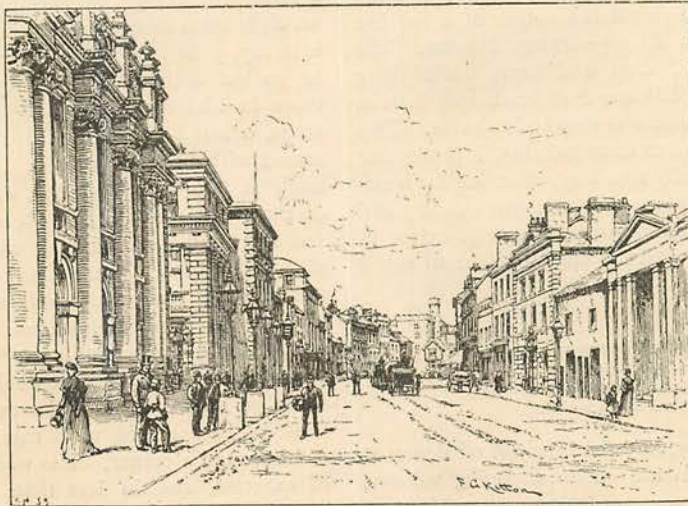


invaders ; the castle, more than seven centuries ago, was the scene of the imprisonment and the death of Robert, Duke of Normandy ; it was nearly destroyed by Owen Glendwr in 1404 ; and gradually it sank in

men ; but, following the custom of the day, the Bute Docks Company has recently taken the place of the nobleman who is still the chairman of the Board of Directors. With the "inexhaustible resources" of



HIGH STREET, CARDIFF.

(Drawn in Pen and Ink from a Photograph by Messrs. CATHERALL & PRITCHARD.)

importance as peaceable times came near ; but in the hands of the Bute family it has become a restored residence, and chief of the few historical buildings Cardiff possesses.

The late Marquis of Bute, the trustees who succeeded him, and the present Marquis, have spent on the docks and the estates many millions sterling, but they have derived a golden recompense. They have surrounded themselves with singularly capable

the Welsh valleys behind it ; with the "capital and enterprise" of which it boasts ; with the wealth of the Butes, their earnestness, and the skill of their associates to back it ; and with the colliers of that "Land of my fathers" of which "Mabon, M.P.," delights to speak and sing, to give it the backbone of labour, Cardiff should prosper in the future, as in the past.

* * The illustrations to this paper (except where otherwise stated) are engraved from photographs by Messrs. POULTON & SONS, Lee.

"WHEN THE WIND IS FROM THE EAST."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



HERE was a little old woman once lived in a hut on the edge of a stunted pine-wood, and close by a bleak and dreary moorland, in Aberdeenshire. She was, of course, reputed to be "no canny," if not exactly a witch, and when we boys went bird-nesting, we used to give her cottage a wide berth. If we did happen

to come suddenly upon her, breaking the lichen-clad boughs of withered larch-trees to light her fire, it gave us quite a turn. She was very, very old, over ninety they said, and probably very faded, though not much

of her face was visible even on Sundays, when she crawled to church and squatted on the pulpit-stairs. At some remote period of her life she may have had a Christian name and surname, but now, in her old age, she was universally called "Sod-head." A "sod," in the north of Scotland, is not simply a turf, it is a turf cut in a moss or from a hill, and is covered with rank tall heather. When I say, then, that this old lady's idea of comfort, out-doors and in, was to wear half a dozen flannel caps and flannel bandages, and surmount the whole with an old woollen under garment, you will admit that the sobriquet, Sod-head, was deservedly applied. A little soldier in a shako looks odd ; Sod-head's oddity was of the same stamp,

only ten times more so. She must have had an insane horror of sitting in a draught, or at one time she may have been a martyr to neuralgia.

Well, years flew by, and I grew up, and one day a turn of the kaleidoscope of my chequered career brought me to a village of savages on the shores of Baffin's Bay. I was returning from an unsuccessful bear-hunt, when who should pop round the corner of a hut but Sod-head herself. To all appearance, I mean. The original Sod-head had died and been buried long before. This was an Eskimo Sod-head, and, instead of flannels, her aged head was swathed in skins. This was strange, and it proves unmistakably, I think, that Sod-headism, or, broadly speaking, the craze for wearing over-much clothing, may exist in any country and in any climate. It does so to a very large extent in England, and this is just the time of year to say a word or two about it.

Spring has come—

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,
By ashen roots the violets blow;
Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The lark becomes a sightless song."

Yes, spring is a happy, hopeful time out of doors, at all events; downy buds are on the drooping willows, and burgeons on the trees; our little woodland friends, the hedgehog and dormouse, who crept wearily away when the cold winds of last autumn swept over the stubble, peep out again now, and the wild flowers come forth once more to talk to us.

"Can trouble live with April days?" sings the bard. Ah, yes, we answer, it can; and it is morbidly dreaded too by many. I cannot at this season take a stroll down the street without meeting dozens of gentlemen, as well as ladies, who are sadly over-dressed, woefully over-weighted with clothing. To say that the universal error lies in the belief that quality of clothing is sacrificed to quantity, is to get at the root of the evil at once. People heavily dressed may feel warm, but it is not always a protective warmth; it is a heat generated at the expense of muscle and nerve, and one that could be got up quite as easily, though perhaps not so elegantly, by carrying a creel full of stones on the back, as a certain Scotch millionaire used to do in order to save fire.

Here is an example or two of the folly of over-clothing, and the insane fear of fresh air. Mr. D— is an elderly bachelor whom I meet occasionally when I run down to T— to look at the salt water. He suffers from dyspepsia and attacks of colds, and I do not marvel at it. The following are his habits: he does not get much more than his nose uncovered in spring until the bed-room fire has not only been lit but is burning brightly, and until he has swallowed a cup of tea or coffee. I ought to say, parenthetically, that a cup of tea or cocoatina if drunk hot while dressing—assuredly not in bed—may do good, by cleansing and clearing the stomach, and soothing and opening the system. Well, Mr. D— dresses leisurely, very much so; and, considering the small amount of oxygen in the room, he could not well do otherwise. He would not even dream of a cold bath

—if he did it would be a nightmare. But he dresses leisurely for another reason: he has so much to put on, and everything is heavy. He gets down-stairs at last, and smiles to see a roaring fire in the grate, but glances uneasily towards the window, lest the sand-bag may have been taken off the top of the lower sash, and a mischief-making draught got in. After breakfast, which is not a hearty meal, he dresses to go out—that is to say, *if* he is to venture out at all. His dressing to go out consists in heaping extra garments over those he already wears: a thick, tight top-coat, leggings, a soft fear-nothing cap, and goloshes. Then, armed with a huge umbrella, he sallies forth. Probably it is a delightful day, with sunshine sparkling on the waves, and a bracing breeze sweeping free over sea and land, and blowing white clouds across the sky's bright blue. There is no poetry about Mr. D— though; the sea-gulls, that in the very exuberance of their joy wheel screaming round the rocks, are simply sea-gulls and "yelling things;" he looks suspiciously at the clouds, and thinks it would be just his luck if it came on to rain, and believes himself very hardly dealt by because the wind catches him sharply as he comes round a corner. His walk is a very solemn bit of exercise, and in less than half an hour he has had enough of the penance and returns to the house peevish and disappointed. Catch him going out again, he grunts; fools can go. There is a fire in this gentleman's bed-room—I would not object to that, because he has used himself to it—but every nook and cranny by which a cubic inch of fresh air might enter is carefully stopped. Now, how could such a person be otherwise than dyspeptic, bilious, and subject to colds?

Here, again, is Mrs. P— whom I meet sometimes on sunny spring forenoons, leading her black-and-tan doggie along the esplanade. I pity the dog, though I believe it is for his sake she indulges in this piece of solemnity called by courtesy a constitutional. Seen from a distance, Mrs. P— looks positively portly; but when you come close to her, her thin wan face tells you at a glance that she is mostly clothes. Now, Mrs. P— is not a patient of mine, and I do not know what her domestic habits are; but I can tell you that Mr. D— sleeps at night under a weight of clothes that would give the strongest man in the world general debility in a fortnight.

In spring-time it is the custom in this country to blame all trifling ailments, depression of spirits, temporary colds, and aches, and biliousness, on the east wind, if it dares to blow at all. Now, I do not allege that exposure for a long time to the wind will not give colds and other troubles; but it is a very much-belied wind, nevertheless, and if people would only eat in reason, and clothe rationally, the east wind would have a better time of it during its visit to these islands than it has.

In spring, if we would be well, we can hardly take too much exercise, especially long walks, and we ought to dress lightly but warmly. The clogging, cumbersome top-coat, the india-rubber mantle, the mackintosh, the heavy muffler, and deadly golosh,

should all be left in-doors when we go out to walk. Gloves should be worn, warm thick stockings, and easy soft shoes; a light silk scarf may be taken—and put on if required—and also an umbrella; but these are all the arms which one should carry against the weather if he or she values health.

Verily, prevention is better than cure. But if we cuddle ourselves up in-doors in badly-ventilated, overheated rooms, and take our exercise abroad, laden to the earth with extra clothing, we cannot be well either in body or in mind. We shall be peevish all day, destitute of spirit and ambition; we shall have wretched appetites, sluggish livers, and restless nights.

In a previous paper I spoke of some of the ailments incidental to the cold spring months; I will here mention one or two more which, pray mark this, are *preventible* by means hinted at above.

Here is one troublesome complaint of the season—relaxed sore throat. There may be more or less huskiness with it, and a nasty, hacking cough. There is relaxation of the uvula and a swelling of the tonsils; and the worst of it is that it hangs about one for weeks, threatening many kinds of mischief, and making the sufferer frightened and uneasy.

Now we must not imagine that we are going to cure this trouble by medicine or local applications alone. Though there be no disturbance of the general health attached to it, it is constitutional nevertheless. The real cure for it is not to be found in bed, nor at the fire-side. Change of air or climate would do good, but every one cannot get it. Exercise *must* be taken, and good, easily-digested food. Iron in some form should also be taken if the gums and face be pale. The dialysed iron of the shops, or simply the tincture of iron, is excellent. The latter is apt to bind, so some Cascara extract should be taken now and then. Wine is recommended by some, but I take leave to doubt its efficacy. Milk is invaluable, and change in diet should be constant.

The best local applications are a mixture of glycerine and tincture of iron, two parts of the former to one of the latter, painted quite all over the inside of the throat and elongated uvula thrice a day by means of a big camel's-hair brush; or tannate of glycerine used in the same way and the last thing at night.

If the cough is very bad, something more serious *might* be brewing, therefore you had better consult a physician.

I mention *neuralgia* only to remind the reader that this is also as often as not a constitutional complaint. It is easily brought on—face-ache I mean—in those whose teeth are bad, and it is a pity that so little care is taken to conserve the teeth in this country. I do not refer entirely to the dentist's art in conservation; this is very good, but those persons whose teeth are constitutionally prone to decay, should be more than ordinarily careful to live by rule.

Beware of the existing causes of neuralgia, such as exposure to high winds, sitting in draughts, and cold or damp feet. Take time by the forelock as regards hollowing teeth. I say "hollowing" advisedly, for most people wait till the tooth is a positive shell before

thinking of a visit to the dentist. Remember you cannot lose a better friend than a tooth. Without good sound teeth, good sound digestion is an impossibility.

Biliousness is a very common spring complaint. It is brought about as often as not by over-eating, and insufficient action of the skin. It may be scared away for a time by taking a blue pill at night, and a dose of Frederickshall water in the morning, but it is sure to return. You see it is like this: if the skin, which is by far and away the most important emunctory connected with our "forms divine," does not act well, extra work is thrown on liver and kidneys, and the former at all events is sure to become inactive or engorged. Plenty of exercise is the wisest remedy, but the digestion must be seen to. Are we to take bitters to give us an appetite? Certainly not; better lower the diet, or go without for a day. The flesh-brush or rough towel after a cold or tepid bath is an excellent preventative of liver troubles, and creates almost an immunity from colds. Exercise is only good when kept up regularly for weeks. The country squire takes what he calls "a pipe-opener" by galloping across country on horseback. Pipe-opening of this kind is truly excellent *if* it is regularly performed.

A distressing complaint common to some at this time of the year is *erysipelas* of the face. It usually begins with some degree of fever, after or during which part of the face assumes the well-known characteristics of "the rose," and these need not be mentioned.

Now in all cases of *erysipelas* of any severity a medical man should be consulted; but the treatment of milder cases may be undertaken at home, and it is both internal and external. The strength should be kept up by easily-digested nutritious food. The patient must keep in-doors in a warm, well-ventilated, but not hot room. The best medicine—looked upon by some as a specific—is the tincture of iron, in large doses, and reduced to ten or fifteen drops when the local inflammation abates. The face may be dusted with flour, or, better, covered with light warm cotton-wool. Collodion is sometimes used, and so is a solution of nitrate of silver, but this your own doctor would have to apply. Those who are subject to *erysipelas* should beware of eating anything indigestible—*e.g.*, salt meat, and some kinds of shell-fish. They must keep their strength at all times well up to the mark, and avoid exposure and sudden changes, as in going from a hot room into cold air. Gout may bring on an attack, so guard against biliousness or acidity of the blood. Exercise and the bath are really preventatives not only against "the rose," but every other complaint that is said to be borne along on the wings of the east wind.

The proprietor of a patent medicine called Meuphosine requests us to state that it was not the remedy alluded to by our contributor in our February issue. Our contributor confirms this, and states that he knows nothing whatever of the medicine in question, and cannot therefore express any opinion regarding it.