

understand it, cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies :”

What time the poet hath hymned
The writhing maid, lithe limbed,
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,
How can he paint her woes,
Knowing, as well he knows,
That all can be set right with calomel ?

When from the poet's plinth
The amorous colocynt
Years for the aloe, faint with rapturous thrills,
How can he hymn their throes,
Knowing, as well he knows,
That they are only uncompounded pills ?

It is, and can it be
Nature hath this decree,
“Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell ?”
Or that in all her works
Something poetic lurks,
Even in colocynt and calomel ?
I cannot tell.

—*Michigan Medical News.*

DR. HOLMES ON HOMŒOPATHY. — In a late address, Dr. Holmes gives the following estimate of homœopathy, the careful study of which we commend to the supporters of the New York Code : “ Homœopathy has no *status* among the biological sciences, and has nothing of any practical value, so far as I know, to offer the medical profession. It began by promising to prevent scarlet fever, which it miserably fails to do, and from that day to this it has been a romance of idle promises slipping through the fingers like quicksilver, evaporating without residue like ether from the palm of the hand. If any one of these promises had been fulfilled, if any single remedy brought forward by homœopathy had proved trustworthy and efficacious, it would have been thankfully accepted by the medical profession, which welcomes every method of help unless it shows itself with false pretences, and even then will appropriate any fraction of truth which underlies the deception or delusion. . .

“ So far as I can take account of the stock, the present assets of homœopathy consists of a pleasing and sonorous designation, a nomenclature of symptoms, with sets of little phials, containing globules, which are the prettiest and most fascinating of amulets, arranged to correspond with the nomenclature, a collection of

“ provings ” which prove more about the prover than about the questions to be proved, and a doctrine which slips on and off like a kid glove, according to the company in which the practitioner finds himself.”—*Medical News.*

THE MAN SNAKE.

In the village of Cuantla, Mexico, says a recent number of *La Independencia America*, belonging to the Canton of Antlan, lives an individual whose scaly skin is in every way like that of the rattlesnake, even to the greenish colour; possessing, besides the property of changing his skin every autumn; such phenomenon being accomplished all at once, and not by parts, so that the entire body is left like what is vulgarly called *Trown*, (a smooth leather bag, flesh side out), and not even a single hair is left. A sister of this individual, who died a short time ago, manifested the same phenomena and became gradually blind, for the new skin went on covering the eye-lids together in a circular form, until the eyes themselves were covered. The same thing is happening to the man who is living, who has already some small circles, that only permit him with difficulty to see and distinguish surrounding objects. Thus he presents the repugnant figure of the head of a rattlesnake. In Cuantla, these unfortunate people are known by the name of “ the rattlesnake man and woman,” and their appearance is attributed to the fact that their mother had eaten too much rattlesnake to cure herself of a disease of the blood. [Rupia, most likely, *Translator.*] Whatever the phenomenon may be, it is worthy of study. Would that the man could be induced to come to this capital (the city of Mexico), in order that his disease might be studied by the members of the profession !

A. A. R.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIED.

At “ Hillside,” Brantford Township, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. S. Sellery, B.D., on the 29th of May, J. Willmot, M.D., of Charlotte, Mich., to Martha V., third daughter of N. Lee, Esq.

DEATH.

At Simcoe, on the 28th July, John Salmon, M.D., aged 52 years.