

in a hurry, and whatever is, is as it always has been and will be. And what a cosmopolitan place it is! We meet Turks, Greeks, Copts, Egyptians, Nubians, Syrians, Americans, Italians; tattered derweeshes, 'weeles,' or holy Moslems, nearly naked, presenting the appearance of men who have been buried a long time and recently dug up; Greek priests, Jews, Persian Parsees, Algerines, Hindoos, negroes from Darfoor, and flat-nosed blacks from beyond Khar-toom."

It must be confessed that there is much in Egypt which it is hard to invest with interest for a reader who has not seen it with his own eyes, and who has become sated with the many works which have allowed the dust of their subject to invade their style. Oft-described temples and sculptures cannot easily be made entertaining, unless by abandoning all seriousness, and joking with the outrageous felicity of a Mark Twain. As, when Mr. Warner is serious, he is not pedantic, so when he is amusing he does not plunge into mere burlesque. "Mummies and Moslems" abounds with his well-known humour, playful and coquettish; peeping out at odd moments, and never remaining long enough to grow tiresome. We might give many instances of it, were it not that the task of selection would be a hopeless one, and that there is nothing about which opinions differ so much upon what is very funny.

The faults of the book are few and venial. It would be improved by considerable compression, as in its present form there is a good deal of repetition that becomes tiresome. Occasionally a joke has too much of the American flavour, as in the remark that "if Homer had been more careful in slinging around his epithets, he would have saved us a deal of trouble." Although we scarcely approve of the manner in which this is expressed, we will take the hint home to ourselves, and cordially recommend our readers to get "Mummies and Moslems," and become their own critics, or "sling around" their own epithets concerning it. The missiles will not be dangerous ones, that we will vouch for.

HAY FEVER; OR SUMMER CATARRH: Its Nature and Treatment. By George M. Beard, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

Dr. Beard, of New York, has written an interesting monograph on that singular disease called "Hay Fever." At first sight, it might seem that this work is purely professional. This, however, is not the fact. The style is simple, and the work has few technical words, which generally discourage and stagger an ordinary reader. Happily in Canada this disease is not very prevalent. Only isolated cases come under the treatment of our medical men; but in the United States it is said that the

victims number from 25,000 to 50,000. It looks strange to see a book addressed to "The members of the Hay Fever Association." Such is the case, and for years large numbers of such invalids congregate in the mountainous regions of the country, where, during the summer months, they are comparatively free from the distressing attacks of this malady. Each rendezvous has its patrons, whose particular locality is chosen, as affording the greatest exemption, as evinced from actual experiment.

After giving a history of the disease, and showing that it was almost unknown previous to the beginning of this century, the author gives in minute detail the experiments which the invalids made upon themselves. He shows the great difference of opinion among those who have tried a legion of remedies, both in respect to its cause, and the reasons given. One suggests the floating particles from hay; another the pollen of flowers; some the ripening of fruit; others ozone in the air; many the heat and sunshine; and not a few hold to the exciting cause being in germs or parasites. Each theorist defends tenaciously his views based upon his own observations, and too often forgets (as hobby-riders are apt to do) that there may be a combination of these, or that the disease may be only synchronous with the supposed exciting causes. It seems to be a disease of to-day's civilization, for no definite account is given of it in medical works before this century. Yet all the above-mentioned excitants were in existence then as now. It is possible that the change lies in our pampered constitutions, as one of the concomitants of our modes of life. The causes may be in our physical system, and the occasion may be from a myriad of external influences, singly, or in groups. It is interesting to read the various descriptions given of the disease by its victims. There is grim humour in that of Henry Ward Beecher when telling his experience of nasal irritation. He says:—"You never before even suspected what it really was to sneeze. If the door is open you sneeze. If a pane of glass is gone you sneeze. If you look into the sunshine you sneeze. If you sneeze once, you sneeze twenty times. It is a riot of sneezes. First a single one, like a leader in a flock of sheep, bolts over; and then, in spite of all you can do, the whole flock, fifty by count, come dashing over—in twos, in fives, in bunches of twenty." Fifty-five questions were sent out to a large number of those afflicted with this disease. These interrogations covered the whole matter in all its bearings. In reply Dr. Beard got answers from 200. This is a small number to generalize from, but the replies point conclusively to its being a hereditary and nervous disease. It is transmitted as surely as cancer, or consumption, from generation to generation. The nervous constitution does not simply mean those who are weak in nerve power, but also