

second of the objects of this Association—"the promotion of organizations and measures for the practical application of public hygiene." We have no especial form of organization to suggest to you—no pet theories to advocate—no particular scheme to recommend. There are many roads to Rome. Choose the one you will—only, all travel together. In time the shortest and safest will commend itself.

Citizens' Sanitary Associations need not be antagonistic or substitutive for municipal institutions. In the language of the Sanitary Protective Association of Newport: "The Association will not conflict with the public authorities; but will supplement their action. It simply aims to have every house in the city in a proper sanitary condition— . . .

Now, this is precisely what should be done in St. Louis, and without delay. The spectre of pestilence is on your horizon. You have had timely warning of its approach. It will be too late to bar out the grim fiend after his shadow has fallen across your threshold. If your city is scourged you—you, intelligent citizens, and you only, will be to blame. It will not fill the vacant places in your home to denounce incompetent authorities. Take the matter in your own hands and begin to clean: it is the Augean task of Hercules. The lair of the beast is amid muck and moisture. Open and let in the light; clean and whitewash every cellar and hovel, till their shall be no such thing as that abomination "cellar-air," air which causes the saliva to flow when you get a whiff, air laden with all sorts of microscopic pests. Empty every cesspool, fill up every stagnant puddle, clear out every neglected alley, *cul-de-sac*, and obscure lot, destroy rubbish, burn rags and mouldy straw, and rotten soggy planks. Where there are fresh air and dryness and cleanliness there can be no cholera; and where these are not it will come in spite of proclamations and perfunctory quantities. Fumigations and disinfections which mask putrescence and substitute medicinal smells for sickening stench are as ridiculous as the noise of gongs and tom-toms and exploding fire-crackers, and jin-galls by which the Chinaman hopes to frighten the devils who desolate his home and country, and worse than useless, from the false sense of security which they give. Even the exorcism of prayer had better not be attempted kneeling, but upon the feet with both hands hard at work.

I may be permitted to quote a leaf from my own personal experience that is valuable corroborative evidence of the good that follows efficient sanitary supervision. Early in the year 1855, I became an officer in the navy, and I was not long in discovering that a medical officer, in the first place, was not regarded by his line associates as an officer at all, and in the second, that his functions as the "pill-dispenser" he was assumed to be, were sought to be exclusively restricted to the healing of wounds and sores and the curing of such as might become sick, without his presuming to enquire why they became sick, and how they might be prevented from getting so. Fortunately I had been taught that the science of medicine had a wider outlook than the sick-room, and that the office of the physician was something else than to be the tinker of broken bones and the mender of human mechanisms that human stupidity, human ignorance, and human arrogance had needlessly marred. I had no lack of so-called legitimately professional occupation. I lived among the sick and dying. In thirty months there were thirteen hundred and forty-five cases of sickness in the little community of only two hundred officers and men, the daily sick-list often ranging from thirty-two to thirty-five a day, month after month; and among them no suffering women or feeble children; no old people or lives wrecked by penury or toil, but all of them stalwart, adult men, chosen for their vigor, for a career that ought to be exceptionally salubrious. We buried twenty-eight out of the two hundred: how many among those who deserted or were invalided or discharged from the service were buried by other hands I know not, but the Pension Office daily brings to notice such shattered lives that come begging its meagre bounty. While improper diet, insufficient clothing, ill-judged exposure, filth and foul air and reckless wetting the decks made men ill, not all the drugs in the dispensary, nor ten times the medical officer's skill could make or keep them well. Surgeon in title, physician in vocation, I had the lesson taught me that before all I must be a sanitarian, and ever since I have been an ardent one, and to-day I can bear personal testimony to the observable effects of official supervision as it has been insisted upon in the navy by my colleagues of the medical corps, in spite of opposition that has amounted to insult and indignity. During the past year, as a member of the Board of Inspec-