independence of the people of this country. One of the uses of the new Poor-Law was said to be to raise the spirit of independence among the poor, and prevent them from applying to charitable institutions on all occasions. The sanatorium would have the effect of doing away with the independence of at least the middle classes, and render them a sort of pauperism. Therefore, Mr. Editor, your course was wise and just. Yours, &c.,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

* * Our correspondent gives *two* reasons for the wind-up of Dr. MACLEOD's concern. First, he says that the fatal result was caused by the expensive question of "permanent repair and extension;" and, immediately afterwards, that tenderness for their professional brethren induced the medical staff to abandon the asylum. But if means could have been procured to increase the injury by "extending" the cause, and "making it permanent," RODERICK and his colleagues would have persisted in working the mischievous machine. Not a man in the profession will give the parties credit for deserting the child on any ground but the common excuse of mothers who bear illegitimate infants. The letter of our correspondent will pass for a quiz at Lisson-grove. Parts of it are very rich. The slang about "grades" and "lower classes" in the profession, almost afford a clue to the writer. No wonder that the "*speculation* of private individuals" would not afford a "permanent" continuance of these luxuries to a parcel of strangers coming east, west, north, and south, to enjoy them, as invalids, in Lisson-grove. It is the MACLEODS of the profession who make a *trade* of medicine,—not always successfully. We could not possibly have asked for a better show-up of sanatorium and asylum manufacturers, than is accidentally supplied in this letter. A very right feeling pervades some parts of it.

DR. SCUDAMORE'S,
DR. SHERRIFFS', MR. PARTRIDGE'S,
AND THE
REV. MR. BURNES',
LUNGS' SANATORIUM.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR:—I am come again, as the man said to his debtor. I have been making inquiries respecting the parties who are attempting to palm off the "Lung Hospital" on the

public, and have learned something of the great consumption curer, Dr. Sherriffs, and one of his coadjutors, Mr. Burnes. Your readers must recollect that, a short time ago, complaints were transmitted to you of a Dr. Sherriffs having been placed over the heads of the oldest practitioners in Lincolnshire, as surgeon to an union of *twelve* parishes, at a salary of 200*l.* per annum. This is the identical man. Dr. Sherriffs commenced as a lecturer on anatomy in Edinburgh. In twelve months he had five pupils, but the lecturer, wanting success, at last quitted Edinburgh.**** He next appeared in Louth. As we all know, he obtained the union, but, like his eccentric brothers, the comets, he bolted thence, also, pending the death of an old woman in the work-house, who was *reported* to have been neglected in her illness. He did not wait, I understand, to fulfil his contract with the guardians.

Respecting Sir Charles Scudamore, I observe, in the prospectus, that the Directors feel "particularly gratified" that he has accepted office, as he has had "extraordinary success in the treatment of consumption." This puff direct is sent to every house in St. Marylebone. We poor devils of general practitioners are not half up to snuff. Colchicum wine and magnesia have served Sir Charles' researches in gout. Why should they not also answer in consumption? What the deuce they want with a "surgeon" for diseases of the lungs puzzles me, unless Mr. Partridge possesses facilities for taking out those organs, examining them, squeezing out the morbid tubercles, and replacing them in going order, like a clock-maker, for this is the age of invention, and Mr. Partridge is an extraordinary artist.

The Rev. Mr. Burnes. "Reverend" indeed! Any coalheaver may tack "Revered" to his name. This gentleman has a small conventicle in Church-street, Portman-market; and in order to make both ends meet, he also looks after his hearers' bowels. He composes pills as well as sermons, and recommends the former to purify the earthly tabernacle. One of his elders, also, trades a little in the same way, in an embrocation, the name of which I forget. A pretty lot Mr. Partridge has got amongst. Dr. Scudamore had better proclaim himself a quack at once. It would be more straightforward, and the bulk of the profession would be able to distinguish between real diamonds and black ones, without soiling their hands in the search, or my taking all this trouble to make public the components of another quack-shop. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JOHN GRAY, Surgeon.

7, Upper George-street,
Bryanston-square, Nov. 26, 1839.