

MATERIA MEDICA.

Bluepill was a doctor, his age fifty-five.
(A doctor of medicine is what I mean.)
As stout a physician as any alive.
A ruddy countenance never was seen.
And in a small village he reigned quite supreme
There daily attending humanity's ills:
His fame was immense—'twas the villagers' theme.
His curing and killing, his lancet and pills.

The doctor had once for assistant a youth.
Long, crooked and sallow, obedient and meek,
Who long with being fed on medicinal truth:
The doctor's cast-offs got, and sixpence per week.
And how the youth longed for the day when his name
With all the great names of his calling might cope.
He dreamt of nought else but pills, plasters and
fame,
The doctor's red nose being his beacon of hope.

It happened one day that a visit was paid
A patient whose stomach was dreadfully wrong.
And with whom the doctor strict orders had laid
To eat not a crumb, or his stomach was gone.
When Bluepill, now entered, he stood still and stared
"Why?—how?—what is this? you've been eating!"
he cried.
The patient said nought,—for he felt unprepared,
"Your tongue sir,—ha! oysters!—it can't be
denied."

The patient sung guilty—Bluepill went away.
Attended of course by the long crooked youth,
Who ventured to ask of the doctor the way
That learning had taught him such wonderful truth.
"The way boy!—the way!"—and the boy thrilled
with awe.
"Why, when are your brains, have they oozed
from your head?"
I knew of the oysters, of course, when I saw
The shells boy, the shells mark you, under the bed."

A month passed away,—when some other poor wight
Convinced by a troublesome ailment to his bed,
Sent off for the doctor, to make him right.
But Doc sent the long crooked youth in his stead.
Back, soon came the youth,—and he looked quite
amazed.
The doctor asked, "Well, my boy, how did you
treat?"
"Treat him, sir?—Heavens! those folks, they are
crazed."
They, why, sir—they shoved me clean out on the
street."

"I first saw his tongue, and his case was so bad,
I told his old woman I'd bet he'd be worse.
And then she got riled,—and she swore I was mad.
"Cause I stated the fellow had eaten a horse."
"A horse, boy!—a horse! you are mad I declare,
Why bless me you're getting clean out of your
head!"
"But yes sir! a horse, sir!—the proofs were all
there,
"The saddle and stirrups were under the bed!"

E. A. SUTTON.

Quebec, May, 1883.

A KANGAROO HUNT.

Last Wednesday all hands knocked off work
to take part in a grand kangaroo *battue*, con-
vened by some neighboring squatters. It was
on the largest scale ever attempted in Australia,
with a corresponding result. The local paper
some days previously contained the following
advertisement:

"Roll up! Roll up! Roll up! Neighbors,
Friends and Strangers. Horsemen and footmen
with guns or without to meet at the — Home-
stead on the 23rd of October for a Kangaroo
Drive. A welcome for everybody. Bring a
pair of blankets, if you've got any. If you
haven't, we'll find you some. Plenty of tucker,
guns and ammunition. Roll up, Boys! Roll
up!"

Such an invitation in New South Wales
finds ready acceptance, and for two days be-
fore the one appointed, horsemen by twos and
three might be seen wending their way through
the bush to S—, the lessee of which run was
famed, far and wide, as a thorough-going sports-
man and a liberal employer. Our contingent
went all together, and an animated scene the
home paddock presented when we arrived at our
destination. A similar sight is not to be seen
every day in the Australian bush. More than
three hundred horsemen, armed with every con-
ceivable variety of gun—from the forty-year old
shooting-horn of Hollis to the last thing of
Greener's; and mounted on every conceivable
variety of animal—from an almost unbroken
colt to a Suffolk punch. Besides, there was a
small army of men on foot to act as beaters. It
was a glorious day, but, of course, after a twenty
mile ride we felt like a little refreshment, and
there was no lack of it. Hugo rounds of beef,
cheeses like dry wheels, and great buckets of
tea, hot, strong and sweet, disappeared like
magic amid much laughter, fun, and chaffing.
Next morning, up with the first cry of the laugh-
ing jackass, just before daybreak, a wash in the
creek, breakfast, and a swig of Martell's palest,
and the fun commences. Stations are allotted
to all the parties by our leader along both sides
of the gully—the whole length of it. Old hands
at the game generally lie down, because, in the
excitement, bullets and swam shot fly round
rather too close to be pleasant. I looked sharp
out for my *vis-à-vis*, and discovered one of the
rankest of "new chums" it has been my fortune
to come across. One of those gilded youths who
are sent out here, now and again, with lots of
money and no brains. Heaven alone knows
what they come here for, unless it is to be made
a laughing-stock of through the colonies. They
haven't a single idea, except themselves, and
their speech is generally limited to "Haw! oh!
yeth." There, opposite me, stood this particular
specimen—admirably got up for the Bush.
Velvet knickerbockers, nothing less; ankle-
jacks that, I could see from where I stood, were
pinching him horribly as he rested himself, first
on one foot then on the other, like a "native
companion," gazing meanwhile intently up into
the trees from under the scanty shade of a little
stiff black billycock. Seeing that this gentleman

was handling a brand-new revolving rifle, I lay
down flat behind a tolerably thick stump. The
beaters could now be heard at work, the cracks
of their whips and wild yells and shouts making
the Bush ring again.

Soon half-a-dozen "flying does" came hop-
ping down the gully, thud, thud, thud on the
hard ground; but they never reached so far as
our position, but fell victims to a dozen shots
from the other side,—the rule in these cases
being (as it is well known the marsupials on
entering a gully will attempt to make for the
scrub, on one side or the other) for the shooters
only on the side they make for, to fire. This
lesseas risks of accidents which, however, fre-
quently occur. Thicker and faster now rolled
the living tide of Kangaroos, wallaroos, walla-
bies, and all their relations, large and small,
encompassed between two walls of sportsmen,
raining ball and shot. Of course, it was a mas-
sacre; but it was badly wanted. Remember,
each kangaroo is said to consume the grass of
five sheep a day. We had not expected such a
drive as this, for the wide gully was literally
choked from side to side with the jumping
swaying masses.

The blue velvet knickerbockers I could see
dimly, now and again, through the clouds of
smoke; and a continuous crack, crack, from
that quarter, accompanied by the whizz of bullets
past my head, warned me not to stand up yet.
The heavy rush was over, and the firing slack-
ened considerably, but the new chum continued
to blaze away as fast as he could put his cartrid-
ges in and discharge his piece. He had by this
time got from the scrub nearly out into the
middle of the gully, and there he stood firing,
but seldom hitting anything; people all round
singing out and swearing at him—to no purpose.
He evidently meant to pot a biped of some sort,
if not a kangaroo. One of the latter, a very big
"old man," at this moment entered the gully,
and, running the gauntlet of a few straggling
shots—for guns were by this time getting hot
and ammunition scarce—he made straight for
our friend in the knickerbockers, who valiantly
stood his ground, and discharged four shots
nearly point blank at the seven-shooter, one
only grazing his cheek or jaw. The sting of the
bullet made the "old man" so savage, that the
next moment he had Blue Breeches, breech-
loader and all, in a loving embrace, and was
busily engaged in doing his best to disembowel
the unfortunate Mr. X—with his long, sharp
hind claws. To do the chap justice, I must say
he behaved well; and, though horribly scared
and pinioned as he was, he kicked and struggled
with all his might; and, as some one afterwards
remarked, "Never so much as let a yell out of
him." Off came the velveteens and billycock;
the former strewn the ground with long strips,
and the latter entangled in the "old man's"
long claws, to which, perhaps, our new chum
owed his escape with only a few nasty rips; for
men came running up to him from all sides,
and the savage old brute got his skull knocked
in with the stock of a rifle, while his opponent,
released from his grip, stood ruefully surveying
himself, and wiping off the blood and dirt from
his legs, now quite denuded of their civilised
covering.

Lots of fun was, of course, poked at him;
but one choleric old gentleman, with a very red
face, read him a sharp lecture on his shooting
exploit, winding up with, "Confound you, sir!
You shot at me a dozen times. I couldn't get a
chance to shoot kangaroos for watching you.
Pity your mother didn't keep you at home, in-
stead of sending you out into the world with a
six-chambered rifle, which you use as if it was a
child's toy."

However, fresh clothes, a few bandages, and
half-a-number of "three star" somewhat con-
soled poor X—for all this rough usage—espe-
cially because the "old man" was skinned on
the spot, and the pelt presented to him as a
trophy, which attention he acknowledged with,
"Haw! yeth, horrid brute!—nearly swipped
me. So glad no ladies, you know," a speech
which was received with great laughter—it was
said so earnestly.

Well, the slain were now counted, and reach-
ed the very respectable total of 2,500; but lots
got away, badly wounded—many of them to be
yarded in next day's drive. I dare say, with
those that died in the Bush, the tally came up
to 3,000. Packing up was now the order of the
day. Horses were brought up, tents struck and
stowed away with the eatables in spring-carts,
drags and waggons, and a start made for the
next camp and another day's drive.

Our next camp was at the Piney Water Holes,
two dark, still, tarn-like pools, on the edge of a
great pine scrub which borders a large plain, at
the further extremity of which (some four and a
half miles off) the trap was erected, in the shape
of an immense dog-leg yard, palisaded in with
box saplings, some fourteen feet high. From
this great yard ran two wings, of the same
structure for about half-a-mile from each side of
the entrance. This is the crush. At the half-
mile they leave off being dog-leg and commence
being calico. Not all calico; but four or five
belts, about six inches broad, hitched round
stakes driven into the ground, about twelve or
fifteen feet apart and about ten feet high. And
very queer it looks, when a breeze is blowing,
to see all these calico rails shaking about; espe-
cially when, as in the present case, there are
about eight miles of it, four on each side, gra-
dually diverging, till at the far end from the
yard they are fully two miles apart.

With the shouts and cracking of whips, every-
thing that is able to travel in the shape of an
animal (even emus) must make a move towards

the fatal wings that are waiting in the distance
with wide open wavering jaws to receive them.
It is fully four in the afternoon when we emerge
into the open, scratched as to skin, torn as to
clothing, hoarse with shouting. But our work
is not yet done. See that great, dark looking
mass in front—horsemen galloping behind and
on every side. If one kangaroo or a poor little
wallaby makes a turn back, half-a-dozen horse-
men gallop to put him back into the mob.
They are bound to go, and go they do—a loud
cheer announcing that the last one is fairly into
our calico lane. No pressing is needed here.
"Let 'em go easy now!" is the order. Perhaps
the poor wretches think they are hemmed in by
a huge fence of white rails; or that the waving
quivering calico is held by human enemies.
Little do they think that with one push it would
all lie flat, and they be at liberty to make for
their beloved ridges and gullies once more.
They crowd away in fear from the strange walls
on each side, and keep well to the middle of the
lane, slowly hopping, pausing, hopping till the
first ranks enter the half-mile of wooden dog-
leg fencing. "Ah," say the poor beasts, "we
know what this is! Many a time we've hopped
over this into the settlers' cornfields, and you
don't drive us any further this way, if we know
it." Too late! Now the leaders are fairly in,
and the press behind is something awful, for the
men are closing up. So they go on for the half-
mile, and then emerge with a bound as of re-
covered liberty into the great enclosed yard. Now
is the time to see jumping and springing, not off
the tail, as some folks say, but off their great
muscular hind-legs. All to no purpose. The
poor animals fall back time after time. Still
one did actually get over that fence—a flying
doe—that with one tremendous jump lodged
on the top and fell over—on the right side,
though; and the way she made tracks for the
scrub was a caution. Strange to say, she jumped
with her Joey in her pouch, but when she got
over she flung him away, and thus lightened
she cleared from thirty to forty feet in each
bound—one out of 5,000.

Now come the crowd, tired and dusty, horses
blown and reeking. Housies, also torn as to
skirts or habits, and dishevelled as to hair. Lots
of grog and tucker of course, and oceans of tea.
A lot of men have been waiting in the yard, and
now commence the great operation of knocking
the marsupials over with heavy waddies—a
business not so dangerous as would appear at
first sight, for very many of the animals have
been wounded the day before, and the rest are
pretty well exhausted with their long run and
their desperate efforts to escape. The skinning
and scalping will take place on the morrow.
It is worth while when such a number are se-
cured—the Government bounty being 6d. per
scalp, and the skins will average all round,
large and small, say 10d. each in Sydney. Eight
emus were among the captives, and one of them
put a slayer *hors de combat* with a tap from his
foot. They kick, as a Scotchman present re-
marked, "harder than any sanguinary cow." The
sport was over now, and it was only a question
of butchering, so the town contingent, and peo-
ple who live within five or six miles, began to
make for their homes. After giving three
hearty cheers for Mr. — and his lady, who
with many kind words thanked the hunters for
their assistance, we ended the great — Kan-
garoo Hunt.

NAOMI RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES.

ERRORS IN HYGIENE—FEMALE CLOTHING.

BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A., PETERBORO', ONTARIO.

"Scarcely a more complete proof can be found
of the tyranny of fashion, or the unconscious
slavery to which it can reduce the best intellects
and sincerest characters, than is supplied by the
fact of the comparative silence of the medical
profession on this subject; silence to which one
must think no small blame will attach if ever
the world becomes wiser. Members of the me-
dical profession know very well how much na-
ture is outraged, and how she avenges herself."
"They might draw attention to the hidden
ugliness and scars which good taste will not
allow others to hint at. But they know how
much more of still greater importance is in-
volved."

This is one of the many vigorous utterances of
an admirably practical article in a recent num-
ber of the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. G. F.
Watts, R.A. Nor does Mr. Watts confine him-
self by any means to artistic deficiencies of cos-
tume such as we might expect from a Royal
Academician, but truculently inveighs against
all articles of dress that violate true hygienic
principles.

To his censures on the medical profession,
however, we can legitimately and strongly ob-
ject. Mr. Watts has totally overlooked the
fact that there are many institutions in England
for promoting the use of hygienic wearing ap-
parel. From casual reading I could name two
societies for preserving the natural form of wo-
men; besides these, the National Health So-
ciety takes this subject into consideration; so
does the Ladies' Dress Association; so does the
Rational Dress Society, whose tenets were so
well advocated not many days ago by Dr. Rich-
ardson; and many will remember how wonder-
fully Mr. Treves' lectures at Kensington in-
terested the highest and most intelligent classes,
and how these were followed by an exhibition

of clothing under the management of (I believe)
the daughter of one of our greatest biologists—
Miss Ray Lankester. This last fact shows us
how we may more than plausibly trace the source
of all these efforts—of which I have mentioned,
but a minute quota—to the medical profession.
Still Mr. Watts has thrown down a challenge
which cannot be disregarded, more especially as
it is as undoubted as it is lamentable a fact that
the really vicious practices of the fashionable
modiste are still very rife.

The hackneyed depreciation of high heels,
pointed shoes, small gloves, crinoline and tight-
lacing we may safely leave to irresponsible
litterati; it is to the issues "of still greater im-
portance" that are involved that I wish to call
attention, and more particularly to that unequal
distribution of temperature in the body which
is due to defective or unnatural methods of
dressing.

If an analysis of a woman's articles of clothing
is made, it will be found that the preponderance
of material is massed about the region enclosing
the organs of generation,—a plan directly dis-
cordant with that of nature. Let us first examine
nature's method of protection. Writing towards
the close of one of the severest winters Canada
has for many years experienced, at a time con-
sequently when the hairy and furry coats of
animals would be naturally highly developed, I
have at hand a horse, a cow, two dogs, a cat and
a squirrel. What do I perceive? In the dogs a
remarkable sparsity of hair along the inner
aspect of the thighs and up the abdomen in the
shape of an isosceles triangle, the apex of which
is represented by the xiphioid appendix. In the
cat a similar sparse growth of fur, and although
the individual hairs are somewhat longer than
in other parts of the body, yet there is a scarcity
of that shorter under-growth which is the true
heat-retainer. In the horse and cow the condi-
tions are precisely the same. The squirrel I
cannot equally closely observe; yet judging
from the different color of the fur about the
perineal, interior femoral, and abdominal re-
gions (resembling the thin growth on its ears),
compared with the undoubtedly thick coat on
all the lateral and posterior aspects of its trunk
and limbs, I cannot but conclude that here too
the same conditions obtain. The fact is, the
intra-parietal structures are sufficient to pre-
serve for the internal generative apparatus the
proper degree of temperature.

Now, turning to modern fashion, what do
we find? The waist constricted till the circula-
tion in the cutaneous veins, at all events, is
impeded; a prolongation of the stays over the
abdomen, far below the umbilicus; an accumu-
lation of garments consisting of the lower parts
of those that are slung from the shoulders, and
the upper parts of those suspended from the
hips; many of these impervious to moisture,
and an aggregation of folds most conducive to
the retention of heat.

Let us make, mentally, a transverse section
of female apparel in the hypogastric region. 1st.
The jersey or under-vest,—perhaps two; 2nd,
the chemise; 3rd, the stays; 4th, the drawers;
5th and 6th, the petticoats; 7th, the skirt;
8th, either the lower part of the basque, or the
polonaise; 9th, either the apron, or, if she is
out of doors, the jacket or dolman; and often,
10th, the carriage robe. This computation is
at the lowest figure, for often there is a quilted
petticoat, than which no possibly better con-
structed non-conductor could be imagined; and
probably often still the corsets are "softly
padded," imparting "more or less fulness to
figures wanting the roundness," etc. To en-
hance the evil, this heap of matter is not gra-
dually increased or lessened, but extreme frigid
and torrid zones succeed each other suddenly
and arbitrarily. First, the open neck and
shoulders; then the "padded bust"; then the
comparatively lightly clothed waist; then these
nine or ten thicknesses, followed by a flowing
skirt and perhaps open-worked stockings.

An eminent French physician once said that
society and arm-chairs brought him in thousands
of francs a year; many a modern gynecologist
could trace as many dollars to this state of
things. What is to be done? The answer to
this question lies, in the opinion of many,
without the range of the duties of the medical
practitioner, and with reason. But what cer-
tainly does come within his scope, is to show,
on scientific principles, where lie the violations
of the rules of health and to combat any argu-
ments that may be raised in their defence. If
we can once thoroughly persuade mothers to see
the evils with which the prevailing fashions are
pregnant, we may trust the remedies to their
own good sense and acute inventive genius.

DR. FERDINAND SEGER, who already wears
many foreign titles, has been elected corresponding
member of the Royal Society of Naturalists of Brus-
sels. He sails for Europe the latter part of this
month. The doctor has also been elected honorary
consulting physician to the Hahnemann Hospital of
Paris.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having
had placed in his hands by an East India missionary
the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the
speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bron-
chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Ner-
vous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after
having tested its wonderful curative powers in thou-
sands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known
to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive
and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send
free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in
German, French, or English, with full directions for
preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing
with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 148
Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.