

The Wrongs of the Stomach.

In most of the early literature is to be found a dialogue between Body and Soul, in which each accuses the other of their mutual perdition, recapitulating the offences which have produced it. Something similar might be written, with good effect, dividing the imaginary conversation between, let us say, the Stomach and the Man, and making an attack of gout the subject of their recriminations. The man might accuse the stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat, drink, walk, nor rest. The stomach might plead justification, and say that she had lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's rest from an intolerable task-master. Again the man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine muscular system reduced to flabby indolence; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression which rendered life an insupportable burden. The stomach, having listened to all this, delivered in a tone of angry accusation, would reply: "My case is just as bad as your own. Once upon a time, before you took to evil courses, I was as healthy a stomach as you could meet in a day's march; I went through my work regularly, and did it so cheerfully and so well that, like some unreasonable masters when they get hold of a willing servant, you seemed to think I could do without rest and didn't care even for an occasional holiday. Then you heaped burden after burden upon me. Before I had well digested your breakfast for you, you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satisfied with that, you wound up the day with a supper, drenching me all the time with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, rum, more wine, and more spirits, till I thought you had taken leave of your senses; and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if apoplexy had broken into the house, and was going to carry you off, I said to myself: 'Serve him right if it did.' And in this way you went on year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you headache after headache; I tried to call you to reason with half a dozen attacks of influenza; gave you a billious fever; made you smart with rheumatism; twinged you with gout till you roared. But all to no purpose. You went on making me digest till the work broke my back, and now I can digest no longer." This reproach might be made even pathetic, by a description of the stomach watching its hard tasks come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bed-time. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry; "I can manage that," says the stomach. Then a plate of fish, with more bread and more sherry; "and that," adds the stomach, "though these sauces don't quite agree with me." Then comes beef, or mutton, or both, and stout; then a dish of tart. "Confound this pastry," says the stomach, "it gives me more trouble than any thing else; but if the master will only stop here, I think, if I put out all my powers, I can get even this rubbish out of the way." But she has hardly taken this hopeful view of the case, when down come cheese, celery,

apples, oranges, nuts, figs, almonds, and raisins, port, sherry, claret, and a tumbler of hot Hollands and water. "Good gracious, was there ever such a mess?" exclaims the stomach; "what can the man mean? Does he think one pair of hands can manage all this?" Still the willing slave goes to work, when presently there is a rush of tea from above, with a thin slice of bread and butter. And when the stomach, with infinite labor, has got the Hodge-podge into some sort of homogeneous shape, and is preparing to take a nap after her exhaustion, lo! a devilled drumstick rushes into its laboratory, two devilled kidneys, a bottle of stout, and three tumblers of hot brandy and water.—*London Review.*

Brainwork and Longevity.

The philosophers ought to have length of days for their portion, seeing how their pursuits ought to elevate them above the disturbances of life. And such is in fact, the operation of their mode of life, by which their faculties are furnished with constant entertainment on subjects which would seem to lie outside the range of uneasy passions, while creating or exciting the noblest moral emotion. And an unusual amount of healthy longevity is, in fact, found among philosophers—whether mathematicians, naturalists, or speculative students. Such things have been heard of as strifes in those serene fields of thought: such sights have been seen as faces furrowed with fretfulness, or working with passion; but the old age of many philosophers is, at this moment, an honour to their vocation. Peter Barlow was, when he lately died at 82, the same Peter Barlow that he had been to two generations of friends and disciples. Sir David Brewster is still active and occupied at the same age. The late Mr. Tooke did not puzzle his brains about the currency too much to be still up to the subject at 86. Sir Roderick Murchison is past 70, and so is Sir J. Herschel. Literature ought to have the same operation as science; but it seems to have more room for agitations and anxieties except in the case of authors who live in and with their work, exempt from self-regard. Jacob Grimm was a very perfect example in the philosophic serenity which a literary career can yield; and he lived to 78. There is something remarkable in the longevity of literary women in modern times, even if we look not beyond our own country. Mrs. Piozzi and Mrs. Deianey perhaps scarcely enter within the conditions; and the still lamented Jane Austen was under an early doom from consumption; but Miss Edgeworth was above 80 when she died; Joanna and Agnes Baillie were older still; and Mrs. Trollope died the other day at 84. The artists who have departed lately have been old. Biot was 87, and Vernet 74. Our Mulready was 77, and Cockerell, the architect, was 73.—*Once a Week.*

Oxygen Gas.

At a lecture delivered to the shampooers and attendants at the Hammam, Jermyn-Street, on Monday night, by Dr. Leared, Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, a novel mode of producing oxygen gas in a perfectly safe, cheap, and simple manner, was introduced for the first time in public by Mr.