

making. Fruit for *preserving* must be gathered dry, or your jam will most likely all go bad, or, at least, can only be saved by re-boiling after everything has been done. Choose then a fine day for the jam-gathering of fruit, and even after a fine day do not begin quite early in the morning when the dew is on. And a word might be said as to the out-of-door grapes which, after all, in some localities under favourable circumstances thrive well. Does not, though, the cause of their too-frequent failure lie at the door of our indifference? How many idle gardeners allow the apples, and pears, and *vines* to take care of themselves all the year round! Go over the vine, then, and remove all shoots that are not actually required; this will strengthen the remainder; nail growing and fruiting shoots to the wall, and stop all the shoots on which you see fruit, one joint below the grapes; in

fact, leave no shoots growing except those you intend to bear next season. From the wall-fruit trees, lose not a day in removing all the weak and useless shoots, or any growing as it were perpendicularly from the wall; any very vigorous shoot also had better be removed, for it will often utterly exhaust the tree. A second thinning also may be advisable if you were very sparing last month, or where your tree promises a very heavy crop.

Weeding will give in July a heavy day's work in the kitchen garden, for this month weeds grow tremendously, and, if not kept systematically under, will make a wilderness among your crops and weaken them into the bargain. Gather the herbs, earth up the potatoes and the celery; sow turnips, peas, and winter spinach, and get away all the remains of crops that are done with.

MESSAGE: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT CAN DO.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



NE often hears droll remarks in a railway carriage. While travelling from the far north of Scotland last autumn, a lady, who appeared to be a well-to-do tradesman's wife, and an elderly gentleman, entered the compartment in which I sat, and soon after the train had rolled out of the station I became alive to the following scrap of conversation:—

"And how is your son, madam?"

"Oh, better,* sir, thank ye, better, and at his work again; but, sirs! he did suffer wi' thae wicket rheumatics. He went a' the way to Lunnun. It cost him a sweetie, I can tell ye. But he cam' back without his sticks, and he's as swack's † an eel the day."

"And what was the cure? Hydropathy?"

"Never a hydropathy, sir; just *ensilage*."

"*Ensilage!*" said the gentleman, laughing. "Why, *ensilage* is the process farmers adopt for keeping grass green and sweet, by burying it in pits. They didn't bury your son, surely?"

"Na, na, I dinna think that."

"You mean *massage*, I suppose."

"That's it. I thought it was *ensilage*. Ony way, they cured him. He says they rubbed him, and tickled him, and squeezed him till he squealed again. *Massage*, was it? They medical phraseeologees aye get the better o' me. And what is *massage*, sir, ken ye?"

"*Massage*? Well, *massage* is a new-fangled cure, a rubbing or bone-setting kind of business that—that I can't quite explain."

No, this gentleman could not explain; and although they see the word in print every day almost, very few people know anything about this cure. It is generally supposed to be new-fangled, instead of which it is very old indeed—two thousand years at least. It is practised at this day by the most savage nations. It is a cure, or a relief, therefore, that has suggested itself as it were. It is natural, therefore the more likely to be genuine.

The roughest species of *massage* I ever saw applied rather astonished me. I entered my bungalow one day in India, and found my faithful servant Pandoo—a Mahratia man—treading with his naked feet the stomach of another man who was lying on his back with the legs drawn up, his face contorted with grimaces and agony. Pandoo was moving his feet gently yet firmly, but then his whole weight was on the poor fellow.

"Pandoo!" I cried, "what *are* you doing?"

"All right, sahib," he replied coolly. "It's only my brudder, sahib, and he ver' bad."

The brother, it appeared, had constipation and a stomach-ache. He went away free from pain, but the cure was heroic, to say the least of it; and this system of *massage* would hardly commend itself to any London institution, I dare say.

Now, even if it were possible in one very long paper in these columns to describe, by the aid of diagrams, &c., all the various ways of applying *massage*, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose. *Massage* must be scientifically conducted to be of much real service. The operations must be performed by one who is skilful and has studied the subject well. Nevertheless, when I say that I believe in the efficacy of this new-old cure, I come to my readers this month with hope in my hands, hope for thousands who may

* The word "better" in Scotland has the same meaning as "well" in England.

† Swack = supple.

have been led to consider themselves incurables. Surely that is saying a deal.

I shall not go into the subject of "moral massage" at all, although it is one which offers for our consideration many curious facts indeed. Mechanical massage consists of a variety of scientifically applied manipulations to the limbs, trunk, head, and neck, such as rubbing, squeezing, pinching, &c., and which tend to restore the vital functions, to set the clogged wheel of life once more in easy motion, to purify the blood-current choked by effete products; in a word, to renew life and energy.

The simplest proof of the benefits of massage which I can adduce is that after long fatigue, when a person is what is called over-tired, irritable, nervous, too done-up even to sleep, the application of massage will soothe the body, tranquillise the mind, and make him feel—to use an expression of a patient of mine—"as fresh as a brook trout."

Now, if massage could do no more than even that, it would be a boon to mankind. How often do we not feel tired and used-up with the exertions of a hard day's toil, even before five o'clock in the afternoon? We are tired, but we have to fall-to again, and do another spell; or, if we have not to work, we may have to go out to dine. Well, if it be only the latter, we like to look bright and feel bright; we hate to appear in the rôle of the ghost at the feast. In such cases the prevailing custom is either to have a hot bath or a cup of tea, or both, or to screw up our unstrung nerves by the worst process that can be imagined—vinous stimulating. The effects of the former, however, if the fatigue is great, will only be to produce sleepiness, so that all idea of shining at the dinner-table falls overboard, and the individual remains the whole evening a fool among wits, content merely with the doubtful honour of being a good listener.

How about massage in such a case? Ah, here we have it. Away go restlessness and apathy, away goes despondency itself; the scales fall from our eyes, we assume our rose-coloured spectacles, we do not need the bath, we hardly want the tea, we laugh the wine to scorn; and that evening at table, instead of being a fool among wits, we are a wit among—Ahem! Well, for the matter of that, most men are fools (Carlyle).

Considering all the benefits that would accrue from judiciously applied massage, many a gentleman might do worse than let his valet—if an intelligent fellow—attend classes for a short time, to learn a little of the physiology of massage and the manipulations thereof. Such a valet would be worth his weight in gold. Or a lady's maid might take lessons from some well-trained nurse.

Another good effect of properly applied massage is that of producing sound, wholesome sleep, from the tranquillity effected upon the nervous system, and the restoration of the balance of the circulation. I say "wholesome" sleep advisedly, for I need hardly remind you there are various kinds and conditions of sleep. More benefit will be got from two hours' deep, dreamless slumber—so long as it is not obtained by

the use of drugs—than from a whole night of dreamful semi-sleep.

Pain, both actual and imaginary, oftentimes yields as if by magic under the lissom fingers of the accomplished masseuse. It would be difficult enough to draw the line in many cases betwixt actual and imaginary pain. I must confess my inability to understand the mystery of pain at all. It is in one way undoubtedly akin to the sense of touch, and is a provision, therefore, for the preservation of the species. The lower animals, for example, few of whom know anything about death, would hardly trouble to defend themselves from foes if it were not for pain, and many classes would become extinct, for the lesser would scarcely care to defend themselves from the greater. Be this as it may, one-half the pain in the world is imaginary. We see proof of this every day. Miss L— is nursing a sore finger. She tells her maid—who alone is with her—that she does not think she can stand this agony much longer, when rat-tat-tat comes to the hall door. It is Miss G—, who has been out and abroad all day long, and was at a party last night, and sits for two whole hours chatting. But, hey presto! where is the pain in Miss L—'s finger? It is gone. And perhaps it does not come back in great force. My friend Captain G— went to the dentist's door only yesterday, Mr. M— told me, laughing—to have a tooth out, "funked," and went away again. "G—," I said, "you're a coward, and I always thought so." "Not a bit of it," he replied. "I do assure you the pain went away the moment I put my hand to the bell-pull."

But massage has the power of removing actual as well as imaginary pain, though the method of application varies, of course, according to the nature of the ailment.

There is one very painful complaint which it occurs to me to mention particularly, it being so common—viz., *lumbago*. If it were merely the pain, that were bad enough, but there is a sad and saddening weariness connected with it. When one is suffering from lumbago, life is wholly under a cloud, and the spirits down to zero. There are many cures, but I think massage affords a safer and quicker remedy than all others. This is a species of massage that any one can apply to an ailing friend. The use of the liniment of ammonia, with the addition of a little turpentine, will be found of great service at the same time. Many other kinds of muscular pains and cramps can be banished by the same simple method.

Stiffness and pain in the joints also yield to the same treatment.

Sciatica is successfully treated by massage, and so, as a matter of course, is tic douloureux.

Many kinds of headache yield to properly applied massage. In these cases the manipulations are not restricted in their application to the head and neck alone, but to the limbs and trunk, the nerves being thus soothed and the circulation better balanced.

There was a deal of sense, remember, shown by my Indian servant, though in a somewhat rough way, in his application of massage for constipation. Medicine

for this complaint, which is terribly common, and far more serious than some might imagine, may be useful at times, but if one once gets hold of a pill and makes a pet of it, he will too often find in the end he might as well have taken a viper to his bosom. Massage seems a natural cure for this ailment, though exercise, diet, and hygiene must go hand-in-hand therewith. A species of massage, or kneading and grasping manipulation, may be performed by the patient himself if troubled with costiveness. It can do no harm, and may be productive of great good.

Liver and even heart complaints are also greatly benefited, if not actually cured by massage.

Now, in conclusion, I have no wish to be misunderstood. Massage is *not* going to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, nor do I give credit to all it lays claim to; but it is not only a valuable adjunct and aid to other branches of therapeutics, but diseases often yield to it for which medicine has been tried in vain.

Massage, too, is eminently calculated to remove effete matter from the blood—to purify it, in other words. It thus may often take the place of exercise when that cannot be easily had. Massage is a splendid tonic to the whole system. It is a safe tonic also. Massage keeps the skin in good working order, and all other glands as well. To people troubled with gout and chronic rheumatism it very often proves invaluable; while various forms of paralysis yield to the new-old cure.

It is a pity that massage is so little practised in those excellent institutions which are dotted all over England and Scotland—I mean hydropathic establishments. I may add, too, that it is a pity those homes of health are, comparatively speaking, so little frequented. I dare say the reason is that people nowadays go through the world with such speed that, when chronically ill, they cannot afford a month's complete quiet and rest to get thoroughly well.

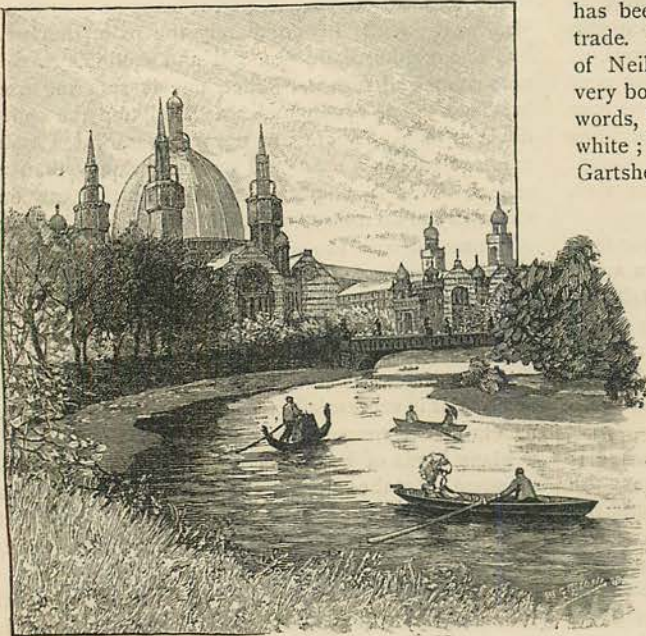
GLASGOW AND ITS EXHIBITION.



THE desire of the arms of the sea and the city of Glasgow, "Let Glasgow flourish," has been abundantly fulfilled; for the "second city of the Empire" has long had wealth, enterprise, and remarkable growth.

The great city of the Clyde has interest historical and literary. It was as a royal burgh the favourite of

kings; it was a stronghold of the saints, who held there famous assemblies; it saw that trade and manufactures were good, and bowed its head to the twofold tribute. It became the great centre of the tobacco and sugar trades, and the mere declaration of war a century ago so forced up the price of tobacco from "the plantations" that many a fortune was made by Clyde holders. On the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, the "first steam vessel," the *Comet*, of Henry Bell, commenced plying, and thenceforward Glasgow has been one of the great seats of the shipbuilding trade. Near to the city the "hot-blast" experiments of Neilson were made in iron-smelting, and in its very bounds the furnaces cast upward, in Tom Hood's words, "day and night flames of red, and yellow, and white;" whilst not far from the city, at Carron, at Gartsherrie, and at Langloan, are some of the notable furnaces whose "brands" of iron are known the world over. Again, the sight of the huge chimney at St. Rollo recalls the story of the discovery of bleaching powder by that Charles Tennant who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the famous chemical firm. So, in the stately ships built at Clydebank, Fairfield, and many another yard on its famous river, in the chemicals, the locomotives for which it is famed, the sewing machines which it makes at a rate exceeding 1,000 daily in one great firm, the bridges it builds, the biscuits it bakes, the sugar it refines, and the shale oil that near it takes a hundred shapes of usefulness—there are the outlines of industrial occupations in Glasgow, which are varied



THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.