

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From "Centennial Anniversary Poem" read before Massachusetts Medical Society, June 8.

How blest is he who knows no manner strife
Than art's long battle with the foe of life!
No doubt assails him, doing still his best,
And trusting kindly nature for the rest;
No mocking conscience tears the thin disguise
That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies.
He comes: the languid sufferer lifts his head
And smiles a welcome from his weary bed.
He speaks: what music like the tones that tell
"Past is the hour of danger—all is well!"
How can he feel the petty stings of grief
Whom cheering presence always brings relief?
What ugly dreams can trouble his repose
Who yields himself to soothe another's woes?

Hour after hour the busy day has found
The good physician on his lonely round:
Mansion and hotel, low and lofty, dour
He knows, his journeys every path explore—
Where the cold blast has struck with deadly chill
The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept hill,
Where by the stagnant marsh the sickening gale
Has blanched the poisoned tenants of the vale,
Where crushed and maimed the bleeding victims lie,
Where madmen rave, where melancholy sigh,
And where the solemn whisper tells too plain
That all his science, all his art were vain.

How sweet his freedom when the day is done,
And cares have vanished with the setting sun!
Evening at last his hour of respite brings,
And on his couch his weary length he drags
Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
Lulled by an opiate air could never find;
Sweet be thy slumber—thou hast earned it well—
Pleasant thy dreams (O! sleep) goes the midnight bell!

Darkness and storm! he home is far away
That waits his coming ere the break of day.
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage lose—
Doubtful the frozen stream his road must cross;
Deep be the drifts, the stunted heaps have shot
The hardy woodman in his mountain hut—
Why should thy softer frame the tempest brave?
Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or save?
Look! I read a answer in his patient's eyes—
For him no other voice when suffering cries,
Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,
A feeble whisper calls him—and he goes.

Or seek the crowded city—summer's heat
Glares burning, blinding, in the narrow street,
Still, no sound, dead silence, sleeps the enervated air,
Unstirred the yellow flag that says "BeWARE!"
Tempt not thy fate—no little moment's breath
Hearts on its slightest wing the seeds of death;
Thou art whose door the gilded chariot stand,
Whose door thy skill unlocks the miser's hand,
Turn from this fatal quest, nor cast away
That life so precious, let a milder prey
Feed the destroyer's hunger, live to bless
Those happier homes that need thy cure no less!

Smiling he listens: has he then a charm
Whose magic virtue perchance can disarm?
No safeguard his, no amulet he wears,
Too well he knows that nature never spares
Her truest servant, powerless to defend
From her own weapons her unshrinking friend.
He dares the fate the bravest will might shun,
Nor asks reward save only Heaven's "Well done!"

Such are the toils, the perils that he knows,
Days without rest and nights without repose,
Yet all unheeded for the love he bears
His art, his kind, whose every grief he shares.

BRITISH BAYONETS.

It was once our boast that British infantry was the finest in the world. As the encomium came from a chivalrous enemy whom we had worsted, it was saved from the imputation of being an effervescence of national self-conceit. But the epithets applied to it by our own writers and critics were also invariably of a complimentary character. It was "superb" in its stubborn courage; "astounding" in its onslaught; invincible, indomitable, even against colossal odds, and upon the most closely-contested fields. There was, perhaps, but little of it, but what there was of the best. This, the consolation of possible foes, was also the complacent apology of officials seeking to explain away the numerical scantiness of our military forces. The army, as of old, was ready to go anywhere, and do anything. The army especially the infantry would be invariably true to its traditions, however sorely it might be tried. Is this so still? In the one short campaign waged by British against white troops since the Crimean war, the former cannot be said to have acquitted themselves well. They have at times shown that they were ready to go anywhere except to the front, and to do anything except hold their own. To blink the fact is to continue in a fool's paradise, and to court renewed, perhaps irretrievable, disaster. It would be wiser to examine into the causes of this decadence, and, if possible, apply a remedy while there is yet time.

The explanation is really not far to seek. It is to be found, first, in the changed condition of modern warfare, by which many of the best and most time-honoured qualities of the British soldier have been partially neutralised. The "thin red lines" cannot stand firm and unshaken when searched from end to end by destructive long-range artillery, or harassed by unerring riflemen giving every bullet its billet of death. Nor can British bayonets avail or achieve much against this same merciless fire. They cannot bridge any open space, or go up to an attack, without risking decimation. Steel is seldom crossed now-a-days; troops scarcely ever fight hand to hand. If there was ever a time when the British foot soldier should possess the highest pluck and the finest physique, it is now. Yet it is at this time that he has been suffered to degenerate and fall away. Reckless theorists, sacrificing everything in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, are suffered to introduce a sys-

tem which fills the ranks with striplings, and undermines all *esprit de corps*. We cannot expect to win victories, even against the undisciplined Boer, with weak battalions of boys. Seasoned full-grown soldiers can alone meet the many and varied demands made upon the army of this widely-scattered Empire. It is a common and favourite argument with those who are of the opposite side to point to German successes, made with large preponderance of young troops. But where conscription is in force, the average intelligence of the rank and file must be far higher than in an army raised by voluntary enlistment, and discipline and training can be more easily inculcated and acquired. Fertile brains and quick fingers will serve the educated recruit better than years of wearisome reiterated drill, just as his intelligence will bring him to understand readily the meaning of orders, and to place full reliance upon the soldierly judgment of his superiors.

Heavily handicapped as are our soldiers by the errors of administrators, they suffer yet more, through the careless indifference of their rulers, from want of skill than from want of stamina. The sum of an infantry soldier's lesson in these days may be condensed into one short sentence: "To hide, and shoot straight." In neither of these vitally important operations are our men properly trained. The present system of musketry was framed on excellent lines by enthusiasts whose heart was in their work; but the practical science of General Hay, and the fiery eloquence of Colonel Wilford, have gone, and only the dry bones remain. The well-meant fiction that the recruit learns to hit the bull's-eye before he fires a shot is still in force to relieve the war estimates from any wasteful expenditure in ball-cartridges, and our soldiers manfully miss their targets, animate or inanimate. It is now established by the experience of our Volunteers—perhaps, save the Boers, the finest marksmen in the world—that real ball-practice alone makes deadly shots. The same fact is proved by the excellent shooting of regiments stationed in India, where cartridges are sold at cost price, to pass the long day at the ranges. But it is not only that the system is still at fault; that vital points are overlooked, such as firing at moving objects, of saving fire and working only by word of command, but it is notorious that numbers have been despatched on foreign, even upon imminent active service, who had never felt the kick of a rifle. In the great parade of force made by Lord Beaconsfield's Government three years ago, when the Mediterranean garrisons were strengthened by some half dozen battalions, there were hundreds of men embarked who were absolutely innocent of musketry instruction. How would our troops have fared if brought into conflict, as just then seemed more than probable, with Russian veterans skilled in, and inured to, war? Large drafts, again, went out to Africa during the Zulu war under the same conditions. It was the same, or worse, when reinforcements were despatched to the ill-fated Colley to continue operations against the practised marksmen of the Transvaal. But there is another weapon of war which is still more neglected and ignored by our military authorities. They do not apparently deny the uses of the spade; but they all strangely hesitate to introduce it as part of the equipment of the soldier. A readiness to go to ground is really the modern fighting-man's greatest safeguard and best means of offence. To protect his position by hastily-formed intrenchments, or dig pits or holes to cover his advance, are operations which form part of the training of every continental recruit. Here we are still lost in long-winded discussions as to the size and shape of the implement, and how it should be carried. A concession has indeed been made to the needs of the hour by attaching a number of carts or pack-animals, laden with intrenching tools, to all bodies of troops. But the implements do not invariably accompany the fighting-line, and are likely to be far away—as at Mainba Hill—at the moment when most urgently required. The case will never be properly dealt with till the spade forms as much part of a soldier's harness as his rifle, his bayonet, or his boots.—*The World*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Sutherland denies the report that he had an interview with the new Tichborne claimant at San Francisco.

It is said that Mr. Harris, of Drury Lane, is likely to engage the Oberammergau performers of the Passion Play for a season in London.

Mrs. MACRAY, wife of the "Bonanza King," has given £3,000 for a dinner service of 100 pieces, with a peagreen ground and birds designed by Buffon. The naturalist is said to have called it the *Sèvres* edition of his book on birds.

THE Marquis of Ripon, after a gallant struggle, has practically abandoned the attempt to live in India. Those who best know the state of his health say he should never have gone. However this be, it is quite certain that he has now recognised the impossibility of making a lengthened stay. This is not officially acknowledged, and may perhaps be officially contradicted, but it is nevertheless the fact.

THE *Standard* is about to make a raid for news in a new direction. Considering the vast

interest involved in affairs in America the London newspapers give very meagre telegrams. The *Standard*, looking out for fresh fields for enterprise, has determined to make a splash in America, and there is being organized in its behalf in New York a special bureau, whence will be daily telegraphed the leading items of the day's news, and upon occasion we shall have whole columns by cable.

THE bazaar mania is at length being overdone. There have been something like a score held in London during the last few weeks, in which ladies of distinction have taken a leading part. One or two of them have proved enormous successes, but people are now getting tired of them, and one which was opened at the Cannon-street Hotel last week by so distinguished a personage as the Marchioness of Salisbury has proved so terrible a failure that no less than £800 worth of goods was left on the hands of the stallholders, and at no time during the holding of the bazaar were more than fifty persons present.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN once wrote a drama called *Les Deux Sœurs*, a title which might be applied to the family drama which has recently disunited two sisters, celebrated each in her way, one as herself, the other as her sister. The one is the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt; the other is her sister Jeanne Bernhardt. In America they were united; in France they were united. It is England that has caused their disunion. Amongst other conditions which Sarah imposed upon her London manager was the right which she reserved to herself of having engaged one person chosen by herself. It was perfectly understood that this person should be her sister Jeanne, who, accordingly, had ordered her dresses, rehearsed, and got ready to start. Well, at the last moment, Jeanne was surprised to learn that she had not been engaged at all, and that the person chosen by the divine Sarah was M. Angelo. Naturally, Jeanne was furious. There was a terrible scene between the two women, and Angelo got splashed a little. The London papers are all very severe on Sarah's protégé, who as far as dramatic art is concerned is not the man for the place.

THE dinner given by the Lord Mayor to men of literature was excellent from a culinary point of view, but the speeches were the thing, and these were alike—by reason of the fame of the speakers and the oddity and the ability of the speeches—worthy of the occasion. With one or two exceptions no notice was given to the gentlemen called upon to reply to the various toasts. The advantage of this was proved both affirmatively and negatively. Lord Lytton, who had been advised of the task assigned to him, prepared a speech excellent both in matter and style, but at least three times too long. Lord Rosslyn, standing with his hands under his coat tails, his chest well out, and his head well back—"a good British fireplace attitude," some one said—delivered some jovial common-place on the House of Lords. Lord Houghton, who had also received a note of preparation, made one of the best speeches he has delivered for some years. Perhaps Mr. Walter also had notice of what was expected of him, and was prosy accordingly. The rest of the speeches were impromptu; and it was odd to note how nearly everyone, having cheerfully dined, thought the opportunity favourable for having a go at someone. Fred Burnaby began it as with flashing eyes, and countenance sternly set, he took the opportunity in replying to the toast of the army, to denounce the Transvaal peace, and "run a muck" at Mr. Childers' army organization scheme. Lord Sherbrooke elaborately sneered at the profession which Robert Lowe once followed, and Mr. Yates, with a clever stroke, smote the Viscount for his lack of loyalty. But the Mohawk of the evening was Mr. Forbes, who, with all his medals displayed, fiercely butted at Lord Lytton, with whom he had a difficulty when in India. It was pretty to see the ex-Viceroy, when Mr. Forbes rose and attempted to fix him with his glittering eye—turn his back upon him, and look out of his dreamy eyes as if there were no such place as the Mansion House, and as if the stillness were unbroken by sound of human voice. It was a pleasant, cheerful gathering.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Two Foreign potentates are expected in Paris shortly: King Kalakana, Sovereign of the Hawa Islands, who comes to taste the sweets of our civilization; and Prince Milan of Serbia, on a trip throughout Europe.

THE French dramatic authors are writing indignantly against the English adapters of their pieces for not giving them some of the profits. The British public ought to be the most indignant at the importation of so much filth and immorality.

M. DETAILLE, the celebrated painter of battle subjects, who went to Tunis to reproduce the military operations of the campaign, has just returned to the French capital with an album full of sketches which promise well for future water-colour exhibitions and next year's Salon.

THE rage for titles, crests, monograms, armorial bearings, decorations, and other rem-

nants of the civilization of the past is one of the most curious features of the third French Republic. In order to meet the wants of the public a *Journal Heraldique* has been published lately, one of the objects of which is not only "to establish the antiquity of the great names of France, but to furnish also to numerous commoners the proof that their ancestors formerly received titles of nobility or armorial bearings!"

VARIETIES.

THIS HAPPENED IN KELSO.—There are some disadvantages, says the *Kelso Courier*, in living on the second floor. A Kelso housewife thus situated left a bar of soap on the stairs while she exchanged a few words with the first floor tenant, and a plumber who was up stairs mending the pipes came down a moment later with several tongs and wrenches in one hand, and a sheet iron furnace in the other, and when he reached the immediate locality of the soap, his legs suddenly spread apart, a look of astonishment stole into his face, and in an instant his head was half way through the front door, and his coat-tail on fire, and those tongs and wrenches were up in the air struggling for dear life with that sheet-iron furnace. He says now that his father forced him to learn the trade of plumbing, and that it was not his own choice.

SWEATING IN THE PULPIT.—Many years ago a well-known English author, in course of a pedestrian excursion through the south of Scotland, rested on the Saturday until the Monday at a village on his route, and in course of the Sunday attended service in the Parish Church. The officiating clergyman happened to be one of those preachers who indulged in a good deal of gesticulation, such as twisting his shoulders and wiping his forehead frequently. The tourist, who had never been within the walls of a Scotch Church before, and accustomed to the quiet dignity of the English pulpit, regarded the preacher's motions with some surprise, and at the conclusion of the service turned to a shepherd in the pew behind, and asked him what caused the man up in the box to twist and sweat so much. The pawky herd, leaning forward and laying his chin upon the shoulder of the other, quietly whispered, "Od, sir, I'm thinkin' it's likely ye had twest and sweat tae, gin ye ken'd as little as him what was to come next!"

DICKENS'S "COPY."—Charles Dickens always wrote with blue-ink on blue paper. His was a singularly neat and regular hand, really artistic in its conception, legible, yet not very legible to those unfamiliar with it. Here, as in everything else, was to be noted the perfect finish, as it might be styled, of his letter-writing—the disposition of the paragraphs, even the stopping, the use of capitals, all showing artistic knowledge, and conveying excellent and valuable lessons. His "copy" for the printers, written as it is in very small hand, much crowded, is trying enough to the eyes, but the printers never found any difficulties. It was much and carefully corrected; and wherever there was an erasure, it was done in thorough fashion, so that what was effaced could not be read. Nearly all the hand followed his example in writing in blue ink, and on blue paper, and this for many years—but not without inconvenience. For, like the boy and his button described by Sir Walter Scott, the absence of paper or ink of the necessary colour affected the ideas, and one worked under serious disabilities, strangeness, &c. Another idiosyncrasy of his was writing the day of the month in full, as "January, twenty-sixth."

THE NOVEL OF TO-DAY.—The novel has become, like the daily newspaper, a record of the most recent facts in human history. Whatever may be the latest mode in theology, philosophy, or art, one will be very sure to find it reproduced in fiction. The novel, indeed, like the newspaper, almost anticipates facts, and eagerly gives us solutions of social and spiritual problems before the new philosophy or new religion has entirely satisfied itself with formula or creed. So susceptible is the novelist to the very breath of the time. What is whispered in the *salon* is proclaimed on the house-top, and human society is artistically re-arranged, often with singular power and beauty, before men and women have quite readjusted themselves to the new conditions of life. Would you know the latest results of modern philosophy as applied to the conduct of life, look for them not in lecture, essay, sermon, or treatise, but in the novel. The novelist makes haste to set down what people are talking about, before the people who talk have reached the end of their conversation.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.