

GROWING OLD.

WHAT is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?—
Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more; but not,
Ah! 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be.
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset-glow,
A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep, and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young:
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change;
But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves:
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost,
Which blamed the living man.

—By Matthew Arnold.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

A LIVELY FIVE MINUTES.

WE are told every day that "truth is stranger than fiction;" and that this is so is again shown by the following facts, which I narrate as nearly as possible in the words of the person (an assistant to a well-known veterinary surgeon) to whom the adventure occurred:

"We had been having several cases of rabies at the surgery during the last month or two—more cases than usual; but with the exception of one, they had all been brought in before the disease reached its utmost virulent stage. I am rather interested in the disease, and had been reading about it; and, sitting in the surgery alone and quiet (but for a poor beast in the yard with rabies which gave vent every now and then to the dismal howl peculiar to the disease), it was not particularly lively; and when my master (a veterinary surgeon) came in from his usual round I was not sorry. He when into the yard and inspected the patients as usual, ordering the collie with rabies to be killed at once. I attended to this, and, returning to the surgery, received orders to go to the Britannia public-house, in Soho, and poison a large retriever belonging to the landlord. My master had seen the dog during his rounds, and found it in a dangerously rabid state. I filled a small bottle with hydrocyanic acid, and taking a syringe, went off at once to see about it.

"Arriving at the house, I stated my business, and was handed over to the pot-boy to be conducted to the dog, which I could hear howling every few seconds. There being no yard to the house, they had chained the dog down in the cellar, to a staple in the wall. 'E's a wery bad case, sir,' said my guide, 'an' I'll be glad when it's all over; for although he was a great pet with us all, an' that fond of the kids you never see, its awful to see 'im not know any of us; but when we goes near 'im to have 'im come a-flying at us. Think 'e'll suffer much? There 'e goes! 'ear 'im. All day long 'e 'owls like that.' I assured him it would soon be over, without much pain; and, descending some steps, we passed through a room in the basement that was dimly lit by a small and grimy window. Cases of wines and spirits were ranged against the walls, and we could hear the tramp of the thickly shod customers in the bar or tap-room just above our heads. Opening a door, we passed into another room; this was lighted only by the small window in the room we had just left, as it shone through the now open door. 'E's in there,' said the pot-boy, pointing to another door in the wall, opposite. Thinking there was a window in the room, I pushed the door open, and immediately heard the rattle of a chain and the hoarse half howl, half growl of the poor beast, whose eyes I could see, against the far wall, gleaming through the dark. Window there was none. 'Why on earth didn't you bring a light?' I asked, angrily; 'you don't suppose I can poison him in the dark?' 'Thought I 'ad a match,' said the man, fum-

bling in his pockets; 'there's a gas-jet just inside the door.' I had no matches, so I sent him upstairs to get some, and, awaiting his return, sat down on an empty keg near the door.

"The dog seemed uneasy; and, fancying the light through the doorway annoyed and distressed him, I pushed it to with my hand. The man was some time gone (I found afterwards he had been to ask his mistress if she would like to have a last look at the old dog), and I sat there thinking over the notes I had been reading in the surgery. The air of the cellar was close, and the smell of the wet sawdust on the floor was most unpleasant. Clank went the dog's chain against the wall or the floor, as he moved uneasily about, wondering, I daresay, what was my errand there. Then the movement ceased for a time, or, partly absorbed in my thoughts, I failed to notice it. The next minute I started feeling something rub against my leg. Looking down, I saw two glaring eyes just at my knee. The dog was loose; the staple having worked its way out of the damp and yielding mortar.

"For a second or two I nearly lost consciousness. My heart seemed to stand still; but by an effort I kept from going off into a faint. I shall never forget the next few minutes as long as I live. I was alone in the dark, with this rabid beast rubbing against my legs—first one and then the other, as if he was trying to find out who I was. Then he rested his nose on my knees and looked straight up into my face. I sat like a statue, knowing that at the slightest movement he would probably seize me, and knowing (who better?) that such a bite in his advanced state of disease was almost certain death, and a horrible death too. Nerving myself, I sat perfectly still, calculating as well as I could my chances of escape. Presently the dog put first one paw, then the other, on my knee, and, standing on his hind legs, gently rubbed his head against my breast, then over my arms, and then commenced to explore my face. I shut my eyes, and felt his nose pass several times across my face, covering it with saliva. Yet I dare not move! I expected every instant he would seize me; the very beating of my heart might disturb and annoy him; and I felt that, come what might, I must fling him off and make a dash for the door.

"Suddenly he ceased rubbing against me, and appeared to be listening. He could hear the steps of the pot-boy descending the ladder. I also could hear it, and knew not whether to call to him or keep silent. The dog now dropped down on my knees again, still listening; and as the light of a candle streamed through the crevices of the badly fitting door he crept into the far corner of the cellar, evidently dreading being put upon the chain again. Then I made a dash at the door, swung it open, and, banging it to behind me, sank, more dead than alive, on a case near the wall. Seeing my state, the man brought me quickly a nip of brandy, and I pulled myself together. All this time the dog was growling furiously on the other side of the door, and tearing at it in his mad endeavour to get at us. Steadying myself as well as I could, I placed the light on a pile of cases, and, filling my syringe with acid, opened the door about two inches. As I expected, the infuriated beast rushed at the opening; and as he did so I discharged the contents of the syringe into his open mouth. In a few seconds all was over. When I went upstairs I found my trousers, vest, coat, hands and face covered with the saliva from his mouth. I felt sick and faint, and looked—so the people said—white as a ghost; in fact, I could hardly stand.

"The dog I had killed was bitten by the mad dog that ran down Piccadilly some three weeks since, and had only showed symptoms of madness during the last few days."—W. Pocklington.

A VINOUS CANDIDATE.

THE Liquor Prohibitionists of New York have made the dangerous discovery that Ira Davenport, the Republican candidate for Governor of that State, is President of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. This damaging fact, they say, precludes all alliance of the temperance men with the Republicans of New York in the present campaign. But the Prohibitionists would do well not to push their cold-water campaign against Davenport on on this ground too far. They will be likely to make many more votes for than they can take away from him. Multitudes of people in New York who have no political sympathy with Mr. Davenport and his party will resent at the ballot-box a fanatical persecution of a candidate because he converts the juice of the grape into a mild and wholesome wine. If more of this wine were produced and consumed in the United States the motive for prohibitory legislation would be vastly lessened. The use of this light and comparatively innocuous wine and beer has done more to promote the cause of genuine temperance in this country by competing with the fiery fluids than all the Prohibitionists in New York can accomplish from this time to the end of the century. Should mild fermented liquors utterly banish from consumption whiskey and the other potent intoxicating liquors the political party of prohibition would cease to nominate candidates for President, Governor and members of the Legislature. No prohibitory party could be organized or could exist in this country on a proposition to forbid by constitutional amendments the manufacture and sale of domestic wines and beer. The bottom would fall out of such a prohibitory platform.

Dr. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, has testified to the medicinal virtues of liquor in his own experience. On one occasion his life was saved by the liberal use of champagne in an attack of malaria, at another time he was brought out of a violent inflammation of the lungs by Bourbon whiskey, and at still another he was cured of a serious case of dyspepsia by old stock ale. No such potent virtue can be claimed for the light domestic wine which Davenport makes. It is only a mild and comparatively harmless substitute for fiery and deleterious intoxicants, and this is the chief ground of prohibition hostility to it. The Prohibitionists prefer rain-water for a beverage, and for this reason they want to