

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

(This passage is the more remarkable as it was written before the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey. I may be pardoned the following digression from "Hygein," to express my wonder and admiration at Shakspeare's distinctly defining the principle of gravitation long before Sir Isaac Newton was born,—as it applies to the earth.—In "Troilus and Cressida" we find,

"Time, force, and death
Do to this body what extremity they can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is, as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it."

Hercin is the "apprehension like a god," approaching inspiration.)

And now, the often quoted—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both;"^a

rather than

"A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil;"^b

at the same time remembering, that

"Nature's with little pleased, enough's a feast. And truly, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing;"^c

While, as regards intemperance in strong drinks, well may we say with Cassio,—

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
To steal away their brains!"^d

Or, with Cæsar,—

"Its monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler;"^e

Diseases are, indeed, the interest paid for pleasures, or, rather, perhaps, for excesses,—more particularly those of the table; and too many of us, sooner or later, learn by experience, that

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us;"^f

How often is the wealthy gourmand, e'en though

"Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce the appetite—" ^g

tempted to exclaim—

"Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not;"^h

The influence of the mind on the digestive functions did not escape the all-observing eye of our poet. Thus he makes Henry VIII., in giving Cardinal Wolsey the schedule of his ill-gotten wealth, say:

"Read o'er this, (giving him papers)
And after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have."

Nor is the "green and yellow melancholy" of her who "never told her love" to be regarded as a metaphorical or poetic fiction.

How beautifully does the poet apostrophise sleep and its blessings:

"O Sleep; O, gentle Sleep; innocent Sleep!"ⁱ
Sleep that unknots the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life; sore labour's bath;
Balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course;
Chief nourisher in life's feast."^j

"O, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great
With all appliances and means to boot."^k

The benefit of early rising we may learn even from the facetious Sir Toby Belch, for, says he,

"Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes:
and 'dileculo surgere saluberrimum est,' thou knowest."^l

Whilst the value and necessity of exercise and of active exertion in promoting sleep—the poor man's best friend—are shown in such passages as these:

"Weariness can snore upon the flint, while resty
Finds the down pillow hard,"^m

Rarely indeed are the indolent and luxurious

"As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones;"ⁿ

"The wretched slave
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressful bread,
Nor sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium."^o

"Happy low, lie down!
Enjoy the honey-heavy drow of slumber!
Thou hast no figures and no fantasies
That busy care draws in the brains of men."^p
"Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth
It is a comforter."^q

In truth, compared with such medicine as healthful exercise, "the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and to this preservative of no better repute than a horse drench;"^r so, that he who makes good use of it, may almost say, "I will make a lip at the physician," and is half disposed to say with Macbeth,

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!"
"Out loathed medicine, hated poison hence!"^t

Each of us becoming more or less his own doctor, and proving that

"The labour we delight in physics pain."^u

That excessive exercise of the mind is injurious to the body, impairing the activity of the nutritive processes, is seen constantly in the lean, wan and shrivell'd aspect of hard students,

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Shakspeare did not overlook the fact, when he makes Cæsar say

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights
You Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much."^v

Overtasking the mind, like over exertion of the body, tends to the premature decay, and not seldom to the exhaustion and overthrow of its powers; many melancholy instances of which have been exhibited, more especially among literary enthusiasts.

Look at the poet's intimate knowledge of the innate qualities and apparent states of the human mind. The case is a medical one, and his analysis of it is so clear, and so concise, that one of the Presidents of the College of Physicians, in a lecture to that body, introduced it, to illustrate his own discourse upon insanity, as an exemplary definition of that disease. It is the scene where Hamlet rebukes his mother for her marriage with his uncle, and she charges him with being in ecstasies.

Queen. "This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in."

Hamlet. "Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I'll matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from."

Can anything be more definite or lucid on the subject?

"Of all poets (observes the eminent German critic Schlegel), perhaps Shakspeare alone has portrayed the mental diseases,—melancholy, delirium, lunacy, with such inexpressible, and, in every respect, definite truth, that the physician may enrich his observations from them in the same manner as from real cases."

And when we remember that "foolish fond old man, fourscore and upward," who feared he was not in his perfect mind: can we not fervently offer up the prayer, when we, like Othello, get "perplexed in the extreme,"

"Oh let me not be mad; not mad, sweet Heaven
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad."^w

It will, alas, be vain to enquire of the physician in the striking language of Macbeth:

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart."

or why, a young maid's wit should be as mortal as an old man's life? OPHELIA.

^a Macbeth. ^b Coriolanus. ^c Merchant of Venice. ^d Othello. ^e and ^g Antony and Cleopatra. ^f Lear. ^h ⁱ and ^k Henry IV. part 2. ^j Macbeth. ^l Twelfth Night. ^m and ⁿ Measure for Measure. ^o Henry V. ^p Julius Cæsar. ^q Tempest. ^r and ^s Coriolanus. ^t and ^u Midsummer Night's Dream. ^v Julius Cæsar. ^w Lear.

CANADIAN LEGAL LITERATURE.

A late number of the "Upper Canada Law Journal," notices the publication of "The Magistrates' Manual," by John McNab; "The Office and Duties of Coroners," by William Boys, L.L.B. Harrison and O'Brien's "Digest of Upper Canada Reports;" and announces the following as being in press: "A Handy Book of Commercial Law for Upper Canada," by Robert Sullivan, M.A.; a Treatise on the Law and Practice in Ejectment, by R. Snelling, LL.D.; and Division Court Acts, Rules and Forms; with notes, practical and explanatory, by Henry O'Brien. All these important works are from the press of the well-known law publishers, W. C. Chewett & Co., Toronto.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There is a rumour that Miss Braddon will ere long appear as the editor of a new magazine, the title of which has not yet been decided upon.

"OUR OWN CASUAL" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been immortalized, and his narrative turned into doggerel verse, in the shape of a threepenny ballad of thirty-four stanzas, each ending with the word *Workhouse*. Take the description of the bath:—

The water looked like mutton broth;
A nasty smell came issuing forth;
But luckily a cleanly cloth
They lent me in the Workhouse.

Miss Isa Craig is said to be the editor of the *Argosy*, which is published in London and New York by the Messrs. Strahan.

The *Basilogia*, the celebrated book of portraits, by Pass, which, about twenty years ago, was sold at an auction, at Canterbury, for two shillings and sixpence, has just been re-sold for £300.

M. PONSON DU TERRAIL, a French novelist, has been condemned, in Paris, to pay a fine of one thousand francs, for having made his landlord figure in one of his works under his real name, GRAPILLARD. He has repealed against the sentence.

The lovers of aerial navigation, in Paris, intend to publish a journal called *L'Aéroscope*. Nothing but the lightest literature will, of course, be received.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty, the English writer, whose various tales are so well known and appreciated, projects a monthly magazine, to be edited by herself, and illustrated by herself and her daughters.

The old report that Mr. Tennyson is busily engaged upon a classical subject has been revived. Some four years since a similar statement was put in circulation which was gradually varied until the poem in preparation was said to relate "a very early period of British history." The coming poem, as in the case of "Enoch Arden," will not improbably be on a very different subject from that guessed at.

Old usages of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word *jolly* in the sense of *very extremely*, is of recent date; but in a serious theological work of two hundred years ago—John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testament" (London, 1656-57)—we read: "All was *jolly* quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." We have heard the same phrase from a schoolboy's mouth, applied to a maiden aunt's tea-party. Trapp's Commentary is a great favourite of Mr. Spurgeon's.

The total number of new books published in England during the past year, 1865, is summed up as comprising 4,952 titles. Of these 4,496 are original additions to the previously existing stock of literature. They include several books destined to a lasting place in public estimation, as Mr. Grote's "Socrates and Plato," J. S. Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy; Palgrave's "Travels in Arabia," Lecky's "History of the Progress of Rationalism in Europe," Smiles' "Lives of Boulton and Watt," and many others.