

was better than a dozen clinical lectures. I was glad to escape from him, and next called upon Dr. McRobert; he received me very kindly, asking my name, my age, my complaint, and whether I had any money; to the latter query I replied negatively, upon which he wrote a prescription for me, advising me to put some money in my pocket, as a preliminary measure towards getting cured. I now betook myself to the house of Charity, where the sober monk-parson lives: I found him engaged in a *lengthy* calculation, and could distinguish the words, "interest—mortgage—6 per cent.—£1300—etc." When he had done, he recommended me to the Hot-spittal, in the suburbs, with a line to his friend Dr. Snuff-tobacco. I stared—the suburbs? says I—yes; says he, the suburbs; the directors very considerably built it there, as their seraglios are most in that neighbourhood; they can therefore, as *visiting members*, kill two birds with one stone. Very true, says I; so off I scampered to Dr. Snuff-tobacco. He too was busy; he was drawing up an indenture for his brother, who, at the age of twenty-five years, was being bound apprentice to a pastry-cook, preferring, it seems, cakes, puffs, trifles and sugar-plums, to the goose and cabbage, which his former trade abounded in. The doctor told me he had two patients at the point of death, whom he intended dispatching before dinner, as he stood in need of some money to pay for his new drab-coat, but desired me to proceed by myself. So off I marched to the noble pile; where I was introduced to an old woman, styled Nurse, and who, I was informed, was resident physician and visiting member, pro tempore, and could perform any operation, from tooth-drawing to cutting for the stone. Very well, says I, but I would rather prefer a man-doc-