

From this centre of the Dam trams run to the pleasant Vondels Park; but to those who would study the town, the better way is to strike in the direction on foot, and forego all riding.

The Vondels Park is a charming resort, well laid out, where the tired sight-seer may rest the eye with flowers and trees, and pleasant sheets of water, and refresh the body with a little dinner at the restaurant that overlooks the park, whilst his ear is pleased with some good music from the band stationed near.

From the Vondels Park a good stroll may be had across the Amstel River, and round to the Zoological Gardens, and so on again to the docks, or by one of the straight lines of streets back again to the Dam.

By this route, the whole round of Amsterdam has been encircled; and by taking some of the smaller alleys instead of the main streets or canals, perhaps some picturesque touches of Dutch life may be met with.

Owing to the currency, this Dutch easy trip can scarcely be done so reasonably as our French runs; but by cutting the time short (and all we have described could be well seen in ten days), the amounts given in the Breton trip need not be exceeded. To those who would know and be interested in the strange and sad history of the Dutch nation, we would only mention the works of Motley upon the subject, books which also are of value for Belgian tours.

JAMES BAKER.



PREPARING TO FACE THE WINTER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HAVE I ever done or said anything in these papers, I wonder, to merit the title of iconoclast? I trust not. And yet, being a writer for the "general public," I have never hesitated to cry down any popular custom that militated against the welfare of my readers. I have had many a "cut," for instance, against self-doctoring and an overweening faith in physic, and many a quiet "dig" at quackery; but rest and recreation I have always upheld as tending to length of life, to health, and to happiness.

Rest and recreation? Yes; and it is to enjoy these blessings that so many of us went to the sea-side, to the cool, quiet, green country, or "away, away to the mountain brow," during the holiday season which has lately passed away, to come again another year. But do we always get recreation when we go in search of it? Do we all seek for it in the practical way? The answer to both these questions is "NO!"

Mind, however, that holiday folks are not all equally unwise. Many—a large percentage, indeed, of those who have gone away—come back thoroughly recreated, refreshed, and strong, with a fund of strength to enable them to stand the wear and tear of the coming winter. In my present paper I am not addressing those sons and daughters of wisdom. "The whole have no need of a physician."

Robert Minton—let me call him—went to the sea-side (Scarborough) last summer. He visited me to say good-bye before he went, and I noticed that he did not look well, but he had only just risen from desk drudgery, so I made every allowance.

"I'm going to enjoy myself thoroughly," he said.

"Well," I replied, "live quietly, at all events, or you will come back worse than you are now."

"I'm as right as a trivet," he said; "only a bit cut up with the spring work. The sea air will work wonders for me. *Au revoir.*"

I gave my shoulders a little shrug as the gate closed behind him, and said to myself, "We'll see."

To be sure the air of Scarborough would have done quite a deal to pull him together, had he gone in for a proper course of exercise—lounging, light reading, early rising, bathing, and plain food, with no physic. But he did not, and I knew he would not. He went in for gaiety, all thoughts of which he really ought to have left at home. He did *not* retire early; he did *not* live on plain diet; and, instead of rest, he chose excitement, so the glorious ozone-laden breezes could not keep pace with Minton. When he returned to town, after six weeks of this style of career, he was a wreck, and I had to use means, dietetic and therapeutic, to prop him up.

There are many different kinds of Mintons. One of the most thoughtless is the Continental travelling

Minton, who goes abroad to "do" churches, cathedrals, galleries, lakes, hills, and ruins, only to return home all but a ruin himself.

At some future time I may be enabled to describe how the holiday should be spent for dear health's sake. Meanwhile, I have simply to deal with the fact that there are those who have been away from home, and who have not returned so well as they could have wished, and fear, therefore, that the winter may bear hard upon them.

But even these, if there be nothing seriously the matter constitutionally, need not fear the coming winter and cold spring; if they be guided by the hints I shall now give them.

You will perceive that it is a matter of debility, and probably anæmia, after all, and I will give this warning to commence with: it is the greatest mistake in the world to attempt to hurry a cure, and one which has ended fatally often enough ere now.

I will tell you how the mistake is made. People find that, from some cause or other, they have been pulled down somewhat; they are thinner, paler, more nervous and excitable, and do not sleep so well. So they jump at the extraordinary conclusion that if they pour tonics into their systems, and worry down food in abundance, they can go at the gallop towards good health, and reach the goal in a very short time; but their very debility bars progression, for a weakly stomach and system cannot do with an extra allowance of food, however much it may be required by the system, therefore biliousness, brain excitement, and a kind of general fever, are the results; things become worse instead of mending, and the nervousness also becomes worse.

It is a truism that, in the matter of regaining lost health, we must creep before we can walk.

I wish you to remember that tonics are often required, but that the greatest possible care ought to be taken in selecting them; so very many of them are apt to bind up the system. Now, if the secretions do not flow easily and well, it is evident enough that to throw tonics into the blood at random can only result in fevering it. We get, therefore, headaches to follow, from congestion of the brain; engorgement of the liver and spleen, and dyspepsia. Instead of nourishing the body, we are positively reducing it and shortening life.

But tonics, some readers will be ready enough to tell me, are actually needed to pull one together after the gaieties of a summer holiday.

True, they are, *but* I would have you choose the very mildest, and see first that every secretion is flowing freely. How can you tell? In several ways; first, while taking tonics the system must be fairly open. If it be not so, doses—suited to the strength—of some gentle laxative, such as the liquid extract of *Cascara Sagrada*, or even the compound rhubarb and ipecacuanha pills, or, in plethoric subjects, cream of tartar and sulphur (invaluable), will do much good. But during a course of mild tonics, the tongue should be clean, the eye should be clear, the mucous membrane inside the nose should never be dry, there

should be no heat of eyes or drowsiness, no tired feeling, no imperfection of sleep at night nor wearying dreams, no irritability of temper, and no extra dryness of skin. If then the tonics you are taking bring on a few of the above symptoms, the dose is too great, or the tonic is not of a suitable kind.

Iron is often wanted in the pale and bloodless, and the phosphates in the nervous; but let the doses be small. Do not, as you value your health, attempt to hurry Nature. Give her time. To go slowly is to go safely. It is a pleasure to a physician to watch the gradual return to health of a patient after long illness. It is like the dawning of a summer's morn, calm, quiet, imperceptible, but altogether beautiful.

The return to health of muscle, mind, and nerve, after a summer holiday that has not been judiciously spent, must also be gradual, if one would not find the winter rapidly approaching, and feel himself but ill able to face its storms and changeableness.

So I advise that, on a return to work, you—at some very calm moment, early in the morning, perhaps, before you have turned out of bed—quietly think of the labours that are before you in the coming busy months, and consider how you may most easily get through them. Make some plan, adopt some system of spending the day, especially the leisure hours thereof. Do not be in the least degree excited about your state or condition, although you may not feel as strong as you could wish. Health is sure to come if you keep calm. On the other hand, if you worry over matters, depend upon it that you will only make matters worse.

When a man is in the water and imagines he is drowning, he strikes out with frantic rapidity, fatigues himself, and sinks. If he has confidence, a few measured slow strokes serve to keep him afloat. My friend and patient Mr. Minton, whom I mention above, wanted to hurry me and hurry himself to get well. He was nervous and his blood was all on fire. He marvelled much that I did not pour tonics into him, strong soups, rich foods, and so forth. I did nothing for nearly a week; merely prescribing a rhubarb pill, and commanding him to keep quiet and be calm. Then I began some gentle tonic—it was, I think, quassia and cinchona, with an acid and a little of a non-constipating preparation of iron. I was cautious even with this, and gave orders that his diet should rather be restricted at first, for strong foods would create liver and stomach troubles. And, dear reader, it is really wonderful how little food a grown-up person can thrive upon. The following formula should be borne in mind by all who regard health and easy nerves as the greatest blessings on earth:—

I. Full, rich diet = Heat of blood, nervousness, and mental worry.

II. Restricted, but nutritious diet = Coolness of system, calm nerves, and happiness.

Ergo I. = Ill-health and all its consequences. II. = Health, with its thousand blessings.

Minton was wise; he did as I told him, and I was as happy as ever a physician could be. For there

came quiet to his eye, red blood to his veins, and in two months he was jogging along at his work as steadily as if he had never been ill. The winter (1887—88) was a hard one, but my patient bore it well. He is away somewhere this year, but not at a gay, noisy place.

Well, then, lay your plans to get well ; but do not think too much. Live by rule for a time. Do not commence even the simplest tonics until you have acquired perfect steadiness of mind and nerve, and have a free, well-regulated system. For a month or two, if you *can* take it, try cod-liver oil with malt extract. If the oil should not suit, do not press it. A week's trial will prove if it can be assimilated ; if it cannot, the malt alone with every meal will do good.

The unction of cod-liver oil at night all over the breast and stomach does good. A warm wash all over, followed by the cold or tepid sponge bath, will be needed next morning, and if you do this you will never feel cold and never take cold.

Take plenty of *recreative* exercise in the open air. I wish you to be in the open air as much as possible, so as to harden off, as gardeners call it, for the winter.

Do not err in clothing ; *all wool* but *all light* is the rule for health. Exercise and a very well ventilated bed-room will give refreshing sleep, and this latter will speedily restore even the most debilitated system. But, remember, it must be natural sleep *versus* that produced by narcotics.



THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

THIRD PAPER.



NEVER was poet now or of yore who was not tremulous with love-lore." The Ettrick Shepherd says that he "always liked women better than men," and his sweetest songs echo his own experience. He gave a happy and playful turn

to this admiration when he wrote :—

"Could this ill world ha'e been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might ha'e lived,
Released frae a' the arts sae common !
But since it is the woefu' case
That man maun ha'e this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face ?
Oh, had she no' been made sae bonny !"

He himself was fortunate in drawing a prize in the matrimonial lottery, his wife being a handsome and estimable woman, much above his original rank in life, and he showed his appreciation of a happy fireside by being a faithful and devoted husband. If it was his ambition to rival Burns as a bard, he had fewer of the greater poet's failings to reproach himself with.

One Sunday, young Walter Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty, who was coming out of church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John Belches. His attentions to the lady continued for about six years, when she married a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous friends when his time of troubles came. The story of this, his first and only deep passion, is recorded in the diary that Scott kept in 1827, from which it would seem that there may have been some misunderstanding between

the young people. Probably it was pride which led him to engage himself, within a year, to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter, as she was usually called, the daughter of a French royalist who had died early in the Revolution. She made, on the whole, a very good wife, only one to be protected by Scott from every care, and not one to share his deeper anxieties, or to participate in his dreams. Yet Mrs. Scott was not devoid of spirit and self-control. For instance, when Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh* in that depreciating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Lady, then Mrs. Scott, behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English as he took his leave :—"Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

Though Lady Scott's character was not a very deep one, she had a kind and true heart. Ten days before her death, Scott entered in his diary :—"Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better." In her last illness she would always reproach her husband and children for their melancholy faces, even when that melancholy was, as she well knew, due to the approaching shadow of her own death.

A detailed account of the love-affairs of some of the poets, such as Goethe, Shelley, and Byron, would not be exactly suitable to our pages or profitable to our readers, so we shall pass them by to speak of Longfellow's marriage in 1831, in his twenty-fourth year, to a beautiful girl named Mary Storer Potter. Two years before,