

long he remained with his brother does not appear, but it is certain that, not very long after this period, he withdrew very much from the world, and passed his time in retirement, in a house which he possessed at Combe, in Surrey. Here he had the advantages of a good air and a pleasing prospect, but to indulge a whim he had of delighting in being in the dark, he caused caves to be made in the earth, in which, in summer time he was accustomed to meditate. In this seclusion he was visited, in the year 1651, by his friend Dr. Ent. "I found him," says Ent, "in his retirement, not far from town, with a sprightly and cheerful countenance, investigating, like Democritus, the nature of things. Asking if all were well with him,—'How can that be,' he replied, 'when the state is so agitated with storms, and I, myself, am yet in the open sea! And 'indeed,' added he, 'were not my mind solaced by my studies, and the recollection of the observations I have formerly made, there is nothing which should make me desirous of a longer continuance. But, thus employed, this obscure life, and vacation from public cares, which disquiet other minds, is the medicine of mine.'" Ent goes on to relate a philosophical conversation between them, the result of which was the determination on the part of Harvey to publish his second great work just alluded to.

In the year 1653, Harvey presented the College of Physicians with a library and museum, erected in a munificent manner, entirely at his own expense. It is described as a noble edifice of Roman architecture (of rustic work, with Corinthian pilasters,) and consisted of an elegantly furnished convocation room, or parlour, below, and a library, filled with choice books and surgical instruments, above. And, we are told, it was erected in the garden of the College of Physicians, at that time situated in Amen Corner. This garden, it seems, was of an irregular form, but extended as far as the Old Bailey to the west, and towards the south reached to the church of St. Martin, Ludgate Hill. In the following year he was appointed president of the college, an office which he declined to accept on account of his advanced age and infirmities, but he testified his regard for its welfare still farther, by giving up his paternal estate of £56 per annum for its benefit. The few remaining years of Harvey's life were much embittered by suffering from the gout and other bodily infirmities. He died on the 3rd of June, 1657.

There are many remarks, in the works of this distinguished physiologist, expressive of profound reverence for the great First Cause of all those wonders, into which it was his delight to pry with such curious research. He was accustomed to say that he never dissected the body of an animal, without discovering something which he had not expected or conceived of, and in which he recognized the hand of an all-wise Creator. To His particular agency, and not merely to the operation of general laws, he ascribed all the phenomena of nature. It would have been gratifying to have traced the effect of the great truths of the Bible, as impressing his heart and regulating his conduct; but on this important question we can say nothing farther, as his biographers are silent.

In his person, Harvey was very small in stature, round faced, of an olive complexion, with small round black eyes, and hair black as a raven till within twenty years of his death, when it became quite white. His mind was furnished with an ample store of general knowledge. In early life, he is said to have been passionate, and apt to draw the dagger—which, after the manner of the times, he constantly wore—on very slight occasions. But when he grew up to manhood, and during his long life, he had the character of being candid, cheerful, and upright, living on terms of harmony with his friends and brethren, and showing no spirit of rivalry and hostility. His visits to his patients he made, we are told, on horseback, with a footcloth, his man following on foot, in the same way in which the judges were then accustomed to ride to Westminster Hall. But in practice, he does not appear to have been particularly successful. The truth was, that the great physiologist not only disdained those arts of gaining the confidence of the public, by which many succeed, but was probably too intent on making discoveries in science, and of too speculative a turn of mind, to devote that attention to practical details, which is so essentially requisite in the art of medicine.

The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need.

Youths' Department.

THE BOY.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepresed by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music thrill,
And I in sadness hear it all,—
For like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now,—
But when amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name,
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there.

'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face;
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meaning trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings
Which time has fettered now,—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess,—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardour straining high,
How in his heart will spring
A feeling, whose mysterious thrall,
Is stronger, sweeter, far than all;
And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they.

WILLIS.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS. GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

CONTINUED.

No. IV.



Fig. 58.

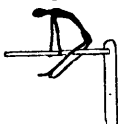


Fig. 59.

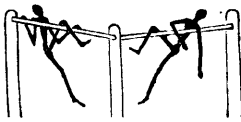


Fig. 60.



Fig. 61.

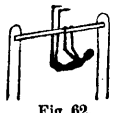


Fig. 62.



Fig. 63.



Fig. 64.

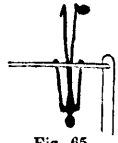


Fig. 65.

Action 96. Get up on the pole as in action 80, the arms being straight; then gradually sink down and kiss the pole, and then rise gradually to the first position (fig. 58).

Action 97. Sit across the pole, and, with a firm grasp, endeavour to raise the body off the pole till the back is horizontal.

Action 98. Throw the left leg over the pole, then at the same time throw both arms over the pole, holding by the arm only (fig. 60).

Action 99. Throw the right leg over the pole, the left arm being underneath, and the right arm hanging down (fig. 61).

Action 100. Hang on the pole, the hands on each side, and then raise the legs on each side of the pole, as high as possible (fig. 62).

Action 101. Hang on the pole, the hands on one side; then spring at once on to the pole, and balance the body on the arms (fig. 63).

Action 102. Sit on the pole; suddenly drop backwards, and clasp the pole with the hands, hanging down (fig. 64).

Action 103. Hang on the pole, the hands on one side, and gradually bring up the legs till they are perpendicular, the arms being straight (fig. 65).