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THE

# Herald of Health

EDITED BY DR. T. L. NICHOLS.

No. 89. MAY, 1885. ONE PENNY.

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T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

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# The Herald of Health.

## MAY, 1885.

"WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS" have been so common in the progress of civilisation that we get used to them, so that the wonder would be established peace; but a war with Russia would be no ordinary calamity. It would involve India, Turkey, Egypt—it is hard to say what powers might not be drawn into it.

—o—

FOR one thing, England is too dependent upon commerce, not only for the employment of the people, but for their food, to make war with any naval power comfortable. While English soil is kept for the happy hunting grounds of noblemen who kill time by killing game, our bread comes from America and Russia.

—o—

WE remember the Cotton Famine. Add a corn famine to that; and if the *Pall Mall Gazette* is half right, the boasted British Navy would scarcely be able to protect our commerce. So much the more need of bringing land under culture and raising the necessaries of life at home. It is well known that Great Britain and Ireland could produce all the necessaries of life for their present, and even a much larger population, if they were cultivated like the Channel Islands. Plough and spade are as necessary in war as artillery and rifles.

—o—

ANOTHER portent. The *Lancet* tells us that one doctor on the Tyne has lately had three cases of triplets. That is nine guineas out of Her Majesty's pocket. But what a supply of soldiers and sailors if the habit should become general! And so much the more need of vegetarian diet and penny dinners.

—o—

WHICH reminds us that Mr. Doremus has a letter on Food Reform in a recent number of the *Lancet*, in which he offers himself, not only as an example of the sufficiency of a vegetarian diet, but as a subject for any experiments the doctors may wish to make—short of vivisection.

—o—

The *Lancet* admits the sufficiency of a vegetarian diet, because no man of ordinary intelligence can deny it. No decently educated physician can pretend at this day that beef, mutton, or pig are necessaries of life, and most of them would agree that Moses and Mahomet were physiologically right in banishing pork from their dietary.

—o—

WHATEVER the manna on which the children of Israel lived for forty years—until an entirely new generation of hardy soldiers had replaced the bondsmen brought through the Red Sea from Egypt, and prepared to conquer Canaan and destroy and replace its population—may have been, it certainly had no resemblance to pork chops or sausages.

—o—

WE have a religious sect which teaches, with great zeal and pertinacity, that the people of England are the descendants of the Ten Tribes that disappeared from the Promised Land, and that we are soon to be restored and take possession of Egypt. This prediction has been fulfilled. The English Israelites govern the land of the Pharoahs, and are fighting Ishmael in the Soudan. So far, so good.

—o—

BUT, then, if England be Israel, so must be America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and all her colonies around the world. Is this the reason why the volunteers from New South Wales are going to fight in the Soudan? Or is it only because "blood is thicker than water?"

—o—

THE time, according to prophecy, must come when sword and spear will be converted into agricultural instruments—but there will be a good deal of fighting and slaughter first. The illustrated newspapers are hard at work in the interests of Mr. Richards and the Peace Society—covering their broad pages with disgusting pictures of slaughtered negroes sprawling over battle-fields. The artists are doing a good work in showing people what war really is. Cheering our returning soldiers, what will be left of them, is one thing; but those who cheer will remember the pictures in the *Illustrated News*, *Graphic*, etc. Photography gives us the real horrors of war. Even the *Lancet* has an engraving of a naked soldier with a broad-sword cut across his neck, half severing his head from his body, and a dozen gaping spear wounds in his arms and breast.

—o—

THERE have been some novel experiences. At midnight the camp is wakened with shrieks of "Murder!" A band of Arabs has crept like so many serpents past the sentries and into the tents, and is cutting the throats of the sleeping soldiers, or driving sharp daggers into their hearts. When the camp is aroused, they have vanished as they came, leaving only the corpses of their victims.

—o—

But as all war consists chiefly in killing our fellow-creatures—as we do not hesitate to manufacture shells loaded with gunpowder and dynamite—as one of the Royal Princes has just entered upon his practice of torpedoes, intended to blow up whole ship loads of his fellow-creatures — we enlightened, philanthropic, Christian Englishmen are as deep in the mud as those poor Ishmaelites are in the mire. They kill a dozen with daggers—we hope to destroy hundreds at a time with electricity and dynamite. Science and civilisation give us superiority in slaughter.

—o—

It is true that the Archbishop of Canterbury has composed a very good prayer in behalf of our soldiers. Supplications are made for them in all churches and chapels. Every ship and every regiment has its chaplain. We slaughter our fellowmen with all the ceremonies of religion. Our flags are blessed, our powder and bullets consecrated. If we have a war with Russia, two Christian nations will be praying for victory to the God of Battles and the Lord of Hosts. And if we kill more Russian soldiers than the Russians can kill of ours, what thanksgivings in all our churches!

—o—

I KNOW that all this is as unpopular as it well can be. I know that the great majority of good Christians will consider it heretical; but I cannot help thinking that the outcome of civilisation and religion should be Peace—"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

—o—

As I write, General Grant is dying of cancer of the tongue, attributed by his physicians to the smoking of enormous quantities of tobacco. For weeks he has breathed painfully, propped up night and day in a chair. An American paper

says that when Commander-in-Chief of the Northern troops in the war of Secession, he smoked from five to ten dollars (£1 to £2) worth of cigars a day. Under this perpetual narcotization, he was more reckless of the lives of his soldiers than any commander of modern times. In the last campaign in Virginia, General Grant lost more men than General Lee had under his command; and Lee was not conquered, but simply exhausted —he had burnt his last pound of powder and fired his last shot when he surrendered.

—o—

*Vanity Fair* says—"Messrs. Spiers and Pond have secured the refreshment department for this year at the 'Inventories.' For this privilege they have paid no less than £15,000. This department will, we may be sure, be well managed." Well managed to enable the great caterers to make a small fortune after paying £15,000 to the managers—which, of course, means getting an enormous profit on the "refreshments" provided for the public. Of course the revenue gets its share of the plunder. And the Vegetarians and Food Reformers are crowded out, because the Australians will not have, and cannot, paying such a premium, afford to allow of sixpenny dinners. Well—Vegetarians have really no need of Spiers and Pond. With a packet of Food of Health Biscuits, and the filtered and distilled water freely flowing, why trouble the exclusive caterers?

—o—

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Kerr have given a Vegetarian Penny Supper in Lisson Grove, London, to show how easily people may live on three-pence a day—and if it were needful, a penny. The Arabs who have been fighting our soldiers so bravely in the Soudan, do not cost a penny a-day for their food —and the dates they live on are far better for them than the canned beef from Chicago. In such a climate the fruit-eaters have much the best of it.

—o—

"*Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.*" This is one of several translations of the model prayer given by Christ to his Disciples—a model but little followed by those who address fulsome orations to the Almighty. Wendell Phillips, the American abolitionist and philanthropist, was also a practical Christian. He gave so much of his large fortune to the causes he advocated, that he left but £5000. The day before he died he burned all the notes he held against others—a small fortune in itself—remarking: "My executors might make trouble for these people. I will make sure that they shall not do so." Those who owed him and were unable to pay, must have appreciated this pretty fashion of doing as he would be done by.

—o—

I am sorry that some readers of the *Herald* are not quite satisfied with my ideas about the "Faith Healings." I take the facts as stated. I do not question that people are cured. I recognize that faith, hope, desire, are elements of great power, affecting the body through the mind. There are thousands of well attested miracles of healing, and they are not confined to any sect, or even to Christianity. The lives of Roman Catholic Saints are full of miracles of healing. But they occur also among the devotees of what we call heathen creeds. For example, Mr. R. F. Standred St. John writes:—

"When I was in charge of the district of Bessein in Burma (a Buddhist country), an old Pagoda was discovered in a jungle, and pilgrimages instituted. Great excitement was caused by a report that a girl, whose foot had been twisted, as a child, in such a manner that she had been unable to walk upon the sole ever since, had been cured by a visit to this Pagoda. I sent my assistant, an English Officer, to inquire, and he reported to me that the cure was established on evidence as good as any that would have supported a criminal conviction. The Burmese do not practice surgery or bone setting."

Can the Salvation Army or the Bethshans show a better or better attested miracle than this, among the benighted Buddhists to whom we are sending missionaries?

It was the "Vegetarian Society of *France*," not Paris, that did me the honour of electing me an honorary member; and I am glad to learn that it is moving already toward the establishment of a restaurant, surely one of the most effective of all methods of propagandism—the proof of the pudding and all other dishes being in the eating and its consequences.

—o—

"Her Majesty's buckhounds met in pleasant weather on Tuesday at Red Hill, in the Denham district of West Buckinghamshire, Lord Cork and a large company attending the fixture. Upwards of forty horses were taken down to Uxbridge by a Great Western special from Paddington, and the deer on being turned out gave a run towards Lord Chesham's seat." Of what becomes of the poor beast after being pursued by perhaps a couple of hundreds of mounted sportsmen and women, hounded on by the Royal pack, we find no mention.

—o—

The following facts about the late General Gordon are taken from the *Deutsche Rundschau* of July, 1884. They have now an interest a thousandfold intensified:—"He eats no meat, smokes no tobacco, drinks no wine, and partakes of no spirits. He lives almost entirely on fruit, bread, rice, tea, and water. He detests the English dinner, with its heavy dishes and waste of time. His meals last from five to ten minutes."

—o—

A friend has furnished me with the following lines from a poem published in 1793 on the horrors of sport and flesh-eating, of which war and cannibalism are the natural outcome:—

Oft hath Compassion mourn'd the numerous brood
Of animals destroy'd for human food;
How many suffer each returning day,
When slaughter reigns exulting o'er its prey!
Expiring victims groan on every side,
Hunger and gluttony the spoils divide.
The wants of nature crave but small supply,
The mass are sacrificed to luxury:
For this, Death ranges through earth, sea, and air;
This drags our rivers, leaves our forests bare;
Spreads swift destruction through the ferine race,
Levels the gun, and prompts the cruel chase,
Where all benignant feelings are subdued,
For beasts that follow, or for those pursued.
Long have I wished, but I have wished in vain,
That barb'rous sports were banished from the plain,
The water, air; may harmless creatures live,
Nor man destroy that life he cannot give.

—o—

A vegetarian bicyclist at Jarrow has in two months won a five guinea cup, a five guinea tea service, a £4 salad bowl, a 15s. prize of books, and a valuable gold "albert;" not a bad record. What better test can be required of the sufficiency of a vegetarian diet?

—o—

*The Dietetic Reformer* is publishing a series of biographies of the founders of the Vegetarian Society, from which we copy the following paragraph:—

"James Simpson was the son of James Simpson, of Methven, Perthshire, and of Branches Park, Suffolk. He was born 9th July, 1812, at Clitheroe, where his parents were then residing. The family shortly afterwards removed to Foxhill Bank, Accrington, where Mr. Simpson continued to reside until his death. He was the inheritor of an ample fortune from his father, who was the proprietor of extensive printworks near Church, Accrington; he inherited no less his father's great energy of character. He was privately educated, removing afterwards to London and to Berlin to pursue his studies. Though intended for the law, he failed to adopt this profession as his career from a notable circumstance.

"The character of James Simpson was marked by extreme conscientiousness. When the time came for the actual adoption of the profession which had been selected for him, his attention was called to 'the strong temptations to which gentlemen of the law are exposed to plead their clients' cause whether just or not. Being deeply convinced that no man could do this without injury, he declined to expose himself to a position so full of peril.'"

I do not know what may be the rule or practice with solicitors, but I have understood that a barrister could not refuse a brief. He may throw it up in court when circumstances justify such an act, but as a rule a barrister feels bound to do the best he can for his client—and himself. As both sides of a case can hardly be right, it follows that the men of law on one side may be wrong. The common idea is that a lawyer must do all he can for his client, and leave justice to the judge and jury.

—o—

The Co-operative movement, the most important social reform of our time, centering in Lancashire and Yorkshire, has spread over Britain. Its organ, the weekly *Co-operative News*, is read by vast numbers. In its "Woman's Corner," edited by Mrs. Acland assisted by Miss Sharp, I find the following very nice and useful, as well as gratifying notice :—

The "Herald of Health.'

Dear Madam,—I am sorry I could not write before, but I should like to say a word in favour of the *Herald of Health*. I believe it was through reading the first volume that my life has been spared. I was so ill I felt I could not live much longer ; I was under the doctor's care for three months, taking quinine, but felt myself getting weaker and weaker ; and I prayed earnestly that I might know what to do to regain my health for the sake of my little children. Then a friend lent me the first monthly number. I can never forget my feelings while reading that paper, how I carried it about with me and read it over and over again. O how thankful I was for hope of life and health again ! Why, that paper showed me plainly what to do to regain health. I was ill through over-work and worry, and errors in my diet. While I was fancying I needed more nourishment, I clearly saw from that paper that my stomach and body needed rest. I began to reform my diet, eating only three meals a day, when before I took five. Another thing Dr. Nichols recommended was a bath every morning ; this was not convenient for me, but he said anyone could wash all over with a pint of water in a basin ; so I have done this ever since, and I soon found it strengthened my nerves, which were in a dreadful state. If any poor sufferer who is longing to regain health should read this, I would advise them to get the first volume of the *Herald of Health*, which can still be had for 1s. 6d. by applying to Dr. Nichols. And I must praise his soap ; I should not like to be without it, for all my children know the benefit of it, and apply it on any sore or irritation of the skin.

S. A.

—o—

On the principle that a "new broom sweeps clean," I did some of my best work in the early numbers. Three articles on "Dyspepsia," "Consumption," and "Painless Childbirth" seem to me, either of them, quite worth the price of the volume, which I had stereotyped so that it might not get out of print. The above intelligently appreciative notice ought to sell a considerable edition.

—o—

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been working for the temperance cause in Ireland. It happened in giving her name to the largest dock basin of the Port of Dublin. The report says :—"The Prince and Princess then stepped forward to the edge of the quay. The Princess pulled the silken cord, the bottle of champagne was smashed to atoms, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Pigeon House Fort, the noise of which mingled with the cheers of the invited guests." And there was one bottle of wine the less to turn the heads of her Majesty's loyal, but excitable, Irish subjects.

—o—

The children of the United Kingdom are learning arithmetic, and will soon be quick at figures. Here is a sum for them. A fashionable dinner for twelve persons costs £5 a-head. How many board school pupils could, at the same cost, be provided with a penny dinner ?

—o—

The Socialist schoolmasters are setting similar sums about land, incomes, pensions, etc., which are likely to perplex the most advanced pupils. For example, a dignitary of the law gets £20,000 a year—a dignitary of the church £15,000. How many lives would two such incomes save per annum in outcast London or dirty Dublin ?

—o—

Arithmetic is indeed a most useful science, but, like other sciences, it may be carried too far and so become troublesome. Happily the Archbishop of Canterbury is paid £15,000 a year, and the Bishop of London £10,000 a year, with their respective palaces to live in, for teaching poor people to be contented with the humbler stations of life in which a mysterious Providence has placed them.

—o—

It is not only a religious virtue, but a matter of common sense, to be contented with our lot, so long as we cannot see any way to better it. Without pushing the doctrines of Socialism too far, we may perhaps say, as admitted in principle in the Poor Law, that every one has a right to healthy food, clothing, and shelter, and that this common right is violated wherever the death-rate is above 10 or 12 per 1000. In London the death-rate is double, and in Dublin treble. May we not hope that His Royal Highness, the Heir Apparent, who sits on the outcast London Royal Commission, will consider the death-rate of Dublin ?

—o—

A letter from a patient in Scotland gives what seems to me good testimony as to the efficacy of the sympathetic remedies. The writer says :—"Now I want to tell you that I have used the alma tonic and fluorine for ten weeks, and that it has done me more good than anything I ever tried. My case was nervous exhaustion, rheumatism, and gravel. My rheumatism is greatly relieved ; I think the fluorine is acting on and reducing my swollen joints—at least they don't grate so much ; and my gravel seems to be cured." Now, if imagination can do such work for a crippled old man as this, hurrah for imagination !

—o—

Here is my small contribution to the A. V. Manifestation at Leicester, which I find in the admirable report of the *Vaccination Inquirer* :—

*From* Dr. T. L. Nichols.

32 Fopstone Road, Earl's Court, S.W.,
March 22, 1885.

As author of works on sanitary science, and editor of the *Herald of Health*, I have denounced vaccination as useless and dangerous—useless, because all security can be had from sanitation, and, as shown by the fact that smallpox epidemics occur in thoroughly-vaccinated populations, and that in smallpox hospitals three-fourths of the patients are vaccinated ; dangerous, because children are often diseased, and sometimes killed, by the law-imposed operation.

The legislature that compels vaccination gives no security that it will not disease or destroy. It allows the rich to avoid the danger which it forces upon the poor, than which I see no tyranny more odious and contemptible.

Wishing every success to the Demonstration, which I hope may have a warm and hearty response from the lovers of freedom all over the world, I am, yours faithfully,

T. L. Nichols, M.D.,
*Representing the South London and Rotherhithe Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Societies.*

—o—

Are We making Progress ?—This question is often asked, and not always answered. Since 1870 the Vegetarian Society has increased its membership ten-fold. The Food Reform Society has greatly expanded its work, in which many of our leading philanthropists are interested. Here is an extract from a letter I have just received, which shows how the reform is growing :—

"Just one word of encouragement for you before I close. About four years ago I came to London and adopted the principle—'That the man who lives simplest lives best,' which meant vegetarianism (white bread and butter only) six days in the week. About eight months

back I fell across your penny cookery book, which led me to purchase more of your works, and my consequent adoption of vegetarianism strict. I am employed as telegraphist in the Central Telegraph Office (G. P. O.), and you will be pleased to hear that in this very short space of time about twenty members of the staff, through my humble efforts, backed by your excellent books, have adopted the reformed diet, and all say with great benefit to their health."

## CELEBRATION OF GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday was celebrated this year according to custom. The shops were shut, and the public houses opened as on Sunday. Places of amusement allowed to open—and such as were closed on the north of the Thames were open on the south — were crowded, as were the police offices next morning. People who could afford it, celebrated the Great Event on Calvary by eating salted cod fish and ritualistic buns, while all the tolerably "high" Anglican churches introduced the Roman Catholic service of the "Three Hours Agony." Of course the Dramatic Profession took the opportunity of the closed theatres to keep the Solemn Feast by having their Annual Dinner. The Crystal Palace was crowded, as were the Zoological Gardens, the Aquarium, and all the circuses.

As some of my less enlightened readers may not understand the services of a ritualistic Good Friday, besides the salt cod and hot-cross buns, I give the following from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"Perhaps one of the most noticeable features of the religious observance of Good Friday was the performance of an old service, known in the Roman Church as "Tenebræ"—a service which the late Bishop of London prohibited in the metropolitan diocese. It consists of a number of Psalms, interspersed with sections from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, principally given in monotone. At the end of each Psalm one candle of fifteen was put out, and so on until all were extinguished. These candles were placed in a candelabrum on the south side of the altar. It is intended to indicate the desertion of Christ by his disciples just before the Crucifixion. There were elaborate series of services at St. Albans, Holborn, and at all the other High Church places of worship in the metropolis.

"At St. Andrew's, Well Street, the music of the Greek Liturgy was used during the day, and the Seven Words from the Cross were sung as an anthem to Gounod's music. In addition to a large number of services in the Church of St. Peter's, London Docks, the usual procession round the streets known as "The Stations of the Cross" occupied the Rev. Mr. Wainwright, the assistant clergy, and the choir. Large crowds accompanied the procession, which was headed by a choirman bearing a crucifix veiled with thin white crape. The addresses were attentively listened to. A similar ceremony was observed at St. John's, Horsleydown. Mr. C. Powell, the secretary of the Church of England Working-men's Society, conducted these processions."

Naturally the magistrates had a busy Saturday morning. "Man, being reasonable, must get drunk," says the great poet, Lord Byron, who, being not only reasonable but a poet and a lord, got "drunk as a lord" or a poet, accordingly. The two greatest poets of our century, Byron and Burns, were not teetotallers, and were sadly immoral in other ways—of course they lived unhappily and died prematurely. Getting drunk on Good Friday brings penitence and punishment on Saturday. "Sermons and soda water the day after." The police are as charitable as they can be—overlooking pretty much every thing but assaults upon themselves. And the magistrates, considering the holiness of the day and the natural penalties of inebriation, inflict small fines and short imprisonments.

Tobacco and Divorce.—A Michigan female physician has found the cause of many divorces to be tobacco. She reasons that tobacco affects the sympathetic nerves which control the heart; that these nerves become paralysed, and the husband is estranged from his wife. But when the wife becomes estranged from the husband, what paralyses the sympathetic nerves then?—*Detroit Post.* [The editor of *Good Health* suggests the Tea Pot!]

## VEGETARIAN DINNERS.

Dr. Nichols took the chair the other night at a model vegetarian dinner, given by Mr. Doremus and the Food Reform Society, at the "Wheatsheaf" Restaurant, in Rathbone Place, a nice and well-conducted establishment, though some think it nearer than needful to the "Alpha." There was a good party, a good dinner, good music, with addresses by the chairman, Mr. Doremus, Dr. Allinson, and some others whose names we cannot recall — altogether a pleasant affair, giving the example first and the precepts afterwards.

W. Howarth, Esq., F.R.H.S., under the auspices of the Vegetarian Society, has given two dinners in South-Eastern London, primarily to the poor—to show them how well they can live on the cheapest foods. The second of this series of good works was done at St. Paul's Parochial Room, Greenwich, Rev. A. Lowe in the chair, with two clergymen, two doctors, Mr. Howarth, and Mr. Manning announced as speakers. I was sorry not to be able to attend, and wrote the prettiest letter I could to show how vegetarianism carried out the motto of the handbill which announced the dinner,—"*Health, Happiness, and Prosperity*"—which comes very close to the poet's couplet—

"All the joys of sense
Lie in these words—health, peace, and competence."

These depending largely upon a pure, natural, and economical diet.

Speaking of dinners as dietary training schools,—the proof of the pudding being in the eating — we can scarcely over-rate the good done by the Vegetarian Restaurant at the Health Exhibition, which the Society cannot repeat at the "Inventories." The managers have sold the privilege of supplying food and refreshments to the great Australian caterers for £15,000. Of course Messrs. Spiers & Pond can have a Vegetarian Restaurant if they like; but they may not see how sixpenny dinners can do much towards paying the fifteen thousand pounds, which must be extracted in profit from the pockets of visitors before they can put a penny into their own.

At the "Healtheries" there was a similar monopoly of the sale of literature. The enterprising house of Willing & Co. paid a handsome sum for the privilege of supplying reading matter, and the Vegetarian Society was obliged to pay them a considerable sum for liberty to sell its publications and "How to Live on Sixpence a Day" and my lecture on "Health," which latter was also sold to the number of several thousands by Messrs. Willing & Co.

But though there should be no vegetarian dinners at this year's exhibition, there is no reason why there should not be a good supply of Vegetarian and Food Reform literature. A neat little tract might, at least, be offered to every visitor.

Apples may be cooked in a hundred ways, and in all are healthful and nutritive. They are good roasted before the fire; stewed whole; stewed into sauce with a little sugar, butter, and cinnamon or lemon peel, if liked; boiled; baked in their skin; pared and cored, filled with butter and sugar and baked; placed whole or sliced into puddings of almost every kind; made into dumplings, baked or boiled; in short, as the components of an endless variety of dishes.—*How to Cook.*

—o—

Of the brave Dalmatians, who years ago gave such forcible assistance to the disciplined Austrian troops, the *Leipsic Illustrated Paper* says:—"The Morlack is generally a handsome strong man, with face browned by the sun, black hair, and black fiery eyes. As a child he learns to bear half-naked the glowing heat of the sun, and always remains a genuine child of nature—ascending playfully with elastic step his steep mountains, to whose slopes the tourist must often hold breathlessly. He lives *simply and moderately on vegetables, milk, and cheese.*" Another report in the same paper praises his exceptional physical strength. His capacity in the field and his valour the Dalmatian does not owe to the frequent enjoyment of the bottle, so readily believed of warlike and courageous nations. Of the Opata Indians in Sonora, we read in a California paper that "their character is open, teachable, and loyal to the white man; fearless, and capable of bearing every hardship, marching for weeks with a little bag of pinola (roasted flour) on their backs, making daily 50 or 60 miles. Of their courage many examples are given. In war their humane character shows itself in its full light, and prisoners are not killed (as with other Indian tribes) but mostly set free."

## WAR IN THE DESERT.

OUR first ideas of desert life come from the Book of Exodus; but the camp of Israel had no trouble about either food or water—or enemies. In the Soudan it is different; and if, as a religious sect is teaching, we Englishmen are the "Lost Tribes," we, or our soldiers, are having a much harder time of it. Colonel Farquhar, Chief of the Staff to General Hicks, before the expedition, made the following calculation:—

"The force will most likely march into Kordofan the beginning of September, but the route has not been decided as yet, or, if it has, it has been kept secret. The great scarcity of water throughout Kordofan makes the marching of an army through the country a matter of great difficulty. During the rainy season, water at some places collects in the hollows of the ground; but the rains are not like the monsoon of India. A heavy downpour once a-week, and lasting for about two hours, is what takes place; but this year there has been little rain, and even where it usually collects in pools, there is scarcely any water. The soil is sandy, and there are no underlying impervious strata, so the rain is absorbed, and water not to be obtained even by digging wells. So the force will have to trust to known watering places where there are wells. But these wells are very few in number, three or four, generally 30 to 40 metres deep, say 90 to 120 feet, and on the approach of an enemy, the Arabs always fill them in. Anyhow, if they were left unfilled the difficulties would be great, as the following calculations will show. As water has to be carried on several marches, it is necessary to take a large number of transport animals—say 6000 animals to 6000 men, counting all. Each horse, bullock, or mule drinks a gallon and a-half of water at a time, and takes three minutes to do so. To water 6000 animals twice a-day, 18,000 gallons are required. To water 5000 camels once a-day, and 1000 horses and mules twice a-day, the quantity needed is 7500 + 3000 = 10,500 gallons. Add for 6000 men, at one gallon each, 6000 gallons—total 16,500 gallons daily. Say each skin draws up a gallon, the well thirty metres deep, one minute to let down and draw up, five skins working at a time, five gallons would be drawn up every minute, or fifteen gallons in three minutes, the time taken by the animals to drink. Ten animals could therefore be watered at a time, or 200 in an hour, and 4800 in 24 hours. One well, 30 metres deep, with five skins working, each lifting a gallon, taking one minute to let down and haul up, will furnish 300 gallons an hour, or 7,200 gallons in the 24 hours. So it would take two days and eight hours to give the force one day's supply of water. Three wells, working 24 hours, would—allowing for waste—supply the force. Nine wells, working eight hours, would do the same—each, be it remembered, having five buckets always at work, and no wells running dry, which incident generally occurs. The wells are so narrow that it is doubtful if five buckets could work at once. We have no chain or other pumps, and if we had, the wells would be too narrow to work them in, if not too deep. So, you see, the water-supply is a hard nut to crack. It can only be met by taking the force up by degrees in small parties."

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At a conference of relieving officers, it was mentioned that, out of 21,000 applications for parochial relief, only two were from total abstainers. This certainly looks as if having too much to drink resulted in having too little to eat. There is no doubt that "drains" too frequently lead to the gutter.—*Funny Folks.*

—o—

In a series of articles that are appearing in *Tit Bits*, under the head of "Features of London," we find in the number for March 14th, in the article No. 6, "Street Boys," the following reference to that excellent institution, The Boys' Home, 95 Southward Street, S.E.:—"Every one in the Home is a vegetarian. When this was started, people were of opinion that the boys could not get enough nourishment from a vegetarian diet to grow up strong and healthy—that, though it might suit some, it could not suit others. To prove that the latter assertion was incorrect, the boys were all carefully weighed at the beginning and end of a month, and it was found that, with one exception, in which there was a decrease of rather under a quarter of a pound, owing to illness, all the boys showed an increase in a few cases, even as much as five pounds. Certainly this ought to prove the system has no ill effect on the boys' health. Then there is a vast saving of expense, as, though each boy is allowed to eat as much as he feels inclined, the cost of the every-day dinner is only 1½d. per head.

## VEGETARIANISM AND MARRIAGE.

"National health and wealth would be increased by vegetarianism, life be made easier and pleasanter where it is too often hard and unpleasant, and greater leisure would be left for mental and spiritual culture. It may be safely said that vegetarianism is the friend of all other good reforms, and in itself is so comprehensive that the Vegetarian Society is an association for thrift, health, kindness to animals, temperance, and purity of life."

So says somebody in the *Dietetic Reformer*. If people could live simple, natural lives, and abandon the bad habit of living for others and "keeping up appearances," this world would be much more enjoyable. Nine-tenths of the miseries of life come from living to please other people—keeping in the fashion. We take larger and more expensive houses than we need, we dress extravagantly, we give costly dinners and parties, to please other people and impoverish ourselves.

M. Frary attributes the decrease of population in France to the cost of keeping up appearances. He says:—"Ask our young men why they hesitate to marry. They answer—'We cannot; our means do not permit.' In this they are doubtless often right. No one can cast a glance at our young girls and remark their affected manners, their fashions upon the street, their habits at home, without a feeling of chagrin and regret when one reflects that such dolls are called the pillars of humanity, the mothers of the future race. Mothers indeed! They are but caricatures! Put one of them, with her extravagant costume, her superfluity of furs and jewellery, and her ridiculous head-dress, by the side of a true woman—modest, gentle, amiable, and loving. Consider the one, and then the other! Be assured, young man, the true woman, the one worthy of your love, is not impossible to find, and, when found, she will not aspire to the brilliant position of the woman of fashion.

"The true wife is worth seeking. She does not parade herself like a horse in the circus. She is not 'elegant,' she is not rich; but what wealth of soul! Compared with her, the devotee of fashion scarcely deserves the name of woman. Her simple robes are dyed and turned, if need be, and though your humble abode be upon the floor nearest heaven, she keeps it neat and clean, and when you return to it, fatigued with the labours of the day, she receives you with a greeting that makes it seem nearer yet to heaven. With almost nothing she can regale your real friends, and prove how little true happiness depends upon money. She inspires you (at least, if you are not a brute) with the love of home, and teaches you to regard with pity and contempt that poor elegant society which styles itself rich while trying in vain to be happy. Oh! say no more, 'My means do not permit me to marry.' Go search this true wife; search diligently and you will find her. Put away, then, the cigar and the inebriating drink that kill the joys of home; be wise, and seek your companion wisely."

If people were content to live for themselves, instead of being slaves of "society," life would be easy enough. The time has been when a clergyman considered himself

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

Now young people talk of the impossibility of marrying on three hundred.

The luxuries of society create its vices. Thousands of women are victims to the bad fashions of costly living. Do clergymen ever preach about the causes of social immorality? Do they know what they are? Are they not themselves "in the swim" of a fashionable, luxurious life, and helping to make its victims?

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Pestiferous Pork.—It is reported that out of thirteen hundred persons living in a village of Saxony, nine hundred and sixty one were attacked with trichinosis, as the result of eating the flesh of diseased hog. Fifty-seven died. The remainder survived with their muscles filled with living parasites. There are undoubtedly thousands of persons in this country at the present moment whose tissues are swarming with living worms. Dr. Edward C. E. Janeway, Demonstrator of Anatomy in Bellevue Hospital College, stated to the writer several years ago, that he found living trichina, on an average, in five persons out of every hundred of the thousands of bodies dissected in the anatomical laboratory of the college. If this estimate holds true for the whole population of the country, there are at present somewhere between two or three million persons whose muscles are teeming with living worms. Unconscious of the presence of these unwelcome tenants, they are constantly subjecting themselves to treatment for muscular rheumatism, neuralgia, wandering pains, and numerous obscure disorders which these intruders produce.—*Good Health* (American).

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# The Herald of Health.

## MAY, 1885.

### WAR OR PEACE?

"WILL there be war between England and Russia?" is the question, as I write my last words for May. Will the people of two of the most powerful Empires in the world fall to killing each other? Will the two Christian governments, each with its National Church, and the Sovereigns, each the head of its Church, and related by marriage, enter upon such a war as one between two such empires must be? Is there not statesmanship and humanity enough in Europe to save the world from such a horror?

Russia reaches from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean. She has an army upon the borders of India. She can call a million of men to arms. England can doubtless do as much by drawing upon India, Canada, and Australia. But when these two millions of men have killed each other—statesmen must make peace. Why not make it now? Why not save the world from all this useless carnage? Such a war, any war indeed, is a disgrace to humanity. This war would be a disgrace to Christianity and civilisation—surely a disgrace to the statesmanship of Europe.

But nations go mad, and we have no lunatic asylum that will hold them. Neither civilisation, nor religion, science, or philanthropy can keep men from cutting each other's throats. A stupid, wicked planet. Let us hope there are no more like it. Let us hope that Peace reigns in Mars, and Happiness in Jupiter and Saturn. Our "mad war planet," as William Howitt called it, is a disgrace to the Solar System.

### A WORKMAN'S CLUB.

COULD an author have a more gratifying compliment than the information that two of his books had been worn out by their numerous readers? and can there be a better work than supplying useful books to eager readers? Also, will the secretary pardon us for making another, and possibly a useful, as it is a gratifying, extract from his courteous and friendly letter? He says:—"As to your food reform, I can speak in the highest terms of its efficacy in the prevention and cure of many diseases. My brother, sometime of Owen's College, Manchester, and now of Prince Alfred's College, Adelaide, South Australia, a B.A., was subject for years to complaints of the stomach, consequent on a sedentary life. He at last adopted a vegetarian diet, finding medicine was no good, and completely cured him of his ailments. I am sure that we all eat too much, and adopt the wrong diet for our daily life; and so, if you can do good by your excellent advice in the *Herald of Health*, many doctors' bills will be saved, and increased comfort ensured to its readers."

Every one who can possibly spare another penny a month, after paying for the *Herald of Health*, should get the *Food Reform Magazine*, published quarterly at 3d. The last number contains an interesting biography of the Rev. W. J. Monk, M.A., a curious article by Elder Evans, an American Shaker, and verbatim reports of all the speeches made at the annual meeting. The previous number (No. 3) is also full of excellent matter. It may be ordered of Nichols & Co., 23 Oxford Street, W.

The Librarian of the Boro' of Hackney Workman's Club—really a workingman's college—writing to acknowledge the receipt of two of our books sent to the club library, says:—"We have had the two in the club for some years, but by constant readings they have got torn and almost worn out, so your gift has come at a welcome time."

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND.—In England statistics show that there has been no increase in the use of tobacco in Great Britain between 1873 and 1883. The population in 1873 was 32,340,000; the tobacco consumed, 46,315,070 pounds, or one pound six and three-quarter ounces per head. In 1882 the population was 35,543,000; the tobacco consumed, 50,558,727 pounds, the average per head being exactly the same as ten years before.

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To all the current talk about art for the people, no more practical contribution has been made than Mr. Leland's paper at the Society of Arts. It is an excellent thing certainly to cultivate the power of critical enjoyment; but it is better still to cultivate the pleasure of productive activity. Or, rather, the one can only be done with any degree of completeness in dependence upon the other; the eye can never really see what the hand has not handled. The great merit of Mr. Leland's system is, that it begins at the right end, and aims at teaching every child something of beauty by the practice of some simple decorative art. Mr. Leland is not a mere theoriser, for he is an American, and in America, as soon as a theory is seen to be a good one, it is translated into practice forthwith. The result in this case is, that Mr. Leland is now teaching 200 children in his native city of Philadelphia the elements of modelling in clay, embroidery, wood-carving, mosaic setting, brass work, and so forth. That is not the whole of what "art for schools" ought to be, but it is the best way of beginning.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## OUR BOOK.

I HAVE received a number of letters from subscribers to the HEALTH MANUAL planned and partly written by Mrs. NICHOLS, which she was not able to finish. One of her last requests to me was that I would finish the book, which I promised to do, and I have been as diligently at work upon it as my other duties would permit. Having collected the matter, I shall soon be able to send it to my printer. It will be a rather large and handsome crown octavo volume, and will open with a memorial of Her Life and Work, followed by such instructions as she has given and would have given on the Preservation of Health, the Cure of Disease, and all that can make men, women, and children strong and useful, healthy and happy.

It was her intention to publish first a subscribers' edition, for which she received many names; but feeling the uncertainties of health and life, she declined to receive money in advance. But now that the work is so nearly ready to take its printed form, I see no reason why any one who may choose to take the risk may not send their orders with something for printer and binder.

Also, I will make a proposition which some may be able and feel willing to accept. The retail price of the Health Manual and Memorial is fixed at 10s. 6d., but I offer to send three copies to every advance subscriber who will send me one guinea. This will enable each one to make a pretty and useful present of a half-guinea book to two friends, and have his or her own copy gratis. The books will be sent free by parcels post to every subscriber.

Having more books than money just now—more than I ever expect to get time to read, including some I have quite done with—I shall be glad to part with some to readers who have more leisure or are not so well supplied. I have no time to make a catalogue, but this is my proposition: I will send by parcels-post books, which I have bought because I considered them of interest and value, at *a shilling a pound;* that is, send me one shilling or five shillings and I will by return send free by post one pound or five pounds of books—pounds for shillings. All such orders must be to my private address—*Dr. T. L. Nichols*, 32 Fopstone Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

This will be a sort of lottery, no doubt. One book may have ten times the value of another of the same weight; but I guarantee quantity, not character or quality. It is "a pig in a poke," or like dipping into a lucky bag. So try your luck, and if you choose to indicate the kind of books you like, I will do the best I can for you.

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THE information given by the *St. James's Gazette*, in the article which it published last Tuesday on deer-forests, is defective in many respects. It is true that Mr. Winans rents Glenstrath farm in Inverness-shire, but it certainly ought to be added that he also rents the eleven adjoining forests from Lord Lovat, Sir A. Matheson, The Chisholm, and Mr. Mackenzie, so that his shootings extend over some 230,000 acres, and in rent alone they do not cost him less than £15,000 a-year. Glenquoich, rented by Sir A. Bass, includes Glenkingie, and extends over 55,000 acres, and not 30,000, as stated by the *St. James's Gazette*, and the rent is £4,300, and not £3,000. Sir Henry Allsopp does not now occupy Balmacaan, which is in all respects inferior to such forests as Ben Alder, Ardverikie, Glenfeshie, and Glenmore, which are not even mentioned by the *St. James's Gazette*, and it is wrong in its statements about Blackmount, which extends to nearly 100,000 acres, and not only to 70,000; and it is still leased by Lord Dudley, whose term will not expire for another eighteen months. It is true that the forest of Reay, rented by the Duke of Westminster, covers 60,000 acres, but this statement should be supplemented by the information that he rents other shootings which "march" with Reay, extending to an additional 50,000 acres. When all expenses are paid at the end of the year, it is probable that every stag which has fallen in a forest will have cost the tenant nearer £80 than £50.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## "POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT."

POETS are born, not manufactured. Let man or woman be born a poet—so created by or through hereditary and other prenatal influences—and the sacred fire will burn through all unpoetical conditions and declare itself. Let a man be born a peasant or a lord—genius will declare itself in its works.

For example, here comes a pretty, dark green, gilt edged volume of 107 pages—"Poems: original and translated, by John Bradford, author of 'Wyeside,' 'Rent Asunder,'" etc., with the lover-like dedication: "To my wife, the 'Clare' of these poems and the guiding star of my life . . . reverentially and affectionately dedicated by her devoted husband."

The poems were written for Hereford, Bristol, and London newspapers, several are translations from the French, and all are quite above the average merit of fugitive rhymes, and written by a grocer, a calling considered in France the most *borné* and unpoetical of all human employments. A blacksmith making metre on his ringing anvil, a shoemaker "sticking to his last," may be a poet much easier than a grocer weighing out tea and sugar for prosaic customers; but the poetic spirit, guided and encouraged by a loving "Clare," triumphs over scoop and scales, and Mr. Bradford may be congratulated on his very pretty volume.

We do not advise all grocers to follow his example. Needs must when the Muses drive, no doubt; and the poetic fire will burst out like the volcanic. As a rule, plain prose is best—as plain food is better than sugar plums and "pretty little kickshaws." Gradually the world grows prosaic. Two-thirds of the Old Testament is poetry; four-fifths of the New is prose. Three thousand years have not given the world another Homer. When will Ireland give us another Moore, or Scotland another Burns! In England we have Tennyson and Swinbourne—perhaps we might add a Browning—but the feminine poet of that name has left us, and the masculine may be, for aught we know, a poet also—if anybody were able to understand and translate him.

By the way, a facility for making verses, not to say poetry, depends upon a condition of the brain, which may be produced and excited by drugs. In my student days I made some experiments with narcotics on others and on myself. I found a drug which made me garrulous, and another which made all my ideas run into metre and rhyme. In mercy to a prosaic world, and especially to editors, I kept my discovery a profound secret.

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MILK *v.* BEEF.—Three and one-half pounds of milk contain about the same amount of nutritive matter as one pound of the best beef. Now a pound of the best beef costs about 10d., and three and a half pounds of milk not more than half so much. In other words, milk is a cheaper food than beef. With the addition of bread and fruit and nuts, we have almost an ideal diet.

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THIS is a world of superstitions. In Russia they will not pass the salt. Many men dislike to be one of thirteen at table. Some men and many women hate to do anything important on Friday. Millions believe in the virtues of the horseshoe. Many great men have worn trinkets to give them luck. Cromwell trusted in September 3, Napoleon in December 2. The Rothschilds will not employ a man who has a reputation for ill-luck. One of Girard's rules was never to have anything to do with an unlucky man.

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HEREDITY IN NERVOUS DISEASES.—Dr. Mobius, of Leipsic, has investigated the genealogies of five families through several generations, in order to obtain some information with regard to the mode of heredity in nervous diseases. He finds, among other things, that drunkenness exerts a most powerful influence on posterity, and that even the apparently healthy members of a nervous family are not normally vigorous and capable of enjoying life. He is of opinion that no one who has once suffered from a severe form of nervous degeneration ought ever to marry.

## CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

MISS DUTHIE, a lady of Aberdeen, has given a public park to that city, and bequeathed ten thousand pounds to local charities. This is one of many evidences that the rich are not always persistently hard-hearted or unjust. The saying—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!"—and the similitude—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for one that hath riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven!"—show, at least, what were the opinions of the Communistic Early Christians.

Those who formed the first Christian church, many of whom had seen Christ and listened to his teachings, so little of which, as well as of the things he did, have come down to us, were Communists. They had no private property. They brought whatever they had and laid it at the feet of the Apostles. Two of them who made a false declaration, trying to keep something for themselves, were struck dead. They had all things in common. There were no rich and no poor.

Indeed, there can be no other outcome of Christian doctrine than that of equal rights and equality of condition. To love one's neighbour as one's self—to give to him that asketh—to do as we would be done by—are things utterly inconsistent with the extremes of wealth and poverty that we see around us—gigantic fortunes and all the luxuries of life for the few, and poverty, ignorance, vice, crime, and misery for the multitudes. Parks and palaces for a favoured few—horrible dens for the outcast many.

No nation—no community can be properly called Christian, in which the rights, the comfort, the health and well-being of any are neglected. Considering how false most Christians are to the principles they profess, we cannot wonder that so many philanthropists repudiate Christianity; but it is bad policy to do so. Reformers should hold bishops and clergy, and all professing Christians, to their own doctrines, the teachings of Christ, and the practice of the primitive Church. Those who denounce wealth and luxury, existing by the side of poverty and its miseries, should take the Bible for their text-book, and show Christians how inconsistent their conduct is with all its teachings.

The communism of the early Church and of the whole Christian doctrine exists now only in the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, and a few obscure sects of Protestants. The American Shakers are Communists, so far as their own members are concerned—and there have been communistic reformers, like Owen and Cabet, who, while rejecting the religious doctrines of Christianity, adopted its early socialistic theory and practice.

Every thoughtful Christian must see and feel that the doctrines and primitive practices of Christianity are now repudiated in Great Britain and all the nations of Christendom. The one rule—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—the rule of life laid down by Christ as the practical summary of his doctrine—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—would sweep all poverty, oppression, and misery from the earth. The Millennium will begin on the day that Christians live up to their principles.

## WHAT WE DIE OF.

DO most people skip the weekly reports of vital statistics? I fear they do. But they contain very important facts. For example, here is what I find in one compact paragraph of less than two squares of a newspaper column:—

In a week in March, 2,815 human beings are born in London, and 1,874 die. Five hundred of these deaths are caused by diseases of the organs of respiration—chiefly consumption, bronchitis, and whooping cough. Measles kills 70, whooping cough 55. There were only 21 fatal cases of smallpox, and 10 of scarlet fever—but these may at any time become epidemic, and carry off large numbers.

In due course, all who are born must die, but they need not be in such a hurry. The only disease which is unpreventable and incurable is old age. In other words, we are not condemned to perpetual imprisonment in this not very happy world. Release comes to all of us sooner or later—and to most of us sooner than we care about. This life is for something, and it is our duty to live it to its natural termination in death by old age—"like a shock of corn fully ripe;" that is, if Mr. Gladstone has no Arabs or Russians to fight, in which case it will be proper for a certain number of us to get shot, and so get out of it that way.

This is an exception. In war a man may kill or be killed—and many do both. To prepare for either case we have sham-fights at Brighton on Easter Monday. Because the Prince of Peace rose from the dead on Sunday, we practice the art of killing those for whom He died on the day after. Being a specially Christian people, we specially honour those most skilled in killing those we are told to forgive, love, pray for, and do good to.

To me it seems that the only war worth waging is a salutary sanitary war against the evils of life, and the causes of disease and death. "It is better to save life than to kill." The best work man can do is to make this world healthful and beautiful—to fill it with sweetness and light—to make life better and longer, and in all ways worth living. The highest honours of every government and of every people should be bestowed upon the most intelligent, active, and devoted of sanitary reformers.

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*The Times* is down on the liquor traffic among the heathen abroad, but does not quite see its way even to such a mild measure as Local Option for the benefit of our heathen at home. It says of trade with Madagascar:—"There is one traffic, however, which must be checked, or it will choke much of the good hitherto achieved by English missionaries and settlers. The trade in spirits, carried on with far too many facilities, is working terrible havoc among the natives." The people drink only to get drunk. That is precisely the sensation they want, and they go for it.

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WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?—The *Lancet* says:—A boy, fourteen years of age, was admitted into the Royal Southern Hospital in the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th inst., in an insensible condition. He had been found by the policeman on duty lying in a gutter. Dr. Gordon, the house-surgeon, found him in a state of collapse from alcoholic drinks, and applied the stomach-pump; but it was some time before he was completely restored. It subsequently transpired that the boy reached home late on Saturday night in a state of intoxication, and having slept this off, consumed two pints of beer and two glasses of whisky between three and five o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Disgusting though this is, it is only an aggravated example of what is sadly too common in this city in the young of both sexes.

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THE following anecdote concerning the Abbe Liszt, if not true, deserves to be so. In 1835, the composer was making a tour in France, during which he came to a provincial town where he was to give a performance; but, when all was ready to commence, the audience was found to consist of seven individuals only. Liszt, nothing daunted, mounted the platform with a bland smile upon his face, and, bowing suavely to the almost empty benches, said:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a most uncomfortable hall; therefore, if it will be agreeable to you, I will have the piano taken to the hotel where I am staying, and there, where we shall all be much more at our ease, I will play through the programme." The proposal was cheerfully accepted by the seven guests, who adjourned to the hotel, where Liszt not only went through the entire programme, but afterwards pressed his audience to partake of supper. Next evening, on the occasion of a second concert, the hall was full to suffocation, and applicants had to be turned away at the doors.

## MRS. WELDON IN PRISON.

"PUT not your trust in princes"—says the Good Book, with no apparent reference to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his visit to his probably future subjects. Our advice to jurors is—put not your trust in judges. Mr. Yates got a sentence of four months' imprisonment for libel, and half of that was remitted by the Home Secretary. Mrs. Weldon, whose services in the reformation of the Insane Laws are generally recognised, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment as a first class misdemeanant, in spite of a strong recommendature to mercy, and to the horror of at least one-third of the jury. Was it because she had bothered barristers and worried judges, who are but barristers full blown? A petition for Mrs. Weldon's release would be signed by thousands—but, unhappily, the Home Secretary is a barrister in full sympathy with bar and bench. Still, being a lady's man, the women's petition, headed by Miss Müller of the School Board, Mrs. Hoggan, M.D., Dr. Kate Mitchell, etc., may influence him to mercy. These ladies say:—

"We, the undersigned women residents of Great Britain, convinced of the injustice of the verdict in the recent trial of the Queen *v.* Georgina Weldon for libel upon Jules Prudence Rivière, and shocked at the harshness of the sentence passed upon Mrs. Weldon, although the jury had strongly recommended her to mercy, most humbly entreat you to remit the sentence."

Here is a libel on libel—a libel on judge and jury, for which these "women residents of Great Britain" might be sent to keep company with Mrs. Weldon at Holloway.

If verdicts are unjust, and sentences shockingly harsh, it is time that we had better laws and better administrators. The whole judicial system needs to be reformed.

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Cost of Wine and Beer in Paris.—It has been estimated with considerable care that the people of Paris spend yearly about £24,000,000 for wine and beer, or nearly £12 for each person. In the past 12 years they have spent as much for these drinks as the amount of the war indemnity exacted by the Germans.

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Scientific Accuracy.—Professor Langley assumes that a child of five years has thrust his finger into the flame of a lighted candle, and bids us remark that a second of time will have to elapse before the sensation of heat, or, in other words, of a burnt finger, is conveyed up the child's arm by the nerves communicating with the base of the brain, which is the centre and source of all feeling in the human body. Imagine, he continues, that the child, standing upon the earth, has an arm long enough to catch hold of the sun, and in that case more than one hundred years would be required before the sensation of heat would be experienced by the child's body. [The idea of "an arm long enough to catch hold of the sun" is delicious, and becoming a centenarian before he could feel it would, at least, be very convenient.]

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The *East London Leader and Tower Hamlets Record* (Aug. 9) said:—"The last bank holiday of the season is over; it has been attended by magnificent weather, and should have been an enjoyable day for all. For clerks, for men and women employed in shops and other similar establishments, bank holiday is a welcome and well-earned relief from regular and monotonous labour. No one, however, could have gone to any of the great holiday resorts, or to the suburbs much frequented by the many, without entertaining very strong doubts as to whether the holiday is a blessing to the working classes. A large number of these are habitually absent from work on Mondays, and the day is, therefore, no holiday to them. The amount of drunkenness is great, and, unhappily, not only men and boys, but women and young girls, were to be met with in a state of inebriety. Many of the suburbs were till a late hour at night hideous with shouts, yells, fights, and drunken songs. In thousands of cases men were absent from their work on Tuesday; in many instances bank holiday means a week of idleness and drunkenness. If Sir John Lubbock had made a circuit of London on Monday, he might well have questioned whether bank holiday is not a curse rather than a blessing to a large number of the working classes.

## AIR AND LIGHT.

Dr. Richardson read a paper the other night to a meeting of sanitary inspectors on "The Sanitary Inspection of Homeless and Nomadic Population," which he divides into three classes: vagrants, hawkers or itinerant salesmen, and the pure nomadic. As a rule, so far as his experience went, he found that they were not long-lived, but that they were not more liable to disease than any other people. Hawkers, from their living in a close caravan, sometimes in a very crowded condition, were the most unhealthy class of the wandering population. They did not convey disease from place to place, and rarely suffered from smallpox, consumption being the most common disease which affected them. Summing up the facts which might be gathered from an inquiry of the vagrant classes, Dr. Richardson said it might be learned from them that poverty, even when approaching destitution, did not lead to a life attended by those diseases which sanitary officers were appointed to discover and remedy. It might be seen how mighty a disinfectant we had in the open air. In moving a vote of thanks to Dr. Richardson, the chairman remarked that typhus fever resulted commonly from over-crowding. In Scotland it was believed that all epidemics of this disease were introduced by beggars, simply because they broke out in common lodging-houses through over-crowding; and since the passing of the measure for their regulation they had been the last instead of the first to contract the disease. So that vagabonds are by no means the worst off—and gipsies, with plenty of change, air, and light, are remarkably healthy. Then a tent is the healthiest of dwellings, and sailors have a very low death-rate.

The lesson is obvious—that we should spend as much time as we can in the open air—that we should ventilate our bedrooms—that we should "take no thought for to-morrow." Nomads never worry about rent or bills, because they have no landlords and nobody will trust them. And they are not often troubled with dyspepsia or gout. Our prisons are considered healthy—but they fail in two sanitary elements. They are monotonous, and are not well lighted. The cadaverous complexion of prisoners shows a bad condition of the blood. Open spaces, exercise, air, and light are important health conditions.

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Sweating Feet.—M. Vieusse, principal medical officer of the Medical Hospital at Oran, states that excessive sweating of the feet, under whatever form it appears, can be quickly cured by carefully conducted friction with the subnitrate of bismuth, and even in the few cases where this suppresses the abundant sweating only temporarily, it still removes the fetidity which often accompanies the secretion. Dr. Vieusse has never found any ill consequence to follow the suppression of the sweating.

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Those who have seen the specimens of daily prison fare shown to the public at the Health Exhibition will admit that, though it is by no means epicurean, it is, nevertheless, far from starvation point. An article in *The Banner* calls attention to the fact that it is very superior to that provided for the pauper inmates of workhouses. While the burglar gets 260 ounces of solids in a week, the pauper gets only 166; the prisoner, again, has 164 ounces of good *whole meal bread*, the pauper only 84, and that of a *less sustaining kind*. The result of comparing, or rather contrasting, the dietary for convicted prisoners with that in use in our Metropolitan workhouses (Southwark, for example) will be to lessen the surprise that some people feel at the fact that many of our indigent poor people prefer imprisonment to pauper accommodation.—*The Christian.*

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Professor Thorold Rogers is as unsparing in his speeches as in his recent article in the *Fortnightly* on the morality of the Upper Chamber, but I do not quite see why he should single out any individual in particular as an embodiment of the most dangerous social vices, when there are scores and perhaps hundreds of Peers of the Realm who could be similarly classed. I doubt, too, whether there is much to choose between the House of Commons and the House of Lords on the score of personal virtue. If a Duke is to be precluded from taking his seat in the Upper House because of his shameless disregard for the seventh commandment, why should Cabinet Ministers be allowed to openly break that commandment and still retain their Right-Honourableness? Let Professor Rogers attack the corruption and prostitution of the upper classes as much as he likes, so long as he attacks them fairly all round.

## CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN.

**Please Note.**—All private letters for Dr. Nichols, orders for medicine, and correspondence intended for the Herald, must be sent to 32 Fopstone Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W.

"X. Y. Z."—Of course there is a cure for any irregularity or excess in natural functions. Scores—I think hundreds—of cases have been cured by the simple and natural means I have recommended. Cure consists in the regulation and distribution of vital force, which has taken a wrong and exhausting direction. The cure requires some resolution—some self-denial—but very sad and very bad cases recover. Drugs will not cure, and must do mischief. Hydropathy and the diet cure, resolutely carried out, bring health and vigour. The sympathetic or magnetic medicines in many cases evidently hasten the cure.

"Ajax," my sincere admirer, wants to know what books he shall get to teach him anatomy and physiology: an awkward question, because I think my "Esoteric Anthropology" and "Human Physiology the Basis of Sanitary and Social Science" are first rate books, though it would be highly improper for me to say so. Professor Huxley has written a book on physiology for students—chiefly young lady students—from which he has as entirely omitted the function of reproduction as if it did not exist. Now I hold that whatever God has made is a proper study for men and women—interesting, useful, and often necessary; so I think Professor Huxley's physiology for young ladies is ridiculously imperfect—young ladies who hope and expect soon to be mothers of sons and daughters.

"Poor Preacher."—The Food of Health is so perfect a food that I wish it could be made a cheap one. Compared with beef and mutton of course it is *not* dear—since one pound of the Food of Health has more sustaining power than three pounds of any kind of animal flesh, to say nothing of its medicinal virtues. Of these a patient writes:—"I have suffered greatly from constipation, but seeing an account of the Food of Health, I have been taking it with vegetarian dinners, and have been much better."

"W. W."—The bones are more flexible at 15 than at 45—growth is more rapid and more easily guided; but there is constant change going on—old matter replaced by new—as long as we live. That is one reason why we want our "daily bread." I believe that a gentle continuous pressure would cure most osseus deformities. Whether it would be worth the trouble is a question every one must answer for himself. At the age of about 16, I cured myself of a curving spine—I was getting "round-shouldered"—by straightening myself against the wall, and resolutely keeping that position. I see no reason why bowed legs or knock knees may not be cured, even at middle age.

"London Clerk," with quick palpitations of the heart from any little excitement or exertion, needs to be very careful in all his ways and gradually strengthen his nerves, which are probably the centre of all his unpleasant symptoms. If the stomach, lungs, and skin are rightly cared for, and all causes of nervous excitement or exhaustion avoided—among them alcohol, tea, coffee, and tobacco—I see nothing to hinder solid health.

"F. Smiley" writes from the Canadian province of Ontario:—"My abstemious and vegetarian habits suit my farm life here as well as when I was a clerk in London, and I bear well the heat and cold of Canadian summers and winters. I need no extra clothing in the coldest weather, and live on oatmeal porridge, bread, and fruit—so there is some mistake about vegetarianism not suiting a cold climate."

"T. P."—I see no danger in over-doing the hot-air bath. I take one every morning. In five minutes I am in a gentle perspiration; in ten minutes it runs down in streams, and I step into a sponging bath and quickly deluge myself with cold water, following this refreshing operation with a vigorous rubbing with rough towels. I do not see that such a bath, completed in less than fifteen minutes, can hurt any one, and I know it does a world of good, removing neuralgias, rheumatism, internal congestions, and rapidly cleansing the blood and renovating the whole body. Men who work fourteen hours a day in the Turkish baths, with perspiration dripping, gain health, strength, and even weight.

"A. M."—I think any kind of woollen underclothing better on the whole than cotton or silk. It is more elastic, less likely to be saturated with perspiration, and, holding more air, is a better protection against changes of temperature. As to the fineness of the wool, that is a question of taste, comfort, and cost, which every lady can settle for herself. Many ladies find the "Union" undergarment, of fine wool or merino, convenient, agreeable, and healthful.

"B. S. A."—There is really very little use in opposing any feminine fashion. Good or bad, sensible or absurd, every woman, with rare exceptions, adopts it. How many resisted crinoline? How many desired to dispense with the chignon? Who dares to keep clear of the fast expanding crinolettes which are making fashion-plates, and women hideously, and it seems to me, indelicately, deformed? If fashion should adopt the two humps of the camel, how many would refuse to wear them? These excrescences offend nature and outrage taste, but the fashionable waists inflict physical injuries. With all her wonderful power of adapting herself to false conditions, continued pressure and displacement of the central organs of life must be injurious.

"A Convert" to the idea of female dress reform wants to know how she can carry her skirts. Well, why not wear suspenders like men? The answer, of course, is that they would not permit the fashionable exposure of neck and bosom required for evening dress and Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms. Ladies go to theatres with arms entirely bare, and backs bare to the waist. In such cases the skirts, crinolettes, etc., must depend upon the corsets, very low and tightly laced. I really do not see my way to make such a costume healthy. The best we can hope for is "the survival of the fittest." In a more reasonable or more decent attire, a well fitting waist ought to support its proper dependencies. Happily men have found a costume reasonably comfortable and healthful. If all the silly women manage to kill themselves and their children, the race will be all the wiser and better.

"W. N." writes to tell us how useful the Herald and the books have been to him, which is very gratifying; but this is a work that could be extended. I am trying to find a way to bring a knowledge of them, and the lessons they teach, to a much greater number. If they bring wisdom and health to some, why not to many more? A few thousands—even a few hundreds could be well expended in such a work. At present hundreds of millions are spent for alcohol, tobacco, etc., a few hundred thousands go for foreign missions, while the great work of sanitary reform stands lowest on the list.

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Vegetarians at Exeter Hall.—A meeting, convened by the Vegetarian Society, was held last evening in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Mr. E. Collier, of Manchester, the treasurer of the society. The Chairman explained that one object of the meeting was to review the operations of the Society's dining-room at the International Health Exhibition. Reporting as the treasurer of the Society on the experiments there, he referred with pride to the fact that they had gained a diploma of honour. They had served 161,000 meals during the Exhibition, or an average of about 910 per day. After paying rent and all expenses they were in a position to return the guarantee fund, subscribed by their friends in aid of the experiment, and they remained with a balance of over a hundred pounds, besides their crockery, tables, and cooking-ut ensils. The money balance, in accordance with the public under taking of the Society, was being spent in vegetarian meals for the poor in several large towns. The Society at the Exhibition had promulgated their principles in a way they had never had an opportunity of doing before. He, personally, after a life of nearly 58 years without tasting animal food or intoxicating drinks, was not prepared to abate one jot or tittle of his belief in the soundness of vegetarian principles.—Mr. W. E. Axon, Manchester, gave an account of the Society.—Professor J. E. B. Mayor, Senior Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, as its president, also addressed the meeting, and called attention to the fact that all the previous presidents of the Society, excepting one, had been septuagenarians.—Mrs. Anna Kingsford, M.D., protested against the representations of those who seemed to think that vegetarians wished to send men out like Nebuchadnezzar to graze, to make them eat cabbages in the morning and grass in the evening. She maintained, however, that men were classed anatomically and physiologically with the apes, whose teeth were not flesh-tearing teeth. The apes used their teeth for cracking nuts, and never for masticating mutton chops or eating saddle of mutton. Flesh-eaters were liable to many diseases from which vegetarians were free. She had cured herself of tubercular consumption by living on vegetable food. Having been told that she had not six months to live, and that she must eat raw meat and drink port wine, she had gone into the country, and tried cold porridge and fruit, and was there that day on that platform. (Cheers.) She had found the shoemaker to make her shoes without leather, and she assured her audience that they did equally well for the muddy streets of London and for climbing the hills of Switzerland. (Cheers.)—Other speakers, including Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Allinson, a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Mr. T. Baker, and the Rev. M. de Colleville addressed the meeting, which was closed with the customary compliment to the chairman.—*Daily News, Jan. 13th.*

## IMPROVED TOMBSTONES.

A GREAT deal has been said in derogation of tombstones. That they are as a rule untruthful is, the *New York Times* says, conceded by every one, and being thus untrustworthy, of what use are they? It may be said that the erection of a tombstone to the memory of a departed person is a tribute of respect. Perhaps it is, but there are circumstances in which a man finds the existence of such tributes of respect inconvenient. For example, the multiplex widower who is on the point of marrying his fourth wife, does not think with complacency of the three tombstones in the cemetery, each one of which praises the virtues of one of his earlier wives. Moreover, when a tombstone does tell the truth, it is not always satisfactory to the person to whose memory it is erected. The unmarried lady who, in her life-time, had always claimed to be less than thirty years of age, cannot die comfortably when she reflects that her tombstone will credit her with forty-two years. In short, tombstones, as at present managed, are by no means satisfactory, and the reform contemplated by the selectmen of West Middlebury Centre, Connecticut, deserves careful consideration. The selectmen in question propose that hereafter tombstones shall be made valuable as public records. They have passed a resolution requiring that every tombstone to be erected in the West Middlebury Centre Cemetery shall contain in addition to the name, age, and date of death of the person to whom it refers, the name of the disease which was the cause of death, the name of the physician in attendance on the deceased, and a brief description of the treatment of the case. Let us suppose that Deacon Jabez Smedley dies next week of pleuro-pneumonia. His tombstone will contain an inscription showing when he was born and when he died; that his disease was pleuro-pneumonia; that he was attended by Dr. John Smith, and that the treatment consisted of homœopathic doses of *aconite*, *mercurius*, *solubilis*, and *stibium* continued for eight days. This inscription would be placed in a shallow recess cut in the face of the tombstone, and covered with a thick plate of glass, and its truth would be attested by a certificate sworn to before a notary by two of the three selectmen. If this plan is systematically carried out, the West Middlebury Centre Cemetery will become invaluable as a source of sanitary and medical statistics. The student of the tombstones will be able to ascertain at a glance the prevailing diseases of the neighbourhood. He will learn in what part of the town, and at what season particular diseases prevail; and to patients of what age they are most likely to prove fatal. He can also learn what method of treatment has proved most unsuccessful, and what doctors have produced the most havoc among the people of the village. In case a summer boarder fall ill, his friends, instead of sending for any casual doctor, will walk through the cemetery, and ascertain what doctors have had the largest share in filling it. Of course, the sick boarder will not be placed under the care of any of these doctors, but a doctor will be summoned whose name has a place on only a very few tombstones, and those the tombstones of a people who have died either of old age or of incurable diseases. It is hardly necessary to say that the proposed system of statistical tombstones will do much to lower the annual death-rate. Every doctor will be especially anxious to save his patients' lives, and thereby to prevent the appearance of his own name on the patients' tombstones. Every doctor whose patients exhibit a significant tendency towards the cemetery will soon lose his practice, and be forced to retire from the West Middlebury Centre. Meanwhile the doctors will carefully note what methods of treatment have proved unavailing to save the lives of patients, and will abandon them in favour of other methods. Thus the medical profession will be benefited, and by the law of the survival of the fittest, only doctors of real merit will be enabled to live in West Middlebury Centre. Should this system be generally adopted throughout the countries, our cemeteries will become immensely valuable as sources of statistics. A *Tombstone Journal* would of course be established, in which complete lists of all tombstones would be published. These lists would take the place of all local sanitary statistics. They would show what are the most sickly regions of the country, and would enable the public to form an accurate estimate of the comparative abilities of all the physicians of the land. "True as a tombstone" would soon become a proverb, and an insurance company, when taking risks on a life, would regard a certified copy of all the tombstones in the applicant's family as the best possible basis for calculating his chances of longevity. In addition to the statistics which each tombstone would be required to contain, the relatives of deceased persons would, of course, be permitted to express their feelings in poetry or prose, precisely as is now done; but it is probable that in a short time the tombstone would come to be regarded purely as a scientific record, and it would be thought incongruous to encumber it with verses of elegiac poetry or other expressions of sentiment. It is evident that the selectmen of West Middlebury Centre have hit upon a grand idea, and they should have full credit for it. As for the sneering suggestion that they have quarrelled with the local undertaker, and are trying to injure his business by recording on tombstones the names of the doctors to whom his prosperity is indirectly due, it is without any facts in its support, and deserves no attention whatever.

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MILK VERSUS TEA AND STIMULANTS.—"The greater my experience becomes," writes Dr. Clouston in the annual report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane, "I tend more to substitute milk for stimulants. In very acute cases, both of depression and maniacal exaltations, where the disordered working of the brain tends rapidly to exhaust the strength, I rely more and more on milk and eggs made into liquid custards. One such case this year got eight pints of milk and sixteen eggs daily for three months, and recovered under this treatment. I question if he would have done so under any other. He was almost dead on admission—acutely delirious, absolutely sleepless, and very nearly pulseless." The cup of tea so much in demand by many women when tired should be exchanged for milk, eggs, and rest.

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THE good people of Leicester are giving politicians a capital example just now of the strength of passive resistance. There are 4,000 people in the town of Leicester who have taken the oath not to bow the knee to Baal (the Golden Calf would perhaps be a better phrase), or offer up their children to be vaccinated. The Local Government Board has declared war against them with a light heart, and has instructed the local Board of Guardians to prosecute the lot. But the instructions are easier given than executed. It is calculated, for one thing, that there is a total of 20,000 documents to be served at the residences of the defaulters, each document having to be served separately at stated intervals. No wonder that the report adds, that "every day it is becoming more and more difficult to administer the Act." "Any one can govern with a state of siege;" but as long as the ordinary law is respected, it is as impossible to coerce a whole town on the strike as to make war upon a whole people.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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THE following is the concluding part of the interview with Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, late Prime Minister of Queensland:—"What about the black fellows, Sir Thomas?" asked our representative. "Dying out, sir; dying out. The offscouring of the human race. Cannibals for the most part, but miserable wretches for all that, who are rapidly becoming extinct. It is a mistake to imagine that the squatter shoots the black fellow. He despises him too much to fear him. The only shooting I know of is done in the extreme north, in the mining districts. There the natives are wilder, and the miners have less confidence in themselves than the squatters. The rule has been, and is still, I am afraid, that every miner carries a rifle, and when he sees a black fellow he shoots him. Some time ago we spent some hundreds of pounds in feeding the miserable remnants of these tribes, who, under pressure of famine, had taken to eating some of the settlers. Travelling across the country then I had some score brought to see me. Never did I see such decrepit apologies for manhood. They were diseased, lame, blind—the last dregs of a doomed race. It is a mistake to imagine that they are all killed off by gin and gunpowder. Kindness is even more fatal than drink. You take a black fellow, feed him, educate him, civilize him as much as you can; put trowsers upon him, and make him what you please. Before long the unconquerable craving for the savage freedom of the bush overtakes him. He strips off his clothes, and once more runs naked among his own people. What is the result? He dies of consumption. That is what takes them off. The dress and diet of civilisation they might survive if they stuck to them, but they don't. Their savagery is ineradicable. They revert to the mode of life of their ancestors, and they die. As for the story of outrages inflicted by white men on black women, that is all nonsense. The idea of outrage in a native is at the outside the loss of the sixpence or shilling for the sake of which the best black fellow in all Australia would place his women at the disposal of any man. They have not the most elementary ideas of chastity. Whatever feud there may be between the races that is not one of its causes."

## WHAT THE DRINK DOES.

Mr. Massey, a gentleman interested in the traffic in intoxicants, has been glorying in the success of his trade, and rather crowing over the teetotallers.

A writer in the *Burnley Gazette* deals with him and his coadjutors. Mr. Massey (he says) seems to speak in triumph of what ought to sting the heart of every true-souled citizen with shame, or blind his eyes and fill his throat with bitter pathos. In 1882, he tells us jovially, 955 criminals were produced in Burnley alone by their trade. That might seem enough of such success to glory in! But in 1883, 1,268 poor creatures got into the hands of the police through the drink they sell. One would have thought that conscience or self-respect might have edged in a word here to prevent the finish of such a story, but no, he will claim the last fragment of grim glory due to his trade, so he tells us that in 1884 there were in Burnley 1,317 convictions through drink. That, of course, brings their humane triumph up to the present date. Then he climaxes, "What are the teetotallers about? We never sold more beer in Burnley in our lives than last summer. Where are their successful organisations?" Now just imagine these 3,540 criminals arranged in rows. Amongst them are young girls from 16 to 20 years of age, whose purity is sullied; the black brand of shame, never to be wholly erased, across faces wherein the charms of maiden simplicity and the shadows of childish innocence still linger; young men of similar ages, with genuine English blood in their veins, many a fair dream of noble manhood behind them, whose sisters and mothers can tell thrilling stories of their tenderness, self-sacrifice, and various promise of worthy citizenship, but they were trapped into sudden or slow disgrace by the cursed influence of the public-house. There are husbands, too, whose wives remember the pride of the wedding-day, which seemed filled with the presence of a holy gladness, sweet days of trustful uplooking in early married life, and now testify through bursting sobs and passionate tears, that a nobler man than Tom or Harry treads not English soil, but for the drink. But then poor Harry and Tom are amongst the 3,540 criminals; and sadder now than all, mothers too are there whose sweet babes pine for the bosom wont to nourish them, whilst they lie in gaol; or their dear innocent girls of six or even sobs amid the crowd as the mothers are taken from Bank Top Station. Think of all these 3,540 criminals, our neighbours, think what some of those young girls will learn during their brief imprisonment, of the lessons of villany those youths will receive, and all the misery to themselves, and trouble and expense to the community, which are the inevitable outcome thereof; and then think of a gentleman pointing to these as signs of the success of his trade, and with apparent pride casting taunts in the faces of those who would have hindered the ghastly success, but could not!

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A Good Reason for Marrying.—A great many interesting and amusing stories are told about Hans Makart, the great Vienna painter, since his death. He was an eccentric genius, and so very popular with fashionable ladies that every one was surprised when he married an ordinary-looking woman. It seems that somebody was once inquisitive enough to ask him why he did so; whereupon he replied, "To have a good-tempered sensible woman to trust in when all the butterflies, who, after all, are only caterpillars dressed, forsake me."

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What to Teach Girls.—Give your daughters a good education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase, and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common-sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only "yes" or "no" in good earnest.—*Monsignor Capel.*

## THE SCIENCE OF SLAUGHTER.

I have given some notice of the horrible havoc made by the accidental bursting of a shell; but a military correspondent finds plenty of fault with the tools furnished by the Government to do its work. He says, "The cartridges stuck in the Martinis, and numbers were thrown away useless; he himself took up a rifle, but the cartridge stuck, and that he was glad to be rid of it and return to his revolver. He may well indeed describe it as a "mongrel" cartridge; one has only to look at it and compare it with the serviceable solid metal cartridges turned out in millions by several private firms, and it requires no expert to endorse his opinion. Is it not enough for the nation to be kept for days in almost breathless suspense as to whether such and such a small force has not actually been swept off the face of the earth, but it must also learn that that force is badly equipped? Let any one consider what his feelings would be, face to face with half a dozen Soudanese in the heat of action and a cartridge "stuck" in his rifle. Are we, who pride ourselves on our scientific knowledge, who lavish thousands, aye, even millions, on experiments, to send our troops into the field with a cartridge that will not bear carriage and knocking about, thereby getting out of shape and consequently sticking in the rifle? Wars are not what they used to be. Months now take the place of years, and before long, with the modern "improvements" in implements of destruction, weeks will have to be substituted for months. At present I believe the necessary machinery does not exist at Woolwich for producing the solid metal cartridge; but let the Government only condemn the "mongrel," and call on English manufacturers, and a delivery of at least 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 serviceable cartridges per week, and more if required, would be at their disposal.

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The letter published by the *Daily Chronicle* concerning the destruction of our stores at Gubat before our retreat across the desert, suggests very unpleasant reflections. Our camels gave our so utterly that we had to leave behind for the Mahdi rations enough to feed 10,000 of his men for a week, and that after out men had spent twenty-four hours in flinging into the Nile or burning all the food, medicine, powder, and arms that they could dispose of in that summary fashion. The moral effect of that wholesale holocaust and subsequent abandonment of our stores must have been exceedingly bad. The Mahdi probably found more loot at Gubat than he took at Khartoum. This is the seamy side of glorious war. The horrid massacre of a helpless flying foe, after an almost bloodless victory, is also not a thing to be proud of.

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Pork.—*Good Health*, an American sanitary journal, says:—Last fall hog cholera was reported as prevailing in numerous places in widely distant sections of the country. In some parts 50 per cent. of all the hogs succumbed to the disease. It is to be hoped that the disorder will put in a lively appearance early in the spring, and finish up the pork-raising business as soon as possible. It has long been evident to a good many people that the principal business of the hog is to breed parasites. The real wealth of the country is certainly not increased by the pork-raising business. The hog consumes more corn than he is worth. At anyrate, the corn which he eats would support more human beings than his diseased carcass, at least ten to one. It takes six or eight pounds of corn to make one of pork, and each pound of corn will support life as long as two or three pounds pork; so if the hog should suddenly die off from cholera, or from any other beneficent disorder which nature might provide for taking him off, human beings would be both richer and healthier for the loss.

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Good Teaching.—The report of the Rev. F. P. Lawson, the diocesan inspector for Northamptonshire, just issued, gives some valuable experience resulting from the observation of many years' work in upwards of 325 urban and rural schools. Seven years ago Mr. Lawson, in speaking of the appearance of the children, declared that good teaching had a very marked effect upon the countenances of the scholars. A school, thoroughly well taught, seldom failed to exhibit a considerable number of interesting little faces, and a striking absence of such faces might invariably be associated with poverty of tone and superficial instruction. Nothing struck him more forcibly in a school that has been suddenly lifted out of the mire by a first-rate teacher than the bright and thoughtful look which the children soon acquire. Seven years' further experience confirms Mr. Lawson in the truth of this opinion, and he judges that the interesting faces which he regards as characteristics of a good school, are due to the fact that their little owners have had their minds awakened, and set healthily to work.

INSTITUTE

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"Whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty ought, first, to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can. And sure good is, first in feeding people; then in dressing people; then in lodging people; and *lastly* in rightly pleasing people with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought. I say, first, in feeding. . . . But the first thing is to be sure you have the food to give; and, therefore, to enforce the organisation of vast activities in agriculture and in commerce, for the production of the wholesomest food, and proper storing and distribution of it, so that no famine should any more be possible among civilised beings. There is plenty of work in this business alone, and at once, for any number of people who like to engage in it. Secondly, dressing people, . . . and then, thirdly, lodging people, . . . and this means a great deal of vigorous legislation, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way, and then, as far as we can get it, through sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams, and walled round, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy streets within, and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass, and sight of far horizon, might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This the final aim; but in immediate action every minor and possible good to be instantly done, when and as we can, . . . and all the fine arts will healthily follow. . . . . *These are the three first needs of civilised life.* The law for every Christian man and woman is, that they should be in direct service towards one of these three needs, . . . and out of such exertion in plain duty all other good will come."—RUSKIN.

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To those who seek that knowledge we recommend a perusal of some of the following works, and to those who already possess that knowledge, and have the means and will to extend the circulation into libraries or otherwise, we are open to give special advantages for quantities, if they will communicate direct with us. We quite agree with Ruskin when he says—"The essential thing is the founding of real schools for instruction for both boys and girls—first, in domestic medicine and all that *it* means; and, secondly, in the plain moral law of all humanity, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' and all that *it* means.—"LETTERS TO YOUNG GIRLS," BY JOHN RUSKIN (2½d. post free).

*The serious attention of the Principals of Colleges—School Teachers—Clergymen—Parents—Guardians, and all persons interested in the care of the youth of both sexes, is respectfully requested to the following special List of Books and Pamphlets,—particularly those marked with an asterisk (*), which on perusal will be found highly conducive to the end all have in view for those committed to their charge, viz., their physical, moral, and spiritual welfare.*

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