

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a kind of medical Ishmael, whose hand is against every man, inside his profession, and every man's hand, in the profession, is against him. Nor does he count his detractors solely among his medical brethren. Many of the leading newspapers have made him and his theories the butt of their ridicule, and never tire of getting off jokes at his expense. This is by no means surprising, as the doctor has a passion for floating new theories and startling his confrères by his denunciation of medical quackery with a cool-bloodedness that is absolutely refreshing. Of course a book from such a man may be expected to furnish some amusing reading, and the work before us certainly fills the bill. The doctor has no lack of humour, and a sprightly vein runs through every page of his work. It is probably to his keen sense of humour that we are to look for an explanation of the title he has seen fit to place on the title-page. At least we can in no other way account for his object in giving the name *Chats with Young Women* to a collection of gossip scraps on sanitary matters and things in general. This is perhaps a rather comprehensive way of designating the contents of the book, but it accurately describes the character of his chats. The author does not set himself any limits as to the subjects he treats of, but rejoices in the broadest latitude—thus carrying out, perhaps unconsciously, his own theory of the evil results of cramping. It must be confessed that he gives ample scope to the ventilation of his hobbies, but who is to cast the first stone at him for that. It is all done, too, in such a quaint, and what is known as a "Taking," manner, that one has not the heart to growl. Physician-like, when he has a pill to administer, he gilds it. The first of these hobbies is what we may call Dr. Lewis's great panacea. Everyone remembers Podonap's rule of life. Dr. Lewis's rule of physicking is something of the same stamp. Are you dyspeptic? Here is your cure:—Get up at six, go to bed at nine, and take half an hour's sleep in the middle of the day; beefsteak and weak coffee for breakfast, oatmeal and cracked wheat for dinner, and nothing more till bed-time; bath on getting up, and five or six hours of exercise out of doors each day. Are you suffering from any other unknown complaint? It is due to dyspepsia. Consequently, to cure it:—Get up at six, go to bed at nine, etc. etc. Such treatment is no doubt very efficacious; but at times it is not always practicable. Take the case of the editor, quoted by Dr. Lewis, who is suffering from nasal catarrh. "His digestion is weak, bowels constipated, head dull, and general condition altogether unsatisfactory." The doctor on being consulted prescribes the usual routine:—Get up at six, etc., laying especial stress on the necessity of exercise on horseback for six hours a day, and strictly enjoining the patient to go to bed at half-past eight. If this unfortunate editor with the cold in his head works from nine till five—the usual hours in this country—he has free each day six hours and a half, viz., from six till nine, and from five till half-past eight. His bath and the dressing operation will take at least half an hour, another hour will barely suffice him to get through his meals with the proper regard for thorough mastication upon which Dr. Lewis insists, six hours are spent in riding, and half an hour in the mid-day nap—in all eight hours. But eight into six, as the children say, won't go. So the unfortunate editor must either break Dr. Lewis's rules by going to bed later, or else discard the doctor's system altogether. There are not a few of such inconsistencies in the worthy doctor's directions and very neatly they have been hit off by a wag who tells his readers that Dr. Dio Lewis is the man who kept an audience up till half-past ten telling them they ought to go to bed at nine.

Female dress is another of our author's hobbies, but into this subject it is not our purpose to enter at length. Tight lacing of course comes in for its usual share of abuse, and the clothing of the lower extremities excites his violent animadversion. "Just think how women dress!" he cries in righteous indignation. "About the chest, the warmest part of the body, they put one, two, three, four thicknesses; then comes a shawl, and then thick-padded furs; while their legs, with one thickness of cotton, go paddling along under a balloon," the result being an immediate rush to the family physician with a complaint that "all the blood in my body is in my head and chest, and my legs are like chunks of ice." As to the corsets he declares his opinion in the most unmistakable manner. "As to the matter of 'bauty it's a question between the Creator and the dress-maker. I take sides with the Creator; some folks take the other side." The doctor also advocates, (we do not wish to shock our lady readers, but great is the truth and it must prevail) the adoption of short skirts, which "should fall to about the knee," and answers those who would object on the score of exposing the limbs by pointing to what may be seen in wet weather on the streets. He is also strongly opposed to the use of mourning as absurd and incongruous, and further suggests a number of reforms in female dress which are out of the province and beyond the comprehension of a reviewer.

As we have already said the doctor, the title of his book notwithstanding, addresses his advice to both sexes and all ages and classes. Men, and young men especially, he warns against the ill-effects of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. Even tea and coffee, unless taken weak, come under his ban and cold water drinking is denounced except on rising in the morning and retiring at night when a liberal "stomach cold douche" is recommended. For the business man he has a word of caution as to the danger of retiring from business. The student he informs that brain work, politics always excepted, is far healthier than manual labour and conduces more to longevity. The housewife will be grateful to the doctor for the number of valuable hints he registers in this volume for her benefit, and the invalid will find in its pages many suggestions which may bring him relief and kindle hope in his heart when he begins to despair. Even the would-be suicide is not forgotten, for Dr. Lewis gives a list of no less than nine different methods of shuffling off this mortal coil, each of which is guaranteed to succeed. For the benefit of those interested we give these at length:—1. Wear narrow, thin shoes. 2. Wear a "snug" corset. 3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms until midnight. 4. Sleep on feathers in a small close room. 5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times. 6. Use coffee, tea, spirits and

tobacco. 7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionery, and sweetmeats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them. 8. Marry a fashionable wife and live beyond your income. 9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment. From this it will be seen that according to Dr. Lewis's ideas the number of persons who are actually committing gradual suicide will be about ninety-nine in every hundred.

Our space does not allow of our going further into Dr. Dio Lewis's book but we can heartily and gratefully recommend it as containing much wisdom and not a little wit. If the wisdom is sometimes marred by occasional outbursts of eccentricity and of what the world calls extravagant notions, these do not detract to any appreciable extent from the usefulness of the work. The chats all possess the merit of brevity, they contain much good advice, and they are written with considerable nerve. To apply an old saying they may be curtly described as supplying

"Amusement and instruction hand in hand."

The latter portion of the book, relating to the education of the sexes, will be taken up, with other works on the same subject, in an early number.

"The Queen of Hearts"† has been added to Messrs. Harper & Brothers' neat Library Edition of Wilkie Collins' works. This volume should have a large sale, owing to the fact that it contains "The Dream Woman," the story Mr. Collins read in public on his tour through the United States and Canada. We venture to predict that those who procure this volume will not be content until they have possessed themselves of the whole of the attractive series to which it belongs.

The *Record of Science and Industry for 1873* (†) has just been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It is a duodecimo volume of over seven hundred pages, containing brief notices of new discoveries, inventions and improvement made during the past year in the various branches of science, theoretical and applied. The compiler is Mr. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, who has been assisted in his labours by a number of eminent men of science. The book contains a mass of information of the highest importance to scientific men, agriculturists, and mechanics, while the general reader will find in its pages much of interest him and still more to learn. We regret that our limited space does not allow of a few extracts from this admirable work. We must content ourselves, however, with giving a brief list of the different departments treated in these pages. These are: Mathematics and Astronomy; Terrestrial Physics and Meteorology; Physics, Chemistry, and Metallurgy; Mineralogy and Geology; Geography, Natural History, and Zoology; Botany, Agriculture, and Rural Economy; Pisciculture and the Fisheries; Domestic and Household Economy; Mechanics and Engineering; Technology, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Hygiene. The body of the work is preceded by a general summary of progress for the year in the different departments, which gives a connected and systematic sketch of the more important announcements and contains much matter not presented elsewhere at length. An appendix gives the necrology for the year, and thus makes the book complete, in so far as a book of this size covering such a wide range of subjects can be said to be complete.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan's welcome and useful little volume, *The Canadian Parliamentary Companion*, † for the current year, has made its appearance—somewhat late, it is true, but this is only what could be expected after a general election, and especially after an election which resulted in the return of an almost unprecedented number of new members. The new number is considerably larger than its predecessors, two new features having been introduced in the work in the shape of a collection of the principal addresses issued during the late election contest and the leading political and party "platforms" promulgated during recent years; and of a list of political societies and organizations now in existence, with the names of their office bearers. These are two important additions which greatly enhance the value of the book, and which cannot fail to be appreciated by the public. We have so frequently and so earnestly recommended Mr. Morgan's annual to our readers that it would be superfluous to repeat what we have already said on the subject. It is almost needless to remind them that no political student can afford to do without it, while newspaper readers at large will find it of the greatest assistance.

Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke is so well known and so highly esteemed for her labours as a Shakespeare commentator that it is to be regretted, both for her own sake and for that of her admirers, that she should ever have been induced to forsake the path in which she has achieved so much success, for a venture which the result shows to be not only profitless but absolutely injurious to her hard-earned fame. The two varied love stories † which Mrs. Clarke has recently put before the public will by no means add to her reputation. Considered as a work of fiction neither the one nor the other possesses the requisite attractions to interest the fiction reader. *The Remittance*, the second of the two is far superior to the first in all the points which constitute a good story; yet it falls wide of the mark. Again, the shape in which the writer has seen fit to present her little romance is not by any means calculated to impress the reader. The "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" generally fails to please, and Mrs. Clarke's "metred prose" is no exception. Her forced and frequently

† *The Queen of Hearts. A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 472. Illustrated, \$1.50 New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† *Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1873.* Edited by Spencer F. Baird. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 714. \$2.00. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† *The Canadian Parliamentary Companion.* Edited by Henry J. Morgan, Barrister-at-Law. Limp linen, 32mo. pp. 670. \$1.00. Montreal: John Lovell; Dawson Bros.

† *The Trust and The Remittance.* Two love stories in metred prose. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Cloth, 16mo. pp. 185. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

halting metre diverts the reader's attention from following the not two tenacious thread of the story, and finally compels him to throw aside the book in a state bordering on mental distraction. The prettiest part of the book is the dedication:—"To the lover-husband of eighty-five these love stories are dedicated by the lover-wife of sixty-three." There is a ring of true poetry about this simple introduction, with which the reader is fain to be content, as it is all the poetry, in any form, that he comes across throughout the volume. However what can be expected of a story, the heroine of which studies commercial matters in metred prose?

"It was commerce, traffic, trade
In mercantile and international
Regard, she strove to understand; and to
Become acquainted with their various
Requirements,—skill in book-keeping, and in
Arithmetic, in calculations of
Percentage, annual and compound rates
Of interest, in home and foreign goods,
In exports, imports, markets, prices, and
The rest of those essential points for one
Who wished to be proficient, and might be
Efficient, as a merchant's helping hand."

BOOKS, ETC. RECEIVED.

England, Political and Social. Auguste Langer: New York: Putnam.
Montreal: Dawson Bros.
The Education of American Girls. Anna C. Brackett. New York
Putnam. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CREMATION AT DRESDEN.—In another column (page 358) will be found an interesting account of the manner in which the process of cremation is to be carried on at Dresden by means of the Siemens apparatus.

THE BELFORT LION.—The municipal council of Belfort decided in October last to erect in the neighbourhood of the all but impregnable citadel of that place a colossal monument in remembrance of the long siege sustained by the inhabitants of the city during the Franco-Prussian war. Belfort, it will be remembered, was invested shortly after the commencement of the siege of Strasburg and held out until the close of the war. The commemorative monument is to take the form of an immense stone lion, to be placed on a platform cut out of the rock on which the citadel stands, overlooking the whole city. The figure will be carved out of a single block of white Lorraine stone, and will measure when completed thirty-three feet in height. The costs of the undertaking are to be defrayed by a public subscription, contributions to which are pouring in from all parts of France. By the first of May last the sum of sixty thousand francs (\$12,000) had been subscribed for this purpose.

THE INTERIOR OF BILBAO.—Already one view of Bilbao has appeared in these pages. The illustration reproduced this week shows the celebrated promenade by the river side, and the trees which, the *Daily News* correspondent writes, tourists will be glad to hear have escaped unhurt by the bombardment.

THE GRANT-SARTORIUS WEDDING.—A brief notice of the celebration of the wedding of Miss Nellie Grant and Mr. Sartorius, with other interesting gossip on this subject will be found on the same page as the illustrations over this title.

VIEW ON THE MONTMORENCY RIVER.—This charming little sketch was taken by one of the artists on the staff of the *News* during a short visit to the neighbourhood of the celebrated falls. It will doubtless receive all the praise to which it is doubly entitled as an admirable drawing and a charming study of Canadian scenery.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS INVALID MINISTER.—The interview of which we this week reproduce an illustration from a German paper, was one which will long be remembered as having led to the solution of a difficulty which at one time seriously threatened the unity of the German Empire. The disputed question was the celebrated Army Bill which during the latter part of March and the early part of May created so much excitement throughout the country. A compromise was finally proposed by the two Hanoverian deputies, von Benningen and Miquel, the principal feature of which was the limitation of the term of service to seven years. In consideration of this concession the unpopular bill was to be allowed. At a conference which took place on the ninth of April between the emperor and Bismarck, the latter of whom was at the time confined to his bed, it was agreed to accept the compromise, and thus the impending crisis was averted.

THE LAST ADIEU.—This is an easily recognizable scene. The high walls, the fierce wild beasts, and the defenceless but fearless maiden in their midst tell the story at the first glance—a Roman amphitheatre, either in the capital, or in one of the proconsular cities, during the persecutions of a Nero or a Diocletian. The Christian martyr is standing in front of the den which contains the beast that is to rob her of her life—literally in the jaws of death—when some friend in the crowd above drops at her feet a rose as a token that she is not forgotten in the hour of her extremest danger. The maiden looks up to see what friendly hand has sent her the message of love and encouragement, all unmindful of the cruel brutes at her side. One look and the veil drops over her young innocent life; and another name is added to the roll-call of the noble army of martyrs.

A PAINTER'S GRAVE.—The death of the great painter Kaulbach, in itself an irreparable loss to art, was deeply felt all over Germany. His funeral was attended by mourners from all parts of the country, and within a few hours of the ceremony his resting place in the old graveyard at Munich was completely hidden beneath a heap of wreaths and flowers, the tribute of living hands to departed genius.

WET AND DRY.—Recent Importation.—Av ye please, sur, is this a dury goods store?

Salesman.—Certainly, ma'am.

Recent Importation.—Och, begorra, where'll I be goin' thin for a wathered silk?

A Virginia railroad was made to pay twenty-five dollars for killing a rooster. The engineer said he spoke to the gentleman with the whistle as kindly as possible, but when the fellow dropped one wing on the ground, raised his good eye heavenward, and commenced whetting his spur on the rail, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and he let it into him with thirteen freight cars.

The deadliest thing that has been done lately by the "intelligent compositor" was his attempt to give lucidity to a lecture delivered in Philadelphia by Professor Smith. The Professor in his discourse, urged that "flirtation is sometimes assisted by the use of albumen;" but the compositor got the remark into shape in this ruinous fashion: "Flirtation is sometimes arrested by the use of aldermen." A figure bearing singularly close resemblance to Professor Smith has been hovering around that newspaper office at night lately with a solemn looking shot gun, but the compositor has gone West in search of fresh victims.

* Five-minute chats with Young Women, and certain other parties. By Dio Lewis, author of "Our Girls." Cloth, 12mo. pp. 426. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.