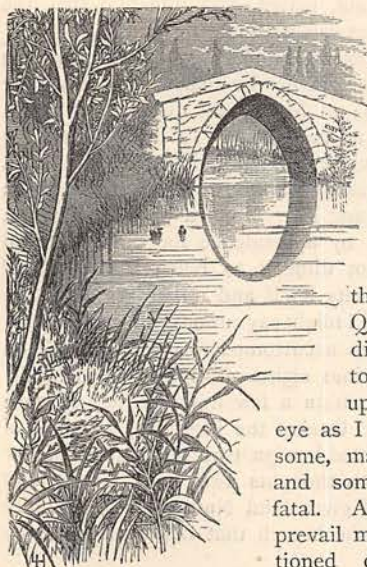


SPRING CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



F all seasons of the year, spring time, in this country, is the most trying to the invalid, trying to the delicate, and trying at times even to those in good health.

Quite a host of diseases, incidental to this season, rise up before my mind's eye as I write, all troublesome, many most painful, and some almost surely fatal. Among those that prevail most may be mentioned colds, bronchitis, pleurisy, inflammation of

the lungs, typhus and other fevers, erysipelas, neuralgia, and probably measles and whooping-cough. Spring, too, is more fatal to consumptive patients than any other time of the year, and when I state it as my belief that this is greatly owing to the cold easterly winds that usually prevail, I suppose I give a gentle hint to those who are phthisically inclined, to beware how they expose themselves to their baneful breath.

Now, before proceeding any further I have a confession to make: it is this—I own to having a soft heart, a most inconvenient thing, I assure you, for a medical man to carry, for many reasons. Not, then, being callous-hearted, I have, while writing on *Climates for Invalids*, invariably thought with pity of those who, although admitting, and even feeling that change would restore them to health, are owing to many reasons chained to home. Before, then, saying a word to those who can change their quarters, let me give a little homely advice to those who can't. The spring months are trying to your constitution; that I grant, but many of their evil effects may be counteracted or guarded against. The delicate should never expose themselves to cutting easterly or north-easterly winds, unless absolutely obliged to, and then only with their bodies properly protected by flannel next the skin, and warm clothing externally. They should wear, not woollen socks, but comfortably thick, good long stockings. I need hardly say that both stockings and shoes ought to be removed, if damp, immediately after coming in-doors, and the feet chafed with a rough towel, but not warmed by the fire. Bed-rooms ought to be well aired by day, and have a little fire in their grates in the evening. Sitting-rooms ought to be warm, but not hot and stuffy; remember that pure fresh air is really and truly your best friend. By day take abundance of exercise when the weather is fine, but don't

walk to the verge of fatigue, or fast enough to cause much perspiration; only keep moving, and don't stand about. Of all kinds of dynamic exercise for the spring time, there is nothing, in my opinion, equal to walking. I know it for a fact, that thousands of people every year catch their death by riding in open "traps." Let your food be abundant and nourishing, and use soups in very cold weather. Gain an appetite by good, substantial, earnest exercise; it is far better than that gained by taking medicines. Let your amusements be of a quiet nature, and interesting rather than exciting. You see I say nothing about medicines: I leave that to your own doctor; only this much I may state, that cod-liver oil has been a blessing to millions—but that is *food*, not *physic*.

Such places as the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight, and Torquay, need merely to be mentioned as residences for the delicate, but I may remind my readers that the air of the former is much more bracing than that of the latter. The Undercliff is especially recommended to those suffering from phthisis, for the simple reason that they can get more out into the pure open air, than they could in any other part of England, and have thus a far greater chance of life. Children afflicted with scrofulous ulcers, or any kind of glandular swellings, also do well here in spring, up till the end of May. Those, too, who suffer from kidney or liver complaints, or weakness of digestion, are benefited by residing in the Isle of Wight. For rheumatic cases, some kinds of heart disease, and the more irritable kinds of dyspepsia, Torquay is better.

The pretty old city of Exeter well deserves a word or two of commendation, as a healthy, well-sheltered, inland town. I went there the other day, direct from Portsmouth, and was forcibly struck with the difference in complexions of the female population of the two places. The wan and sallow cheeks one sees everywhere in the streets of Gosport or Portsmouth, are nowhere visible in Exeter: here, instead, girls seem to bloom like the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" yclept the daisy. There are also many other very healthy and charming little towns in Devonshire—such as Newton Abbot, Totnes, Tiverton, &c. Those, however, that are any way moorland should be avoided by invalids, as they are moist and bleak.

To those who love quiet and beautiful walks by the sea, Tenby and Llandudno offer peculiar advantages. Away over in Ireland, again, you can hardly have a healthier place than Queenstown for persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, or rheumatism, or dyspepsia. Young children, too, of delicate constitutions do well here. But let the consumptive patient avoid Kingstown in the spring months. In Scotland, on the other hand, there are many places to be recommended, especially the little towns a-down the Clyde. Aberdeen and St. Andrews are good examples of towns that are to be avoided in spring. Perth is more

sheltered, and the many little villages in the Highlands make good homes for those who can take plenty of exercise, and thus defy the frost and cold. And talking of frost reminds me of "curling." This game, as many readers are aware, is played on the ice with stones like cheeses; it needs a little science and a modicum of strength, but of all forms of exercise I consider curling as the most complete and beneficial to the human frame; while in itself, without medicine of any kind, it is an infallible remedy for dyspepsia and sluggish liver. I should dearly like to see more curlers in England than I do.

Now-a-days when travelling is so cheap, and can be got over with so little inconvenience and discomfort, invalids, I think, should go a little farther from home, and thus avoid our English spring. There is a little town on the Levantine shore of sunny France, which sufferers from chest complaints might do worse than visit in the months of April and May. It is called Hyères. It is, if my memory serves me aright, about a mile and a half from the sea, and is well sheltered from the east and north winds. I do not recommend it before April, because during the first months of the year the mistral blows. Mentone is also worthy of mention, so is San Remo, so is Bordighera, about seven miles westward; the air is beautifully mild and bracing, there are many romantic walks, and there is shelter from irritating winds and dust. You must avoid these places in summer, however. Corsica is by no means a difficult place to reach, and some parts of it are very healthy, while the scenery is extremely romantic and beautiful. In spring you should avoid Barcelona; Cadiz may be visited, but not for long. Valencia is better as a residence in spring, not certainly in autumn. Seville should be seen in May, and will certainly benefit those suffering from low spirits or convalescent from long illnesses. Some twenty and odd miles from Madrid, on the south, is the town of Aranjuez. Health-seekers should visit this place in the months of April and May, which are its season, and they will find it most agreeable, and the air mild.

Rome well repays the delicate for a visit in many ways, but he must not roam about too much among damp churches or other public places for the mere sake of sight-seeing. Let him try to get apartments in a street that has a southern exposure, and the rooms ought to be on the upper, not the lower floors, so as to have as much sun in them as possible. In Rome, too, the invalid should avoid such streets as Strada del Corso and Piazza del Popolo; and, unless his chest is very strong, he ought not to live on ground that is exposed to high winds.

Some invalids go to Pisa: the very thought of the place makes me shiver as I write. Naples the consumptive should never think of residing in; it is bad enough in summer, but ten times worse in winter and spring. But if the invalid finds himself at Naples, and especially if he suffers with liver disorder, or is troubled with renal ailment of a chronic character, or is gouty or rheumatic, by all means let him take the steamer and start for the island of Ischia, only a few

hours off. There he might stay not only in spring, but for a year if so minded. It is but a small place, so healthful, with a climate so delicious, and with scenery so beautiful, varied, and romantic, that the only wonder is that it is not more frequented.

If the invalid should be going Egypt-way during the spring months, let him not be tempted to reside for any length of time at Malta, lest disease and death should claim him as their own. Valetta is a stirring town, there is much to be seen in it worth looking at, but I do not advise those who are delicate to waste much time in doing so. Many a patient has been greatly benefited by a residence for some time in Algiers. It is not difficult to reach if we go *via* Marseilles. The city itself and its surroundings are very romantic, and I might say curious; those especially who are not much accustomed to foreign travel, on witnessing the various sights of Algiers, could hardly believe they were within a few days' journey of tame old Hyde Park. One of the blessings, I think, of judiciously-conducted foreign travel is, that it lifts for a time the patient's thoughts away from himself and his ailments, and gives kind Nature an opportunity quietly to repair the breach that has been made by disease.

While mentioning Algiers, I must not forget to state that it is pulmonary complaints, especially consumption in its earlier stages, that receive the greatest benefit from its pleasant equable climate, and that rheumatic and gouty affections also get soon well here, as well as disorders of the kidneys; but I can hardly advise those suffering from nervous troubles to go there, and I don't think that chronic liver complaints, nor indigestion, are benefited by the climate; if either is, it is indirectly so.

Invalids leaving this country in the spring, and sailing southwards as far as the Cape of Good Hope, would arrive there about the beginning of winter (the winter there being June, July, and August), and not only would they receive much good from the voyage, but when they got to the Cape they would find themselves in the very centre of charming mountainous scenery, hills covered with the most gorgeous heaths, a delightful climate, with beautiful landscapes, and amidst an industrious, hospitable population. The village or town of Symon's Bay I like even better than Cape Town, for quiet enjoyment. When tired of Cape scenery—and if a naturalist or botanist he wouldn't soon be—the invalid (very likely invalid now no longer) might journey north to Natal, perhaps the healthiest place in the known world. There are many most beautiful little villages that I know of up the east coast, which I believe are never visited by invalids or those travelling in search of health. The coast, I should mention, is perfectly safe as far north as Zanzibar, but don't go north of the Equator and attempt a landing; indeed, the shore then becomes anything but inviting, and the savages who inhabit it are treacherous in the extreme. But nothing, I consider, is more pleasant than a yachting cruise along the east coast, south of the Line, and nothing more likely to revive the drooping spirits and de-

bilitated constitutions of ordinary invalids. As this has never probably been recommended by a medical man before, it is but right that I should add, I speak from experience.

Let me just here repeat, before dropping the subject of climates, some simple words of advice to the invalid who proposes travelling. You must not forget a small store of medicines likely to be useful, nor your flannel under-clothing, nor a goodly supply

of warm stocks. Don't expect miracles from any climate; remember, a really perfect clime does not exist. Avoid fatigue, over-excitement, searching winds, scorching suns, and damp. Never angrily object to the viands placed before you—rather suggest than demand improvement. Never lose your temper any more than your purse, for more can be done by a smiling countenance than by a Scottish claymore.

“NOT YET.”

THE night is dark, and on the sands
A maiden walks with claspèd hands;
Her eyes with tears are wet.
She gazes o'er the raging waves,
And hears the wind, as loud it raves,
Repeat the words, “*Not yet!*”

A bark appears, and fades again
With ghostly mien across the main,
And leaves but sore regret;
A hope had sprung within her heart,
Too soon, alas! to swift depart,
Whilst whispering still, “*Not yet!*”



Her heart is sad, for far away
Her lover sail'd a year to-day—
A year since last they met;
He said he would return ere this,
And bring with him the parting kiss,
But sea-birds shriek, “*Not yet!*”

“And must I pine,” that maiden says,
“Heart-broken live for all my days?
Can he my love forget?”
No! near at hand, with rapid stride,
Her lover comes—he gains her side
With “Darling, no! *Not yet!*”

E. O.

TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR SERVANTS.

OUR recent observations upon “The Average Servant” have created so deep an interest and so much discussion, that we are induced to continue our remarks upon this, one of the most pregnant social questions of our day.

When the mistress of a household requires a servant, and puts the usual machinery in motion to make her

want known, there is little or no difficulty in getting a stream of applicants—that is, pre-supposing that the wages offered are quite up to the present scale. This matter of the mere amount of money tendered appears to exercise a strong fascination upon a number of domestic servants. A housemaid, or cook, who has really a comfortable home, and perhaps comparatively little