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CL. T. CAMPBELL, M.D.,

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For the CANADA HEALTH JOURNAL.

About Tomatoes.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS, BOSTON, MASS.

THE common notions about the healthfulness of tomatoes are, I believe, partly erroneous. I am confident that the tomato produces a diseased action of the mucous lining of the alimentary canal. I know personally some scores of healthy people who upon beginning to use tomatoes have soreness of the mouth and easy bleeding of the gums. I have known many persons to suffer from piles, which were immediately relieved, and soon disappeared altogether, by the abandonment of tomatoes. Our idea some years ago about these 'love apples,' to wit, that they were very poisonous, was not correct, but I think nearer right than the present notion that the tomato is the healthiest of all vegetables, and that we cannot eat too many of them.

Nearly thirty years ago, while making my daily round in Central New York where I was then practising my profession, I was accosted when passing a woollen mill by its proprietor, and upon riding up to the window of his office, he said there was a young lady up stairs who wished to see me. Well, being then an unmarried man, I was not surprised, and hitching my horse I went in and waited. Soon she came in and said,

"Oh! Ah! yes, I will come back in a moment."

Soon she appeared, and holding out a paper containing about twenty teeth she said, "What do you think of that?"

"Well, I should say there were about a score of teeth."

"Yes, yes, but what should you say if I told you that they all came out of my mouth?"

"I should say that you had lost most of your teeth."

"O yes, to be sure, but what do you think is the cause of it?"

"Well, I certainly cannot answer that question at once. What do you think is the cause of it?"

By the way, my dear Editor, if to any feature of what may be called management I attribute a share of my professional success, it is to the habit of asking the patients what they themselves think is the matter with them; what they themselves think was the cause of their ailment, and what they think would cure them. In this way one often gets more distinct views of the entire case in all its relations than his own examinations without such aid could possibly give him. The patient is less scientific but much more deeply interested than the physician.

But to the case of my lady friend. She said:

"I will tell you what I think was the cause of the loss of my teeth. Nearly a year ago I began to lose my health, and my physician advised me to go to the country. So I went to visit my uncle, a farmer. There I learned to eat tomatoes, and was told that they were the healthiest thing I could eat, and that I could not eat too many of them. I soon learned to like them even when raw, and not unfrequently picked them from the vines and ate them in the garden. Almost immediately my mouth began to be sore; but I was told it was the disease working out of my stomach into my mouth, and that it would pass off in that way. I continued the tomatoes. Soon my teeth were tender and "on edge," and soon after they became so loose that I began to take them out with my fingers, and they are all gone now except one, which if you would like I can now remove with my fingers."

I told her she need not do it; that I had so often seen the operation performed it would be no gratification to me, but that I had no doubt she was correct in her opinion; that I had already seen several persons whose mouths had been made tender and their teeth loose by the excessive use of tomatoes.

I gave her a bit of advice which I undertake to repeat to your readers. If you use tomatoes at all, use them moderately; say from one teaspoonful to two teaspoonfuls of cooked tomatoes, simply as a relish. I have several intelligent medical friends who entertain the same opinion about the influence of tomatoes that I have here expressed.

THE AMERICAN ODD-FELLOW, the official journal of the Order, contains in its February number contributions from Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and all parts of the United States, in addition to many other attractions. John W. Orr, 96 Nassau St., New York; \$1.25 per vol.

For the CANADA HEALTH JOURNAL.

The Friendly Elements.

A GREAT mistake of past days, from which the present is not yet free, has been the evident fear existing in the minds of people with regard to the elements, as if they were man's greatest enemies; as if nature were the abode of a host of demons who had to be opposed in every possible way, at every possible time. Some of the great supporters of life and health were not allowed fair play. The first creative act of the Almighty before he called a single form into existence, was to banish the darkness with the command, "Let there be light!" Yet, how many, even to-day, by their actions declare their belief that light is an enemy to health; and close their shutters, and hang heavy curtains over their windows to shut out the rays of the sun that give life!

For miles above our planet the beneficent atmosphere has surrounded us, offering the invigorating oxygen without which we could not preserve our existence for five minutes. But windows and doors must be closely shut and guarded, if the air be cool, to keep it out of our houses; the sick chamber must be rigorously defended from those horrid "drafts," even when the patient is panting for breath; and the sweet fresh air must be jealously watched, and dreaded even when bringing health upon its wings.

So, also, has pure water been liberally bestowed on all sides, in rivers and lakes and torrents—in fountains and dew-drops and showers. But how careful we are lest we should "catch cold" from too liberal an external use of what is offered so freely; and as to drinking it, if we cannot do without it, let us take it adulterated with tea or coffee, or alcohol—but avoid the pure article as poisonous, and highly dangerous to our health and comfort!

The universe is full of the forces of regeneration; but ignorance of their value has been almost as wide-spread as the benefits themselves. As we learn more of these angels of health hovering around us in sun-beam, and fountain and breeze, we will be more ready to welcome the forces of nature in their efforts to keep off disease, and more, willing to assist them in their own way. And the more fully we fall under their influence the longer, and purer, and more happy will life become.

For the CANADA HEALTH JOURNAL.

Adulterations in Candy.

CANDY, as a tickler of the palate, says an exchange, is a success. Deliciously sweet, æsthetically perfumed, pervaded with subtle, mouth-cooling essences that gently stimulate without intoxication, moulded into convenient prisms and nodules, that may be carried in a tiny hand or pocket without much daubing to either, ready made to one's mouth, with no skins or husks or shells to be peeled off, and no vexatious seeds to be eviscerated, what wonder that juvenile appetites prefer it to big apples with no handles to them, to nuts that require stout jaws and then have worms in them, or to peaches and grapes, parts of which must be culled and rejected by tedious and ill-mannered processes.

We will admit the validity of these arguments in favour of candy, but there is another side to it, as we are reminded by the revelation of the amount of adulteration that is practised in manufacturing confectionery. Terra alba, or white earth, costing but $1\frac{1}{4}$ cents a pound, is extensively used instead of sugar, and lozenges are produced by cheap dealers at from two to five cents a pound less than the cost of sugar at wholesale. In the manufacture of gum drops, glue is used in lieu of gum arabic, the former costing but a few cents per pound, and the latter costing about forty cents. The common method of flavouring candies, in order to produce them economically, can be readily accounted for. Poisons are much cheaper than genuine extracts. Peach flavours in candied almonds and sugar plums may be obtained from fusil oil, which is very poisonous. The bitter almond flavour is created from unadulterated prussic acid; pineapple is produced from very rotten cheese and nitric acid. Candies are made, purporting to be flavoured with fruits from which no extracts can be obtained. The imitations are all poisonous. The toothsome chocolate creams are compounds of terra alba, sugar, lard (to make 'em melt on the tongue,) painted over with a mud of ground cocoa shell.

A number of wholesale candy manufacturers in New York city have united in recommending the following as a simple means of detecting injurious substances in candy: Any person may analyze lozenges, opaque candy, or sugar plums, by simply dissolving in water. If the water remains transparent the candy is pure; but if

milky or depositing a sediment, terra alba, or some equally harmful adulteration has been used.

The above experiment will not, however, be necessary to convince any one that confectionery is largely adulterated, for it is only necessary to go the large wholesalers and ask their prices, which they will quote for both the pure and impure article.

Street Smoking.

WAS a man a right to do as he pleases, even on his own ground? Only within severe limits. We have no right to insist that another shall live according to our rules of life; but we may demand that he shall live so as not to crowd us, or restrict our comforts. If the man next door swallows pebbles with his dinner, or keeps a poodle which shares his bed, we may think him in one case a fool, and in the other a disgusting person; but he does not trench upon our comforts and we have no business to complain. But if he may hammer on the piano all night, or may have a boisterous party, or may keep an agonized dog, why may he not have a steam-whistle or a horse-fiddle? and if he may send clouds of tobacco smoke into our parlor windows, why may he not carry on the business of bone-boiling in his back yard? The difference is only in the degrees of discomfort, not in the fact of violating personal rights. It is more objectionable to have a knife thrust into you than to have your nose pulled, to be sure; but a man has exactly as much *right* to do one as the other.

Carry the same reasoning into the matter of street behaviour. Boston once, we remember, forbade smoking in the street, though the law has now slipped into disuetude. It was puritanically tyrannical? Scarcely; for if it restricted the freedom of smokers, it also gave as much to the non-smokers—the privilege of being unmolested in public places. The street is not a private smoking-room. One man has no more *right* to void tobacco smoke into the face of another than he has to void his saliva. If he has; why, in the name of sense? Because the smoke is the less disagreeable? That is a matter for individual preference; and beside, a man has no right to do the least disagreeable thing. Why may not a man appear on the street with a long stick strapped horizontally across his back, or with an open package of asafœtida in his pocket, or carrying a pole-

cat in his arms, or with his clothes dripping with kerosene oil, or with a rattlesnake coiled around his neck, with as much right as he may smoke there? Because it is not customary to carry asafœdida in the pocket—nobody thinks about it; if it were the custom we should hear a fearful cry from the smokers themselves. If a man treads upon another's foot, he apologizes; but he will carelessly void offensive smoke into his very throat, and never think that he does anything reprehensible. If a man dislikes smoking he can keep out of the street. But the right of the tobacco-hater in the street is equal to that of the tobacco-lover; to refrain from smoking in public places is not granting a concession, but *not* to refrain is violating a right. Upon actual right, without reference to the sanction of custom, a man would be perfectly justifiable in resenting the smoking of tobacco near him as a personal affront.

The Work of the Heart.

A WRITER in one of the journals has been calculating the amount of work done by the heart; and estimates that each day the force exerted by the right ventricle in propelling the blood through the lungs is equal to that necessary to lift $34\frac{1}{2}$ tons one foot; and the energy of the left ventricle would lift 89.7 tons a foot; making in all 124.2 tons. This single muscle, then, does more than a third as much labour as a working man during his ten hours toil; and it is calculated that one ounce of the heart does a third more labour than an equal weight of the muscles of the arm during a severe boat-race. It is calculated that the heart's energy is equivalent to what would raise its own weight (about $9\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) 19,754 feet in an hour. But 1,000 feet per hour is about what an active pedestrian climbing a mountain can accomplish; while, at a trial of locomotives on an Alpine railway, the successful engine lifted its own weight but 2,700 feet in one hour.

POISONED STOCKINGS.—Various stories of fatal cases of poisoning by wearing stockings and other articles dyed with *corralline red*, appeared in foreign papers, and have been reprinted here. M. Guyot, in the *Comptes Rendes* of Aug. 6. 1869, gives the results of an exhaustive series of experiments, which prove that *corralline* is not a poison, whether taken internally even in large doses, or infused directly into the blood.

Sanitary Management of Schools. *

PROF. VIRCHOW, (an European authority of eminence,) enumerates the following injurious agencies and causes of disease in schools, to which attention should be directed :

1. *The air of the school-room*, the quality of which is determined by the size of the room, the number of pupils, the mode of heating, the ventilation, moisture of the floor and walls, dust (cleanliness.)
2. *The light*, as determined by the situation of the building and room, the size of the windows and their relation to the desks, the colour of the walls and surroundings, artificial light, (gas oil).
3. *The sitting* in the school-room, especially the relations of desk and seat, size of the seats, their arrangement, duration of sitting.
4. *Bodily Exercise*, especially playing, gymnastics, swimming, their relations to sitting and to the purely mental labour, their arrangements and superintendence.
5. *Mental exertion*, its duration and variety, the individual amount, the arrangement and duration of recesses and vacations, the extent of home and school exercises, the date of the commencement of obligatory attendance, etc.
6. *The punishment*, especially corporeal.
7. *The water for drinking*.
8. *The privies*.
9. *The means* (implements) of *instruction*, especially the choice of school books (size of type), and objects of illustration.

SERIOUS CASE.—A correspondent of one of the leading English medical journals asks if any of its readers can suggest a remedy for certain pains and internal disturbances which afflict one of his patients. He has already administered, without any beneficial result, preparations of opium, belladonna, cannabis, ipecacuanha, assafoetida, valerian, ether, chloroform, bromide of potassium, quinine, iron, zinc, hydrocyanic acid, bismuth, antacids, pepsine, pancreatine, hot drinks, and other remedies. He has tried galvanism, hot fomentations, cold cloths, mustard poultices, hot baths, croton oil, and various blisters ; also sub-cutaneous injections of morphia, atropine, strychnia, and caffeine. In spite of the assaults of this vast army of drugs and things, the pains obstinately refuse to leave, and the medical attendant calls despairingly for help. He has evidently done all that could be expected of him, if not more ; and the best advice we can give him would be to let the patient alone for a change.

Our Canadian Poets.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Over the mountains, under the snow,
 Lieth a valley, cold and low,
 'Neath a white, immovable pall
 Desolate, dreary, soulless all,
 And soundless, save when the wintry blast
 Sweeps with funeral music past.

Yet was that valley not always so,
 For I trod its summer paths long ago;
 And I gathered flowers of fairest dyes
 Where now the snow-drift heaviest lies;
 And I drank from rills that with murmuring song
 Wandered in golden light along,
 Through bowers whose ever fragrant air,
 Was heavy with perfume of flow'rets fair,
 Through cool, green meadows, where all day long
 The wild bee droned his voluptuous song;
 While over all shone the eye of love,
 In the violet-tinted heavens above.

And through that valley ran veins of gold,
 And the rivers o'er beds of amber rolled;
 There were pearls in the white sand thickly sown,
 And rocks that diamond crested shone;
 All richest fruitage—all rarest flowers—
 All sweetest music of summer bowers—
 All sounds the softest—all sights most fair,
 Made earth a Paradise everywhere.

Over the mountains, under the snow,
 Lieth that valley cold and low,
 Where came no slowly consuming blight,
 But the snow swept silently down at night;
 And when the morning looked forth again,
 The seal of silence was on the plain;
 And fount and forest, and bower and stream,
 Were hidden all from his pallid beam,
 And there, deep-hidden under the snow,
 Is buried the wealth of the long ago,
 Pearls and diamonds, veins of gold,
 Priceless treasures of wealth untold,
 Harps of wonderful music stilled
 While yet the air was with music filled—
 Hands that stirre' the resounding string
 To melodies such as angels sing—
 Faces radiant with smile and tear,
 That bent enraptured the sounds to hear—
 And high, calm foreheads, and earnest eyes,
 That came and went beneath sunset skies.

There they are lying under the snow,
 And the winds moan over them, sad and low,
 Pale, still faces that smile no more,
 Calm, closed eyelids, whose light is o'er;
 Silent lips that will never again

Move to music's entrancing strain,
 White hands folded o'er marble hearts—
 Each under the mantling snow-drift rests,
 And the wind their requiem sounds o'er and o'er,
 In the oft-repeated "No more, no more!"

"No more, no more!" I shall ever hear
 That funeral dirge in its moanings drear;
 But I may not linger with faltering head,
 Anear my treasures—anear my dead;
 On through many a thorny maze,
 Up slippery rocks, through tangled ways,
 Lieth my cloud-mantled path, afar
 From that buried vale where my treasures are.

But there bursts a light through the heavy gloom,
 From the sun-bright towers of my distant home;
 Fainter the wail of the sad "no more,"
 Is heard as I slowly near that shore,
 And sweet home voices come sad and low,
 Half-drowning that requiem's dirge-like flow.

I know it is sorrow's baptism stern,
 That has given me this for my home to yearn—
 That has quickened my ear to the tender call
 Which down from the jasper heights doth fall—
 And lifted my soul from the songs of earth,
 To music of higher and holier birth,
 Turning the tide of a yearning love
 To the beautiful things that are found above;
 And I bless my Father through blinding tears,
 For the chastening love of departed years,
 For hiding my idols so low—so low—
 Over the mountains, under the snow.

—MRS. J. C. YULE, (P. S. VIXING.)

GOOD HUMOURED BABIES.—A person writing from Amsterdam thus tells about the good-natured babies to be seen in the streets of that town: "The great number of infants carried about in the arms of servant maids is surprising. Where they all come from, and whither they are going, is difficult to tell. They are the most phlegmatic, contented, independent-looking little creatures on the face of the globe. I believe they never-cry. With a view to test their composure, and as a physiological experiment, I pinched several of them as I passed them in the crowd; but I might as well have pinched one of the countless windmills that are eternally moving their long arms in every direction. One of them slightly yawned, the others merely gazed placidly at me, but made no sign. One reason of the good temper displayed by Young Holland is that he spends so much of his time in the open air. From the time an infant is a month old, it is taken out every fine day, with as much regularity as the nursery clock permits. Blessed is the open air."

Editorial Department.

Inebriate Asylums.

THE counsel and the remedy for an inebriate is simple—"Total abstinence, first, last, and all the time." But all who have studied intemperance know very well that it is useless to give this counsel to a man who has lost the power to accept it, even though he acknowledge its wisdom. Confirmed inebriates, as we intimated in a former article, are too often in this condition. To them the inebriate asylum offers aid in the administration of this remedy. It assumes that the patient submits voluntarily to treatment; that he has a desire to be cured, though conscious of his personal inability to effect a cure; and that he, therefore, surrenders for a time his physical liberty in hope of regaining ere long freedom of both body and mind.

There is then a mutual contract between the inebriate and his keeper. The former commits himself into the hands of the latter for the accomplishment of a definite object; and the keeper undertakes the charge. Mutual confidence must thus be at the foundation; and though the inebriate is a prisoner, it is an understood fact that he shall have the largest possible liberty compatible with the end to be attained. He is secluded for one object only—to be preserved from the attacks of his enemy, from the temptations that society might throw in his way, from the opportunities of satisfying the craving demands his appetite will make for its accustomed stimulant. Not so much imprisonment, then, as defence. The wall is thrown up around him not so much to keep him in as to keep his enemy out. Of course, it partakes somewhat of the nature of a direct incarceration, because the enemy has an ally in the man's own weakness, from which weakness he is to be defended.

And not only preserved from the evil effects of his unsupported weakness, but this must be changed into strength. So the asylum endeavours to strengthen him by giving rest from the cares of business—keeping him away from his business. Depressing thoughts will occasionally fill his mind, and an antidote to these is presented in the cheerful and sympathetic companionship of his keeper, who is brought into the closest relationship with him; and who takes care to provide him with diverting mental and physical exercise, which shall pleasantly occupy his attention, to the exclusion of the "blues"

which seek to possess him. And the society of a band of men struggling against a common enemy, will be found a strong incentive to renewed exertion—to the increase of confidence and hope. Each member of the society will help to strengthen his neighbour, and their combined efforts will all the sooner bring the victory.

Here, too, their bodily health would be restored by proper appliances. To give a weak-minded man instructions with regard to his diet, and leave him to carry out these instructions himself, often against his own appetites, would result in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred in a failure. In an asylum, his diet would be that provided by the superintendent—the kind best suited to the patient, whether he liked it or not. The strict observance of other hygienic necessities would also be enforced; and if medical treatment was in any case deemed necessary, that could be efficiently administered.

Probably there has been more written about the Binghamton Asylum—which, we regret to hear, has been lately burnt down—than about any other. Several articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* gave some insight into its domestic arrangements; and from one of them, written by an inmate, we give a summarized account of how the inebriates there employed themselves:

I awake to the music of the rising bell, on which an Ethiopian minstrel, naturally corked, is ringing cheerful changes in the halls; and my first conscious sensation is a pleasant one as, turning over for a fresh thrill, and applauding my pillow with a sensuous pat, I cast a complacent glance and thought around my room. Not bad for an "Inebriate Asylum." An appropriate apartment, not spacious, but snug. Walls lofty and sky-coloured; door and double window tall and dignified,—the later provided with liberal panes and inside latticed shutters; wood-work of oak and dark cherry, handsomely moulded and panelled; a portly oaken wardrobe, with double doors and drawers, and a certain imposing aspect, conveying the impression of "presence;" a hospitable carpet in warm colours; "all the modern improvements" for ablution, represented by a marble tank and silver-plated turn-cock; a double register for hot air and ventilation; pendent gas-fixtures, in good style, with globes and side-light; two tables, with cloth covers, in bright patterns of crimson and black, for periodicals, papers, and writing materials; a rather wide bedstead, of bronzed iron, in the English style, and on rollers; a lazy rocking-chair, and two office chairs in black walnut—one with and the other without arms; a looking-glass, not "palatial," but enough, and neatly framed; two wall brackets, at present surmounted by an opera-glass; three "blue-and-gold" volumes of verse, and a memory and a hope in the pictured loveliness of a girl. A number of volumes, and some

photographs on the wall, are my own, and impart to my lodgings a home-like aspect. But in all other respects the appointments of my room are in the uniform style of the house, and I enjoy no favours not granted to my fellows.

With the final clang of the rising bell, the halls are awake and astir. Time enough for our toilet, and then again the tintinabulary Ethiopian; eight o'clock and away to breakfast! A spacious hall serves us for a refectory, abundantly lighted from rows of tall windows on two sides, and at present accommodating ninety-six guests, in messes of twelve, at eight tables symmetrically disposed on each side of the room; to each table, a neat-handed Phyllis, more or less expert in the catching of eyes and shifting of platters; of course separate tables for the superintendent, his family and friends, but not separate fare; they sit down with us and fare as we do.

Breakfast over, is followed by prayers in the chapel. Then some to billiard-tables, some to the bowling-alleys, others to the more muscular *certamina* of the gymnasium; while a few, older or less vigorous, more studious or more pensive, or more lazy, betake themselves to the quiet solacements of library or reading-room. This is the usual distribution of those who keep in-doors; but unless the weather be positively forbidding, there is a considerable company who ramble over the hills, or, by carriage or railroad to Binghamton. For it must be borne in mind that the corner-stone of the theory upon which this experiment rests is *confidence*—the largest liberty reconcilable with the safety of the subject.

At one we dine, and at six we sup—quite substantially still, for our appetites are such as belong to lusty stomachs, cocktailed by gay, hopeful tempers. And these our prattling re-unions in the refectory are our occasions of most genial companionship, breaking, as they do, the monotony of a routine which, diversify it as we may, is yet not without its irksomeness. They constitute to us, likewise, a sort of dress parade in which we are careful to make a handsome appearance; for it is here that we are oftenest cheered by the presence of the fair. After dinner to our pipes (which are free), and to our naps, which might be wholesomely reformed. But as at the table we meet as ninety-six cheerful gentlemen, pleasantly familiar, might sit down together in a genteel hotel, so, in our rooms and everywhere, we are much given to taking our ease in our inn; for are we not here for *rest* most of all—rest from the racket of our own excitements, and all the wearisome wear of our alternate recklessnesses and remorse? God knows we were tired enough when we came!

Our evenings are—according to the day. For Mondays we have provided readings in the chapel, from the poets, the dramatists, the novelists; and our readers are whoever can and will read.

On Wednesday evenings, Dr. Day talks to us about Temperance with all the plainness and good-humour, and much of the drollness of the familiar "Dutch Uncle." Pithy performances these—neither

scientific nor rhetorical, but of the very mother-soil of the subject, awfully sound and to the point—at times with a directness so drolly excruciating as to make the squirming hearer feel as though he were a full bottle of “S. T.—1860—X,” and the spiral horror of an analyzer’s corkscrew, with its cold, critical intelligence, were slowly but surely grinding into his head.

Thursday night of each week is devoted to a “dramatic reception,” to which ladies and gentlemen of Binghamton are invited by complimentary cards. We have a compact and pretty little theatre, well equipped, the scenery very cleverly painted by one of ourselves—an artist of no mean powers for a gentleman amateur—and the furniture in as good taste as the abundant stores of the house can afford; for orchestra, a piano, occasionally supported by a violin. An amateur company of fair talent, and the most accommodating versatility, has been mustered from the full roll of the house, whosoever can do a funny or a fearful thing being eagerly invited to come forthwith and do it; and if the purpose and the effect do now and then get transposed, that very circumstance but serves to impart to the performance somewhat of the desired “professional” illusion. These receptions are our pet vanity; they often draw “select” audiences from the town, making our bachelor halls bright with the presence of pretty women; and the moral influence in our household is notably good.

Tuesday and Saturday are club nights—meetings of the Ollapod Club, so called; a literary and social organization, founded on the 18th of November last, and of quick growth in intellectual and moral force. The proceedings of this club are conducted with exemplary decorum. At the close of the literary exercises, it resolves itself into a free, social circle, when the members gather about the little round tables, reading, chatting, or engaged in games of chess, whist, euchre and cribbage. The monthly “receptions,” to which an appreciative public is invited, are polite reunions of the most pleasant character.

An Inebriate Asylum, of course, requires a considerable outlay of money, both to establish and to support it. It can not be self-supporting, for many of its patients will be unable to pay anything. But, at the same time, there are many who can and will readily pay for the benefits they expect to receive. Government aid might be granted, but it would be more advisable to have it depend on the voluntary support of the Christian public. Especially might the help of professedly temperance people be expected. Large sums are freely contributed by the members of temperance societies to the support of their various institutions. The personal contributions of those who feel an interest in the reclamation of the inebriate, supplemented by appropriations from their societies, would

be sufficient to support a large and efficient asylum, without counting on its receipts from paying patients. The last report of Dr. Day showed that the average cost of the whole number of patients in the Binghamton Asylum for 1868 was \$13.67 per week. The average price paid by patients was \$12.77 per week. In Canada the expenses would be, under economical management, far less than in the United States.

Of course, an asylum of this kind is intended for inebriates anxious to be restored. There is another class who are indifferent to their own welfare, and careless of reformation,—an annoyance to their neighbours and an expense to the country. Emphatically incurables are these. Here is an appropriate sphere for parliamentary legislation, in the establishment of an institution which will keep them away from society—compel them to live sober, and make them work for their own support as well as the support of their families. They form an unpleasant and injurious element when introduced into an asylum for voluntary patients, and should be kept by themselves.

Physical Culture.

WE see it stated in the American papers that the committee appointed by the University of Michigan to report upon the advisability of attaching a gymnasium to that institution, have collated in a pamphlet all the evidence they could obtain from the colleges on this continent, in which physical culture is systematically pursued. Of course, the students in these schools are quite unanimous in their opinion of the value of a gymnasium. But the committee applied to the professors, and all their evidence is derived from this source, whence, if from any quarter, we might anticipate objections. The verdict is unanimous in favour of the gymnasium. The danger from accident and the danger from overt practice are reported to be very slight, and not worth considering in comparison with the sum of good which accrues.

There is no doubt that students stand in need of more physical training than they generally get. But a distinction should be drawn between the exercise which makes healthy men, and that which makes only acrobats. A sound mind cannot exist in an unsound body, neither can it exist to any extent in a body to whose improvement its possessor devotes all his energy. It is not the business of a college

to make its pupils circus-actors, prize-fighters, nor even champion cricketers or oarsmen. Nor is it to the advantage of the student that he should have a good digestion, a brawny arm and a power of physical endurance—it he have nothing else. “You cannot stand on one leg as long as I can,” proudly said a dancer to the Spartan legislator, Lycurgus. “No,” was the reply, “but any goose can.” When a man cultivates only his physical powers, he enters into fruitless rivalry with the brute creation.

It will be a wise conclusion reached, however, when men of business, and everybody else, as well as students, believe that the mind, in order to increased usefulness and power, requires the aid of a healthy body; and that physical exercise is a prominent aid by which to obtain such an end. But let it be understood, that exercise cannot be taken like a dose of medicine with much benefit. Taking a “constitutional walk” is not so valuable as some people think. The proper way to exercise is to do it as a means to some other end than mere motion. Have some object in view; walk to your place of business, or to some appointment, or home to dinner. Walk not for mere walking, but to do your business, or for some purpose of amusement. Or cultivate a piece of ground, or saw wood, or play ball, or hunt, fish, or something else, in which you will forget yourself and not feel that you are only taking a dose of exercise. Playing work, or playing walk, as you would swallow a pill, is not the thing.

Work and Rest.

IN these days of fast living and hard working, when every nerve is strained to get the most done in the shortest time, it is well to remember that the

“Sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil make easy labour.”

It is not so much for physical toil that the present day is noted; though there is abundance of that. The heaviest strain is upon the nervous system. We multiply our engagements, increase our business, and often introduce an element of labour into our very amusements. The best workers will be found to do a few things thoroughly, and things of so opposite a nature that the very change of work becomes a relief.

But absolute rest is a necessity; and that is obtained in sleep. Good workers have a faculty of sleeping well and soundly. Some of them may only sleep for a short time, but it is thorough. They enter

a dreamless land almost the moment their heads touch the pillow. For such, a shorter period of sleep may be sufficient than for others. But every man has to be a rule for himself, provided he has sense enough not to stint himself of "Nature's sweet restorer." Eight hours will meet the necessities of most people. Those, however, who do the most mental work need the most sleep; and it is too often the case that they are the very ones who allow themselves the least.

But, apart from sleep, we need more quietness in social life. Our evening gatherings are too numerous, and partake too much of the nature of public meetings, with this difference, that they are protracted to a much later hour. The object of a social gathering is supposed to be enjoyment and relaxation. But when it extends so far into the night as to rob us of our needed rest, it becomes a labour in itself, and leaves behind it a weariness of soul and body.

LIFTING CHILDREN BY THE WRIST.—A French surgeon, commented at some length in one of the journals, not long since, on an accident which occurs from the sudden raising of young children by the wrists. Great pain follows the accident, and the child's arm hangs by its side. Supported in a sling the pain gradually subsides, and in the course of a few days the normal movements of the arm are recovered. We have seen some cases of this description, but many occur to which the attention of the surgeon is never called.

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