

A STAFF SURGEON'S TREATMENT OF TYP HUS IN 1800.

During the fall and winter of 1799 and 1800 a severe typhus fever had made its appearance on board of the "Asia," which had proved fatal to some of the 41st regiment; in consequence of this the Commander-in-chief had lost no time in sending off that regiment in boats to Montreal, by the St. Lawrence; but the sick, about one hundred in number, were left at Quebec under the charge of subalterns, the senior of them a Lieutenant, Arthur True; the names of the others were Hall and Kelly. Notwithstanding the change of the air and the increasing severity of the cold, the 41st regiment at Montreal continued to suffer considerable mortality through the fever. The regimental surgeons had died in attending the hospital, or they were disabled by the disease from discharging their duty, so that it became necessary to claim the services of some of the private practitioners then at Montreal. Among those was a Mr. Gould, who soon afterwards fell a victim to the malady, and whose death caused a considerable degree of sympathy on behalf of his widow, for he was a general favorite. I know not if any other medical men so called in died of the fever, but I well remember that a medical staff-surgeon, stationed at Quebec, was sent off at a moment's notice to assist in endeavoring to arrest the ravages of the fever from spreading far and wide among the inhabitants, some of whom had already been swept off.

In regard of this medical officer, a short, rough looking personage, and of equally rough manners, it was related, but I do not vouch for the accuracy of the rumor, that on his arrival at the hospital of the 41st regiment at Montreal, he declared it was not surprising that the fever was working so much destruction since the unfortunate patients were smothered through the want of proper ventilation; upon which, it was asserted, he absolutely ordered the glaze frame of the windows to be removed, the doors to be taken off their hinges, and the clothes to be taken away, and the sick to be thus left totally uncovered. The thermometer was low, perhaps below zero, so that by the following morning there was no patients in the hospital; but the undertaker and the clergyman were called in, and so terminated the typhus fever. The news of this almost unique mode of curing every patient in an hospital, spread throughout the town of Montreal like wildfire, and before ten o'clock that morning the soldiers of the 41st regiment were tumultuously assembled in the barrack yard, demanding summary vengeance of Dr. Frost, as they now described him; and it is not improbable that, had he not taken the precaution of hastening off at an early hour, in order that he might be the first to report the happy result of his new practice. Dr. Frost might have been sent off to welcome the arrival of his victims in the other world.

ADVENTURES OF COL. LANDMANN.

WHAT BECAME OF NANA SAHIB?

A curious theory has been started in India that the Tongal General, one of the leaders in the attack on the Residency at Manipur, who was hanged with the Senaputty, was none other than Nana Sahib, who in June, 1857, massacred the garrison at Cawnpore. Are the antecedents of the Tongal General so well known, queries a Calcutta correspondent, as to preclude the possibility of his having been the Nana Sahib? The rather motiveless precipitancy of the Manipur Durbar during the crisis in its affairs becomes intelligible and consequential if it were true that its most iron-willed member had race hatred to urge him to finish his career with a theatrical coup as bloody and cruel as that which commenced it. The only extrinsic evidence to be adduced in support is that in 1858 the Guruji (religious teacher) of the Nana, accompanied by armed followers and elephants, and having a nephew of Nana in his charge, was encamped at Cooch Behar. A traveller who repeatedly visited the Mahratta camp was struck with the marked contrast presented between the strangers and the Negroido-Mongoloid inhabitants of the place.

A SENSIBLE ACT.

One of Mr. Chapleau's last acts as Minister of Customs was to transmit a memorandum to council recommending that the regulations whereby provision is made for a refund of duty paid by the Imperial troops on cigars, wines, spirits, malt liquors, chinaware, glassware, plateware, silverware, when imported by regimental messes, be amended and extended in their application, so as to include the officers' messes at the various permanent schools of military instruction in Canada. He points out that if the recommendation is approved the result will be an increase in the consumption of light wines at the various military schools and a corresponding decrease of the use of intoxicating liquors, besides lessening as far as possible whatever is likely to be dangerously attractive in the atmosphere of the ante-rooms of the messes of the various military schools.

HOW RIFLE BARRELS ARE WORN OUT.

While it is undoubtedly true that some rifle barrels wear better than others, still in the vast majority of cases where it is complained that a barrel no longer shoots as it did, that it is shot out, etc., will be found to be either to lack of cleaning or improper cleaning.

Let me instance a case. Not long ago I sat in a friend's office and saw him clean his rifle. Some cotton waste soiled with coal dust and other dirt that had been allowed to settle on it, was wrapped around his wiping rod and pushed through the barrel with all his strength. I looked on and said nothing, but I will not be a bit surprised to hear him say before long that his rifle does not shoot as it used to. Nothing short of diamond hardness would stand such cleaning. If you want your rifle barrel to last see to it that your swab material is soft and clean. It should be kept shut up where no gritty dust could get into it. Use plenty of oil in cleaning (you can wipe it out afterwards if you choose) and avoid excessive friction. There is no need of putting so much on the swab-rod that it takes both hands and all the weight of your body to drive it through. It is such work as this that takes the sharp edge off. Of course, hardened balls and paper-patched billets will wear out a barrel faster than soft and well-lubricated grooved ones; but nevertheless it is the rough cleaning that wears the most in many cases.

PEN PICTURES OF MOLTKE AND BISMARCK.

Who is this senior for whom the throng makes way reverentially—he with lean wrinkled face, set mouth, yet with something of a half smile on it, ever with downcast abstracted eyes and stooping shoulder, with hands clasped behind his back and with listless gait—this fleshless, tough-looking man with the bushy eye-brows and the long, lean throat? He is worth looking at, for he is the greatest strategist of the age, and has been the ruling soul of the victorious campaign. Moltke, for it is he, has been with the Emperor, and is probably on his way home to finish Miss Braddon's last novel; for when he is not devising strategy he is reading sensational novels; and his abstraction, as like as not, is caused by speculation as to which of the two aspirants to her hand the heroine is ultimately to marry. A tall burly man swings round the corner of the Friedrich Strasse, his loud "Ha! ha!" ringing out above the noise of the street as he strides down the Linden. The crowd makes way for him when it will for few others, and in truth he is the stamp of man to drive a path for himself even through an obstructive crowd. His step is firm and massive, his shoulders are broad and square; the undress cuirassier cap sets off well the strong face with the heavy snow-white moustache and the terrible under-jaw, massive yet not fleshy, full but not exuberant, which one never looks at without thinking how symbolical it is of the "blood and iron" dogma which the stern but hearty man once so frankly enunciated. When last I had seen Bismarck he was sitting on his big horse under the statute of Strasbour, in the Place de la Concorde, on the day the German troops marched into Paris, glowering down scornfully from under the peak of his metal helmet on a group of Frenchmen who had identified him, and were shrinking as they spat hissings up at him.—*Archibald Forbes in Scribner's Magazine.*