

lost his tail, being himself incapable of participating in the pleasures of the world, loudly recommended temperance and chastity, as the sole means of attaining old age. Tom, having lost his relish for most things, hates all poets and poetry, and wishes all lawyers at the devil (in which, by the bye, he is by no means singular;) as to brutes, he has an antipathy to oxen, swine, &c. but makes an honourable exception in favour of *asses*, in whose preservation the *milk-op* finds himself deeply interested. Indeed, it is generally remarked that he visits them much more frequently than he does his patients, which when he condescends to do, his salutation is pretty nearly in these polite words, ‘God damn you, how are you to day? you sent for me last night, God damn you; and did you think I was going to kill myself to save you? damn you.’ Such, Sir, is his conduct to those who address themselves to him for professional assistance. Take an instance of his humane consideration for his patients. After for some time attending an unfortunate Catholic priest, of Charlestown, whose situation was more likely, in any other man, to have excited compassion at seeing a fellow-creature reduced to so deplorable a state, our hermit, in a tone of voice fully imparting his inward sentiments, told the unhappy sufferer that he could do no more for him, and declined attending him in future. Was it because a disease baffled your professional skill that you were to allow a fellow-creature to linger out his few remaining days, on a bed of torture? Was it not, or rather ought it not to have been, an additional reason to continue your attendance? But it is time to stop,

\* It appears to me that the physician ought rather to receive praise than blame, who has the candour to state that he can be of no further assistance, and the discretion to avoid running up a long bill for medicines and attendance, that he knows would be useless.