

organ, so denominated, and any man who appears as the *hepaticus* apostle deserves the gratitude of the whole world—in fact, they should all desire you to be a long-liver.

Like a great many more eminent physicians, you hail from the land o' cakes. Aberdeen is not only your birthplace, but the cradle of your education, and you have managed to wrest as many medals from your national extra-academical Medical School as would gladden even the soul of an enterprising soap-boiler who sends his superfine wares to every possible exhibition.

It was not, however, till 1854, when you joined the Royal College of Physicians, and settled in the metropolis, that you gave a real impetus to the spreading of your reputation, which may be said now to be European.

Among your most distinguished patients, the G. O. M. has perhaps helped you along more than anybody else. Judging as an humble outsider in these matters, I should say that W. E. G. must be one mass of liver, and therefore an admirable subject for your skill. I doubt, however, whether your patching him up, and keeping him jolly and healthy, meets with universal approbation. I should say, on the contrary, that some anti-Home Ruler would be glad of the chance of administering some quiet but efficacious prescription which would promptly remove him from the scenes of political warfare.

Your manner towards those who consult you, unlike your celebrated predecessor, Dr. Abernethy, is *sauve*, not to say mellifluous. "No coffee, a little cocoa, dry toast, a chop well done or its equivalent, a pint of claret, and no more," is your usual two guinea *formula*, and the delicious air of modest conviction with which you utter the words renders the advice concentrated balin of Gilead to the dyspeptic victim who clamours at your door.

I remember some few years ago the nephew of a well-known statesman called upon you in your professional capacity. The young gentleman had arrived at the stage of suffering when it would be considered imprudent to attac'k any kind of breakfast except that which one could, so to speak, uncork. "What do you usually drink!" you asked the youthful but fervent admirer of Bacchus. "Brandy and sola, as a rule," replied the ingenious lad. "Ah, every S. and B. you take is like putting a nail in your coffin." "Then," remarked the logical visitor, "my coffin by this time must be entirely made of nails."—*Hospital Gazette*.