

simple and good-hearted an Irishman as ever lived—he was passed along from one student to another, and one and all gave him up—or rather his legs—as a bad job, until at last he was handed over to me. I strapped and bandaged—applied lotions and ointment to those unfortunate legs, in the most orthodox manner—for a whole winter without result—that is, without any good result. One day he was better, another worse. What between my want of success, and the “chaff” of the other sawbones, I was of all men most miserable, but Paddy, if not proud of my skill, admired my perseverance, and always had a word of encouragement. “Well, may the Lord love you anyway; you are willing to try—and do what you can—but what am I to do next summer when the shippen bee’s comin in?”

I lost sight of Paddy for a while, and when he turned up he had a line of treatment to propose which was emphatically new and striking—in fact, tragic. An old woman from Ireland had told him of a remedy, and “would I help him to try it?” “Of course I would do anything in the world for you, and you know it, Paddy.” “Indade, I do, sir, but I don’t like to tell you what it is.” After a good deal of persuasion, it came out that his countrywoman had suggested the passing of a dead hand over the sores on his legs; it had cured lots of people in Ireland. “Well,” said I, “sure that is easily done.” “Arrah then, how and where am I to get a dead hand?” “Oh, Paddy! We have lots of them in the honse, this minute. What kind of one would you like?” “Faith, then, and sorra one of me knows, but she said a black naygur’s if it could be got, would be the best.” “By George,” said I, “you are up to your knees in clover, Paddy. We have a most elegant nigger upstairs this moment.” “Glory be to God! I heard you had such things in the house, but I was afeard to spake of it, for fear you’d think I’d

tell.” “Don’t say that again, Paddy; I’d trust you with my life; only tell me what you want to do, and I’ll do it.”

What was to be done was to be done at the silent hour of midnight—the moon to be at the full—and none to be present—but himself.

The following night would do, so it was arranged that he would be on hand at 11.30. In the meantime I would get every thing ready.

The scene of operations was to be the new dissecting room. This was in the attic, down the centre of which ran a long, narrow dark passage. On one side was a rubbish room, on the other a line of small rooms originally intended as bed-rooms for the servants. The doors had been made, and stood on end, unhinged, against this partition—in this narrow passage—and here the passage abruptly ended in a door, the door of the dissecting room. This room had one large dormer window, fronting on the river St. Lawrence, and as the moon came up over the water its light “slept” brightly and beautifully on the poor “subject’s” face; the table was wheeled up so that not one beam of light was lost. Elephants’ and lions’ and tigers’ and crocodiles’ skulls lay on the floor, men’s, women’s and children’s heads—*galore*—were ranged on shelves round the room; skeletons of men and animals, down to Bandicoot rats were there; “dried preparations,” too, abounded; arms and legs, and a few at full length, were in “review order” standing at “attention” round the room. It was a lovely sight, but one had to get accustomed to it—to be comfortable, particularly at midnight.

Paddy Quin was sharp on time, but as I had a few touches to give to the room at the last moment, I asked him to sit down a minute, and rest himself. He had a raw potato in his hand, and as I left the room he said pleasantly “Well, I’ll cut this up, while you are away—just to amuse meself.”

With a stick of phosphorus I made a few artistic touches, in the orbits,