From the Londo Metropolitan for August.

Anecdotes of Mr. Abernethy.—The eccentricities of a man of genius usually constitute the most prominent feature in the personal character; and in general, where there is talent of any kind, some peculiarity of manner exists. With respect to Mr. Abernethy there was no real moroseness of disposition; and his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgement, and a feeling of independence. He neither sought to recommend himself, nor win his patients, by any of those tricks which are daily practised at the expense of sacrificing opinion and feeling to policy.

A lady having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm says—"Burnt" A. "I see it," and, having prescribed a lotion she departs. Second day—Patient Shows the arm, and says, "Better." A. "I know it." Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient, "Well." A. "Any fool can tell that. What d'ye come again for? Get away."

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain of the arm, and holding it up in the air, said "it always gives me pain when I hold it up so" A. "Then w the devil do you hold it up so?"

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise after her meals. Perceiving her to be very tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and, without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt, 'Better' was the reply The mandate was repeated, and, the walk being finished, he asked—'How now?' 'Quite well,' was the answer Abernethy, 'That will do. Take her away; and don't let her wear tight stays.' In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer's morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dexterously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spit it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

There was no trick, no finesse, no humbug about his practice. He called things by their proper names: he always told the truth, while other medical men endeavored, perhaps on the score of feeling or politeness, to conceal it from the mind of the agitated patient; the conduct of the doctor was straight forward upon all occasions. To die? or not to die? questions often proposed to him, he answered unhesitatingly; and those persons who possessed fortitude enough to meet his reply, were relieved from a 'thousand doubts, hopes and fears, that the flesh is heir to!'

However, in spite of the doctor's well-known confidence, he was to be managed, and he was frequently defeated against his will, when he least expected it: altho' eccentric to the very echo of eccentricity, yet the eccentric man had the best chance with him in overcoming his peculiarities; the blunt man often got the better of the doctor's rudeness; and the bold hero, something after the manner of "Greek to Greek," more than once or twice proved his master. The following incidents will illustrate his eccentricity. A jolly hearted fox-hunter in the neighborhood of Doncaster, one of those choice spirits who had lived rather "too fast" for his constitution—devoted to his lass and his glass—fond of his dog and his gun—and "Yoicks! bark forward, tally ho!' to him far sweeter sounds than Braham's "Beautiful maid"—felt himself out of sorts—in other words, he could not tell what was the matter with him: he therefore consulted the Bolus of the place of whom the whole parish declared no man could better

Gild a pill
Make a bill
Or bleed or blister!

But the country apothecary, with all his Caleb Quotem sort of talent, proved of no use to the fox-hunter; the complaint of the latter got worse and worse, and he was determined to consult without any more delay, one of the faculty in London. Abernethy was pointed out to him as most likely to make him hearty again; but, at the same time, it was intimated to him the reception he would probably meet with on making his bow. "Never mind," said he, "if I do not prove myself a match for the Doctor, may my mare refuse the first leap she comes to; may I never again be in at the refuse death"—On stating the nature of his complaint to Abernethy, the latter replied, "sir the sooner you go back the better; you have come on a fool's errand! I am no doctor"—The fox-hunter, in great surprise, observed, "perhaps I have mistaken the house; and if I have intruded myself into your company, I am sorry for it. May I ask, sir, is your name Abernethy?" "Yes," replied the Doctor, 'Abernethy is my name.' "Abernethy and no doctor!" said the fox hunter, "but have been told you are a joker—those a joke to a man who has come two hundred miles, is rather too much out place for him to relish it!" "Joke or joke," answered Abernethy, "you will find I am no doctor; and the sooner you quit my house the better," (getting up to ring the bell for the servant. "Hear me Doctor Abernethy," replied the fox-hunter, (pulling out his purse at the same time,) "I have not much knowledge, it is true but I trust I have too much sense to put my purse in competition with my constitution; therefore, name your fee, and, be it great or small, I will give it to you. That you are a doctor, and a man of great skill, fame reports all over the kingdom: your talents have induced me to travel two hundred miles expressly for your advice—therefore none of your tricks upon travellers! I will not be disappointed. Advice I come for—and *advice I will have!*" (running immediately up to the door, locking it, and putting the key into his pocket.) He then held out his wrist to the doctor. "You *will* have advice" echoed the doctor in a rage, "insolent man! not from me. I again tell you that I am no physician." The fox-hunter putting himself in a boxing attitude, advanced towards Mr. Abernethy, and in an offensive manner exclaimed, "then by —— I will make a doctor of you; and if you do not feel my pulse without any more equivocation, I will feel yours, and also administer to you some points of my practice. I will likewise give you an emetic, without the smallest particle of physic in it, that shall make you sick for a month." The doctor retreating with astonishment, "what are you about? are you going to strike me?" "Yes," replied the fox-hunter, "I am as cool as a cucumber; and nothing shall stop me in my pursuit: dangers I fear not; and to leap over a steeple is a trifling concern to me when the game is in view; therefore, I again repeat, feel my pulse or else—— "

The doctor immediately laid hold of his arm and in a sort of whisper, as the players have it, aside exclaimed—'and a —— strong pulse it is!" then, in a louder tone, "suppose I had not felt your pulse—what then?" "Why," replied the fox-hunter, with a most determined look attached to the expression, "I would have run you down sooner than I would a fox; and have made you more timid than a hare, before you could have sung out for the assistance of either of the colleges!"

"The devil you would," said the doctor—"nevertheless I admire your candor and I am not at all disposed to quarrel with your bluntness, and as you have been so extremely explicit with me, I will render myself as perfectly intelligible to you, and also with as much sincerity.—Your pulse tells me, that you are a far greater beast than the horse you rid; indeed the amimal is the preferable character of the two, by comparison—your horse feels the spur and attends to it; the whip to him is not applied in vain; and he eats, drinks, and takes his rest more like a rational being than his master. While on the contrary, the man [illegible] mind, or at least, who ought to possess something like the exercises of intellect, is all excess—he drinks to excess—he eats to excess—he smokes to excess." "Bravo doctor, nay, more, my friend," replied the fox-hunter, quite pleased, "only say that my pulse has been abused, but not worn out—that I shall once more be upon the right scent, and that the effects of training will enable me again to enjoy the 'view halloo!' accompanied by rosy health, and I will be yours, &c. forever, I will do any thing, I will apologise to you——' 'Retract one word that you have uttered," suppressing a smile, answered the doctor, "and I will be dumb! and you will lose that advice you almost fought to obtain: first, buy my book, then let Nature be your principal guide in future and when you are at fault Mr. Fox-hunter, consult page —— and you will be able to decide upon your own case."—"Buy your book!" said the fox-hunter, "aye, that I will; and I should think it cheap, if it cost as much as Rees' Cyclopædia. I will purchase it in a canter, & it shall be as bible proof to me for the remainder of my life." "Do then, and make your exit without delay—I have lost too much time already," answered the doctor. "I am off like a shot," replied the fox-hunter, "but the first toast I shall propose at the club on my return home, will be—'Long life to Dr. Abernethy'" "Fox-hunter, farewell!" said the doctor, "Remember that your horse is your example—drink only when you are dry—satisfy your hunger, when it requires it, and when Nature points it out to you take rest!" The fox-hunter behaved liberally as to the fee, they shook hands together like men who had a respect for each other, the doctor being perfectly satisfied that his patient belonged to that class of persons who are vulgarly denominated 'rum customers;' and the fox hunter did not quit the house of Mr Abernethy, without being equally impressed that the doctor was one of those extraordinary men not to be met with amongst 20,000 human beings!

Elliston, of theatrical celebrity, about a year and a half ago, being confined to his bed with a violent attack of the rheumatism, and anxious to obtain the best advice upon the subject, sent for Abernethy to attend him. On the arrival of the doctor, he found Elliston attended by his nurse and another woman; but having waited a short time for their departure, they did not appear to take the hint, or perhaps did not think their absence absolutely necessary; the doctor began to talk respecting the complaint of Elliston without the least regard to delicacy, when the women quitted immediately: The coast being clear, Elliston threw off the bed-clothes, and exhibited his knee to Abernethy, observed, "I believe you call that the rheumatism, doctor—what is good for it?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Abernethy, "neither do I think the wise ones, whom they term the faculty, are any better judges of it! I have been laid up with the rheumatism for the last three weeks, and could not wait upon my patients, and I assure you I was totally at a loss for a remedy!" "I have followed the old women's advice," answered Mr. Elliston, and I have applied hot water and flannels to the parts affected!" "And why not?" said the doctor, "I have often found old women's prescriptions better than old men's; and I must confess, that I am for repeated warm applications; and I also think that the practical experience of old women nurses in such complaints is much better than the advice given by the great men of the faculty. Therefore follow the plan you have adopted, keep your body open & you will soon recover, as I have done." "I feel obliged by this call," replied Elliston handing over two sovereigns to the doctor as his fee. "No, no, no! I cannot think of such a thing," answered the doctor. "But I must insist, sir,—business is business," said Elliston, "the scene, I acknowledge, is most grateful to my feelings, but the actor has overdone his part—it is out of character—and I cannot permit you, doctor, to make your exit on such terms—I should forget the cue if I did." "Business must be attended to, I am well aware,"—answered the doctor with a smile; "and therefore my opinion is, that ten minutes' conversation with Elliston is worth two sovereigns, and I always act upon the same terms with you Good bye, friend Elliston, (shaking him by the hand,) get well as fast as you can—and return to the stage." The doctor made his bow, and was gone before Elliston had time to reply

A little sporting butcher, well known in Fleet market, but possessing a delicate constitution, and frequently unable to attend to business through illness, was advised by his friends to take the opinion of Abernethy as to the nature of his complaint. On obtaining admission to the doctor's house, he met with Mr. Abernethy in the hall, who rudely accosted the butcher with "What do you want?" "Your advice, Doctor," said the butcher in a very submissive style. "Pray, Sir, who told you that I was a doctor?" asked Mr. Abernethy "All our market, sir," replied the butcher—"the people—every body—all the world!" "Then, sir your market knows nothing about it," answered the doctor, quite in a rage, "the people or every body as you say, are fools; and the world's a liar!" the doctor hastily making for his parlor door. "Stop, sir, if you please," said the butcher, "you have forgot—" "What have I forgot?" replied the doctor impetuously—"Your fee, sir!" said the butcher, bowing, and holding out a guinea to him. The doctor surprised, and rather off his guard, observed, "Your head appears to be screwed on the right way—follow me." The little butcher having entered the parlor, the doctor said,—"Who are you?" "I am," replied the little man, "one of the cutting up tribe—a sticker—a kill-bull, according to the common slang of the day: but, after the old style of expression, I am nothing more nor less than an humble butcher at your service." "Indeed!" said the doctor with a sort of grin on his countenance, 'you are cutting me up, I believe—what is your complaint?" "I can't get rid of my grub, sir answered the butcher.—'What?" replied the doctor, laughing outright—"not get rid of your grub when the streets are so crowded with beggars! you are a strange sort of fellow." "No, that is not what I mean—every thing I eat gets no further than here; it stops by the way," said the butcher, (putting his finger up to his chest) "the victualling office, as we call it, is out of repair." "Oh, I understand you," answered the doctor—"indigestion is your complaint." "Yes," replied the butcher, "that is the word you physical gentlemen name it." "Read my book," observed the doctor. "Perhaps that is more than I am able to do, as I am but a very indifferent scholar, and have been more engaged with beasts than with men," answered the butcher. "The first school boy you meet with, tell him to read to you page—, and listen to it with attention; follow it as closely as an informer sticks to an act of parliament, and your victualling-office will soon have a free passage through it, and your grub will no longer be a burden to you," said the doctor, ringing his bell for the servant to show the butcher out. "I'll book it at all events—it is as good as gold to me," replied the butcher; 'and now, Mr Doctor, or whatever you may be, I wish to behave handsome in return—I will send you the primest rump of beef in all our market, that you may cut and come again; and when you are tired of cutting it, send for another—' 'John!' the doctor calling out, 'open the street door; this butch—gentleman wants to be gone.' 'What a nice man I don't think!' observed the butcher in a sort of whisper and winking his eye towards the servant 'there are stranger fellows to be met with than the doctor, if you know where to find them.' Then raising his voice, 'if you should want a steak at any time, sir, don't mention it, I shall always be grateful—I am not particular to a shade.' 'The door I say, John!' urged the doctor; and the servant almost elbowed the little butcher into the street.

I am Mr. Metropolitan,
Yours. &c.
PHILO-ABERNETHY.

From the Nat. Gazette, Oct. 8.

We are deprived of editorial 'sea room' by the length of Mr. Wirt's argumentative acceptance of the Anti-masonic nomination. It is wordy, and, in part, somewhat vague, but these faults may be ascribed to the difficulty of his task. He was under the necessity of explaining, qualifying, disclaiming, and so forth. Mr. Ellmaker is more direct and plump in his adhesion, and quaint in his modesty. "I know well my humble pretensions to be a candidate for that high office" (the Vice Presidentship.) With reference to Masonry, the Convention have been easily satisfied in their nomination of President. Mr. Wirt is an acknowledged *ci-devant* mason—had never formally seceded—never perceived any evil in Masonry; and has agreed merely to co-operate in asserting *the supremacy of the laws*, without special proscription.

The Convention being content, the public may well be so with the choice, as far as interest is due to the case. The Convention have adopted an unexceptionable and eminent citizen, who remains free to abstain from all official action in respect to Masonry, other than such as the execution of the laws may possibly require. As he "thought little about masonry for thirty years," as "it had completely dropped from his mind," he may not have occasion to think of it or remember it again," when "the hurly-burly's done"—when "the battle's lost *or* won;" when it has relapsed,—which may happen ere long—into that pleasant inoffensiveness, or deep latency, or pageant inanity, which caused it to be utterly forgotten, or only to be smiled at by a man of the most extensive social intercourse and enlarged observation, who, moreover during several of the thirty years, was an official guardian of the laws.

Having been suddenly "blown into consequence," it may gradually or suddenly dwindle to insignificance, after the purposes for which it was thus inflated, shall have been gratified or disappointed or other monsters shall be similarly created to be tapped or despatched in like manner. For the rest, we would say, without intending any comparisons or allusions, that Mr. Wirt is a man whom any political, or politico-religious or ethical party might adopt as their candidate, without entertaining apprehension for the national weal in any particular,—one upon whose patriotism, capacity, and general principles, reliance might be safely placed. In this matter, we are alarmed at nothing except the resolution to hold another Anti-Masonic Convention, at Washington, in September, 1835—which looks like a project duly to take possession of the government.

The address which Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court prepared at the request of the Union and Jefferson Societies of Augusta College, has been printed in a Pamphlet. It contains sound opinions, and excellent lessons for youth, tersely expressed on the advantages, of education, and the proper improvement of time. We subjoin some of the paragraphs as specimens.

"The literary character of a country, if deservedly elevated, is of incalculable value. It gives a moral power which extends over the opinions, and actions of men, throughout the civilized world this is the Empire of reason, which next to liberty, should be considered the proudest triumph a nation can achieve. Every country has cherished, with the utmost solicitude, the literary reputation of its citizens. This reputation is considered as belonging to the nation. And I might ask, what can more distinguish a country than citizens, who on account of their learning and talents, command the voluntary homage of the world. Such men distinguish the age in which they live, & are justly denominated benefactors of the human race." . . . . .

"Without personal application, the highest gifts of nature, and the finest opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, will be of very little advantage.

"How seldom do we find a man of splendid talents, and great attainments, who has a son that acquires equal celebrity. This may in some degree be owing to the reputation of the father, which the son seeks to appropriate to himself without using the proper means, to deserve it."

"There are few instances where young men of great fortunes become eminent. The reason is, because they feel no necessity of relying upon their personal efforts for a subsistence; and having the means of enjoying, what are falsely called the pleasures of life, they yield to indulgence; their minds becomes relaxed and their ambition is destroyed.

"No man ever attained much distinction in literature, in the sciences, or in any of the learned professions, without great labour. And no individual of good capacity who enjoyed ordinary opportunities for study, and improved them to the best advantage ever failed to become distinguished. The great Newton declared in a letter to Dr. Bently, 'that if he had done the public any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought.'" . . . . .

"Here every man must stand or fall on his individual merits. He cannot be sustained by his wealth, or by the respectability of his connections. Nor can a young man hope to rise to public esteem, by factitious circumstances. He must lay the foundation of his future prosperity by exemplary conduct and incessant study. He must abstract himself from those amusements which consume time and unfit the mind for improvement. He must be satisfied with the gratification arising from a rapid advance, and prospect of future celebrity. These afford to the mind a much higher enjoyment than can be found in the most brilliant circles of Society. They never pall upon the appetite, but continue to give increasing delight." . . . . .

"He who wishes to have a name that shall be cherished by posterity, who desires by his individual efforts, to add something to the amount of human happiness, and the glory of his country, has much to do, and but little time for action. His days and nights should be devoted to this great object. The principles of truth, justice, patriotism, should be the foundation on which he builds. Whether his life be public, or private, the same moral principles should govern him. He should discard, as incompatible with either truth, honesty, or patriotism, that political trickery which is shamefully professed by some, and practiced by many. By means not only wholly unexceptionable, but laudable, should he aspire to eminence. And when such a career shall be about to close, there will be nothing painful in the retrospect."

THE PLEASURES OF A CANTER

Napoleon himself, whose resource under depression of spirits, and incipient indisposition, was to put himself on diet and mount his horse for a fast ride, would not have refused his assent to the following description of the benefits and pleasures of a canter. Next to this, in efficacy, as a cure for the blues and vapours, for the host of imaginary diseases which are too oppressive for the poor hypocondriac to bear any longer, is—do not anticipate us, kind reader, we mean neither his drowning, nor marrying, nor any such venturous deed; the first being a mark of insanity, the latter of his *malice prepense* to injure another's peace of mind—our remedy we say is to toss the invalid into a stage-coach, and commend him to some friend in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, or Nashville, or any such decently remote part, so as to insure adequate jolting and attention to the safety of neck and limb a forced look abroad at scenes as they present themselves, and some little efforts at civility, and a polite desire to please others, in order that the traveller may himself receive civility

"A canter is the cure for every evil, and brings the mind back to itself sooner than all the lessons of Chrysippus and Crantor. It is the only process that, at the same time, calms your feelings, and elevates your spirits, banishes blue devils, and raises you to the society of "angels ever bright and fair." It clears the mind, it cheers the heart It is the best preparation for all enterprises, for it puts a man in good-humour both with the world and himself; and whether you are going to make a speech or scribble a scene—whether you are about to conquer the world or yourself—order your horse. As you bound along, your wit will brighten, and your eloquence blaze, your courage grow more adamantine, and your generous feelings burn with a livelier flame. And when the exercise is over, the excitement does not cease, as when it grows from music, for your blood is up and the brilliancy of your eye is fed by your bubbling pulses. Then, my young friend, take my advice—rush into the world, and triumph will grow out of your quick life, like Victory bounding from the palm of Jove!"

The American Corvette Kensington, so much admired while lying in the waters of this harbor, early in the summer, attracts much attention in England. A paragraph from Cowes, August 19, mentions that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, had, on the preceding Wednesday, passed through the roads in his Majesty's yacht Emerald, accompanied by their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and Lord Liverpool, when drawing near the Kensington, her commander immediately directed a salute of 21 guns to be fired, which mark of respect was instantaneously followed up by the Directors of the Royal Yacht Club Battery, as well as by all the yachts which were lying at anchor in Cowes Roads, after which the Castle guns were also fired. The Portsmouth paper of August 21 gives the following notice of this beautiful ship, built it will be recollected in Philadelphia.

The equipment and fittings up of the American corvette, at Cowes, are on a splendid scale. The Captain's cabin in particular, is furnished more like a Royal Yacht, than a man of war. Notwithstanding this, her effectiveness is in no wise compromised. No person but can be struck with admiration at the beauty and spaciousness of her deck. She is certainly a fine ship, but she ought to have been still finer. Our transatlantic friends, in avoiding our blunders of placing ports four and five feet from the water, have got into the contrary extreme, and placed the ports of the Kensington eleven feet above the water line. To counterbalance this, they have stowed her with, we believe, nearly 300 tons of ballast. Had her ports been judiciously placed, she might have carried with ease, thirty-two pounders; even as it is, we fear some of our small *line-of-battle ships* would stand but a poor chance with her, when blowing hard, as it is notorious that they cannot open their lower deck ports on such an occasion, the contest would therefore be between their eighteen-pounders and the Kensington's twenty-poun-

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