of eminence, ten years of my life were employed in collegiate study,—five at Wymondley College, which was instituted by the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, and five at the University of Edinburgh; the last two of which were devoted to medicine and surgery: an education which I flatter myself will prevent my ever disgracing myself in the eyes of the public, or dreading comparison with my accuser. My library consists of, perhaps, some five or six hundred volumes of standard works beyond the scanty limits of his.

It is painful, though self-defence requires it, to speak of oneself, nor had I intended even to have addressed *THE LANCET*, except in detailing some cases and plans of treatment, which I think might prove not uninteresting to your readers; but these I must defer till I have more leisure. I am, Sir, yours with much respect,

JOHN HEMMING, A.M.,
Member of the Wernerian Society.
Kimbolton, February 10, 1834.

[After this manly, and, as it appears to us, perfectly satisfactory letter from Mr. HEMMING, no further imputation on the professional character of that gentleman can be admitted into our columns unless the accusation be *publicly* authenticated. —ED. L.]

CHEAP PRESCRIPTIONS AND DEAR MEDICINES.

To the Editor of *THE LANCET*.

SIR,—A gentleman residing in Percy-street, Rathbone place, affords *advice gratis*, but medicines for *cash*. He writes his numerous prescriptions for the poor in such a form as to be unintelligible to any but his own three or four apprentices. Do you wish to have his name? He was, I believe, formerly apothecary to the Middlesex Hospital. I am, Sir, your admirer,

M. R. C. S.

NOTE FROM MR. BUTLER.

To the Editor of *THE LANCET*.

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error in your report of my observations at the *Westminster Medical Society*, relative to the case of Hypertrophy of the Heart on a Sunday week.

I stated that the organ weighed near four pounds, and not five or six, as mentioned in last week's *LANCET*. As I might be justly accused of exaggeration if this statement were to remain uncontradicted, I trust to your good feeling to insert this note, and thus oblige, Sir, your very obedient servant,

G. W. BUTLER.

February 10, 1834.

MR. COATES.—NOTE FROM MR. PARRY.

To the Editor of *THE LANCET*.

SIR,—Anonymous communications are always contemptible, even when written with the best possible intention; but when used for purposes of *private pique*, they are not only contemptible but cowardly.

In saying this, I allude to a paper inserted in your last week's journal, by a person styling himself "a Bartholomew Pupil." In this, after venting his spleen on Mr. Earle, the operating theatre, and the dressers in general, he concludes by making a personal, and, in my opinion, a most unjustifiable attack on Mr. Coates, one of the senior dressers of the hospital. The case is briefly as follows:—

On Feb. 1st, Mr. Vincent removed a fatty tumour from the posterior part of the neck, which, from its adhesion to the surrounding parts, required a somewhat tedious dissection before its complete detachment could be accomplished. Shortly after the commencement of the operation, there were cries as usual of "heads, heads!" and some one, standing over the door-way, mentioned the name of Mr. Coates, who immediately receded as far as his duty in attending on Mr. Vincent would permit. I was present during the whole time, and most assuredly did not hear any of the abusive expressions that person has thought fit to circulate, nor do I believe they were ever made use of. Fearing, however, lest some derangement of my acoustic nerve might be the cause of this, I mentioned the circumstance to several pupils, and unfortunately found them equally deaf with regard to all such impressions.

In conclusion, I cannot help hoping, that since the "*Bartholomew Pupil*" relies so much on the *correcting power* of *THE LANCET*, that its beneficial influence may be extended in putting an end to such ridiculous effusions in future. I am your obedient servant,
EDWD. PARRY.

NOTE FROM MR. SLADDEN.

To the Editor of *THE LANCET*.

SIR,—When an anonymous writer makes a communication to the world through the medium of a widely circulated periodical,—if he wish to escape the imputation of cowardice, or motives even more unworthy, he should be particularly careful how he makes use of the name of any individual; and since his incognito preserves him from *direct* castigation, common honesty should teach him to adhere strictly to the truth, while canvassing the opinions or motives of another. In *THE LANCET* of last week my name has been "taken in vain," by a person styling himself "A Bartholomew's Pupil." I have nothing to do with any part of his letter but that which refers to myself; and of that I must be allowed to say, that although I cannot pronounce it an absolute falsehood, it is, at least, extremely ambiguous, and in *no material respect* in accordance with truth. I hate an anonymous communication—it is mean and un-English. If your correspondent feel the grievances of which he complains, let him state them fairly and openly. That, however, is no affair of mine. All I have to request is, that you will insert this in the next number of *THE LANCET*; after which, I trust, "A Bartholomew Pupil" will have the candour to avow himself, *at least to me*, when I shall have great pleasure in setting him right upon a point which he has either misunderstood or wilfully misrepresented. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN SLADDEN.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Feb. 9, 1834.

MR. COATES.—NOTE FROM MR. STEWART.

To the Editor of *THE LANCET*.

SIR,—In your journal for last week, I perceive an anonymous communication signed "A Bartholomew Pupil," complaining of the abuses in the operating theatre, in which an attack is made upon Mr. Coates, a dresser of Mr. Vincent, who is charged with having "obstinately persisted in standing in a situation which prevented at least twenty pupils from witnessing an operation performed by Mr. Vincent."

I beg leave to inform you that Mr. Coates was assisting in the operation alluded to, and that if he prevented any one from seeing it, he did so from necessity and not intentionally. As to the abusive epithets which your correspondent asserts were applied to Mr. Coates, they must have been "*sotto voce*" indeed, as they were audible to no one in the theatre; and I strongly suspect that your would-be witty correspondent must have invented them to