



AN AUTUMN SCENE.

AUTUMN CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IN the June Number of this Magazine, we endeavoured to point out to the reader what were the more common summer climates, within easy reach of these islands, and the class of cases likely to be benefited by a residence therein. It might be urged, and with some degree of truth, that climates which would suit certain kinds of ailments in summer, could hardly be

otherwise than beneficial in autumn. There are, however, a large number of diseases more likely to receive good from an autumn than a summer change of air and scenery. For the year has now passed its hottest point; autumn sunshine is pleasant even at high noon; at the seaside, bathing is still enjoyable; there is a freshness in the morning air that renders brisk walking most healthful and exhilarating; and last, but some

will think not least, there is a little "evening." At times, a fire is hardly out of keeping with the state of the thermometer, and a quiet talk thereby, or a pleasant game, quite enjoyable after a day spent mostly out of doors.

Now is the season when people who have been pent up in cities for most of the year, hard at work either in the office, the counting-house, or in the writer's chair, ought to seek for rest and pleasant change, either by the seaside or in some romantic part of the country. Romantic? Certainly. I often hear people say, "What does it matter in what portion of the land your house is situated? You cannot live on scenery." No, not quite; and I admit that the wildest and grandest of scenery loses its charm, to a great extent, if we see but the same hills, or streams, or woodlands day after day; but lovely landscapes, the sight of ever-changing sea and sky, have an effect upon the health of human beings—an effect for good; and that they cheer the senses, calm the nerves, and tend to lengthen life, I am quite convinced.

In one sense of the word, the over-tired brain-worker, or the toiler in business pursuits, is an invalid; probably, too, his holiday—during which he must try to recruit his wasted energies, and lay up for himself a store of health and nerve-force to draw upon for another year—is but of a month or two's brief duration. He will do well, then, to choose the best spot he can find to spend it in. And here let me say that, although admitting there are many delightful places not far from London, still I always recommend the health-seeker to get as far from home as possible. The change is thus the more complete, and it is just this complete change that does the good. To this, I am aware, it may be objected that the journeys will run away with more money. Actual travelling expenses are higher, of course, but if you take into account the fact that you can live ever so much more cheaply in Scotland, Wales, or even Cornwall, you will find the difference is not so great after all in the long run.

To the invalid proper, or those suffering from lingering chronic illnesses, but who still can bear the comparatively light fatigues of travel, change of climate in autumn is often highly advantageous. Cold, sleety weather will ere long be here, and at its heels comes our treacherous English spring; the very swallows that cluster on the telegraph-wires, seem to preach to him the necessity of seeking for sunnier climes.

For certain classes of complaints, I have often recommended a journey up the Nile—those especially suffering from the first stages of pulmonary consumption, winter cough, asthma, rheumatism and gout, the low forms of nervous ailments, kidney troubles, and indigestion, are often greatly benefited, and indeed return home well and strong from a tour of this kind. The beginning of October is the best time to leave home, and the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships are among the most comfortable and best found which the invalid can choose to take passage in. He will have a day at Gibraltar on the voyage out, after

which he will sail along a most charming and romantic coast; he will touch at Malta (not by any means an autumn climate, by the way), and finally land at Alexandria. Having well rested in some of the delightful hotels of this dear old town, of which I have so many pleasing reminiscences, he can go quietly on to Cairo by train. The panorama he glides through I cannot call very enchanting, but it at least possesses the charm of novelty. Well, then, from Cairo he proceeds up the Nile. Let him provide himself with light tweed travelling suits, and not forget to wear flannels; let him be firm but gentle with the natives (he will find the dragomans harder to deal with than even Italians, unless he makes his bargain beforehand); let him take little medicine and *no spirits*, but plenty of exercise, and he can hardly fail to do well.

Invalids in the first stage of, or threatened with, pulmonary consumption, as well as the chronic-bronchitic, do very well in Algiers. They too ought to leave England in October for Marseilles, *viâ* Paris and Lyons, thence concluding their journey by steam-boat. They will find the country clad in all the beauty and more than the verdure of an Indian summer, and the extraordinary loveliness of the scenery, coupled with the strangeness of everything around them, cannot fail to awaken the most intense interest, and help poor invalids to forget their troubles.

Rome is possessed of a mild, equable, and soothing climate, and the invalid who suffers from chronic rheumatism or bronchial affections, might well spend a month or longer there, during the latter part of October and beginning of November. Italy however, as a rule, should be avoided by invalids in autumn. I have mentioned Rome as an exception; and Lago Maggiore is another, beneficial perhaps to dyspeptics, and sufferers from debility, but *bad* for the consumptive. These latter had better shape their course for Varenna on the beautiful Lake of Como. I ought not to forget to mention Biarritz, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, as one of the most healthy and pleasant sea-bathing places for autumn in all fair France. Nor should I fail to remind those who are suspected of being in the first stages of decline, that it is in autumn they are to leave their English homes, and seek for health and strength in far Southern lands, and from the long delicious voyage thereto.

Cold and bleak and trying though Dover be in the spring and even the early summer months, it is excellently well adapted for an autumn residence for those who suffer from strumous or liver complaints, as well as for the nervous, dyspeptic, and debilitated. The air is bracing and pure, and altogether exhilarating. The same class of patients may, if they choose, go farther eastwards, until they come to Folkestone—all that could be wished as an autumn climate. The country all about here is most lovely, and the place altogether quieter than Dover. The bathing in the sea is good, but I cannot refrain from specially recommending the in-door sea-water bath; many a case of nervousness I can remember being entirely cured by a course of warm salt-water

baths, combined with the tonic effect of walking up and down on the green cliff-tops, in the lovely autumn sunshine.

And there are Hastings and St. Leonards—still moving eastward—by no means to be forgotten ; here the most delicate invalid might live all the summer round from spring until gloomy winter. Sidmouth, in Cornwall, is an excellent autumn bathing-place ; the air is pure, it has the advantage of good water, and the rain need hardly confine the invalid long to the house, so quickly does the ground absorb it. Ilfracombe, too, with its bold picturesque scenery, and the bonnie woodland drives about it, is healthy, bracing, and well worthy of a visit.

Those, again, who suffer from affections of the air-passages, from chronic rheumatism, from dyspepsia, and from nervousness, ought to try the pure bracing air of the pretty little town of Southport.

Whitby is a nice bracing place for an autumnal visit. The beach is sandy and well suited for bathing, the country around is very lovely, and the invalid may assist the tonic effects of air and sea, by drinking the chalybeate springs of the place.

I cannot too highly recommend an autumn residence in the Channel Islands ; to the young and old especially, the air is both bracing and invigorating, and people newly home from warm tropical climates cannot do better than spend the autumn and even the winter here.

The class of cases to which an autumn in, say, Jersey is best suited, contains all convalescents from acute inflammations of the lungs or lung-passages, and bronchial diseases, while many cases of asthma and other chronic diseases are benefited. There are plenty of respectable lodgings to be had in the country part of the island, and very cheap and nice they are, and quiet too ; while the scenery is simply in some parts enchanting, and everywhere charming. In Jersey they

have two lines of railway—the Great Eastern and the Great Western—and you are quite welcome to ride on either if you pay your fare. What matters it that these Flying Dutchmen only get over about five miles of ground an hour ? Your bones are as safe in them as though they were locked up in the strong-room of the Bank of England. The passage to the Channel Islands is somewhat objectionable, as the boats are small ; but the invalid must try to choose a fine day, and after all, even if he be a little sick, he has the same consolation to cheer his flagging spirits that the Scotch dentist gave to his patient after keeping him half an hour in the chair. “Ech, mon !” said the dentist, proceeding coolly to try another new instrument, “ye maun e’en thole a pain for a profit.” The most bracing of these islands are Alderney and Sark.

There are many delightful autumn climates on the west coast of Ireland, and the right time to visit Scotland is undoubtedly autumn. I must pull myself sharp up now, for if I once get on to the grand old hills, or even in imagination place foot among the blooming heather, this paper will be two good columns longer at least, and that will neither be for your good, reader, nor mine ; but what I was going to say when I mentioned Scotland was this—not only do the Highlands present to us a long array of the most bracing and healthy of autumn climates for invalids, but for those who can bear it, nothing in the world is more likely to conduce to renewal of health and vigour, than a walking tour in the land of mountain and flood. “I think,” said the immortal Scott, “I should die if I did not see the heather every year.” There are many of his way of thinking. A certain old rogue of a king, once upon a time, after he had “done” all the delights of this world, advertised for a new pleasure. Had I been living in those days, I should have packed him off to Scotland in autumn, and claimed the reward.

AN OLD MAID.

SHE lived among the level lanes,
 In summer sweet with many flowers ;
 But, oh, she must have found them dull
 In wet November hours !

 Her home was filled with dainty things,
 Of boundless value in her eyes,
 And safe from thieves—for what's the worth
 Of ancient memories ?

 She had her house-mates—dog and bird,
 And pussy ; and her worldly care
 Was to provide them roof and food,
 When she should not be there.

 She had dependants—little maids,
 Who came unkempt, ill-willed, uncouth ;
 She marked their linen, watched their ways,
 And taught them thrift and truth.

She had her friends, who came and went—
 Matrons who, bustling, claimed her aid—
 The boy, his father judged a fool—
 The woeful, jilted maid.

She had her pride : she liked to rear
 Choice flowers and dainty chicken brood ;
 She held us bound to make the best
 Of all God makes so good.

She had her letters—from afar
 They often came, through foreign posts ;
 And some seemed angels to her heart,
 But some, I fear, were ghosts.

She had her prayers : we may not guess
 What yearnings rise when heads are bowed ;
 I think she whispered many a name
 She never breathed aloud !