The unlicensed medical practitioner : a sketch from life.

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from the town, chiefly muleteers, who arrange to have horses, etc. ready at the quarantine gates at a given hour on a given day. By half-past eight A.M. breakfast is over, the breeze lulls, and the heat of the day commences. Most of the inmates are in their shirt sleeves, fanning themselves with straw hats. By midday the heat is intolerable; and the only temporary relief we can get is by tying wet handkerchiefs round the forehead, and replacing them as soon as they dry. It is impossible to read or think, and appetite is out of the question. As for the natives, they are all asleep in their binns, for they rather like this heat than otherwise.

At last the day and hour of release arrive. Twenty guardians, with twenty incense pans, swing smoke into your face, till you nearly cough yourself into suffocation; then the doctor, keeping you at a stick's length, looks at your tongue, after which he makes another speech, and then shakes hands with you. His example is followed by the director and all the twenty guardians. You leave your servant to settle with these, and in three hours afterwards you are ten miles away from the city of Gaza.

17 MAR 22

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MORALS.

LESSON IV.—OFFICE OF SCRIPTURE IN REFERENCE TO MORALS.

§ 1. *The Golden Rule.*

THAT invaluable rule of our Lord's, "To do to others as we would have them do to us," will serve to explain, when rightly understood, the true character of moral instruction. If you were to understand that precept as designed to convey to us the first notions of right and wrong, and to be your sole guide as to what you ought to do and to avoid in your dealings with your neighbour, you would be greatly perplexed. For you would find that a literal compliance with the precept would be sometimes *absurd*, sometimes *wrong*, and sometimes *impossible*. And probably it is through making this mistake that men in general apply the rule so much seldomer than they ought. For, the real occasions for its use occur to all of us every day.

Supposing any one should regard this golden rule as designed to answer the purpose of a complete system of morality, and to teach us the difference of right and wrong: then, if he had let his land to a farmer, he might consider that the farmer would be glad to be excused paying any rent for it, since he would himself, if he were the farmer, prefer having the land rent-free; and that therefore the rule of doing as he would be done by requires him to give up all his property. So also a shopkeeper might, on the same principle, think that the rule required him to part with his goods under prime cost, or to give them away, and thus to ruin himself. Now such a procedure would be *absurd*.

Again, supposing a jailor who was entrusted with the safe custody of a prisoner, should think himself bound to let the man escape, because he himself, if he were a prisoner, would be glad to obtain freedom, he would be guilty of a breach of trust. Such an application of the rule, therefore, would be morally *wrong*.

And again, if you had to decide between two parties who were pleading their cause before you, you might consider that *each* of them wished for a decision in his *own* favour. And how then, you might ask, would it be possible to apply the rule? since in deciding *for* the one party, you could not but decide *against* the other. A literal compliance with the rule, therefore, would be, in such a case, *impossible*.

§ 2. *Application of the Golden Rule.*

Now, if you were to put such cases as these before any sensible man, he would at once say that you are to consider not what you might *wish* in each case, but what you would regard as *fair—right—just—reasonable*, if you were in another person's place. If you were a farmer, although you might feel that you would be very glad to have the land rent-free—that is, to become the owner of it—you would not consider that you had any just claim to it, and that you could *fairly expect* the landlord to make you a present of his property. But you would think it reasonable that if you suffered some great and unexpected loss, from an inundation or any such calamity, he should make an abatement of the rent. And this is what a good landlord generally thinks it right to do, in compliance with the golden rule.

So also, if you had a cause to be tried, though of course you would *wish* the decision to be in your favour, you would be sensible that all you could *reasonably expect* of the judge would be, that he should lay aside all prejudice, and attend impartially and carefully to the evidence, and decide according to the best of his ability. And this—which is what *each* party may fairly claim—is what an upright judge will do. And the like holds good in all the other cases.

§ 3. *Design of the Golden Rule.*

You see then that the golden rule was far from being designed to impart to men the first notions of justice. On the contrary, it *pre-supposes* that knowledge; and if we had *no* such notions, we could not properly apply the rule. But the real design of it is, to put us on our guard against the danger of being blinded by self-interest. A person who has a good general notion of what is just, may often be tempted to act unfairly or unkindly towards his neighbours when his own interest or gratification is concerned, and to overlook the right claims of others. When David was guilty of an enormous sin in taking his neighbour's wife, and procuring the death of the husband, he was thinking only of his own gratification, quite forgetful of duty, till his slumbering conscience was roused by the prophet Nathan. On hearing the tale of "the poor man's lamb," his general abhorrence of injustice and cruelty caused him to feel vehement indignation against the supposed offender; but he did not apply his principles to his own case till the prophet startled him by saying, "Thou art the man."

And we, if we will make a practice of applying the golden rule, may have a kind of prophet always at hand, to remind us how, and when, to act on our principles of right. We have only to

consider, "What should I think were I in the other's place, and he were to do so and so to me? How should I require him to treat me? What could I in fairness claim from him?"

§ 4. *Offices of Scripture, and of Conscience.*

Besides this most important rule for the *application* of our principles, we find in Scripture (as has been already observed) many precepts designed for the *correction* and improvement of our principles; many cautions against the errors men are likely to fall into, in their moral judgment on various points: for, conscience is far from being an infallible guide, any more than reason, generally.

One may illustrate the distinct uses of Scripture (in all that relates to morals) and of natural conscience, by the comparison of a sun-dial and a clock. The clock has the advantage of being always at hand, to be consulted at any hour of the day or night; while the dial is of use only when the sun shines on it. But, then, the clock is liable to go wrong, and vary from the true time; and it has no power in itself of correcting its own errors; so that these may go on increasing, to any extent, unless it be from time to time regulated by the dial, which is alone the unerring guide.

Even so it is with natural conscience as compared with Scripture, which directs us according to the "wisdom which is from above." In each particular case that may occur, our own heart will furnish a decision as to what is right or wrong; and that in many cases which are not particularly specified in Scripture, though they fall under the general principles of the gospel. But then our own hearts are liable to deceive us, even to the greatest extent, and to give wrong judgments, if they are not continually corrected and regulated by a reference to the word of God, which alone—like his sun in the natural world—affords an infallible guide.

§ 5. *Regulation of Conscience.*

While, therefore, you take care, on the one hand, not to do anything that your conscience tells you is wrong, you must beware, on the other hand, of concluding that your conduct is necessarily right because your conscience approves it; or, that you yourself at least are free from sin, as long as your own judgment does not condemn you. For, men may so far deprave their conscience as to bring themselves to mistake wrong for right; like one who should bend the ruler which he is drawing lines by. Thus, our Lord declares to his disciples that those who killed them would think (not merely pretend, but think) that "they were doing God service." And Paul bitterly bewails his own sin in "persecuting the church," when he "verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." And afterwards when he became an Apostle, he says, "I judge not mine own self; for I know nothing by myself [against myself]; yet am I not hereby justified; but He that judgeth me is the Lord."

We must be careful, therefore, to regulate both our business by the clock, and the clock by the dial; that is, to regulate our conduct by our conscience, and our conscience itself by the commands and instructions which God has given us.

THE UNLICENSED MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

FOREIGNERS who penetrate into the least salub ous thoroughfares of this vast metropolis, generally struck by the number of chemists a herbalists who flourish, like palm trees, where around is stale, flat, and unprofitable. At nig the red bottles of the Pharmaceutical Society fla like meteors across the unswept roadway, investi squalor itself with a *couleur de rose* that is high picturesque.

The English have always been a bolus-lovi people. Scarcely one of us would not far soo think of travelling without pistols than with pills. A Frenchman suffering from a tor liver will not rest until, by violent exercise, he l restored the tone of the inactive organ. Mynhe when he finds his animal spirits somewhat bel concert pitch, consults not his physician, but pipe, and dissipates, by energetic whiffs, the vapo of his meerschaum and his melancholy. But John Bull discountenances such frivolous remedi Nature, in his opinion, is not a spoilt child, to coaxed and cheated out of her ill humours by swe meats and fiddle-faddle. Aloes and gamboge urgently demands, whatever amount of bodily comfort may be thereby engendered. The Bri (true-born) has no confidence in mere air as hygeianic agent—is not to be inveigled into che fulness by rural excursions; and as for the c hot, or tepid bath system which government established for state purposes, he rarely opens mouth upon the subject. The sponge and fle brush he throws aside as fitted only for those w have been nursed in the lap of luxury; and as shampooing, the very name is sufficient to aro his disgust.

Taking into account the high premium whic offered by this universal demand for medicame we are not surprised that a certain class of pra tioners who have never qualified themselves the office, are always ready to pour drugs, of wh they know little, into bodies, of which they kn less. Many of the "Dispensaries" in a dens populated district, inhabited by the lower class are little mints for making money. Some their resident managers, who so liberally offer th advice gratis, are not qualified for that off and the success which attends their treatment another proof of the old adage that "practice ma perfect." Many do not enter upon the lucrat art of healing until they are advanced in life. years a long-headed, shrewd, and self-concentra man will carry out coals with becoming humil At length, by some lucky accident—a broken l or collar bone—he becomes the inmate of a met politan hospital, where in a month or two he ma such additions to his previous knowledge of "Materia Medica" as to warrant his assuming lofty title of "chemist" and "surgeon-denti and the transmutation of his coal-shed into a w ing room for his expected patients. On a Sun morning you will see the "shed" crowded women and children, all sitting as quiet and spectful as mice; for Mr. Coalman will allow talking nor indecorous behaviour in his establi ment. "If you women can't hold your tongue

he will exclaim imperiously, "you'd best walk out, for I won't serve not one of you that talks; and them as hasn't got wials must go and fetch 'em, for mine is all out; and mind you bring corks, for you won't get 'em here. Will you leave off talking there?—you in the yellow shawl; No. 7, I'll serve you last, mind."

Such is the autocratic bearing of the popular unlicensed medical practitioner in his consultation chamber. Yet, rough and almost unfeeling as he may sometimes appear, Mr. Coalman is at bottom, we have heard, a kind-hearted though somewhat irritable physician. A great deal of his *brusquerie*—that which does not proceed from sheer ignorance—is an eccentricity adopted from politic motives. To inspire his patients with confidence and respect he carefully eschews that familiarity which in his case might often breed contempt. While so illiterate that he cannot properly pronounce any ordinary term in medical science, his still more unlettered admirers believe him to be gifted with all but supernatural endowments. For sixpence or less (according to your circumstances) he will whip out one of your wisdom teeth with marvellous quickness and dexterity. If you buy three cakes of Windsor soap, he will emancipate your corns for nothing; and as for bleeding, he will scarcely detain you a minute; we have seen six mop handles in the corner of his surgery, all of which doubtless are occasionally in requisition at one time.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Coalman entirely depends upon the patronage of the humbler classes, he is very severe upon their follies and infirmities. "Many people," he says, with something between a sneer and a smile, "fancy they can live upon med'cine. They keep their children in doors all the week, and then they bring 'em to me on a Sunday morning for a powder, as if powders was to do the work of everything—air, wittels, exercise, and what not. Then the parents, they *will* drink, whatever ails 'em. I tell 'em over and over again, 'It's no use, my good man, your coming to me while you can't keep away from the public-house. You might just as well pour the med'cine into the kinnel at once.'"

"Yours is a very sickly neighbourhood," we observe.

"So is every neighbourhood sickly," replies Mr. Coalman, "if people will confine their children, and won't let 'em have no air. There's a father, mother, and six infants in one apartment, not much bigger than my surgery. Why, the very air as they respire is carbonic acid. You might as well put a baby into a gasometer. If they was to go out, and take their children out, they'd have no need of med'cine; but they won't."

"Can't, perhaps, is a better word," we suggest deferentially.

"I maintain my position," returns Mr. Coalman, tying his clouded white apron with a jerk over his portly person. "What they delight in is gossip; I'm always trying to prevent the females from talking in my surgery, but it's of no good—smoke and gossip, gossip and smoke, men and women *will* have at any price; but as for air—pure air—they wouldn't step across the kinnel to fetch it. There's babies out of number what is born in that court opposite, and never lose sight of it till they are carried to their graves."

"Unfortunately you have no green fields within easy distance."

"Green fields!" ejaculated Mr. Coalman, sighing with closed eyes; "havn't seen one myself for three years. Why, Sir, would you credit it? many good-sized children (I hear 'em talking, you know, outside my shop) fancy that if they was to go beyond the houses, they'd be in danger of being devoured by wolves, and many grown-up ones can't be persuaded that people what are born out of London don't run about wild like savages."

"Is your mortality very great?" we ask the learned doctor.

"No, very small," replies Mr. Coalman, "considering all things—population, wentilation, drainage, and such like. In a family of ten you'll often find not less than one-third will reach maturity. However poor my patients may be, they never seem to be tired of living. Let 'em be ever so cast down, give 'em a little med'cine, and they're happy. There's a young woman as lives over that marine-store shop—a shoe-binder—she's in a consumption fast, and comes to me for advice. 'Well,' I says to her, 'it's no use my giving you med'cine; you want change of air.' 'Can't I live till Easter, don't you think, Sir?' she says very earnestly. 'I don't think you can,' says I. 'O!' she says, almost weeping, 'if I could only live till Easter I should be so happy.' 'Well,' I says, 'I'll give you some pills to ease your cough; but they won't cure you, 'cause your lungs is eaten away like a piece of cheese, and I should be robbing you to tell you otherwise.'"

"Why is she so anxious to live till Easter?"

"Because her cousin, what's a sailor, is expected home about that time; they've always got some excuse, those women have."

"I fear there is a great deal of drunkenness among your patients."

"A good deal of drinking, Sir, but very little of what we called drunkenness—I mean police, or disorderly drunkenness."

"How do you account for that anomaly, Mr. Coalman?"

"By want of stomach," replies the doctor, passing his palms over the graceful curve of his apron; "what with bad undigestible food, bad smells, bad water, and what not, their constitutions is broken down; and although they drink—men, women, and children, all alike—it never makes 'em noisy: they aint got stamina enough for that."

Mr. Coalman is rarely absent from his "Dispensary;" and being perfectly satisfied with a quick ready-money business, he willingly resigns all patients requiring advice at home, to the "qualified" practitioner, who, having paid large fees for a diploma, enjoys the exclusive privilege of giving long credit. When, however, circumstances call Mr. Coalman abroad, his wife, a tall raw-boned woman with a manly voice, officiates for him, and prescribes with confidence and promptitude. But if a ragged urchin comes for a pennyworth of paregoric, senna, magnesia, or Godfrey's cordial (vulgarly termed "stuff out of the barrel"), she sternly refuses to serve it, on account of the indignity offered by such a request; and the unhappy applicant has to wait until the doctor comes home, and has neatly adjusted his indispensable apron; when, with greater tenderness than his consort, he

is speedily melted by the entreaties of his tiny customer.

So far as pharmacy is concerned, in this "lowest depth" we find a "deeper still." Dr. Coalman, who is not recognised by the college, refuses to take cognisance of the "medical chest," a travelling Dispensary on wheels, which has recently settled down upon a piece of waste ground, formerly the site of an oyster stall. It is strictly a "chest," being about eight feet every way. The professional gentleman who occupies the chest, only sees one patient at a time; and how he manages to see that solitary person at any hour, without a candle, is one of those mysteries upon which time may possibly throw further light.

The herbalists, a distinct but numerous class in every humble neighbourhood, next claim our attention. Some of them affect long beards, and endeavour, by speaking bad English, to pass themselves off for "professors" from some German college; but the trick is too palpable, and is generally detected by the boys, who make them objects of derision. A free exhibition of tape-worms in the window affords much interest to those young medical students, and the police have no little trouble in keeping the pavement clear from obstruction. What the elastic mind of youth is incompetent to grasp, is the enormous length of these *reptilia*. We are afraid to say how many yards long some of them are, nor have we been able to learn by diligent inquiry whether they are manufactured by machine or by hand.

Antiquated and adust-looking, these old herbalists are deeply read in botanical lore. Some of them publish "Guides to Health," which, when they are not quite unintelligible, from queer grammar and spelling, are often instructive, and always amusing. Who ever dreamt of such medicinal virtue as they ascribe to a common cucumber? (*Cucumis hortensis*). "Outwardly applied," writes one of the herbivorous *literati*, "the juice makes the skin smooth and fair, and, being taken for some considerable time, it perfectly cures the scurvy in a bad habit of body. The essence is an excellent stomachic, being much pleasing and gratifying to the viscera, if inflamed or overheated. The distilled water is good to cool the hot distemper of the liver and blood, to quench thirst, cool the heat of fevers, and take away the dryness and roughness of the tongue. Outwardly used, it cools inflammations, helps blood-shot redness of the eyes, clears, cools, and smooths the skin, and is good against most deformities thereof, being often applied thereto."

Between the general practitioner and the vender of herbs war is continually raging. The latter denounces all men who deal in minerals (for medicinal purposes), and paints in fearful colours the slaughter perpetrated with legal sanction by the "Apothecaries' Company." If you ask him what he thinks of iodide of potassium for rheumatic affections, he will tell you it is an accumulative poison, and that those who take it drop down like exhausted sheep; and he will pledge his reputation that the only certain cure for complaints of that kind is—oil of cabbage. The principal admirers and supporters of these vegetarians are elderly females suffering from that distressing malady, the nerves. To alleviate their afflictions, the professor has all kinds of teas—raspberry, strawberry, blackberr mint, camomile, and we know not how many mo He condoles with them, tells them how f five and twenty years he suffered from a nervo disorder, which threw him into convulsions if only heard the creaking of his own shoes. T professor abjures animal food in any form; a although he draws his dietetic supplies entire from the shelves which furnish the medicamer for his patients, the variety of "dishes" at l command is marvellous. If a Parisian *chef cuisine* could only see the number of diff ent "grasses" in the Vegetable Carté he wo draw his nightcap over his eyes in astonis ment.

So deeply imbued with respect for medic science, and so eager to avail themselves of benefits, are the inhabitants of most poor distric that they not only support such dispensaries we have already described, but maintain num rous itinerant apothecaries. With a box of si ples slung before them, the particular practitione referred to occupy the margin of the causew and, having no settled connection, depend for th subsistence upon the infirmities of casual invali A sort of guerilla warfare is carried on by the light troops against the insidious ills which fle is heir to. A rheumatic twinge is scared away the mere presentation of a medicament, and indigestion very often shot down on the ro One of the most distinguished of these sha shooters, to whose remarks on pathology a therapeutics we have long listened with pleas and advantage, is an elderly man with a bl patch over one eye, and a greasy leathern c looking something like a decayed ostler. He not a mere empiric, but has evidently made t constitution of man his systematic study. "N tur," he says, holding up a bit of stick-liquori "delights in miisture, as, for instance, on a su mer's night, when there's a fall of *do*. The airth full of miisture—hence we have springs and river bubbling and running about in all directions; a as for the sea, that, of course, is miisture its Now, if you chew a bit of this here root, it w keep your mouth as miist as a well of wate etc.

We remember some years ago a very intellige though meanly-clad man, who used to deliver *fresco* lectures on physiology, and which, for lu exposition and graphic illustration, were really serving of attention. As he was a zealous ad cate of temperance, he did much good in humble vocation, and we much regretted the c cumstances under which he disappeared from pu lic life. He was addressing an uncultivated l deeply interested audience, at the corner of a pulous thoroughfare, and was describing with wonted clearness the organs of nutrition, a showing the pernicious effects of alcoholic stim lants, when a drunken bricklayer, who fancied remarks perhaps rather too personal, sudde made a rush at the coloured diagrams which, tached to a stick, the lecturer exhibited to m his explanations more intelligible, and tore th in pieces with an expression of savage delig which elicited yells of indignant reprobation fr all beholders. The poor lecturer uttered not a wo of reproach, but, heaving a deep sigh, button

is threadbare coat, and with averted face retired rom the scene, more in sorrow than in anger. As or his degraded assailant, having had his revenge, nd given one spasmodic cheer of triumph, he eeled away, followed by an excited crowd, upon hom, after staggering for some distance, he urned round and attempted an attack, but in so oing fell violently on the ground.

The worthy lecturer to whom we have alluded id not deal in drugs or chemicals, but simply rescribed, taking a fee of one penny for his pre-criptions—four in number—and which, as he ustly observed, could not be obtained on such oderate terms from any other physician in Europe.

Such are a few of the agencies brought to bear pon the sanitary condition of the lower orders of he people; and from these sketches, drawn from ife, our reader will probably give with more cheer-ulness his next subscription to the parochial dis-ensary, convinced, as he probably is, from the facts ow stated, of the necessity of its services.

HOW AND WHEN TO STOOP.

Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, visited he Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview as ended, the reverend gentleman showed him, by back way, out of the house. As they proceeded long a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, *Stoop!* stoop!!" Not immediately comprehend-ng the meaning of the advice, he took another tep, and brought his head pretty violently against beam that projected over the passage. "My lad," aid the divine, "you are young, and the world s before you; learn to stoop as you go through , and you will save yourself many a hard thump."

Not an easy science to learn, is it? the science f stooping gracefully and at the right time. When man stands before you in a passion, fuming and oaming, although you know that he is both un-easonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as traight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud as e does. This places two temporary madmen face o face. Stoop as you would if a tornado were assing. It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy ind. The reed bends to the wind, while the unyield-ng oak is torn up by the roots. It is just as ound philosophy to echo back the bellowings of a ad bull, as it is to respond in kind to the ravings f a mad man, or—pardon, me ladies!—of a mad oman. Stoop! gracefully, deferentially, and amid he pauses of the wind, throw in the still small oice, the "soft and gentle words which turn away rath."

When reproved for an error you have committed, or a wrong you have perpetrated, for a neglect hargeable against you, stoop! Do not justify or alliate a palpable fault. This only intensifies and ggravates the wrong. This excites direr indigna-tion. *Stoop.* If you say, mildly, "I know I was rong; forgive me;" you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect. A friend came to me once with a face black with frowns, and ire all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfil some promised commission. I prog-nosticated the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply saying, "I am very sorry, I forgot; pardon me this time." What could the man say? He kept the cork in his bottle, and I escaped a terrible blast.

How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we only knew how and when to stoop!

But when tempted to do a mean thing, or a wrong thing—when solicited to evil by associates or circumstances—then, don't stoop! You may give up your own personal rights, if you will; you may give "coat and cloak" to an unjust demand; sometimes even this is necessary, to stoop in silence to an injustice. It may be done without degradation or guilt. But never stoop to a mean-ness, to a debasement. Never stoop to pick up a forbidden object, the appropriation or possession of which righteously exposes you to scorn or censure. —*Glannis.*

HINTS FOR ALL.

How to be happy.—Make the doing of the will of God the business of your life.

How to be miserable.—Determine to gratify the carnal propensities of your nature, and spare no pains to execute your purpose.

How to be rich.—Having food and raiment and the favour of God, be careful for no more.

How to be poor.—Do nothing. Just let estate, soul, and body all alone, and your poverty will come as an armed man.

How to be wise.—Think humbly of yourself. Deplore your ignorance. Be not ashamed to learn from any. Ask of God wisdom.

How to gain a victory.—Have a good cause; conquer yourself; despise not your enemy; let not your opposition to him degenerate into hatred; do all you can *righteously*, and *no more*, and then leave your cause with God.

How to secure a victory.—Humble your-self under the hand of God. Beware of exulting. Give God the glory. Buonaparte said, "Many a victory is lost after it is gained." "Build a golden bridge for a retreating enemy."

How to live long.—Live a great deal in a short time. Many a man has died old at thirty. Thousands do not die old, though they live to sixty. That is a long life which answers life's ends. No life is long, unless it is the beginning of eternal life.

Hurry.—No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring perpetually, but to no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on a jot: like a turnstile, he is in every-body's way, but stops nobody: he talks a great deal, but says very little, looks into everything, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.—*Colton.*

Varieties.

British Premiers.—The following is a list of the successive premiers who have held office during the last century. The dates of their appointment show an average tenure of administration for each successive minister, of three years, eight months, and one day, the marquis of Rockingham's being the shortest within the period:—

Duke of Newcastle	April,	1746
Earl of Bute	May,	1762
George Grenville (father to lord Grenville)	April,	1763
Marquis of Rockingham	July,	1765
Duke of Grafton	Aug.,	1766
Lord North (earl of Guildford)	Jan.,	1770
Marquis of Rockingham	March,	1782
Earl of Shelburn	July,	1782
Duke of Portland	April,	1783
William Pitt	Dec.,	1783
H. Addington (lord Sidmouth)	March,	1801
William Pitt	May,	1804
Lord Grenville	Jan.,	1806
Duke of Portland	March,	1807
Spencer Perceval	June,	1810
Earl of Liverpool	June,	1812
George Canning	April,	1827
Viscount Goderich (earl of Ripon)	Aug.,	1827
Duke of Wellington	Jan.,	1828
Earl Grey	Nov.,	1830
Lord Melbourne	Aug.,	1834
Sir Robert Peel	Nov.,	1834
Lord Melbourne	April,	1835
Sir Robert Peel	Sept.,	1841
Lord John Russell	June,	1846
Earl of Derby	Feb.,	1852
Earl of Aberdeen	Dec.,	1852
Viscount Palmerston	Feb.,	1855

Why are so few good Books written?—The reason why so few good books are written is, that so few people that can write know anything. In general, an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors, but he is out of the way of employing his own eyes or ears; he has nothing to hear and nothing to see; his life is a vacuum. The mental habits of Robert Southey are the type of literary existence. . . . He wrote poetry before breakfast (as if anybody could); he read during breakfast; he wrote history until dinner; he corrected proof sheets between dinner and tea; he wrote an essay for the "Quarterly" afterwards; and after supper, by way of relaxation, composed the "Doctor," an elaborate and lengthy jest. Now, what can we think of such a life, except how clearly it shows that the habits best fitted for communicating information, formed with the best care, and daily regulated by the best motives, are exactly the habits which are likely to afford a man the least information to communicate.—*Prospective Review.*

Economy of Time.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away, let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but unhappily they have by that time no notion how to do it.

Interesting Scene at Java.—Writing from Java, a person narrates a pleasing scene at Grisee. A kind-hearted widow died, leaving a family of slaves, who became the property of her heirs. There were a father, mother, and eight children. They were put up to auction at 6000 florins; there was no bid, even when the price was reduced to 2000 florins. Then the slave bid five florins for himself and family, and begged on his knees that no one would bid against him: there was no other offer, and the overjoyed family were free. The bystanders even made a collection for them.

I was once Young.—It is an excellent thing for who are engaged in giving instruction to young pe frequently to call to mind what they were themselves w young. This practice is one of the most likely to im patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable pectations. At one period of my life, when instruct two or three young people to write, I found them, thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this t to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written me when I was a boy. The thick up-strokes, the croo down-strokes, the awkward joinings of the letters, and blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of my and I could, at the moment, have buried the book in fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the be I thought of my backward scholars; I was cured of unreasonable expectations, and became in future do patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember t you once were young, and in reproving their youth errors, endeavour to call to mind your own.

Coal a source of National Greatness.—Durin brief sojourn of that eminent geologist, Hugh Mille England, he critically examined the carboniferous distri especially the coal fields of central England, to which has for so many years owed her flourishing trade. Its a he remarks, "scarcely equals that of one of the Scot lakes—thirty miles long and eight broad; yet how m steam engines has it set in motion! How many rail trains has it propelled, and how many millions of ton iron has it raised to the surface, smelted and hamme It has made Birmingham a great city—the first iron d of Europe. And if one small field has done so much," says, "what may we expect from those vast basins down by Lyell in the Geological Map of the United Stat When glancing over the three huge coal fields of the Un States, each surrounded with its ring of old red sandst I called to mind the prophecy of Berkely, and though could at length see what he could not, the scheme of fulfilment. He saw Persia resigning the sceptre to M donia, Greece to Rome, and Rome to Western Eur which abuts on the Atlantic. When America was cov with forests, he anticipated an age when that cou would occupy as prominent a place among the nation had been occupied by Assyria and Rome. Its enorm coal fields, some of them equal in extent to all Engl seem destined to form no mean element in its greatn If a patch containing but a few square miles has don much for central England, what may not fields, contai many hundred square leagues, do for the United States

The Triumphs of Perseverance.—The follow taken from one of Dr. Johnson's beautiful papers in "Rambler," was the motto Dr. James Hope chose for thesis when applying for his degrees:—"All the perfo ances of human art, at which we look with praise or w der, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and distant countries are united by canals. If a man were compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, o one impression of the spade, with the general design last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of t disproportion. Yet those petty operations, incessa continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; thus mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the s der force of human beings."

Curious Calculation.—What a noisy creature w a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at distance of 1-16th of a mile. The golden wren is sai weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling sized would weigh down not short of 4000 of them; and it be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh fou our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common weighed as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that note of a locust can be heard 1-16th of a mile, a man common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and lim ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance 1000 miles.