

tic name, by which to call the merest safeguard to starvation), in no wise differently from the halest guest; to see your neighbor devour venison, pastry, or curried kidneys with a gusto that creates in you a positive envying of the man; to reply to convivial toasts, despite your numerous sparkling, but alas! empty glasses, in apollinaris or even *aqua pura*, this truly is misery. As, indeed, a sympathetic fellow-sufferer once ejaculated: 'Give me rather smallpox every day in the week.'

Has not the severity of the malady too been taught us by ancient fable? What were the tormentors of the blind Phineus—the Harpies, the snatchers-away and befoulers of his legitimate food, but his own dyspeptic anxieties attending each act of deglutition? I warrant me too, that the renowned Herakleitos, the weeping sage of Ephesus, owed to a deficiency of gastric juice that distinguishing characteristic. And the easiest solution of the motive of the suicide of that philosophic *felo de se*, the revered Empedokles, is the fact that pepsine or the hypodermic syringe had not then been discovered and invented.

How galling is the thralldom of weakened gastric follicles. To be the slave of one's stomach; in abject servitude to a paltry viscus; a hateful serfdom under a usurping tyrant. And how anomalous is the position: the weaker the usurper, the more arbitrary his reign, and the severer his exactions; like Peisistratos of old, gashed with bleeding wounds, seizing supreme command.

Strange, often, are the cravings of the dyspeptic. One poor sufferer I know, whose gastric mucous membrane must assuredly be of the color of thrice dyed purple, incessantly longs for bowls of boiling negus, spiced with lavish handfuls of cloves. Another relishes the tough and fibrous pine-apple. One curious case I know of, too, where the free indulgence of a peculiar whim produced no ill results. The patient could not even digest a cubic inch of stale bread, yet he longed for pickles, and such things being in the house, and the family away, he arms himself with a fork and extracts from out the tempting bottles a feast of gherkins. Whether from the heating astringency of the acetic acid, or the tender age of the cucumbers, or because of the dominant superiority of a calmly determined will over angry epithelium, he suffered not at all.

Stranger, perhaps, are the remedies that the sufferer will invent for himself—especially, as is often the case, if he have consulted learned books on his complaint. Sometimes he will seriously discuss with his physician the feasibility of the transfusion of chyme. Or, if he have dipped into the profundities of anatomy, he will gravely recommend for himself an artificial duodenal fistula. Often in his insane moments will he go to the length of submitting to total excision of the digestive apparatus, substituting in the place of the injured member some unheard-of and impossible process of peptic cell-grafting!

But why—do you ask? do I thus disquietingly bemoan aloud the lot of the dyspeptic? Because it is but very lately that the hideousness of the malady, and the necessity of avoiding such things as conduce to its contraction, have been impressed upon me by an experience of its tortures—an experience that leads me to warn the careless to flee from the wrath to come. Reader, if there is one lesson in this mortal life of ours that can be learned through the experience of another, let it be this:—*Take care of your stomach.* Sit not for hours together contracting that fastidious organ by bending over a book; do not refuse it sustenance when it asks it of you; and pray insult it not by requesting it at any time to make two meals in one if prolonged abstinence has been unavoidable; beware of diluting the gastric juice and tanning the sensitive membrane with too copious imbibitions of tea; avoid irritating morsels and beverages when that important organ of yours is unprotected by food; but, above all things, I do beg of you to eschew *worry*. Doubtless this is advice hard to follow. But at meal times at all events could you not by effort dismiss your anxieties? They dare not dun you at dinner time; no ruin can be averted by partially, instead of wholly, masticating a mouthful; the decrees of fate have rarely been annulled by a snatched sandwich substituted for a wholesome luncheon; or the onward march of time arrested by foregoing altogether the mid-day meal.

Eat comfortably then your dinner, and for a brief hour defy your cares; and when the last sip of port has leisurely passed your lips, leaning back you will be able boldly to say:

Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

But what if already the mischief is done? you say, can I not hold out to you any hopes? That indeed can I. If we cannot say because of, we may truly say that in spite of, dyspepsia, men have made their names immortal. Where would have been the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' if De Quincey had not suffered? How would the vigorous iconoclasm of Thomas Carlyle have lost its force if that rugged seer had not known the pangs of indigestion? Was Pope free from them, or the amiable Charles Lamb, or the gentle Joubert, or?—but the world itself could not contain the names of all the illustrious sufferers that could be written. Therefore, suffering reader, take heart; hale, stalwart reader, beware.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Our Wallet.

'RECENS HOMO.'

A FRAGMENT.

FRESHMAN (*Enters, singing on the Taddle bridge.*)

I'll a Freshman be
At the University,
And with my cap and gown
I'll paralyze the town,
Till the Senate send McKim with my degree.

SPIRIT OF THE TADDLE (*rising, loquitur.*)

If you a Freshman be
At the University,
You've come in stormy days;
Sophs likely will you haze,
So you better climb a tall and lofty tree.
You are so verdant green
You never would be seen
In the branches of the trees!
And now upon the breeze
Come modulated yells with groans between.

NEMO.

'IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.'

SHE.

'When Night, o'er gentle Nature weaves her pall,
And darkling weird-like shadows lengthen fast,
With sadden'd heart I oftentimes recall
The long-departed, sweetly-bitter Past,
And, pierced by memory's arrow keen,
I murmur low, "It might have been."'

'On Fancy's airy easel, one dear face
With Recollection's brush I love to paint,
Ah! oftentimes at even song I trace
The well lov'd features of an earthly saint (*sic*).
And, gazing on that tender mien,
I breathe the thought "It might have been."'

HE.

'Per Jove! 'tis just as well, perhaps, that fate
Has thwarted thus my once fastidious taste,
I "might have been," to-day, the hen-peck'd mate
Of thirty-six or forty round the waist,
And squalling brats—oh, hideous scene—
Are 'mongst the things that "might have been."'

H. K. C.

AN ESSAY ON (FRESH) MAN.

BY A. POPE.

Descend ye Nine! and loudly sweep the string,
The hapless fate of Freshman I would sing!
Sad is his lot and dire his piteous fate,
Misprized, misjudged by seniors' envious hate.
Wouldst thou the secret of his being learn?
Tis to be Duty's slave that he doth yearn.
Nay! start not, gentle reader, I shall strive
To prove him the most dutious soul alive.
Full well his duties' range the Freshman knows,
'Tis from their *doing* spring his hideous woes;
Well doth he know without his aid, I wist,
College or 'Varsity could not exist.
Hither he came from Kennaquhair High school
To guide the Senate and the Council rule;
To his professors to lay down the law,
And even hold rebellions Sophs in awe:
From his vast brain the Junior to instruct,
Committees run, societies conduct—
By manners courteous, language choice and free.
The mould of 'form,' our 'pattern' saint to be.

Thus doth he strive. But what is his reward?
Alas! to tell it sighs the simple bard,
His worth's unprized, alas! and woe is me!
None are so blind as those who will not see.