

time; but his early dissipations again broke out, so as to impair his constitution, and of course unfit him for business.

It was in vain that his father threatened and remonstrated—sometimes actually turning him out of the house, and then taking him again, trying every possible method to reclaim him. The consequence of repeated irregularities at last produced a locked jaw, and it was with some difficulty he was enabled to swallow his victuals. In this wretched state he languished for some time, and, happily for him, died a few years before his father.

Curious Letter.

The following authentic letter, written by the late Doctor Monsey, is so strongly expressive of the singular turn of humour which characterised that gentleman, that we think it will be acceptable to our readers. It is addressed to Mr. Foster, the surgeon, to whom the Doctor bequeathed his body.

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, you will receive this, my old withered skin and bones, by the help of our friend Taylor; but take this along with you, according to your own request, to do what you will with them, except putting life into them again. Some of my friends, and I presume all my enemies, have, or will cry out, "This puppy does all this out of affectation, singularity, or to be talked of." Now, once for all, I call Almighty God in the most solemn manner to witness, that none of these things have any share in my intention: whether they will believe or no, I neither know nor care.—I am very careless what is said about me, and if they think proper, may set me down for a doating old fool, pick-pocket, house-breaker, or any other opprobrious term they think fit. I owe the world very little ceremony, and they me less perhaps; nor would I now give one guinea out of my pocket, to have a statue of gold in every metropolis of Europe, with the most fulsome eulogia that the most abject sycophant could pen for the most despotic tyrant. What are all these things for, but to gratify the pride and ambition of vain fools? A monument lasts a hundred, five hundred, a thousand, two thousand years, and then 'tis gone. Juvenal tells us, in his tenth satire, one of the best pieces of morality left us by the ancients,

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

And Lucan tells us, that when Alexander the Great searched for the tomb of Achilles, he could not find it:

Etiam periire ruinae.

The caliphs of Egypt thought to insure immortality by embalming their putrid carcases by wholesome spices, but are deceived; but we

foolish doctors, and I myself among the rest, have prescribed a morsel of their putrid flesh as a medicine; however, I now hope we are got to the end of this nonsense and of our own folly.

Princes have now taken into their heads, to have their guts taken out and put into an urn, and sent to the place of burial, to notify their speedy arrival soon after; but there is no end to these sort of follies. I was very early struck with the vanity and nonsense of all funeral pomp and parade, and cannot conceive how a dead carcase can be made a more proper us of than to subject it to the surgeon's knife, for the benefit of mankind, if he will be so good as to undertake it.

Some French bishop, finding his countrymen averse to dissection, for there are fools in France as well as in England, ordered his body, by will, to be sent to the Hotel de Dieu for public dissection. What can happen worse to a dead carcase, than to rot and stink in a dirty churchyard, if there were room to make use of the terms better or worse with any propriety in this case?

I come now; my dear Mr. Foster, with humble submission, to give you some hints and directions what I would have you do. About seven years ago, I went to apply to that famous and sagacious anatomical lecturer,* and desired him to feel my pulse; he did, stared me full in the face, and said, he (had) felt ten thousand pulses, but never felt such a one before; said, "You are an old fellow, and must have something or other to knock you down. There is some mischief in the heart; the pericardium, the nitral valves, or beginning of the aorta, or some of the arteries thereabouts are ossified, and I shall be glad to see what." "Sir, you do me an honour and a pleasure! I have given my body to a surgeon for dissection, and I shall be glad if you will be present at the dissection." But, poor man! he has unkindly slipt out of the way, and left my heart and arteries to shift for themselves.—Soon after I saw him, I took a medicine with a little crude mercury, for the benefit of my blind eyes: it did them no good, but it set my pulse quite to rights; so there's an end, I think, of our wise theories and visions of ossified arteries, &c. for I could never believe, a few grains of mercury could un-ossify an artery. Since that, it has returned about three months ago in a different shape, without a why or a wherefore; it now beats very languidly one, and stops; sometimes two with a little sort of flutter; hardly ever three; but to my surprise, one night it beat strong and well thirty or forty. If you can trace out this little devil in its tricks and quirks, send me word by the first convenient carriage, or bring it with you when we meet in a better place. If my mind can be present, I will place it on the point of your incision knife, and direct you what to do, if I could suppose you wanted it. †

And now I think I have done with the miserable anomalies of my shattered carcase; and for your own sake I wish you had done so too. Having done so very little good in my life-time, I wish what you do with me now I am dead, may be of the least service to mankind.

* Doctor Nicholas, as appears by another letter.

† Here the Doctor introduces some account of his peculiar state of health, which we omit.

I wish my old worthy friend, Mr. Adair Hawkins, may be present at the dissection, at his own desire, and to have any part of me as a memorandum of an old friend. I would give him my brains, if I was not fully assured he does not want them; so you may give them to an alderman, a page at court, or a shoe-black. When you have done, I wish you would draw up a short account of the state you find me in, and give, or send it to my most excellent friend and physician, Doctor Heberden. And now I think I will have done, for dictating a letter is a very disagreeable thing; I think it worse than the scrawl of a blind man is to its reader. And there is another reason for having done. The pious and learned Doctor Butler, in his elegant sermon on the government of the tongue, enumerating the reasons why a man should be silent, gives this very good one, "that a man should be so when he has nothing to say." But I am of the true English bull-dog breed; when I lay hold of a friend, I don't know how to let go. Diffusion is my talent; it is only your true geniuses who write in miniature. Belloste, in his Hospital Surgeon, tells a story of a soldier, which I am inclined to believe is all a damned lie, who lost his eye, and had only a red carbuncle at the bottom of it, cured by caustics behind the ears. On the presumption of this being true, I put a couple of caustics behind the ears of the daughter of the parish clerk, twelve or thirteen years old, who came to me with two gutta serenas. I cured the one, but not the other. If you have the book, put it in your pocket the next time you do me the favour to call here. And now I will have done, I think; so after wishing you all the blessings and comforts of a world to which you are so great an use and ornament, I am,

Your's very affectionately,

M. MONSEY.

Letters on Irish History.

IN the MONTHLY PANORAMA, which, about eight months ago, merged into the HIBERNIA MAGAZINE, a series of Letters on Ireland, and Irish History, was commenced, said to have been written by an English gentleman. The series was left unfinished when that Miscellany ceased to have a separate existence. The entire has since been procured by the Editor of the Hibernia Magazine. It contains many curious details, and one of the most spirited abridgments of ancient Irish History, that we have any where met with. It is proposed to print the whole in this publication; for this purpose we shall be under the necessity of re-inserting the first letters that appeared in the PANORAMA. From the extent and closeness of our page, these will not occupy any great space. Those that yet remain to be published, increase in interest, as they descend to modern times. Indeed we doubt not, when the series shall be complete, that the Public will call for those letters in a distinct and separate form. With this call the Proprietors shall most readily comply. In the mean time, solicitous to manifest our gratitude to the