

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Chambers's Encyclopædia: vol. viii. From "Puerto Bello," to "Sound." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Quida," author of "Strathwore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, L.L.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Geological Sketches. By Louis Agassiz. Just Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Poems of Home and Abroad. By Wm. P. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Roebuck. A Novel. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Gilbert Rugge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel by Charles Dickens! Joseph Grimaldi: His Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipmen," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
- The Toller of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Beymistre: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By James Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Book of Roses. A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francis Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them. By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Kidder, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape. By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York; Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecco Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. M. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurdled and Delayed Intermittents. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhœa and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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HOW WE WENT RESURRECTIONING.

THERE is something in the atmosphere of a Medical College, and indeed of all colleges, which arouses the spirit of adventure and mischievousness, latent in most young men, who have not been brought up bilious and dyspeptic; a something which, like the chickenpox and measles, propagates its contagion and infection from one body to another. Without deep diving into metaphysics for a reason why, we may couple the fact that we take our modes of thought and action from our company, as we take some fever; with the fact that association excites us to energize on the propensities of our nature, good, and, most generally, bad. Didn't the fifth page of our copy-books at school say—"Evil communications corrupt good manners"? In chemistry, we know that separated particles of a different nature produce entirely new substances when coalescent, and in political and all large assemblies we daily see how association unanimately approves results that would make individuals composing it blush to uphold on their own responsibility. And so in our colleges, the meek student is bullied or bantered out of his meekness, and in time likes the college air, and insensibly glides into doing at college as the collegians do. There are always exceptions, of course, but they are, like angels' and holiday visits, few and far between.

We have often wondered if the students who came in large numbers from all parts of Greece and Italy, to Crotona, to be taught by Pythagoras, or if the illustrious scholars of Plato, who were assembled in the groves of Academies, were as wild and wayward out of school as the collegians of this age all over the world. The practical jokes of Abernethy, Hunter and other great English surgeons were only the repetition of previous example; and would you believe it, reader of mine, that those grave and gray M.D.'s who to-day fight for you and I the battle of life versus death, have doubtless had their own experience of knocker and bell-handle demolishments, in the days of their "Primary," and could tell you of adventures by flood and field "from grave to gay, from lively to severe?" Have you ever seen a stranger metamorphosis under the sun—don't dare to mention such a petty one as that of the chrysalis into a winged animal—than that of the Medical Student into the M.D.—when he ceases to carry lower maxillaries in one pocket, and a protruding stethoscope and case of dissecting instruments in the other, and changes the rakish or independent devil-may-care look for propriety and preciseness? The transformation was never for the worst; but I couldn't help regretting when the "Final" brought the old jolliness to anchor, till sails were trimmed, and leaving the ruffled and pleasant waters of Alma Mater we steered our barks towards the precariousness of practice, and heard no more the fine fellow who used to go through the alphabet beginning—

"A. is an Artery filled with injection" and then the hundred hearty voices joining in the chorus—

"Vive la compagnie!"

But to my story. I suppose the most of people know that a thorough study of practical anatomy is one of the most essential requirements of a medical student—I remember reading that in Gray—and that "subjects" are "provided" for them in the colleges to dissect. There are many foolishly prejudiced against the dissecting room, but the medical student is no differently constituted in stomach or nasal organ from the rest of humanity, and has to overcome his dislike to the disagreeable necessity of the zinc-floored room, while, as Virgil says—

"Pectoribus inhians spirantia consul exta."

I wonder now, whether you'd prefer he should learn by dissecting the dead body or by bungling and butchering the living; and it would make an alarming difference to you if he didn't know accurately the position of artery and muscle that might be severed during an operation you might need.

Well, in the autumn of 1861, I was enjoying a few weeks in a certain city in Upper Canada,

just at College commencement, when the fellows were happy to meet again, and the *esprit de corps* was so strong that you'd see dozens of them arm in arm perambulating the streets, and often making night hideous, and nervous people more nervous with their roars. The police were good natured, for the boys were harmless; there was no use of making war on them, for they always got the best of it sometime or another. Jim H. and I were walking down P—street when Fred K—, an old friend and first-rate fellow, turned the corner and espied us and came up. I may state here that I was not a student of their college, but through them I soon became acquainted with all the best fellows.

"Hilloa!" said Fred. "You're just the very fellow I'm looking for. Do you want to have some fun and adventure?"

"Under sun or moon?" I asked.

"Moon," said Fred.

"When?" said we.

"To-night," said he.

And "Done!" said we.

"Now, look here," mysteriously began our friend as he looked around to see that no one was near enough to hear us. "If your hair is in the habit of standing on end or if your teeth chatter in the vicinity of tombstones don't come, for it's a case of body-snatching to-night!"

We vouched for the good conduct of hair and grinders, and assured him it was just the very adventure we'd like.

"Don't say a word about it to a soul for your lives," continued Fred. "Meet at my office to-night at half-past nine, and each of you bring a pickaxe or shovel. I'll need eight fellows upon whom I can depend, so I have got you two, and" (he mentioned the other names). "At half past ten or eleven o'clock we'll start for—Cemetery."

We then parted, and about nine o'clock p. m. sallied down to Fred's office—Jim with a spade and I with a pickaxe, at the slope. Punctually at half-past ten we left the office, accepting Fred as commander in chief. On the road he told as it was necessary we should be posted at different places inside of the Cemetery, and we'd be obliged to wait patiently until he patrolled and found everything right. Signals were arranged between us, and it was understood that when we heard a peculiar whistle we would all run to the large gate fronting on B—street. We were all disguised; some having our faces blackened: Jack N. carried two canvass bags, while each of the eight had either a pickaxe or spade. Jim H. told me the other six fellows were first year students, while Jim was an art student, and I a non-matriculant then.

We arrived at the gate, where we were to rendezvous in event of alarm, and were posted two by two at distances inside, too far apart to see or hear each other. According to instructions we crouched down inside the rather low fence, hid by some large trees from any conspicuous view, though at that ghostly hour we did not anticipate many passers by. In about half an hour Fred came around to our post, as visiting rounds; and we reported all quiet at our piquet. He reminded us of the whistle, "which" says he, "you may not hear for some time yet, but don't spoil the whole thing by a little impatience. There are two bodies to get at, you know, and as the young fellows posted at the other end of the ground are very impatient to begin, I'll set them at work, as I know you're old hands and can wait; when they get their operation over I'll have them take your place here and you can begin at the other grave, which is only about fifteen yards from where you're lying. And remember, if you hear the whistle of alarm run to the gate, and wedged together like the Macedonian phalanx, die before we yield—but don't forget your pickaxe and spade."

We thought that last a fine pororation for Fred, and promised to kick manifold buckets before we'd surrender to police or people.

We crouched down and were patient. A cold breeze blew stiff from the larboard bow—that was a pointed tombstone to our left—and the vicinity of a lake did not contribute materially to our comfort, as we heard the waves beating on the shore, and to crown all, saw a storm coming on from the West. The heavy black clouds thick-