

received one year in fees thirty-three thousand pounds sterling, and I believe the late Sir Henry Hallford has received as much, while hundreds realize incomes ranging from 2000 to 5000 pounds sterling. Of course, under such circumstances, a professional man can afford to devote, and many do, a considerable time to gratuitous attendance on the sick.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," was a maxim of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson; and certainly we occasionally see the truth of the adage exemplified by people who, knowing a little and thinking they know more than they do, act upon their knowledge either to their own or their neighbour's injury. Not long since a dentist having occasion to plug some teeth for a farmer, found one of them so sensitive that he considered it necessary to insert a small quantity of morphia into the tooth, to deaden it before introducing the filling. "I suppose," remarked the patient, "there's morphia enough in that bottle to kill a man." "Yes," was the reply, "enough to kill *ten* men." The farmer, speaking of the matter afterwards said, "enough morphia was put in *his* tooth, if he had swallowed it, to kill *ten* men." A few weeks afterwards the same dentist had to fill some teeth for a young woman living at an adjoining farm. One of these was also sensitive, and morphia, (about a sixth of a grain,) was inserted. Some time after the dentist left, the morphia swallowed by the patient began to make her sleepy. The family she was living with, having heard the neighbour's story, of the "quantity enough to kill ten men," immediately concluded that the girl was poisoned, and that, "if they let her go to sleep, she'd never wake again." Therefore, the first thing they did was to make her swallow some mustard, by way of emetic; and then they kept her awake all night. Of course the girl was tired and sleepy, and they had considerable difficulty in keeping her awake, but the greater the difficulty the more they persevered. Twenty-four hours after the morphia was taken they sent for a young medical practitioner in the neighbourhood, who, having to ride three or four miles, of course "*must do something*," so he clapped a blister on the back of her neck. Now the girl could not by any possibility have swallowed more than the eighth or the tenth of a grain of morphia, and as she was grown up, strong and healthy, beyond making her sleepy, it could have had no injurious effect; and yet here was the poor girl, first vomited, then kept awake all night, and finally blistered, when a good nap of two or three hours, in the first place, would have set everything to rights.