

## HERE AND THERE.

The poem "Upward" in last week's Critic is a gem of true poetry.

There are too many people in this city living in houses that a gentleman would not use for a pig-pen.

The saddest feature in connection with very many of our poor, is, they are too often satisfied with their surroundings.

Many people who are careless of appearance and possessions are honest, while many a scoundrel's dress and property are kept immaculate: it is a matter of early education, as to cleanliness and pride in personal appearance. With water as plentiful as air, yet too many seem afraid of it.

As for air the dread of it in this country seems quite universal.

Instead of our legislature making laws telling the people what doctors they must employ, it would be better and wiser to pass a law quarantining the scourge of this country—Diphtheria.

Probably 15,000 persons have died of diphtheria in Nova Scotia within the past twenty years. Suppose that as many had died of cholera, what then? We are a blind lot.

The man who would oppose the passage of such a law, now that we know its absolute necessity as it has been demonstrated time and again by Dr. J. W. McDonald and others, would become a murderer perhaps of his own wife or child, as much as though he deliberately made war upon them.

It can only be ignorance on the part of our law-makers if such a law is not passed next winter.

This subject should have been fully discussed at the last meeting of the N. S. Medical Society. Too much wrangling, jangling and fighting over the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum for good sense or the benefit of the public takes the place of useful work.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," it is a heaven that no real man will part for.

Ignorance is the devil's chain that binds us to the "inferno."

Intemperance is a laughing-faced devil.

When you bid good bye to care, your neck will be in danger.

When you have too much care, you had better bid good bye to life. "Care killed a cat"

Originality may be rare, but all men who think for themselves have the first element of originality.

Men may be original in expression, yet without possessing original ideas.

The man who has a will can drive his brains, as you drive your horse with a whip.

"A midsummer night's dream"—Shakespeare did not live in the tropics.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." True enough, but it "voices the eternal meanness of our fellow-men" was the confession of a great and liberal mind.

To tell the truth is glorious; to fight and suffer for it, is heroic.

According to Hamilton's philosophy, the minds of men when born are but a blank, like the photographer's sensitive paper ready to receive all the different impressions shadowed upon it. While young the mind is the most sensitive. How important that only the right and good shadows of human living and teachings should be allowed to cast their most beautiful shades upon it while fittest to receive them.

"We bloom amid the snows." That is to say, others can bloom only in the summer.

A man without conceit may become great, but men of conceit make themselves great. J. P. G.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## THE ARCHBISHOP'S NEW BOOK.

"AFTER WEARY YEARS," by the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D. Baltimore and New York: John Murphy & Co. This is an historical romance of high literary merit. The gifted author is well known throughout the Dominion—at least to the Catholics of the Dominion—thru' his earlier contributions to our literature,—*Philosophy of the Bible*, and *Nater Admirabilia*. The elegant simplicity of style that was a characteristic of those books is one of the principal charms of the one before me; and another charm is His Grace's descriptive powers which are here called into play with fine effect.

This book is a history, because it gives, in a light and readable style, the history of the conquest of the papal dominions by Victor Emanuel. It is a novel inasmuch as it deals with the every-day life,—struggles, fears, hopes, loves,—of several young people. The stolen document, Peppo, the strange anniversary, make the book interesting to young people who are themselves more or less romantic.

I do not wish to be understood as pronouncing the new book faultless. I welcome its appearance, of course, because I wish to see a Dominion literature spring up, and because I know His Grace of Halifax is well able to help in forming that literature. Still, I do not see any good reason why he should dub all Infidels "empty-heads." I was wont to think that Infidelity was dangerous, chiefly because it is embraced by so many men of great mental endowments. I have no sympathy whatever with the teachings of Voltaire, but in my humble opinion Voltaire cannot be called either "stupid" or "empty-headed." Perhaps, however, His Grace had reference to the rank and file following Infidel teachers. If so, his words are in many cases not inapplicable.

On the whole, "Weary Years" is very pleasant reading—especially for Catholics. Protestants, however, who have no respect for the claims of the Holy See to temporal power, will often disagree with His Grace. But, if I mistake not, the information given as to the means by which the capture

of Rome was brought about, will be interesting to Protestants as well as to Catholics.

Archbishop O'Brien is, in his way, quite a humorist. The following extract from "Weary Years" gives the reader of this an idea of the lighter portions of the book: [Mr. Drow is a wealthy American *parvenu*, travelling in Europe with his wife, son, and two daughters.]

"Newspaper scribblers would, probably, call Mr. Drow a 'self-made man.' By this phrase you often find designated creatures who are composed, so to speak, of ninety-nine parts beast and one part man. So that the individual has made money, whether by honest dealing, or by defrauding the Government, or by cheating the Indians, or by robbing a credulous multitude, he is frequently styled a 'self-made man' . . . Mr. Drow had made his 'pile,' as he called it, by supplying bad army shoes at an enormous price. He was shrewd, ignorant, and unprincipled. His wife was vulgar, but good-natured. The daughters had been sent to a boarding-school, where they learned to thrum a little on the piano; to forget English and to dabble in French and German; to talk about 'beaux'; to despise all manner of household duties. The son had profited first by the free schools to the extent of being able to stammer tolerably well thro' dime-novels, and of acquiring vicious habits. Then he had been sent to a mushroom university, where he chewed tobacco, swore great oaths, frequented low haunts, and otherwise improved his mind for three years. At the expiration of that period he laid down fifty dollars, and picked up a parchment dubbing him a B. A."

Then the Drow family are found visiting an Italian cathedral:

"The young ladies pronounced one thing 'awfully nice,' and another 'fearfully pretty.' Then as Mr. Drow gazed around the noble edifice he remarked: 'What a tarnation fine shoe factory this would make! You could put in a couple more lofts; ram an engine in that nook; cram your leather there, stuff your shoes around here.'

"Lawk, Daniel," said Mrs. Drow, 'you are always thinking of shoes. Me and the girls think it would be just the go for a *surce* (probably soiree.)' "Yes, quite *de feet*," said the older of the young ladies; words which Morgan (their Canadian friend) at length supposed to be intended for *au fait*. "What a nice, cool place to keep the *riu rum*," said the younger, German being her strong point. "How that chap is skedaddling," said the heir of the house of Drow, as he pointed to an angel.

Mr. Drow, with easy familiarity, asked Morgan his object in going to the Eternal City. When told that it was to fight for the Pope, he "guessed it was *quare* the old fellow cannot do his own fighting."

It is said that already the first edition of the work is being rapidly bought up. In Halifax it can now be had at T. P. Connolly's Central Bookstore. A CATHOLIC.

## MEDICAL NOTES.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Dr. John Stewart, of Pictou, at the last meeting of the Medical Society added another volume to the already large library on Physical Education. He is a stalwart example himself of its benefits. He reads the best papers before the Society. Last year his paper on Surgery was a masterpiece. We understand he was the favorite pupil under the great Lister. He should have made Surgery a specialty in this city. Our surgeons are politicians, capitalists, etc. He is a surgeon, Simon pure.

Dr. Slayter seems to have the best of them, judge from the numbers who are cannonading him from all directions.

Even our esteemed friend the Homœopath, H. H. Mead, has entered the lists. Truly these M. D.'s are a fighting lot, but then it amuses the public.

We heard it remarked that not a single physician in this city ever made any money out of his practice. Those who are well-to-do were made so by marriage or other speculations. A life devoted to assisting and relieving poor humanity and in worrying one another, is the lot of the average doctor.

Medical Ethics, "what sins have been committed in thy name?" All doctors are true to Ethics till they interfere with themselves, when Ethics are ignored or used as a rod for a fellow-physician's back.

"Sawbones" in the *Chronicle* writes like a christian. "Scalpel" in next number wants to know whether he is or not.

The Commissioners still hold the fort. The present attending physicians, Drs. Rigby and Trenaman, seem thoroughly equal to the duties of attending to the Provincial Hospital, keeping it up to its mark as regards skill in treatment of its inmates.

The unlicensed practitioners are having a hard time of it, between the Medical Board, Medical Society, and the licensed fellows; but it is said they all have a large practice,—a thing that always brings comfort to a physician's soul, and puts plenty in his pocket.

Why is Dr. McDonald, of Londonderry, so quiet about Diphtheria of late? Is it because having banished the disease from his own neighborhood by judicious "Quarantining," he has lost interest? Come, doctor, you have a splendid cause, and like a true Scotchman you should not let up, till we have the monster Diphtheria under the law of Quarantine, not only in this Province but over the whole world. Humanity demands it!

We cannot see why the public should not know of a cure being made by this or that physician. To the average publican and sinner the name of doctor suggests killing rather than curing. For conscience sake let them know when a cure is made.

Dr. D. C. Allen, of Amherst, is again to the fore. The doctor is a splendid whipper-in of the medical hounds. Give it to 'em, doctor, though the lash rebound on your own back!