

A WONDERFUL PATIENT.

The *Graphic* says: Doctors as a rule are a class of men not easily deceived. They see a great deal of human nature, and they do so under very varied circumstances, many of which are peculiarly calculated to make people show themselves in their true colours. The affectations of life fall away from us when we are ill, and few people can preserve the presence of mind of Mrs. Skewton, and order pink curtains for the doctors. Medical men, too, especially those in the army, are often called upon to investigate cases of deception, when soldiers sham illness to escape duty and gain the comforts of the Infirmary. Such men are generally found out and exposed with a promptitude that much disconcerts them, and on the whole we may safely conclude that if a person wants to feign illness he had better keep out of the presence of the doctor as long as possible.

Very extraordinary then must we consider a case which has just occurred, and which has baffled and deceived some of the most eminent men in London. It seems that an ingenious gentleman, who is described as stout and good-looking, reminding the spectator forcibly of Henry the Eighth, has been the round of some of the principal London hospitals as well as some in the country, feigning illness and being treated for his ailments with all possible medical skill. He has been attended by no less than eleven different hospital physicians and surgeons, and among the institutions he has favoured with his visits the *Lancet* mentions St. Bartholomew's, University College, (both on two occasions,) St. George's and Charing Cross hospitals, besides one at Chatham. The impostor is said to be a remarkably intelligent and well-educated person with some classical attainments, and he usually pretends to be a medical man, thus in most cases winning more careful attention and sympathy from his attendants; and he assumes several different names. What makes his case more extraordinary is the disease that he has so successfully simulated—tetanus; which induces spasms of rigidity similar to those produced by strychnine poisoning, very difficult to keep up for any length of time. He also pretended to have hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side of the body, while he was once lectured on as a very curious and interesting case of hæmorrhage within one of the coverings of the brain. The most voluminous notes have been taken about him, he has puzzled eminent professors, and attentive students have sat up all night to record his symptoms. He was treated, of course, according to the newest light of medical science, and appears to have taken all sorts of remedies, and to have undergone no little pain and inconvenience in carrying out his deception. According to our medical contemporary he has taken opium, morphia, Calabar bean, belladonna, bromide of potassium, iodide of potassium, chloroform, and hydrate of chloral in "enormous quantities." He has been cooled with ice-bags and ether spray, which on one occasion singed his back, morphia has been injected beneath his skin, and we can only wonder that he is alive after it all. To add to his discomfort he appears to have had a real carbuncle on the back of his neck, and even with that it is said that he never forgot his tetanic spasms but stiffened himself out absolutely *de rigueur* and remorselessly "ground his carbuncle against his pillow!" He seems also to have improved in his performance the oftener he repeated it, as he treasured up what fell from the medical men around him, and when they noted the absence of any particular symptom he carefully exhibited it as soon as possible. When we add that he proposed marriage to one of the nurses and so avoided taking his medicine; that he organised little whist parties in one hospital, that he got his temperature up to 102° F. by secreting the thermometer with the bulb near a candle; that he received much sympathy; borrowed money whenever possible; was presented with clothing; had his railway fare paid; was well kept up by stimulants, mock-turtle soup and other luxuries; placed in private wards and made much of,—our readers will agree that a more wonderful patient never presented himself before a doctor.

Strange to say no sufficient motive for all this systematic deception was discoverable in the man's conduct. He seems to have acted from sheer love of imposing upon physicians, and certainly succeeded in doing so. It seems very curious also that he was not found out sooner. He went from one hospital to another at short intervals, and was generally attacked in the same way. He gave, of course, different accounts of himself, but does not seem to have been so much suspected as we should have thought likely. Various anomalous symptoms were however noted, and on one or two occasions when he was accused of shamming, he recovered quickly and went off in high dudgeon. It ought in fairness to him to be stated that he endeavoured to make some return to his kind entertainers the hospital physicians, for on one occasion he made his will and left several of them legacies, with £150 to the institution then sheltering him. Nor was he wanting in consideration for his medical friends in other ways, for we read that during one attack "it was really beautiful to watch the effects of remedies in relieving the poor patient's agonies." It appears from this account that there is an opening for an intelligent man with a little medical knowledge to live merrily in hospitals. He can have his whist and his mock turtle, and plenty of the best wine and brandy, and he can relieve the monotony of existence by occasional flirtations with the nurses, who are often pleasant to behold. There are of course certain drawbacks to this kind of life. The taking of opium and belladonna, with Calabar bean for a change, and the application of ice bags to the small of the back previously singed with ether, are not exactly pleasurable experiences. But these would be mere trifles to a man whose heart was in his work.

PLAYING-CARDS.

Few who sit down to a pleasant game at whist or piquet have any idea how many centuries these painted bits of cards have furnished amusement to the human race. Far away into the times of unwritten history, the Chinese, Hindus and Arabs were making their different combinations of a warlike game, bearing many relations to its sister, chess. On thin slips of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or wood, the devices were painted for the hands of oriental despots; no less than eight armies and eight players struggled for the victory, under the command of a king, a vizier and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of their invention; from thence they passed on to India about 1120, and were soon adopted by the Arabs. Our Crusaders in their turn learned the game of their foes, and from the number of decrees forbidding their use is-

sued by the church, we may believe that they were soon spread all over Europe. The first authentic mention that occurs of them is in a chronicle of Nicolas de Covelluzzo, a native of Viterbo, which says: "In 1379 the game of cards was introduced to Viterbo, from the land of the Saracens, and which is called by them *naib*." We hear of them in Burgos in 1387, in Paris in 1392, in Ulm in 1397, keeping the root of their Arab name, as they are still called the Spain *naypes*, *naib* in Arabic meaning captain or lieutenant. Italy soon adopted the title of tarots or tarocchi, owing to the back of the card being tarote, or covered with little points or divisions, invented to prevent knaves from marking the cards and cheating at the game. From the fourteenth century we find them spread all over Europe; they are mentioned in the list of plate and jewelry belonging to monarchs and nobles; councils and synods condemned and forbade them, as well as royal proclamations; commerce, however, still multiplied them, in perfecting the process of fabrication. In the miniatures of manuscripts, in the early attempts of engraving on wood and copper, we see the game portrayed; poets, romance writers, and travelling storytellers do not forget them in their writings; and fragile as were the cards themselves, there are some painted and engraved which belong to the fifteenth century still in existence.

A fresco at Bologna, painted in 1440, represents four soldiers playing at cards, done by Francesco Fibbia; and the year after we find the celebrated card makers of Venice complaining that the trade was departing out of their hands, in consequence of the great number of playing cards with painted and printed figures which were introduced from other countries, and praying the senate to lay a tax on these foreign productions, whether printed on linen or paper. It may be well to remark that here we have the first mention of printed cards, which probably came from Germany. A pack of these are still in existence engraved with the burin, which are supposed to be the work of Finiguerra or Mantegna, and at any rate belong to the period of Italian art. It seems probable that they were made at Padua or Florence, and are imitations of the earliest Italian tarocchi, which vary somewhat from the cards now in use. The design is at once simple and good in outline, the engraving fine and harmonious; they are divided into five series, each of ten cards, and bear the name of the muses, the sciences, the heavenly bodies and the virtues. The so-called cards of Charles VI. of France, which are now in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* in Paris, are probably the most ancient of any that are preserved in the various public collections of Europe. There are but seventeen, painted with all the delicacy of the miniatures in the illuminated manuscripts of the period, on a gold ground, and surrounded by a silver border, in which is a ribbon rolled spirally round done in points. It is to this that the cards owe their name of tarots, being marked in compartments, as we often see them in the present day, when the back is covered with arabesques.

These cards differ in some respects from the Italian ones, bearing neither numbers nor devices. There is the emperor in silver armour, a diadem of *fleur-de-lys* on his head, and holding a globe and a sceptre; the pope with his triple crown, the gospel and keys of St. Peter in his hands, and seated between two cardinals; the crescent moon rises above two astrologers in long furred robes, who are measuring the conjunctions of the planets with compasses; the fool wearing a cap with asses' ears, and a deep pointed ruff round his neck, while four children are throwing stones at him. Death, mounted on a white horse, is throwing down kings and popes and bishops; the House of God seems half devoured by flames; and finally, the Last Judgment shows us the dead rising from the tombs to the sound of trumpets. It will be seen that this game offered a philosophical representation of life from a Christian point of view; they might serve as a pastime for the poor king during his sad years of dark and furious madness, but would scarcely please his frivolous and corrupt court, where, notwithstanding the tumult of riots among the people, and civil discord dividing every class, it only occupied itself with pleasures, fetes, masquerades and tournaments, under the influence of a gallant and voluptuous chivalry. In this brilliant and refined court, which blinded itself to the gravity of political events, and tried to stifle, with the sound of instruments, songs and dances, the ferocious shouts of the populace in the *Halles*, the courtiers would assuredly decline to play with cards which reminded them of the solemnities of life.

It will be readily believed that such works of art as these early packs of cards were not accessible to the multitude, but were very costly, and only fit for kings and nobles. In an old account-book of the monarchs of France, we find that the treasurer paid in 1392 about £8 of our present money for three packs; and a single pack, exquisitely painted by Marizano, secretary to the duke of Milan, cost, a few years later, 1,500 gold crowns. But as the more economical way of printing and engraving came into use, both of which arts were known long before printing with moveable types, the price of these coveted articles fell rapidly, and in 1454, a pack bought for the dauphin cost no more than 10s. As time passed on, the figures on the cards changed with the costume of the time, according to the caprices of the court or the imagination of the maker. The pointed beard, heavy collar, and plumed hat appeared as the dress of the kings; the hair turned back and crimped, the lace collar, and the farthingale, as that of the queens. One old pack represents the four great monarchies—Jewish, Greek, Roman, French, under Kings David, Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne; while the queens symbolize the manner of reigning—Judith, by piety; Rachel, by beauty; Pallas, by wisdom; Argine, which is the anagram of Regina, by heirship; and the knaves the four ages of chivalry—Hector, the valiant Trojan chief; Agier, a paladin of Charlemagne; Lancelot, one of the twelve knights of Arthur's Round Table; and Lahire, the bold captain of Charles VII. The ace has borne many different interpretations; some imagined it to be the symbol of money for the payment of troops, and derived it from the old Roman coin, giving it a power superior even to a king; others saw in it the first of the lower ten cards, and explained the name as coming from the Celtic *as*, signifying first or chief.

As regards England, though it received the game from a very early period through the trade it carried on with the Hanseatic and Dutch towns, yet it does not appear that any cards were manufactured here before the end of the sixteenth century, since under the reign of Elizabeth the government reserved to itself the monopoly of playing-cards imported from abroad. The oldest which are known, and which closely approach the early Italian packs, were discovered by Dr. Stuckely in the binding of a book. Unhappily, the originals have been destroyed; but correct drawings made at the time

are in the possession of the Society of Antiquities, and have been reproduced in Singer's work on the subject. They have been coarsely engraved and printed in two colours, green and brown, which were those usually employed by the German makers, while the French were indigo and vermilion. They mark a very early period, when the arts of drawing, engraving and printing were in their infancy. Spain received from the Arabs and the Moors the eastern game of *naib* long before general, they excited the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and a passion for the play existed; so much so, that when the companions of Christopher Columbus, after their discovery of America, formed the first establishment in the island of San Domingo, they found nothing better to do than at once to manufacture cards from the leaves of trees.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS' BROTHER IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

(From a Louisville Letter by James Piatt.)

The western cemetery of Louisville is an interesting burial place. Here I found a grave that associated itself with a more famous one at Rome, which all pilgrims of sentiment visit, and of which Shelley (whose own grave is but a few steps apart from it in the same death-ground) wrote, in that most imaginative and affecting of all elegiac poems, "Adonais:"

"Go thou to Rome—at once to Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant censers dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

The far-off one is the grave of John Keats; this grave at Louisville is that of George Keats, his brother, to whom one of his more youthful sonnets, and many of his letters, published by Lord Houghton, (and written to the older brother far away here in the then wild new west of America) were addressed. George Keats was a refined and cultivated gentleman, yet remembered and honoured in Louisville, where his house used to be pointed out to me—one of the most elegant and tasteful in the city. His wife was the lady to whom, previous to her marriage, John Keats addressed the sonnet: "To G. A. W." The weather-stained monument of George Keats, bears this inscription: "In memory of George Keats, a native of England. Born 1st March, 1778. Died 24th December, 1841." Close beside this monument is a small stone bearing only the name "Isabella," but lower on the face of George Keats' monument fronting it, is carved "Isabella Rosalind Keats," with dates of birth and death, showing her to have been but seventeen years old when she died. Isabel, the daughter of George Keats, was a beautiful and accomplished young girl, and is said to have resembled her uncle, the poet, in look and character of mind. She had considerable talent as a painter, and promised something of poetic ability also. Her name suggests the romantic feeling of the family with which Keats influenced a generation of English and American poets, (including so strong a man as Tennyson himself) and doubtless her name lent something of education to her disposition and character. Her name suggests, too, the romantic poem of "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," and her story was not less sad than the heroine of her uncle's beautiful but somewhat immature production. Her death was a sad one—sadder far, indeed, than that of the poet—and its mournful history I only refer to because of its association with a name that has touched all the world with beauty and tenderness. Mr. Prentice first related to me the sad history of her death in 1859, very feelingly and tenderly. After the report of a gun she was found, late one evening, in the parlour of her father's house, mortally wounded in the breast, and died in one or two hours. Shakespeare, I believe, according to some of his critics, leaves it doubtful whether he would have the reader believe Ophelia a suicide or an unhappy young girl accidentally drowned. Some periwinkle vines creep about the grave mould of Isabella Keats and keep it green.

HOT DINNERS.—Labourers working at a distance from home who take their dinners with them, and are compelled to eat them cold, could add very much to their comfort by adopting a plan of providing a hot dinner, which is very common in Norway and other cold regions where the value and advantages of a hot meal to a man obliged to work in the open air are appreciated. The apparatus is simple and cheap; it consists of a thick wooden box, made to fit very close, and lined with one or two layers of heavy common felt. Into this box a tin case, with a cover, is made to fit; the food—meat, vegetables, whatever it might be—is cooked, and just before it is thoroughly "done" it is placed in the tin case, and the whole closed as tightly as possible, so as to exclude the air. It is astonishing how long food will keep hot if treated in this way; seven or eight hours is the average time, even in cold weather; and if the box is very closely lined, it will frequently keep warm from ten to twelve hours. The cost of this box and tin case is trifling, and they will last a long while—the increased pleasure and healthfulness of having a hot dinner instead of a "cold snack" much more than repaying the outlay. Field hands in the country, and masons, carpenters, day labourers, &c., in large cities, would find their comforts much increased and their health and strength greatly benefited, by trying this simple contrivance.

An amusing scene took place last week in one of the London suburbs. A Post Office clerk, on his way home, was astonished to observe a policeman apparently converting himself into a pillar letter-box, and upon inquiry it turned out that the pillar box near to which this sympathetic member of the force had been on duty had been completely filled with valentines, and the officer, with great consideration for the convenience of the people of the neighbourhood, and for the safety of their correspondence, had constituted himself an auxiliary box, and received in his arms the valentines which the box would not contain. He would soon, however, have been overwhelmed by St. Valentine had it not been for the timely appearance of a butcher with an empty basket, which was at once impounded by the officer, and made use of as a receptacle for letters until a mail bag was procured, and the officer relieved from this unwonted responsibility.