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Nurse and Patient
and
Camp Cure.

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NURSE AND PATIENT,

AND

CAMP CURE.

BY

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Wear and Tear," "Fat and Blood," etc.

[Reprinted from Lippincott's Magazine.]

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NURSE AND PATIENT.

I ONCE heard a doctor well known in his day, and skilled in the arts of curing, say that he feared the great mass of physicians, in their every-day familiarity with disease, did not fully feel how great a calamity in a healthy household is a case of grave illness. I have many times since then had occasion to appreciate the correctness and force of this remark, and am sure that I can do no better service than by preaching a little sermon on his brief text, and pointing out more at large what he meant, and how it is that the sickness of one in a house may become the fruitful source of mischief to others.

I suppose that my friend, when he

thus spoke, did not refer at all to the many little ailments of childhood, which to the young mother seem serious enough. The little aches, the so-called colds and indigestions, born of changes of diet, of teething and what not, come and go, needing for the most part but slight medication, and far more often wise advice as to food, dress, temperature and ventilation, with probably very little besides; the doctor's best function now-a-days being in the mass of such cases to stand between the mother or nurse, naturally eager to do something, and the sick child, and to save the little one from that system of incessant dosing which at present is practiced chiefly by the homœopath—in a word, to put in a constant plea for sanitary wisdom in the nursery, and for that best of the herbs of the field, called *time*.

But there is in every community, both among children and adults, a vast list of cases of disease which are in their nature long and wearisome—fevers which endure for weeks; lung and heart maladies which through months or years

lead slowly to death; cases of mental trouble; and the sad catalogue of palsies and other maladies of the nervous system, many of them of great and uncertain duration. Let any one of these fall upon one of a household, and it is very apt to bring in its train certain incidental calamities which, as it seems to me, are to some extent avoidable or unnecessary. I should like briefly, but as forcibly as I can, to point out what these evils are, on whom they alight, and how best to avoid them. What I shall have to say will seem, I doubt not, very commonplace to my fellow-practitioners, who are every day uttering like warnings in special cases; but if there be any value in sermons, it is because they are preached to those not under the immediate influence of temptation, for which reason, perhaps, these words may be of more service than such as are spoken to people already pledged to some fixed course of hurtful action.

Let us suppose that some one in a family group fails and sickens, until at last the doctor comes and makes his

study of the case. Then follow perhaps a few days of anxious waiting, and we learn at length that the patient is ill of a low fever, most apt, in our latitudes, to be typhoid. These few days of doubt are very trying, not alone to those who await the medical verdict, but also to the doctor himself, who can very rarely know from the outset of the case precisely what form of evil he has to contend with. Many diseases begin with the same symptoms, just as many words begin with the same letters: each added letter helps us to identify the word, and each additional sign helps to indicate the malady, until doubt ripens to certainty, and we know at length what foe we have to deal with. Then the shadows begin to thicken with all the dreary accompaniments of illness, until by and by the first confusion disappears, and the steady order and discipline of the little hospital service of the sick room takes shape beneath the doctor's watchful eye. One of the earliest questions he has to settle is as to who shall nurse this patient—who in his absence is to be

the hands, and at times the head, for in every fever case there should be one nurse, with such obedient assistants as she may need for relief and rest. In most cases, for various reasons, the nursing has to be done by members of the family. It seems to them horrible that a stranger or hireling should come in to take what they conceive to be their duties, or haply it is a mere question of means. Only too often some one female member of the household seizes on the work and devotes herself to it, excluding all outside help, and only too often going through it with a splendidly absurd and reckless disregard of common sense. Or else, starting with the case, she gets upon her by degrees that strange feminine mood of sacrifice, and, conscious of her physical inability, but urged by this insanity of loving, will go through with it, say what you will, protest as you may.

Now, it seems a slight thing at first thought to take care for a few weeks of a sick person, but, apart from the night-watchings which are so wearisome, the life has trials which sorely task the

strongest, and the effects of which are strangely sharpened, owing to the nurse being tied by love-bonds to the sick. Here are some weeks to be spent chiefly in a dim light, such as most patients like to have. There is the incessant watchfulness; the new and trying task of carefully noting the hours and seeing to the ordered sequence of medicines, stimulants and food; the broken, irregular rest, and the undue and needless exactions which the patient will make upon a relative. With these comes also the entire change in habits of life, and a worrying sense of novel responsibility, which is intensified by the influence of affection; so that every little decision which the nurse has to make becomes a trial of needless severity. I suspect that the average woman of the upper class would plunge into such a life with the utmost confidence in her capacity to nurse, little imagining that, unless she is a most exceptional person, her very affection would be against her making a good nurse.

There is, moreover, one physical dis-

ability which few people think of when assuming the care of a sick person. It is necessary again and again, in every grave case of illness, for the nurse to put forth all her strength at times in lifting or moving the sufferer. To do this well or with comfort to a patient is no easy thing for a strong man, because it requires him to bend over the bed in a posture which makes the effort to lift most trying. The consequence of such exertion to a woman, especially to one untrained in nursing and unused to its exactions, are such as may easily be imagined without further words from me.

What you want in a sick room is a calm, steady discipline, existing but unfelt — the patient, cool control which a stranger is far more apt to exercise than a relative. In a word, just as a doctor always feels it unwise to attend alone his own dear ones in grave illness, for like but lesser reasons the best nurse is a stranger—one who is naturally free from worry and irritations, who is unmoved by traditions of love, and who, acting simply and purely from sense of

duty, takes that care of her own health which is essential to make her nursing perfect. Such an attendant is willing to take her share of sleep and fresh air, and so remain cool and tranquil under all circumstances and in all exigencies, making far more light the task of the doctor, and able from experience of illness to note changes and call for aid at needed times. Such help excludes from a sick room that host of little annoyances for doctor and patient which I may call *fuss*. I have been astonished that in Miss Nightingale's book so little is said on this subject of amateur nursing and its evils; but certainly most doctors will agree with me that, save in the cases of infants, where the mother cannot and should not be displaced, the best nursing is paid nursing, and the worst very often that which comes from the family. But if the sentiment of a too tender self-devotion, when undertaking this task, be bad for the patient, it is still worse for the loving nurse; so I feel that, despite what I have said just now, I may have failed to say forcibly

enough how vast is the strain of such a task. Let any of my readers recall anew the intensity of interest, the anxious eagerness with which they may have watched a very sick friend, wife, sister or husband. Let them bring back the nervous terrors which grew upon them through the long hours of dreary waiting for the turn in the tide, and recall the enormous physical effort exacted, and they will perhaps come to understand me better. Such a situation brings to the nurse just that combination of anxiety with overwork which I have elsewhere described as apt in businessmen to bring about diseased states of brain; nor does it fail of like effect in the nursing woman thus overtaxed. The patient dies or recovers, but leaves in many cases a sad legacy of broken health to the friend who watched and wept by the bedside. I have been amazed sometimes to see how brief a period of such work will entail, even in seemingly healthy people, weeks or months of intense prostration, or some long and mischievous train of puzzling

nervous symptoms. Indeed, some of the most alarming and permanent breakdowns in (apparently) strong and vigorous women I have seen follow prolonged efforts at nursing their friends, while it is at least far more rare to see like results among paid nurses.

The analogy to which I have referred between the strain which sometimes falls on business-men in time of panic or financial distress, and that which injures the unaccustomed and untrained nurse, is curiously complete. In both there is the combination of anxiety with overwork both physical and mental, and in both alike the hurtfulness of the trial is masked by the excitement which furnishes for a while the means for waging unequal battle, and prevents the sufferer from knowing or feeling the extent of the too constant effort he is making. This is one of the evils of all work done under moral stimulus, and when the excitation comes from the emotions the expenditure of nerve-force becomes doubly dangerous, because in this case not only is the governing power taken

away from the group of faculties which make up what we call common sense, but also because in women overtaxing the emotional centres is apt to result in the development of that curious functional disorder which is known to the doctor as hysteria, and which is perhaps, when severe, one of the worst calamities that can fall upon a woman.

It happens, for obvious reasons, that fever cases must sometimes be nursed by members of the family; and when this is once decided upon, there are certain distinct and simple precautions against future trouble which it may be well to notice. One person, if possible a woman of middle age, should have the entire control of the sick room, and should receive the physician's orders, and direct such cares as must fall, or ought to fall, in part upon others. This arrangement, when clearly understood, at once ends a good deal of the fuss and disorder which come of too many heads, and puts the doctor far more at his ease. There is one person to look to, one responsible care-taker to whom he can

turn, and who should always make out the written schedule of diet and medicines, and should be able to answer all his questions. It were best that such a person had her regular sleep, and that she confided to others the night-watches, with such directing care as might be needed. Without a full share of sleep I do not think that any one can preserve fully that measure of equanimity or freedom from irritability, that normal tone of mind and body, which in such a long-continued strain is absolutely needed. Quite as important is it that the nurse, and indeed every one about a sick room, should be a part of the day out of doors. Nothing freshens a nurse like this, and without it she is unable to eat as she should do, and thus to supply to sorely-taxed organs the nourishment they need; for if any one requires generous living, it is the watcher by a sick bed. We are met at this point by difficulties which inertness, sentiment or selfish thoughtlessness make at times almost insurmountable. The indisposition of our women to exercise is favored

in such cases by unwillingness to seem even for a moment to desert a loved one, and by a morbid feeling that one ought not to be seen out of doors when those most dearly loved are in peril; while in some few cases the patient's wishes are the greatest obstacle. It is easy, however, to overcome these little difficulties by choosing early morning or late evening hours for exercise, and by always telling the patient you are going, and punctually returning at the time you have set, so as to avoid for him those petty disappointments which want of such care brings to the morbidly-irritable invalid. As regards paid nurses, the hindrance to needed fresh air comes from want of thought in their employers. It has happened again and again to every careful doctor to ask of the nurse, "When were you out of doors?" and to learn from her reply that days or weeks may have slipped past without any one's having had the humanity to take care that she should have a chance to breathe the fresh air of the streets. I have been many times amazed at the

want of thought as to this matter on the part of even the kindliest women and the most thoughtful physicians. If you want a good nurse, you must have a healthy nurse, and no human being can be caged in a sick room for weeks and still remain well; and if not well, your nurse is just a little irritable, somewhat less alert than common, or perhaps wearied into the carelessness that comes of such usage.

I may be allowed here to say a word or two, suggested by my last sentences, as to the nursing orders of the Roman Catholic Church. Of these orders I have had a long and close experience in hospitals, and am able, therefore, to speak as to the good and the evil which are connected with their peculiar organization and discipline, and shall by and by return to the subject. Just now, I want only to say that the value of the Sisters as nurses is, in my mind, lessened by rigid rules which confine them so closely to the hospital, their home, as to make them a rather notably unhealthy set of people. No social or other law inter-

feres with such methods of destroying the lives of useful people; but the evil does not end with them, and for their patients it is sometimes great, because a sickly or dyspeptic nurse in charge of a ward of yet sicker people is simply a woman out of place. If any protest I can make on this matter could possibly lessen this evil, which is daily injuring numbers of admirable and devoted women, I should feel indeed most glad.

I should be very well pleased if I were able to assert that any more common sense is shown as to this matter by nursing orders of Protestants than by those of the Roman Church; but both seem to have fallen into like errors. I have been unable thus far to get a sight of the rules of the various nursing sisterhoods of England, and am unable therefore to say what their laws allow. The greatest, most useful and most flourishing of the Protestant orders is that of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses, whose parent-house is on the Rhine near Düsseldorf. In a little book now before me, which gives a pleasant history of their foundation by

Fliedner, I find a set of rules for their guidance when in hospital service or in charge of the sick in private houses. The first gives no direction as to hours of relaxation or exercise: the last has this specific command: "She must not go out except when it is necessary to call the doctor or clergyman immediately." I cannot help hoping that this absurd order may have been revoked since the date of the book I quote.

Since writing the above sentences I have made an attempt to possess myself of the rules of such of the Protestant nursing orders as exist or are represented in this country. I have thus far obtained only those of the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion, which has charge of the sick at St. Luke's Hospital, New York. I find on page 16 most sensible rules as to recreation and out-door exercise. Two hours are set aside every day for such purposes, and on one day of each week five hours are thus made use of. In summer each sister has a vacation of four weeks; and in fact the little volume of rules for the direction of the Sis-

ters is full throughout of the most wholesome common sense.

Thus far I have limited my remarks to the subject of cases of acute illness, which, however trying, are more or less brief when compared to the maladies yet to be considered in their influence on attendants. There is in every community a certain proportion of sick persons who are chronic invalids, and who, from various causes, being closely confined to their rooms or beds, exact a vast amount of careful nursing. Such cases bring in their train to many households an amount of misery of which, at first thought, it is hard to conceive. Among these we find the sad catalogue of consumptives, paralytics, and the lesser nervous maladies, as the graver forms of hysteria and mental affections. Of course, in many wealthy houses the heaviest care of such cases is confided to good hired nurses, but very often this cannot be, or else the exactions of the patient and the self-devotion of love and kinship cast the entire weight of their care upon some single member of the

family. A sister, aunt or mother is gradually absorbed by the duties of the sick room until her life for years is passed in the gray monotony of some such self-imposed task. I do not say that this should not be—right-minded people cannot fly from obvious duty — but I do strongly feel that the complete sacrifice thus made is not always best for the invalid, and is full of peril for the attendant; and that even where most demanded it is capable of being so modified as to be better for the one and safer for the other.

The evil begins in the curious selfishness which is apt to grow upon the chronic invalid, so as in many instances to make him or her more or less despotic in the household. Old invalids long and closely confined see their circle of enjoyments narrowing, and naturally shrink from the little social sacrifices of their personal wants which in common life every reasonable creature is continually making. They want some one to talk to, to read to them and make their meals cheerful—above all, to sympathize with them. Their senses become acute,

sounds and bright light disturb them, affection bends to their least wish, and they grow into despots, and little by little lessen, through their wants and fears and sensitiveness, the liberty of a household and the happiness of others. They reason, if at all, on the slightness of the calls they make on others, forgetful of their number; and thus aided by the only too-willing love about them, by degrees dominate a whole circle, and absorb, as it were, all the strength and sweetness of some one devoted life. It is easy for health and strength and love to bend and yield to pitiful weakness and pain—ever so easy for women to sacrifice self—until at last, as time runs on, every interest in life concentrates upon the patient and the sick room. With this come irregular habits of living, neglect of exercise and broken health. By and by the nurse falls ill of some disease, and we wonder over her case, forgetting how thoroughly such an existence prepares the way for illness, and how sure it is to make the onslaught terrible. The life I have so briefly traced in outline

may come to be far worse and far more hurtful in the presence of certain forms of sickness, because certain types of malady bring with them to the too closely-confined nurse injurious consequences which do not depend alone upon the annoyances inseparable from the life of the sick room. Among the diseases which are in all probability hurtful to the nurse, or at least to the relative who acts as such, and is in constant contact with the patient, breathing his breath and sharing his room, is the too common sickness known as consumption. This malady, which the sentimental novelist has taught the public to regard as a gentle fading away of the body without pain or distress, is usually one of the most distressing and horrible of the many modes of exit from this life. The tax it makes on the feelings and physical forces of the attendant is most severe, and is combined with a large addition of danger when the nurse, especially if of like blood with the sufferer, is closely confined to the sick room. There is indeed a belief uni-

versal among the people of some countries, and shared by many physicians, that consumption is capable of being directly communicated when the attendant is a wife, for example, and is thus more often and more nearly than another in the company of the invalid. I cannot pretend to settle positively the extent of this peril, but I feel confident that it would be unwise to shut up with a consumptive any one of the same family, and that hereditary tendencies to the disease should make such caution much more imperative.

A good deal of the happiness and health of the attendant relatives in any disease may depend upon the mode in which the character of the patient is modified and altered by years of pain and sick-room trials, and such changes in the patient are influenced perhaps in some degree by the nature of the malady. Chronic sickness ennobles a few and debases the many; but as a rule long-continued or frequent and terrible pain is one of the most awful trials to which human nature can be exposed.

We all see people who "suffer and are strong," who in the midst of torture think more of others than of themselves, and who, like Robert Hall, live beautiful and useful lives while never free from pain; but diseases in which, with pain, there is also great waste of tissues are more trying than those which involve only pain; and under such influences the strong grow feeble of will, the bravest timid, the kindest irritable, and the best of us selfish.

During the recent war many physicians had but too frequent chances of observing the sad effects of wasting maladies and painful suppurating wounds upon the character of men previously remarkable for hardihood and patient endurance. I had the sad opportunity to see in the Hospital for Nervous Diseases in Turner's Lane, Philadelphia, a vast collection of cases of horrible forms of neuralgia from wounds, and to notice how often some form of fearful anguish long continued would convert a gallant, vigorous soldier into a creature so irritable, timorous and hysterical as to tax

to the utmost the gentlest nurse and the most patient doctor.

A life spent beside such a sick bed is indeed a test alike of character and of health. It requires a strong body and a fortunate balance of moral and intellectual qualities to escape from being made morbid by constant contact with such suffering; and intensely sympathetic people are surely hurt by it, and themselves grow morbidly sensitive. Where the unhappy invalid becomes exquisitely ill-tempered under the long pangs of illness, the constant nurse must endure a thousand petty trials of temper, and must know when to yield and when to resist the tiny and numberless oppressions of her sick tyrant. But incessant battle with one's self is exhausting, and soon begins to show its results upon the healthiest nurse cooped up in the sick room. A pallid face, loss of energy, a certain passive obedience to routine duties are the sure consequences. In many forms of nervous illness among women the love of rule becomes curiously developed, and with it grows up apace

a strange craving for sympathy and the expression of sympathy; and this peculiar mood of the sick room is especially hard upon the friend or relative who has been drawn into the maëlstrom of monotonous duties, varied only by sudden and often vehement demands upon her emotions. If of the same blood and sex as the patient, and sharing in her constitutional peculiarities, the effects of such a life are only too easy to predict.

But is there then no escape from these mischievous consequences? People will get ill, and remain ill. There are others whose plain duty lies in attendance on such victims of misfortune, and I should be the last to counsel any one to shrink selfishly from clear though sad and painful obligations. I fancy that few cases of the kind I describe ever occur without sufficient protest and competent advice from the doctor. But the force of custom and the dread of ill-tempered remarks are commonly too much for him, and he is only listened to with respect to be disobeyed with certainty, like many another preacher.

As regards consumptives, of whom first I wrote, it is most desirable that as long as possible the nurse should sleep in an adjoining room within call, and never in the sick room—most important that the chambers be well aired at all times, and that she should be, more than any other nurse, some hours of each day in the open air. The dangers of such cases are, however, better known and felt than are the more insidious evils of the other forms of disease to which I have drawn attention. Where the great misfortune of a chronic case of illness has fallen on a family, it is possible, when we have to deal with people of common sense and decision of character, to mitigate in some degree the essential evil of the situation. It were well in such cases to take care to distribute the burden, so that not on one person alone shall fall its entire weight. Usually, as I have said, some one relative gradually slips her shoulders more and more completely under it, until by mere force and duration of habit she becomes uneasy and impatient when

any effort is made to relieve her, and resents the effort as an interference with manifest duties. I have seen many young lives fade and sadden under such tasks, and have felt indignant that others should stand by and see in silence the mischief they wanted vigor or unselfishness to prevent.

In some cases it is impossible to avoid consigning the case to a single relative, and when any one person thus deliberately or unconsciously passes into the slavery of the sick room, it is well that she should be made to feel how necessary it is for her to do everything to avoid the evils which such a life engenders. To insist upon a certain and ample share of freedom and time for pleasures and duties outside of the sick room, of fresh air and exercise, are simple acts of duty to herself, and, in a higher sense, to her patient. Apart from the physical ills of confinement and never-ending, monotonous duties, it is good for no one to be too constantly in the society of any one person, and least of all in that of one necessarily made

more or less morbid by illness. Just as change of climate is essential to bodily vigor, so change of moral climate is needful for health of mind, and the contact with a variety of people becomes of service to those who otherwise run the risk which comes of "set gray lives" and changeless days.

There is another evil, already alluded to, which falls heavily on the sick nurse, and which is very difficult to deal with. It arises from the self-concentration and growing selfishness which even the best of old invalids find hard to avoid, and which, especially if the sufferer be one in authority in the household, is sure to result by slow degrees in more or less interference with the happiness of others, and especially of the younger members of the family. It is to be met only, as far as I can see, by a clear comprehension of just what is due to suffering and morbid wants and emotions, and by an early and decisive way of checking all unfair and unneeded encroachments. To yield in everything to a chronic invalid is in a manner easy, and this is

some folks' fashion of dealing with children; but the final result is good neither for child nor for sick person, and, by enabling the latter to cultivate the resistible sources of annoyance and morbid emotions, is certain to result in enlarging for him by degrees the boundaries of misery. A little timely firmness from kind but steady-minded friends will do much to limit this cause of unhappiness to patient and attendants.

I am tempted to add a few words as to the yet greater necessity of not spoiling children because of sickness. In acute illness it may be well very often to let them have in many things "their own way," as the saying is, but as regards young people sick with chronic maladies for years, and perhaps likely to be ill or crippled for life, there can be no more fatal mistake. They, of all people, need to possess and to have aid in forming strong, self-sustaining characters—they, if any, are to be taught self-denial and restraint, unless we are willing to make them alike unhappy and the cause of unhappiness.

With such precautions, and a firm resolve to keep in view the manifest duty of taking care of her own mental and physical health, it is altogether possible for a woman in fair health to take honest charge of a chronic invalid; while without such determination the task I have described is most likely to end in making one invalid the more. Without proper management no one can endure such a life, and no physician who reads these pages but will be sure to recall only too many examples of lives laid down in needless sacrifice by those who too willingly yielded themselves up to the tyranny of the sick room. I have elsewhere quoted the trenchant phrase of Wendell Holmes, in which he describes a chronic invalid as a vampire sucking the blood of the healthy people of a household; and strong as are his words, they do no more than briefly describe what really happens in many families.

There is another form of disease of which as yet I have said nothing, but which is so surrounded with peril for the watching friends that I should have fail-

ed in my task did I not most earnestly warn my readers of its dangers. When a case of insanity in any of its many forms falls upon some one in a household, certain questions at once present themselves which are closely connected with the subject of this brief paper. The physician is very soon called upon in these cases to decide whether the patient is in such a state as to make residence and treatment at home desirable, or whether recourse to an asylum is best. There is a growing tendency in the minds of thoughtful alienists to believe that many instances of aberration or of melancholy are best cared for in the patients' own houses; and if the doctor so decides, or if, as often happens, some time must elapse before he can come to a decision, the question of attendance becomes at once of the gravest moment. As to this there should be not the slightest hesitation. In either of the cases stated there should be selected a careful and kindly attendant, who, if possible, ought never to be a relation or friend. The reasons for this are absurd-

ly clear to a doctor, and are briefly these. A stranger has control over cases such as no kinswoman can obtain, and, unmoved by too great sympathy or emotion, is far more able to carry out discreetly and firmly the needed measures of relief. Moreover, for moral treatment it is usually needful more or less to isolate such sick persons, while it is plainly undesirable and imprudent to expose other individuals of the same blood, and possibly of like tendencies, to the emotions and states of mind which close confinement with those they love, but who are thus disordered, are sure to bring about. Like other physicians who meet with cases of nervous disease, I have been often called upon to witness the wreck of mind and body which the effort to fulfill such a task has brought about. Indeed, I can think of nothing more likely to ensure loss of health than an effort on the part of a young person, especially if a relative, to nurse the insane. Here, if in any case, are present in their worst forms all the evils which make attendance on the sick a

trial of physical and mental health. The greater the love for the sufferer, the more unwise for both is the trial, the greater for the nurse is the strain. The incessant watching, the weary waiting in this most sad and uncertain of all maladies, the terrors as to what may happen in a disorder so changeful, the alternations of hopes and fears, and the agony of battle with aberrations and diseased opinions which it is vain to strive to change or influence, combine to torture the nursing friend; while close confinement and the usual unavailing effort to conceal the nature of the case, and the morbid horror which this disease creates, all unite to make such attendance sadly dangerous for those near of blood. In fact, no one should be submitted to so terrible an ordeal; and if it be impossible to create for a case of insanity an asylum within the house, with a paid attendant, then it is better, as soon as may be, to place the patient in some well-ordered hospital. The picture I have drawn is no sketch from fancy: many and many a life, and, worse than that,

many a mind, has been wrecked in such service; while, as I have said, and would like once more to urge as the best of all reasons, it is impossible to devise a better plan for ensuring the continuance of a case of mental disease than keeping the patient in the constant company of one or more members of the same family.

Before closing I should like to add a few sentences as to nurses. It is very easy to advise people to get a nurse, but a nurse is really a hard thing to get. Our attendants on the sick are usually drawn from the list of monthly nurses, who, as a rule, are badly trained to the duties of fever cases, and are apt to be pre-engaged or available only for short periods of service. It is commonly possible to get a Sister of Charity, but the women of these orders are certainly not so perfectly drilled in this country as they are in Europe, and are, I suspect, as a rule, recruited from a somewhat lower class than is the case abroad. At all events, other prejudices very often stand in the way of employing them, and we still need therefore well-drilled

nurses, who can be readily obtained whenever they are required. It has indeed often amazed me that so few women—I may say, no women—of a somewhat better class should have taken to this very profitable trade in any shape save as monthly nurses. To be a good nurse surely demands no inconsiderable ability, and, as it seems to me, there can be no better or nobler business for a tender-hearted and clever woman. Whatever be the cause, at this moment the demand is far larger than the supply—perhaps because to be a first-rate nurse involves so many qualities in the way of culture and refinement that they are rarely united in the class of women who pretend to this business. We see so much of bad nursing that my temptation is large to go on and say what a good nurse ought to be, and how sick folks should and should not be nursed; but all this Miss Nightingale has said far better than I could say it, and my chief desire was to do what she has not done—point out some of the perils of nursing to the nurse.

CAMP CURE.

CAMP CURE.

IT is now-a-days a common thing for city doctors to see numerous examples of overwork of body or mind, or of both at once; and if I was correct in the startling lesson I once drew from the death-records of Chicago, there seems to be sad reason to believe that the nerve disorders which come of overwork, with worry, must surely multiply with the growth of cities and the keener competitions which such growth ensures.

I am not now anxious to point out anew the defects in our modes both of work and play in America, but I am desirous once more of reasserting my strong and well-assured belief that, however evil may be these habits both for men

and women, their peril gets a deadly emphasis from the character of the climatic conditions which surround us. Since my paper which excited so much comment, and reopened the great question of sex in education, I have become daily more sure as to this matter of the relation of climate to all forms of labor. It will well repay a fuller and more scientific examination than any one has hitherto given it, but at present I shall but pause to point out certain facts which bear upon the subject.

All over America the time of most severe and steady labor in the great cities is from early autumn up to late spring. Of course I refer to the labor of professional men, merchants of all kinds, dealers in money, and manufacturers. It begins to relax late in the spring, and it is just in these spring months that our population feels the curious lowering of tone which most of us know so well, but as to which little or nothing is said in our books of medicine, though in older days it led to the endless doses and bleedings which were

the spring fashion, and which yet linger in unwholesome vigor in some country villages. This sense of weakness, this springtide indisposition to work, may be partly due to a malarious element which is present and in force over a large part of our country. It would be well worth some inquiry to learn if in countries totally free from ague-poison the breaking up of winter weather be thus efficient to weaken. There must, however, be other elements than malaria concerned—others that are widespread too, and possess potent influence over the nutritive changes of the human frame. At all events, in America no one doubts the tendency of the general health-standard to fall at the season named. Here, again, the immediately active causes, and the method of their effects, would repay more careful study. Mere feelings of weakness may be perhaps delusive, but I have in my possession some evidence to show that in America—at least in Philadelphia, with cold winters and very hot summers —there is a yearly change in weight, the whole population beginning to lose flesh

in spring, and continuing so to do as the summer advances, to regain the lost material in the cooler wintry days. There is, too, a curious piece of statistical evidence as to the depressing power of the spring months which has but lately come to light. Among the more frequent of the curable nervous disorders is that known as chorea, and once as St. Vitus's dance. It is stated in the books to occur most often in winter, but the books were chiefly European or a closet hash of those, so that it need not surprise us to find them often wrong as to the habits of disease on this side the seas. A great number of choreal cases are subject to relapses, and from an examination of the records of some years at my clinic it was found not only that the relapses occur in spring, but also that a vast proportion of the new cases takes place at that season.* Since chorea is a disease having no relation to malaria, these facts become the more striking; and are the more so when we find that any enfeebling

* Article on Chorea by Dr. Gerhard in *Philadelphia Medical Times.*

causes act to evolve this disease or aid to ensure its recurrence.

Thus it is that upon people whose nervous systems have passed through the wear and tear of the winter campaign of work and worry there comes first this curious spring influence, and then the moist heats of our summer suns. The work in this country has to be done, and whether it is done wisely or not, or whether the habits of the mass admit of its being wisely done, little concerns us here. It gets done, and the doing of it by summer-time puts men in the way of needing a thorough renewal of over-used tissues; for, although in theory Nature is supposed by her admirers to be steadily supplying fresh substance for that which we expend in thought, emotion, muscle- or gland-work, it does probably happen that in all men to a certain degree, and in some in larger measure, there are infinitely minute defects in these processes, or that the constancy of too great activity of mind and body does not always allow of perfection of repair. This is to be had by long rest

and a healthful change for a time in the mode of living. The evil which was made by artificial ways of life is but awkwardly helped by urging tired nerve-centres to their work with tonics or stimulants, and is rather, as I suppose, to be cured by a prompt reversal of all our comfortable manners of eating, sleeping and being housed.

I do not presume that our naked ancestors, who made stone axes and slew their beasts in close battle, were on the whole as long-lived as we, but they did not have overtasked nerves, and probably their women rejoiced not in hysteria. At all events, they escaped some things which we owe to increasing needs and to the number of those who want and cannot get the same prizes. They fell wounded often, no doubt, in their fights for daily beef: we drop in the struggle for champagne and luxury. The injured stone-carver, used to out-door life, would have died, snuffed out, in our best sick ward; while, on the other hand, he could have kept in cave, hut or lake-dwelling a most successful hospital for

the man hurt in Wall street or the overworked lawyer or merchant.

The surest remedy for the ills of civilized life is to be found in some form of return to barbarism, and the common sense of the mass of people has taught them this; but they use the remedy in a weak form, and therefore fail of the larger good its ampler use might give. Tired men and women, fearful of summer heats, make escape to the country and undergo prolonged cremation in boarding-house or hotel. It is better than nothing, and some people like it, or say they do. But though our so-called country life secures fresher air, it ensures a large supply of new irritations and annoyances, while for vast numbers of men it means uncomfortable nights in a suburb, hasty breakfasts, a daily railroad dusting, and the hot, long, weary day in town. It is better than to be in the city all the twenty-four hours, but while it may help, and cannot hurt, it is a life which will not act as a complete remedy for those who are at all seriously exhausted, or for such as are beginning

to feel the first inroads of any of the many ways in which worried work torments us. One wants something more than a few days at dry Atlantic City or murky Cape May. One wants more than eight by ten to sleep in, and society of a kind one does not crave, and the delights of unlimited boarding-house gossip. Civilization has hurt — barbarism shall heal. In a word, my tired man who cannot sleep, or who dreams stocks and dividends and awakens leg-heavy, and who has fifty other nameless symptoms, shall try a while the hospital of the stone-carver. He shall reverse the conditions of his life. Wont to live in a house, he shall sleep in a tent, or, despite his guide's advice, shall lie beneath "the moon's white benediction." So shall he be in the open air all day and all night, for the tent is but a mere cover and wind-guard, or scarce that. He shall rise when he likes, unstirred by imperious gongs; but I think he will be apt to see the sun rise, and, honestly tired from travel or food-getting, will want to turn in at eight or nine. If too warm, he

will take his coat off; if cold, to replace the demon furnace in the cellar, with its breath of baked air, he shall find warmth in the "ruby wealth of roaring logs" he has helped to chop and carry. The best part of his meals he shall earn by sweet labor with his rod or his gun. His shall be the daily plunge in lake or river, and the intense, eager hungriness which has no quarrel with the *menu* of wood or stream. The sleep that is dreamless, the keen senses, the Arab vigor that makes exercise a jest and the mindless work of the camp a simple pleasure,—all these are the reward which comes to a man who is living the out-door life of the camp by silent lake or merry river, or far in the noiseless deeps of northern forests rich with scent of pine and the fragrant wood-odors of the mouldering logs of the windfall.

This indeed is a true and potent alterative; and just what it is in detail—how full of harmless and health-giving enjoyments and of novel surprises—will bear a little comment. It is an odd thing at first to feel you are living out of doors

with no builded home to sleep in; but this simple fact is full of value. In our common, every-day life of house and street we practically change our climate whenever we leave or enter a house, and from this, with overheating of our homes, come, I suspect, the many little colds and nasal catarrhs to which most of us are liable. The dweller in tents has no such annoyance, and far from the constant exposure giving rise to diseases of lung or throat, the out-door life seems to be an almost absolute insurance against these. Yet the changes of temperature are often enormous, but as they are always natural, and unaccented by going into and out of houses, their lack of abruptness seems to deprive them of danger. On the north-west shore of Lake Superior the midday temperature in August was often 70° to 80° Fahrenheit, and the minimum of the night 39° to 65°; yet, as I remember, no one of a large party suffered in any way. Both on our sea-coast and in Maine this is well understood, and is often practically applied; so that it is thought to be

best for persons recovering from inflammatory rheumatism to live on the sounds for a while or out in the woods, and as soon as possible to loosen the stiffened joints by handling an axe.

Not only are well people better for such steady exposure, but cases of chronic throat-trouble, catarrhal disorders and chronic bronchitis rapidly disappear under the natural and mild treatment of what, for brevity, I have ventured to call the Camp Cure. I have more than once seen alarming coughs simply vanish after a few nights in camp, while, on the other hand, it was a common thing among our men and officers during the late war to find that a leave of absence and the exchange of tent-life for house-life frequently brought about colds or coughs. I well recall also a case of chronic loss of voice which for years had baffled many wise doctors, and was perfectly and permanently cured by three weeks in camp on the Potomac. During the war it was a subject of frequent surprise to civil surgeons to see how speedily wounds healed when men were living in

tent-hospitals, and how potent was their use in dispelling and checking the progress of that horror of all surgical horrors, hospital gangrene. I have several times had occasion to remark while in camp upon the same quick healing of wounds, and to see injuries which at home would have sent a man to bed get well without the slightest annoyance and with singular rapidity. The evils which are naturally dreaded as results of camp-life have in reality no existence.

Quite as sure is the relief from dyspeptic troubles; for although the diet of camps would be at home, for the dyspeptic, but a mode of tardy suicide, the steady, not too severe, exercise and the constant exposure rarely leave a man after a few days much fault to find with the most evil-disposed stomach. Among our lakes and streams the bill of fare of the camp is by no means a bad one, but it would be shocking at home. There is always fish fried, or broiled if you are wise; or perhaps, if you have a taste for delicacies and want the trout at its best, you will cook it in paper, when it is a

thing to remember. Birds, especially ducks, are rarely lacking, and in the Adirondacks venison is abundant enough. Then it is easy to carry canned and dried vegetables, beans, potatoes, biscuits for bread, condensed milk and the inevitable pork. If I wanted a comparative test for the absence of dyspepsia, I should say that when a man can relish a bit of well-fried, crisp pork on top of a stew of ducks, and can wind up with a big onion eaten raw with salt, he might be regarded as tolerably competent to compete with the proverbial ostrich. I think it was that good fisherman, the late Dr. Bethune, who said that a good part of the value of woodlife was in the fact that you crave onions and can eat them. In fact, there is always a row in camp when the onions give out, and the new men often wonder at starting why an old woodsman is so very particular about having plenty of onions; but in the wilderness and in armies onions are at a premium. I remember once, in paddling along the shores of a lake in Maine, we spied a

log cabin in a rough clearing, and, pulling the canoes up, set off to see who was about, with that odd craving for new faces which haunts men after a few days of lonely wood-life. We found four children with measles, the mother recovering from pneumonia, the father down with a lively chill imported from Illinois, and the grandfather with a dislocated finger. We soon put the last right, and then, drawing water cool from the spring, with a few lemons and white sugar we made them a drink which called down upon us unnumbered blessings. Next my little medicine-case came into use for the first time in several summers; and so by and by, leaving them our remaining lemons—may I never do a deed of greater self-denial!—we went away. As we were shoving off, the old man came down the hill and stopped us—guessed, as we were doctors, we ought to be paid. "Well," he said, "you done us a heap of good, and we was kind of mournsome before you come." I felt that the new word *mournsome* was worth many fees, and so guessed in reply that

we wouldn't take anything. "But maybe you'd have this," he urged with an air of triumph. "*Them's* what no man'll refuse;" and so saying he threw into the canoe a rope of somewhat ancient onions. I accepted the honorarium, and we paddled away down the lake.

The fare, then, need not be meagre. As to drinks, I find that a very little liquor goes far, and is not much desired save by guides, and I know some of them who always refuse it when they are with a party. Tea and coffee are easily carried, but in the early morning a pint or so apiece of chocolate made with condensed milk is found to be the favorite breakfast draught. I do not advise any one to venture it at home, but rich and hot—and how very hot it is!—there is nothing better of a cool morning about 6 A. M. When coffee is used, it is a good way to boil it with the milk, without water: it makes a delicious variety, and was taught me by a Canadian trapper. At the risk of being tedious as to diet, I take from my notebook this bill of fare on the St. John's at the Rocks of

the Virgin: Boiled and broiled salmon; trout in paper; fried potatoes; a stew of wild ducks with peas, and a can of beef-soup to strengthen the potage; biscuits; baked beans; black coffee; and raw onions for salad.

Most of us, however, seek the woods because of weary brains, and the contrast they give of a perfect simplicity in place of the multitudinous tasks of the city is the surest and the most permanent of cures for the evils which thus arise. In the woods, with good guides, there is nothing which you *must* do, and a vast deal involving gentle exercise which you *may* do or not as you choose. Our city life has become perplexing and trying by its intricacy: so many wheels must be kept moving in order to the fulfillment of social, domestic, civil and professional duties that in the hurry of well-filled lives we are rarely at rest. I have heard a great savant complain of this ceaseless variety of demand, this intricacy of life, as the curse of London existence. Nor, with our habits of work, are we any more likely to escape from it

than the Londoner. Out of this atmosphere of exaction and haste and endless perplexity of oftentimes conflicting duties and obligations you pass into the quiet of woods remote from men, of streams and lakes scarcely troubled by commerce. The peace of soul which falls upon you must have been felt to be duly valued, nor can any one who has not known it conceive of the ease with which he forgets the cares and worries of the life he has left. The irritability and sense of strain alike fly swiftly away, and very soon he finds himself wondering over the remembrance of the petty cares, the jealousies and strifes of the city's battle for bread or name. I may be pardoned if I add that after one of those appalling and devastating sorrows which are sure to drop some day into every man's life, the flight to the open air and the close communion with Nature which it brings are full of healing.

There is a strange charm for the dweller in town in living a while hand in hand with Nature all day long—in watching

her gradual changes, the birth of morning, the sunrise newly dressed each day, the fading twilight, the growth of storms, the loveliness of form and color in wood or wave,—all delightful, and ever more so when the camp circle chances to possess an artist or two, and enough of science to weight the talk a little at times. It is well also to have always some little purpose in the woods besides mere pleasure. Some men like the gun and the rod: I prefer the latter, but I have friends who find unceasing pleasure in their pursuit of botany. Photography would be the best of wood-pursuits if only it involved less cumbrous baggage; but for those who sketch, that is a surpassing gain. A book or two of geology is also desirable, and I have found it convenient and agreeable to carry in a small case a compass and barometer and a minimum thermometer, and, if possible, a simple microscope. All these little aids help to pass away the hours which nothing can make heavy or wearisome. I may add another hint: too few of us sketch, and, as I do not, I have always carried a

notebook, in which I have found great delight, not merely in noting the day's pursuits, but in sketching with the pencil in words the scenes through which I have passed. It is a capital exercise, and it is curious to see how, when you sit down and try to put in words just what you see before you, it fixes the landscape for ever in your memory.

While speaking of men's ways in camp I should not neglect to say how much of its enjoyment comes of the contact with the guides, woodmen and trappers, and the simple-minded, manly folk who live on the outposts of civilization—"the lords of the axe and the rifle." One friend at least who may read this paper will recall our guide at the Pictured Rocks—a gnarled, rugged old fellow, by turns a lumberman on the wild Madawaska, a beaver-hunter who believed in beavers more than in men, a sergeant in Berdan's Sharpshooters, and now lake-sailor, guide and hunter—a keen eye with the rifle, gallant and cool in storms on the lake, a capital cook, and endlessly merry and full of good talk over the

camp-fire at night. He will recall, too, Mr. S——, our guide on the north shore, with his keen scent of the profitable pine tree, his amazing certainty as a wood-guide, and his quaint tales of "finds" among the pine woods or of mineral wealth on the shores of lake and river. The forests of Maine are full of the finest specimens of such men; nor do I know any better thing than to float down the lovely Allegash with Dan Kennedy, guide and woodman, in the stern of the canoe, and to hear with the plash of his paddle his clever chat of moose and bear and lumbering and the ways of fish, and scornful talk of "Kanucks" and "Injins."

As well to say here that he who means to live a while in the woods will do well to be careful as to whom he chooses as a guide. In Maine especially the least exercise of caution or a little inquiry will ensure a successful choice. As to companions, cheerful, pleasant and unselfish, one can rarely go astray in choosing; but since in many wood-journeys the traveler's life is or may be in peril, or be put to great inconvenience and discom-

fort, if he has not for guide an experienced person, too much care cannot be used. Some of my friends will recall how narrow an escape we once made on Lake Superior, owing largely to an incompetent sailor; and on the other hand I remember with constant pleasure the dexterous and gallant fellows who have been with me again and again on the quick waters of the Allegash and the great St. John's.

I do not wish or pretend to give directions as to the needed outfit for camp-life, which may be better learned from any of the many books which describe the fishing in North America. There are, however, one or two things which, as a physician pointing out a too-little-used means of health-getting, I cannot afford to pass over, since in the books alluded to they are scarcely mentioned. As regards clothing, never go into the woods without flannel garments. It is well, no matter how cool it be, to partially undress at night, relying upon a rubber blanket beneath, and two good woolen blankets, one over and one un-

der you, for warmth. A caoutchouc pillow is also a great gain, both as a head-rest at night and to sit on in the daytime, especially in a boat or canoe. It is well also to make it a rule of the party, no matter how cold be the water, to bathe daily. In fishing-camps generally there is some neglect of cleanliness —the débris of meals left about and lack of care in daily airing the blankets. It is wise, therefore, to shift the tents every three or four days to new ground—a precaution which is rarely used, and should never be neglected.

My main purpose in this somewhat rambling paper is, however, to insist upon the great value to people in and out of health of the kind of life I have so hastily sketched. It will have some variety of charm for all men, and indeed for many women; and while it will be fullest for those who are gifted with keen powers of observation, or who, as I have said before, can bring into it some special pursuit, I do not envy him who between a few good books, a pipe and a friend, and

Skies above with endless change,
And woods below with joyous range,

and the sights and sounds of out-door life, cannot contrive to pass away agreeably two or three summer weeks. Amidst all the social pleasures of such a life I remember with most distinct gratification the social life of the camp, the evening chats about the camp-fire, the jest and story, the trappers' tales, the laugh over improvised dishes, the ghostly splendor of light and shadow made by the fires, on which vast tree-trunks were piled to warm and cheer us. I recall too, most gratefully, how near this close intercourse has brought me to many good and kindly men, when the punch was brewed and the cheerful pipes glowed and faded by turns, like the gleam of revolving lights on some distant shore, seen and lost, as it were, now and again.

The choice of a place in which to get one's summer "outing" is of course important. The Adirondack woods are probably the most available, as being easy of access, but of these I know per-

sonally but little. They have been pretty fully advertised in a work of fiction by a reverend gentleman in Boston, who describes trout as leaping some few feet out of water, and who shoots loons with a rifle from a rocking boat, in a thunder-storm, at night, by the lightning flashes. Yet the reality is pleasant enough, and there is room to get away from tourists and parasols. The woods of Maine are also easy of access, guides good and the sport sufficient, especially anywhere about the shores of Moosehead Lake. For those who, like myself, prefer to wander, and not to camp steadily in any one place, there is a delicious journey which I have twice made, and which takes from two to three weeks. In the summer of 1869, with one friend, each of us having a good birch canoe and a guide, I crossed the "carry" at the head of Moosehead Lake and launched the canoes on the Penobscot. At once we were in a wilderness which in winter is peopled well with hardy lumbermen. A few hours' paddling brought us to Chesuncook Lake, and then turning

northward, past grim Katahdin, we went against stream through a series of lakes, connected by narrow waterways. A wearisome portage across the well-named "Mud Carry" led us over the low watershed of the Penobscot and St. John's into the tributaries of the latter stream. The current was then with us, and day after day we paddled through still lakes and waters until, emerging into the Allegash, we fled away swiftly down its brown-tinted waters. A more delicious panorama than its quick rapids and its overhanging, silent forests dwells nowhere in my memory. The scenery was not abrupt until, a few miles above the mouth, we halted to carry around a charming waterfall. A little farther, we floated out into the noble Aroostook or St. John's, which gave us for days a splendid ever-shifting picture of hill and river—a river, too, so swift that it seemed to fall away from us like a sloped mirror. By and by farms appear, and you find yourself in the land of the poor and courteous Acadians, who were carried here when Evangeline went away to the South. At once

you are in a foreign country. You glide along past quaint, red-painted wooden churches, carved gables — the priest's house known by its chimney painted to imitate brick—odd little spires covered with zinc and gleaming in the sun, and graveyards thick with wooden crosses, against a sombre background of rolling, leafy hillsides. French, the strangest of French, is the only tongue, but a kindlier or better-mannered race than this, and a poorer, you must seek far to find. At the Grand Falls there is a cataract which drops into a slate chasm. The river, narrowed to a gorge, makes one fierce plunge, and then boils for miles down its narrowed valley. Just below the fall the gorge makes an abrupt turn, so that, standing below this splendid cascade, you seem to be caged in a vast gulf of splintered slate rocks piled on end. Excepting Niagara, I know of no cascade which approaches this in grandeur or savage grimness. At Frederickton you may take the steamer to St. John's, and thence to Portland, or cross from Woodstock by rail to Bangor. The

rapids are many on this route, but not dangerous, and the canoe after a day or two is the most pleasant of boats. The traveler sits on the smooth rounded bottom of his frail craft, and leaning back on a shingle placed against one of the cross-pieces which tie the sides of the canoe together, he reposes at ease, facing the bow of his boat, paddling or smoking, sleeping or reading, as suits his idle mood.

There is one serious drawback in Maine and the provinces. Up to August the black fly reigns in supremacy of torment, aided in his cheerful business by the "no-see-'um" or midge — the pungy of Pennsylvania — and the milder mosquito. The black fly rules the day, the mosquito prevails most at night, but is lively enough at all hours, while the midge is in force at dawn and twilight. There are those who despise the black fly and scorn the mosquito, but I know not the hero who can be a saint with the midge at his wicked worst. These creatures may have a useful alterative value, and I suppose there is such a thing as

getting used to the whole trio—indeed, it is said that the mosquito which bites a Jerseyman drops dead on the spot; but I have heard the same thing said as to rattlesnakes, which seems improbable, so I vouch not for this—but I prefer the woods when the black fly at least has fled. The cool August nights usually disperse the midge also, but the mosquito is a power till September.

On this account, and others, I like the shores of Lake Superior rather than the woods of the North-east. I have camped year after year on the north shore of Lake Superior, and have never been annoyed by biting things after August 10, unless I had gone deep into the woods. Then the nights are cool or cold—the lake water so chilly as to range on the north shore from 39° to 55° Fahrenheit, being therefore always pleasant to drink, and too cold for more than a plunge-bath, followed by a shuddering escape. The scenery also is varied and grand, and the boat-journeys may be easy and safe or venturesome and dangerous. Duluth is one good starting-point, and

the fisherman may find good sport within thirty miles up the shore in the little rivers which seek the lake. Sault Ste. Marie, where there is a good inn, the Chippewa House, is another pleasant point, whence within a few miles good fishing- and camping-grounds are found, with plenty of guides, canoes and other means of outfit. For those who have more time and are fond of longer voyages the Nipigon River is an admirable resort, easily reached by the Canadian steamers which call at Sault Ste. Marie. There is one noble journey which I made once in the pleasantest of company, and which no one could regret to have made. We took a boat and guides at Fort William on the north shore, and spent two weeks in journeying to Duluth. Sailing ten or fifteen miles a day, we camped each night at the mouth of some one of the numberless streams which flow eastward to the lake. Every one of them has cascades near the lake, and two of these—Temperance River (so called because there is no bar at the mouth) and the River of the Evil

Manitou — plunge almost into the lake. The lake-walls are perilously bold, and sometimes offer no shelter for many miles, so that the utmost care is needed in watching the winds and waves. The scenery is superb. The basalt rocks of Thunder Bay, the Falls of La Crosse, Baptism and Pigeon Rivers, the Palisades and the rocky islands, golden or silvered with orange or white lichens, and the wonderful water-effects and frequent mirage, are not to be matched elsewhere in America, and will repay, as I think, the grave danger of the voyage.

I have especially dwelt on these two boat-journeys, because they open to us scenery as yet accessible in no other way. The day will come when these picturesque shores of the great lake will be profaned by tourists, but as yet few civilized men have seen the lovely gorges of La Crosse, where the old bishop found shelter and erected the cross which gave it name, and has long since crumbled. Nor have many camped on the shelving beach where the River of the Evil Manitou has torn the lake-wall asunder, and

makes its plunge of sixty feet within fifty yards of the lake.

There is another wonder of beauty on the south shore which lies between Sault and Marquette—say two days' sail from the latter town. Coasting along this singular coast-line, known as the Pictured Rocks, in a steamer, I became so enamored of their romantic beauty that in August of the next year, with two friends, I sailed to them from Marquette. I should like to give the reader some idea of this coast, and without pretence of accuracy should wish him to be made to feel and to be tempted by the deliciousness of the week spent on Chapel Beach. Lacking the skill of the pencil, I have been, as I said, in the habit of taking sketches in words which, glanced at afterward, swiftly recall the scene. Here is one such sketch, but very little altered. The canoe lies a hundred yards off shore, silent on a lake so still that the boulders thirty feet below me show in every detail of silvery shadings. No sail in sight; time, 7 A. M.; the water at 68° Fahrenheit—warmer here than on

the north shore, but still so cool that the quick paddle after the bath and before breakfast is luxuriously warming. Before me a half mile of beach of a creamy pinkish hue, because of quartz and red porphyry pebbles; back of it a bluff of sandy yellow and white, wonderful on top for gnarled trees abused by lake storms and for its many and delicious berries. On the upper beach-slope below the bluff is the white tent, sole sign of man, save the lovely blue inverted cone of dense smoke which floats up from the camp-fire, where the kettle sings and the fish are frying. To the right, the strange Nubian profile which notches the vast angular rock, out of which, a little farther, is scooped the great arch of the Grand Portal. Thence a line of strange forms and lovely tints for miles. To my left a cascade drops on the beach from the crumbled bluff, and beyond it rise vast stone pillars twenty feet above the lake, and over them a roof of stone, and on top of that forest trees—a strange Druidic temple, which came back into my memory when next I saw Stonehenge.

Again to the left, rocks worn and water-carved of old into strange semblance of tower and citadel and mosque and castle. For beauty and fantastic strangeness I know nothing like this picture, which can be seen only by one who is willing to live a while in boats and tents, for the sight as viewed from a steamer is somewhat disappointing. To camp on this delicious beach and to float along the line of these amazing rocks, watching them in various lights, will give a man such a store of pictures as the richest gallery may envy. The rocks themselves are silvery gray, and are water-worn below into sombre caverns full of rounded arches — arch within arch, beside which the water, crystal clear, casts up from its floor of white stones opalescent lights, while on the upper cliff-line the chisel of time and weather has carved such strange confusion of architecture that the fancy, free to range, finds no end of bold and marvelous buildings, beneath which glide rare waterfalls, and around which are "high-walled gardens green and old." The colors which aid and

flatter these delusions are due to the ores of iron, manganese and copper, which, washed out by the rains, trickle through the many-leaved horizontal strata on to the face of the white cliffs, and so give us tints of yellow, brown, purple, green, and the hues which these divers comminglings afford. For a while I was puzzled at the frequent figure-forms which occur everywhere on the more exposed and smoother rocks. One group was like a vast procession of bending, black-cloaked figures, before which went a headsman with his axe: they seemed to be walking over a vast ice-slope, and the delusion was something bewildering in its completeness. In one of the caves were, as I remember, grim frescoes, all in shades of gray and black, of such vast wrestling figures with claw feet and hands as are frequent in Japanese pictures. The human figures are made in this wise: On some of the cliffs orange lichens abound, and where water oozes out in small amount between the strata, the moisture, spreading as it slowly descends, is marked by a very black lichen, which fades below as the water dries,

and thus affords the quaint figures of cloaked men so common on these singular rocks.

Camp-life, at least on this part of the south shore, depends for its zest solely on the scenery and the charm of air and water and sky, since the fishing amounts to but little along the line of the Pictured Rocks. But if a man desire to camp a while in Fairyland, this will come near to satisfying the want. About halfway to Marquette, Grand Isle is also an attractive camp-ground, and is full of queer and half-explored rock-scenery.

I have said nothing thus far of camp-life nearer home, in Pennsylvania. It used to be good and pleasant in Elk and McKean counties, but the locomotive has gone long since through these woody solitudes, so that I do not know as much of them as I once did. Yet in many places throughout the Alleghany range and elsewhere there must still be wood and water where the tired dweller in towns may pitch his tent and lure the speckled trout, and learn the lore of woods and taste the poetry and wholesomeness of the cure of camps.

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Mitchell. Nurse ...

Reinforced hinge at title page and rehinged p. 73 to text block--all with Japanese tissue and wheat starch paste

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