

Now Milton, in early manhood, set before himself with deliberate resolve the aim to produce a great work which should be immortal, showing a confidence in his powers which to others might well have seemed insane presumption. If then we are to accept Sir James Paget's test of mental greatness, we must conclude that Shakespeare and Milton, having been plainly conscious of their mental powers, were not great men. What too of Turner among painters?

An Antilunatic Remedy.

The following epitaph will perhaps be interesting to those who hold the doctrine that alcoholic indulgence has its compensating uses in the prevention of insanity. It is given by M. Lejoncourt, in his "Galerie des Centenaires :"—

Sous cette pierre git Brawn, qui, par la seule vertu de la bière forte, sut vivre cent vingt hivers. Il était toujours ivre, et, dans cet état, si redoutable que la mort elle-même le craignait. Un jour que, malgré lui, il se trouvait rassis, la mort, devenue plus hardie, l'attaqua et triompha de cet ivrogne sans pareil.

If the doctrine be true that surcease of sorrow by alcohol will hold insanity at bay, an apt emendation may be suggested in the well-known words of the Friar to Romeo—

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word
Adversity's sweet milk, *strong alcohol*,
To comfort thee, though thou art *sorrowful*.*

The Consolations of Spiritualism.

We extract from a lecture in the "Spiritualist" newspaper the following remarks, which the lecturer pours out after some reflections upon the dreary belief of materialists "inside and outside the churches":—

And in modern times, and in Christian countries, when by the side of the grave the earth falls upon the coffin of the loved one, and the cry arises of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," how

* We put the proposed emendations in italics, lest some one should hereafter seriously quote the lines as Shakespeare's. We observe that the Editor of the "Philadelphia Medical Times" quotes with serious approval "Punch's" regulations that in all future football matches a surgeon shall be on the ground, an ambulance in attendance, a ward prepared at a neighbouring hospital, &c., and strongly recommends them for adoption in America.

coldly fall the words of the speaker, how unreal seem the pictures of life after death. But when at the spirit circle the departed wife of Mr. Livermore, the New York banker, appeared to him radiant with life, and with more than human beauty, came to him with joy in her face, and the bright light of happiness in her eyes—came to him with flowers from the land beyond the tomb, and wrote long messages to him before his eyes in her well-known handwriting, that he might be sure afterwards that it was not a mere heavenly vision too bright for earth,—when such a revisitation as that took place, where was the gloomy influence of the voice of the conventional preacher? where the chilling effects of all the gloomy paraphernalia of death? and where—above all these—was the inconsolable grief for the loss of the loved one gone before? What, think you, is the amount of responsibility of those authorities in our land who exert all the temporary influence they possess to keep back from mankind such a revelation and consolation as this?

But where would be the consolations of the revisit if the bereaved husband did not greatly desire it? Who is to keep quiet those restless spirits which, having plagued you while embodied, will not leave you in peace when they have got themselves disembodied? With a doctrine, as with a tree, when it is undergoing decay parasites grow upon it and hasten its decomposition.

Canine Hallucination.

A dog, into the stomach of which M. Magnan forced five grammes of the essence of absinthe, was first attacked with violent convulsions; at the end of an hour, without any provocation, it started up suddenly on to its feet, its hair standing on end, its countenance fierce, its eyes bloodshot and glaring. It looked fixedly towards a completely bare wall, on which there was nothing whatever to attract its attention, leaning forward on its feet, with extended neck, ready to make a spring. It advanced and retreated alternately, barked with rage, and seemed to engage in a furious fight, snapping its jaws and jumping quickly about as if to seize its adversary; it then shook its head from side to side, with clenched teeth, as if it were tearing its prey. By degrees it became calm, looked several times, growling, in the same direction, and after a while settled down entirely.
