

equal of any lady in the land, now that they have shaken the dust of the "ould country" off their feet, and that their conduct must be self-asserting accordingly. They are not slow to act on the hint. One day I was sitting in my drawing-room in New York, engaged in writing, when my little sister put her head in and said there was a "girl" outside who had come to see about the place, "girl" being the euphemism applied to "servants," an appellation which is far from popular in the great Republic. The coming of the girl was in response to a visit I had made in the morning to the "Intelligence Office," a name chosen perhaps in mockery for the Servants' Registry Office of the neighbourhood. This "girl"—a hard-faced, big-boned woman of thirty-five or more—pushed herself uninvited into my presence, and standing in the doorway and staring about the rooms as if taking disdainful observation of their contents, occupied herself for a space of time with the lowering of a blue silk parasol, very dirty and faded. When the operation was leisurely concluded, without a word being spoken on either side, she swung herself over to a remote part of the room, where a particularly commodious easy-chair was standing, and throwing herself down into it, flung one arm comfortably over the chair-arm, and said roughly, "F'what wagis d'yes give here?" I am almost ashamed to confess that after some parley, in which she was the questioner, and I seemed to be constantly shaping my replies in a way to meet her approval, I engaged this insolent creature, and that neither I, nor my husband, nor my sister then thought there was anything extraordinary in my doing so; but that we all congratulated ourselves upon our having got that rare prize, a servant of some sort, is the amplest proof of the martyrdom

housekeepers suffer in New York. A few weeks' patient struggle with this Gorgon convinced me that there was no use trying to keep the peace with her, and that she must be discharged. Her noise and volley of insults on leaving brought the neighbours to their windows in dismay. Her successor was a fat negress, with her head tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, and her great black toes issuing from her well-worn "valises"—again to quote the Christy Minstrels in their appropriate substitute for the word "shoes"—and she was even worse than the old Irishwoman.

The Irish and the negroes are not the only races employed in households in America. Norwegians, Danish, Germans, Welsh, and Scotch all emigrate by the thousand, and all are gladly welcomed. Few, indeed, are those who prove satisfactory to their employers; the reason of this being, I fancy, that servants, when thoroughly efficient workers, never lack employment in the land of their birth, and have no need to cross the seas to earn their bread. The Americans are now trying the Chinese, who make patient "helps," but have certain peculiarities which render them offensive to white people.

It is not alone in the United States that the servant question is a social plague. It is equally unsettled in British America; and as for Australia, the servant who dons her habit and goes out for a nice gallop on a pony, while her mistress stays at home and cooks the dinner, is a proverb. The objection to native servants, in all the semi-civilised colonies of Great Britain, is that they have an unpleasant habit of murdering the family occasionally, which is generally considered a drawback even by persons of the most liberal views.

OLIVE LOGAN.

SUMMER CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



TO an invalid who can bear it, the advantages of travel itself—of change of air, change of scene, change of faces, and change of thought—are, in many long-standing

and chronic cases of illness, simply incalculable. From the very moment that an invalid makes up his mind to try a change of air, the cure of his ailment may often be said to date. Not only does hope—that blessed medicine which, you know, I am so

fond of prescribing—take up its abode in his breast, but even the little bustle and excitement inseparable from the preparations to be made for the journey, act as a gentle stimulant, if not indeed as a tonic itself, and send the blood dancing more quickly through the veins than it has done perhaps for many months.

Travelling is, nowadays, so comfortable and so cheap that it is almost within the reach of every one; and it is pleasant to know that, for those who cannot afford to go abroad, there are climates in our own country to suit nearly every disease of a chronic nature. Remember, however, that there is no *perfect* climate anywhere in this world, that every place has one or two little drawbacks; the invalid, then, should look well before he leaps; and before he makes up his mind in the choice of any particular locality, let him be perfectly certain that it is suited to the nature of his complaint, or he may be disappointed in the result.

Under no circumstances ought a sufferer to seek relief in a change of climate without first consulting his own medical adviser; and to any one who means to try the benefit of a change, I must say emphatically

the sooner you do so the better. I do not at all hold with the plan of the older physicians, who used to keep their patients at home till almost the last, and only prescribed change of climate when they found they could do nothing more for them.

We doctors have in change of climate a remedial agent of a very high order, and we ought never to be backward in recommending it.

As to the invalid himself, he is to make up his mind so far as to be able to say, "I do think and feel that a little change of air and scene would do me good." And then the question comes to be, "Where shall I go?"

Let me try to answer it for you.

The diseases or complaints which we reasonably hope to cure by prescribing residence in a judiciously-chosen climate are many and various, and chiefly of a chronic nature. Among them may be mentioned (1) the various diseases of the digestive canal, including that beginner of so many sad ends, *indigestion*; (2) chronic kidney ailments; (3) rheumatic and gouty affections; (4) phthisis or consumption; (5) chronic bronchitis and other affections of the lungs; (6) asthma; (7) winter cough; (8) low spirits and nervousness; (9) tic-doloreux and periodic toothache; (10) shattered constitutions; (11) congestion of the brain from over-work, grief, or worry; (12) sleeplessness; (13) over-fulness of blood (*hyperæmia*), with a tendency to apoplexy; and (14) convalescence from long or acute illnesses.

Having then, by aid of the advice of his physician, chosen the spot on this fair earth, which is most likely to prove inimical to the disease from which he suffers, let the invalid begin to make his preparations; but this he must do very slowly and deliberately. Any sort of chase or hurry is decidedly hurtful in nearly all ailments. He ought to provide himself with, and study, the best guide-book to the place which money will buy. He ought to make himself perfectly acquainted with the climate of the locality, its topography, the prevailing winds, the kind of soil, and the mean temperature. He ought to find out something of the annual death-rate.

If you, reader, are an invalid, seeking beneficial change, do not forget that the lodgings, apartments, or house chosen for a habitation should be so selected because it is well sheltered from the highest winds and is exposed to the sun. See, too, that the water is good, and likewise the drainage.

Remember, also, that some houses are rendered distasteful to the invalid from even trifling, or seemingly trifling causes: a house in a noisy street, for instance, or a bed-room so situated that you are awakened every morning by the rays of a too bold sun shining in on your head—a sun, too, that will not deign to visit you in the parlour in the cool of the evening, when his beams would be grateful indeed.

Try to choose a house with a good and cheerful view from the window.

It is far the best plan, if you can manage it, to have your rooms or house taken before you go to the place. Let the people know when to expect you, so that you will not even have the bother of waiting for a cab at

the pier or station, and so be sure of a home-like, comfortable dinner or tea on your arrival.

The kind of clothing which the invalid ought to wear should be dictated to him by his own physician; he must sacrifice fashion on the shrine of comfort, and on no account forget his flannels—thick or thin, according to the requirements of the climate. His doctor, too, must tell him—no, but *write out for him*—the kind of regimen he is to adopt, the kind of food and the amount of exercise he should take.

Great care should be taken, before leaving home, to make notes of the exact route to be travelled, the time that boats or trains are due, and even the very cab fares ought to be marked, if you would journey in comfort.

If you have a long railway journey to make, it is better to take a good supply of wholesome nutriment with you than to trust to sawdust sandwiches, and the vile, indigestible stuff they feel bound to supply you with at stations. A little wine may be needed, or even a little brandy. Cold tea should never be forgotten: it is a most refreshing beverage on a long journey. I prefer it myself to brandy, wine, or beer, because, from the jolting of the train, one's head becomes slightly congested, and stimulants are almost sure to change such congestion into a troublesome headache. Don't forget plenty of wraps for comfort in the train—rugs and ulsters—and something in the shape of an air-cushion to lean your head upon, should you get a chance. A smoking-cap, or a Scotch Highland bonnet, will be found a great boon in train-travelling.

Do not lumber yourself with too much luggage. Let it be well chosen, however; and if you have a few favourite authors you will find them excellent companions.

Take one or two days' rest after you arrive at your destination. See a good doctor, if there be any necessity. Having done so, settle down to enjoy yourself, as much as you can, in a quiet way; but do let me entreat of you, as you value your precious life and hope for recovery, not to go rushing about sight-seeing until you are well. You can't get sunshine, nor ozone, nor health, nor anything, save increase of illness, by sojourning in musty picture-galleries, or among damp ruins.

If you are going anywhere out of England, you must on no account neglect to take with you *two* mosquito curtains—the one to put up while the other is at the laundry; likewise a supply of insect powder: a packet or two may possibly turn out a comfort to you.

And now, I want to give you the names of a few medicines, &c., which I do not advise you to go either to Land's End or Johnnie Groat's without.

First, and most essential, are the remedies which your own medical man sees fit to prescribe for the malady you are suffering from. In *addition* to these, put carefully up in a small, light, portable box, the following:—

Tincture of iron, two ounces; dose, ten to twenty drops three times a day; an excellent tonic in conjunction with quinine. Quinine, a one-ounce bottle; a grain and a half twice a day as a tonic; three, five,

or six grains for a febrifuge. It is simply mixed in sherry; or in water it may be dissolved by the addition of a few drops of sulphuric acid. Take of this acid half an ounce in a stoppered bottle. Chloroform, one ounce (stoppered bottle). Spirits of sweet nitre, four ounces. Carbonate of soda, four ounces. Castor-oil, ten ounces. Bi-carbonate of potash, four ounces. With a table-spoonful of limejuice, fifteen grains of this salt in water make a most excellent cooling draught. A packet of Seidlitz powders. Nux vomica (the tincture), half an ounce. A few drops, say from three to ten, in water are good for some forms of nervous headache. Sal volatile, two ounces. A few bottles of toilet vinegar. Tincture of opium, two ounces; dose, from ten to twenty drops.

Pack up with these a tiny glass measure, marked for an ounce and for minims, a fairy pair of scales, a little spatula, a four-ounce india-rubber essence-syringe, a box of cold cream, a box of benzoated zinc ointment, lint, diachylon and court plaster, and a few small bandages.

Patients who suffer from nervousness, low spirits, kidney ailments, or whose muscular system wants bracing up, cannot fail to be benefited by a summer residence in either Brighton or Worthing. Of the two I should myself prefer the latter for a very delicate invalid. The soil is clay, and there is delightful bathing on beautiful sands. Rheumatic patients also do well here.

We have in Weymouth another delicious summer residence, with lovely scenery and lovely sands, and cosy little rocky nooks, where even mermaids could bathe unseen. There is also nice fishing to be had, and excursions can be made to the romantic Channel Islands. Ilfracombe, again, for those who need bracing up, is well worthy of a visit, and it has this advantage—it is near to many of the most beautiful sylvan scenes in England.

For the nervous and low-spirited there can be no better residence than Scarborough. In cases of sluggish liver its waters also ought to be taken. If the invalid wants a more retired spot in the same direction, let him go to Filey, a little farther south, and here also are good springs.

If his taste should lead him more inland, where can he find a healthier, nicer spot than Malvern, with its pure and bracing summer air, its delightful scenery, and the excellent waters of the Holy Well? For those who are fond of botany or natural history, there are many beautiful towns and villages on the shores of Wales that ought to be visited, justly celebrated for their purity of atmosphere and bathing accommodations. I need only instance Llandudno and Tenby.

There are, to those wishing quiet retirement and restoration of health, numbers of pretty and romantic villages around both Dublin and Belfast. Kingston is a sweet little corner. Hollywood, near Belfast, is another; and onwards towards the Giant's Causeway, if you take a car and drive, you will be delighted with the picturesqueness of the rocks all the way, until you arrive at Glenarm, and that is simply a little Irish fairy Paradise.

The fine old town of St. Andrew's, Scotland, is a good place for delicate invalids not suffering from gout or from ailments of the lungs. It is also a cheap place, and as I happen to know that economy must be studied by many an invalid in search of health, I may as well mention here that away down the beautiful Clyde he will find sweetly pretty places, where he will be able to live at little more than half the rate he can in England, and find all his comforts too. I can say the same for such healthy resorts as Doon and Callander, in Perthshire. But far better than all is a summer in Skye. The scenery baffles description, and you cannot possibly stop out of doors for half an hour without feeling hungry enough to eat a hunter. A summer in Skye is a thing to enjoy once and to dream of ever after.

Wouldst go farther a-field? Then I'll send you out of England entirely. Go to Biarritz. You are there from London in eight-and-forty hours. There you shall have pure bracing breezes, and a sea so sunny and warm, on a shelving sandy beach, that the most delicate invalid is wooed into its waters; or away to Corsica, with its grand old hills—Corsica, where the olives grow, and on whose sandy shores you could not help getting well if you tried not to. There are many good places in Spain, but they are, as a rule, more suited for winter residences. We shall speak of these when the time comes.

Going still farther afield, the invalid would find Teneriffe a very agreeable island in June, and could go on to Madeira in winter. I do not advise him, however, to go too far south in order to seek for summer quarters, and there are so many delightful spots in our own country that there is really no necessity for doing so. In Kent for instance, the garden of England, there are many places where even a six weeks' stay may be found most beneficial for certain classes of invalids. Margate is but an hour or two from London; both water and air are here pure and excellent, and the bathing good and safe. Hither ought to come young people afflicted with scrofula. Delicate children, too, may with great advantage sojourn in Ramsgate; and, if it is thought that the air is somewhat too bracing, what nicer bathing-place could be found than Broadstairs? Dover, again, may safely be recommended for the low-spirited, the strumous, or those suffering from dyspepsia. Folkestone is also an excellent summer residence; it is very bracing, the bathing is good, and the scenery pretty, if not very romantic. Here, too, all sorts of sea-water baths can be had at the excellent establishment at the foot of the cliffs, and exceedingly beneficial they will be found in all cases of nervousness, or slight congestion of the brain, from over-work or worry.

And now, when I have mentioned the far-off islands of Shetland, I trust I have given the reader enough to choose from. These sea-begirdled peat-mosses, as they have been somewhat unkindly termed, ought to be much more popular than they are. The invalid reader, if not too delicate, cannot, I am convinced, lose anything by giving *Ultima Thule* a fair trial.