

city, is now astonishing and alarming many of the good people of London by appearing there as a public lecturer to ladies on medicine, hygiene, and other topics in which her auditors are supposed to be specially interested. . . . **MEDICAL COSTUME IN JAPAN.** The difference of sex, and even distinction of profession, is generally exemplified by the mode of dressing the head; the men usually shave the hair from the front and crown, and gather the rest together in a sort of coil on the bald part; priests and physicians shave off all their hair, while surgeons retain the whole.

**MEDICAL EPITAPHS.**—A prolonged medical statement of the disease of which the departed may chance to have died, is extremely popular. At Acton, in Cornwall, there is this account of how one Mr. Morton came by his end:

" Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,  
Whose sudden death was early brought on;  
Trying one day his corn to mow off,  
The razor slipped and cut his toe off:  
The toe, or rather what it grew to,  
An inflammation quickly flew to:  
The parts they took to mortifying,  
And poor dear Roger took to dying."

And here is still a more entertaining one, upon a certain lady in Devonshire; singularly free from any nonsensical pretence or idle bravado:

" Here lies Betsy Cruden,  
She wood a leaf'd but she cooden,  
'Twas na grief na sorrow as made she decay,  
But this bad leg as carr'd she away."

Whenever I read (and it is often) of folks who were passionately desirous to leave this vale of tears, I shake my head, and quote the simple-minded Betty: "For all this," says I, "they wood a leaf'd but they cooden."

There is a distressing inaccuracy of metaphor in the following south country elegy, but the meaning is painfully distinct:

" Here lies two babes as dead as nits,  
They was cut off by ague fits."

A doctor of divinity, who lies in the neighborhood of Oxford, has his complaint stated for him with unusual brevity, as well as his place of interment:

" He died of a quinsy,  
And was buried at Binsy."