

**PILOCEREUS
SENILIS, AND
OTHER PAPERS**

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Pilocereus Senilis, and Other Papers by Walter Moxon

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WALTER MOXON

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AND OTHER PAPERS

BY

e
WALTER MOXON, M.D., F.R.C.P.

PHYSICIAN TO AND LECTURER ON MEDICINE AT GUY'S HOSPITAL

"Vite summa brevis spem
Nos vetat inchoare longam"
HORACE

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET

1887

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PREFACE.

IN accordance with the wish of some of the Students of Guy's Hospital, I have collected in this volume a series of Miscellaneous Lectures and Papers now no longer in print.

The book is published in the hope that it may be of interest to the Past and Present Students of Guy's.

S. M.

HIGHGATE, *February 1887.*



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FEB 23 1923

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS

OF

PILOCEREUS SENILIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'GUY'S HOSPITAL
GAZETTE.'

November 8, 1873.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am an old man now, but once upon a time I was younger, and now and then I come upon a scrap in my recollections that I fancy amused me in those days. I can't judge for young people now, but if you think these little pieces fit for a dull corner that by some strange chance might be found in your clever *Gazette*, these and more are quite at your service. To-day I lit upon the following scrap which may suit the views of some of our more intellectual young friends if they will read it in an idle hour—supposing such a time is discoverable about Guy's.—I remain, Mr. Editor, yours truly,
P. S.'

When I had a little cash in my pockets, and walked along by the shops, it seemed

as if I could buy all the nice things one after the other, and the sensation was very enjoyable.

Is it not the same, too, with the little spare intelligence one carries? It seems as if one would with it 'get up' all the things that need be known, let alone a lot of shining quotations. But just as the first few purchases open your eyes to the end of your shillings, so when you try to learn what others around you know so extensively and well, then you find what a little stock of spare intellect you really have about you at any time.

Here's a melancholy truth!—however you work your few ounces of brains, you will get out of them what Thomson and Johnson got with the few pounds their father left them. One pays in gold, another in brains. And the world will sum you up, not by the mite of store your exhaustion was able to give, but by the scrap it was when cast into the world's treasury. They will take you as they find you, and care nothing at all how you got to be what you are. And you, poor fellow! full of the sympathies for your efforts, which your mother and aunt, and sisters and yourself, and all the little circle which saw you up from your petticoats, have had for the little swell they have seen you puff, you think it hard of the world; a 'hard,' 'cold,' 'heartless' world. Yes! It is! Not like your mother, and aunt, and sisters, and sympathising self! But don't be donkey