

## WINTER CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



WHATEVER may be said in praise of the summers and autumns in this country, every one must allow that we are not particularly fortunate as regards our winters. Perhaps that which renders them so peculiarly trying to the delicate and the invalid, is the exceeding changeableness of the weather. One day, with heightened hopes of speedy restoration to health, he may be enjoying weather that really seems stolen from midsummer, so cloudless is the sky, so dry and mild and balmy the air; but on the next he is roughly thrust back into the gloomy depths of winter, the leaden sky shuts out the sun, the wind is piercing and bitter, and the cold rain that is borne along on its wings is dashed against the rattling windows, with a fury that sends a chill to the very pipes of the heart. On such days as these, it really does need all the courage one can muster, to prevent one's mind from taking part in the general gloom. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that some of the most favourite winter climates in our own country compare most favourably with those of other lands. Both, mind you, have their drawbacks; but, judging from a moderately long experience of foreign climes, I do not think I am far wrong in believing that fifty per cent. of the cases that are annually despatched to winter abroad would do as well, if not better, at home in England. What though here the days may be short and gloomy, night comes but the sooner on; the long forenights of winter, when the shutters are closed, and the sofa wheeled round—when the louder the wind raves without, the brighter burns the fire within—are, methinks, very pleasant indeed, and they are altogether English and homelike. You miss those when you go abroad; you are a stranger in a strange land; you are treated as such, and feel yourself such; a certain amount of comfort you can buy, and smiles you can buy, smiles that come but from lips and teeth, smiles that you would very gladly exchange for “ae blink” of the dear familiar faces that crowd around your “ain fireside.”

Yes, but you may tell me that abroad you have bright dry days, figures picturesquely grouped and dressed, landscapes that enchant, and skies of himmel blue; true, true, and if in your walk *from* home the chill north wind freezes your left side, while the blazing sun blisters your right, in the walk *back* things will be reversed, your left will come in for the blistering, and your right be iced. But still it must be confessed that dust in the eyes, if blown in with sufficient force, is apt to spoil the temper, and that the sun's reflected glare is not the best thing in the world for the eyesight. Then, again, made-dishes, mysteriously and curiously concocted, with a slight suspicion of garlic, are hardly

so conducive to healthy digestion as the juicy joints of merrie England. Nor will you find the sleep which is procured by the aid of Keating quite so refreshing as the genuine article; it is sweet, in my opinion, to be lulled to sleep by winds sighing through leafy trees, or the ceaseless sound of the waves that break along the sea-beach, but not by music of mosquitoes, or song of nimble cricket.

The cases which, at this moment, I have more particularly in view, and to which winter change of climate is especially beneficial, are those of pulmonary complaints, including not only incipient consumption, but some forms of asthma, laryngeal and bronchitic affections, or winter cough.

Now, be it known, to begin with, that it is only in their chronic forms that either bronchitis, winter cough, or laryngitis can be benefited by change of climate, and that the greatest care should be taken to prevent anything like a relapse to the acute stage. Moderate living is to be inculcated, and temperance in all things observed. Equability of temperature should, if possible, be maintained in the invalid's sitting-room, which on damp dull days should not be without a fire.

We have in our own country no lack of winter climates, both bracing and sedative; the great thing is to choose one that may be the most likely to suit the particular temperament of the invalid. As a general and pretty safe rule, then, the bracing climates will best agree with those who are of the phlegmatic in contra-distinction to the nervous temperament—those whose muscular systems are somewhat weak and flabby, and who are used to have a plentiful secretion of mucus along with their cough.

Among the dry and bracing climates for such cases, I may mention some parts of London, such as the more elevated portions of Kentish Town, or Highbury, or Bayswater. And here let me throw in one word of comfort to those dwellers in the City of London who *cannot* leave their homes to benefit by winter change: the city in which they dwell is one of the healthiest in the world; it is fortunate as to soil, and happy as to its mean temperature. I only wish I could say the same of Glasgow. With the best and purest water in the world, its death-rate is very high, and this I attribute more to the *filthy non-ventilated condition of its drainage system than to anything else.*

A most genial and delicious winter climate is to be found at the Undercliff, Isle of Wight; the air is good, and also the soil, while the scenery is most romantic and cheering, and exercise out of doors may be taken almost every day. Sandown, on the other hand, has also much to recommend it; it is bracing and restorative; its soil is dry and sandy, and the scenery all that need be desired.

Clifton, near Bristol, stands high and dry on limestone cliffs. Its hot wells are not now greatly esteemed, but it affords a mild and safe winter retreat.



The air is pure, and there are great facilities for healthful exercise.

I think I have previously recommended Worthing as a good summer climate for certain cases. Here, too, the invalid will find a mild, dry, and invigorating winter home, with comparatively few rainy days, but he must be prepared to leave the place in spring.

Hastings too, and St. Leonards, and some parts of Brighton ought to be mentioned as bracing winter climates.

Bournemouth should be mentioned as a good winter residence for the delicate, and none the worse, to say the least, in that its air is impregnated with the balsamic breath of the beautiful pine-woods, that shelter it so well from the north and north-west winds.

If the invalid wishes to go abroad, with the single exception of the "mistral" wind, he will find Hyères one of the driest and purest little towns he can go to.

Cannes has also much to recommend it, but, as a rule, invalids ought to avoid Nice. Taking everything into consideration, I have my doubts of it.

A winter residence at Mentone is highly desirable to those in the incipient stages of consumption and chronic bronchitis. Equally as good, however, is San Remo; and, as a rule, it is a *cheaper* place. Both Malta and Palermo, and likewise Sardinia, are good winter climates of the bracing kind. So are the Canary Islands; nor must Algiers and Tangiers be forgotten.

For those, on the other hand, whose temperaments are nervous, whose air-passages are dry and over-sensitive, and secrete but little, milder and more humid residences are to be sought. Torquay, on the south coast, stands pre-eminent; the climate is mild and the temperature equable, and the air in general soothing. If the patient is very excitable, a residence

near the sea, say Meadfoot, which is well sheltered, should be chosen. After stopping here for some time, he may change to a higher situation. In Penzance, too, will good quarters be found; the temperature here is equable, and also the air is warm. It may, however, be objected that it is somewhat too humid, and that there is too much exposure to high winds. Jersey is likewise well worthy to be ranked among our favourite winter climates of the sedative class. Would the invalid like to visit green Erin? then he cannot do better than sojourn in Queenstown, Cork. It is built on the southern slope of Cove Island, and is built in terraces, so that the patient, according to his strength, can choose his own elevation. Not only do lung cases do well here, but the rheumatic and the dyspeptic benefit also, as do delicate children; for the climate is deliciously sedative, and almost every day all through the winter, plenty of exercise is possible in the open air.

And now, having spoken a good word for England and Ireland as winter climates, the very least I can do is to sound the praises of "puir auld Scotland," if only in a minor key. And hither, if you will come with me, I will take you off down the Clyde at once. We'll soon leave smoky ship-building Glasgow behind us, and enjoy scenery that scarcely can the Rhine rival. Here many a little village nestles prettily among woods, backed by hills that are green all winter—when not snow-clad. But the island of Bute, which we reach at last, to land at Rothesay, is *par excellence* a sedative winter residence, and well repays one for the journey thereto in a hundred ways. We seldom see snow here, the climate is very equable, and there is plenty of shelter, so that exercise is practicable all the winter round.

#### THE HOUSE OF HANOVER: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.



THE Georgengarten at Hanover is one of the most lovely parks Germany can boast of, and can boldly compare to any of our gems—Chatsworth, Cliveden, Knowsley, or Woburn Abbey. Its name, the Garden of the Georges, speaks for itself, and tells us that these royal pleasure-grounds were not laid out for the Fredericks or Williams of Prussia, whose black and white sign-boards are vainly endeavouring to put a Brandenburg label on Guelphic soil and dominions.

The park, which extends from the gates of Hanover to Herrenhausen, once the favourite abode of the Electress Sophia and of the Georges, is cut in two by four rows of majestic lime-trees, which are throwing a more than centenarian shadow on the rare visitors who happen to break the silence of these now deserted grounds. This avenue, a mile long, is unique in Europe by the beauty of the trees and the loveliness of the scenery which gladdens the eye on both sides.

It is the year 1866. The rooms once occupied by the Electress Sophia are again inhabited, and these same

walls which saw the elevation of the House of Hanover to Great Britain's throne, are to be now the mute witnesses of the last days of King George V.'s reign.

Not a chair is changed; the furniture, the pictures, everything recalls Sophia's memory—alone the King's little iron bedstead, and some modern knick-knacks, some *souvenirs*, tell us that the premises have changed their master.

But it is not the outward decoration alone which whispers at every step of Sophia or Leibniz—the spirit of the noble ancestress of the three Royal Houses of England, Hanover, and Prussia, the breath of the greatest philosopher of modern ages, seem still to live within these walls. The political horizon is dark with threatening clouds; rumours of war are disturbing Hanover's peaceful happiness; it is said that the Brandenburgs will allow no German Prince or country to remain neutral in the impending strife between Prussia and Austria, and that King George V. is pressed to choose his side.

Will not the memory of Sophia, who carried under her heart alike the present Guelphic and