts of the country to reside and practise their profession. There are six resident male pupils, and an equal number of non-residents. Select classes of students, too, from all countries, frequent the hospital, both to witness the practice and to hear the lectures of the "*Master*," as he is called; who is always a physician of eminence, resides in the hospital, with one or more assistants, is appointed for seven years, and not re-eligible, delivers four courses annually on obstetrics, for which he is paid by the pupils, has, as one of the governors, chief control of the institution; and, at the end of every six months, examines the pupils, and gives them, if found qualified, a certificate to that effect. The annual number of patients, commonly, averages twenty-five hundred—thus making the institution, both as a charity and as a school for students, not



inferior, perhaps, to any, for similar purposes, in the kingdom. There are sixty governors, or guardians, who have superintendence of this hospital; among whom are always included the physicians and surgeons, whose influence is, generally, equal, or paramount, to the rest. This is as it should be, and deserving of imitation in this country, where medical men not only render their services for years, gratuitously, to hospitals, but permit the managers to treat them, in too many instances, more as upper-servants and dependants, than as members of a profession whose education, if complete, will often consume as much capital as would afford them, without practice, a decent competency.

At the time of our visit to the Lying-in Hospital, Dr. E. Kennedy, well known as a scientific and practical accoucheur of eminence, was the attending physician, or "*Master*," and to him I was introduced by Mr. Carmichael. We met him in the wards, whilst going the rounds, followed by twenty or thirty students; heard, with satisfaction, his clinical remarks upon several interesting cases, and, after the performance of this duty, were shown by him, personally, every part of the institution, together with its large garden, filled with luxuriant trees, under the boughs of which we saw seated several patients, fast recovering from their confinements, to facilitate which the free circulation of air around the building, and the liberty of promenading the garden walks contributed materially. Dr. Kennedy is a tall, spare man, about thirty-six, very plain in his dress and manners, and of easy, quiet, unaffected demeanour. He thinks, evidently, of his profession and of nothing else, is very familiar with the precepts and practice of his own

art in all countries, and seemed much better informed of the opinions and peculiarities of Dewees, Meigs, Hodge, Delafield, and other high American authorities, than myself. I met him, afterwards, upon several occasions, and had no reason to change the opinion formed at first sight; and from all I did see was induced to conclude he was a great favourite with the students, and, indeed, with the whole profession.

From the Lying-in Hospital Mr. Carmichael was kind enough to convey me, in his carriage, to the "*House of Industry*," a large establishment founded by parliament, in 1773, occupying eleven acres, upon which has been engrafted a series of hospitals, for the accommodation of patients with various diseases, and of buildings for paupers, idiots, lunatics, mendicants, and others. It is situated in North Brunswick street, and is one of the most important and useful institutions in Ireland—being capable of containing nearly two thousand people. The greater part of the ground is covered by buildings, some of which are insulated from the rest, for particular purposes. The most important divisions embrace apartments for the aged and infirm, capable of holding about a thousand, and for idiots and incurable lunatics, space enough for upwards of five hundred. The "*Hardwicke Fever Hospital*," another division, will contain one hundred and fifty patients, the "*Richmond Surgical Hospital*" one hundred and thirty, the "*Whitworth Chronic Hospital*" a hundred, and the cells for mendicants nearly thirty. Each of these departments I had time to examine with sufficient accuracy. Most of the infirm and aged whom I saw in their rooms, or walking about, appeared to be really objects of charity, and were unable to per-

form any kind of labour or service ; there were a few, however, I understood, capable of more or less exertion, and to such were awarded, by way of stimulus, a fourth of their earnings. Many of the lunatics and idiots I saw engaged, successfully, in various occupations—the females in spinning, knitting, and house-cleaning, the men in working in the garden, picking oakum, and carrying loads ; for all which services small compensations were allowed them. From this system, judiciously pursued, it is said many have recovered. The *Fever Hospital* appeared also to be very well managed. There are some very large wards, with extremely lofty ceilings, admirably contrived for ventilation, and rooms completely separated from each ward, for patients on the recovery. But the “*Richmond Surgical Hospital*” attracted more of my attention than the rest of the establishment, and although, as an edifice, not equal, from not having been originally intended for a hospital, to the other buildings, yet, from the great attention paid to cleanliness, and the recent erection of a new wing, most inconveniences have been obviated. The *Operating Theatre* is sufficiently large and well contrived, and the *Museum* handsomely fitted up, for preparations, some of which are unique and valuable, and all arranged with taste and judgment. Several of these were derived from Mr. Carmichael’s practice, and their histories furnished me by himself. He was long, indeed, one of the principal surgeons of this hospital, and still takes a very lively interest in its welfare. There are five other surgeons now attached to it, who make daily visits to the patients of their respective wards. These surgeons are Drs. Peile, McDonnell, Hutton, O’Beirne, and Mr. Adams. Under

the name, too, of "*Richmond Hospital School of Anatomy, Medicine, and Surgery*" regular courses of lectures are delivered—by Messrs. Adams, Flood and Power, on *anatomy, physiology, and pathology*,—on *surgery*, by Messrs. Adams and Smith—on *practice*, by Dr. Greene—on *medical jurisprudence*, by Dr. Nunn—on *obstetrics*, by Dr. Churchill—on *chemistry*, by Dr. Barker, and on *materia medica*, by Dr. Cullen—most of which are well attended. The "*Whitworth Chronic Hospital*," another branch of the House of Industry, is exclusively for the use of chronic *medical* cases, and appears equally well conducted with the rest. The building is two stories high with a basement, and each floor contains four wards of ten or twelve beds each. The physician's room, the hall, and apartments of the matron are in the centre of the building and handsomely fitted up.

Our next visit was made to "*Steevens' Hospital*"—a building nearly square, with four fronts, each more than two hundred feet long. It is situated between Bow-lane and the Liffey, and capable of containing three hundred patients. By the will of Dr. Steevens, a physician of Dublin, his whole estate was bequeathed to a sister, at whose death the funds were to be applied to the founding of a hospital. The sister, however, actuated by the noblest views, immediately appropriated the whole sum to the purpose intended, with the exception of a very small portion for her own support; and gave orders for the erection of the building, which was commenced in 1720, and ready for the reception of patients in 1733—she, having reserved a small apartment for her own accommodation, being the first occupant of the premises. There are two surgeons, three assistant-surgeons,

one physician, and two assistants belonging to this institution, all of whom visit, and prescribe for, patients three times a week. Steevens' is considered the largest *surgical* hospital in Dublin, and is very well supplied with a description of cases most likely to interest Mr. Carmichael, who selected several and presented them to my notice, as calculated to illustrate the opinions from which he has derived so much celebrity in Europe and this country—opinions so well known to all intelligent practitioners, and so ingeniously defended by their author, as to require no comments here; though they will receive full notice in another publication.

From this period I became the constant visitor of Mr. Carmichael, and always met with polite reception from himself and accomplished lady. It was a treat, indeed, at any time, to gain access to their handsomely-situated mansion, neat and comfortable in the extreme, with floors of variegated oak, waxed, highly polished, and resembling those of Blenheim, and rooms filled with choice works of art, marble busts, pictures, engravings, and books of costly description. A very fine portrait in particular, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, was always sufficient to enchain my attention. They had both travelled a good deal on the Continent, and spoke in very kind terms of Dr. and Mrs. T . . . . r of Philadelphia, and of Mr. and Mrs. F . . . . d of New York, who had shown them the most friendly and affectionate attentions during severe illness in Italy. Mr. Carmichael is a stout, fine-looking man, about sixty, with large Roman head and delicately-formed but peculiarly arched or aquiline nose, which gives the chief expression to his animated and agreeable countenance, the tout ensemble of which is such as not to be easily forgotten. He is very active in

all his habits, and his conversation so youthful and varied that he might easily pass for a member of any other profession, and be taken for a man of forty-five or fifty. He appears, too, to have lost none of the professional zeal that must have characterized him, strongly, in youth, judging by his writings; for he is most enthusiastic on all matters he deems of vital importance to the dignity and welfare of the profession, and is a very determined advocate for professional reform; being, in fact, its bold and uncompromising champion, not only for Ireland, but the whole kingdom—as evinced by his powerful writings and lectures in the “*Dublin Medical Press*,” and in his speeches at the Provincial Association, at Liverpool, most of which I had the satisfaction of listening to. The chief object, indeed, of the establishment of that journal was to forward the views of Mr. Carmichael and his friends, Drs. Obeirne, Maunsell, McDonnell, Jacobs and others, in relation to reform, and with a result that leaves very little doubt of ultimate success, so far as that measure is concerned; for thousands of medical men, all over Ireland, as well as England and Scotland, have embraced the cause. Indeed, no other subject is, commonly, discussed at a Dublin medical dinner, and I well remember how much astonishment was expressed by Sir Arthur Clarke, and a large medical party at Mr. Carmichael’s table when informed that in America—where from the earliest periods the different branches of the profession had been blended and all exercised by the same individual—we were, gradually, sliding into the European system of division, subdivision, and endless speciality, while they themselves, having experienced its ill effects and even disastrous consequences, were most anxious to

abandon it entirely, and return to the primitive simplicity of practice of their forefathers. Should not the views and experience of such men induce us to look closer into our medical concerns, and prompt us to stop the torrent of innovation before it swells to such a height as to overleap the settled bounds of moderation and safety? Another source of evil, too, which has accrued to the profession in Britain, and which was, emphatically, lamented to me, upon several occasions, by Mr. Carmichael and others, has grown out of the abandonment of the apprentice system; for instead of a young man being obliged by law to go through systematic training, for years, under the guidance of a preceptor, every one, whether educated or not, or qualified for the business, jumps into it without ceremony, so that the profession, from one end of the land to the other, is filled to overflowing with vulgar and illiterate people, hardly fit for the ordinary occupations of life. Is it not greatly to be feared, too, that such, in the course of time, will be the result in our own country, from the high estimate placed by parents on the talents of their children, and their overweening solicitude to introduce them into the professions—without previously affording the necessary intellectual education—instead of bringing them up, suitably, to agricultural and mechanical pursuits?

*Dr. Obeirne*, whose name I have mentioned as one of the friends and coadjutors of Mr. Carmichael, in the cause of reform, I saw much of, both in Liverpool and Dublin, and was pleased with his general intelligence and gentleman-like manners. He is a descendant, as he informed me, of Lord Baltimore, who was his great grand-uncle, and upon that ground, as he said, jocosely, no

doubt, considers himself fairly entitled to a large portion of Maryland, which claim, as a native and landholder of that state, I told him, in the same spirit, I was willing to concede, provided it happened not to extend to my own possessions. He is a small man, about forty years of age, active and enterprising in his profession, and is considered a good surgeon. Indeed, in some of the departments, he has distinguished himself, practically, by pointing out new modes of treating disease, especially hernia, which I know to be useful—from having tried them, successfully.

*Dr. McDonnell* is a native of Belfast, and son of the venerable *Dr. McDonnell* of that place, long known as one of the most respectable physicians in Ireland. He has resided, for some years, in Dublin, and is rising, gradually, into eminence—being considered, by the profession and the public, a man of talents, acquirements, and great personal worth. His friends—*Drs. Maunsell* and *Jacobs*—I saw so little of, as not to enable me to speak, personally, of their merits. As editors of the “*Dublin Press*,” however, they have shown considerable ability. In diseases of the eye, too, the practice of *Dr. Jacobs* is, I believe, quite extensive.

Among the most eminent of the *Dublin physicians* I may enumerate *Dr. Graves*—so advantageously known among us by his writings on clinical medicine. It was with peculiar satisfaction I found this gentleman still at his post, especially as *Drs. Colles, Macartney, and Stokes* had taken advantage of the August holidays and run over to the continent—a trip made once a year by many of the most eminent British physicians and surgeons; instead of going, as formerly, for recreation, upon shooting



or fishing excursions, for five or six weeks, to the moors and mountains of their own island. I had heard nothing, it so happened, of the appearance or manners of Dr. Graves, and, therefore, when ushered into his presence in his own parlour, was startled at finding myself looking up to the face of a very tall, slender, handsome, and well-dressed man, whom, if I had met by chance in the street, I should have turned round to look at and inquired of some passer-by who he was. But, before I had time for a second glance, he had turned to one side in the act of presenting me to one of the most beautiful women I had seen in Ireland, who, from her tall, splendid figure, lovely features, dazzling row of pearly teeth, youthful appearance, and graceful movements as she swept across the room, I should have taken for his sister, had he not, simultaneously, announced Mrs. Graves—such was the correspondence, seemingly, between them in person, manners, and address. First impressions are said to be, generally, the best, and I at once settled in my own mind that Graves and I would soon be upon intimate terms; for I quickly perceived a certain indescribable something in his keen, penetrating eye, arrangement of the muscles of the face, and mobility of the tip of his long and delicately-formed aquiline nose, plainly indicative of humour, high spirits, and quizzical propensities, with ample power to subdue or bring them forward at pleasure. And I was not deceived; for, of the many little stories I picked up in the land of blunders and bulls, some of his were the best; told so oddly and quaintly, with the true Tipperary accent on his tongue, when he chose to place it there, that I can't, to this day, help laughing when I think of the queer questions put to some of his

hospital patients and the funny dialogues carried on between them, such as, "Patrick, my dear, and how are you to day? Oh bravely, yer honour, and how's yer honour's self? Did the pills throuble you, last night, my dear? Faix, and they handled me nately. Where is your tongue, my dear? In my mouth, yer honour. And are ye maning to bring it out? Troth, and I am. Can you breathe, my lad? Av coorse, yer honour, and sure you might see that I can. That's right, my dear, and there's a pinch of snuff for you, Pat. Thank you kindly, and long life to yer honour; troth and yer a rale jantleman of a doctor." And so he proceeded from bed to bed, and no language can convey the odd mixture of kindness, and humour, and familiarity, and good sense, and soberness, and dexterity with which he managed to draw from the patients the history of their disease, the symptoms, &c. All this and a great deal more was enacted in the *Meath Hospital*, where I spent a forenoon with him, after partaking, at his house, of a plentiful and most luxurious breakfast, such as would have done honour to the best Virginia housewife, or to the table of Mrs. Randolph herself. After this I saw as much of Dr. Graves as a fortnight in Dublin would allow. That is, I saw him every day, either at his own house, or at my lodgings, or the Meath Hospital, where he may be found, every morning, peeping and prying into every hole and corner of the building, cracking jokes with the patients or pupils, or old women, or poring over, intently, some medical production, or volume of natural history, or book of travels; for he is very fond of such studies, and took great delight in asking all sorts of questions about our Indians, and lakes, and trees and prairies, and cataracts and great rivers,

and buffaloes. And, from all I did see of him, I felt justified, I thought, in jumping to the conclusion, that he is a man of very extraordinary abilities, sufficient to enable him to master any subject to which he may devote his attention, and to sift, thoroughly, any medical case and follow out, successfully, its treatment; but that he is seldom capable, for any length of time, of devoting himself, soul and body, to any given point, or subject; that he is too fond of analogy and of drawing conclusions from solitary facts, so that his listener is always left in doubt as to the certainty of his deductions, however striking and brilliant they may be, as they generally are, from wanting full confidence in his premises.

The "*Meath Hospital*," although of some antiquity, was formerly a small building erected for poor patients residing on the estate of the Earl of Meath. It was gradually enlarged, and afterwards removed, from time to time, to other situations, until permanently established, in 1814, by donations from a wealthy gentleman of the name of *Pleasants*, who appropriated six thousand pounds to the purpose—two thousand to the building of the hospital, two to the erection of dissecting rooms, and the remainder to the support of the patients. The hospital fronts on *Longlane*, and although not very large, being capable of containing only one hundred patients, is a plain, substantial edifice, to which there has lately been attached, at the expense of the attending physicians and surgeons of the house and some of their friends, a very handsome and commodious lecture-room and operating theatre. The medical officers belonging to the institution, at the time of my visit, were Drs. William Stokes and Robert J. Graves as physicians, Sir Philip Crampton, Cusack

Roney, William H. Porter, F. Rynd, Maurice Colles, and J. Smyly as surgeons—all of whom deliver lectures during their respective months of attendance.

At the table of Dr. Graves I had the pleasure to meet one of the most intelligent and enterprising young surgeons of Dublin—*Dr. John Houston*—and, through his kindness and liberality, was enabled to devote the greater part of a day to the examination of the *Museum of the "Royal College of Surgeons,"* of which he is the curator. The edifice containing this collection fronts on *St. Stephen's Green*, one of the largest squares in Europe, enclosing seventeen acres, all laid out in handsome walks, planted with beautiful shrubs and trees, ornamented by an admirably executed statue of George the Second, by Van Noost, and surrounded by a handsome railing resting on a low granite wall. As an architectural design, remarkable for its chaste and beautiful simplicity, there is nothing, perhaps, in Dublin, superior to the College of Surgeons. The front is granite and in the Doric style, ornamented by a beautiful pediment, supported by columns of Portland stone, and crowned by the statues of Minerva, Hygeia, and Æsculapius. The interior of the building is equally beautiful and admirably arranged, and consists of a large medical library—in which I found a better supply of journals and other American medical books than in any other city of Europe—a very splendid board-room for college meetings, an examination hall, and three *museums*, the largest eighty-four feet long by thirty wide, and thirty-six feet in height, surrounded by a gallery; another twenty-four feet square and of similar height; and the third smaller and adjoining the anatomical theatre, in which the preparations used in the daily

lectures are kept for ready access ; four lecture-rooms, a chemical laboratory, several small dissecting-rooms, and one of very large dimensions, all extremely well arranged and in excellent order. To attempt even to enumerate the chief preparations in any of these rooms, much less to describe them, would occupy inordinate space. Suffice it, therefore, to remark, that from the gigantic, graceful, and perfect skeleton of the fossil Irish elk, (*cervus megaros*) the tips of whose widely-spread and leafy horns are sixteen feet apart, to the minutest insect—to say nothing of the numerous morbid specimens, and splendid collection of wax preparations, the work of Talrich, Dupont and others, of Paris, and presented by the Duke of Northumberland—scarcely an article could be inquired for and not readily found, and all so admirably arranged, prepared, and put up, either by the hands of the lamented *Shekelton*, by *Houston*, or other curators, as to elicit the praise of every beholder, and not to be exceeded, perhaps, by any other cabinet in Europe. Of this, some idea may be formed, when I state, that the closely-printed catalogue, prepared by Dr. Houston, in which each specimen, illustrating the structure of animal bodies in their normal state, is very briefly described, amounts to an octavo volume of two hundred and fifty pages, and that another volume remains yet to be published, which will embrace the pathological department. Dr. Houston, besides being the curator, is demonstrator in the Royal College of Surgeons, and has not only distinguished himself in that department, but acquired additional reputation as a practitioner, and by his writings on surgical and anatomical subjects—especially from

his observations on fractures, and views of the male and female pelvis.

The professors of the Royal College of Surgeons are, on anatomy—daily—Dr. Jacobs; theory and practice of surgery—daily—Mr. Porter, formerly Dr. Colles; chemistry—three times a week—Dr. ApJohn; practice of medicine—three times a week—Drs. Benson and Evan-son, formerly Dr. Kirby; materia medica—three times a week—Mr. Williams; obstetrics—three times a week—Dr. Maunsell; medical jurisprudence—twice a week—Mr. Leeson; anatomical demonstrations, Dr. Houston, Mr. Labatt, and Mr. Dillon. The course commences on the last Monday in October and ends the last Saturday in April. The college has a president, vice-president, censors, secretaries, licentiates, and members. Semi-annual examinations of pupils are regularly held, and every candidate for a diploma must undergo four examinations of this description before he can come forward for the final examination, and must then show that he has been a student for five years. All the examinations take place in the presence of members and licentiates, and may, therefore, be considered public. If a student is rejected he may appeal to another board of examiners, and if rejected by that board also, cannot be allowed another trial in less than a year. The present building of the College of Surgeons was erected in 1805, though the institution was incorporated as early as 1784. It received, from parliament alone, more than thirty-five thousand pounds; but owes its success, in a great measure, to the exertions of Dr. Renny, the director-general of military hospitals, of whom there is a fine portrait in the board-room.

By Dr. Kennedy I had the honour to be introduced to Dr. Lendrick—the professor of the practice of medicine in the “*School of Physic*” connected with Trinity College—who politely conducted me through the magnificent library, chapel, refectory, theatre, manuscript-room, museum, anatomy-house, most of the lecture-rooms, and finally, through the splendid park, of twenty acres, of that ancient and august institution; of which, to give a bare outline, would occupy a space inadmissible in a work of this description. I shall, therefore, say nothing of the magnificent Corinthian front, extending several hundred feet on College-green; of the spacious quadrangles; of the splendid central pediment and its Corinthian columns; of the pavilions and their beautiful pilasters sustaining an attic story; nor attempt to describe the library, with its hundred and thirty thousand volumes, and its room of two hundred and ten feet long, which struck George the Fourth with so much astonishment; nor of the splendid theatre, or examination hall, containing the noble monument to provost Baldwin, represented by a figure, larger than life, reclining on a mattress of white marble, supported by a large sarcophagus holding a will bequeathing eighty thousand pounds to the university, executed by Hewetson; nor of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Chief Justice Downes, Henry Flood, Lord Avonmore, Lord Kilwarden, Grattan, and Burke, and a host of other distingués; but content myself with a brief account of its medical concerns.

A new edifice, under the name of the “*Anatomy-house*,” one hundred and fifteen feet long by fifty wide, is situated in the college park, contains an anatomical lecture-room and museum, a chemical laboratory, and an im-

mense dissecting-room—the whole length and breadth of the building—together with numerous small apartments. The lecture-rooms are neither large nor commodious; but the museum is well arranged, and the portion of it prepared and owned by Dr. Macartney, the professor of anatomy, is valuable, and well worthy of close examination. The professors of the “*School of Physic*” are, partly, under the control of Trinity College, and partly under that of the *College of Physicians*.” According to this arrangement, the lectures on anatomy, chemistry, and botany are delivered in the “*Anatomy-house*” of Trinity College; and those on materia medica, practice of medicine, obstetrics, and institutes of medicine, at “*Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital*.” The founder of this hospital, Sir Patrick Dunn, was a celebrated physician who bequeathed the whole of his large estate to the College of Physicians for the purpose of endowing one or more professorships, in that institution; but some difficulty having arisen in the execution of the will, the funds were applied to the erection of a hospital, with provision that suitable lecture-rooms should be added to the building, in order to make the professorships and clinical departments mutually beneficial. This hospital is in the vicinity of Trinity College, has a granite front of nearly two hundred feet, a centre and two advancing wings, each two stories high, the principal entrance being ornamented with four Ionic columns. The lecture-rooms, which are large and commodious, occupy the ground floor of the centre building, and over them are the library and museum. Fever-wards, extremely lofty and very spacious, are placed in the upper floor of the wings, and paved with stone. The lower wards are



appropriated to surgical patients and to chronic cases. About a hundred patients can be accommodated. The professors, conjointly attached to Trinity College and to Dunn's Hospital through the College of Physicians, are, *Dr. Crampton* on materia medica and pharmacy; *Mr. Harrison*—formerly *Dr. Macartney*—on anatomy; *Dr. Barker* on chemistry; *Dr. Lendrick* on the practice of medicine; *Dr. Graves* on the institutes of medicine; and *Dr. Montgomery* on obstetrics. Clinical lectures twice a week are delivered by Drs. Crampton and Barker, and anatomical demonstrations given, in Trinity College, by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Boswell. The session, as usual, lasts about six months, and most of the lectures are delivered four times a week. Upon the whole, this is one of the most important medical institutions in Dublin. With *Dr. Lendrick*, to whom I have already expressed my obligations for his kindness in devoting several hours with me to the examination of Trinity College and Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, I had every reason to be pleased; for he combines, in an eminent degree, easy and gentleman-like manners with uncommon intelligence, modesty, and liberality. In person, he is about the medium height, rather thin than otherwise, and forty years of age. His lectures on the practice are delivered, as he informed me, extemporaneously, and, from what I could learn, give entire satisfaction to his pupils.

Besides the Royal College of Surgeons, the University, and certain hospitals, there are other institutions, in which full courses of lectures are delivered. These are, "*The School of Anatomy, Medicine, and Surgery, Park Street, Merion Square*"—"The School of Anatomy, Surgery, and Medicine, Digges Street"—"*The School of Ana-*

*tomy, Medicine, and Surgery, Peter Street*—“*The Medical School, Marlborough Street*”—“*School of Anatomy, Medicine, and Surgery, Mark Street.*” Of these, however, the *Park Street School* has the highest reputation. It was established in 1824. The edifice is of brick, two stories high, and forty feet square, and contains a museum, a lecture-room large enough to hold two hundred students, a reading-room, and other apartments. The building is neat and convenient, and surrounded by a high wall. The professors are, on the theory and practice of surgery, *Messrs. Cusack, Houston, and W. Colles*—on the theory and practice of medicine, *Dr. Stokes*—on materia medica, *Mr. McDowell*—on obstetrics, *Dr. Beatty*—on chemistry, *Mr. Colles*—on medical botany, *Dr. Corbet*—on anatomy and physiology, *Messrs. Carlile, Houston, and W. Colles*—with dissections and demonstrative anatomy by *Messrs. G. Stokes and Hill*.

From other hospitals, besides those mentioned, students have opportunities of enjoying very important advantages, in attendance upon patients and clinical lectures. These are “*Mercer’s Hospital*” in William Street, (a large stone building containing fifty beds, the physicians to which are *Drs. Lendrick and Osborne*, and the surgeons, *Messrs. Jameison, Read, Auchinleck, Daniel, Palmer, and Tagert*) and “*City of Dublin Hospital*,” in upper Bagot Street, whose medical attendants are *Drs. Arthur Jacob, Robert Harrison, James ApJohn, Charles Benson, John Houston, and David H. McAdams*, the consulting physician being *Sir Henry Marsh*, and the consulting surgeons, *Drs. Abraham Colles and Samuel Wilmot*. This hospital is of very recent origin, having been founded in 1832. It has room for fifty patients, has a large dispen-

sary attached to it, which is frequented by a great number of poor patients, and is said to be the best hospital in Dublin for witnessing *Diseases of the Eye*. The house-pupils are obliged to write out complete histories of the disease of each patient, and to apply bandages to a lay-figure, before they are suffered to practise such operations on the living body. "*The United Hospital of St. Mark and St. Anne*"—the "*House of Recovery and Fever Hospital*," Cork Street—the "*Coombe Lying-in Hospital*"—the "*Westmoreland Lock Hospital*"—"St. Patrick, or *Swift's Hospital*"—the "*General Military Hospital*," under the management of Dr. Renny—"Simpson's *Hospital*"—the "*Hospital of Incurables*," Donnybrook road—the "*Jervis Street Hospital*,"—and other similar institutions, besides numerous dispensaries, are all well worth the close examination of the medical stranger and the attendance of pupils.

I have spoken, repeatedly, of the leading surgeons and physicians of Dublin, without making allusion to an individual, not to know whom would be "to argue one's self unknown." Need I mention Sir Philip Crampton—better recognized, perhaps, under the expressive appellation of the "*Surgeon-General!*" From all quarters, I had heard of his high reputation and enviable fame, and was not, therefore, surprised, upon reaching Dublin, at the constant exclamation, "You have seen, of course, our Napoleon of surgery." It may well be imagined I should have lost no time in forming the acquaintance of a man, by common consent, thus signalized, even if not attracted by familiarity with his writings. Unqualified praise is too apt, we all know, to lead to disappointment, and, from possibility of such

result, I confess I approached Sir Philip's mansion, in Merion Square, with mingled feelings of pleasure and apprehension. Fortunately there was *no* disappointment; for, before reaching the door, I saw a tall, fine-looking man, come out with the apparent intention of springing at once into his cab and of driving off, but who loitered, an instant, as I drew near, and seemed, by an intuitive glance, to understand I was seeking him. I had scarcely time to tell my name before he directed the servant, by a sign, to put the carriage away, and the next moment, with gracious pressure of the hand, led me into the house—where I remained two hours, buried among books and instruments, reclining upon old-fashioned chairs and sofas of the most comfortable and luxurious kind, or pacing the room, listening to one continued strain of the most lively and agreeable declamation on all subjects, but, chiefly, surgical; examining curiously-contrived and ingenious instruments; answering questions in relation to the Marchioness W . . . . . y—whom he had known and attended as the Lady of the Lord Lieutenant—and other distinguished Americans; with replies and anecdotes of some of the characters mentioned, strikingly illustrative of their peculiarities, strong points, and appearance, dwelling upon favourable traits and cautiously avoiding, in every instance, censure and illiberality. In particular I was much amused at the account of his first meeting with Washington Irving. Being the intimate friend of Tom Moore, he had called, whilst on a visit to London, at his lodgings, to see him, and was told at the door, by an old female domestic, that Mr. Moore was at home, but would see no one except Mr. Washington Irving, when Sir Philip instantly

exclaimed, "Oh, I'm Washington Irving," and immediately rushed by, hotly pursued by the old woman, who seized the tail of his coat and loudly cried out, "No, sir, no, sir, you are not Mr. Irving, come down, sir, come down, sir, you can't go up stairs," while Sir Philip, making desperate efforts to escape, and fearful of his coat being torn, replied, "let me go, let me go, my good woman, I tell you I *am* Washington Irving," when, in the midst of all the hubbub, who but the real Simon Pure should appear—hearing his name repeatedly vociferated—at the head of the stairs, exclaiming, at the same time, "You are Mr. Washington Irving, are you, the deuce you are, and so am I." "Never," said Sir Philip, "in my life did I feel half so mortified, being completely caught in my own trap, for Irving had been sitting, for some time, in Moore's room, talking to him as he lay in bed, and nothing but my friend's recognition of my voice relieved my embarrassment, by his crying out, "Come in Crampton, come in, I'll introduce you to Irving."

Several times I rose to take leave of Sir Philip, thinking I should interfere with professional calls; but he always said, "Sit still, sit still, I'll tell you when I *must* go; for I don't always get a chance of chatting with a foreign surgeon; and yet, after all, I don't know that I ought to call you a foreigner, when your people have so much English, Irish, and Scotch blood in their veins, and so much of our own cleverness about them." After a while he rose and said, "Come, I never knew any American but was fond of horses and dogs, go out and look at mine." Accordingly his man John—an active, sprightly little Irish groom, who, from the stir and bustle he made, and respectful attention to every gesture of his mas-

ter, looked as if he would have, willingly, broken his neck for him, any moment—was summoned, and with the quickness of lightning flung open the stable doors, exhibiting, one by one, some of the finest cobs, colts, and bay geldings, for saddle and harness, I ever beheld, always reserving the best for the last, and, knowingly, asking my opinion of each, merely for the opportunity of showing his own skill, should I chance to be at fault—in which sport, for love of the science of horsemanship, Sir Philip, occasionally, joined. The animals, however, were all so much alike, in quality, being very high-bred, and possessed, in an eminent degree, of so many points valued by horsemen, as to render it difficult for a more experienced judge than myself to discover their peculiarities and respective traits, notwithstanding they were put through various gaits, and their action, skilfully, displayed, in an open space near the stable, which seemed contrived, purposely, for such exhibitions. After having, carefully, examined the whole, however, I said, I think, Sir Philip, if allowed to choose, out of the six, fine as they are, I should select for my own use that chesnut-sorrel mare, pointing out, at the same time, a splendid creature, about fifteen hands and an inch high, with neck like a rainbow, sharp, peaked, squirrel-like ears, small, delicate head and muzzle, and dished face, with red, expanded nostrils, short back, close coupling, and barrel, stifle, legs, and whole finish, coming as near perfection, as any thing I could well imagine. “Ah,” said he, “you really have pitched upon the best nag in the stable, though she is twenty years old, for often she has carried my weight, which you see is no trifle, over the highest walls and

hedges about Dublin, where many a larger animal would have broken my neck and its own too." "Well," said he, "I see you *are* a horseman, now look at my dogs, and let me know if I can say of you 'Equis canibusque gaudet;' here Dash, here you villain, show yourself. John, look at the bull-terrier under that colt's heels; I would not have him hurt for fifty guineas; not such a pup in Dublin, sir. Now tell me what you think of Dash; have you such a setter in your country? Afraid of nothing, no brier can touch him, staunch as a rock. There, again, look at that black slut; is she not a beauty? should like to see her match. But before we go to the house, you *must* feel the weight of that bull pup, not heavier, you see, than a large rat, and as active as a weasel; I never saw one before with white ground, so dotted with such peculiar dark spots. Now, John, bring round the cab; sorry I *must* leave you, my dear sir, but the *Lord Lieutenant* is ill, and will be expecting me by this time. Come and dine with me to-morrow, and I'll give you grouse and venison; precisely at seven, if you please. But stop, just step into the back parlour, one moment, and look at the pictures of my horses. Ah, that which has caught your eye, was the best nag I ever owned; but Lord —— *would* have him, and I could not refuse, and though it went hard with me to part with him, I let him go at cost—a hundred and fifty pounds—when he would have brought, in the market, three hundred. And now, good-bye again, and remember the grouse at seven to-morrow."

The Irish horses have long been considered the finest in the kingdom; and, certainly, I saw none to be compared to them in any part of Europe. In general, they

are very compact, strong, active, and spirited, but high-tempered and difficult to manage. They bear a close resemblance to our Vermont horse in style, action, and shape, and might, readily, pass for the same breed, with the exception of being larger. In England they bring high prices, and it is not uncommon to meet with English dealers at the Irish fairs, buying them up, in great numbers, for their own markets. The English horse, indeed, within the last twenty years, has degenerated so much, in some respects, as not to serve the many useful purposes to which he was accustomed, at that period—owing to breeders having run too much upon blood. On this account it is, now, hardly possible to meet with any of the old stock of *hunters*, so large and powerful, and with so much bone and sinew; so that, even in Yorkshire, I saw but a single specimen—a fine black, in possession of Mr. Whittaker of Otley, thirty years of age, but which felt under me like a colt, after a ride of twenty miles. Even the carriage horses, indeed, throughout every part of England, are conspicuous for their long, low necks, slab sides, and spindle shanks, and very inferior, as a race to our own stock, for the same purposes. In London, it is true, large, showy animals are to be seen in the carriages of noblemen and other persons of fortune; but they are procured at immense prices, often four or five hundred pounds each, and even then are deficient in action, and too often have broken knees—to which, indeed, most of the English horses are so liable, as seldom to be led, or ridden out, by the groom, without having their knees protected by leather or woollen covers or caps. The Irish horse, on the contrary, is not, apparently, so high bred as the English, and, therefore, a better animal for draught, saddle



and most other purposes. Yet no blood horses in England have proved superior to the Irish racer in speed, bottom, and other requisites; and, I believe, it is admitted on all hands, that there is, now, no horse in the British empire to be compared to Irish "*Harkaway*," bred and owned by a linen-bleacher of Belfast. A great many inquiries were made of me, also, respecting "*Skylark*," an Irish horse imported into this country a few years back, and represented, by all that spoke of him, as a most extraordinary animal, and one that never should have been allowed to leave the kingdom. Both animals I had an opportunity of seeing—the one in England, and the other in Richmond, Virginia, soon after his arrival—and finer specimens of the kind I cannot imagine to exist in any country. Through every part of Ireland I travelled I could not help being struck with the form and activity of all classes of horses; and in Dublin, especially, scarcely passed a day without noticing ladies and gentlemen splendidly mounted, the finest teams in mail and other coaches, and carriage horses of beautiful style and proportion; all which, however, command there, as many pounds sterling as American horses—excepting, perhaps, first-rate trotters—dollars in this country; and it is only surprising some of our spirited Yankee dealers do not furnish the English market with such luxuries.

Should any one feel disposed to find fault with this digression, he must thank Sir Philip for first warming my blood by the exhibition of his pets, and then sending me forth to indulge my own propensities in horse-flesh; which, lest they should interfere with more important pursuits, I had been striving to subdue during the whole of my

tour abroad; and, very successfully, until the period referred to; after which I found myself, almost instinctively, exploring the different livery stables of Dublin, asking, from curiosity merely, the price of nags, and having them moved for my inspection and gratification; and upon telling a dealer, on one occasion, I thought his price too high, that even Sir Philip's bays were not worth as much, got for answer, "Sir Philip's bays, yer honour, Sir Philip's bays!—faix, and ye'll get none of them, I'm thinking, for three sich prices—and if you're maning the Surgeon-Gineral's cobs, the Lord Lieutenant's are no touch to them, be-gorra."

At the appointed hour I rode to Merion Square, and was introduced, by Sir Philip, to his accomplished daughters, and regretted not seeing his sons, some of whom were abroad, holding, I believe, diplomatic stations. His nephew, Mr. John Hamilton, a young surgeon of great promise, whom I had previously seen much of, I then, also, had the pleasure to meet. Sir Philip apologized for not inviting other company, saying, he wished to have me all to himself, and to inquire a great deal about American surgeons and physicians; of whom he had heard so much, and to show me some lithotriptic and other instruments, I had not seen at my first visit. Accordingly, after partaking, plentifully, of a fine salmon with its savoury shrimp sauce, southdown mutton, grouse, just received from Scotland, mountain venison and plum-pudding, all served in courses; and having regaled ourselves with the best bottle of claret—for which Dublin has always been famous—I had tasted in Europe, we had full leisure to discuss, till a late hour of the night, many a topic it would be impossible to introduce here, but which

enabled me to form a better estimate of Sir Philip's powers, varied professional and general information, than I could have obtained, perhaps, in a month, from ordinary or casual intercourse. From this, and previous, and subsequent opportunities, then, I arrived at the conclusion, that few men in any country—from very long experience and extensive practice in a large community, from extraordinary natural endowments, uncommon tact and observation, extreme caution and prudence, aided by the best intellectual education, profound research, and professional reading, combined with powers of intense application, the result of quickness of perception and enthusiasm and long and intimate association with persons of the highest rank and literary reputation—can be found superior to Sir Philip Crampton. Independently, however, of native intellectual and acquired professional advantages, there can be no doubt that Sir Philip's great success and reputation may be attributed, in some measure, to personal attraction, and to refined and elegant manners; for of all the individuals it has been my lot to meet in European or American society, no one, in such endowments and accomplishments, has approached so near the standard of excellence or perfection.\* It may easily be conceived, indeed, that a man full six feet high, straight as an arrow, in frame and muscle a Hercules, in grace and dignity an Apollo, with head beautifully moulded, and features regular, animated, and irresistibly

\* Among the *on dits* of Dublin, respecting Crampton's figure, though I do not vouch for its authenticity, is one strikingly characteristic—that Sir Thomas Lawrence, struck with the perfect formation of his lower extremities, and being engaged in his full-length portrait of John Kemble, requested Sir Philip, then on a visit to London, to stand for *Kemble's legs*.

attractive, "an eye like Mars to threaten and command," with address and blandishments so winning, fascinating, and seductive, as to excite the admiration of every beholder, must, when possessed of the higher attributes enumerated, be well calculated to produce a powerful impression, and to exercise unlimited influence even over the strongest minds. So great, indeed, are said to be his tact and knowledge of human nature, as to enable him to read, at a glance, individual character, and adapt, without effort, his conversation and manners to the person addressing him. It is high praise, moreover, to affirm that he won, in an eminent degree, the respect and regard of Sir Walter Scott, during his visit to Ireland, as we learn from Lockhart, who says, "From Dublin we made an excursion of some days into the county of Wicklow, halting for a night at the villa of the *Surgeon-General*, Mr. Crampton, who struck Sir Walter as being more like Sir Humphry Davy than any man he had met, not in person only but in liveliness and range of his talk, and who kindly did the honours of Lough Breagh and the Dargle; and then, for two or three, at old Connaught, Lord Plunkett's seat, near Bray." And again, "On the 1st of August we proceeded from Dublin to Edgeworth's Town, the party being now reinforced by Captain and Mrs. Scott, and also by the delightful addition of the *Surgeon-General*, who had long been an intimate friend of the Edgeworth family, and equally gratified both the novelists by breaking the toils of his great practice to witness their meeting on his native soil."\*

Sir Philip Crampton has long been connected, more or

\* See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 411, American edition, 1837.

less, with the best Dublin hospitals, as a lecturer and operative surgeon, though not attached now, I believe, to any of them—except as a consulting surgeon. As a writer, too, he has been most advantageously known almost from the commencement of his career. His first essay was a valuable one on "*Entropeon*;" and subsequently, numerous papers, or lectures, generally on difficult or obscure practical points in surgery, have appeared in the different British medical journals, all characterised by great force and originality, and most happily illustrated by apposite facts and observations. The chief of these are, on dislocations of the shoulder and other joints, on fractures, on burns and scalds, on the qualifications of a surgeon, and are contained in the Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science. An excellent essay also appeared, separately, in 1839, entitled *An Outline of the History of Medicine*; and, still more recently, a very valuable and original lecture on the "*Chamelion*," in which some important discoveries are detailed, in relation to the habits of that extraordinary animal. Of most of these, however, I shall speak in another publication.

Having mentioned to Sir Philip, upon one occasion, in how much estimation Miss Edgeworth was held in America—where her diversified and very valuable writings were almost universally read—and expressed a desire to form her acquaintance, he at once said "She is the most intimate friend we have on earth, and if you will take the trouble to ride down and see her, I will furnish you with an introduction, and promise for you a most cordial reception." Availing myself, accordingly, of so flattering an offer, I lost no time in making my arrangements to

leave Dublin, temporarily, jumped into the Sligo mail, and, after passing through the villages of Killuchan, Maynooth, Killcock, Ballnalach, and Rathowen, reached Edgeworth's Town, in the county of Longford, a distance of sixty miles, in seven hours, and stopped at the White Hart hotel. After making my toilet I addressed a note to Miss Edgeworth, enclosing Sir Philip's letter, and in a few minutes received an answer requesting me to wait upon her without delay.

Beautifully embowered in the dense foliage of numerous oaks and other magnificent trees, the house is situated in the midst of a park—surrounded by a stone wall, on the skirts of the town—the first glimpse of which gives one the idea of a nobleman's seat, such is the perfect order of the lawn with its closely-shorn sward and clean gravel walks, and of the adjoining luxuriant fields; over which herds of beautiful cattle, of the Long-horn and Hereford breeds, were leisurely grazing, as I entered the lodge and sauntered through the tortuous footpaths leading to the door; where I was met by a well-dressed page and shown to the library—adjoining the entrance-hall. In a moment I was busily engaged in running over with my eye the walls and square columns of the room, thickly covered, from floor to ceiling, with books, and dotted, in numerous places, with prints of Madame de Stael, Sir Walter Scott, Ricardo, and others. After being thus engaged for a few minutes I heard the door open quickly, behind me, and, upon turning, beheld a sprightly, active lady rapidly approaching with extended hands, who immediately announced herself as Miss Edgeworth, and soon after introduced me to her sisters—Mrs. Beaufort, wife of the distinguished engineer, Captain Beau-

fort, of the Royal Navy, and Miss Lucy Edgeworth, a young lady of eighteen—both of whom had entered the room unperceived, so much had my attention been occupied in gazing upon the one, of all other literary ladies, I had been most desirous to see and know.

After shaking hands, cordially, and saying how much pleasure it gave her to receive any friend of Sir Philip Crampton, she asked how I liked him, and seemed delighted to hear me say, I had not seen such a man, take him all in all, in Europe; exclaimed *she* thought him a wonderful creature, and that Sir Walter was perfectly enchanted with all he saw of him in Dublin and at her house. She then began to talk of distinguished Americans she had seen, or whose works she had read; spoke in exalted terms of Dr. Channing and his productions; of the T . . . . . 's, of Boston; of Madam Achille M . . . t, of Florida, whom she admired as a fine specimen of an American lady; of Mrs. G . . . . . h of New Jersey, with whom she had corresponded, and from whom had received some fine specimens of American wood, she took pleasure in showing; of Mr. Wm. B . . . n, of Liverpool, and his American relations; of Mr. R . . . . . n, of Philadelphia; of Miss G . . . z, of the same place; but, above all, of the late Mrs. L . . . . . s—formerly Miss M . . . . . i, of Virginia—with whom she had long corresponded, and whose letters, she said, were equal, in every respect, to any she had ever read; spoke feelingly of her death, which she considered a public calamity, and regretted she had not heard for a long time from any of her family or friends. After conversing for some time, with great rapidity and fluency, and asking many questions respecting American trees, Nia-

gara Falls, birds, and especially mocking-birds—several of which had been sent, as presents, but never reached her, owing to their having perished, within the first fortnight, at sea, so that she requested the attempt might never be made again—she led the way to the hall, and pointed out several portraits—a very fine one, especially, of Goldsmith, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; another of Thomas Day, author of *Sandford and Merton*; then took me to a small room up stairs in which was placed, conspicuously, an excellent bust of Sir Philip, admirably executed, and as like as possible; afterwards entered the dining-room and showed a fine portrait of her father, opposite which hung one I took for that of Burns, the poet, but which she said was a portrait of her brother, a student of medicine, and who, she remarked, must have been at Edinburgh about the time I had previously told her I had been accustomed to see Sir Walter Scott. In returning to the hall, on our way to the library, she pointed out, with seeming pleasure, several fine specimens of stuffed American birds, which had been presented, she said, by her kind friend, Mr. R . . . . n, of Philadelphia. As my object was to hear Miss Edgeworth talk, I suffered her to take the lead on all subjects, and never interfered, except to start, occasionally, some theme upon which I supposed, from my knowledge of her writings, she would be likely to be most eloquent; I asked, among other things, if she had ever received any of the American editions of her works, to which she replied, “Oh yes, and have always felt highly flattered by the compliment paid me, and have had but one regret on the subject—the bad typography and paper, and slovenly manner of getting them up.” I then remarked, that there were few



persons in America but were perfectly familiar with her works, and that if expensive editions, like the European, were printed, instead of the cheap American reprints, many such persons would be cut off, in a great measure, from such sources of pleasure and information. You are quite right, said she, and I now view the matter in the proper light, and never will again breathe such a complaint to any one. Do the people of your own county, I inquired, read your books? "Very few," she remarked, "it is the worst and most illiterate county, this of Longford, in Ireland, and I am sorry to say so." May it not be traced to expensive editions of books, and especially moral ones? Not altogether, was the reply, but I see more and more you are right, and if I ever reprint *Helen*, my favourite, or any other, I will consider the matter. She then inquired about Washington Irving, where he lived, what he was doing, and seemed delighted to have a description of the picturesque scenery and the mighty river on the banks of which he had taken up his abode; exclaimed he was a most interesting man, so full of talent, yet so refined, modest and unassuming, that he had all the feeling of poor Goldsmith, many of his beauties, and, in some respects, excelled him. She asked many questions respecting the statements of Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Trollope, and seemed doubtful how to receive them; said she had just read Murray's book with great pleasure, and wondered he should have been adventurous enough to remain so long among the Indians. From Indians, and slavery, and the blacks, she glided, of her own accord, to phrenology; hoped I was not a believer in it; talked very sensibly for half an hour against the doctrine, quoted

Dr. Sewall, of Washington, and the *Edinburgh Review*, in proof of its folly and inconsistency; but seemed pleased when I told her that the head of her friend, Sir Walter, was an inch higher than that of any other man, and Cuvier's brain the largest and heaviest ever examined. Among other things, I told her I had seen in Edinburgh casts in lead, and in plaster, of the interior of the skull, made by Dr. McKenzie, the demonstrator of anatomy, from which it appeared there was no sort of correspondence, in many instances, between the internal and external surfaces, with which she was so delighted as to make me repeat again and again, the mode of producing the cast, and finally pressed me so hard to say, what I, really, thought of the science, as to induce me to tell her that I believed the general principles to be correct; that many of the facts brought forward by *Combe*, and other distinguished phrenologists, were, undoubtedly, striking and important; that some of the details were inaccurate, and inferences drawn from them equally erroneous; that the science had, however, suffered immensely, from ignorant pretenders and charlatans, and that great allowance must be made for the mistakes of such persons, who often undertook to examine heads and to pronounce, decisively, on character, without knowledge of the form of a single bone, or of the structure of any part of the brain; all which, she admitted, seemed reasonable enough; but still maintained she was sure there could be nothing in it, as she herself had known many persons of extraordinary intellects with very small heads.

Miss Edgeworth is a great laugher and shedder of tears, a trait spoken of by Sir Walter Scott, and I could not fail to notice this peculiarity upon several occasions.

Upon one in particular, when I gave her an account of an English, or American, clergyman, who undertook, with very little knowledge of French, to preach a sermon before a Parisian congregation, most of whom, from the singular pronunciation, supposed him to be from *Algiers*, in quest of funds to erect a church for the service of the French army in that settlement; and of another, who, desirous of asking his landlady for a chest of drawers, and finding, from the dictionary, that *poitrine* meant chest, and *caleçons* drawers, said, “Ma chère madame, voulez vous avoir la bonté de me donner une *poitrine de caleçons*,” she actually roared out, skipped about the floor like a girl of eighteen, seemed nearly suffocated with laughter, and shed tears so abundantly, and so long, that I thought her soft, expressive eyes would have been swept away by their own currents.

Like her friend, Sir Walter, Miss Edgeworth has none of the “*genus irritabile*” about her—so common among literary and professional rivals, all over the world—and spoke very kindly and feelingly, of most authors she had occasion to mention; and I particularly noticed, when I told her of the unlucky mistake I had made, at a dinner-table in Dublin, upon being asked by a near relative of Lady M . . . .—“If she had not a much higher reputation, in America, than Miss Edgeworth?” to which, without being aware of the relationship, I replied, certainly not—she was, evidently, pained by the circumstance, and spoke, with great earnestness, and, I am sure, sincerity, of the genius and writings of Lady M. and her good qualities, and convinced me, that, so far from feeling any jealousy towards her, she delighted, as

one of her countrywomen, in her great and well-merited fame.

Upon telling Miss Edgeworth I had succeeded, whilst in France and England, in obtaining a great many letters and notes, of distinguished characters, that, in America, would be viewed with much interest and curiosity, but had failed to procure the autograph of Scott—which I certainly expected to get whilst in Edinburgh, and should have valued above all the rest—Then, she replied, you have come to the very place to obtain it, for I have more than a hundred of his letters, on all subjects, and it will afford me great pleasure to furnish you with a part of one including his signature, for I could not give you an entire letter without breaking the chain of our correspondence, and losing something that might be of importance to me. Accordingly Mrs. Beaufort, at her request, left the room and presently returned with a large number, from one of which Miss Edgeworth removed, with her scissors, some passages which indicated he had been writing to her on *absenteeism* :—

“Dublin is splendid beyond my utmost expectations. I can go round its walls and number its palaces until I am grilled almost into a fever. They tell me the city is desolate, of which I can see no appearance, but the deprivation occasioned by the retreat of its most noble and most opulent inhabitants must be severely felt.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Yours, my dearest Miss Edgeworth, with sincere pleasure at the hope of again meeting one for whom I have so much respect and regard.

“WALTER SCOTT.

“10 *Stephen's Green, Dublin.*  
18th July.”

I have now only one more favour to ask, said I—

that Miss Edgeworth will add her *own* signature to *Sir Walter's*, and address a single line to one of my own family, whom I indicated—and then I shall consider my treasure complete. With the greatest pleasure, she replied, for I cannot express how much I feel honoured by the compliment; and immediately wrote—"From Maria Edgeworth to —— ——, Edgeworth's Town, Aug. 22d, 1839."

It would be impossible to detail the number and variety of topics descanted upon by Miss Edgeworth, during a continued conversation of five hours, in which she spoke, incessantly, and with the utmost rapidity; and equally difficult to say which astonished me most, the extent and variety of her information, her fluency, her humility, her simplicity—for no one would suppose from her demeanour he was talking to, or in the presence of, so celebrated a writer—the tenacity of her memory, or the sprightliness of her actions; although she complained of her memory, *for names*, being defective, which, she said, was the case with *Dugald Stewart*, of whom, likewise, she gave me a most interesting account, the more willingly, she remarked, upon hearing I had, formerly, known him and attended his lectures. She then asked me, very pointedly, if I had ever, in the course of my practice, met with a case of *hydrophobia*. I told her at least five or six. "Are you sure," she continued, "they were, *really*, cases of that disease, and I am the more particular in asking, because *Sir Walter* never would allow there was any such affection?" Having no other reply to make, I told her, very frankly, that *Sir Walter* was so extravagantly fond of dogs, always carried such troops of them with him when he travelled,

and knowing the prejudices and apprehensions of many people on the subject, was unwilling to subject the poor animals to possibility of mal-treatment, and, therefore, pretended to believe what he, seriously, could not disprove. "Ah," said she, "there you are mistaken. He was too honest for deception, even on the score of humanity, unless of the most innocent kind." Under which head, said I, no doubt he numbered the very case in question. "If so," she replied, "I am afraid I must acknowledge myself beaten by my own weapons."

I had always heard that Miss Edgeworth was remarkably small. It was with surprise, therefore, I observed she was not, by any means, so diminutive as represented; and, indeed, should not have been struck with any deficiency of stature unless my attention had been particularly drawn to it. Nor was she as thin and delicate, in frame, as I had, from hearsay, supposed. I found her, whether standing or sitting, always in a very upright, but easy position—an attitude perfectly natural to her, and not assumed for the purpose of making the most of her height, or to conceal age—rather stout, plainly, but fashionably, dressed, in black, her neck covered with a white handkerchief of open network,—presented by an American lady—and her head by a cap tastefully arranged, but so large as to conceal more of her head than I could have wished, and to put my slight phrenological knowledge out of place. Of her features, however, I had a most perfect view. They are large, with unusual length from the forehead to the chin, open, animated, and expressive, the effect, partly, of her bluish-gray eye—which, in moments of meditation, though soft, calm, full of repose, and sometimes

almost too tranquil, yet, when lighted up by a smile, during animated conversation, is peculiarly bright and fascinating, even when suffused with tears. Her nose is delicately formed, elevated, slightly undulating about the centre, and moderately aquiline. She is now upwards of seventy, but when in good spirits, and not fatigued by the personal attention she is obliged to bestow on her large estate, appears much younger. While scrutinizing her face and figure to trace a resemblance to some one at home, with whose appearance I was familiar—a practice best calculated to leave a strong impression as regards likeness—I could think of no one whose tout ensemble, making allowance for difference of age, approached so closely the illustrious individual I have attempted to describe as that of our friend, Miss C. Mc . . . l.

Having received an invitation to dine with Miss Edgeworth at six on the same day, I asked permission to walk over that part of her fine estate within two or three miles of the house, and, accordingly, left her delightful stone mansion—large, double, very extensive and commodious—of which, from the adjoining grounds, I had a splendid view, and ranged for hours,

“ Over bank, bush and scaur,”

cutting sticks of the famous Irish white thorn, and viewing, with delight, the beautiful forms of the cattle, sheep and other stock, on her highly cultivated and improved domain; which reminded me more of English agriculture and comfort than any thing I had before seen in Ireland. After satisfying my curiosity to full extent, I strayed across the fields to the village church-yard, where I spent

some time among the tombs of the Edgeworth family, reading their epitaphs, and those of their old domestics, whose services and virtues had deserved the recorded encomiums of their masters; then examined the neighbouring school and romped with the urchins scattered around, and just let loose from restraint—the very school where Goldsmith received part of his education, under whose roof he, probably, first meditated

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,”

or received many of the ideas afterwards embodied in the Vicar of Wakefield, and his other interesting and beautiful works.

Edgeworth's Town is a neat, picturesque village, and contains many substantial stone houses with slate roofs. Opposite Miss Edgeworth's gate there is a pretty catholic chapel, on ground presented, I believe, by herself or brother, for that purpose. The villagers, indeed, mostly well-dressed, respectable looking people, are partly catholic and partly episcopalian, and seem to be upon the best possible terms; all of them agreeing, at least, upon one point—in the respect and admiration they entertain for the whole Edgeworth family; as I learned, with great pleasure, from mine host, of the White Hart, and his communicative wife and daughters, as well as from the peasantry I met and conversed with in my rambles around the country.

As the dinner hour approached I returned to Miss Edgeworth's hospitable mansion, and there met her brother-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Butler, an episcopal clergyman residing near Dublin, and his wife, a sister of Miss Edgeworth, then on a visit to their relations. I was



introduced also to *Miss Sneyd*, a venerable lady above eighty, sister to *Honora Sneyd*—the fiancée of the unfortunate Major André—who, afterwards, married Miss Edgeworth's father. During the morning visit I had seen, for a short time, Mr. William Edgeworth and his wife, an accomplished Spanish lady, but they had, in my absence, gone upon a visit to some of their neighbours, and I did not meet them again. At dinner I sat next to Mrs. Butler, a very lively and most intelligent, highly cultivated lady, of short, stoutish figure, sparkling gray eyes, beautiful chesnut hair, cropped and curled around her neck and temples, who spoke quickly, and with English accent—which all the Edgeworths have—and so fluently and concisely, as to excite my admiration. She laughed, immoderately, at my happening to say, I had walked through the peat-grounds, or bogs, on the Edgeworth estate, and thought them quite picturesque—as they certainly are, in some places, to the eye of a stranger who views them for the first time—asked if we had no peat in America, and being answered, very little, if any, notwithstanding the immense decay of vegetable matter, continually taking place in our forests, said, at once, “that is a strong argument against the theory of peat being the result of vegetable decomposition.” She then entered into an interesting disquisition upon peat-bogs, and the immense pieces of timber and other substances found in them, such as skeletons of various animals; and upon my speaking in raptures of the fine skeleton of the fossil elk in the College of Surgeons, Dublin, and saying, it was the only skeleton I ever associated the idea of poetry with, again amused us all with hearty peals of laughter. She next entered with spirit upon American

Indians, their origin, the lost tribes of Israel, Mr. Noah and his writings, his ingenuity in endeavouring to get all his brethren to give him so much a-head for his island at the mouth of Lake Erie; spoke handsomely of American novels, particularly Cooper's *Spy* and of Slidell's *Travels*, and entertained us all, exceedingly, with the quaintness and originality of her remarks, humour, and occasional spice of playful, pretended satire. Mrs. Beaufort contributed, also, her full share to the lively conversation in which we were all engaged; and with no less satisfaction I listened, often, to the sensible remarks and sprightly sallies of some of the best-bred and most intelligent girls and boys—children of the late Mrs. —— spoken of by Scott as the handsome Miss Harriet Edgeworth—I had ever before seen. After the ladies retired, Mr. Butler gave me a minute and most interesting account of the whole family, especially Miss Edgeworth, of whom he spoke in terms of highest commendation, dwelling, particularly, upon her sensibility, benevolence, warm and affectionate heart, her charities, great talents and humility, her energy and extraordinary industry—saying, she had the chief control and management of the large Edgeworth estate, kept, with her own hand, a regular set of books, and notwithstanding the fatigue therefrom, especially at her advanced age, was generally cheerful and lively, as I had seen her—though, occasionally, much depressed, and was then so silent and pensive as not to resemble the same character. Mr. Butler, himself, is a fine-looking, indeed, very handsome man, about thirty-five or forty years of age, extremely well educated and informed, of very mild and prepossessing manners, with all the traits of a highly refined and polite English gentleman, for which I at first mis-

took him. He appeared well acquainted with the character of most American divines and their writings, and spoke, particularly, in high terms of the works of Hobart. About ten at night I returned to the drawing-room, spent another half-hour with the ladies, and then took leave. I had previously bid adieu to Miss Edgeworth, and received the most pressing invitation to visit her again should opportunity offer, and to write to her at all times I might feel disposed so to do, promising, in return, occupied as she was, to prove a faithful correspondent. "And now," said she, "let me present you, at parting, some of these fine carnations, raised by my own hand, to match the roses you plucked at Abbotsford, which I hope you will think not altogether unworthy of a place beside them in your hortus siccus, and with most affectionate regard to my friend, Sir Philip, and his lovely girls, allow me to say farewell."

At one o'clock, the same night, I left in the mail for Dublin, and after a comfortable nap, in an empty coach, filled, to make an Irish bull, with baskets of dead game, reached my destination, by early breakfast, the next day.

My first call was upon Sir Philip, of whom, however, I was destined to see little; for the Lord Lieutenant was extremely ill, and with him, therefore, he was engaged night and day; so that, after receiving, according to promise, a kind letter of introduction to his friend, Tom Moore, I was constrained, most unwillingly, to part with him and other Dublin friends, from whom I had received so many substantial, disinterested proofs of respect and regard—and from none, more willingly, than one of whom it would be ungrateful not to speak; one who, without a shadow of claim upon his attention, accompanied me, from day to day, through all my medical

excursions; who pointed out, unremittingly, the shortest road towards knowledge of localities and objects, most worthy of being seen; who introduced me to all his medical friends, and spared no pains for my comfort and accommodation; one who, though a mere youth, has already proved himself to possess talents of the first order, and professional skill and information that must lead him, at no distant day, to enviable fame; one whose excellent education, cultivated taste, and successful execution in the arts of design, must, necessarily, confer advantages rarely to be obtained; and whose gentleman-like, quiet, unassuming address will procure for him admirers and friends wherever he may choose to take up his abode. I mean young Hamilton—Sir Philip's nephew, companion, and friend.

Finding my stay in Ireland could no longer be protracted, and peculiarly desirous to possess ample materials for an account I hoped some day to furnish of the Surgeon-General, I availed myself of Miss Edgeworth's kind offer of correspondence by writing to her and soliciting her aid in furthering my design. And her reply is so open and candid, so characteristic of sound sense, excellent judgment, delicacy of mind and taste, that, though failing to accomplish what, if successful, must have led to most beneficial results, I cannot forego the pleasure of unfolding the views by which she was actuated, in her own words.

Edgeworth's Town, Sept. 28, 1839.

Dear Sir,

I was gratified, and so were all my family, by your visit, and by your assurance that you did not repent the trouble you had taken to come to Edgeworth's Town; I the more regret that my oppor-

tunity of enjoying the pleasure of your company and conversation was so short. When next you come to England I hope you will give us the satisfaction of a longer visit.

I am glad to find that you intend to publish your thoughts of things and persons you have seen in Europe, and particularly glad that among your sketches of the characters of British men of science, and medical men, my excellent and distinguished friend will be found, and portrayed by an American, distinguished in his own line, able and willing to appreciate merit of all kinds, and as a foreigner, with unbiassed, unprejudiced, yet enthusiastic admiration of the talents, genius, and benevolence of the Surgeon-General of Ireland.

The sketch of him to be given in your book, my dear sir, must be by *your own hand*, and from your own mind, or it would not answer its purpose, and would do neither him nor you credit. The public, both in America and Europe, in Britain, and Ireland, more especially, will be most interested and most benefited by knowing your opinion, and the impression made upon you by our distinguished men. Envy will be silent and confounded under the decision of a distant and foreign judge. From the praise of one who has himself excelled, there could be no appeal, and it would be to the object (proverbially) the sweetest and most pure gratification. Then you *must* write the character and review of the writings of *our* Sir Philip, entirely for yourself, and you will not, I know, suspect me of indolence in your service, or in that of my friend, when I assure you that I cannot assist you—literally, that I cannot. Of his private life I know nothing that would be interesting or fit for the public, nor do I believe there is any thing to be known. As to what relates to his public character, as a medical man and a man of science—his discoveries—his improvements in medical practice or theory, and his writings, his lectures, &c. you know—no doubt—and you must be aware how unfit and impossible for me as a woman—and not a person of science, to attempt to give an account of these things on which his fame rests. I should inevitably make myself ridiculous, and without a possibility of doing him or you any good. As to a mere expression of my high opinion of *my friend*, however just and sincere it might be, it would be considered by the good-natured only as partial enthusiasm, and by the ill-natured condemned as impertinence to the public.

In consequence of these reflections, which passed through my mind in one instant, though they have cost you (and me) two pages to detail, I wrote to Sir Philip Crampton's nephew, Captain Smiley, and requested him to apply to that young medical gentleman, Mr. Hamilton, of whom you spoke to me so highly, and who, as you told me, you discovered to be a favourite pupil of Sir Philip Crampton's, and thinking most highly of him, and knowing him intimately, it occurred to me that Mr. H. might with propriety, do for you what I could not. His answer to Captain Smiley I enclose.

You see it all ends in the propriety and necessity of your writing for yourself your own opinions and impressions. I hope I shall have the pleasure of soon seeing your book—and believe me, dear sir,

Your gratified and obliged

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

*To Dr. Gibson.*

P. S. All this family (and my sister, Mrs. Butler, and Mr. Butler would, I am sure, join them were they still with us) desire their kind and respectful remembrances to you.

I cannot take leave of Dublin, its medical institutions, and equally celebrated medical men, which make it, beyond doubt, one of the best schools in Europe for the education of professional youth, without again expressing my regret at not having seen, owing to their absence, Drs. W. Stokes and A. Colles—the latter, especially, so well known for his anatomical and surgical writings, and interesting character as a man. That I should have been disappointed, also, from my limited stay, in forming the acquaintance of Sir Henry Marsh, Mr. Adams and Mr. Cusack, I have equally to lament. For many kind attentions, however, obligingly bestowed, it would be ungrateful not to mention the name of Dr. Harvey, a most respectable and intelligent physician,

and member of the Society of Friends, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of forming through the kindness of his relative, Mr. J. Harvey, of New York.

I should have taken great pleasure, also, in giving some account of the public buildings of Dublin and its vicinity—the *Castle*, its *Chapel* and *Record Tower*, the *Bank*, *Custom House*, and *Royal Exchange*, the *Rotunda*, *Post Office*, and *Law Courts*, the *Mansion House* and *Observatory*, the *Cathedrals*, *Churches*, *Catholic Chapels*, *Friaries* and *Nunneries*, the *Asylums* and *Education Societies*, the *Prisons*, *Theatres*, and *Barracks*, the *Nelson*, and other *monuments*, the *Phœnix Park* and *Zoological Gardens*, some of which are, in many respects, grand and imposing in the extreme, and all deserving of close examination. As a whole, however it may not, perhaps, be improper to remark that *Dublin*, splendid as it is, cannot—owing to its number of old brick houses, small tenements, narrow streets, and, comparatively, flat situation—be considered equal to *Edinburgh*, and that the stranger would do well, therefore, to visit the *Scottish capital* last.

## CHAPTER IX.

FROM Dublin to Kingston harbour—a small town, formerly called Dunleary, but changed to the name of Kingston from George the Fourth having embarked there in 1821—a railroad, admirably constructed, extends for eight miles. Taking my seat in one of its splendid cars, on the 23d of August, I rode to the town mentioned, and there remained several hours, viewing with great satisfaction the magnificent pier, three thousand feet long, and the broad, handsome quay and parapet surmounting its summit; had a splendid view of Dublin Bay—considered by many equal to that of Naples—of the Light House, South Wall, and its fortifications, of the Dublin hills, and distant mountains of Wicklow; then got on board the steamer *Prince*, and, after a boisterous passage of twelve hours, reached Liverpool.

My steps were next turned towards the “*British Association*,” about to assemble at Birmingham, on the 24th of August. I did not remain, therefore, longer than a few hours at Liverpool, but got into one of the well-contrived, comfortable cars, belonging to the finest railway, perhaps, in the world—that from Liverpool to London—and under the power of the engine “*Cali-*



*ban,*" constructed by our friend and townsman, Mr. Norris, was wafted with the velocity of a swallow, to the place of destination. In the same car happened to be seated a tall, lank, raw-boned Hibernian, about thirty, with his three companions, two of them, evidently, from their accent, English, and from their resemblance, brothers, the third, unequivocally, Scotch. They had scarcely taken their places, before the thought struck me, judging from the cut of their jibs, that I had made an unfortunate choice, by getting into the "wrong box," for I took them for rowdies, or "sportsmen," buttoned up as they were in coarse habiliments, not recollecting, at the moment, that the best and noblest of the land were accustomed to *travel*, generally, in similar costume. My suspicions were presently confirmed by the loud and boisterous discourse of the tall Irishman, and by his bringing out, shortly afterwards, from one enormous pouch, or side pocket of his bangup, a bottle of sherry, and from the other, substantial cuts of cold beef, ham, tongue, and chicken, laid between corresponding slices of bread, and carefully wrapped in folds of thick brown paper. After listening for a while to the animated discourse and brogue of the chief speaker, and viewing with astonishment his extraordinary gestures, which evidently increased after each potation from a glass with broken stem, I was prepared, as the engine drew near *a station* where it was to tarry a few seconds, to spring out and secure another berth, when my flight was suddenly arrested by the powerful grasp of the tall unknown, who immediately exclaimed, "Arrah, and don't I know what ye'd be after in laving us. Faix, and ye'll do no sich thing, I'm thinking, and by the powers, here's

a glass of sharry for you, man, and let me squaze you to taste a drop of it thin—troth and we're not the craturs ye take us for any how—Och, and by my conscience we're not." Sudden and unceremonious as the seizure and salutation were, there was so much good nature, and honest, jovial, kind feeling displayed, that I could not possibly feel angry, and not only returned to my seat, but accepted the pressing offers of the whole to join in their lunch and sherry; after which my new friend resumed, "And sure didn't ye take us for blackguards—and don't we know where you're bound, like ourselves—troth and ye're for the Sociation, and so's every divil of us—and have ye secured a place, may I ask?" I told him I was sorry to say I had not, but presumed there would be no difficulty on that score. "Troth, thin, and ye're out there, for divil a hole is there left big enough for a cat to snaze in—and ye'll be beholden to us, I'm judging, after all, for a bed. Faix, and ye're lucky, any how, in mating a set of ramping, laughing philosophers, like ourselves, who think it best to take the world asy, and let nothing throuble us—so ye'll jist go along, not to the Hin and Chickens,\* but the new Royal Hotel." All this brogue and oddity, however, I soon found were assumed, merely for the purpose of merriment, for, after having carried the joke sufficiently far, drained the bottle, and consumed the lunch, my tall friend settled down into something like serious soberness, and then let me fairly into his history, which I found to be this. His father had been a man of large property and great respectability, but, unfortunately, taking part with Em-

\* "The Hen and Chickens," a noted Hotel at Birmingham.

mett and other friends, during the rebellion, was obliged to fly to Germany, where he remained many years, in great poverty; afterwards, by permission of George the Third, returned home, but, owing to confiscation of his estates, entirely destitute, and soon after died. The widow, unable to support her son, bound him apprentice to a painter and glazier, and this occupation he actually followed for some time, but not suiting his taste, he turned sailor, then soldier, until his history becoming known to Lord Fitzwilliam, who had been the purchaser of part of his father's estate, that nobleman not only allowed his mother a handsome gratuity, but took charge of the education of the son; who, evincing strong inclination for mathematical and other kindred studies, soon made astonishing progress, and, under the patronage of his generous friend, was enabled not only himself to acquire information, but to impart it to others; first, as a teacher in Lord Fitzwilliam and Earl Gray's families, and afterwards, as Professor of Mathematics in the College of Civil Engineers, Gower Street, Bedford Square, London—all which offices he still holds. By this time I discovered that the tall Irishman, I first took for a rowdy, or sportsman, was *Professor O. B...e*, the author of large quarto volumes on Logarithms, used at Cambridge as text books, of numerous smaller works and pamphlets; that his two English friends were sons of Mr. *M.....t* of Liverpool, a wealthy and eminent manufacturing chemist, both of them young men of fine education, of excellent character, and extensive information; and the dumpy, red haired, modest, unassuming, intelligent, young Scot, a medical man, a clever lecturer on chemistry, just returned from India, and the nephew of

the late celebrated Professor P.....r, of Edinburgh, whose name he bore. It was quite natural, after such an adventure, that I should come to the resolution never to undertake, while travelling in Europe, to determine by outward appearance, or by conversation and actions, the exact position or standing of individuals, however unpromising, or otherwise, their external characters might be.

Upon reaching our destination and accompanying my new friends to the Royal Hotel, I was perfectly astonished to find how extremely neat and comfortable their lodgings were; the more so, as I had heard, previously, that Birmingham had never been celebrated for her boarding houses and hotels. No evidence of the kind, however, was afforded during my stay; on the contrary, I was particularly struck with the neatness and apparent comfort of all I had occasion to visit, and not only so, but with the general aspect of the town and streets; the doors and windows of each house having been, apparently, fresh-painted, and the pavements washed and cleaned, as if expressly for the reception of strangers. This however, as I ascertained afterwards, upon putting the question to residents, was so far from being the case, that almost every one declared the city to be unusually dirty, and seemed mortified that it should be so, upon such an occasion. And if, indeed, from all I afterwards saw, I had been asked which hotel in England I preferred above every other, I should have said, unhesitatingly, the *New Royal*, at Birmingham.

Although many of the members of the general, sectional, and other committees of the British Association had assembled and held meetings on the 24th of August,

yet the regular session could scarcely be said to have commenced until Monday, the 26th. It then opened with great brilliancy and effect—for there was no section unrepresented. To give an account of even the general proceedings of any one of these, would occupy a volume. I shall, therefore, barely glance at a few of the prominent events, and endeavour to sketch such of the eminent men as came within the scope of my observation. In the first place, I may observe that no building in the town was sufficiently large to accommodate with separate rooms, the half or fourth of the different sections, and that it became necessary, therefore, to distribute them over various parts of the city, at no great distance from each other, in order to establish a facility of communication between the whole. Accordingly, within a limited area, embracing, perhaps, two or three squares, the section of "*Mathematical and Physical Science*," of which Professor Whewell was president, Professor Forbes, Major Sabine, and Mr. Francis Bailly, vice-presidents, and Professor Stevelly, W. Snow Harris, and J. D. Chance, Esqrs., secretaries, occupied the "*Free School*."—The section of "*Chemistry and Mineralogy*," under the direction of Professor T. Graham as president, Richard Phillips, Esq. and Professor Johnston as vice-presidents, and Drs. Golding Bird and Melson, as secretaries, the *Canon Street School*.—The section of "*Geology and Physical Geography*," with its officers, Presidents Buckland, G. B. Greenough, Leonard Horner, Charles Lyell, T. De La Beche, Dr. George Lloyd, Charles Darwin, and H. Strickland, Esqrs., the "*Philosophical Institution*."—The section of "*Zoology and Botany*," represented chiefly by Professors Owen, Daubeny, Dr. Graham, J. E. Gray,

E. Forbes, and Robert Patterson, Esq., "*the Atheneum*."—The section of "*Medical Science*," over which presided Dr. John Yellowly, assisted by Drs. Roget, Johnston and Macartney, and G. O. Reese and F. Ryland, Esqrs., as secretaries, the "*Medical School*."—The section of "*Statistics*," entrusted to the care of Henry Hallam, Esq., as president, Sir Charles Lemon, and G. R. Porter, Esqrs., as vice-presidents, and Francis Clarke, W. Rawson, and W. C. Tayler, Esqrs., as secretaries, the "*News Room*,"—and the section of "*Mechanical Science*," the "*Shakspeare Room*," under Presidents Willis and Stephenson, vice-presidents G. Rennie and Lardner, and secretaries Webster, Hawkes, and Carpmael.

To all these my attention was directed, more or less, chiefly from curiosity to see the distinguished men whose names have been just mentioned, to hear their remarks, to observe their modes of conducting business, and to listen to the speeches addressed to them by their associates, not less distinguished, in most instances, than themselves. To pretend to express an opinion on their individual or general merits, however, much less to give an account of their proceedings and discussions on various abstruse and complicated questions, not connected, or, if at all, very remotely, with my own peculiar studies, would be the height of vanity and presumption. I shall barely observe, therefore, that as far as I could understand the subjects of debate and the papers read, I had every reason to be pleased with the manner and matter of each discourse, the courtesy, in general, displayed towards each other in debate, and, above all, the decisive and straight-forward course pursued by officers and members, not turning aside for the investigation or dis-

play of collateral matter, but adhering rigidly to the questions before them, so that, in an incredibly short time, a vast amount of important business, was transacted, and so thoroughly sifted and finished as not to require review or reconsideration. Of the medical and natural history sections, to which my time and attention were chiefly directed, I am prepared, of course, to give a fuller account, as well as the distinguished individuals representing them.

The president of the medical section—*Dr. John Yellowly*—I had known, slightly, many years before, having met him, occasionally, at some of the select soirées of Mr. Travers, Drs. Bateman and Marcet, and other members of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, who, at that period, assembled weekly at each other's houses, discussed a light supper, and any medical novelties that happened to come upon the tapis; for each member was expected to communicate any thing out of the ordinary way he might chance to know: indeed, it was the business of the chairman at these suppers, and while the party were assembled around the table, to ask each member and stranger if he had any thing new to communicate; and I remember well, being called on by Sir Astley Cooper, at one of the suppers, to contribute my mite towards the general fund, and how much sensation was created by my detailing some of the plans of Dr. Physick in the treatment of surgical diseases, and the operations for the relief of others, peculiar to himself, from which he afterwards, in Europe and his own country, derived so much reputation. At the period referred to, Dr. Yellowly was in extensive business, enjoyed a considerable share of reputation as a London practitioner,

and was universally esteemed for his kind, conciliating manners, professional zeal, and information. He left London a few years since, and retired to his estate, Woodton Hall, near Bungay, in Suffolk, where he still resides, and enjoys to full extent, "otium cum dignitate," without any of the alloy arising from the turbulence and anxiety of a medical life; for having abandoned, entirely, the practice of the profession, he has full leisure to amuse himself with such specialities as may strike his fancy, and which, while they serve the purpose of employing his time, from being thoroughly investigated by such a mind, cannot fail to contribute, materially, as has been the case already in several instances, to the advancement of science and the essential improvement of his profession, practically as well as theoretically. From having known him formerly, then, and aware, subsequently, of his high reputation as a physician and a man, it was with peculiar pleasure I found him occupying the seat of honour, by presiding over any department of so renowned an institution as the British Association. The medical section, indeed, was opened by him with a short but very pithy, appropriate address, characterized by strong good sense, liberal and enlightened views, and breathing a spirit of kindness and beneficence which, evidently, came from the heart, and was reflected, strikingly, from his open, benevolent, and intelligent countenance. And from all I saw of him, upon this and other occasions, I could not avoid concluding, it would be difficult to meet with a more dignified, respectable personage; for with manners the most easy, fascinating, and graceful, with temper so admirably adjusted, and warmth of feeling and benevolence, so correspondingly displayed in all his actions, it



is easy to imagine the spell by which he collects about him all the members of the Association, old and young, and receives from each that good-humoured smile of approbation and homage that are always indicative of regard and admiration. At first sight, he forcibly recalled to my remembrance that venerable personage, who, for more than half a century, has not only watched over, with parental care and solicitude, the interests of this great city and its various institutions, and by his personal exertions, influence, example, and charities, raised hundreds of individuals from indigence and obscurity, and assisted them in elevating themselves to the most respectable stations in society, but, by his universal philanthropy, has received from strangers the well-merited cognomen of the "*Man of Ross*;" a personage who, though not belonging to our profession, has so closely identified himself with its interests, by extending the hand of friendship to many of its members "struggling for life among the waters," and by his intimacy with, and good offices towards the whole medical corps of our country, as to have diffused the belief, very general, in distant places and abroad, not only of his being a graduate, but for years engaged in extensive practice; so much so, that he received some years ago, under such impression, a diploma or certificate of membership from a distinguished foreign medical society—with all its accompanying insignia, decorations, and honours. I need hardly say, I allude to *Mr. John Vaughan*, the friend of Franklin and Priestley, the friend of the poor and distressed, the friend of the blind and the dumb, the friend of the orphan and the widow, the friend of youth and genius, the friend of literature and science, and the friend of human nature

itself. With the more pleasure I dwell upon these traits, from having myself received from the honoured personage mentioned, such signal favours, through letters to his respectable and influential relatives in England, as enabled me, by their kindness and unbounded hospitality, to avail myself of advantages I could not have easily obtained without, and caused me to feel, that in the great city of London—a little world of itself—a single document to Mr. William, or his enterprising and intelligent nephew, Mr. Petty Vaughan, was the only passport required.

But to return to Dr. Yellowly—of whom I had nearly lost sight in the contemplation of his interesting archetype—it may be sufficient, perhaps, to observe, that although not known to the profession by productions as voluminous as those of some of his contemporaries, and calculated to transmit his name with the same lustre and renown to posterity, that he will, nevertheless, be long remembered by the profession, for the extent and variety of his medical acquirements and erudition, for his sound discriminating judgment and practical talents, so often displayed in a long series of years, among private and hospital patients of the metropolis, but, above all, for the kind and conciliating address and courtesy with which he tempers and refines his professional avocations, with the still higher duties of a Christian and a man.

From numerous conversations, I had the advantage of holding with this distinguished gentleman, I found he was deeply interested in the subject of *deafness*; that he had been investigating, closely, its various causes, and the different instruments invented for its alleviation—particularly the numerous “*cornets*,” by Scott and others, one of which he himself wore, on account of personal afflic-

tion of the kind, and found more or less benefit from— with the view to publication. He was, also, he informed me, not less anxious to ascertain whether the Canadian, —Felix St. Martin,—upon whom our countryman, Dr. Beaumont, formerly of Albany, but now of St. Louis, Missouri, performed his experiments in relation to digestion, could be ferreted out, and prevailed upon to visit England, and subject himself to additional operations. So very desirous, indeed, was he to avail himself of the opportunity, which might not for a long time occur again, in an individual similarly situated, to carry out such investigations, as to make me promise to hunt up the person in question. Hitherto, unfortunately, my inquiries have proved unavailing; for all that Dr. Beaumont himself, as I have lately ascertained from him, can determine, is, that he is still living, and in the service of some of the fur companies either in the British or our own dominions. What, however, will go much further, than any thing else, probably, to make known his hiding-place, and induce him to visit Europe, is the fact, lately made public and extensively circulated, that, at one of the subsequent meetings of the British Association, a considerable sum of money has been appropriated to the object in question—at the suggestion, no doubt, of Dr. Yellowly, and others, interested in the advancement of physiological science.

The first paper read, before the medical section of the Association, was one by *Sir David Dickson*, detailing a remarkable case of rupture of the duodenum, produced by severe exertions in wrestling, another on ileus, and a third on phlegmonous erysipelas; after which an interesting account was given, by *Mr. Middlemore*, of cap-

*sular* cataract and its treatment—exhibiting, at the same time, a new and ingenious process for the removal of that membrane. With this gentleman—who, although quite a young man, has published a large and very elaborate work in two volumes, on diseases of the eye, from which he has derived considerable reputation—I had previously become acquainted, examined, at his house, various interesting pathological specimens, and formed a good opinion of his talents and acquirements, an opinion I, afterwards, found confirmed by his fellow-practitioners, who bore testimony to his enthusiasm, industry and accuracy, in every thing relating to his profession. The next day a paper was read by the same gentleman, detailing the successful result of an operation for artificial pupil, in which the transparent lens was attached to a staphyloma, a disease it was first necessary to remove by repeated punctures of the cornea, before the iris could be drawn through a section of that tunic and cut away.

*Dr. Foville*, of Paris, a tall, fine-looking man, about forty, next came forward, and after being introduced to the Association, in a few preparatory remarks, by his friend, *Dr. Hodgkin*, of London, read a paper on "*the anatomy of the brain*," in which he endeavoured to show that the mode of demonstrating that organ, first suggested by *Willis*, by manual separation, instead of section, was the only correct and satisfactory one; described the spinal marrow as consisting of two lateral portions; next the medulla oblongata; then the crura cerebri, of which he gave a minute account, out of the ordinary way; spoke of his discovery of certain circular white fibres connected with the optic and olfactory nerves and crus

cerebri, of pathological affections of the thalamus, and ended by demonstrating the *recent* brain, to illustrate his particular views and opinions.

*Dr. Macartney*, of Dublin, the celebrated professor of anatomy, then read a paper "*on hemorrhage*," and the means of arresting it; and, among other things, introduced to the notice of the Association, what he supposed to be an invention of his own ———, the *leaden ligature*. Having been accustomed, for nearly twenty years, to award to the late Dr. Physick the merit of that suggestion, and to detail the experiments, made, at my request, by Dr. Levert, of Mobile, in his thesis on that subject, published in the Philadelphia Journal of Medical Science, in 1829, and to exhibit to my class the preparations taken from the animals upon which the experiments were performed, I could not, without doing injustice to the memory of my distinguished countryman and friend, avoid stating his priority of claim, not for the purpose, however, of calling in question the originality of Dr. Macartney, but rather to sustain his positions, corroborated as they were, by the previous views of another, who had, also, been influenced by the same considerations — being led to propose such measures, from the simple fact of having observed that portions of lead often remained for a long time in the body without exciting irritation, or being productive of the slightest injury. In commenting upon the discussion that grew out of this statement, which, accidentally, reached the ear of the Marquis of Northampton, that nobleman, in a very long, spirited, extemporaneous address, he delivered at the close of the Association, and before the whole body assembled, took occasion, among other things, to say, that he considered

it one of the peculiar advantages of the institution, that persons were accustomed to assemble there from all parts of the world, and contributed, in many instances, to correct error, and communicate information on subjects which their own members, well-informed and learned as they were, too often had no idea of.

With great pleasure I, afterwards, listened to another paper by Dr. Macartney—on the rules for finding with exactness the position of the principal arteries and nerves, from their relations to the external forms of the body; founded upon the well-known principles applied by painters and sculptors to the proportions belonging to the *external* parts of the body, which are generally governed by the “primary relations of duplicates and thirds and their multiples;” differing from such measurements only in applying the same rules to the *internal* parts of the body, and selecting the course of the chief arteries and nerves as standards of that measurement. The idea is, undoubtedly, a beautiful one, and bears upon its face appearance of truth, and, for forty years, has been acted upon by Professor Macartney, as he stated, with decided advantage.

Having enjoyed the opportunity of conversing, at various times, and upon various subjects, with Dr. Macartney, I could not but form a high opinion of his intellectual powers and extensive information. He is, evidently, a deep thinker, reasons closely, upon most subjects, is so firm and tenacious in his opinions, and so stout in defending them, as not to be easily changed or beaten off. He is habitually grave and formal, sometimes disagreeably so, and never shows any of that sparkling vivacity, no matter how queer and ludicrous the subject, so well calcu-

lated to relieve, occasionally, the tedium of native seriousness or intense application ; but, on the contrary, seems to delight in the sobriety and sadness of his own contemplative musings, or so wrapped up in speculative earnestness as to be insensible, apparently, to the value of every thing beyond the pale of his own cogitations, whatever they may happen to be at the time. He is below the ordinary height, rather thin and bony than otherwise, remarkably plain in dress and appearance, and, although sufficiently neat and tidy, very old-fashioned in habiliments, and might easily be taken, from his doleful countenance, for a little country schoolmaster, who had been whipping the boys and felt sorry for it. By this time he must have reached his sixty-fifth or seventieth year, but was as eccentric and as old, probably, in constitution and habits, forty years ago as he is now. He appeared to be held by his brethren, young and old, in equal respect and awe, and I thought I could perceive a disposition, when opportunity offered, to escape, silyly, from the freezing atmosphere his acute but formal manners threw around him, and that, however much they might have valued the substantial information, they never failed to obtain from his conversation, they would have deemed it more savoury if served up with rather less of the "squidge of the limon." Upon the whole, to be an Irishman, as Dr. Macartney is, and to possess such attributes, is an anomaly not easily reconciled to the notions one forms of that shrewd, spirited, sensible, kind-hearted, talented, merry-making nation.

One of the most ingenious papers I heard read before the medical section, was by *Dr. Blackiston*, a practitioner of Birmingham, whose acquaintance I afterwards formed

by dining in his company at the house of Mr. Vanwart—an American gentleman long settled in the same town, whose kind attentions to his countrymen, and especially to the admirers of his distinguished brother-in-law, Mr. Washington Irving, have always procured for him their gratitude and esteem—whose valuable services to the Association were duly appreciated by all who had occasion to avail themselves of them. The paper referred to was “On the Sounds produced by respiration, and on the Voice,” in which some very novel views and experiments were said to have been detailed—tending to prove, seemingly, that the subject, however closely investigated by distinguished French writers, such as Laennec, Andral, Louis and others, was far from being exhausted, and rendering it not less probable that Dr. Blackiston was unacquainted with the extent of the luminous, philosophical and original views of our distinguished townsman, Dr. James Rush, as displayed in his matchless treatise on the human voice.

Of the different Birmingham surgeons, I saw and became known to, there was no one from whose society I derived so much satisfaction as that of *Mr. Joseph Hodgson*, so celebrated, everywhere, for his very elaborate, lucid, and valuable pathological and practical work on *aneurism*. Although exceedingly engaged, both with the affairs of the Association and his own private professional calls, and, withal, rather indisposed, he exerted himself, strenuously, not only to entertain the numerous friends who, as guests, occupied his large and hospitable mansion, but appeared peculiarly solicitous to extend his good offices to strangers of every country, whether belonging to his own profession or not. Among others, I had the



good fortune to come in for a full share of his attention ; and not only so, but, through his courtesy and kind consideration, had the additional gratification of being introduced to many of his distinguished friends in all the departments—to Drs. Neill Arnott and Hodgkin, Mr. Leonard Horner, brother of the late celebrated Francis Horner, well known by his writings in the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Gray of the British Museum, Mr. Whitson, the distinguished naturalist and chemist, and many others ; and through his instrumentality, also, was added to the committee of the medical section. Before this, he had appeared, upon several occasions, as a speaker on questions of interesting character, elicited by the different papers read, and always showed to advantage, both from his modest and unassuming address and from the clearness, force, and simplicity of his statements, theoretical and practical, all which, as they came from his lips, were as clear as a crystal, and so intelligible as to satisfy, at once, every hearer. His papers too, read before the section, were strongly marked by sound and cogent reasoning, great precision, appropriate illustration, and that sort of mathematical certainty and demonstration, joined to happiness of conception, as to impress every one with the idea,

“ Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.”

His paper “ On the red appearance of the internal coat of the Arteries” was interesting, and his statement of the causes most satisfactory—showing it to be very different from the effect of inflammation ; in many instances proving it to exist in subjects of every age, in healthy and

unhealthy arteries, in the heart, and in the lining membrane of veins; and tracing it, in other cases, to percolation or imbibition of blood and other fluids, before or after death.

The appearance of Mr. Hodgson is striking, peculiar, and interesting, so much so, as to induce me to sketch him and his friend Dr. Arnott, as they sat together, before I knew the names of either. He is of the usual height, rather stout than otherwise, about fifty years of age, with large head, expanded forehead, prominent blue eyes, thin, straight, yellowish hair, expression peculiarly benign and agreeable, and manners singularly quiet, gentleman-like, and unostentatious. In short, just such a man, as I should have expected the author of the treatise on "Aneurism and Wounded Arteries" to be.

*Dr. Neill Arnott*, of whom I have just spoken, I met, repeatedly, at Mr. Hodgson's table. He is author of the well-known work, "*Elements of Physics*," and to say this, and nothing more, would of itself speak volumes in his praise. He remained only two or three days at the Association, being called to London, where he resides, on important professional business. I saw enough of him, however, to satisfy me of his being not only a very scientific and practical surgeon, but, in every respect, an uncommonly sensible man. With open, animated, expressive features, an eye "like the dark rolling Danube," large, thick, aquiline nose, olive-brown complexion, and cast of countenance decidedly Spanish, he joins to a rather stout and seemingly vigorous frame, an unusual share of the "*suaviter in modo et fortiter in re*," well calculated to create the popularity and respect so deservedly his due.

*Dr. Roget*, an eminent London practitioner, author of useful scientific works, and numerous essays, chiefly physiological and chemical, was a constant attendant upon the medical and other sections of the Association. I had met him, repeatedly, in former days, at the house of Dr. Marcet, in London, and at the soirées of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and took great pleasure in renewing my acquaintance with one who, even at that early period, had given unequivocal evidence of the literary and scientific destiny awaiting him. He is nephew to the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and descendant of a long and honoured line of literary and scientific ancestors, of French and Swiss origin. In person he is tall, thin, and delicate, but appears to enjoy good health, and is about sixty years of age. His physiognomy is remarkably mild and prepossessing, verging towards that degree of pensiveness generally accompanying refinement; which it is evident, indeed, from his polished, quiet, and unpretending manners, he possesses in an eminent degree. Making allowance for difference of age, he bears a close resemblance to our intelligent friend Dr. R. L. R . . . e.

*Dr. Golding Bird*, a small, thin, active, very youthful looking man, full of angularities and almost vermicular in his motions, was among the prominent speakers of the medical section, where he read a paper "On poisoning by the vapours of burning charcoal." He appeared to possess an acute, logical mind and ample stores of information, but was so rapid and head-over-heels in his elocution, so constantly employed in recalling words and remodelling sentences, so intent on tawdry tropes and incongruous metaphors, as to give one, not unfrequently, the idea of "a steam-engine without a condenser." I did

not form his acquaintance, but found him spoken of, generally, as a man of considerable talent and promise, of immense ambition, and of no small share of amiable self-esteem, either of which, with half the real merits he possessed, would place him, ere long, prominently in the lists of fame. That there was even then, young as he was, a great deal in him, if means could be devised of bringing it out, in proper shape and form, I had not the slightest hesitation to believe; for he had all the vivacity, and spirit of Farraday, but wanted those smooth, well-turned sentences, and simple, ingenious, unhesitating elocution and illustration, that make the latter, unquestionably, one of the most popular speakers and effective lecturers any country ever produced; rendering him not inferior to the celebrated Murray of Edinburgh, of whom he reminded me, indeed, more than any public speaker I ever had the good fortune to hear.

Another contributor, also, to the medical section was *Mr. A. Naysmith*, an eminent dentist of London, who, from two ingenious papers on the "*Microscopic Structure and Epithelium of the Teeth*," gained considerable reputation. It struck me, however, at the time, that some of the views taken by that gentleman, and the experiments detailed, were not altogether novel; and upon reflecting, afterwards, on the subject, I remembered that *Mr. Horace H. Hayden*, a very experienced and scientific dentist of Baltimore, had published, fifteen or twenty years ago, similar opinions, and sustained them by numerous and very apposite illustrations. I mention this, not to detract from the merit of Mr. Naysmith, a gentleman of great liberality and candour, and of the highest professional and scientific character—evidence of which I possessed from

having formed his acquaintance through my friend, Mr. Samuel Cooper, at whose table I first met him, and from the reports of other professional men in London—and who, I am very sure, could not have seen Mr. Hayden's essays—but merely to do justice to an American who has long been, deservedly, at the head of his profession in the United States, and has distinguished himself in other departments of science, besides those immediately connected with his vocation.

Other papers were read before the Association, by Dr. R. D. Thomson, "*On Alkaline Indigestion*," by Dr. Costello on "*Lithotrity*," Dr. Guterbock on instruments made of "*Softened Ivory*," by Dr. Inglis on "*Smallpox*," by Mr. Evans on "*Spina Bifida*," by Sir James Murray on "*Fluid Magnesia*," by Mr. Coathupe on "*Deteriorated Atmospheres*," and on the "*New Vaccine Virus*," by Mr. Estlin; of which last I have spoken upon a former occasion. Neither of these, however, I heard read, from my time having been taken up with attendance upon some of the other sections; especially that of zoology and botany—where I had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting paper, by my old acquaintance and fellow-student at Edinburgh, *Dr. Pritchard*, on the means of preventing the extinction of the human race, and especially the aborigines.

This question has, at all times, engaged the attention and excited the sympathies of a large portion of the intelligent British population, among whom an association has been formed, under the name of the "*Aborigines Protection Society*." It being known, therefore, that Dr. Pritchard, so renowned for his extensive researches into the history of the human race, would address the zoolo-

gical and botanical section on that subject, crowds of most respectable people, male and female, assembled at an early hour, and completely filled, in a short time, the spacious apartment. After the address, which was very forcible and pertinent, a debate followed upon the question, and was kept up for a considerable time, between Dr. Daubeny, the celebrated Oxford professor, Mr. Watson, the phrenologist, Mr. Wilde, Dr. Hodgkin, Mr. Hall, and Mr. George Thomson—the latter personally well known in this country as an abolitionist. Unable to obtain a seat, I had been standing, for some time, in a conspicuous situation, when I received a message from Mr. Gray, one of the chairmen, to advance to the platform, on which the officers were seated, and address the meeting. Unwilling to enter into a controversy, which was waxing warmer and warmer, and evidently approaching to fierceness on the part, at least, of some of the gentlemen, I declined the proposal, and turned, with the view of making the best of my way out of the Association, when Dr. Pritchard arose, and calling upon me loudly by name, requested that I would oblige the assembly by coming forward and settling, from personal knowledge, some of the mooted points under discussion. Thus caught in a dilemma, but finding no means of escape, I was obliged, reluctantly, to mount the rostrum and make a speech, and had the satisfaction of receiving, for my pains, especially from Mr. Thomson, a straggling fire—about Indian and African persecution in the United States—which I returned, with interest, but not without bringing a hornet's nest about my ears from all quarters, especially when I proposed, to the Quaker ladies present, to adopt Red Jacket's plan to Mr. Jeffer-

son—to intermarry the Indians and whites,—and to set the example of sending out respectable spinsters from the British Isles to commence operations with. After which, having observed Professor Tucker of the University of Virginia in the room, I called upon him aloud to come and take my place, and answer certain questions, I acknowledged I could not, for want of that statistical information, which I was sure he possessed—being glad to make my escape, and return to my more appropriate sphere, the medical section, just waiting long enough, however, to see my friend fairly under weigh with every prospect of a brush on abolitionism and phrenology, such as would give him an appetite for his dinner the same day, at our friend Mr. Vanwart's. He managed, however, I afterwards understood, to dispose of the questions propounded in a very summary manner, by presenting facts of so irrefragable a character, and by sticking to them so tenaciously, as to confound and silence even Mr. Thomson himself, who is considered in England and Scotland, on such subjects, “a hard nag to beat;” for although he had been some months before reduced, literally, to shreds and tatters, and scattered in fragments to the winds of heaven,

“ Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn,”

by the Reverend Mr. Breckenridge of Baltimore, it was acknowledged, on all hands, that he stoutly maintained his ground, and was able, at last, certainly, “*to keep the field.*”

Dr. Pritchard is about fifty years of age, is a short, compact, close-made man, with bluish-gray eyes, large

and prominent features, and expression uncommonly mild, open and benevolent; so much so, that almost any one would naturally inquire who he was. His hair is thin and scattering, and so white as to make him look older than he is, whereas, in former days, it was light chesnut, and so remarkably thick, bushy, and upright, as to form one of his striking characteristics. In dress he is singularly plain, simple and unostentatious, and, if in drab attire, might pass, readily, for a Quaker. Starchness and formality, however, make no ingredient in his composition. On the contrary he is very cheerful, sociable, frank, easy and unpretending, in his discourse and manners, and has so much modesty, artlessness, and childlike simplicity, about him, that no one would be prepared to say, upon slight acquaintance, that he was any thing more than an ordinary, sensible, well-disposed man, however much they might be pleased, which they could not fail to be, with his benign and agreeable countenance. But it is impossible to be in his company long, and to hear him talk on any subject, without being strongly impressed with the depth and originality of his views, his sterling good sense and wisdom, his profound and varied information, his clear and luminous conceptions, his ardent and unbounded love of science, his extreme liberality towards every nation under the sun, his entire freedom from envy or jealousy of any description, and from professional rivalry and bitterness, his singleness of purpose, his goodness of heart, and his reverence for all the duties that belong to a Christian, an accountable being, and a man. Many of these thoughts crossed my mind during an evening spent with him, in long and close conversation, at a large literary party at Dr. Crumpton's, upon the plan of our



Wistar's—but differing from them in permitting ladies to contribute their portion to the entertainment, instead of excluding them, as we are wont—in afterwards accompanying him home, and, finally, at his own house in Bristol. He expressed great curiosity about our country; asked a thousand questions concerning our great men, institutions, mighty rivers and lakes, organic remains, Indians, negroes, buffaloes; said how much pleasure it would give him to roam through our tangled brakes, and endless forests; to sweep over our vast and almost illimitable prairies; to scan our mighty mountains and cataracts, and to stand where the white man had scarcely ever stood before; at all which his handsome and accomplished wife, and their large and interesting family, of ten or twelve well-grown, comely, and most intelligent children, laughed immoderately—at the very idea of a man of his age, and large practice, and numerous avocations, laying aside such employments, and in sober seriousness, being so romantic and so enthusiastic, as to express, even, jocosely, such impossibilities.

Dr. Pritchard is so well known at Bristol, where he resides, and throughout Europe, for his scientific pursuits, and for his valuable publications on the collateral branches, as to induce me to ask, if such studies never interfered with his professional business, by inducing his patients to believe that he did not devote sufficient time to his legitimate and proper concerns; to which he replied, certainly not, for although he every now and then came out with a book, or paper, on natural history, or some similar subject, he next appeared, perhaps, with a work on insanity, or something else so closely connected with his business, as to render it impossible for such an

idea ever to enter their heads; and that, at any rate, so far from proving injurious, he believed it would be considered, by most of them, good ground for strengthening their confidence; inasmuch, as the more diversified and extended a man's knowledge was, provided he did not neglect his profession, the more entitled he should be to the character of a good physician. He asked numerous questions, also, respecting the late Mr. Jefferson; inquired, eagerly, after Mr. Duponceau, with whom he had corresponded, and took great delight, seemingly, in the prospect of soon receiving the forthcoming work of our townsman, Dr. Morton—" *A comparative view of the Skulls of various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America*"—said he had received some of the plates and letter press, and argued most favourably, therefrom, of the whole. I need hardly say, that this large, valuable and truly scientific work, has since appeared, is every way worthy the high character of the author, extremely creditable to the country, and has been dedicated, as it should have been, to the man most worthy of the compliment—to Dr. Pritchard himself.

I mentioned, awhile ago, the name of *Dr. Hodgkin*, of London. He was among the prominent members of the medical and some other sections of the Association, and, although quite a young man, bids fair soon to occupy elevated ground in the profession, if he does not, indeed, do so already. He belongs to the society of Friends, has received a very finished education, and appears in all the primitive simplicity of his sect, as regards dress, language and manners. In appearance he is very peculiar and striking, being rather below the usual height, remarkably thin, straight as a ramrod, with dark piercing eyes, and

such extraordinary convexity of the nose and other lineaments as never to be forgotten when once seen. His disposition appears to be very mild and conciliating, but mixed up with gravity and firmness, in such proportions, as to make him very efficient in any thing he undertakes, and not to be easily turned aside by coaxing or flattery, or any of the other palatable provocatives so readily swallowed, sometimes, by the wisest and best of men. In other words, he is a very shrewd, sensible, hard-working, cautious man, full of enthusiasm in his profession, very honest in all his intentions, of excellent feelings, high-minded and honourable, and bent upon distinction, which he will be sure at no distant day to enjoy to his heart's content. With such qualities, no wonder he should have been a favourite, for I scarcely ever saw him approach a knot of medical worthies without being greeted in the kindest manner; and no man, at the regular sittings of the sections, received, upon all occasions, more respectful attention. Except in being younger, he is the exact prototype, so far as appearance is concerned, of Mr. H. Z . . . . . r of Pine Street.

With great pleasure I formed the acquaintance of a talented member of the British Association—*Mr. J. Goodsir*, a young Scotch surgeon settled in London. He appears to be following the footsteps of his friend Mr. Naysmith, for he read before the section of "*Zoology and Botany*" a most interesting paper "On the follicular stage of dentition in the Ruminants," which attracted great attention, and was afterwards very favourably spoken of by all the members conversant with the subject. Seemingly very young, and, indeed, looking almost like a boy, he appears to be a general favourite, arising, no doubt,

from his peculiarly modest and unassuming manners, combined with extraordinary intelligence and excellent qualities of the heart. He is tall, very thin, and extremely active, with dark hair and prominent black eyes, and is destined, I am very sure, to shine conspicuously in the scientific and practical departments of the profession.

*Professor Graham* of London, formerly of Glasgow, one of the vice-presidents of the zoological and botanical section, I saw much of, and, indeed, spent a whole morning with in exploring the various manufactories of Birmingham. He, also, is quite a young man, but of small stature, thin and delicate, and so fragile, apparently, in constitution, as to render it very doubtful, whether mind may not so far predominate over matter as to wear him out prematurely. His countenance is open and expressive, his eyes and hair very dark, his complexion sallow, and his voice, at times, feeble and tremulous. His reputation, as a man, a writer, a teacher, and theoretical and practical chemist, is very high, and, as far as I could judge, deservedly so.

On Monday evening, the 26th of August, the day, as I have before stated, the Association may be said to have commenced, all the members and strangers assembled at the *Town Hall*,—a building of immense size, capable of containing several thousand people—and listened to a very long and interesting scientific address from the *Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt*, the object of which was, partly, to demonstrate the incalculable benefits that had been the result of the formation of the British Association, but in an especial manner, to do justice to the memory of one of the greatest philosophers England ever produced—*Cavendish*; and to show, by most sub-

stantial and irrefragable evidence, that the laurels, which *M. Arago* had lately attempted to place upon the brow of their illustrious countryman *Watt*—unquestionable, and almost unexampled as his merits were in other matters relating to science—were, in this instance at least, as unmerited as they were unjust, and belonged, exclusively, to the “unambitious and unassuming” Cavendish. “Lavoisier,” said he, “was the first to introduce into chemistry a juster language and a safer manner of stating facts; he caught sight of a principle, which has since been laid down by Davy as a general proposition, and has contributed much to the distinctness of chemical science,—the principle, that every body is to be reasoned about as simple till it has been proved, by direct evidence, to be compound. To Cavendish, trained in the rules of demonstration, and gifted with a sagacity and clearness of conception beyond his fellows, hypothetical thoughts and expressions were no stumbling-block; and he seems, therefore, not to have felt how great an obstacle they present to the general movement of science, as it floats upon the tide of a thousand understandings. If the question then be, who reformed the expressions and logic of chemistry, or who furnished the simple terms in which we now state the elements of water? the answer is, Lavoisier; but if it be, who discerned and unfolded the most important facts on which that reformation relied? who detected and proved the composition of water, and deduced the train of corollaries which flowed from it? the answer is, Cavendish.” Again: “Since the death of Newton, says Sir Humphry Davy, England has sustained no scientific loss so great as that of Cavendish: his name will be an object of more veneration, in future ages, than

at the present moment; though it was unknown in the busy scenes of life, or in the popular discussions of the day, it will remain illustrious in the annals of science, which are as imperishable as that nature to which they belong; it will be an immortal honour to his house, to his age, and to his country." These and numerous illustrations, to support the proposition with which the renowned and learned gentleman set out, followed up by a long train of the most striking facts and conclusive reasoning, drew, from his delighted and attentive audience, loud and reiterated plaudits, and even from the countrymen of Lavoisier and Watt, many of whom were present.

Unfortunately for the speaker, and some of the audience, he was labouring under severe indisposition, rendered very evident by the peculiarity of his elocution and the weakened and drawling tones of his voice, calculated not to reach remote hearers, or, if so, to fall upon the tympanum in discordant and unnatural vibrations. Some, not aware of the cause, became restless and attempted to escape, but, owing to the density of the crowd, found it impossible to effect their retreat; others vented their displeasure in audible murmurs, and I overheard a neighbouring Hibernian exclaim, "Dear me, what shall I do—that whining parson will drive me mad—James, my lad, do you see how he's mouthing it?—Och, and the divil take the consate of these Englishmen—And that blackguard L. . . . r tould me this morning, before the whole section, he would'nt answer me. Ye won't, said I, and thin I'll just give ye a bit of my mind. So I let drive at him, any how—Faix, he continued, that's a tall fellow

yonder—He must be one of those Kentucky chaps we were discoursing about yesterday.”

As the meetings of the different sections were held only during the day, commencing, generally, at nine in the morning and terminating about four in the afternoon, the time of the members was afterwards filled up, either in dining out in small parties, at the houses of citizens, who were generally very hospitable, at private soirées, or at the public ones in the Town Hall, two or three of which last were held during the week. Such was the crowd, however, at these public meetings, as to render it almost impossible to remain long without suffering from pressure, or experiencing great inconvenience from breathing the heated and deteriorated atmosphere engendered by the mixture of so many people of all sexes, ages, and classes, heterogeneously huddled together and shouldering each other from necessity, followed by the displacement of caps, curls, and wigs, the tearing of flounces and coats; reminding me, forcibly, of a similar squeeze I once experienced at an “*Athenian lecture*,” in our own city, “*On instinct*,” where, from having been so closely wedged for an hour and a half in a square column of several hundred persons, without the possibility of bending a toe or straightening a finger, I was so exhausted for want of breath, and so melted by the intense heat, as to exclaim, upon reaching the open air—in reply to the question put by my friend the speaker, how I liked his lecture—that “*my instinct would never carry me to such a place again*,” — with the salvo, however, that I could not fail to be pleased with the discourse, after the *warm* reception I had met from himself and

audience! So it was with the Birmingham rout—one visit being enough to satisfy me, that nothing could be obtained short of the forcible compression of a cider or wine press; and cause me to remember the scene that followed a concourse of several hundred thousand people, in December 1837, in the Champs de Mars, twenty-five of whom, it afterwards appeared, had been literally crushed, but for several hours were carried along, after death, in the upright position, for want of space to drop down; most of whose chests, as afterwards ascertained by Dr. Olivier of Angers, were flattened like a plank, and each rib cracked in numerous places. A very comfortable reflection for one aware of the possibility of such result!! A single visit, then, to such a place was sufficient, notwithstanding the fine music from a London band of celebrated performers and amateurs, joined to the valuable assistance of Birmingham dilettanti. After this, my time was spent at the private soirées, where I could enjoy the conversation, as at our own Wistar parties, of any of the eminent persons I might be disposed to select.

On Thursday, the 29th of August, the members of the different sections, amounting to twelve or fifteen hundred, sat down at six o'clock to a dinner served at the Town Hall. The president, the *Reverend Vernon Harcourt*, from previous exertions in delivering his address, being indisposed and unable to attend, the *Marquis of Northampton*, as one of the vice-presidents, occupied his place, and seated in the centre of an elevated platform at one end of the room, supported on the right and left by the other officers of the Association and other distinguished persons and strangers, opened the meeting by a speech



characterized by great fluency and force. This was followed by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Smith, after which "*non nobis*" was struck up by the choir in the gallery, consisting of nearly a hundred ladies and gentlemen, and produced the most thrilling sensations and powerful effect. To this succeeded the toast, the "*Queen and Royal family*," which was drank with enthusiastic applause, and responded to by the choir with "God save the Queen." Other toasts then followed in rapid succession, and, after each, a speech from the Marquis, which, though in general happily conceived and delivered with great fluency, and effect—sparkling incessantly with wit and brilliant images—was, upon the whole, too long, and, from almost any other man, would have been checked without ceremony; but he was a great favourite with all the members, and really possessed so much genuine wit, quickness, vivacity, solid information, such a fund of good humour and pleasantry, and was so entirely divested of every thing like English arrogance, Scotch assurance, or Irish impudence, as to render it impossible for any one to find fault with him; and, independently of his high rank, which seemed completely merged upon the occasion, would, in any country or before any assembly, have produced a most powerful impression, by his mental, if not by his personal accomplishments.

He is a small, attenuated man, as quick as lightning in all his motions, with piercing black eyes, that peep through lids nearly closed, sharp features, and delicate, tapering nose, the tip of which seems to move from right to left and keep time with the brilliant thoughts that are scattered, incessantly, from lips that seem to give more expression to his animated, laughing face

than any other feature belonging to it. In size, figure, countenance, and action, he reminded me more of our friend and townsman, Col. J. P. W . . . . . l, than any man I saw abroad.

After the few leading toasts had been announced, commented upon, and disposed of, *Professor Whewell* rose and lauded, in measured terms, the efforts of the Marquis, and, though not very happy in his style and address, produced, owing to the popularity of the theme, considerable effect. He was soon followed by the *Rev. Dr. Buckland*, so celebrated, all over the world, for his extraordinary mental powers, the extent and variety of his information, and for the very large share he has had in rescuing geological science from the chaotic mass in which it was involved a few years back, and placing it upon the elevated ground it now occupies. I had heard this gentleman several times before, and once, especially, when he appeared before the medical section, and delivered an address, upon the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Medical School of Birmingham, in which, with great eloquence and force, for more than an hour, he endeavoured to demonstrate the importance of connecting medicine with geology, comparative anatomy, natural history in all its branches, and other kindred sciences; in which, also, he paid a very handsome compliment to the different American States, for appointing men of science to explore the country and make geological and other surveys, and reflected severely on his own government for not pursuing the same course; the whole address being marked with great simplicity, purity, and clearness, and not less distinguished for the free,

easy, and uninterrupted flow of words and sentences, which came out perfect from the first, as if they had been cast in a mould or stamped by the die, so beautifully and so quickly as to require no alteration—contrasting, strikingly, with the speeches of some of his associates upon the same occasion, one or two of which were so crippled and hobbling, as to excite commiseration rather than pleasure or satisfaction—good as their matter was, and undoubted their talents and information.

But the address which I had now the pleasure to listen to, before the united assembly of the different sections, in which all the great talent of the numerous members was embodied and concentrated, as it were, into a nutshell, was a more splendid effort, still, than the one I had previously heard, called forth, as it was, no doubt, by the consciousness, on the part of the speaker, of being expected to exert himself upon this more extended arena, and warmed, as he could not fail to have been, by the glow of enthusiasm springing from the all powerful stimulus of having the eyes of one of the most august assemblies upon earth turned upon him, with the entire conviction, on their part, that he was willing and able to sustain their institutions and their country in the face of strangers and the world, as powerfully and as effectually as any champion they could have selected from the literary and scientific ranks of their whole corps, or from the great nation to which they belonged.

It so happened I was near Dr. Buckland, and all the principal speakers, and could, therefore, hear, and almost see, every word as it came glowing from his lips, so rounded and smoothed, and polished, so distinct,

tangible, well-turned and finished, as to appear like the product of the lathe or steam engine, or other wonderful apparatus of human ingenuity. And the whole figure and appearance of the man seemed to correspond with the burning thoughts and bright scintillations perpetually emitted from his all powerful and vigorous mind; for there he stood like the gnarled oak, which had cast anchor in the rifted rock, and seemed to defy the storms that might rage around him. Or, in plain terms, Dr. Buckland is so very muscular, so well put together in all his bones and joints, so braced and supported by tendons and ligaments, so broad-shouldered, brawny in all the limbs, and quick and springy in all his actions, as to be easily mistaken for a member of some more hardy or laborious profession; so much so, that if I had seen such a man in by-gone days, in the days of the Cribbs, and the Jacksons, and the Gregsons, and of George the brewer, I should have said at once he belonged to the fraternity. With all this vigour of frame, however, there is something about him very far from denoting coarseness of fibre or vulgarity of expression. On the contrary, his head is large, finely modelled, his eye dark, full, rolling, and very expressive, his countenance open, animated, intelligent, his voice clear, deep, sonorous, susceptible of great modulation, so distinct and emphatic, as to be heard at a great distance, and every word and sentence understood as well, as if the listener were sitting beside him. In some respects, he reminded me more of Dugald Stewart, in face, figure, manner, style of elocution, and in the effect produced upon his auditors, than any speaker I ever saw or listened to. After enchaining the attention of his audience for twenty minutes, with the most agreeable,

and entertaining, and sensible declamation, he suddenly turned, and fixing his rolling orbs upon, and directing his sinewy arm towards his friend, Mr. Hallam, the "*middle-age*"\* gentleman, as he wittily called him, who sat opposite, and at a distance, paid him some well-merited compliments, and concluded by calling upon him for a speech—saying, he well knew that no man among them was better calculated to address such an assembly, both on account of his varied powers, fine elocution, calmness, self-possession, undaunted resolution, facility of communicating his thoughts, and long habit and practice of public speaking before large bodies.

Happening to be in immediate vicinity and full view of Mr. Hallam, my attention was instantly turned, as was that of the whole audience, and fastened upon him, and it was easy to see, in a moment, from his agitation and contortions, and queer expression of countenance, from which the colour came and went with the utmost rapidity, that he was a very different person, in most respects, from what his friend Buckland had represented, and that so far from being the self-possessed, calm, "*middle-age gentleman,*" accustomed to public speaking, he was in reality a very diffident, nervous, timid sort of a man, who would as soon have put his arm into the fire, or stormed a battery, as to have attempted to make a speech on such occasion. Accordingly, after in vain making signs, imploringly, by extending his hands towards his friend and persecutor, to stop his ironical compliments, he endeavoured, by crouching and retiring

\* Author of the work called "*Middle Ages.*"

behind some of the company beside him, to escape observation. But without effect, for instantly there was a cry, loud, resounding and universal, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Hallam, middle-aged Mr. Hallam, a speech from Mr. Hallam; so that the poor gentleman, with a face the colour of crimson, and his fine tall figure reduced to half its dimensions, was most reluctantly forced from his nest and hiding-place, and, after bowing and nodding, and dodging, from right to left, putting one hand before him and the other behind, and hemming and hawing, was able, by and by, to muster sufficient courage, to tell the audience, almost in a whisper, that he really had no such pretensions as his friend had lavished upon him, that his occupation was literature, not public speaking, that he felt very sorry to disappoint them, but really he had been as much taken by surprise as if a thunderbolt from heaven had dropped at his feet, that he had not the most remote conception that his valued friend would have called upon him at such a time; during the whole of which there sat Buckland nearly splitting his portly sides with laughter, pitching and rolling like a ship at sea, spreading the broad canvass of his fine risible features, booming out his arms, stretching his mouth from ear to ear, and nearly thrown into convulsions, at the mischief and confusion his waggery had created. All this, however, as he well knew, could have no injurious effect, possibly, upon his friend, Hallam, whose reputation was too firmly established in the estimation of every one present, and, indeed, all over the kingdom, as a man of splendid abilities, most finished education, and varied information and learning, to be affected in the slightest degree by any jocularities of the kind; and I

only mention the circumstance to give an idea of the characteristics of the two men; to prove there is, necessarily, no incompatibility between extraordinary mental endowments, profound learning, and occasional indulgence in merriment—which, indeed, often serves the salutary purpose, through relaxation of mind, of bracing the nervous system, invigorating the frame, and of enabling persons so constituted, as to enjoy “trifles light as air,” not only to promote health and prolong life, but to return with increased vigour to arduous and important duties, and in the end to accomplish a vast deal more, and in half the time, than if they had jogged along in the old-fashioned, plodding way, and laid themselves out by assumed dignity, and formal, starch gravity and antiquated manners, to acquire reputation. These things are much better understood in Europe than with us, where most classes of people, professional among others, have their periods of labour and of rest, work hard and faithfully for a given time, and then, like Davy, Bell, Cooper, or Copeland, fish—like Crampton or Liston, hunt—like Abernethy or Buckland, joke; and, in the end, are no worse, only verifying the old and wise maxim—

“*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*”

After Mr. Hallam had finished his almost inaudible remarks, the Marquis of Northampton rose and said, I have now, gentlemen, to propose, and I do it with very great pleasure and satisfaction, the health of a distinguished gentleman from the other side of the Atlantic, a gentleman I have intimately known since his sojourn among us, of whose talents I have formed the highest

opinion, and of the excellence of whose heart I have never entertained but one sentiment; and coming, as he does, from that great country, from that vast continent peopled, chiefly, by our own ancestors, I cannot look upon in the light of a foreigner, but as one of our own brethren; and his country, cleared, and planted, and rescued originally from the wilderness by British bone and sinew, as endeared to our country by the strongest ties of relationship and affection, strengthened by the all-pervading influence of intercourse and language, and by interests so identified as almost to be inseparable. With these sentiments—which, I assure you, spring from the bottom of my heart—allow me to propose to you “*Mr. Stevenson and the United States of America.*”

This toast was immediately followed by long, loud, and enthusiastic cheers. After they had subsided, Mr. Stevenson, who occupied a seat adjoining that of the Marquis, on his right, rose, and poured forth one of the most touching and eloquent appeals I ever listened to; which produced an astounding effect upon all present—being full of point and force, and delivered with equal fire, vehemence, and action—and, joined to his fine, commanding figure, high tone, and confidence in himself, together with his rich, varied, racy declamation, astonished even his friends; who, accustomed as they were to his reputation for that species of eloquence at home, could hardly believe their senses, so surpassingly great were the powers he displayed. What followed may easily be conceived—tremendous, long-continued, reiterated, rapturous bursts of applause. One little white-haired Scotchman, half seas over, was so carried away by enthusiasm,



as to spring upon the table and shout, at the top of his voice, *encore, encore, encore!*

The next day was chiefly spent in company of Mr. Stevenson, Hodgson, Vanwart, and other friends, at the "*model-room,*" in the examination of ingenious machinery, manufactures and implements of every description; which exhibited, in miniature, not only the products of the Birmingham manufactories, but those of the kingdom, conjoined with a few specimens of French frippery, and a moderate "sprinkling of Yankee notions." Having satisfied my curiosity in such matters, I next rode to the *Birmingham Hospital*, an old-fashioned building of moderate dimensions, containing numerous, small, but well-kept wards, a neat operating theatre, furnished with many useful appliances; then scoured the town in every direction, hunting up manufactories that had previously escaped my notice, walked through the neat and comfortable cottages in the suburbs, with their small, but well-cultivated grounds and gardens, erected and laid out for the labouring poor, who rent them for a very small sum, and are able, by the products of the soil, almost to support their families; and then, after taking leave of the many valuable acquaintances I had made, joined my friend, *Mr. Estlin*, and started in the mail for Bristol—his home.

The *front* seat of an English mail-coach is a great luxury, and sought after as eagerly as the *back* seat of a similar vehicle in our own country—and the reason of it very obvious; for it is not only easier, from the peculiar construction, but effectually guards against draught, to which a person, with his face towards the horses, is exposed, especially when whirled along, on the fine roads, at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles

an hour—so that a cold or sore throat is almost the inevitable consequence. Both my friend Estlin and myself, therefore, were disappointed, upon reaching the coach-office at the “Hen and Chickens,” to find that seat occupied; our consolation being, however, that it was filled by two very respectable persons—one a young lady, Miss G . . . . . m of Gloucester, who had been attending the geological and botanical sections—not an uncommon circumstance among English literary ladies—as an amateur; and the other by a good-looking Irish gentleman. Miss G . . . . . m, we discovered, before riding many miles, was not only deeply versed in geology and kindred studies, but was a perfect historian, so that we had nothing to do, upon reaching each town, or passing any remarkable objects, but call her attention to them, and were sure to obtain an accurate and circumstantial account of each. The first town of consequence we passed through, after leaving Birmingham, was *Bromesgrove*, on the Salwarp river, distant ten or twelve miles from the former place, containing about nine thousand inhabitants, most of whom are employed in the manufacture of needles. There appeared to be but one street, and that very long and narrow, containing very old and curiously ornamented houses. On an eminence, beautifully situated, we observed a very handsome gothic church, with tower and spire, and were told, by our intelligent companion, it contained some very ancient monuments of the Talbots, and that the windows were ornamented by beautiful specimens of stained glass. She also mentioned that *Hewell Grange*, the splendid seat of the Earl of Plymouth, was in the neighbourhood. Six or eight miles beyond Bromesgrove we passed through

*Droitwich*, a small town, containing only about two thousand inhabitants, but which, for ages, has been remarkable for its salt-works. In its vicinity are seen *Ombersley Court* and *Hanbury Hall*, the former the seat of the Marchioness of Downshire. After a ride of twenty-five miles we entered *Worcester*, a large and handsome town on the banks of the *Severn*, famous for its fine cathedral—containing the tombs of King John, Prince Arthur, numerous bishops, and several busts by Nollekins and Chantrey—and renowned in history for the victory gained by Cromwell over Charles the Second. It is now celebrated for its Porcelain manufactories, the products of which glittered in the windows of the splendid shops as we passed along. Our next stage was *Tewkesbury*, in Gloucestershire, situated at the junction of the *Severn* and the *Avon*; of which, we received, from our literary fellow-traveller, an interesting account, including the wars of York and Lancaster, the battle of *Tewkesbury*, pointing out the meadow upon which it was fought, and the splendid cathedral as we passed, containing the monuments of so many distinguished men, who perished in the battle or afterwards—among the last that of Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth. The surrounding country being hilly we could see from the coach, in various directions, beautiful seats and parks, in every direction, and had a distinct view, from one of the eminences, of *Cheltenham*, apparently five miles off. A ride of twelve miles further brought us to *Gloucester*, also on the *Severn*, and seemingly about half the size of *Worcester*, but not less renowned for its historical and other associations. Here we remained a short time to lunch, and here,

unfortunately, were separated from our communicative young friend ; who, however, as if aware of the instruction she had already imparted, prepared us, before arrival, for other interesting objects, which, unluckily, we were destined not even to have a glance of; for, fully *at home* on all such matters, she entered into a history of the magnificent *cathedral*, described its beautiful central tower, its cloisters, whispering galleries, its carved and ornamented choir, its large and splendid windows, then spoke of its monuments of Edward the Second, of Robert Duke of Normandy, of Bishop Warburton, of Dr. Jenner, and others, equally deserving of notice, all which, however, we were only to hear of, as mail coachmen have no sympathy for travellers, with exception of the exterior of the cathedral, which is surpassingly grand, as far as I could judge from a very transitory view, and reminded me more of that of Rouen than any other I had seen. Gloucester has been celebrated as the birthplace of very eminent men in all the departments of literature and science ; and although it cannot claim *Jenner* among its sons, who was born at Berkley, a few miles off, yet it seems fairly entitled to boast of that honour, for most of his time was spent in its beautiful valley or in the town itself. It was for years, too, the residence of *Dr. Barron*, the friend and biographer of Jenner, who only retired from it in 1833, on account of the great labour to which he was exposed, from very extensive and arduous practice. Previously, too, it had been the birthplace and abode of *Dr. Cheston*, well known as the author of the valuable, original work, "*Pathological Enquiries*," as a practitioner of profound learning, uncommon sagacity, extensively

engaged in business, celebrated throughout the kingdom, and of whom Sir Astley Cooper spoke to me in terms of highest commendation. After passing through Cambridge Inn, Newport, and Alveston, small and, comparatively, unimportant villages, we reached Bristol about ten at night, (having travelled the distance of eighty-seven miles in ten hours,) where I had the pleasure of spending a short time, in the family of my excellent friend, Mr. Estlin, and his accomplished daughter,—whom I had only to regret leaving so soon.

The next morning I paid a visit to Mr. Estlin's "*Dispensary for diseases of the Eye,*" saw him treat about forty patients, most of them affected with various forms of chronic ophthalmia, in some of which he used very freely blue vitriol; in other diseases, Batley's solution of belladonna, which retains its virtues longer than most other similar preparations, and does not irritate. I saw him remove, also, from the eye, with a *silver* hook, those small foreign bodies which so often, in a state of ignition from trimming mill and other stones with chisels, fly off, bury themselves in the cornea, are, with much difficulty, gotten out, and generally with more or less injury to that tunic, when pointed steel instruments are employed. From the Dispensary I walked to the "*Bristol Infirmary,*" with one of its intelligent surgeons, *Mr. Harrison*, and spent several hours in examination of the wards—which are remarkably clean, well ventilated, and comfortable, being supplied with warm and cold baths and every other convenience—the operating-theatre and museum, which last is indebted for its chief contributions to *Mr. Richard Smith*, an experienced surgeon, who, for a long time, has been connected with the institution,

and has devoted considerable attention to calculus, of which he has collected numerous interesting specimens. The infirmary is large enough to contain two hundred patients, the average number of which amounts, annually, to fifteen hundred. Five or six thousand *out-patients*, also, receive medicines, and the services of the physicians and surgeons within the same space. Upon the whole, I found few similar infirmaries of the same extent in Britain superior to it, and felt strongly inclined to believe, from what I saw here, and elsewhere, that a number of small hospitals, well situated, with ample space around them, are much better calculated to afford relief and comfort to patients, and to contribute to the success of the medical attendants, than one or two very large, overgrown, institutions, like ours, in which hundreds are crowded together in such a way as to engender disease, and to infect the atmosphere for a considerable distance beyond the walls of the building. And, as regards the advantages to be derived by the medical attendants themselves, so far as their own experience is concerned, there cannot be a stronger proof of the correctness of the opinion, than the fact—that the hospital to which the celebrated Scarpa was so long attached, and from which he derived so large a share of his valuable experience, and exalted reputation, never contained, at any one time, more than *twenty-five beds*!!

During the afternoon of the same day I rode with Mr. Estlin and his daughter for some miles around the country, towards the Bristol channel, had a fine view of the mouth of the *Severn*, and windings of the *Avon*, which from its high and precipitous banks, covered with wood and studded with rocks, bears a close resemblance

to the Susquehannah above Sunbury, saw numerous splendid seats of the nobility and gentry, the beautiful range of cottages at Westbury, was struck with the uncommon verdure, large and wide-spreading trees, richness and luxuriance of the parks, with their lofty and substantial walls, capped, in a very peculiar manner, with *slag*, cast in moulds, and conically shaped to turn rain; upon the whole, thought I had scarcely met before with such picturesque scenery in any part of England; and was confirmed the next day in my impressions upon visiting *Brandon Hill*, in company with my young and talented friend, Dr. Carpenter, with whom I ranged, for hours, over *Clifton* and its heights; whence we obtained most splendid views of Bristol, the Hot Wells, the site for the suspension bridge over the Avon, the tortuous courses of the rivers, and whole adjoining country for miles. After which I paid, in company with the same gentleman, a long visit to the "*Bristol Institution for the advancement of Science, Literature and the Arts*," examined its large and well-arranged museum, consisting of several rooms, filled with choice articles, admirably prepared, containing numerous osteological specimens of fossil mammalia, and of fishes, of extinct saurian animals, of fossil vegetables, shells, sponges, crustacea, reptiles, large collections of minerals, insects, birds, casts from the Egina marbles, and other valuable contributions almost without number; besides lecture and reading rooms, and apparatus, of almost every description. The evening being most profitably and agreeably spent, (at the *Red-House*, as it is called, once occupied by Queen Elizabeth, remarkable for its large rooms, quaint old-fashioned carvings, doors, and wain-

scots, and singular construction throughout,) with Dr. Pritchard and his interesting family, who inquired particularly after Miss L . . . a H . . . e—now Mrs. P . . . e—saying how much they admired her intellectual and other accomplishments, I took leave the next day of my kind friends, from whom I had received so many tokens of regard, and started for London, the centre of all my movements—stopping for a day at *Bath* to examine its institutions—and reached the capital on the third of September, just in time to find it as deserted, dismal and disagreeable, as it was, in the month of May, previously, bustling, animated, overflowing and delightful.

Having now little time to spare, and under the necessity of turning my steps speedily towards home, I determined to visit a place seldom resorted to by strangers, especially Americans—the old and interesting town of *Norwich*. My object was two-fold—first, to see my friend *Mr. Crosse*, a very eminent surgeon I had corresponded with, but to whom, personally, I was unknown; and, secondly, the *Norwich Hospital*, long celebrated as one of the most complete institutions of the kind in Britain. Having made arrangements, accordingly, I again left London on the seventh of September, (passing through Chelmsford, Braintree, Halstead, Bradfield, Long Melford, Bury St. Edmunds—one of the prettiest towns in England—Ixworth, Botesdale and Long Stratton,) mounted upon the outside of the coach, on a clear and beautiful day, obtained during the ride of a hundred and twelve miles, a splendid view of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, famous as the birth-place of the most eminent and illustrious men in all the departments of litera-



ture and the arts, and reached before night my place of destination.

Early next morning I repaired to the house of Mr. Crosse, and fortunately found him at home, though about to make a long visit to the country, which, however, he, obligingly, postponed, for the purpose, as he kindly remarked, of devoting himself entirely to my concerns. After breakfast he took me into his cabinet, occupying a part of his large and commodious mansion, and pointed out every preparation of interest belonging to it, exhibiting and explaining in particular, each specimen from which drawings had been made, to illustrate his large, splendid and very valuable work on *calculus*; then to his library, a lofty, capacious room, filled with a choice collection of medical and miscellaneous works, in almost every language, amounting to several thousand volumes; among the rest numerous American publications, rarely met with in European libraries, especially medical journals, of which he spoke highly, giving a decided preference, however, to that of "*the Medical Sciences of Philadelphia*," edited, so long and so ably, by Dr. Hays, saying, it was quite equal, if not superior, to any similar European work—a remark I had previously heard in Dublin and other places; showed me the *Lexicon of Callisen*, of Copenhagen, in twenty-five volumes, commenced in 1830, and brought down to 1837, giving a brief account of every medical work, in every language—a most extraordinary production, not less wonderful for its accuracy than the immense research displayed by the author; who, it appears, has abandoned all other pursuits, devoted himself exclusively to this single undertaking, and depends for subsistence upon its proceeds. After

remaining some hours engaged in close examination of all the interesting objects by which Mr. Crosse is surrounded, rendering his whole establishment a complete *thesaurus*, he was kind enough to walk with me to the house of his venerable friend, Mr. Dalrymple, long known as one of the most eminent provincial surgeons in England. The old gentleman—who has retired, I believe, altogether, from practice, having delegated his business to his sons, young men of enterprise and talent, one of whom I had previously formed the acquaintance of, in London, through Mr. Liston—received us with great courtesy, and, notwithstanding his advanced age and feebleness, insisted upon accompanying us to his small though beautiful and well-arranged museum, and explaining, personally, each specimen, some of which were unique and extraordinary, particularly a *renal* calculus of immense size, being nine or ten inches long, very irregular, as white as snow, branching out in every direction like coral, to which, in other respects, it bore a striking resemblance. He also showed us some curious relics, in the shape of calculi, removed by Chesselden, either from Sir Edward Coke, or one of his relatives, which he said had been presented to him by his descendant, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk—now Lord Leicester. With great interest, also, I examined the preparation taken from a woman, upon whose carotid artery Mr. Dalrymple operated for aneurism of the subclavian, and who upon dying, several years afterwards, left him, as a legacy, her head and neck. The interesting specimen, too, of aneurism from anastomosis in the orbit, cured by him through the medium of a ligature to the carotid, I had, likewise, the satisfaction to examine; as well as some beautiful ana-

tomical and surgical water-coloured drawings, by a self-taught weaver of Norwich, which would have done credit to almost any artist. Our next visit was to "*Hingham House*," a private lunatic asylum, owned by Mr. Crosse and Mr. Dalrymple, situated in the suburbs of Norwich, consisting of a large airy mansion, admirably arranged, as clean and comfortable as any private dwelling, surrounded by twelve acres of ground, laid out by Lord Leicester's steward, in spacious lawns, and wide gravelled walks, its undulating surface and knolls being planted with every variety of beautiful tree and shrub.

But the chief object of medical attraction remained yet to be seen—the *Norwich Hospital*. To this, therefore, we next directed our course. Although finely situated, there is nothing about the exterior of the building calculated to impress one forcibly; but no medical man accustomed to examine such institutions, and able to judge of the wants of patients, and of the conveniences required by the medical or surgical attendants, can hesitate a moment, upon entering its wards, offices, and operating theatre, to declare at once his conviction of its superiority over most establishments of the kind; for though very far from equalling in extent many of the other hospitals of Britain, yet it is infinitely superior to most of them in the distribution and construction of the wards, in the perfect system of cleanliness, in the admirable arrangements for ventilation, in the space allotted to every patient, in the care taken to keep each class of patients, according to sex, disease, age, and other circumstances, separate; and in the good management everywhere displayed and made manifest, in the kind feeling exhibited towards the inmates, liberality in granting facilities to house

pupils and medical students in attendance upon the wards for clinical instruction, and unbounded respect and attention to the suggestions and orders of the attending surgeons and physicians; instead of viewing them, as with us, in too many instances, as beings of the "smell-fungus" order, who are to be dictated to, and interfered with, in every possible way, and, if high-minded, or troublesome, voted out, clandestinely, at the first annual meeting—and afterwards whispered to death.

Besides these advantages possessed by the Norwich Hospital, beyond most others in Britain, it has set an example to such institutions all over the world—by keeping an accurate, statistical account of cases, and especially of calculous ones, for the last sixty or seventy years; so that the circumstances attending the case, its history, peculiarity, treatment, and the result of remedies or operations, may, at any time, be ascertained. Within the period referred to, up to the time of my visit, seven hundred and twenty-one calculi had been removed from patients of all ages and of different sexes, all which have been carefully arranged, preserved and displayed, in such a way, as to be seen and examined to the best advantage; besides, having been carefully analysed, more than twenty years ago, by the late Dr. Marcet, and, subsequently, by Dr. Yellowly, who is still engaged in investigating the component parts of the recent specimens. Such operations, however, are not near so common now as formerly, as I was assured by Mr. Crosse and Mr. Dalrymple—from what cause it is as difficult to say, as to determine why the proportion of calculous cases in the county of Norfolk, should, in former times, have so far exceeded that of any other county in England.

While passing through the hospital with Mr. Crosse, who prescribed for twenty-five or thirty patients, besides performing in the wards, several minor operations, among the rest that of Fricke, of Hamburgh, for varicose veins, I had the opportunity of examining a very curious and interesting case of extraordinary enlargement of the tongue, in a little girl six or eight years of age, the bulk of the tumour having been, before the commencement of the treatment by Mr. Crosse, so considerable, as not only to fill the mouth—its circumference being more than six inches—and oblige the child to breathe by the nostrils, but to project four inches beyond the teeth; yet, by graduated pressure, through the medium of a machine, surrounding the head, to which a screw was attached in a direction perpendicular to the temple, on each side, the tongue was so reduced, in the course of a few weeks, as to be retained within its proper walls, so that the child, at the time I saw her, may be said to have been nearly well. With casts, in plaster, of the different stages of growth and corresponding reduction, Mr. Crosse was kind enough to furnish me. I mention this case, particularly, because in several instances, in Europe and this country, the tongue has been extirpated, very unnecessarily, where it might, there is reason to believe, have been cured by this simple and very efficient plan, first advised by Lassus; and, although not generally adopted, must, unquestionably, after the success of Mr. Crosse becomes known, do away with every other mode of proceeding.

Having examined, thoroughly, the hospital, I next rode with my friend to the *Lunatic Asylum*, three or four miles from town, a very large and well-conducted institution, containing, at the time of my visit, about one

hundred and twenty patients; several of whom, I saw and conversed with, had been entirely cured in a short time by the peculiarly lenient system of treatment pursued, and which is now becoming so general all over the civilized world. From the Asylum our ride was extended to the country seat of Mr. Crosse, containing ninety acres, beautifully situated on a commanding eminence two miles from Norwich, overlooking the Yarmouth river and adjacent country for miles, reminding me strongly of the Schuylkill and its beautiful meadows, as seen from the Woodlands. At the house we had the pleasure of finding Mrs. Crosse, a most intelligent and agreeable lady, surrounded by her large and interesting family of boys and girls, who were all there spending the holidays, revelling in the sweets of every possible production, that extensive and well-cultivated gardens and orchards could afford—the cottage and its picturesque out-houses and grounds being decked with innumerable dahlias of the largest and most magnificent kinds,—and every other species, it appeared to me, of the vegetable world. From the cottage we rode back to Norwich, which has always been celebrated for the extent and beauty of its gardens; for there is scarcely a house in the town, of any value, but has its open lot and well-cultivated grounds; and it is this which contributes so essentially to the beauty of the place, the city, like Edinburgh, being one continued surface of hill and dale, overlooked by the magnificent old castle, rising perpendicularly out of its centre, frowning in awful, sublime majesty over every object around, and its sloping declivities covered with extensive and beautiful gardens, on every side; rendering it is impossible for a

stranger, from any part of the world, to sojourn, even for a day, in the place, without carrying away with him the most agreeable and lasting impressions.

Returning then to town, riding with my kind friend from one striking object to another, dwelling, ever and anon, for a few minutes, upon some height where I could obtain a bird's-eye view of beautiful and distant scenes, so much time was consumed, as nearly to bring to a close the long but profitable day; for, knowing I had but that single day to spare, I was obliged to make the best use of my time, and therefore worked so industriously as to see, perhaps, more than under other circumstances, I should have accomplished in three. And a happier day I have seldom passed in my life. Having dined with Mr. Crosse, and enjoyed, for an hour or two longer, the society of his excellent family and of three or four of his private pupils, intelligent, well-educated, gentleman-like young men, I took leave, with unfeigned regret, of all, jumped into the mail at seven P. M., and, after riding the whole night—passing in succession Thwaite, Stonham, Ipswich, Copdock, Stratford, and Colchester—kept awake by the floating particles of rappee, scattered unsparingly by the nasal trumpeting of a couple of Norwich citizens, and the long and protruded legs of a country gentleman, accustomed to grouse-shooting on the moors, who, in his sleep, called loudly on his dogs—

“Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,”

arrived in London next day by early dawn; and, after spending another week, got on board ship, and reached home just in time to commence my course, and tell several hundred pupils the wonders I had seen.

And is this all, some of these may possibly exclaim, we are to hear of *Mr. Crosse*? Is *he* not deserving of a sketch? Are we not to know how he looks, whether he is large or small, fat or lean? Truly, I may reply, "He is neither one nor t'other," but between the two—with as fine features—as laughing black eyes—as pearl-white teeth—as smooth, well-turned, figure—as much spring and activity in step—and as well dressed, as most gentlemen of forty-nine, in the British realm; withal, as occasion may require, lively, playful, joyous—composed, steady, quiet, thoughtful in the extreme; and if to these we add, fine education, uncommon sagacity, extensive, varied, general, and professional information, undoubted practical skill, and as kind a heart as ever beat in a human breast, what more can be desired?—especially as, through his "good works,"\* he has long been known all over the world.

\* See Crosse on Medical Schools of Paris—Crosse on Varioloid—Crosse on Calculus—cum multis aliis.



In this case of the late King's death  
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 loss to the Nation. The King  
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 and a most excellent Soldier.  
 He was a most excellent  
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