This, sir, is an admission from a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians which I did not expect. Is it really possible that this term-trotting Cantabrian, this renegade from Edinburgh, can be so little acquainted with the constitution of his Royal College as not to know, that its charter of incorporation contains the most ample directions for the suppression of quackery. It appears to me, that the royal founder established the College more for the extinction of empiricism, than for all other purposes. The celebrated charter begins thus:—

“Henry, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, to all to whom these presents shall come greeting. Inasmuch as we consider it to be the duty of our kingly office to consult in every way the happiness of those who are subject to our sway, and as this object would be most effectually attained by putting a seasonable check to the practices of the wicked, we have judged it particularly necessary to repress the audacity of bad men who profess medicine, more from avarice than from conscientious and laudable motives, whereby divers injuries are done to the ignorant and credulous people, we therefore, &c. &c., do will and ordain, that there shall be established a perpetual College of grave and learned men, who may publicly practise medicine in our city of London and its suburbs, and within seven miles of that city in every direction; and we trust that these for their own credit, and for the public good, will take care, as well by their own weight and example, to discountenance the ignorance and the rashness of the before-mentioned evil-disposed persons, as to punish them by our laws lately promulgated, and by the regulations to be made by the same College; and in order that this may the more easily be accomplished, we have granted to Drs. John Chambre, Thomas Linacre, Ferdinand de Victoria, our physicians, and Nicholas Halsewell, John Francis, and Robert Yoxley, physicians, that they and all other members of the same faculty of and in the aforesaid city, shall become in fact and in name one body and perpetual commonalty or college.”

Having given the above extract, I declare it to be a faithful translation from the original Latin, and now call upon Dr. Elliotson, either to acknowledge his ignorance of the College charter, or to inform an abused and indignant public, why the Royal College of Physicians continue to neglect the important duties confided to their care for the general good of society.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

A CENSOR OF THE FELLOWS.

Nov. 13th, 1830.

LONDON HOSPITAL.—MR. WALFORD AND
THE PUPILS.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

----- “Dost know this water-fly? In our last conflict, four out of five of his wits went halting off, and now he is governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse.”—SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—As Mr. Richards, “whose ductile dullness new meanders takes,” has not commuted paternity, but claims the last letter from the London Hospital as his own, he is entitled to an extra portion of attention, and shall receive renewed acknowledgments for the obligation he has conferred, unassisted by his seven-and-thirty colleagues. I no-where observe that he resumes the subject of Mr. Headington’s conduct in opposing a MEDICAL CORONER, because he disliked the candidate (for that was the alleged excuse); nor do I notice that he justifies his patron for his share in framing and administering the laws of that College, of which, in the innocence of his heart, Mr. Richards with transport proclaims he is about to become a member. There are two enemies from whom all thinking men desire to be protected. One is an indiscreet friend, and how much ought the Demon of Broad Street to lament the good offices of the Pythias of Bethnal Green! For without the devotion of the martyr of Bonner’s Row, Mr. Headington might ere this have returned to his obscurity, and been remembered only as one of the disinterested receivers of examination fees. The other foe to a foolish man is himself. Who can be severer on Mr. Richards than himself?

If in after days his descendants desire to preserve from oblivion the fame of their ancestor, they will reprint the last number of your Journal, which, if it endure as long as the Dunciad, and his letter be “redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies,” Mr. Richards will have done for himself what Pope did for Dennis; and Messrs. Blizard and Headington—whose names now only live on certificates and diplomas—will survive to posterity hand in hand with the hero of Bethnal Green!

Your Correspondent complains of not comprehending my letter; the fault is his own—I am not chargeable with his want of intelligence. I say not so of him—he is too intelligible to be mistaken; the calibre of his understanding is indicated by his intention to purchase the College diploma, and gravely describing it as an honour. But perhaps Mr. Richards is a fool of Fortune; such men are proverbially the favourites of the goddess; and, for the future, the certi-

ficat of dulness will be the College diploma, until it can be obtained for nothing. He dwells with peculiar complacency on his friend's wearing a blue riband, and, chuckling with delight, demands if that savoured of fear: certainly not, but it savoured strongly of folly, and was about as good a proof of independence as Malvolio's cross garters or yellow stockings. Mr. Richards modestly suppresses the description of his own decoration. Who can be at a loss in conjecturing what should adorn the summit of Mr. Headington's apologist? What best befits the brows of Mr. Richards I have already decided: if, however,—unlike that quadruped whose longitude of ear compensates for the brevity of his caudal appendage,—the gentleman should desire equality of honours for both his extremities, I respectfully suggest, that as his crest is a cap and bells, his motto, or tail-piece, may be,

"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues,
and dead,
Let all give way, and Richards may be read."

I remain Sir, your faithful servant,
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WALFORD.
Nov. 20th, 1830.

SIR WILLIAM BLIZARD.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—I would ask the benevolent gentleman who wrote the letter inserted at page 209 of your 375th number, why he excludes Sir W. Blizard from the benefit of his exculpatory endeavours, seeing that the worthy colleague of Sir W. has done nothing in the course of a reasonably long life which was not worthy of the knight himself?

I bear Sir W. no more love than does the Samaritan who has thus poured oil and wine into the wounds of Mr. Headington, yet I should be sorry to add to the burden of the knight's offences, by suffering him to remain undefended from the imputation of wronging the gentleman so feelingly alluded to as "the young man who was ill-used by the Blizards." The facts are these. On the retirement of Mr. Thomas Blizard, the most accomplished surgeon the London Hospital ever boasted, or probably will again, for one generation at least, Messrs. Headington and Frampton claimed the performance of a contract in favour of the latter, which these honourable gentlemen had entered into to "flap down new-fledged merit that would rise," and secure the return of Mr. Headington's partner as surgeon to the hospital. Sir W. took shame to himself for engaging to render all competition fruitless, and disinterestedly threw the weight of his interest

into the preponderating scale of his own wealthier apprentice. Such a compact it were a virtue even in Sir W. to violate: it was a cousin german to the *bond* business of Bartholomew's. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T.

November 7, 1830.

COLLEGIATE AVARICE.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—I am one of ten simpletons who, on Friday the 11th of this present month of November, presented themselves for plucking at the College of Surgeons. For the illumination of future pigeons, allow me to inform them how, and in what manner, the farce called Examination commences. The scene opens, not with an anatomical question, not with a surgical inquiry, not with an attempt to fathom the physiology of the examinee; but a request to be informed "*whether he has got his money with him, and whether it is in paper or gold?*"

I was so disgusted with this abominable solicitude for their extortionate fees, that had it not been the desire of my friends that I should become a member of their mis-called college, I would have demanded my certificates, rejected their examination, and mortified the vultures by taking away my "notes or gold." I am, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE
COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

[This communication has been properly authenticated.—ED. L.]

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.—CIGAR SMOKING.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—That your very valuable publication, THE LANCET, has produced many essential reformatations in our profession every one must allow, nor is it my wish to gainsay it; but as a student of Bartholomew's Hospital, I trust you will allow me to make a few remarks on the letter of a person subscribing himself "A Pupil," inserted in the Number of this week.

On his "*ars scribendi*" I shall make no comment, giving the numerous readers of your excellent hebdomadal publication, credit for some judgment in discriminating between the usually elegant compositions in THE LANCET, and the letter now before me, which in my opinion is a disgrace to