

other's arms and breasts, as well as their own. In Polynesia one strokes his face with the other's hand or foot. In New Zealand and Lapland they press noses—which perhaps in some measure accounts for those organs being so flat. The Andaman Islanders salute by blowing into one another's hands; Charlevoix speaks of an Indian tribe on the Gulf of Mexico who blow into one another's ears; and M. Du Chaillu was "blown upon"—literally, and without any allusion to what his enemies tried to do to him—by his friends in Africa. In East Africa, some tribes shake hands, but, Moslem-fashion, pressing the thumbs against one another as well. With regard to the position of our hands in prayer, Mr. Tylor remarks that there is in it a confusion of two gestures, quite distinct in their origin. The upturned hands seem to expect some desired object to be thrown down, while, when clasped, they seem to ward off an impending blow; but the conventionalising process is carried to extremity when the hands clasped, or with the finger-tips set together, can be used not only to avert an injury—as seems their natural office—but also to ask for a benefit, which they cannot even catch hold of when it comes. There are a number of well-known gestures difficult to explain, such as lolling out the tongue for contempt; and the sign known as "taking a sight," which was as common in the days of Babel, as now. These are intelligible enough to all, although we know not why. Not the least evidence of the gesture-language is the ease and certainty with which any savage from any country can understand and make himself understood in a deaf and dumb school. "A native of Hawaii is taken to an American institution, and begins at once to talk in signs with the children, and to tell about his voyage and the country he came from. A Chinese, who had fallen into a state of melancholy from long want of society is quite revived by being taken to the same place, where he can talk in gestures to his heart's content." A deaf and dumb lad, named Collins, is taken to see some Laplanders, who were carried about to be exhibited, and though frowning and undemonstrative to others, they immediately begin to speak "about reindeers and elks, and smile on him very much." A curious instance of the direct advantage of deaf and dumb establishments, is narrated by Kruso (himself a deaf-mute), as having occurred in the beginning of this century. An untalented deaf and dumb boy was found by the police wandering about Prague; they could make nothing of him, and so sent him to the Institution devoted to persons suffering under his misfortune, to be taught to tell his story. After a little education there, he managed to make it understood that his father had a mill; and of this mill, the furniture of the house, and the country round it, he gave a precise description. He gave a circumstantial account of his life there; how his mother and sister died, his father married again, his step-mother ill-treated him, and he ran away. He did not know his own name, nor what the mill was called, but he knew it lay away from Prague towards the morning. On inquiry being made, the boy's statement was confirmed. The police found his home, gave him his name, and secured his inheritance for him. Everybody who reads novels is acquainted with that wonderful scene in *Monte Christo* where the paralytic makes his will, without having the power of speech, or even of motion, with the exception of being able to wink his eyes. So late as 1864, it seems, a still more strange proceeding might have been witnessed at Yateley, England, in the case of John Geale, yeoman, deaf and dumb, and unable to read or write. This man executed a will by putting his mark to it; but probate was at first refused by Sir J. P. Wilde, on the ground that there was no evidence of the testator's understanding and assenting to its provisions. At a later date, however, the motion was renewed upon the following joint-affidavit of the widow and the attesting witnesses:

"The signs by which the deceased informed us that the will was the instrument which was to deal with his property upon his death, and that his wife was to have all his property after his death, in case she survived him, were in substance, so far as we are able to describe the same in writing, as follow: The said John Geale first

pointed to the will itself, then he pointed to himself, and then he laid the side of his head upon the palm of his right hand with his eyes closed, and then lowered his right hand towards the ground, the palm of the same hand being upwards. These latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his own death or the decease of some one else. He then touched his trousers-pocket (which was the usual sign by which he referred to his money), then he looked all around, and simultaneously raised his arms with a sweeping motion all round him (which were the usual signs by which he referred to all his property or all things). He then pointed to his wife, and afterwards touched the ring-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right arm across his left at the elbow; which latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his wife.

"The signs by which the said testator informed us that his property was to go to his wife's daughter, in case his wife died in his lifetime, were as follow: He first referred to his property as before; then touched himself, and pointed to the ring-finger of his left hand, crossed his arm as before (which indicated his wife); he then laid the side of his head on the palm of his right hand (with his eyes closed), which indicated her death; he then again, after pointing to his wife's daughter, who was present when the said will was executed, pointed to the right-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right hand across his left arm at the elbow, as before. He then put his forefinger to his mouth, and immediately touched his breast, and moved his arms in such a manner as to indicate a child, which were his usual signs for indicating his wife's daughter, &c." Eventually, he made it appear that if his wife's daughter's husband survived her, the property was to revert to him. The contents of the will were then explained by motions and signs understood by all present, to the testator, and the said John Geale expressed his satisfaction. Upon this representation, Sir J. P. Wilde granted probate. Upon the whole, this will-making was certainly a more extraordinary proceeding than that described by Dumas, inasmuch as, though not paralysed, the testator was deaf, and therefore the dumb-show had to be carried on on both sides. It is evident, however, that if John Geale had been educated at a deaf and dumb asylum, the matter would have been greatly simplified and shortened.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY AND CURE.

LETTER II.

"Rouge gayne."—*Rouge et Noir.*

From Mr. Harry Tourinquet, medical student, at London, Canada West, to Mr. Robert Trepan, his fellow-student at Montreal.

July 12, 1864.

DEAR BOB,—Private business is like to compel my residence here for a pretty long spell—Did I tell you at Brantford, that pretty coy Fannio Was deeply in love, the poor dear little Nannie. And that I had present'd, just to keep the joko jogging. For her case, pills and draughts, watching, fasting and flogging? But the saucy young monkey contriv'd to cajole us, so London came home to call in Dr. Bolus! The villain has taken the case! I am sure Such irregular practice I cannot endure. Though, after a fashion, he's work'd out a cure. This may be humane, but it isn't professional; We punctilious should be, like the priests at confession. And the times now are ticklish; for we Allopathics Are like to be driven to shelter in attics, By Quacks, Water-curers and Homoeopaths— In practice, you know, I'm a strict *Martinet*, And rigid in all that concerns etiquette—Ho, who'd steal a man's patient, would steal a man's purse! Of the two I consider the first crime the worse.

If you read all your books through, you won't find a trace Of the way that old Bolus maltreated this case—Old Bolus I say, but it should be his wife, For we're sure to discover when mischief is ripe, When there's "scum on the pot," that the meddling women Have always a great deal to do with the skimming.

Mrs. Bolus one evening invited a party, And gave us a welcome light courteous and hearty—

Of her Majesty's officers many were there, The elite of the town, the gay, wealthy and fair— And of all the assembly, you could not find any More gallant than Tremorne, or more lovely than Fannio.

Do you wish for her portrait? I'll call on the Muse— Invocations are rare—I don't think she'll refuse— If I win her good graces and those of Apollo, Some elegant verses are likely to follow.

"Ye nino! stately warblers on Parnassus' top, Whose musical eloquence never should stop, He pleas'd in my room for a minute to drop— And Phoebus Apollo! lend me your winged horse, I want him to convey me over the course. You have painted the beauties of Spencer's Belphebor— And those of Jove's juvenile waiting-maid Hebe; Of Belinda, resplendent in bows of state, With duteous sylphs on her toilet to wait; Of the shepherdess Verdita, veiled in the shades; Of the courtly young Enfilie, sweetest of maids, Thau the lily more fair in her delicate hue, And as rosy as May, when the blossoms are now— Now kindly assist me in sketching the many Fine points in the form and the features of Fannio."

There! Look at her seated by brave Tremorne's side, All radiant with pleasure, with love and with pride— She is speaking quite low of the last time they met, On his shoulder— are grouping her ringlets of jet; Watch her lips, as they open, her corals disclose Of the purest of pearls two symmetrical rows, And catch, if you can, her rich musical laugh, Of Hayden's sweet strains, just two bars and a half; See where deep in a dimple Don Cupid reposes On her cheek, that bright mixture of lilies and roses; Her dark falcon eye all her feelings displays, While long curling lashes make slender its rays; Note the nicely arch'd eyebrows; the fair swan-like neck. The shoulders her dark curls contrast with, and deck; And her white rounded chin, and her mouth's dulcify pout; And her ears, through her ringlets, like birds peeping out— Then her dear taper waist and her elegant bust— I declare I could gaze on all day with great gusto.

Now they're dancin'. What charms in each motion we trace, She scarce touches the floor, she's so buoyant with grace— Round her neck and her shoulders her loose tresses play, Like the vine's wind-toss'd tendrils on some breezy day; And daintily wreath'd on that raven-black hair Is of fuchsias and roses a coronet fair— While her dress seems to veil her fine figure with pride, And her dear little feet now glance out and now hide— Though free as an antelope nimbly she bounds, Ev'ry step keeps true time to the band's merry sounds.

They are seated again. "My dear sir, if you're wise, You'll not gaze too long on those beautiful eyes; They change with each feeling; now radiant with joy, Or sparkling with fun, at the wit they enjoy; Then smiling in kindness, then flashing with pride; You may look till your heart strings forever are tied; From the soft fascination you no more can break, Than the Dickey bird fly when 'tis charm'd by the snake."

But the Captain sat draining the dangerous cup, As if he would drink all the radiance up: Until as the party drew nigh to a close, I'll be hang'd if the poor fellow didn't propose!

Now we in the secret, all very well know She'd have been a great goose, if she'd answer'd him "No."

So when he implor'd her his passion to bless, She blush'd, dropp'd her eyelids, and softly sigh'd, "Yes!"

Some guests still remain'd, and the Captain before'em Show'd such rapture, it really quite outraged decorum; While she sat demure, and so quietly blest, That I had not the courage to proffer a jest— So chasten'd by modesty's delicate grace Were the Love and the Happiness thron'd in her face.

Why Bob, I have written an awful long letter, And grown sentimental, perhaps I had better Just rein up my Pegasus. You'll not be vex'd. "For further particulars wait 'till my next—" For, as by this patient I once was consulted, Although I must own I feel greatly insulted, And professional etiquette's thrown in confusion; Of the case I shall certainly watch the conclusion.

Some years hence, my dear Bob, I am certain to marry; So I'll "get up my part"—

I'm most truly yours,

HARRY.

Public Speaking.—The safety valve which lets off the surplus steam of society.

War.—Murder to music.

Melancholy.—Ingratitude to heaven.

Misanthropy.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.