

in fact, indispensable, the Government does not supply these, therefore the practice of body-snatching is as an extreme measure taken to by those, to whom, as we said before bodies are absolutely necessary. The blame in the present instance lies clearly with the authorities and not with those who are so to speak *driven* to such extremes as "resurrectioning":

We hope to see in future the blame imputed where it is due, and not upon the medical students who, though they are not "proverbially a hard lot," are very often made the objects of such articles as the one to which we have referred.

MUSINGS OVER A PIPE.

In a very clever article upon "an umbrella" written several years ago, the writer endeavoured to prove that, that useful shelter of mankind was possessed of a distinct individuality, that it was responsible for its actions, and that its vagaries were the result of its own sweet will. In the same way the genuine smoker cannot help attributing a personality to his pipe, though the moral character of the pipe, if I may use the expression, offers a pleasing contrast to that of the umbrella. The umbrella is fickleness personified, it is unworthy of trust, you place your whole confidence in it, and presto! it "goes back" upon you by turning inside out, or, if left to itself for a moment, it deserts you without the slightest remorse, and enters into the possession of a stranger. But the pipe does none of these things, it is steady, reliable, the friend, more than the servant, of its master, it becomes a necessary part of his being, *animæ dimidium sibi*, the very half of his soul. One is often tempted to wonder, considering the really vast influence of the pipe upon modern life and literature, how the ancients ever contrived to exist without its use, and the charms of its society. How much happier would the Sheperd have been, if, when reclining under the shade of a birch tree with

Nor gaud, nor toy

save one short pipe, that pipe had been of the root of the briar, instead of being simply a

reedy whistle! and it is interesting to speculate upon the manner in which the great men of antiquity would have worshipped the goddess Nicotina. Horace, indeed, would have probably been too fine a gentleman for anything but a cigarette, puffed over his nine-year-old Falernian, rolled by the deft fingers of Phyllis, and lighted by a taper in the shapely hand of Lesbia. But Virgil would have beheld the wanderings of Æneas through a cloud of Tatakia, and Juvenal would have moralized savagely upon the evils of his time over a short black clay. How much greater than the influence of Persian manners might have been that of the Persian weed upon the state of Rome! But if the ancients excelled us in some things, we at least, have been more fortunate in this.

There is as much difference in pipes as in men, there are all classes and all kinds of both. To my mind the briar, if not the king of pipes, is at least the representative of the gentleman among them. It is not pretentious, but its nature is better than its appearance, which is one great boon, when the contrary is so often the case both among pipes and among mankind. It is not fragile, and can stand rough usage, or even a fall, without breaking, and however hard may be its existence, it does not become soiled and dirty, as does the inferior clay. It can take things as it finds them, but it is not injured by contact with every day life.

One of the greatest charms of a pipe is the number of associations with which it is connected. It is a Magician's wand, and can conjure up old memories and old faces from the almost forgotten depths of the past. You sit at a table, or pour out a bumper of wine, and you recall the old friends who once sat around the board, and in whose company you erstwhile lifted the glass to your lips. But your mind is enabled to bring back but the memories connected with the table or the glass. The pipe does more than this, it gives you more varied recollections, its vapour takes many a different form, it recalls many a different scene. You think, for instance, of the nights when you sought its solace after a hard day's work in camp, and, as the smoke-clouds