

LITERATURE.

"THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL."

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it—
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, hear wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call,—
"Your claims divide—the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!"

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour,
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour,
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds Plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough,
A step to independence,
Oh, hasten, then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in lands beside
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region, far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Where each was with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime Australia's clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune's tide, the world so wide
Has room enough for all.

TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY.

BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife—a lady of intelligence and refinement—had discovered him in his room, lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H—?" I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears and looked the picture of distress.

"I'm afraid it's apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying on the floor, where he had all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough, his face was purple and breathing laboured, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid. I still saw no actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that that is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours, he may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is, doctor?"

Mrs. H— looked anxiously in my face. I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, doctor; I ought to know about that," she continued. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowel and bandage, and, opening a vein from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that the bleeding had accomplished nothing.—"My husband is not quickly relieved he must die."

By this time several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active measures for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body, another his immersion in hot-water. I suggested that it would do well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, doctor!" said the wife, "he has been home all day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured the suggestion again.

"No, doctor, no spirits of any kind in the house," replied Mrs. H— in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called to meet the alarming emergency because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But, the delay, doctor," said the friends.

"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

But my word did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do any more for the patient until Dr. S— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance, in the neighbourhood, and proposed going to be back by the time Dr. S. arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. S. came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There was still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously.

Dr. S. thought a moment and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber, and also a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked in the face of Dr. S. with surprise. He was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said it would not only cure the disease, but he believed, take away the predisposition thereto, with which Mr. H. was affected to a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H. was shaved, and Dr. S. applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. S. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again; but I heard from Dr. S. the result.

After we left the friends stood anxiously round the bed upon which the sick man lay; though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For two hours the burning parched the tender skin of Mr. H—'s head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H— opened, and he looked with half stupefied surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth," he was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth what ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake, keep quiet," said the wife, with glad tears rushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now?" and she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word, but lie very still."

"But my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! I don't understand this. And my arm. What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I will explain it all. Oh, be very quiet, your life depends upon it."

Mr. H— sank back on the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head and felt it tenderly all over, from temple to temple and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs. H. affectionately. There have been two physicians in attendance."

H— closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that proceeded therefrom. They would have sounded strangely in a church, or to ears polite and refined.— After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible on the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H— shut his eyes and muttered something with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood. Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name did you permit the doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the d—!"

"H-u-s-h! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Everything depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience, H. shut his eyes, teeth, and hands, and lay perfectly still for some time. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low petulant voice—

"Too bad! too bad! too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impression of H—'s disease; neither had doctor S—, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case are these:

H— had a weakness. He could not taste of wine or strong drink, without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this, and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But to see was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and to see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days—particularly so, as his coachman kept a well filled bottle for him in the coach house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. H— kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head upon his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again for fear of the apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out—as leak out such things always will—the friends of Mr. H— had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

THE EMPIRE.

The *Scottish Press* in an able article on the resources and condition of the British Empire eloquently remarks:

What could Providence have done for Great Britain that it has not done?—Her empire is the greatest ever known. The sun looks down upon her power in the whole of his diurnal course. The treasures of every zone have been poured into her lap. Territories vast and fertile, yield up to her their resources. Her people are the wisest, the most skilful, and energetic on the face of the earth. Animated by the genius of conquest and the thirst of gold, they they have subdued every aboriginal race, that dared to resist their progress. Britain reigns upon the ocean in her wooden castles, and all pirates tremble at the sight of her flag. Her army, though composed of the basest materials which she picks up in the streets, is wrought by discipline into a machine so perfect for the work of destruction, that none of her enemies can stand before her. She has colonies enough to absorb and enrich all her surplus population; and, at the same time, to minister abundantly to her own wants and luxuries. Her revenues are almost incalculable. She rewards her rulers and defenders with unrivalled munificence. She has a hierarchy the richest and noblest in the world. Her great educational institutions are magnificent. Her charitable foundations are on a scale worthy of her vast resources, and she professes the purest religion in Christendom. Surely, then, her people ought to be happy—the happiest on earth! Yet, what says the loud voice of complaint that now proceeds from every part of her empire? It says that foreign trade is declining—that her colonies are bankrupt—that her merchants are failing—her manufacturers on the verge of ruin—her artisans going to bed supperless—her pauperism rising like the tide and threatening to overwhelm her property—her taxation increasing—her towns beset by plotting incendiaries, who, though her own children, hate her power so much that they are ready to consume it in one wide-spread conflagration—that her goals are crowded with men, who have risen in rebellion against her, because of her alledged injustice—that she has an immense juvenile population, uncradled and homeless, who have gone astray from the womb, in fraud, and crime, and impiety, and who prey revengefully upon her vitals—and that, to crown all, famine is again about to fatten her soil with the corpses of her children, while a third of the United Kingdom is so governed by force, that its population may be divided into two classes—madmen and their keepers!

A PROOF THAT A MAN CAN BE HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow was therefore mother to her husband's father, and consequently grand mother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother—now, as the son of the great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or great-uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grandfather! This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.—*Hood's Magazine*.