

specific gravity and less porosity than was good for digestion; why Boston baked beans and pork, pumpkin pie, corn cake, buckwheat pancakes, custard, roast beef and plum pudding were not up to the usual standard of excellence, and cooked within the orthodox half of a degree of Fahrenheit. Nor was this by any means all of their qualifications. The harassed chief medical officers of those times had to nose out every smell which was not as sweet as the aroma of the spices of Arabia, and with detective pertinacity were compelled never to give up the sniffing process until, from the effluvia of a dead rat up to the odors of real estate where no such should be, the mystery was solved and the vitiated air had once more resumed its pristine clarification and purity. These poor fellows were obliged to record these weighty matters of asylum work on papyric scrolls to show that they were not veritable sleeping Rip VanWinkles. Not only so: but they were compelled to be expert judges of horses. At one time horses were very scarce, and there was a corner in the market, which necessitated sharp business capacity to cull out good animals from a residue; seeing an equine gap had been made about this time by a tidal wave in the Red Sea. They had to know by intuition or instinct a Percheron horse from a Clyde, or an Arabian from a Nubian charger. Spavin, windgalls, heaves, glanders, and various equine distempers had to be subjects of daily diagnosis to these medical men. They were compelled to have, among multiform accomplishments, veterinary science at their fingers' ends, so to speak. They were required to be *au fait* in distinguishing the radical points in milch cows, were they crossbreeds, Galloways, Durhams, Jerseys, or the common herd, marking the difference between beef producers and milk yielders. The Berkshire pig, the porker "to the manner born," and all the degenerate broods must come under the head of medical work and study. In fact, swine are recorded in these asylum medical treatises so unctuously and are set forth so learnedly that like the description of "Lamb's Roast Pig" in the Celestial Empire, we smell as we read ham, bacon and spareribs sending down the ages a rich aroma of porcine effluvia which strikes our Schneiderian membrane with such effectiveness as to set its near neighbors, the salivary glands, into copious streams of hot saliva. Time would fail were I to relate to you these gifted men as botanists, vegetarians, mechanics, laundry and clothing connoisseurs. They were men of universal genius. In fact, the racy equine, bovine and swinine descriptions so sagely and classically depicted in stately reports, show that in this respect, their literary