TWO TALES OF THE SEA.

A Great Crime and Its Punishment.

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By D.W.H.

"For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ." —Hamlet.

"HOW many lives do you think the Indian whisky manufacturers at Victoria destroyed directly or indirectly by their traffic?" I was asked the other day. I replied that the number would be difficult to estimate; but when I say that the western and southern shores of the harbor as far as Mr. F. S. Barnard's residence on the one side and as far as the gas works on the other were thickly populated by members of the northern tribes who had moved to Victoria for commercial purposes and that the Songish village which now contains only some 70 natives of all ages and both sexes numbered at the very least 4,000 souls, some idea of the terrible inroads that were made upon the tribes may be conceived. A rough census, taken in 1858, gave a native population in and about Victoria of 8,500. In July, 1858, the Songish tribe were visited by the Mackah tribe who inhabited the country in the vicinity of Neah Bay, Washington territory. The visiting war-canoes numbered 210, with an average of twelve Indians to a canoe. The Mackah tribe, in common with the Songish and all other tribes along the Island and Mainland coasts, have nearly all disappeared. Of the great Hydahs, the Tsimpseans, the Bella Bellas, the Bella Coolas, the Nootkas, the Clayoquots, the Stickeens, and the Chilcats only miserable remnants are to be found. The Hudson Bay Company's records show that both coasts were studded here and there with thickly populated villages. Previous to 1858 there must have been 150,000 Indians on the Island and Mainland coasts. Twelve years afterwards the number throughout the entire province was computed at 130,000. How many of this smaller number now exist I do not know; but I venture to say that between 1858 and 1870 at least 100,000 natives perished directly from the use of alcoholic stimulants supplied them by illicit vendors. It is a bold statement to make; but I feel confident that I am under rather than over the mark. What an appalling record the manufacturers and their agents and abettors have faced in the other world—for they are all dead and with their victims have been judged. For lucre they poisoned a vast army of their fellow beings. It was just such men our Saviour had in his eye when he put the great question to the listening Jews: "What Shall It Profit a Man if He Gain the Whole World Yet Lose His Own Soul?" An ocean of penitent tears would not quench the flames of hell to which they are condemned, that is presuming there is a physical hell. If my readers imagine that the Indians were the only sufferers from the effects of the whisky trade, the brief story I am about to relate will undeceive them.

In the month of December, 1868, there sailed into the harbor of Port Discovery, Washington territory, a handsome English bark named the John Bright, in honor of one of Britain's greatest statesmen and orators. The captain, who was named Burgess, was part owner, and on board were his pretty young wife and baby boy and an English nurse-maid, on whose cheeks the "rosies and posies" of her native land bloomed. The vessel was a long time in loading, the facilities for quick dispatch being poor. While the bark was taking in her cargo the captain and his wife became well acquainted on shore and through their geniality and hospitality soon grew to be general favorites. The nurse-maid was about seventeen. Her name was Beatrice Holden. She had the lovely English complexion, bright blue eyes and long hair of tawny hue. Pretty girls were scarce on the Sound at that time and when the day came for the bark to go to sea this particular girl received no less than three offers of marriage. She declined all with merry laughter, remarking that she intended to live and die an old maid; but should she change her mind she would only marry an Englishman. The vessel sailed away and passed out of the straits into the open sea early in the month of March, 1869. She was bound for Australia. The weather was boisterous and the bark was unable to keep off shore. After a gallant struggle she was cast away on the Island coast at a point about fourteen miles north of Clayoquot Sound.

Captain Christenson (now one of the Nanaimo pilots) commanded at that time the trading schooner Surprise, owned by William Spring. The schooner was making one of her customary voyages at the time and word reaching the Captain that a vessel had gone ashore he sailed at once for the scene of the wreck. He was some days in getting to the spot and by that time the wreck was complete, the vessel lying broadside on the shore and the sea making a clean breach over her. The Captain saw the chiefs of the tribe and they told him that all hands were lost in the surf. They showed him the remains of a woman (the captain's wife) with long black hair lying on the beach and Captain Christenson buried the body. He searched but found no other remains. From some word a native let fall and from the evasive answers of the Indians generally Captain Christenson suspected that there had been foul play. He wrote at once to Captain Spring at Victoria telling him of the wreck and adding that he believed some of the ship's company got ashore alive and that they had been either murdered by the Indians or were held in captivity at some place well back from the shore. Mr. Seymour, who was then Governor, was told of the Captain's suspicions and was asked to send a war vessel to the scene. He declined to act, expressing the belief that all hands had perished. Three weeks passed and nothing was done. Captain Christenson could not rest easy, and despairing of government assistance and at great personal risk he again visited the scene of the wreck. He walked along the shore—the very shore over which he had walked three weeks before—and to his horror he discovered other bodies of white men lying above high-water mark. The remains had been frightfully mangled. In every case the head was missing, having been cut off the preclude the possibility of identification. In some instances an arm or leg was missing. The fast-decaying bodies had been stripped of all clothing and no trace was ever found of the baby. The Captain again wrote or came himself to Victoria. I forget which, and the facts were laid before the Governor, whose dilatory course must have caused the massacre. H. M. S. Sparrowhawk, Captain Mist, then lying in Esquimalt harbor, was directed to proceed to the coast. On board were Attorney-General Crease, Stipendiary Magistrate Pemberton, our old acquaintance John George Taylor and several other constables, Captain Christenson and a force of twenty-five marines.

The party landed at the nearest safe harbor to the scene of wreck and the shore was searched. Nine dead bodies were found, decapitated and mangled in the manner I have stated. It was shown afterwards that the captain had been shot through the back while in the act of running away in the vain hope of escaping from the cruel savages who had proved themselves to be less merciful than the wild waves. The other prisoners were thrown down and their heads removed while they piteously begged for mercy!

The natives were questioned and at first denied all knowledge of how the bodies came there. But when confronted with Christenson's evidence they confessed that the entire ship's company got safely ashore. The Indians were drunk and in a dangerous mood. The captain's wife and one seaman were killed the first day. The pretty English maid was delivered up to the young men of the tribe who dragged her into the bush. Her cries filled the air for hours and when she was seen again by one of the native witnesses some hours later the poor girl was dead and her head had disappeared! Her body was not found by the officers although a diligent search was instituted for her sad fate appealed to the hearts of the officials and stirred their indignation and they desired to give her remains a Christian burial. The witnesses further disclosed the fact that the captain and the rest of the survivors were secreted in the bush and were alive and within a few hundred yards of Christenson when he first reached the scene. They saw him, too, and were threatened with instant death if they dared to make an outcry. After Christenson's departure the tribe waited several days, fearing the warships would come and they hesitated to murder the survivors. At last the savages pretended they had secured passage for the men on a liquor schooner that had just discharged her cargo and was sailing for Victoria. They lured the poor people to the shore where they were cruelly massacred and their bodies left where they fell.

Several Indians were seized and brought to Victoria. They were tried before Chief Justice Needham and two of the number were convicted. The culprits were taken to the scene of their crime in the Sparrowhawk and in the presence of the whole tribe were hanged. The scaffold was left standing as a warning to other evil-disposed Indians who might be inclined to ill-treat other crews that should be cast on their shore.

The lesson proved salutary. A year or two later the bark Edwin, owned and commanded by Captain S. Hughes, dropped anchor in Royal Roads. The captain had his wife and two bright little boys, aged seven and nine years, on board. Accompanied by his wife and children Captain Hughes came ashore at Victoria and did some shopping. In the evening he set sail for California with a cargo of lumber. Three days later the bark encountered a severe gale. The sails split as if made of paper and soon the vessel was being swept towards the rocky shore. Every effort was made to keep her off; but in vain. She struck nearly in the identical spot where the John Bright laid her bones. Mrs. Hughes, the two children and two seamen were swept overboard and drowned almost immediately. Captain Hughes and the remainder of the crew managed to reach the shore, landing almost at the foot of the scaffold on which the murderers were hanged. The Indians received them with kindness and hospitality and showered favors upon the men. To those who had no clothes they contributed from their own scanty store. Captain Christenson brought the ship-wrecked men to Victoria in the Surprise. Captain Hughes landed on the Hudson Bay Company's wharf without a penny in his pockets or an acquaintance in the town. To a reporter of the Colonist he said:

"I never was in such a fix before in all my life. Ten days ago I had a wife and two children and was the owner of a neat little clipper bark and had $5,000 in my cabin. I didn't owe a cent to anyone. Today," he added, and his eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered, "I am destitute of wife and children and am thrown on the world a beggar. A man had better be dead. How I wish the sea had swallowed me up, too!"

"Cheer up," said the reporter, "there are plenty of men here who will aid you."

"That's just it," he replied, "I don't want to accept favors from anyone. And yet I've seen the day when I was able to help and did help a shipwrecked crew."

"When was that?" was asked. "It was in the mid-Atlantic," he replied. "The ship Aquilla was flying signals of distress. I hailed her and was told that the ship was sinking. I stood by and took off Captain Sayward and all his men and carried them to New York. The United States Congress voted me this gold watch and chain."

He drew the watch from his pocket and opening the case showed an inscription which ran something like this:

"Presented to Captain S. A. Hughes of the British bark Gertrude as a mark of appreciation for his gallant conduct in saving the lives of Captain Sayward and the crew of the American ship Aquilla."

It did not take many minutes for the information to pass from mouth to mouth that the man who had saved the life of one of Victoria's best known citizens was in need of assistance and the best that could be had was not deemed too good for Captain Hughes. He became a resident of Victoria some years later and married again here. He died in Oakland, California. Captain Sayward died in this city last year and his remains were taken to California for interment.

It is worthy of remark that never since the lesson taught the tribes on the West Coast have shipwrecked people been molested. In fact, the natives have been ever foremost in saving life and in some instances have rescued and brought crews to Victoria.

The Sparrowhawk remained on the station several years and, if I mistake not, was sold out of the navy when last here. In 1870 Governor Seymour, who was very ill, was ordered to take a sea voyage and the Sparrowhawk was selected for the purpose. He embarked with Sir Joseph Trutch and several other officials. The ship went direct to Bella Coola. The Governor was confined to his room all the way up the coast and showed signs of slight mental aberration. His body-servant was named Colston and the night on which the Sparrowhawk arrived at Bella Coola he was left on duty in the Governor's room with instructions to give him a tablespoonful of a certain medicine contained in a quart bottle every hour. In the dead hours of the night Colston dozed and dreamed that he was derelict in a small boat without sail or oar. The water lapped the side of the boat and towed it from billow to billow. He was hungered and athirst for he had been a long time afloat. Mechanically he reached out his hand to grasp the bottle that contained the Governor's medicine. It was not there and his hand swept an empty shelf! He awoke with a start and heard a strange gurgling sound that proceeded from the Governor's bed. He sprang forward just as His Excellency, who had drained the last drop of medicine from the bottle, sank into a state of insensibility. The ship was aroused and every effort was made to save the Governor's life. But he never rallied or spoke again and when the early sun rose to resume its daily course Governor Seymour had crossed to the other shore. The remains were brought to Esquimalt and buried in the naval cemetery where a neat monument marks the resting place of only one governor of British Columbia who died while in office. The circumstances of the Governor's death were kept from the general public by the government, but many years afterwards Colston told me the story which I now repeat for the first time.

CONSUMPTION.

Its Rational Treatment.

By W. S. PAGET-TOMLINSON—Founder of one of the First Sanatoria for the Poor. —All Rights Reserved.

A DISEASE which is accountable for one-seventh of the total deaths in England and Wales, claiming annually some 60,000 victims; which is answerable for no less than one-fourth of the total deaths occurring between the ages of 15 and 55 (the great wage-earning period of life); which has a death rate equal to all the zymotic fevers put together; the geographical distribution of which is so extensive that scarcely and portion of the habitable globe escapes its ravages; which is moreover no respecter of persons, but claims victims at every age, and from every class and condition;—is surely one which demands our most earnest consideration, and the adoption of vigorous measures if we wish to exterminate it. It is needless to say that the disease is tuberculosis, or consumption, as it is properly called when it attacks the lungs.

When we look back upon the past history of the disease, the complacency with which we have, until recent years, regarded its ravages, is rather remarkable. This has been due to a twofold error; first, to a belief that the disease was strictly hereditary; secondly, to our entire ignorance of its true cause (the bacillus); hence our inability to adopt any rational mode of treatment. The hereditary idea formerly so far dominated the minds not only of the general public but the medical profession, that when the taint of consumption was said to be in a family, it was expected, as a matter of course, that one member after another would succumb to the disease. The exciting cause was generally believed to be "catching a cold," when the latent spark rapidly burst into flame. With such views it is scarcely surprising that patients should have been carefully guarded from cold, and confined to hot and frequently ill-ventilated rooms, and not allowed outside except in the warm summer weather. No wonder that the fever ran high, the appetite failed, the body wasted, and a fatal termination became a foregone conclusion.

THE BACILLIC ORGAN OF THE DISEASE.

A new era was opened up by the discovery of Professor Koch that a germ (the Tubercle bacillus) was the true cause of the disease, and the further knowledge of the conditions under which the germ flourished, and under which it was destroyed, paved the way for a rational mode of treatment; though it must be owned that we in this country have been slow to adopt what the German Professor calls the Koch-Dorbersdorf carried out forty years ago.

This bacillus, a slender rod, is so infinitely minute, that 900 could stand upon the point of a small sewing needle, according to Sir William Crookes. It multiplies in dark, ill-ventilated, warm, moist places, whereas it is destroyed by abundance of air and sunlight. It is thus clear how absolutely wrong was the old plan of treating the poor consumptive, who was literally killed by mistaken kindness, the very conditions favorable to the development of the bacilli being carried out.

It is this bacillus, which, gaining an entrance to the lungs, leads to these destructive processes and consequent symptoms, which are too familiar to need description. The mode of entrance of the bacillus into the system (excluding infection from meat and milk) is by inhalation through the nose or mouth. But how do these bacilli come to be present in the air? Almost entirely from the expectoration of those already suffering from the disease. Neither the body nor the breath should communicate the disease, though it must be admitted that coughing without covering the mouth, may project the germs into the air, and indeed Professor Koch considers this a very special danger. The spit, however, is the main source of infection; when this is in the moist state the bacilli are entangled and the danger small, but when it is dry and in a powdered condition, they become mingled with the dust of the air. Hence, the danger of spitting on the floor of rooms, public buildings, omnibuses, railway carriages, etc., or even in the streets, or of using handkerchiefs which are kept in the pocket for some time, or allowed to lie about. It is interesting to know that the dust in every two out of three dirty rooms, which have been occupied by consumptives, contain numerous bacilli, and examples could be given of the family after another being stricken with the disease in an infected house where no precautions have been taken.

Knowing what we do of the extreme prevalence of consumption, we may be found that the bacilli are to be found almost everywhere. It is inconceivable that anyone, living a busy life in a populous district, frequenting public buildings, traveling constantly in trains, omnibuses, tram cars, etc., should pass a week without inhaling some of the germs. Why, therefore, do not even more persons contract the disease? Simply because there must be a susceptible soil in which the germ can flourish, and in those of other species than Coffee arabica. In C. canephora, which is richest in alkaloid, the percentage is 1.97. C. humboliana berries are remarkable for containing a bitter principle, cafamarin, but no caffeine at all; and those of C. mauritiana have only 0.07 per cent. These two species offer the much-sought coffee free from caffeine.

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Stories of Popular Songs.

By J. Cuthbert Hadden.

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IV.—"ROBEN ADAIR."

ROBIN ADAIR is one of the real heroes of popular song. Nearly a century and a half ago there was living in Dublin an impulsive young Irishman called Robert Adair. He was studying for the medical profession, and, like a good many medical students of the present day, he had got into some scrape, which obliged him to quit the Irish capital. Arriving at Holyhead, he found that his purse was not equal to a journey by coach to London, whither he resolved to go, so he manfully set out to walk to the metropolis. The roads of those days were anything but pleasant for traveling; and Adair had not proceeded far on his way when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned. The occupant proved to be a well-known lady of fashion; and we read that, besides being greatly alarmed at the accident, she had received some slight personal injury. Here was a romantic situation, surely!

Adair, like a true Irishman—so the story goes—at once offered his services, and in very short space of time had the carriage righted and the lady attended to. Adair was a really handsome and aristocratic-looking fellow, notwithstanding that his dress might have been of finer texture and in better condition; and with ready frankness he soon explained that he was a surgeon, and begged permission to examine the extent of the discomfited lady's injuries. An examination soon shewed that they were of merely a trifling order—that, in short, the nerves were more upset than the body hurt. At the time of the accident the lady was journeying toward the metropolis; and, learning that her benefactor was also traveling thither, she naturally invited him to take a seat in her carriage. This is the sort of situation that the novelists are fond of creating. Robin Adair found it ready-made for him.

Arrived in London, the lady shewed her gratitude by presenting the young Irishman with a cheque for a hundred guineas. At the same time she invited him to visit her at her home as often as he pleased. With the money thus placed at his disposal, Adair now began to study hard; and the result in the end was that, with the help of his patroness, he soon acquired a good connection. Being an excellent dancer, as well as a brilliant conversationalist, he was frequently invited to dances given by the lady; and one night Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, was his partner. It was a case of love at first sight, says the chronicler whose narrative I am following; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. They were the observed of all the guests, and her relatives were in despair.

The couple met again and again, and their affection soon ripened into an intense passion. The lady's kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. Were they to allow an unknown Irishman to carry off the flower of their flock, the beautiful Caroline? They set their wits to try and persuade her to give him up. It was all in vain. Handsome heirs of the oldest families were prevailed upon to woo her; she turned a deaf ear to them all. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination, but absence only made her heart fonder of Robin Adair. They sent her to Bath for the benefit of her health, and there, according to the usual story, she wrote the verses now so well known—verses which have a new meaning to us when we know the story of their composition:

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wished to see?
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this a heaven on earth?
Oh, they've all fled with thee,
Robin Adair."

At last the separation from Adair and the continual nagging of her relatives caused the lady to become so sunken-mindedly ill that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, the union was reluctantly consented to. In the "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" (if you can get hold of a copy) you will today find the event chronicled: "February 22nd, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honorable the Lady Caroline Keppel."

A few days after the marriage, Adair was made Inspector-General of Military Hospitals and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Lady Caroline died after giving birth to her third child. Knowing how devotedly her husband had been attached to her, she firmly believed that he would not marry again, and she was right. Except on state occasions, when he was obliged to appear in Court costume, he continued to wear mourning for his wife until his death, which took place in 1790. The only son of the union, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855.

Such, in effect, is the story usually told in connection with the celebrated song. I should not like to say that I discredit it entirely, but it seems to me to be rather too romantic to be strictly true. That there was a real Robin Adair is tolerably certain, but it is not so certain that he was the hero of the incident of the lady and the coach. One authority indeed describes him as Robin Adair of Holybrooke, ancestor of the Hodson family, and says that he died in 1737. Another authority has this: "Who Robin Adair was cannot be traced. The family is said to be of Norman descent. Towards the close of the fourteenth century Robert Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Desmond, who owned the lands of Adare in Ireland, fled for refuge to Galloway, where he assumed the name of Robin Adair, and obtained possession of the Castle of Dunskey. The family became powerful, and obtained the lands of Kilhilt and Drumore. Their history is intimately associated with Wigtonshire for centuries. Adair of Kilhilt fell at Flodden in 1513, and Sir Robert Adair of Kilhilt represented Wigtonshire officially at the celebrated Church of Scotland Assembly held in Glasgow in 1638. The Scottish properties were sold in the eighteenth century to the Earl of Stair, and since then the Adair family has been settled in the North of Ireland." Still another authority says that the words of "Robin Adair," instead of being written by the Lady Caroline Keppel, were written by Mr. St. Leger, a gentleman of fortune and family, whose residence, called Puckstown, Co. Dublin, was but a few miles distant from the above-mentioned Holybrooke. It is a pretty tangle, you see.

The tune to which "Robin Adair" has always been sung is of Irish origin, having been composed by Gerald O'Daly, one of the native harpers, and first associated with a song entitled "Eileen Aroon." Its popularity in England dates from the second half of the eighteenth century, about which time it was much sung by Tenducci, the Italian vocalist. But Braham, the great English Tenor, the composer of that fine song, "The Death of Nelson," was really the man who did most to set "Robin Adair" in the first sang it, and with great applause, on the occasion of his benefit at the Lyceum theatre, in December, 1811, and it continued to be his favorite song, much as he is the case of Sim Reeves and "My Pretty Jane," or Madame Patti and "Home, Sweet Home."

Before 1811, however, the air must have been well known as "Robin Adair," for under that name it is, in 1793, made the subject of correspondence between Burns and George Thomson, the famous collector of Scottish songs. Thomson, writing to the poet, says: "I shall be much pleased to see you give 'Robin Adair' a Scottish dress. . . . Robin's air is excellent, though he certainly has an out-of-the-way measure as ever poor Paddy was plagued with." To this Burns replies: "I have tried my hand on 'Robin Adair,' and you will probably think with little success; but it is such a cursed cramped out-of-the-way measure that I despair of doing anything better with it." He then sends Thomson "Phyliss the Fair," which may be found in any edition of his works, and a few days later writes again: "That crinkum-crankum tune, 'Robin Adair,' has been running in my head, and I succeeded so ill on my last attempt that I have ventured, in this morning's walk, one essay more." Neither of Burn's attempts proved successful. The public have always preferred the original words, and will probably continue to do so. Some years ago a Glasgow editor, Mr. Colin Brown, tried very hard to get the public to take the following:

"Art thou for ever gane,
Robin Adair?
When I am left alane,
Robin Adair?
Can I believe thou art
Torn frae my aching heart,
How can I bide the smart,
Robin Adair?

Still is thy bosom now,
Robin Adair;
Cauld is thy manly brow,
Robin Adair;
Wintry this world to me,
Pleasure I cannot gie—
I am bereft o' thee,
Robin Adair.

But true love canna dee,
Robin Adair;
Sweet thocht to comfort me,
Robin Adair;
Soon we shall meet again,
Where joys that never wane
Shall banish ilka pain,
Robin Adair."

This is not bad; in fact, it is better than Burns' attempts. But why try to replace the original words at all?

The next article of this series: "The Marseillaise."

QUALIFIED.

"She sings like a bird," we whispered to our companion, a fair young thing who had accompanied us to the recital given by a rival belle.

"She ought to," replied the gentle damsel. "She talks like a parrot, everybody says she is a goose, and she is pigeontoed."—Judge.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Autombiling Disease—Coffee Without Caffeine—Pigments from Waste Vapor—How the Body Starves—Voices of the Air, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Conjunctivitis, due to friction of the wind and chilling of the eyeball, is noted in America as a fairly common result of fast riding. French and German physicians, however, report that all the automobiling diseases are the result of nervous excitement, and the cases are sufficiently numerous to attract much attention. One typical record describes a patient who was affected only on long journeys. No disease except brain disturbance then appeared, but the fourth day of travel invariably brought pain in the stomach, with general nervousness, followed by a chill. There was also palpitation of the heart, with an overwhelming fear of sudden death.

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Coffee berries have been credited with an average of about one per cent of caffeine, but Bertrand, a Frech chemist, shows that the proportion varies in the berries of different countries and also in those of other species than Coffee arabica. In C. canephora, which is richest in alkaloid, the percentage is 1.97. C. humboliana berries are remarkable for containing a bitter principle, cafamarin, but no caffeine at all; and those of C. mauritiana have only 0.07 per cent. These two species offer the much-sought coffee free from caffeine.

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present day influenza is one of the most prominent in lowering the resisting powers of the individual who has suffered from it.

(6) Overwork, mental or physical, and especially worry and anxiety. I believe the latter to be powerful predisposing causes. I have more than once known of a wife, previously quite healthy, after nursing her husband in consumption until death, herself fall a victim to the disease, whereas a professional nurse, taking all necessary precautions would escape.

The other modes of entry of the bacillus into the system are through infected milk or meat. The latter need not be considered at any length. Firstly, because the flesh is the last portion of an animal to be attacked, and many beasts, extensively tuberculous in other parts, are quite free from deposits in the flesh; secondly, because thorough cooking destroys the bacillus. With regard to milk, it has always been considered very dangerous to drink any from a cow suffering from a tuberculous udder; and the prevalence of tuberculosis of the bowel in children has always been attributed to the fact that they drink far more milk than adults. At the congress held in London two years ago, however, the whole world was startled by Professor Koch's assertion that he considered it almost impossible to infect human beings with the tubercle bacillus of animals and that the restrictions with regard to milk were, in the main, quite unnecessary. Of course, this proposition, if true, shatters the whole fabric of legislation to which so much attention has been paid. Nearly all the other authorities, however, scourly denied its accuracy, and dwelt upon the danger of relaxing the precautions hitherto observed. At the present a Royal Commission is considering the whole question, and the report is awaited with great interest.

ITS ALLEVIATION AND CURE.

After what has been said as to the cause of the disease, it will be evident that a treatment based upon an abundant supply of fresh air and sunlight is the one most likely to succeed. When any new method of treatment comes before the public, it is natural to ask whether it is only some new fad, or whether it has come to stay. We may safely assume that the latter is in this case the case because (1) The treatment is based upon scientific principles, and (2) the results already obtained amply justify the confidence placed in it. As Professor Allbutt has truly said, "Where before there is pessimism and despair, there is now optimism and enthusiasm." But how greatly do the views of people vary as regards fresh air! Visitors to a sanatorium, sleeping in a room with closed windows and the chimney stopped up with newspapers or sacking, others are satisfied with nothing short of the wide-open window day and night, winter and summer, and this and more is what is aimed at in sanatorium treatment. No amount of wet or cold must interfere with the prescribed treatment being taken, the patient is shielded on the weather side as much as possible, and kept warm by hot bottles and plenty of wraps. It is quite common for patients to sleep out in shelters, open on one side to windward side, as in the depth of winter, when there are many degrees of frost and to find them preferring these shelters to the general ward in the main building. Thirty years ago, this would have been considered a killing process, and even now many have not the courage of their convictions, but believe that violent colds, if nothing worse, must ensue. It is certain, however, that patients so treated do not suffer from colds; on the contrary, their coughs, previously troublesome, when confined in close rooms, become greatly relieved. Fresh air then, is the most important remedy in consumption, reducing the activity of the bacilli, soothing the nervous system, lowering temperature and pulse, promoting sleep, appetite and digestion. It cannot be too strongly urged upon everyone to adopt open-air principles in ordinary life.

(2) Sunlight is another important element of treatment, not only from its cheering, invigorating effect, but also its probable action upon the bacilli. We know what an important part the ultra-violet rays of light (Finsen's rays) play in the treatment of the skin disease called Lupus, which is of tubercular character, and it is not too much to believe that abundance of sunlight may assist the cure of consumption of the lungs. What a mistake it is, in this country, where sunlight is so precious to exclude its life-giving rays in order to protect some panltry carpet or curtain.

(3) Food. This should be liberal and nutritious, and patients should be encouraged to eat as much as possible, through the forcing system, upon which so much adverse comment has been made, is now not generally not approved of; indeed it seems physiologically wrong to stuff the system with more than it can assimilate. Four or five glasses of milk daily should enter into the dietary.

(4) Exercise and rest. This is an important part of the treatment. Rest is necessary, in all cases, just before and just after meals, and where there is a raised temperature and frequent pulse it must be rigidly enforced at all times. Exercise must be taken very carefully; slowly at first, so as not to hurry breathing or pulse, and only for short distances, which may be gradually increased, until the patient can walk several miles without fatigue. In some sanatoria various exercises with mechanical appliances to expand the chest, are used notably at the Victoria Hospital, Craigleith, Edinburgh.

(5) A trained medical attendant to supervise the treatment, is of great importance. It is not light task to keep patients up to the mark in all the essentials of Sanatorial treatment.

OPEN AIR TREATMENT.

The effects of open-air treatment may be briefly stated. The pulse and temperature become natural in favorable cases; cough is less frequent; expectoration diminishes; appetite is regained; weight put on (sometimes 2 or 3 stones); and the general appearance of well-being is extraordinary.

The statistical results are difficult to arrive at. It may be at once stated that a report upon a patient's condition when leaving the sanatorium may be quite fallacious; it is necessary to know what is the patient's capacity for work, a year or two hence. Speaking generally, it may be said that in nearly all the cases treated in quite the early stage, arrest of the disease takes place. In those somewhat more advanced (consolidation) about one-half to two-thirds are much improved, and able to resume work. In the advanced cases, though there may be temporary improvement during residence in a sanatorium, the majority die within a few months of leaving it. Hence the supreme importance of securing the cases in their very earliest stage. Young, unmarried men are the most favorably situated, as they have no responsibilities, and can change their occupation if necessary, whereas married women with families are least likely to be permanently restored, on account of the obligation to return to their old conditions of life in a crowded cottage home.

The prevention of the spread of consumption is of the first importance. During the night, the spit must be received into cups, containing a disinfectant, and during the day pocket flasks must be used. No form of handkerchief should be used which cannot be burnt. The contents of cups and flasks must be poured down a drain, or burnt, which is even better. There should be no kissing between the consumptive and the healthy, and no consumptive mother must nurse her baby.

Amongs more general measures, spitting should be strictly prohibited in public buildings, railway carriages, omnibuses, etc., and even in the streets. Insanitary areas should be cleared away, and open spaces with gardens provided. The meat and milk supply should be well looked after, care being taken to cook meat thoroughly, and to boil or sterilize milk, where there is the slightest suspicion.

Voluntary notification of consumption has done much good, where it has been tried, giving valuable information as to the conditions under which the disease is found, and securing efficient disinfection of contaminated houses by the local authority.

SOME SANATORIA.

It is only within recent years that public opinion has been thoroughly aroused in this country as to the importance of providing sanatoria for open-air treatment. At the present time, in addition to some 50 sanatoria for paying patients, there is a widespread movement in favor of providing similar institutions for the poor, and such provision has been made in connection with some of the large cities (London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds) as also in several counties, Westmorland, Durham, Nottinghamshire and Worcestershire. The Victoria Hospital, Craigleith, Edinburgh, under Dr. Philip's auspices, was the first institution to deal, upon any extensive scale, with the poor in Great Britain, an example rapidly followed by the other districts mentioned. Many other counties, separately or in combination, are making preparations to carry out the same good work. Anyone wishing for information upon the numerous sanatoria in Great Britain and Ireland and also on the Continent, will find full details in Dr. R. F. Walters' book on "Sanatoria."

There is still much to be done in the way of providing "Homes" for advanced cases among the consumptive poor; they are the most infectious cases, and their isolation is of the first importance, if they wish to prevent the spread of the disease. If, thirdly, some provision could be made in the shape of colonies for the convalescent consumptives, as they leave the sanatorium, in order to thoroughly establish their health by engaging in light outdoor work, we might reasonably hope that in a short time consumption would be as rare as it is now common. During the Victorian era, the mortality from the disease has diminished by two-thirds and still there is a heavy death-roll. Let every one, therefore, with influence small or great, take a part in the crusade against this fell disease, and be content with nothing short of its extermination.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

From Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Many men of international renown gathered in Washington the other Sunday to celebrate the centennial of a British publishing corporation. All over the English-speaking world, and in many places beyond it, similar meetings are holding this week.

These tributes to a mercantile concern—for such it is in despite its philanthropic aims—are not paid because of the efficiency of its management, though that is high, nor because of the fame of its managers, whose names are practically unknown. They are a recognition of the value to mankind of the goods that it makes and sells.

This British corporation, and its slightly junior American ally, publishes but one book. In that book their business is world-wide and surpasses in extent the sales of any other book whatsoever. Since their foundation the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society have distributed 250,000,000 copies or parts of copies, in hundreds of languages, of the Bible.

Whatever anyone may think of the Bible from any viewpoint, the fact stands out that it is the most influential book ever known to mankind. Originally written by the Jews, whether in Hebrew or Greek, it is their abiding proof of rank among the peoples that produce great literature. Its translations into English and German, and to a certain extent into other languages, are the foundations of their modern literatures. Its distorted reflection in the Koran is the foundation of Arabic and Persian literature.

The power of the Bible as literature and upon literature is clearly seen when we try to think what English and German and French and Spanish and Italian literature would be without it. We should have no "Paradise Lost," no "Hamlet," no "Faust." We should lack some of the best plays of Racine and of Calderon, and we should have no "Divine Comedy." In fact, it is almost impossible to conceive modern literatures as existing at all without the Bible, they are so permeated with its ideas.

Furthermore, for many peoples the Bible is literally the beginning of their written speech. Tribes in which language was entirely a thing of the perishable voice—which were without even the rudiments of an alphabet—have had their speech reduced to writing and thus preserved for all time that the Bible might be set before them as a counselor and consoler.

Furthermore, only the religions directly or indirectly derived from the Bible—Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism—are really growing. Others are decaying or merely holding their own. And if the Jews shall again become a nation in the full sense it will be because through all their trials and sufferings as a people they have clung to the Hebrew part of the Bible.

Yet again, those nations which have grown most solidly—which display a combination of strength and progress such as do no others—the English-speaking and the German-Scandinavian—are precisely those among whose people knowledge of the Bible is a most widely diffused personal possession.

In literature, in religion, in politics and government, the Bible is indeed the foundation of civilization. The sublime figure in whose person its teachings culminate is increasingly the ideal of men who seek after righteousness.

The Bible is literally the Book of Books—the First of Books—to all men who know it, and is evidently destined to become such to all the human race.

SHE TRIED HARD.

A little girl who was in the habit of using the word "guess" intemperately was reproved by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Grace. Say 'presume.'"

Just then a playmate came up and, feeling Grace's cloak, said:

"My ma is going to ask your ma for 'My ma ain't got any pattern,'" answered Grace. "She got it by presume." "She cut it by the pattern of your cloak."

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