

out a bad example to others. My opinion and my wish is not only that an end should be put to all such associations, but I also wish to see the spirit in which they originated entirely and effectually suppressed. If the spirit remain, we shall gain little by the suppression of its external forms."

"Aye, there's the rub;" the effectual suppression of the spirit of Religious Faction! Who is capable of doing it? Cannot the Archbishop and Metropolitan, and the Bishops of the two Churches devise some plan, or effect some compromise to bring about peace and tranquility? Cannot some concessions and sacrifices be made for the public good in the matter of these public processions which are more or less obnoxious to the public peace? Cannot the spirit of Faction be suppressed? Is it for ever to be the great employment of *Faction* to breed discord among friends and relations, and make monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other? Will she for ever, by her perpetual talking, fill all places with disturbance and confusion? We all, unfortunately, know her to be a bad character, and, according to a beautiful fable in the *Examiner*, March 8, 1710, written by Dean Swift, that this spoiled child of *Liberty* as "she grew up became so termagant and forward that there was no enduring her any longer in heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone; and her mother, rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth." From the fable, we learn that *Liberty* and her daughter *Faction*, first landed in Greece from which the mother was expelled, went to Italy was banished thence, passed into most parts of Europe, was driven out everywhere in consequence of her daughter's bad conduct, so that in 1710 she had hardly a place in the world. Under what circumstances Miss *Faction* came from Ireland to Canada I know not. Every one will admit she is a terrible obstruction to business and good government, and the sooner she is banished from the Island of Montreal the better. The secret is to know how to get rid of her, or make her more tractable and moderate, and less implacable and hostile.

I shall dismiss the subject by leaving it to the consideration of the editors of the *Daily Witness* and *Evening Post*. Let them consult together, and try what temperance and forbearance, concession and common sense will do to get rid of this "Orange and Green" question, which like a terrible nightmare has been for years heavily pressing upon the city corporation and paralysing its functions; or like a vampire, sucking not only human blood, but sucking the life blood of the city—its treasury. Should these redoubtable editors fail, I commend the solution of the problem to the Professors of Divinity, Theology, and Moral Philosophy in our Protestant and Catholic Universities in the hope that they may find either a moral antidote for the poisonous discord of "Orangeism," or a moral antispastic to bring about a revulsion in the humours of the opposing faction. Should the Professors fail, cannot our Legislators cut the Gordian knot of the controversy by declaring through Parliament that all party and religious public processions shall be done away with, if it can be shown that they are a cause of great irritation to our citizens, that they wound the feelings of many respectable persons, and are obnoxious to the public peace? Some sacrifice, some concession must be made. Will one party shrink from making a sacrifice which it advises the other to submit to? What advice are our statesmen and judges prepared to give? Can they advise the maintenance of the present state of things? NO, assuredly will be the answer when a petition is presented to them signed by tens of thousands of the people praying for the abolition of all public processions.

Thos. D. King.

THE HEALTH OF TELEGRAPHERS.

"Pulmonary consumption appears to be an exceptionally frequent cause of death among telegraphers, and one reason assigned for the fact is the peculiarly strained posture which an operator receiving messages continuously is obliged to assume in order not to lose the characters as they are ticked out to him from the sounder. The operator, in receiving, bends his head and shoulder on the left side while listening to the sounder. This position confining his left lung and his heart in an unnatural position, and being assumed day after day, and month after month, eventually brings on the dread disease—consumption. But a writer in the *Journal of the Telegraph* suggests a different cause for the prevalence of consumption among telegraphers,—namely, the original physical insufficiency of a large proportion of the young men who enter on this career;—to which an editor has added: 'Perhaps they are smokers.'"

The foregoing paragraph, which, with or without editorial comment, seems to have gone the round of the papers, has at least the merit of initiating an important enquiry. Telegraphy seemed to be about to supply a great need in providing a means of life for young women desiring employment, and whether in their interest or that of their male friends, it is saddening to receive so poor an account of the conditions of the business. Newspaper information, however, is not generally scientific or very complete, and the above suggestions form by no means a conclusive treatment of a question that is as analytic as it is social. What we look for in all such enquiries is a perfect freedom from bias—indifferency, as I suppose Locke would call it—and if we had a classified death-rate for telegraphers generally, the work would be facilitated. In discussing the healthfulness or otherwise of any occupation we endeavour to

obtain a fairly perfect grasp of every specialty connected with it, and which tends to make it different from average, or, if we could discover them, normal forms of life; and upon all such points we may well invite the testimony of telegraphers themselves.

It seems to me that the mere attitude assumed by the body of the operator in telegraphy, though a matter of some importance, is quite inadequate to explain the asserted special mortality. It must be remembered that unlike the work of many scribes, as well as of those students who indulge in too stooping a posture, there is in telegraphy—unless in the larger offices with their settled division of labour—a good deal of movement and change of posture throughout the day, constituting considerable relaxation of nerve and muscle, and the work in the smaller offices is less continuous than much clerk-work. But there may be quite a number of considerations affecting the result described as a marked and most unhappy prevalence of the fell disease, consumption, amongst those devoted to the trade, varying, of course, in various establishments. Poor lighting of the offices and bad ventilation, coupled with much confinement within doors, may be suggested; great anxiety, which is the bane of numbers in other trades, there can hardly be said to be. The work consists in a constant breaking of the thread of previous thought. But if there is no anxiety of the chronic kind, there is a good deal of watching—amounting, we may suppose in the absence of intermission, to worry and wearing of the subacid order. Watching for messages; watching for the clearing of the line; watching for faults in operation, and sometimes in the electric action; settling minutiae with the bringers of messages; charging and receiving payment; paying over or entering; despatching and governing the despatch boys. Reporting all these occupations, work the mind and its organ, the brain, not in that largeness and evenness of movement and feeling which conduce so much to health of body and spirit, but in constant excitement of those mental and cerebral tentacles that are the organs through which the minutiae of existence are grasped, and whose action, when entirely broken off from the pleasurable sentiment which is love, the animator and sustainer, is very wearing to the forces of life. And still we have not considered the work in actual transmission of the message over the wires that has to be performed by the prompt and exact action of the muscles of the arm and finger, and their controlling nerves. You have only to look at the operator while engaged in despatching to see what a tension of the whole nervous system is here induced, and that word "tension," or its fellow, "bracing," seems to help us to solve the difficulty, though the French idiom "*qui vive*" will help us also. Tension in moderation, as to quantity, and not too frequent in occurrence, is good; because, under such conditions it will always form an antidote to the lassitude that eats into and destroys the frame. It is a far different matter to undergo a life of tension, to become sick and sad with it, until the spirit seems to sigh for disengagement from its fetters. That condition we may imagine to be the fate of the less robust and most fully employed telegraph operators—mitigated, as we have already seen, by the various classings into which the work is cast. And such unrelieved tension and irritation we may imagine to be of the essence of the ruthless disease, consumption, which for its predisposing causes, while it has certainly furnished indications, has yet in the main baffled enquiry. The present writer is in no position to complete the theory, but his surmise may be taken for what it is worth, and a frequent break or discord with intensification of action in the operation of mind and nerve and muscle may form the predisposing, not to say predominant cause of that wasting of the tissues, which is the leading symptom presented by the consumptive patient.

The object of all enquiries of this kind is to find a remedy for evils brought under discussion, and if we are sincere in desiring the advancement of the statical as well as the dynamical condition of the community in which we live, and of which we form a part, we shall be willing to adopt the cure as soon as manifested. In the present instance there would seem to be few better expedients, after perfecting the arrangements of the telegraph building, than a good vacation and thorough change of scene, generally in the bright summer of our Dominion, to which may be added that real alleviator of human worries—the music of good bands in places of free resort. Life is not all play, but the play may very well be made to supplement the work of it and assist in healing its ravages. Telegraph directors may be usually desirous "to do well unto themselves." Money is not everything, however, even for them; but money is very essential for setting the people to work—and that in the best way—and those who control it should study the vital interests of their fellow-citizens as well as the mere science of accumulation. The human frame is the bone and sinew and nerve of the country; and the study of vitality is scientific, generic, and special. The physician, being the man who knows something of physical nature and of organisms, leading up to that great mystery—life, ought more often than now to be called upon the scene as an adviser. And if we are in thoughtful mood we may remark that society in Canada, perhaps more than anything else, requires an access of kindness and good feeling in business and politics and social arrangements. We ought now to be outgrowing the earliest state of pupillage with its barbarisms, and with our new responsibilities to be learning to govern ourselves and all who depend on us in the generous dignity of christian men and women.

Theda.