

Cobbold Richard

# Geoffery Gambado



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**Geoffery Gambado**

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# **William Henry Bunbury Geoffery Gambado A Simple Remedy for Hypochondriacism and Melancholy Splenetic Humours**

## **Preface**

Some years ago, sixteen original sketches by Henry Bunbury, Esq. were given to the Author of this Book. This celebrated sketcher and caricaturist was a gentleman well known in the county of Suffolk for his public and private virtues, as well as for his superior talents. He was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Sir William Bunbury, whose baronetcy was created in 1681. Of a cheerful and lively temper, he sought to infuse the same spirit through all ranks of society. If we mistake not, his son became Sir Henry Bunbury, and represented the county of Suffolk, as his uncle, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, had done before him.

His descendants still occupy the mansion and estates in Suffolk, where they have been, and are still, the great benefactors to the poor, and the parish of Great Barton near Bury St. Edmund's.

But we have to speak more particularly of Henry Bunbury, Esq. and his talents. To this day, his accurate delineations of the political and social customs of the age he lived in, and of the characters who came under his observation, are remarkable for their truthful force. It is very seldom that men of high life and good education, possess the artistic power of graphic delineation: at least, we have but few amateur delineators who can stand the test of the invidious sneers and jeers of those empty possessors of wealth and station, who consider themselves degraded even by the acquaintance of an artist, a poet, or a literary character. Now, if a man is not a degraded man, but lives himself after the law of God, he need never mind the scoffs or ridicule of any man; but may say, as Henry Bunbury did to those who ridiculed him, – "Evil be to him who evil thinks."

In the Sketches contained in this work, the difficulty was to make out what kind of story they told; for though some persons might see in them nothing more than ridicule upon the *Annals of Complete Horsemanship*, yet those who knew the man, and knew the disposition he always entertained, namely, a desire to do evil to no man, but good to all, thought that his intention was to cure some over-sensitive minds of morbid and melancholy feelings, which ought not, unreasonably and unseasonably, to overwhelm them, and destroy their energies.

It was not that he ridiculed real affliction, or ever, in any one of his drawings, sought to give a pang to the real mourner; but he really loved a cheerful disposition; and could not bear that man should be afflicting himself with imaginary diseases, when a little self-exertion, or diversion, would restore his right tone of bodily health, and be the means of doing him good.

We have adopted these views of our celebrated talented Suffolk gentleman, and have endeavoured to turn his pictures to this profitable account. They represent horses, and costume of fashion or fiction, long since exploded; but they represented real persons, whom he knew, and many were reckoned inimitable likenesses. Caricature is itself a species of broad, or excessive resemblance of fact; let it be represented by Shakspeare's Falstaff, – Hogarth's Marriage a la Mode, – Dickens' Pickwick Papers, – Macaulay's Stories of Historical Persons, (introduced into his popular History of England), – or of Punch, – or of that greatest of all powerful pencil delineators of character, George Cruikshank. We leave out the popular novelists, or poets, who have written funny as well as serious things; – all, more or less, have taken advantage of caricature skill, to prove their acquaintance with the ridiculous.

Cowper is generally looked upon as a serious poet, yet he wrote "Johnny Gilpin." But we will make no more excuses for our present work. We will only add that it was originally conceived for a charitable purpose, and is now made use of as such.

The Author of the Illustrations has long since departed this mortal life; and the Author of the Narrative, not seeking the reputation of his own name, does not give it to the world; but, apologizing for his interpretation of the sketches, desires only to do good. If any should be entertained, and will kindly send any mark of their favour to the Publisher, for the Author, the word of a Gentleman is given, that, whatever it may be, it shall be strictly devoted to public good.

## THE FRONTISPIECE

Reader! did you ever see an angel on horseback?" "No!" No more did I, that I know of! We read of one in (II. Maccabeus, c. 3); but then he was clad in armour of gold, and rode a most powerful animal, who smote with his forelegs the avaricious Heliodorus. But here we see a very different representation, both as to horse and rider, and engaged in trumpeting forth the praises of the celebrated

Doctor Gambado.

"Gambado! Sempre viva! Ancora! Ancora!" In fact, it is termed "The Apotheosis of Geoffery Gambado, Esq. M.D. F.R.S."

Now this angel might be a daughter of Doctor Gambado's, or she might be his scullery-maid. She is represented on a horse, which, instead of being a winged Pegasus, stands well upon his pegs, and seems to have lent his wings to the damsel herself, to bear both himself and her "in nubibus." She holds a medallion of the Doctor, a striking portrait, in her right hand; and in her left, the celebrated brazen trumpet of Fame; and, no doubt, whether his angelic daughter or his faithful domestic, she was one who knew so well the admirable worth of the good physician, that she simply means to say, – "May the cheerful spirit of such good men as Doctor Gambado live for ever, and drive out of all splenetic patients, the tormenting stings of the Blue Devils."

If he can do this, his canonization will indeed be immortal, though it be trumpeted forth by so humble an instrument as the angel we here see represented on a wooden horse.

Reader, the humblest instrument in the world may, in the hand of wisdom, be used as an angel for your own good. The poor fellow who lifts you up from the ground, should you happen to fall, may be the helping hand provided you. The messenger who finds you in suffering, and sends the doctor to your relief, may be the unknown angel for your deliverance.

A poor boy, or a poor girl, who snatches you, in your infant days, from the peril of a pond, may be used as an angel for your welfare.

Do not always expect to see angels in golden armour for your deliverance; though the generous and charitably-good Samaritan, the friend in need, may be the friend indeed at the hour you most require him, – only be humble, only be thankful, and even this poor picture may be a message of comfort to your spirit; for

"Reproof is better than a great man's gold;  
And he is good who loves a thing well told:  
Then 'evil be to him who thinks the same,'  
And would destroy Gambado's honest fame."

## CHAPTER I

### Gambado himself seeing the world in a six miles' tour

It is time we should speak something of this celebrated person, and account for his present position and appearance. He is very unlike any modern physician. A hundred years ago, however, we have no doubt that such was a fac-simile of this noble specimen of an equestrian medical proficient. It is a hundred years ago since the original sketch of him was made, which we have endeavoured to copy. We have to account for finding him in such a position. First, Who was he? What was he? Where did he live? What did he do? And how came he into notice at all?

Most men are born somewhere! and except they become noted for something they have done, it is very seldom that any inquiry is made about them at all. Neither the place of their birth, nor the locale of their fame, or name, or habitation, of their death, or marriage, is made of any moment whatsoever.

Alas! those who are most ambitious of fame, seldom get it whilst they live; and very few, ever, as literary men, are exalted to a title, like Lord Macaulay; whilst those often feel they are praised for what they own they do not deserve, are more humbled by their reputation, than they are exalted.

It was said to Gambado, in the day of his greatest reputation, "We will certainly have you in Westminster Abbey?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow," was his reply; "I would rather eat a mutton chop with you at the Mermaid Tavern, in the street I was born in, than lie along with John Milton, (who was born in the next street to mine), or with any of those worthies, Shakspeare, Raleigh, or Ben Jonson; who can no longer eat a mutton chop with us at their old Tavern:

"I seek no fame, I want no name,  
My bread in Bread-street is:  
Gambado has sufficient fame;  
This is sufficient bliss!"

He was born in Bread-street, in Cheapside: and in the first year of the reign of George the Third, A.D. 1760, he was in full practice and celebrity, and could not be less than forty years of age. As to whom he married, and what became of his wife and one lovely daughter, we know not. They appear conspicuously only in the last pages of this narrative, and were evidently in the enjoyment of all their great master's reputation, as well as in the keeping up with him in partaking of his own favourite panacea for all complaints, viz. – the riding on horseback.

But how came he to take up this exercise? to stick to it? and to recommend it as he did upon every occasion? Simply, as he told every one, because he found in it a sure and certain remedy for that dreadful nervous disease, commonly known by the name of the "Blue Devils."

Few things gave greater offence in that day to the Faculty, than Dr. Gambado's system of practice. He prescribed very little, if any, medicine: he certainly gave none to those whom he considered did not require it. He knew the power of a strong mind over a weak body, and what too great fatigue of either would produce. He knew well, moreover, the danger of entertaining too much imagination upon any complaint. He was acknowledged by all to be well versed in the physical construction of the human frame; and especially of that most complicated portion, the nervous system, to which he had paid such scientific attention that his *Vocabulary of Nervous Constitutions* was his great work, that won for him much scientific fame, and got him the honour of being elected F.R.S. before he attained such practical success as made his fortune. He did make a great fortune; and he



was honest enough to confess that he owed the enjoyment of it, if not the possession of it, entirely to a Horse-dealer.

He was, himself, at one period of his life, so completely prostrated in his own nervous system, that, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, he was completely unstrung. He was constantly in the habit of going to church with his wife and daughter, at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, one of Sir Christopher Wren's most beautiful specimens of architecture; but in his depression he shunned the company of those he loved best on earth, and almost forsook his God and his duty, imagining himself totally forsaken of Him and every friend. He had no pleasure in any thing. His very profession was a burthen to him, and night and day he did nothing but mope. What would have become of him, his wife and daughter, his practice, his home, and his society, had he not, as he used to say, met with an angel, in the shape of a horse-dealer?

He was strolling, one evening, in a very melancholy mood, down Friday-street, not far from his own home, as he passed by the livery stables of John *Tattsall*, as the name was then spelt. John knew the doctor, and capped him with "A beautiful evening, sir."

The Doctor stopped, and looking very woefully in his face, said, "Yes, John, very beautiful to those who are well."

"Yes sir, and to those who are sick, too; and I wish they could enjoy it."

"John, I am very ill myself, and have been so for some time. I shall not write many more prescriptions!"

"I hope you won't, sir; I hope you won't."

"Why so, John? why so?"

"Because you gentlemen prescribe so much advice, and so seldom follow any good advice yourselves, that you are sure to die sooner than any other men. You all know too much about other people, and very little about yourselves."

"You are a blunt fellow, John; but I do not like you the less for that. You once consulted me, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, and you told me the truth; and I liked you all the better for it. You told me plainly there was nothing the matter with me. 'Go home,' you said, 'drink a glass of cold water just before you get into bed; and if that do not do you more good than any medicine I can give you, then come to me again, bring me another guinea, and I will give you the same advice.' I did as you advised, and it was the best cold water cure that ever was effected: I have never been ill since. But, Doctor, I have heard that you are out of sorts. One good turn deserves another, and if you will follow my advice, only for one week, you shall be a different man to what you now are. You shall soon earn your hundreds; and only give me one guinea in the hundred, and you will make my fortune and your own too."

"What is your advice? I will agree to the terms."

"Well, Doctor, let me tell you the truth. You have done too much, – studied too much, – wrote too much, – thought too much, – and have overdone everything, and now find you can do nothing. You are fast sinking into that lapsed condition in which you will soon become an inmate of Bedlam, if you go on as you have done of late. You grow enormously fat, and are getting like the pig in my sty, and will soon be snoring, snoring, snoring, all day long, a plague to yourself and everyone else. If you do not follow my advice, you will be a dead man before you ever eat another Christmas turkey."

"What is it, John?"

"Ride out six miles on horseback, every morning at six o'clock, – and six miles back again, – and that for six days; and if, at the end of that time, your lethargic state is not improved, then say, John Tattsall is a good-for-nothing humbug, and deserves to be well horsewhipped."

"But, John, I never rode on horseback in my life: never was in the habit of it. I do not think I ever could."

"*Master, you must try, if you would not die.*"

Now the Doctor did not like the thought of dying, though he had seen so much of it when it touched others. A strange kind of nervous sensation ran through him, – not through his veins, for he was one who wrote against "vascular nerves," – but it ran through his system, as he thought of John's words, "*Master, you must try, if you would not die.*"

"Well John, – I will try, – but you must teach me!" "Come, master, that's right; nothing like trying to amend our ways before it's too late, as good Doctor Cassock said. So a good beginning, well followed up, and, barring accident, I see no reason, Doctor, why you should not live for forty years longer. You know well, that a man overworked, like any other animal, is soon worn out; and a man who does no work, very soon dies. Just come and look at a nice little Norway cob I have in my stable; quiet and gentle as a lamb. A very few turns down my ride, will give you a seat in the saddle, and you shall be again a happy man."

The Doctor got into the saddle that very evening; and nobody saw him, but John; and if the stable boys peeped out and smiled, they got a little back-handed tip with their master's whip, and were glad to hide their diminished heads in the straw. He went home a little more cheerful; played a game of backgammon with his wife, and kissed the cheek of his only child Kate, and seemed a little better. To the surprise of his family, he ordered hot water into his dressing-room, at half-past five in the morning; and, of course, it was thought he was going to take a journey. He did so; but when he went out, he said, "I shall breakfast at half-past eight o'clock."

So the Doctor took a six miles' tour every morning, for six days. He improved daily; and though he rode very awkwardly at first, holding on by the reins, and keeping his brow bent and his eye intent upon the Norway Cob's ears, his daily exercise did him a world of good; and before the week was out, he began to find himself a different creature. At the end of the week, he gave John Tattsall fifty guineas for the Cob; and a friendship, founded upon mutual accommodation, subsisted between them, to the day of their deaths.

So was a horse-dealer made an angel or messenger of health to the mournful spirit or unstrung nerves of Doctor Geoffery Gambado. He had the honesty to own it. The Doctor perfectly recovered his right mind and bodily health; and, like a wise man, who well knows that the same thing which does him good may do others the same, he took more patients to John Tattsall's livery stables than he ever sent to the sea side, to Madeira, to Buxton, or to Margate, Ramsgate, or any other gate whatsoever. John kept horses to suit all comers and all customers, and found Doctor Gambado the most grateful of all, because he always owned that, beneath a good Providence, he did him great good.

The Doctor's fame rapidly increased with the increase of his health. He soon became the very first Physician in nervous complaints. He knew the cause of nervous degeneracy, – no man better. He recommended Tattsall to all such patients as he found likely to be benefitted by him; and they were not a few. His letters, if they could be collected, would be found as direct to the point as the Wellington despatches.

"John, – I want just such a horse as cured me, to cure an old fool like myself.  
*Yours, &c. – Gambado.*"

John, like a well-tutored chemist, understood the peculiar character of the Doctor's prescriptions, which, unlike a quack's, were generally written in a plain, legible hand, without any *ad captandum* humbug. John had horses from twenty-five to five-hundred guineas each.

But as the Doctor's fame increased, so, it might be truly said, the follies of "hypochondriacism" began to be exposed. People, and especially those of the Great Faculty, were jealous of the Doctor's reputation. It is always a sign of a little mind to be envious, or jealous of another man's celebrity. Take it for granted, when you hear a man speak slightly of another, set that man down, whoever he is, for a conceited ass himself, or an ambitious, if not an envious and wretched man. Better speak nothing, than speak evil of another; better correct an evil thought, than have to repent of an evil act. Some called the Doctor a mere visionary practitioner, or a mere veterinary surgeon, or a quack, or

anything else. But he kept on his course. We have selected a few of the strange cases that came before him a hundred years ago.

What changes in a hundred years!  
What fashions, and what dress!  
What troubles, woes, and bloody tears,  
The world must now confess!

Avoid them all, – seek peace and love, —  
Be humble and be wise;  
May this poor book some comfort prove  
To friends, and enemies.

## CHAPTER II

### A Brother Patient. – How to make the least use of a Horse

It was not long before the Doctor received a visit from an old friend; one, who had, in younger days, been a student in the same school, and entered into practice about the same time. The servant introduced Doctor Bull, – yes, Doctor John Bull, or, more properly styled, John Bull, Esq. M.D. – but not F.R.S. No, Doctor Bull had been more ambitious of practising, than of obtaining an empty name. He was a steady, well-to-do little man, and never lost a patient from any want of good manners or attention. He had certainly given much thought to the subject of *Hydrophobia*, and was considered no mean authority in the treatment of cases pronounced very malignant; but he by no means confined his abilities to that one branch of human misfortune.

He advised well with the Surgeons, and, generally, approved their treatment; but suggested frequently that judicious change which the nature of the case required. This he did in so gentlemanly and considerate a manner, that he was sure to be consulted by the very next patient of the same Surgeon.

In this way, he made many friends, lost very few, and found himself in the most affluent circumstances from very extensive practice. But, somehow, he overworked himself, and got into a very irritable, and at the same time desponding, tone. Prosperity tries men very often more severely than adversity.

The Doctor, as long as he had his way to make in the world, was more attentive to others, and thought less about his own ails than he did about others. Now that he had accumulated money, he began to think of investments, and how he should place to the best account his accumulations.

He also thought a little more of style, equipage, choice society, and innumerable things, to which his life had been hitherto a stranger. He began to think and to care more about himself, than he did about any body else. He became of some consequence in his neighbourhood, and expected every one to bow to him, and to treat him as a *monied man*. In short, from a pure philanthropist, he became almost a misanthrope.

He began to torment himself about every thing and every body. Nothing pleased him, – his wife and children disturbed him, – he was downright cross to them. And the same man, who once never came into his house without a cheerful smile for every one in it, now took no notice of anyone, except it were to find fault, and to let out words which in his sober senses he would be shocked to hear any other person make use of.

"My dear, I am sure you are not well," said Mrs. Bull, to him one day, "I am sure you are not well."

"I could have told you that," was the reply.

"Do take a little change."

"Pish! change! what change? I am changing, and shall soon make some great change, if things go on as they do in this house."

"Is anything wrong, my dear?"

"Yes, everything is wrong, – nothing is right, – all things are out of order, – and everything wants a change."

"Well, my dear, I think, if we took a house for three months at Brighton, it would do us all good."

"What good, madam? And who is to pay for it? What will become of my patients? and how am I to support my family? Brighton indeed! No, no! If I cannot be better without going to Brighton, I had better decline at home! Who is to look after my patients?"

"Why, there is Doctor Goodfellow, who I am sure you admire. He will attend any of your patients for you. Do, my dear, have a little compassion upon yourself."

"And, I suppose, upon you too; upon Kitty as well; upon Mary, Patty, and little Johnny; servants and all, – Heigh!"

"If you please, my dear, even so, for you have not had much compassion upon any of us lately; and a change towards us all would be very agreeable."

A good wife has nothing to fear, and especially when she knows that she so loves her husband as to desire his health above all things else, whether of body, mind, or spirit. If a wife may not expostulate with her husband, who may? And notwithstanding all his perverseness, she had her own way with him, because she felt it was right.

To Brighton they all went; but the fancy had taken too strong hold upon Doctor Bull, to let him rest. He worried himself because he was away from London, – he worried himself about the state of his patients, – the price of stocks, – the state of his own pulse, tongue, eyes, and lungs, – till he could endure himself no longer.

"I must go and see my old friend Gambado; I know he is a clever man, and has paid great attention to the nervous system, I must go and see him. He ordered his chariot, and drove to Breadstreet; sent in his card, and was very soon shaking hands with his quondam friend Doctor Gambado.

"Bull, I am glad to see you! You are not come to consult me professionally about yourself, I hope?"

"I am, though, and about nobody else."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"Dispeptic."

"Is that all?" "No! Choleric?" "Is that all?" "No." "What is the matter? out with it."

"To tell you the truth, Geoffery, I hardly know how to describe myself to you. You never were afflicted in the same way."

"How do you know that?"

"I am sure of it. You never were tormented morning, noon, and night. You never hated your profession, as I do mine. You never felt that you killed a great many more than you cured! You never loathed the sight of your wife and children, your house, servants, food, bed, board and lodging. In short, I am a regular monster to myself, and shall soon be good for nothing! Did you ever feel so, my friend?"

"Yes, and ten thousand times worse than all you have described."

"My dear friend, it is impossible."

"You may think it so, – and I certainly thought, once, exactly as you do now, – I can therefore make allowances for you. I tell you, no one ever appears so bad to any man, as the afflicted man does to himself. He would soon be better if he could once see others worse than himself, or as bad as himself, and wish, heartily wish, to see them cured. I tell you, such was my case – even worse than yours, – and I can cure you."

"Will you, my dear friend? will you?"

"Yes, will I; and as we never take fees of the faculty, therefore, I will cure you for nothing. I do not say, with nothing. – No. Will you follow my advice?"

"Yes, assuredly. What is it?"

"Ride on horseback."

"I never did so since I was a boy."

"Nor did I, till I tried."

"But did that cure you?"

"Yes, it did; and will cure you also."

"How long did you ride before you felt better?"

"Not an hour."

"How long before you were well again?"

"Six days; six miles out, every day; six miles home; and in six days all those morbid secretions went away from my brain, and I became as I am, a cheerful and happy man."

"But how shall I manage? I must begin *de novo*. I must learn, and I must get a horse that will just move as I want him, slow and sure; either a walk, or a gentle canter; one that does not mind the whip; and I dare not ride one with a spur."

"My dear fellow, I have a friend who served me with a horse just as I wanted it; and I have no doubt he can serve you just as well. I will write him a note, and you shall take it to him yourself."

Accordingly, the Doctor wrote him one of his laconic Epistles.

"Dear Tatt. – Mount my brother Doctor; give him a stiff-one, and one that will require a little exercise of the *deltoides* of the right arm. He can pay. Suit him well.

*Yours, faithfully, – Geoffery Gambado.*"

*"Mr. John Tattsall."*

Now the celebrated Doctor Bull had as good a pair of carriage horses as any Squire Bull in England. Tatt. certainly mounted him on one "that he could not" *make the least of*. He was quiet enough, stiff enough, slow enough, steady enough; he did not mind the whip, for the Doctor might cut him over the head, neck, ears, and under the flank, and anywhere, and everywhere else; but the beast had no animation. The more he punished him, he only went the surest way to show to the world, *How to make the least of a horse*.

A few days after his *horse exercise*, he called on his friend Doctor Gambado, and said, "Doctor, I am certainly better; but I believe I should have been quite as well, if I had mounted a saddler's wooden horse, and tried to make him go, as I am in trying to make your friend Tattsall's horse go. I could not have believed it possible that any beast could bear without motion such a dose of whip-cord as I have administered to him."

"You asked for one that would bear the whip: did you not?"

"Yes, and one that was steady, did not shy, and would go very gently even a slow pace; but this horse has no pace at all."

"Well, my good old friend, I am glad you are better; that's a great point. I have no doubt, none in the world, that if you could mount Master Johnny's rocking-horse, and would do so, and have a good game of romps with your boy, it would do you as much good as showing to the world *how to make the least of a horse*, by kicking, flogging, checking his rein, and trying to persuade him to go on.

"But if you will only walk down with me to John Tattsall's stables, I have no doubt you will quickly learn a lesson of equestrian management that shall soon set you right with the public, and most especially with yourself. You have learnt nothing but how to make the least of a horse. Let my servant take your horse back; and if John Tattsall do not soon show you *how to make the most of a horse*, then do not pay him either for his horse or for his pains; but set all down to my account. Be seated, my dear fellow, whilst I send your horse back with a note. The Doctor wrote —

Dear John, – My brother Bull wants to learn how to make the most of a horse.

We will be with you in the course of an hour.

*Ever yours, – Geoffery Gambado.*"

*"Mr. John Tattsall."*

The brothers M.D. sat down to an hour's chat upon politics, stocks, dividends, and philosophy; and at the end of one hour were seen wending their way arm-in-arm to the celebrated *Livery Stables* of John Tattsall, whither we will follow them, just to see if we can behold a contrast.

Far we need not go, to see  
What makes a contrariety.

## CHAPTER III

### **How to make the most of a horse**

Arrived at the stables, it was not long before Doctor Gambado introduced his brother and friend Doctor Bull to the noted personage of his day, John Tattsall. Is the name of Tattsall, as it used to be called, corrupted, from a hundred years ago, now to that of Tattersall? We do not know the gentleman's dealer, auctioneer, or horse agent of the latter name; but if he be the descendant of the great John Tattsall, we only hope he is as good a man as his ancestor. A better in his line could never be. It requires a knowledge of a man's craft, to say whether he is a good or bad workman at it. We have very little knowledge of horse-dealers' craft, but their profits must be very great, – when the licence is set so high as five and twenty pounds, before they can practise the economy of horse-dealing. A hundred years ago, and the tax was not so high.



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