

paregoric or try the effect of a lullaby. I need not say that the poison expedient would be wrong under all circumstances, but, before you try anything else, offer the child a cup of cold water. To a young nursing mother's breast supplies both food and drink, but farinaceous paps require a better diluent than milk.

If I should name the greatest danger of childhood, I would unhesitatingly say, Medicine. A drastic drug as a remedial agent is Beelzebub in the rôle of an exorcist.

Our nursery system, after all reforms, is still far from being the right one—how far, we may infer from the fact that we have not yet learned to make our babies behave as well as young animals.

Tight-swaddling, strait-jacket gowns, and trailing petticoats—restraint, in short, makes our infants so peevish. If we would give them a chance to use their limbs they would have no time to scream.

It would prevent innumerable diseases if people would learn to distinguish a morbid appetite from a healthy one. One diagnostic rule is this, that the gratification of the latter is not followed by repentance, another, that the former has to be artificially and painfully acquired; our better nature resists the incipience of a morbid "second nature." After acquitting Nature from all responsibility for such factitious appetites, it may be justly said that a man can find a road to health and happiness by simply following his instincts.

The supposed danger of cold drinks on a hot day is a very extensive superstition. It deprives thousands of people of the most pleasurable sensation the human palate is capable of. It is worth a two hours' analysis in the dog-days to drink your fill at the coldest rock-spring of the mountains.

Bathing in flannel!—I would as soon take ice-cream in capsules. The price of the flannel suit would buy you a season-ticket to a lonely beach.

A disposition to excessive perspiration is often due to general debility, but there is a specific remedy for it. Fill your knapsack with substantial and take a pedestrian trip in midsummer, up-hill, if possible, and without loitering under the shade-trees; in short, give your body something worth perspiring for. After that it will be less lavish of gratuitous performances of that sort. The soldiers of the Légion Etrangère are mostly northmen—Poles, Belgians, and Russians—but upon their return from a year's service in Algiers it takes a long double quick under a Mediterranean sun to drill them into a sweat.

"A catarrh is the beginning of a lung-disease." It would be the end of it if we did not aggravate it with nostrums and fusty sick-rooms.

Somehow or other we must have abused our teeth shamefully before Nature had to resort to such a veto as toothache.

A tooth pulled in time saves nine. "If you doubt whether a contemplated act is right or wrong," says Zoroaster, "it is the safest plan to omit it." Let dyspeptics remember that when they hesitate at the brink of another plateful.

The digestion of superfluous food almost monopolizes the vital energy; hence the mental and physical indolence of great eaters. Strong-headed business men manage to conquer that indolence, but only by an effort that would have made the fortune of a temperate eater.

A glutton will find it easier to reduce the number of his meals than the number of his dishes.

Highland children are the healthiest, and, even starving, the happiest. "There is no joy the town can give like those it takes away."

Paracelsus informs us that the composition of his "triple panacea" can be described only in the language of alchemistic adepts. Nature's triple panacea is less indescribable—fasting, fresh air, and exercise.

A banquet without fruit is a garden without flowers.

The best stuff for summer-wear: one stratum of the lightest mosquito-proof linen.

"Do animals ever go to the gymnasium?" asks an opponent of the movement cure. Never: they have no time—they are too busy practicing gymnastics out-doors.

The first gray hairs are generally a sign of dear-bought wisdom.

The "breaking-up" of a pulmonary disease could often be accomplished by breaking the bed-room windows.

Death, formerly the end of health, is nowadays the end of a disease.

Dying a natural death is one of the lost arts. There seems to be a strange *fatum* in the association of astronomy with humbug: formerly in horoscopes, and now in patent-medicine almanacs.

A patent-medicine man is generally the patentee of a device for selling whisky under a new name.

A "chronic disease," properly speaking, is nothing but Nature's protest against a chronic provocation. To say that chronic complaints end only with death, means, in fact, that there is generally no other cure for our vices.

Every night labors to undo the physiological mischief of the preceding day—at what expense, gluttons may compute if they compare the golden dreams of their childhood with the leaden torpor-slumbers of their pork and lager beer years.

If it were not for calorific food and superfluous garments, midsummer would be the most pleasant time of the year.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

## A FANTASY.

(Translated from Gérard de Nerval.)

There is an air that haunts me, till I slight  
The wistful strains of Weber and Mozart—  
An air that floods with languorous delight  
The secret chambers of my lonely heart.

Each time I listen to that music old  
I seem to live two hundred years ago,  
'Tis "Louis Treize" who reigns, and I behold  
Green uplands golden in the sunset's glow.

Then, a tall palace—grey with granite towers,  
And countless window-panes that redly glare—  
Girt by broad parks, through which 'mid bloom of flowers  
A glassy river wanders here and there.

And then, a lady opens a casement high—  
Pale, with dark eyes, in antique robes arrayed.  
One, whom I loved in centuries gone by—  
Whose image never from my soul can fade!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S COLONY.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Bellevue Hospital College, and the University College contribute over fifteen hundred students to the population of New York, who come, as we have stated, from every part of the world—even from South Australia and India—and who have representatives among them of every political bias and social condition. The native Americans include a large proportion of the sons of poor farmers and artisans of the Southern and Western States, who, bringing with them little or no margin to the minimum of fees, sacrifice personal comfort, like young Spartans, to their ambition. In the neighborhood of the colleges there are many shabby lodging-houses which provide shelter and food for four dollars a week; and subsisting upon rations of a class at which a well-to-do laborer would complain, the young doctor pursues his studies by the light of a kerosene lamp in the attic gloom of these caravansaries.

The coldest winter finds some of the students trudging to lectures and demonstrations through snow and slush, without overcoats, and with shoes worn down to a papery condition of tenuity. But mixed with these plebeians are other young men of fortune and fashion, who dress exquisitely, belong to the clubs, and smoke, if a cigar, a choice Havana, or, if it is a pipe, an elaborate meerschaum, filled with aromatic perique and Turkish. No factions inspired by envious ill-will are bred by these contrasts, however.

The presence of medical students is not considered a desirable element in many large cities. They are apt to be lawless, exuberant, and addicted to nocturnal disorders. Mr. Robert Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen are not the most satisfactory guests to landlords, nor the least troublesome neighbors to persons of quiet and early habits.

What with lectures, clinics, and recitations, besides practice in the laboratory and dissecting-room, the industrious student who means to be successful has little time for recreation except in the brief intervals between the retirement of one professor and the entrance of another, and the only period when he can conscientiously rest is Sunday. The first lecture begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and the last is not concluded until five in the afternoon. At all hours until nine or ten at night, students may be seen singly or in twos and threes entering or leaving the colleges, where the intricate secrets of physiology, the tissues, arteries, and nerves are revealed in the sickening atmosphere and amid the ghastly surroundings of the dissecting-room. But the atmosphere, though overpowering to a stranger at his initiation, is not perceptibly offensive to those accustomed to it, and the "subjects," instead of being repulsive to the embryo surgeons, possess an absorbing interest, and all the beauty of a perfect mechanism. There is no dearth of "subjects" in New York, where hundreds die unrecognized in the wards of the charity hospitals, and many are picked up in the rivers with no voice or record to tell how they came to their end.—W. H. RISING in *Harper's*.

## VARIETIES.

COLONEL BALCARRES records a particularly neat reply made to George IV. by a relative of his, Lady Jane Dalrymple. The King, when in Scotland, wore a kilt, and did not feel convinced that he looked well in it. Curtis—the author of the celebrated toast of "the three K's—King, Curtis, and Country"—also wore a kilt, and his Majesty was certain that it was not a becoming costume. "I hope I do not look like that," said he; "at all events, my kilt is not so short." To which Lady Jane wittily replied, "As your Majesty stays so short a time in Scotland, the more we see of you the better."

"Why, of course, you want a telephone put in your house," said a New York canvasser to a business man; "it will be so handy when your wife wants to talk to you." "There," exclaimed the business man, "that will do! I listened to you when you urged the point that I could order provisions from the butcher, and I looked with favour on your representations that it would afford unequalled facilities for ordering in the beer; but, when you tell me that the only rest I get during the day is going to be ruthlessly busted into through the medium of a galvanised tinfoil, then it is time you was breathing your atmosphere into other ears. You make yourself less adjacent, young man!" He did so.

THERE is an eminent painter in Paris who is economical and sententious. The other day one of the students broke a pane of glass in the studio window and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture. When the painter came down next morning, he thrust his cane through the makeshift, with the remark, "He that breaks pays!" None of the class however took the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate, and so on the next day, and so on the fourth. On the fifth day, when the artist came down, there was the paper, as before. Fire flashed from his eye, and roaring, "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students and then carefully pasted over with a sheet of paper.

GOOD AND BAD HUMOR.—There is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself or to others than good humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offence. There is no disposition opposite to good humor, which we call bad humor, of which the tendency is directly contrary, and therefore its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary. Bad humor alone is sufficient to make a man unhappy; it tinges every object with its own dismal color, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offence where none is meant, and leads to envy and malevolence.

A CLEVER DODGE.—Rabelais, the witty philosopher of the fifteenth century, was summoned from Rome by his patron, Francis I., probably as bearer of some diplomatic mission. On reaching Lyons he found himself short of money, and thus unable to continue his journey to Paris. To get out of the difficulty he had recourse to the following hazardous experiment. Gathering a quantity of brick-dust, he made it up into several little packets, and wrote on one "Poison for the King!" on another "Poison for the Dauphin!" and so on, till he had provided for all the members of the Royal family. These packets he left lying about in his room at the inn, where they were discovered by the landlord, who at once gave information to the magistrates. The latter took immediate steps to arrest our traveller, and him conveyed to Paris with all dispatch, and directed that he should receive, on the way, every attention befitting a criminal of such importance. On reaching his destination, Rabelais asked to be taken before the king, who, on recognising him, burst into a hearty laugh, and invited his illustrious prisoner to supper. The last words Rabelais uttered before breathing his last were, "Drop the curtain, the play is over."—*Le Figaro*.

SIGHT AND FORESIGHT.—Whoever is familiar with the game of chess knows that its skill consists mainly in being able to foresee the probable effect of each move upon the course of the opponent. The most successful player is the one who can mentally see the farthest ahead and can calculate most accurately what issues will arise from the various complications of the game. Much of the same faculty is needed in the serious game of life. Children and immature persons are often unable to foresee more than a single step in the effects of their actions. They indulge an appetite or give way to an impulse without thinking of any other result than the momentary satisfaction it affords. They speak the words that come uppermost, without considering their probable effect upon those who listen. They read what happens to interest them without regarding its influence, and amuse themselves, without reference to the consequences. As they develop in intelligence however, they come to see a little further ahead, and order their conduct accordingly. A few exceptionally wise men, like the skilled chess-player, can calculate with a good degree of correctness upon the results of their doings, even through complex circumstances and interwoven events, and their moves always mean something deeper than is apparent to the superficial looker-on.

READY WIT.—The earl of Kelly was relating in company that he had listened to a sermon in Italy in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes) which, in order to listen to him, raised their heads out of the water. "I can believe the miracle," said Erskine, who was present. "If your lordship was at church." "I was certainly there," said the peer. "Then," rejoined Henry, "there was at least one fish out of the water." On a change of Ministry Erskine was appointed to succeed Henry Dundas—subsequently Lord Melville—as Lord Advocate. On the morning of his appointment he met in the Parliament House Mr. Dundas, who had resumed the ordinary gown worn by all practitioners at the Scottish bar, excepting the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general. After a little conversation, Erskine remarked that he must be off to order his silk gown. "'Tis not worth your while," said Dundas, "for the short time you'll wait it; you had better borrow mine." "I have no doubt your gown," replied Erskine, "is made to fit any party; but, however short may be my time in office, it shall not be said of

Henry Erskine that he put on the abandoned habits of his predecessors." Mr. A. B., a judge of the Commissary Court, talked in an inflated and pompous manner. Having failed to attend an appointment with Erskine, he subsequently explained that he had been called out of town, owing to his brother, the proprietor of B., having in attempting to leap a fence, fallen from a stile and sprained his foot. "It was fortunate for your brother," said the wit, "that it was not from your style he fell, or he would certainly have broken his neck." Shortly after the death of Mr. John Wright, a talented but unsuccessful advocate, the late Sheriff Anstruther remarked to Erskine in the street, "Poor Wright is dead! He has died very poor. It is said he left no effects." "That is not wonderful," replied the humorist; "as he had no causes, he could have no effects."

CESAR EN DESHAÏLLE.—Napoleon I., rising betimes, as he was wont, had gone out to inspect the progress of the new canal of the Ourck, in the direction of La Villette. Returning to the Tuileries at nine o'clock, fully an hour before he was expected, neither pages, nor secretaries, nor footmen were at their posts. Only one of his chamberlains, Monsieur de Montesquieu was in the ante-room faultlessly attired in court-dress, with his sword hanging at his side. Pacing up and down the room in lonely melancholy, the poor man endeavoured to extract what diversion he could from two engravings, Gérard's "Ossian" and David's "Belisarius." In the next apartment, the Emperor's cabinet, the fire had just gone out for want of fuel. Now the Corsicans are a chilly race of people, and in April the mornings are cool. The first thing Napoleon did on going in, was to ring the bell. Nobody came: then the Emperor opened the door and called out: "A log of wood!" M. de Montesquieu stepped forward and timidly observed: "Sire, there are none of the servants in the ante-room at this moment." Napoleon, in a tone more brief and stern: "A log of wood!" "Sire, I had the honour to tell your Majesty that all the footmen were absent." "Well, sir! are you not there, pray?" Remonstrance was out of the question; there was nothing for it but to "grin and bide." M. de Montesquieu took up the log in his arms at the risk of tearing his gold lace, and crouching down before the hearth, tried to rekindle the slumbering embers. Napoleon stood watching him with that peculiar smile of his: for he well remembered the gibes of the old aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, and it was now his turn to humble these nobles who served him so reluctantly. The count went through his task very creditably; a bright fire soon blazed on the hearth; no menial could have done it better. With a motion of the hand, the Emperor dismissed his chamberlain, and sat down to look over the piles of papers, pamphlets, &c., which covered his desk.—*Le Figaro*.

A WEALTHY WATER-NYMPH.—Miss Lurline, the incomparable water-queen, is at present staying in Paris, and has been recently interviewed by a contributor to the *Voltaire*. It appears that, at the age of six years, she fell by accident into a river, and from that moment her destiny revealed itself, viz., that she was better qualified to rule the watery element than most ordinary mortals. To the great consternation of her anxious mother and sympathising friends, she spent more of her time in the water than on dry land; and, in the course of a few years, she became the great attraction of a circus manager, on whose behalf she performed the following neat little trick, by way of advertisement. She swam some distance out to sea, when she dived and returned to the shore, swimming below the surface of the water, and while a goodly number of boats pushed off to her rescue, and several gentlemen imperilled their valuable lives by plunging into the sea in search of the drowning lady, there the young rogue was standing in borrowed clothes on the beach, and highly diverted by the lamentations of the crowd. This feat *deux* to such an extent that the manager was enabled to double his prices of admission, and from that day Miss Lurline has borne the title of the "water-queen." Her triumphs and adventures since that day have been legion. In Lisbon she gave a private exhibition to the royal family, at the close of which His Majesty presented her with a diamond ring which he had worn on his own finger. In St. Petersburg she once jumped into the Neva, for her own amusement, and found at the bottom of the river a corpse, to which the Nihilists had affixed a card, with the word, "Traitor." Nothing daunted by these disagreeable discoveries, she continues to regard the water as her special element. "It is only in the sea," she remarked to the wondering reporter, "that I really seem to live. But, in order to gain the means of subsistence, I am compelled to imprison myself in a glass bowl, like my fellow-sufferers, the little gold fishes." However, Miss Lurline finds this sort of imprisonment pays, and altogether she would make an eligible match; but let intending suitors beware, as they are not likely to catch this gold fish. To the question as to whether she had never thought about getting married, the water-queen replied: "Yes, I did once think of it. I was seventeen, and my intended twenty-four years old. The wedding was to have taken place in a fortnight, when the boat in which my sweetheart was sailing capsized in a sudden gust of wind, and he was drowned. Since that time I never go under water without thinking of the only man I ever loved, and who was fated to meet with his death where I find the means of supporting my life."—*Börsen Zeitung*.