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AFFILIATED WITH  
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION  
OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THIS Association aims at the diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge among all classes, by the publication of Tracts, the delivery of Lectures, the establishment of Institutions for Training Nursery-Maids, and of Loan Libraries of popular Sanitary Books.

One hundred and thirty-eight thousand Tracts have been published, and five courses of Lectures delivered. Funds are now urgently needed for the further prosecution of the Association's work, and the Committee earnestly solicit the aid of all who are interested in Sanitary Reform.

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The Secretaries will very gratefully receive suggestions on any subject connected with the objects of the Association.

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NOTHING

TO

WEAR,

A Satire

ON THE PRESENT EXTRAVAGANCE IN  
LADIES' DRESSES.

"The gravest of social extravagancies, that of female dress, has become more conspicuous than at any time within three generations. \* \* \* The cost of dress has become so disproportionate to other items of expenditure as to create serious difficulty in the homes of men of business, who have hitherto been able to provide their wives and daughters with whatever was needful to a moderate competency. The rich silks of the day cannot be had for a wife and daughters, with the prodigious trimmings which are equally indispensable, under a less sum than would maintain a country clergyman, or half-pay officer and his family. The paraphernalia of ribbons, laces, fringes, and flowers, is more expensive than the entire gown of ten years ago."

LONDON, Wood; EDINBURGH, Robinson; GLASGOW, Love;  
DUBLIN, Robertson; and sold by all Booksellers.

1864.

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# NOTHING TO WEAR;

## A SATIRE

ON THE

PRESENT EXTRAVAGANCE IN LADIES' DRESSES.

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NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
 I do not assert—this, you know is between us—  
 That she's in a state of absolute nudity  
 Like Power's Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;  
 But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,—  
 When at the same moment, she had on a dress  
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,  
 And jewell'ry worth ten times more, I should guess,—  
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

---

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1864.

## PREFACE.

THE extraordinary popularity of the following Poem, has led to a sale—both in this country and in America, where it first appeared—almost if not quite unparalled in the history of this class of literature. Intended, possibly, by its author as a playful though serious attack upon the extravagant fashions prevalent in the upper and middle classes of his own country, it has been reprinted and sold on both sides of the Atlantic, by hundreds of thousands, and has probably had its effect, as largely as any single production, in producing the reaction in public opinion, which is beginning to tell on Fashion herself. It is trusted that a New Edition may be the means of bringing this clever satire before the eyes of many who may not as yet have chanced to meet with it.

That some serious remonstrance against the “*length and breadth*” of fashionable extravagance was called for, the following extract from the “*Westminster Review*” will show.

“The gravest of social extravagancies, that of female dress, has become more conspicuous than at any time within three generations. \* \* \* The cost of dress has become so disproportionate to other items of expenditure as to create serious difficulty in the homes of men

of business, who have hitherto been able to provide their wives and daughters with whatever was needful to a moderate competency. The rich silks of the day cannot be had for a wife and daughters, with the prodigious trimmings which are equally indispensable, under a less sum than would maintain a country clergyman, or half-pay officer and his family. The paraphernalia of ribbons, laces, fringes, and flowers, is more expensive than the entire gown of ten years ago."

The Bankruptcy Court, however, illustrated the truth of the statements of the Reviewer, in a manner which attracted considerable attention at the time. During the wave of prosperity which seemed to be wafting the notorious Colonel Waugh to the position of a millionaire, a "milliner's bill" was incurred by his wife at a fashionable shop in Regent Street, and the following are a few only of the items, the total amount of which exceeded £2750!

"Bonnet, £12 12s. ; Lace veil, £15 15s. ; Mantilla, £12 12s. ; Sprigged Muslin Slip, £11 11s. ; Six Embroidered Collars, £15 15s. ; Pocket Handkerchief, £4 4s. ; Another, £5 5s. ; Moire Antique Dress, £10 10s. ; Ditto, £11 11s. ; Ditto, £12 12s. ; Ditto, £13 13s. ; Ditto, £18 18s. ; Ditto, £19 19s. ; Brown Muslin Dress, £17 17s. ; Court Dress, £51 5s. ; Ditto, £55 10s. ; Parasol, £10 10s. ; Ditto, £18 18s. ; Point Lace Cap and Pearls, £11 11s. ; Pair of Lappets, £8 8s. ; Venice Point Flounce, £84 ; Pair of Lace Sleeves, £8 8s. ; Ten Buttons, £5 ; Dressing Four Dolls, £12 12s., &c., &c."

## NOTHING TO WEAR:

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,  
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
 That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)  
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,  
 In one continuous round of shopping ;  
 Shopping alone, and shopping together :  
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather ;  
 For all manner of things that a woman can put  
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,—  
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
 In front or behind, above or below :  
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;  
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;  
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;  
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;  
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;  
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;  
 And all of them different in colour and pattern,  
 Silk, muslin, and lace—crape, velvet, and satin,  
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material  
 Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal ;  
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,

Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of ;  
 From ten-thousand francs robes, to twenty sous frills ;  
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scholded, and swore,  
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

THE last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer  
 Arago,  
 Formed—M'Flimsey declares—the bulk of her cargo,  
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
 Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,  
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
 Such particular interest, that they invested  
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,  
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those ;  
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,  
 Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.  
 Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
 For an actual belle and a possible bride ;  
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
 And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,  
 Which, in spite of Collector and Customhouse sentry,  
 Has entered the port without any entry.

AND yet, though scarce three months have passed  
 since the day  
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,  
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,  
 The last time we met, was in utter despair,  
 Because she had "*Nothing whatever to Wear!*"

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true  
 ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know is between us—  
 That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
 Like Power's Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus ;  
 But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,—  
 When at the same moment, she had on a dress  
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,  
 And jewell'ry worth ten times more, I should guess,—  
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !

I SHOULD mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
 Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"  
 And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,  
 Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."  
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
 Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
 But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,—  
 Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.  
 Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
 Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
 Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions ;  
 It was one of the quietest business transactions,  
 With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
 And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
 On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
 She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
 And by way of putting me quite at my ease,

“ You know I’m to polka as much as I please,  
And flirt when I like—now stop, don’t you speak—  
And you must not come here more than twice in the  
week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
But always be ready to come when I call ;  
So don’t prose me about duty and stuff,  
If we don’t break this off, there will be time enough  
For that sort of thing ; but the bargain must be  
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free ;  
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me.”

WELL, having thus wooed Miss M’Flimsey and  
gained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
At least in the property ; and the best right  
To appear as its escort by day and by night :  
And it being the week of the STUCKUPS’ grand ball—  
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,  
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—  
I considered it only my duty to call,  
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
When the time intervening between the first sound  
Of the bell and the visitor’s entry is shorter  
Than usual—I found ; I won’t say—I caught her—  
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
To see if perhaps it didn’t need cleaning.  
She turned as I entered—“ Why, Harry, you sinner,  
I thought that you went to the Flashers’ to dinner ;”  
“ So I did,” I replied, “ but the dinner is swallowed,

And digested, I trust, for ’tis now nine and more ;  
So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
And now will your ladyship so condescend  
As just to inform me if you intend  
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend  
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow),  
To the STUCKUPS’, whose party, you know, is to-mor-  
row ?”

THE fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
And answered quite promptly, “ Why Harry, *mon  
cher*,  
I should like above all things to go with you there ;  
But really and truly—I’ve Nothing to Wear.”

“ NOTHING to Wear ! go just as you are ;  
Wear the dress you have on, and you’ll be by  
far,  
I engage, the most bright and particular star  
On the Stuckup horizon”—I stopped, for her eye,  
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
“ How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day !”

SO I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"  
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a  
shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;"

"Your pink"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown moire antique"—"Yes, and look like a  
Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-  
maker

Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,  
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could  
strike it

As more *comme il faut*—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean  
Sophonia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich grenadine"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported

In Paris last Spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the  
nation,

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,  
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,  
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,  
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I RIPPED OUT something, perhaps rather rash,  
Quite innocent though; but, to use an expression  
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.  
"Fiddlesticks is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling  
Doesn't fall down and crush you;—oh, you men have no  
feeling,

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,  
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers:  
Your silly pretence—why what a mere guess it is!  
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?  
I have told you and shown you I've 'Nothing to Wear,'  
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,  
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still  
higher),

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.  
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;  
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."  
I mildly suggested the words—"Hottentot,  
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,"  
As gentle expletives which might give relief;  
But this only proved as a spark to the powder,  
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;  
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed  
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed  
To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,  
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-  
ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

WELL, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,  
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say ;  
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how,—  
 On door-step and side-walk, past lamp-post and Square,  
 At home and up-stairs in my own easy chair ;  
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,  
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar  
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
 On the whole do you think he would have much to spare  
 If he married a woman with “Nothing to Wear?”

SINCE that night, taking pains that it should not be  
 bruited  
 Abroad in Society, I've instituted  
 A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
 On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,  
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,  
 But that there exists the greatest distress  
 In our female community, solely arising  
 From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
 With the pitiful wail of “Nothing to Wear.”  
 Researches in some of the “Upper Ten” districts  
 Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
 Of which let me mention only a few :  
 In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,  
 Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,  
 Who have been three whole weeks without any thing new

In the way of flounced silks—and thus left in the lurch  
 Are unable to go to a ball, concert, or church.  
 In another large mansion near the same place,  
 Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case  
 Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.  
 In a neighbouring block there was found, in three calls,  
 Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls ;  
 And a suffering family, whose case exhibits  
 The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;  
 One deserving young lady almost unable  
 To survive, for the want of a new Russian sable ;  
 Another confined to the house when it's windier  
 Than usual, because her shawl is not India.  
 Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific  
 Ever since the sad loss of the steamer PACIFIC,  
 In which were engulfed, not friend or relation—  
 (For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,  
 Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation)—  
 But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars  
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,  
 And as to all style most *recherché* and rare,  
 The want of which leaves her with “Nothing to wear,”  
 And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic  
 That she is quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic—  
 For she touchingly says that this sort of grief  
 Cannot find in religion the slightest relief :  
 And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare  
 For the victims of such overwhelming despair.  
 But the saddest by far of all these sad features  
 Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures  
 By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,  
 Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds  
 By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for  
 days



Unsupplied with new jewellery, fans or bouquets,—  
 Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,  
 And deride their demands as useless extravagance ;  
 One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
 Too sad for belief, but alas ! 'twas too true,  
 Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
 To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon ;  
 The consequence was, that when she got there,  
 At the end of three weeks she had " Nothing to Wear ;"

And when she proposed to finish the season  
 At Newport, the monster refused out and out,—

For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,  
 Except that the waters were good for his gout :  
 Such conduct as this was too shocking, of course,  
 And proceedings are now going on for divorce.  
 But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain  
 From this scene of woe ? Enough, it is certain  
 Has been here disclosed to stir up the pity  
 Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
 And stir up humanity into a canter,  
 To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.  
 Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,  
 Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription ?  
 Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is  
 So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
 Take charge of the matter ? Or won't PETER COOPER  
 The corner-stone lay of some splended super-  
 Structure, like that which to-day links his name  
 In the Union unending of honor and fame ;  
 And found a new charity just for the care  
 Of these unhappy women with " Nothing to Wear ;"  
 Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,  
 The " Laying-out " Hospital well might be named ?

Won't STEWART, or some of our dry-goods importers,  
 Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters ?  
 Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,  
 And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and  
 dresses,  
 Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and  
 thornier,  
 Won't some one discover a new California ?

○ LADIES ! dear ladies ! the next sunny day  
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
 And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,  
 To the alleys and lanes where Misfortune and Guilt  
 Their children have gathered—their city have built ;  
 Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,  
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair :  
 Raise the rich dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt—  
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt—  
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the ricketty stair  
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
 Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold ;  
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street ;—  
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood—the deep groans that  
 swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor ;  
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,  
 As you sicken, and shudder, and fly from the door :  
 Then home to your wardrobes and say, if you dare—  
 Spoiled children of Fashion—you've " Nothing to Wear !"

AND oh! if perchance there should be a sphere  
Where all is made right, which so puzzles us here—  
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time  
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime—  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,  
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;  
Oh, daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware  
Lest in that upper realm you have “NOTHING TO  
WEAR!”



1744

Tracts for the Family.

No. VIII.

BARGAIN DRIVING.

BY

J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.,

VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DERBY, AND EDITOR OF THE  
"PARISH MAGAZINE."

"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone  
his way, then he boasteth."

LONDON:

JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

*In Packets of Thirteen Copies, price One Shilling each Packet.*

## BARGAIN DRIVING.

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PROVERBS xx. 14.

"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer : but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

**T**HE inconsiderate thirst for cheapness is one of the social curses of our age. You might have thought that there would be some difficulty in finding a text on which I might fairly counsel you on so seemingly secular a subject as cheapness.

And yet in this wonderful book for all time we have Solomon, in a single verse, describing the very meanness against which I wish to guard you. Here is the concise description of a bargain-driver. "It is naught, it is naught," saith the buyer ; "It is not worth anything ;" "It is not what I want ;" "It is soiled, or faded ;" anything, in fact, to depreciate the article, and to get it at a lower price than is asked.

And then when he has got it cheap he goeth his way, and when he meets his acquaintance he boasteth. He prides himself, and wishes others to think well of him, because he has got an article

from his neighbour at less than his neighbour wished to sell it for.

Now this may be *sharp*; it may be thought a virtue in trade or in housekeeping; but I have no hesitation in saying, that if it is not always sin, it is constantly on the very margin of vice.

It may be the essence of trade to buy as cheap as you can and sell as dear as you can. But I can recognise no axiom of trade that contravenes the laws of God and the principles of truth and right. Therefore we must be sure that in buying cheap we are availing ourselves only of lawful advantages, and are not compassing unrighteous and unfair gains.

We shall understand the matter more clearly if we take the case of the bargain-hunter. His great object is *cheapness*; to get what he wants, and to give as little as possible for it.

Well, so far there need be no sin. If he considers with himself which is the best market, who is the shopkeeper who has the greatest opportunity for buying this article at advantage, who has been probably able to buy it in *bulk* at such a rate as to be able to retail it at a low price, even when his own profit is added.

Then, if he goes to such a market, or such a shop, he may get the article he wishes at a smaller price than if he had gone to some dealer who had not the same advantages or the same skill in selection.

In such a care for cheapness there is no wrong done. But it is totally different when you seek

cheapness without any such consideration of circumstances. Then there comes in the procedure described in the text, the buyer depreciating the article he wishes, saying, "It is naught, it is naught."

Now, plainly, this depreciation is false; for when he has got the article, he boasteth: therefore the sin that there is in this bargain-making is the sin of *lying*, which is a sin in *trade* just as much as in common conversation; a sin on which God has denounced His sure vengeance; for He says, "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi. 8).

Therefore, while economy and thrift are undoubted excellencies, I must warn you that they may easily run into an excess, and that those persons who set themselves to get things cheaper than their neighbours, at a less price than those who sell ask for their goods, have need to be most circumspect lest they fall into the sin of lying; they have to be well on their guard that deceit and fraud come not out of their lips.

I think, also, that this inconsiderate search and craving for cheapness has a thoroughly bad effect on the mind. It makes it grasping and selfish; greedy of its own gain, but careless of others' well-doing. It produces, if long indulged in, a spirit of low and unworthy cunning. It is the opposite of that honest openness which should be between man and man. It educates in hypocrisy, and acting a part; for the man who says, "It is naught, it is naught," while he handles your goods, must

endeavour to express the same in his countenance and manner, while all the time he wishes to possess them.

But you say we must accept the state of things amid which we live, we must do what every one else does, or we shall be left behind in the race of competition.

I believe this to be a thorough fallacy. I am sure that God honours those who honour Him. I believe that the man who guides his life, his business, by the rules of righteousness and truth, and not by the mere maxims of trade, shall prosper in the end. Moreover, even if he loses *money*, money is not everything! though we are so steeped in an atmosphere of mammonism that we sometimes find ourselves slipping into the belief that it *is* everything.

But it is not. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth."

Neither say, "Well, but when every one else is driving bargains and grasping at cheapness, what good can I do by standing aloof? I must swim with the stream."

God forbid! What have you brains, and sense and heart, and manly will and vigour for, if you must swim with the stream? Remember that the practice of every one of us influences some around us, be they less or more in number. Besides, even if we do little to amend the evil state of things around us, we at least keep our own conscience clear, and are not partakers or promoters of other

men's sin. For, bear in mind that the hunter after "cheap goods" injures many besides himself; he tempts many to sin.

Observe how the influence of this thirst for cheapness spreads.

The bargain-hunter beats down the price of the tradesman; the tradesman has to press on the wholesale house for articles of smaller cost price, that he may meet this cursed craving; the wholesale house has to bring pressure to bear on the manufacturer; goods of a certain appearance must be supplied at a certain low price; and so the manufacturer is tempted to adulterate, silk becomes half cotton, cloth becomes half shoddy, and almost every article of consumption is adulterated in some way.

And what a mass of deceit, fraud, and falsehood is implied in the word *adulteration*. And yet I believe it is much more the avarice of the buyer insisting on a cheap article, rather than the covetousness of the dealer grasping at excess of profit, which is the root of adulteration.

Then, in another class of articles, observe the evil branches that spring from this same craving for cheapness. In made-up materials, in clothes, for instance, what but this same craving has led to all the horrors of the sweating system, where the middle-men grind the faces of the poor needlewomen, and compel starving creatures to wear out body and soul for a pittance which only converts starvation into decline.

If any of you are patrons of cheap clothing, I pray you to remember, that the cheaper your raiment is, the more wonderful the bargain of which you boast yourself, the more certain is it that—

“It is not linen you’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives.”

These evils are no less real because we do not see them. We no less help to cause them because we do not ourselves pay the starvation wages, but only take the doubtful benefit which is offered to us by those who do.

You ask, “What are we to do?”

Do this: recognise clearly in your own mind the right of every man who gives either time and trouble, or capital, for the supply of the wants of men; recognise his right to have a living profit out of his labour or his capital, be he manufacturer, wholesale agent, shopkeeper, or retail dealer.

The ordinary market price of any article commonly fixes itself with a due regard to all these. Be content to pay that market price, and be suspicious of anything offered you below it. Above all, do not practise any devices or deceits to get an article below that price.

Of course, as I have said, there are peculiar circumstances which may enable one man, with due regard to the living profit, to offer an article for less money than another: peculiar knowledge, skill in selection, access to markets, capital to buy largely and opportunely. And when you see such

advantageous openings, you may avail yourself of them without any injustice; but this is totally different from haggling with a tradesman who has not had such opportunities to let you have an article for less than he asks.

In so doing you, in fact, accuse him of dishonesty, in putting on a profit beyond that fair living profit which is his due.

I readily allow, that living in an age when bargaining seems counted a virtue, we may thus pay more for what we buy than others; the tradesman may have put on an extra profit, leaving a margin for the badgering of the bargain-drivers; but, for my part, I would rather pay a little too much a hundred times over, than never enter a shop without suspecting that the person across the counter was my natural enemy, bent on defrauding me unless I stooped to the meanness of haggling about the price.

I have no words to express my contempt and abhorrence for the meanness which goes into a shop with the deliberate resolve to get the articles wanted for less than the price asked. Those who do so, in fact, change the relation of shopkeeper and customer, which should be one of exchange for mutual convenience, into a struggle which can hold out most firmly against the pressure of the other, which can most craftily deceive the other.

I am sure if you think it over, if you consider all you have said after a day’s bargain-seeking

you will admit that you have grievously violated the dictates of *truth, candour, and charity.*

I believe this is not so much a vice of the poor as of those richer. I believe it to be most of all the vice of that most miserable section of every community, those who are keeping up appearances beyond their means.

I believe it is in such cases that you find, combined with much outward show, the most unworthy and degrading meannesses in petty matters.

Perhaps some readers may think that religion has nothing to do with such questions.

To my mind such questions are the very essence of religion. A religion that does not touch our everyday life, our money matters, our actions *in* and *on* society, is a religion that is on the surface merely.

“Religion is nothing else than the God-like spirit in which the world’s work should be done. Those who disparage this life’s work as vanity, who would separate the world’s business from heaven’s devotion, who say that present concerns are to be sparingly entertained, and that higher thoughts should occupy minds intent on higher destiny, such persons wholly misunderstand their position.

“Such teaching ends in connecting religion with sickness and death, instead of with life and vigour, and leads many to neglect the *inspiration* which should breathe through their life and their work until both life and work are closing.”\*

\* “*Essay on Human Happiness.*” By Right Hon. C. B. Adderley.

Therefore, if it be that much of your life consists in the honourable business of buying and selling, seeking gain, let me urge you to do this business religiously. Let the golden principles which Jesus, our great Pattern, left from His lips and from His life, let the self-forgetting love of the brethren which He taught by word and deed, be so the groundwork of your character that no greed of gain, no thirst for cheapness, no grasping after worldly substance, may lead you to injure your brethren in any wise, or to sin against God.

It is the undue severance of things secular from things sacred which makes so much of men’s religion *unreal*, and so much of their business *unrighteous, i.e.*, not carried out with a full sense of what is *right* from man to man.

See how this false view of things comes out in reference to the most solemn rite of our faith, the Holy Communion.

What more common reason is given for not receiving the Lord’s Supper than this; that men are actively engaged in the work and business of common life? A man says, “I intend to receive that sacrament as soon as *I am done with this world;*” that is, as soon as sickness or old age enables him to give himself almost wholly to that life of contemplation which, in his mind, alone deserves the name of religion, conduces to the saving of the soul.

He forgets that an all-wise God has arranged the manifold and various calls to active effort



BARGAIN DRIVING.

which surround us, and that it is by the right use of these that we are prepared for an eternal life.

And how can we use them aright unless all along the common road of life we look up to Him who is our Guide and Protector, and unless we avail ourselves of the stores of spiritual provision which He has laid up for us?

The momentous question to be asked of any of us when we have gone hence, is *not* How did he *die*? but How did he *live*?

It is not What was he in church or closet? but What was he in shop and market? for it is by the way in which we meet the duties of common life that we prepare ourselves for hell or for heaven.

Ladies' Sanitary Association.

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## WASHING THE CHILDREN.

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"You are always washing that child!" said Susan Hall, on the evening of a hot day in summer, as her sister filled a tub with clear, cold water, and prepared to bathe a boy about two years old. "He can't be dirty, Mary," she continued, "for I've seen you at his face and hands after every meal to-day."

"Of course you have," said Mary, with a smile. "We like to be clean—eh, Johnny?"

The child replied by plunging into his tub, and laughing gaily.

"You don't mean to say he enjoys it?" cried Mrs. Hall. "My children hate to be washed."

"Perhaps they're not used to it," said her sister.

"Oh yes, they are, for I always make them wash on Saturday nights; and a pretty fuss it is, as you'd say, if you had four instead of one. That makes all the difference. I should like you to live in London, to see how you'd manage: you wouldn't scrub your baby every night, if you had two rooms over a stable, instead of this pretty cottage."

"It must be very bad," said Mary, with real sympathy. "I've heard my lady say, that when she went to town it made her heart ache to see how some people had to live."

"And she couldn't know half," replied Susan, "nor yet a quarter. It's all very fine to wash, and all

that, in the country, where you have such a lot of water, and can dry things on the hedges till they smell as sweet as lavender; but you should see my place: it can't be tidy; I'd defy even you to make it so."

"I think I should strive," said Mary, "for the sake of the children. It must be so bad for them, poor little things! Will you put Willy in the tub if I take the chill off? It'll do him good."

"No, thank you. I washed him well before I left home on Monday, and he can't stand it like a healthy child," replied Susan, with much stiffness. "I'll wipe his hands with a wet cloth, as they're sticky with sugar; but as for putting him in a tub every night, I'm not such a fidget."

Mrs. Watson glanced at the sick boy, as with a look of pain on his tiny face, he lay in his mother's lap, and said, "I'm sorry to hear it."

"You are! is it very dreadful?" asked Susan, as she removed the child's outer garment, and replaced it by a nightgown which was far from smelling "as sweet as lavender." "You look as serious as if I was killing him."

"Perhaps you are, without intending to do it," said Mary earnestly. "If Willy should die, I fear it will be through neglect," she continued, after a moment's hesitation. "I ought to tell you—and yet I don't like to do it—that you don't manage him properly; you don't indeed."

"How do you know that?" asked Susan angrily: "you've had a lot of experience, haven't you?"

"Don't get vexed, Susan," pleaded her sister gently: "I only want to save the child, who will die,

I'm sure of it, if you do not feed him properly, and keep him clean."

Mrs. Hall's face grew crimson. "Do you call him dirty?" she asked in her loudest tone: "do you dare to call him dirty?"

Her sister looked up, and waited until the storm of passion had subsided, before she answered, "Yes: you have not really washed him well since you left home two days ago. Just look at Johnny, and see the difference."

Mrs. Hall glanced in her turn towards her nephew, who was by this time rubbed dry, and clothed in a nightgown as white and as clean as Willy's was yellow and dirty, and burst into tears. "It isn't kind," she exclaimed, half smothering her own poor babe with kisses; "it's cruel, to point me to that great, strong, healthy boy, and tell me to compare him with my sickly, pining child. I s'pose you think it wasn't Providence made one well and the other bad. Is it my fault if my baby is sick?"

"Yes, if you don't use the means God gives you for keeping it well. Five babies out of ten die because they are neglected. You keep your child up till midnight; you give him pie-crust, meat, suet pudding, anything; you seldom wash him; and all the clothes he wears by day are left on him at night, except his frock, and that you change for a nightgown which smells quite sour."

"It was clean on Monday," said Susan, "and that you know, for you insisted on airing it."

"Because it was quite damp," exclaimed Mary. "You might have killed him, putting it on as you intended to do. As to its smelling sour already, you

know you spilt milk over it yesterday, and that accounts for it."

"Oh, nonsense! that's just the way your husband talks. You country people have such fancies," cried Susan contemptuously.

"But I have known Londoners as particular as we," said Mary; "and oh, dear Susan, if 'fancies' would save your darling's life!"—She stopped, for her voice failed her, as she realized that if the child should die it would be because his mother had neglected him.

It was too true. Unconsciously, but surely, this woman had brought her child to the edge of the grave: a few weeks more, and, unless a change took place in her management, she would lose him. Yet she had undertaken a long journey for his benefit, and firmly believed that it would have been an easy task to die for love of him. By slow neglect she had done what it would, doubtless, have shocked her to do by any other means. Her careless indolence had brought upon him a disease which appeared likely to result in death; yet she regarded herself as the tenderest of mothers, and claimed the sympathy of all her friends because she was "so tried."

"So tried!" How many ignorant women say that, as they lay their offspring in graves, beside which, shedding tears of genuine sorrow, they will marvel at the "mysterious providence" which has shortened a life so dear. There have been days in which "tender and pitiful women have sodden their own children" to satisfy the cravings of hunger: we shudder as we remember their crime; but are there not many, less tempted, and, possibly, as tender and pitiful, who, in this nineteenth century, are pointing

the arrow which shall pierce the hearts of their beloved ones? Do we not hear, from graves almost innumerable, reproachful voices, telling of the selfishness and wrong, the folly and ignorance, by which hundreds of unconscious babes have been deprived of life?

"I did not know," a woman will often say, when doctors, all too late, succeed in convincing her that pure air, untainted water, wholesome food, and reasonable cleanliness, might have prolonged the existence whose untimely end she mourns. "I did not know!"

Yes, but whose fault was that? Was she *willing* to know?

As Susan Hall went up-stairs on the evening of her long conversation with Mary Watson, she heard her brother-in-law inquire if the sick child would "stay there until he died." It shocked her to hear such words, and for a moment she felt inclined to return to the kitchen and upbraid him angrily; but presently a strange feeling at her heart compelled her to ask a question she dared not answer. Could it be possible that Mary and her husband were right, and that Willy was dying?

She passed a miserable night, and came down late next morning. The child was worse, but she would not acknowledge it, and fed him as usual with fried bacon and potatoes. Mary said nothing, though her heart ached for the little sufferer, until Susan, having finished her breakfast, prepared to wash him by pouring hot water into a basin, which was standing on the table, and placing the soiled nightgown at its side to serve as a towel. Then she said gently, "Let me give you a tub and a clean cloth, Susan; do! I have plenty of water in the pitcher."

"I don't use cold water, thank you," replied her sister: "it would kill this child to serve him as you do Johnny."

"But you wont use it *hot*?" persisted Mary.

"Why? It will get off the dirt, and that's the object of washing, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it weakens, does hot water," said Mary firmly. "If I were you I should use it lukewarm, or cold with bay-salt in it, as our doctor recommended to Mrs. Smith, over in the village. Her baby is quite strong now."

"I dare say; but I'm tired of doctors!" exclaimed Susan: "they're far more plague than profit, and I've had as much experience as any of 'em! A woman who has had nine children needn't go to a doctor to be told how to wash a baby."

"Especially if none of them are healthy," said Jonathan Watson, Mary's husband, who, having entered unperceived, had heard the latter part of the dialogue. "Your child is dying, and yet——"

"Hush!" said Mary.

Her sister had looked up angrily, and then covered her face. There was a long strange silence, broken at last by Mary, whose heart was full. "It's cruel," she said, "to say such words to a mother."

"I don't know that. I want to frighten her," persisted Jonathan. "It's a queer thing to talk about loving a child, and then neglect it."

"She doesn't see the danger," pleaded Mary. "Our doctor explains things, you know, and makes us see how reasonable it is to follow his rules; whereas Susan's seems only to find fault and give his orders."

"Then we can ask our doctor to call and talk to

her, or she can go to him. It can't be right to plead ignorance when you may have knowledge for the asking."

Mary said "No;" and as she did so it occurred to her, that if any one could convince Susan by an argument, her husband Jonathan was the man. The doctor was very well, but he sometimes used long words; and if you were stupid he was likely to become impatient; but Watson talked plain English, and liked discussion. As a result of these thoughts, the little woman followed her husband as he walked down the lane, and said, "Stop, John! I am sure she wont see the doctor: she says she knows better than anybody. Come home as soon as you can, and reason with her yourself."

"Reason with *her!*" cried Watson: "she wouldn't hear reason! She is the most conceited——"

"Don't!" interrupted Mary: "she was never taught, poor thing, and you ought to pity her. Aunt brought me up so differently."

"I should think she did! Your mother let Susan have her own way in everything, and the end of it is this *sin*: that's the name of it!" cried Jonathan. "I tell you, Mary, if I had a wife like that, and one of my children died through her neglect, it would almost break my heart."

The man stopped suddenly and waited. His wife was about to reply, when she heard a step behind her: she knew it was Susan's.

"I want you, Mary," said the poor unhappy mother: "you should not leave me alone with a dying child."

Her words, or rather the tone in which she uttered them, brought tears into Mary's eyes, and even

Jonathan tried to comfort her, as, pale and miserable, she turned to retrace her steps.

"Don't fret;" he said; "at least, don't lose heart, Susan. I'll bring the doctor, or, if you like, I'll tell you myself to-night, as well as I can, how I think you may save your boy."

She made no answer, and he left her in Mary's hands, rejoicing, if truth be told, in the passionate grief which might so reasonably be expected to conduct her to repentance. The women returned to the cottage without a word, but as they crossed the threshold Susan asked impatiently at what hour Jonathan might be expected to return. In spite of herself she had confidence in her brother-in-law, either because he had, by steady perseverance, obtained a better education than the majority of his class; or because he spoke the honest truth, without a sign of fear, at all times and in all places; or because he was possessed of that great source of strength, decision of character.

John Watson, as he was usually called, was a man greatly respected in his neighbourhood. Employed at first as a common labourer on a farm near his native village, he had gradually risen to the position of gardener to the squire, on whose grounds he resided and in whose service he wished to live and die. A steady, sensible fellow was Mary's husband, and the little woman had reason to make "much of him," as she called it.

"He never spoke a cross word to me in his life," she remarked to her sister, as, on the memorable day of Susan's awakening, she closed a long list of John's good qualities.

"I wish I could say the same," said Susan gravely: "he was cross enough to me this morning."

"But it was all for your good," replied her sister.

"That might be; but we don't like the doctor's knife, even when it cuts away proud flesh," said Mrs. Hall. "However, I shall be glad to see him come home, for the sake of the child."

It seemed long, very long, to wait till evening, especially as Willy grew more fretful every moment. Susan Hall watched the sun's decline with almost childlike impatience, and, as he neared the western hills, began to look out frequently in the direction of the gardens. John Watson came at last, and having washed himself and changed his clothes, sat down to eat his supper.

"You call that fidgets, don't you?" he asked, as Susan turned from her baby to look at him. "You think I needn't have washed so much, or changed my coat and things, eh?"

"I don't see the need, I confess," replied Susan, smiling.

"Why do people wash at all, I wonder?" said Jonathan.

"To get clean, I suppose," replied Mrs. Hall.

"But what's the use of it?" asked Jonathan again. "What harm would come if we all neglected it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Susan. "It wouldn't be pleasant."

"And is that all?"

"Well, I suppose you would say it wouldn't be wholesome either; but I don't see what it has to do with keeping people in health," remarked Susan.

thoughtfully. "We couldn't live without food, I know, but washing——" She hesitated, as if at a loss how to express her doubts as to the necessity of cleanliness; and Jonathan replied without waiting for the close of the sentence.

"Ay, washing! Well, we can't live *in health* without that, and plenty of it. Are your husband and the elder children well?"

"As well as they can be, in London; at least I think so."

"Then you think wrong," said Jonathan. "I'll tell you what it is: it may be all very fine to lay the blame in the wrong quarter, but that doesn't mend the matter. I wish I could convince you how foolish it is to let five or six people breathe the same air over and over, night after night, and then complain of the impossibility of being well in London. One way of killing children, babies especially, is letting 'em live in rooms where the windows are never opened, and where a whole lot eat and sleep, eat and sleep, until there is scarcely a mouthful of decent breath a week for the poor innocent that can't defend itself. I've heard," continued Watson, with the air of a man who is repeating something almost beyond belief—"I've heard of people who never wash at all; never clean their rooms from year's end to year's end, never open their windows, never eat any regular meals, and never put on a fresh shirt (if they wear any) till the old one is worn to shreds. Yet they always wonder if typhus fever and cholera prevail."

"You mean to say they bring disease upon themselves?" said Susan.

"Certainly; just as if they go without victuals

they will bring starvation. For, by not washing their bodies, they let all the little holes in the skin, through which they ought to perspire, get choked with dirt; and, by not scrubbing and white-washing their rooms, they encourage foul smells and all kinds of filthiness. By having their windows shut, too, they keep in a lot of poisonous air which they draw into their lungs over and over. I've heard our doctor lecture about it in the school-house, and I know more of the sense of it than you'd think."

"You could almost give a lecture yourself," said his sister-in-law.

"I'm giving one now, it seems," said Jonathan, "and I hope you'll remember it as well as I do the doctor's. He said we ought to have our meals at proper times; good wholesome bread three times a day, and meat at dinner, when we could afford it. He thinks children are often hurt by being allowed to eat at all hours, as fast as they like; and he declares that the mothers who don't wash their babies' clothes, air them well, and change everything as often as our Mary here, must never be surprised if they have soon to dress them in a shroud."

"He thinks your wife a pattern, then?" remarked Susan.

"Yes; though of course he didn't say so in the lecture. It was afterwards that he told me how much he liked her way of managing Johnny. You remember what he said, don't you, Mary?"

"Of course I do," replied his wife; adding, "but he forgets that he gave me such good rules at the very beginning that to have gone wrong would have been worse than stupid."



"I dare say his rules were more strict than I should like," observed Susan, shrugging her shoulders, "but it seems they answered with Johnny."

"Indeed they did, and with other babies too," said Mary. "He bade me give the child as much pure air as possible; ordered its clothes to be made in a more comfortable fashion; and said I must never feed it with pie-crust, or anything else that was unwholesome."

"He was very particular, then," said Susan. "I shouldn't have been so obedient."

"Very likely not; for you seem to be fond of doing all he has forbidden. You sleep with Willy in your arms, for instance."

"Of course I do: there can't be any harm in that."

"Well, the doctor says there is; doesn't he, John?" replied Mary, turning to her husband.

"Yes, danger of suffocation," said Jonathan. "You wouldn't like to find Willy dead, as one of our neighbours, who wouldn't listen to the doctor, found her poor infant one morning, would you, Susan?"

"No."

"Then let him lie apart—and if you want to warm him at night in very cold weather, don't do it by hugging, lest you should fall asleep and suffocate him."

"Well, there's some sense in that," said Mrs. Hall. "What else did this wonderful doctor say? I may as well hear everything."

"He begged me to wash the child thoroughly every day, and explained how much I could hurt him by neglecting to do so. Perhaps," continued Mary, "you don't know that it's a bad thing to hinder perspiration?"

"Oh yes, I do," exclaimed Susan, "for two years ago I sat in a draft, after getting very hot, and the doctor said I might have lost my life."

"You wouldn't do it again, then?" said Jonathan.

"Of course not! Do you think I want to kill myself? I'm careful now, I can tell you!" said Mrs. Hall.

"Yet you've been keeping back *his*," said Jonathan, pointing to Willy, "by not washing him."

"I don't see that."

"But *I* do; for if you'd washed him every morning, you wouldn't have left what our doctor calls the pores so unhealthy. There's no telling what good soap and water and a rubbing can do."

"It seems such a trifle," said Susan, "and it's so troublesome."

"Ah, there's the secret; it's nothing great and very 'troublesome.' If you were told to do some extraordinary thing for your child, you would rejoice, I am sure of it. What he wants seems to you a trifle, and you despise it; but, Susan, one thing is certain, the boy must have it, or die."

The last word was spoken solemnly—so solemnly, that Susan Hall could not, and dared not, forget it. She did not sleep that night. The doctor's rules seemed to haunt her, and before the morning dawned she had resolved to follow them. It was a good resolution, and she kept it. The week which followed was a busy one, for, rising with the sun, the hitherto careless mother toiled for her suffering child. By the sale of two or three trinkets—her husband's gifts in their days of hasty courtship—she contrived to obtain money for the purchase of new materials for garments,

which she made up, after Johnny's patterns, in such a manner as to promote comfort and cleanliness; her sister supplied her with fresh milk, and taught her to make arrow-root and gruel. In ten or twelve days she began to see signs of amendment; in a fortnight all danger was past. A daily bath, fresh air, wholesome food, clean linen, and regular hours, had come to the rescue, and the mother's heart grew light as she felt that her child was plucked from the jaws of death. She had little thought for herself in that anxious time, except as the appointed guardian of a life that might yet be saved. At the close of her six weeks' sojourn with her sister, she had her reward. Willy had come down into Devonshire a sallow, fretful, miserable weakling; he went back to London with hues of health upon his dainty skin—a bright-eyed, hungry, laughter-loving fellow.

His mother took him home, but not to shut him in a close room night and day, nor to shrink from the task of feeding, washing, and clothing him properly. The reformation begun in Devonshire was completed in London; and when, in the following summer, Mary Watson came to town to receive a legacy bequeathed to her by Lady A——, there was not a tidier wife and mother in England than Susan Hall.

May every woman who, like her, has endangered precious life by neglecting her little ones, be, like her, wise *in time*.

Another month, or week, or day, or hour, and it may be—nay, *will* be, TOO LATE.

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The National Association for the Promotion of  
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This Association aims at the diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge among all classes, by the publication of Tracts, the delivery of Lectures, the establishment of Institutions for Training Nursery-maids, and of Loan Libraries of popular Sanitary Books.

Six hundred and thirty thousand Tracts have been published, and thirteen courses of Lectures delivered. Funds are now urgently needed for the further prosecution of the Association's work, and the Committee earnestly solicit the aid of all who are interested in Sanitary Reform.

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## Tracts for the Family.

No. IX.

# OVER-DRESS.

BY

J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.,

VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DERBY, AND EDITOR OF THE  
"PARISH MAGAZINE."

"Why take ye thought for raiment?"

LONDON:

JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

## OVER-DRESS.

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ST. MATTHEW vi. 28.

“Why take ye thought for raiment?”

**Y**OUR first thought on reading the title is, I dare say, that dress is a subject not worthy of being handled in a sermon. But our Lord Himself did not think so. He says here, in the sermon on the mount:—

“Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. . . . Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

Our Lord's apostles were of the same mind as to dress being a necessary subject for ministerial

counsel, as we find by their epistles to the converts of the early churches.

Certainly, dress is not a subject which has *ceased* to be needful now, for it appears to absorb a large share of the thoughts, time, and money of very many persons; and therefore I think it will be worth our while to consider the amount of interest that may consistently be bestowed upon dress.

It does not seem to me that our Lord's question, "Why take ye thought for raiment?" implies that it is a Christian's duty to use any special plainness or any singular coarseness of dress.

Our Lord's forerunner, John the Baptist, had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins. *His* mission was to startle an effeminate and luxurious people; and he did so, not only by his hard, ascetic life, but by his uncouth raiment, harsh in texture and sombre in colour. But the little that we know of the raiment of our Lord while on earth, implies that He wore the common dress of His people; save, perhaps, in the case of that prophetic vesture for which the soldiers cast lots at the foot of the cross, which was a coat "without seam, woven from the top throughout" (St. John xix. 23).

Our Lord's example, I think, does not favour the idea that any peculiarity of dress is bounden on His followers. But His precepts give certain general principles which should guide those who own Him as their Lord in this matter of dress.

Let me first name some of the sins and

evils which are promoted by an excessive care about dress, and then let me endeavour to lay down a few rough principles which should guide Christian people in this matter.

There are many sins that rise out of an excessive care about dress.

There is *worldly-mindedness*.

The mind that is taken up with decking of the person is commonly of small calibre to begin with, and its little powers soon become absorbed in the pleasures of self-adornment. Outward things have too strong a hold on us all; but those who are constantly thinking, "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" constantly observing what other people have on, seem to do all they can to cramp and fetter their minds and thoughts to *earthly* things. They seem to be in very great danger of putting dress between them and *that* kingdom of God and His righteousness which they are bound to seek first.

Another sin that is fostered by excessive care for dress, is *pride*, the root-sin of so many evil branches and so much deadly fruit.

We see this pride manifested in self-conceit; in the airs assumed by those who have taken pains to trick themselves out with finery. We see it in the complacent glances in the mirror, or any shop-window that will serve the same purpose.

We see this pride manifested in efforts to attract the attention of others. We see it in the attempts to outdo the dress of others.

We see it further in contempt for those who are not so well clad; in contemptuous looks on the simple, unpretending dress, or the faded attire of honest poverty.

But whatever the outward development may be, this is certain; that much care for dress engenders *pride* in the heart.

And yet, what is there to be proud of? When the utmost has been done, when the most gorgeous toilet has been put together, what is the result?

The laborious effort, the result of time, and thought, and money, is eclipsed by the lilies of the field that neither toil nor spin! Yea, our Lord declares that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these lilies.

Surely, dress is unworthy the study and trouble of intelligent beings, when the utmost success is put to shame by the flowers of field and garden!

Another sin that rises continually from excessive care for dress, is *extravagance*, which often leads on to dishonesty.

In the infatuated rivalry in dress which prevails in the world of fashion, it is notorious that many bedizen themselves with costly raiment far beyond the limits even of ample incomes; and then, when credit is exhausted, there follow miserable meannesses, paltry dishonesties, to avoid exposure.

And on a smaller scale the same goes on in the descending grades of society, wherever this passion

for finery has seized on the weak and shallow victim.

And as the natural accompaniment of extravagance, comes that desire to get more than the proportionate value for money, which induces all the abominations of bargain-driving and that cruel and inconsiderate thirst for cheapness which is one of the social curses of the present time.

Another evil springing from love of dress is the utter *selfishness* with which it encrusts the mind.

Money that should go to benefit the children, or the home, or the poor, or to spread the Gospel in the world, is all swallowed up in the selfish pleasure of putting on various apparel!

Hence it comes that those who lavish much gold on their personal attire, are found giving their threepenny-piece for the propagation of the Gospel amongst the heathen!

Another evil accruing from inordinate care for dress is the grievous waste of *time* spent in choosing, and arranging, and putting it on; and with very many it is not chiefly time from the world's work that is thus wasted, but it is specially the hours of God's own day.

Oh! how many songs and hymns, how many seasons for holy reading and prayer, has this one vanity devoured. Let me commend to you who spend much time before the looking-glass, the counsel of the quaint but holy Herbert.

“ Oh, be dressed !

Stay not for t'other pin ! Why, thou hast lost  
A day for it, worth worlds ! Thus Hell doth jest  
Away thy blessings, and extremely flouts thee,  
Thy clothes being *fast*, but thy soul *loose*, about thee ! ”

Let me name one other evil, and that a most grievous one, one that makes it specially needful to give counsel on the subject. The love of dress has been used with terrible triumph by the devil, and by bad men doing his accursed will, to work the ruin of the weak and the unwary, and to keep the fallen in their filthy fetters.

Of a truth then, there are evils enough in the love of dress to make all Christian people feel the need of watchfulness.

Let me now mention some rough principles which may guide us into a right judgment on the matter.

The first natural impulse of a religious-minded person is to say, “ I'll spend nothing on my dress ; I'll wear the commonest and most costless raiment.”

But there are many cases in which this would be by no means wise or right.

We live in a state of society in which we are curiously and intimately bound up one with another ; and if a majority were to follow this course, then many branches of industry, which are maintained by the production of the more expensive fabrics, would be at a stand-still. And we know that want of legitimate employment is a frequent cause of crime.

I do not see, therefore, that in ordinary cases religious persons would be right in reducing the sum spent on dress to the lowest possible minimum. I think that having regard to the national life, and the well-being of the working-folk, they should rather continue to use such *materials* as are suited to their station, and to the wealth of which God has made them the stewards.

As for *form* and *colour*, there can be no better rule than the inspired one given by St. Paul to Timothy (1 Tim. ii. 9) : “ In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety ; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.”

As for *fashion*, the Christian woman will not be eager to be the first in any novelty ; but when custom has familiarized the strangeness, she will then draw towards it, so as to avoid singularity, provided always it be not contrary to the caution which St. Paul gives in the passage quoted above.

It is sad to see those who profess and call themselves Christians running eagerly after the dictates of fashion, and zealously seeking to conform themselves in apparel to those from whom, if their profession be honest and God's word be true, they must separate in a little time for eternity.

A divine of the 17th century gives this rule about the matter : “ In all apparel keep a little *above contempt*, and somewhat more *below envy*. Let not your garments smell either of antiquity or novelty. Shun as much an affected gravity as a

wanton levity. There may be as much pride in adhering to the antique garbs of our ancestors as there is in courting the modern fooleries."

Remember that any one whose dress is such as to attract observation, is really badly and vulgarly dressed, certainly is not dressed as a woman professing godliness should be.

But perhaps the thought which most of all would be a guiding thought in this matter of dress, is for all to remember always that they have an *inner man* to clothe, adorn, and beautify.

Count not with the atheist of Malmesbury that you have enough to do to maintain *one man* well ; for you have *two*; and so bethink you when you are decking yourself with the gold ring and the gay clothing, that you may draw on you the admiring eyes of those who are caught by such outward gew-gaws, bethink you, Have I on my wedding garment? Am I ready for the marriage of the Lamb? Have I on the white raiment of Jesus' righteousness, so that the shame of my nakedness may not appear before a pure and holy God? (Rev. iii. 18).

If you have, then "Why take ye thought for raiment?" why fritter time and thought and money on childish toys, when there is so much work for God's glory and man's good to be done in the world?

Surely such trifling shows how little you appreciate the stirring times, the land of light, the Christian dawn, in which your lot has fallen. Had you been an unlettered child of the Indian forest, then I could have understood that you might

strive to help on the listless hours by decking yourself with feathers and beads. But what can we think of those whose minds rise no higher than such playthings in the midst of the loud stirring tide of human care and crime which seethes around us in our country at the present time?

Why take ye thought for earthly raiment? Oh! diminish to its due proportion your time, and care, and money spent on these indifferent matters, that perish in the using. And let the only dress that you really are anxious about be the decking of the inner man, the adornment of the immortal soul.

Would you wear the jewel that is in the sight of God of great price? Then get the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Would you have that which dazzles the diamond and disparages the orient pearl? Then adorn your soul with modesty, shamefacedness, sobriety, and good works.

Would you have the apparel which is provided for you in the Gospel wardrobe? Then put on, "as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another" (Col. iii. 12, 13). And for an upper garment, adding grace and beauty to all the rest "be clothed with humility" (1 Pet. v. 5), and let it be girt with the girdle of truth (Eph. vi. 14).

Or would you have the whole of this heavenly



OVER-DRESS.

raiment summed up in one direction? You have it in this: "*Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ*" (Rom. xiii. 14).

Have ye taken thought to *this* raiment? If not, ye are foolish, foolish beyond all words to describe.

But if ye have put on this apparel, then day by day take the glass of God's word, and therein view and dress your souls; and be sure that ye forget not what manner of persons *that* glass has represented you to your own consciences; and so be "*doers* of the word, and not hearers only," lest ye deceive your own selves (James i. 22—24) to your utter and irretrievable ruin.

Ladies' Sanitary Association.

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OF

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London:

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THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION, 14A, PRINCE'S  
STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

# The Massacre of the Innocents !

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Address by the Rev. C. Kingsley.

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“AFTER the admirable speech and *resumé* of the whole intent of this meeting that you have just heard from the Chairman, there seems at first sight very little to be said. But let me say one thing to the ladies who are interested in this matter. Have they really seriously considered what they are about to do in carrying out their own plans? Are they aware that if their society really succeeds they will produce a very serious, some would think a very dangerous, change in the state of this nation? Are they aware that they would probably save the lives of some thirty or forty per cent. of the children who are born in England, and that therefore they

would cause the subjects of Queen Victoria to increase at a very far more rapid rate than they do now? And are they aware that some very wise men inform us that England is already over-peopled, and that it is an exceedingly puzzling question where we shall soon be able to find work or food for our masses, so rapidly do they increase already, in spite of the thirty or forty per cent. kind Nature carries off yearly before they are five years old? Have they considered what they are to do with all those children whom they are going to save alive? That has to be thought of; and if they really do believe, with political economists now, that over-population is a possibility to a country which has the greatest colonial empire that the world has ever seen, then I think they had better stop in their course and let the children die, as they have been dying.

“But if, on the other hand, it seems to them, as I confess it does to me, that the most precious thing in the world is a human being: that the lowest, and poorest, and most degraded of human beings is better than all the dumb animals in the world; that there is an infinite, priceless capability in that creature, degraded as it may be—a capability of virtue, and of social and industrial use, which, if

it is taken in time, may be developed up to a pitch, of which at first sight the child gives no hint whatsoever: if they believe again, that of all races upon earth now, probably the English race is the finest, and that it gives not the slightest sign whatever of exhaustion; that it seems to be on the whole a young race, and to have very great capabilities in it which have not yet been developed, and above all, the most marvellous capability of adapting itself to every sort of climate, and every form of life that any nation, except the old Roman, ever had in the world: if they consider with me that it is worth the while of political economists and social philosophers to look at the map, and see that about four-fifths of the globe cannot be said as yet to be in anywise inhabited or cultivated, or in the state in which men could make it by any fair supply of population and industry and human intellect:—then, perhaps, they may think with me that it is a duty, one of the noblest of duties, to help the increase of the English race as much as possible, and to see that every child that is born into this great nation of England be developed to the highest pitch to which we can develop him, in physical strength and in beauty, as well as in intellect and in virtue. And then, in

that light, it does seem to me, that this Association—small now, but I do hope some day to become great, and to become the mother Association of many and valuable children—is one of the noblest, most right-minded, straightforward, and practical conceptions that I have come across for some years.

“We all know the difficulties of Sanitary Legislation. One looks at them at times almost with despair. I have my own reasons, with which I will not trouble this meeting, for looking on them with more despair than ever; not on account of the government of the time, or any possible government that could come to England, but on account of the peculiar class of persons in whom the ownership of the small houses has become more and more vested, and who are becoming more and more, I had almost said, the arbiters of the popular opinion, and of every election of parliament. However, that is no business of mine here; that must be settled somewhere else: and a fearfully long time, it seems to me, it will be before it is settled. But, in the mean time, what legislation cannot do, I believe private help, and, above all, woman’s help, can do even better. It can do this; it can not only improve the condition of the working man; I am not speaking of working

men just at this time, I am speaking of the middle classes, of the man who owns the house in which the working-man lives. I am speaking, too, of the wealthy tradesman; I am speaking, it is a sad thing to have to say, of our own class as well as of others. Sanitary Reform, as it is called, or, in plain English, the art of health, is so very recent a discovery, as all true physical science is, that we ourselves and our own class know very little about it, and practise it very ill. And this Society, I do hope, will bear in mind that it is not simply to affect the working-man, not only to go into the foul alley; but it is to go to the door of the farmer, to the door of the shopkeeper, aye, to the door of ladies and gentlemen of the same rank as ourselves. Women can do in that work what men cannot do. Private correspondence, private conversation, private example, may do what no legislation can do. I am struck more and more with the amount of disease and death I see around me in all classes, which no sanitary legislation whatsoever could touch, unless you had a complete house-to-house visitation of a government officer, with powers to enter every house, to drain and ventilate it, and not only that, but to regulate the clothes and the diet of every inhabitant, and that

among all ranks. I can conceive of nothing short of that, which would be absurd and impossible and most harmful, which would stop the present amount of disease and death which I see around me, without some such private exertion on the part of women, above all of mothers, as I do hope will spring from this Institution more and more.

“I see this, that three persons out of four are utterly unaware of the general causes of their own ill health, and of the ill health of their children. They talk of their ‘afflictions,’ and their ‘misfortunes;’ and, if they be pious people, they talk of ‘the will of God,’ and of ‘the visitation of God.’ I do not like to trench upon those matters, but when I read in my Book and in your Book that ‘it is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish,’ it has come to my mind sometimes with very great strength that that may have a physical application as well as a spiritual one, and that the Father in heaven who does not wish the child’s soul to die may possibly have created that child’s body for the purpose of its not dying except in a good old age. Not only in the lower class, but in the middle class, when one sees an unhealthy family, then in three cases out of four, if one takes time, trouble, and care

enough, one can, with the help of the doctor who has been attending them, run the evil home to a very different cause than the will of God; and that is, to a stupid neglect, a stupid ignorance, or what is just as bad, a stupid indulgence.

“Now, I do believe that if those tracts which you are publishing, which I have read, and of which I cannot speak too highly, are spread over the length and breadth of the land, and if women, clergymen’s wives, the wives of manufacturers and of great employers, district visitors and school mistresses, have these books put into their hands, and are persuaded to spread them, and to enforce them, by their own example and by their own counsel, then in the course of a few years, this system being thoroughly carried out, you would see a sensible and large increase in the rate of population. When you have saved your children alive, then you must settle what to do with them. But a living dog is better than a dead lion; I would rather have the living child, and let it take its chance, than let it return to God—wasted. Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children die. God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill, and

leave them. A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world. A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight: he has taken his chance; he has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him; if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, or by his king, or by his queen. I am not horrified or shocked at the sight of the man who dies on the field of battle: let him die so. It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age, even though it be painful at the last, as it too often is. But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day; but oh, what has God given to this thankless earth, and what has the earth thrown away, in nine cases out of ten, from its own neglect and carelessness! What that boy might have been, what he might have done as an Englishman, if he could have lived and grown up healthy and strong! And I entreat you to bear this in mind, that it is not as if our lower classes or our middle classes were not worth saving; bear in mind that the physical beauty and strength

and intellectual power of the middle classes,—the shopkeeping class, the farming class, the working class—whenever you give them a fair chance, whenever you give them fair food and air, and physical education of any kind, prove them to be the finest race in Europe. Not merely the aristocracy, splendid race as they are: but down and down and down to the lowest labouring man, to the navigator;—why there is not such a body of men in Europe as our navigators, and no body of men perhaps have had a worse chance of growing to be what they are; and yet see what they have done. See the magnificent men they become in spite of all that is against them, all that is drawing them back, all that is tending to give them rickets and consumption, and all the miserable diseases which children contract; see what men they are, and then conceive what they might be.

“It has been said, again, that there are no more beautiful races of women in Europe than the wives and daughters of our London shopkeepers, and yet there are few races of people who lead a life more in opposition to all rules of hygiene. But, in spite of all that, so wonderful is the vitality of the English race, they are what they are; and therefore we have the finest material

to work upon that people ever had. And therefore, again, we have the less excuse if we do allow English people to grow up puny, stunted, and diseased.

“ Let me refer again to that word that I used: death—the amount of death. I really believe there are hundreds of good and kind people who would take up this subject with their whole heart and soul if they were aware of the magnitude of the evil. Lord Shaftesbury told you just now that there were one hundred thousand preventable deaths in England every year. So it is. We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon balls and gunpowder and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think, What so terrible as war! I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is—outraged nature. War, we are discovering now, is the clumsiest and most expensive of all games; we are finding that if you wish to commit an act of cruelty or folly, the most expensive act that you can commit is to contrive to shoot your fellow-men in war. So it seems; but Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of

cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning-note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. Silently, I say, and insidiously she goes forth; no—she does not even go forth, she does not step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she puts to death. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills and kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her.

“ And bear in mind one thing more. Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity: for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial

eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! And would that some man had the logical eloquence to make them understand that it is in their power, in the power of the mothers and wives of the higher class, I will not say to stop it all,—God only knows that,—but to stop, as I believe, three-fourths of it.

“It is in the power, I believe, of any woman in this room to save three or four lives, human lives, during the next six months. It is in your power, ladies, and it is *so* easy. You might save several lives a-piece, if you choose, without, I believe, interfering with your daily business, or with your daily pleasure, or, if you choose, with your daily frivolities, in any way whatsoever. Let me ask, then, those who are here, and who have not yet laid these things to heart: Will you let this meeting to-day be a mere passing matter of two or three hours interest, which you shall go away and forget for the next book or the next amusement? Or will you be in earnest? Will you learn—I say it openly—from the noble chairman\*, how easy it is to be in earnest in life; how every one of you,

\* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

amid all the artificial complications of English society in the nineteenth century, can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, and a chivalrous work to do,—just as chivalrous as if you lived in any old fairy land, such as Spenser talked of in his ‘Faery Queen;’ how you can be as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant in the present century, as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence and rapine? Will you, I ask, learn this? Will you learn to be in earnest, and to use the position, and the station, and the talent that God has given you, to save alive those who should live? And will you remember that it is not the will of your Father that is in heaven that one little one that plays in the kennel outside should perish, either in body or in soul?”



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THE HEALTH OF THE PARISH.

PHILANTHROPISTS unluckily are too much like slovenly farmers. They just prune off a few troublesome shoots here and there, and leave the roots of evil untouched: for evils, like weeds, have roots, and terribly tough and deep-growing they are. For instance, they hear of the multitudes who die of fever, and build a Fever Hospital to take in a few of the worst victims; another time consumption comes into notice, and straightway arises a splendid Hospital for Consumption; again, go up a dark alley in London, and you will see one or more children waddling along with splints on their crooked legs to straighten the bones, and if you ask the little cripples how this is, they will tell you that they have been to the Orthopædic Hospital.

Now these things are very good in their way, but they are but patches and surface-work after all, and do not go near the roots of evils.

There can be no doubt that the most fruitful source of bodily ill is *moral*; or in plain English, human frailty, aggravated by ignorance and irreligion. Hence *the* radical remedies, above all others, are those supplied by the parish priest and schoolmaster. Yet there is a very large class of ills that spring at once from physical causes, and affect all classes of the people, the poor first. These it is which we want to get to the root of too.

How often have I wished that some eloquent

bishop, when preaching on behalf of the consumptive, or scrofulous, or rickety, or fever-stricken poor, would not content himself with advocating such a miserable patch as a dispensary or hospital, but would go to the root of things, and preach against the stifling workshop, the damp, airless, sunless courts, and the ignorance and want of thrift, which allow our English workmen to go on sacrificing their lives in such residences, for bare subsistence and nothing over. How satisfied the people seem when they have dried their eyes, and dropped a sovereign into the plate, after a dispensary sermon! Yet that old lady never thinks that her coachman with wife and seven children are living in the hay-loft over a stable, without drainage or provision for decency; that they have received at hospitals and dispensaries in medicine and advice twenty times the value of their mistress's donations; and wherever they go they are told by the physician that bad air is the cause of the children's scrofula. Ask the rich tailor, whose journeymen die of consumption by scores, why he does not give them pure air in their workshop. Tell the tradesman of that poor maid-of-all-work, who slept in his kitchen, and caught fever, and went to die in the workhouse. Nay, hand back to my Lord Duke, or to the wealthy City Company, that £100 donation, and tell them before they subscribe to a dispensary that they had better look to those back streets upon their property, that are let, and sublet, and underlet, and covered with sordid tumble-down houses, which fill the hospitals and prisons with their inmates.

If there is any one who doubts that physical

causes, connected with houses, are causes of disease, there is hardly space here to convince him. I will venture to refer him to a forthcoming book, in which I hope to show—first, that emanations from the ground on which houses are built, if ill-drained, will cause ague and fever; secondly, that houses which are deficient in warmth, air, light, and dryness, breed rheumatism, scrofula, consumption, and rickets, or at least encourage these diseases if there is any tendency to them; thirdly, that the vapours of sewers give rise to fever and diarrhoea; and lastly, that overcrowding, and want of ventilation and of cleanliness, give many diseases, however generated, a power of spreading by contagion. Still, if any one doubts the truth of these doctrines, let me give him here the following bits of evidence.

I was going through some livery stables near Piccadilly, last winter, with the proprietor, and was admiring the cleanliness and sweetness of all the arrangements. "Ah, sir," was the reply, "'twas very different in my younger days. Then the dung was never removed more than twice a year: fresh litter was put down, and it was trod into a solid bank under the horses' feet; and the stench! nobody could put his nose into the stable of a morning without having a drop of gin." "And how did it agree with the horses?" "Agree! why in those days 'twas common for a horse to be taken ill with inflammation: the horse-doctor came at night with his fleam, and took away a pail of blood; and next day, away went the horse in the knacker's cart. The horses were poisoned, sir, by the air." "But why were not the stables cleaned out?" "Oh, in those days people had an idea that 'twas good for the

*horses*: but we have found out our mistake now; and whether good or bad for the horses, 'twas bad enough for the men."

Everybody has heard of a disease of horses called glanders; and a most dreadful disease it is; for it has all the worst features of consumption, and scrofula, and diphtheria, and is so dreadfully contagious into the bargain, that it is liable to spread not only to horses, but to men, and from one man to another; and it is so fatal, that very few men or animals have been known to recover from it. Now how does this come? Is it hereditary? or an inscrutable visitation of Providence? or an accident? Not a bit of it. Every veterinary surgeon will tell you that it is the fruit of overwork, low living, and bad air, combined. It often used to break out, for example, when horses were stowed away in the holds of ships, and sent long voyages. Does this give us no hint as to the origin of consumption, or of diphtheria? If so, does it teach us to build new hospitals? does it not rather bid us be a little more liberal in paying the poor seamstress who works all day long with an empty stomach and wet feet, and call on her landlord to clean out the dingy room in which she lives?

I was once accosted by a poor woman: "I see you don't know me, sir." "No," I replied: "I have forgotten your face." "Well, sir, no wonder, for I don't look like the same woman. I used to live in the back yard at No. —, Brown Street; and you said I should die if I stayed there; and so I knew I should, so I took your advice and moved." I then recollected the poor creature, and that she had lived in a damp yard, without sun or wind; and I said,

"Now tell me, what did you feel the matter with you whilst you were living in the old place?" "Why, sir, the chief thing was such a deadness of spirits: I felt so wretched and nervous, as if I could not bear to speak to anybody without crying."

That this was nothing singular or accidental I have satisfied myself by other instances, in which the same thing has been said to me almost in the same words by other women, living in *damp* and *darkish* places; where, be it observed, they remain all day, whilst their husbands are out at work. Under such circumstances the blood loses its rich colour, the lips turn pale, and the spirits become low.

Now I did not ask these women the terrible question, *Were you tempted to drink?* because I knew they were tempted; but I ask you, reader, shall we give them a farthing tract "*On the Evil Consequences of Intoxicating Liquors?*" or shall we go to the root of the evil, let light and air into their dwellings, and, above all, teach them the crime they are guilty of in being so careless of their health as to remain in such places because the rent is low?

Here is another case. A family, living in a second floor in Shepherd's Market, are taken ill with choleraic symptoms, in August, 1858, and send to the clergyman for a dispensary ticket. He gives the ticket, but requests also the local authority to cause the house to be inspected. There, right close to the window, was a rain-water pipe, steaming at the top with vapours which it brought up from the sewer below. Which did the most good here—the *patch*, that is, the bottle of physic, the soothing drug to lull the stomachache for the nonce, and

blunt the senses that revolt at foul air, or the radical remedy which went right at the cause?

I could go on giving fact after fact, showing how people have gone on year after year, suffering from illness, till at length, by the aid of the new and beneficent laws which have come into operation, the root of the evil has been traced out and exterminated. The object of the following pages is to show what the existing legal powers are, what the machinery is, and how it may be set going, and how cheap and efficacious the results usually are.

One word in conclusion. District visitors should take the greatest care not to spoil their poor clients by petting, and patronizing, and almsgiving in excess. On the contrary, they should foster the spirit of independence, and teach them to take care of themselves. Above all, they should discourage the gang of dirty people who cultivate wretchedness because it brings them sympathy. Twenty times have I been told by decent, clean, industrious people, "Ah, sir, these ladies as visits, and sees our place looking tidy, with a few bits of pictures and the like, never thinks what a struggle we have: they gives their tea and sugar to nobody that is not ragged and dirty." I have been told too, by house-occupiers, that there is a certain class of tenants who *prefer* a dirty kitchen to a clean attic. Take heed, therefore, kind visitor, and keep your wits about you, or you will do harm instead of good.

R. DRUITT.

37, Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, W.  
24th April, 1860.

## PRACTICAL HINTS

On the Powers for Protecting the Poor from Causes of Illness, especially in Large Towns.

ALL clergymen, district visitors, and other benevolent persons who visit the poor, and desire to improve the healthiness of their dwellings, will do well to make themselves acquainted with the powers which the law has provided for removing nuisances, and rendering houses cleaner and more wholesome. The modern Acts of Parliament which deal with these matters, are chiefly the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855; the Nuisances Removal Act, 1855; the Public Health Act, 1858; and the Local Government Act, 1858. But to any one who wants leisure or taste for this kind of reading, we offer the following practical hints, which, it is right to say, are not drawn up by a lawyer, but by a physician, who has held the appointment of Medical Officer of Health to an important London parish, and which are a faithful representation of the manner in which those Acts have been worked in the parish for the health of which he is responsible.

The first point is, to find out the authority empowered to carry out the work of improvement.

Be it observed, then, that the Legislature, in order to promote the healthy English custom of self-government, has thrown upon the inhabitants of every town or district, the care of all those matters

which must be attended to if mankind desires to enjoy health and decency when gathered together in cities and towns. Such are the paving and cleansing of streets, the drainage of houses and streets, lighting, water-supply, and the removal of nuisances.

For this purpose the rate-payers of the metropolis meet every May, under the provisions of their Local Management Act, and elect representatives, who form the *Vestry*. And in the larger parishes the Vestry itself (or a Committee of it) is the Local Authority for carrying out the Nuisances Removal Act, and other Acts, and for receiving complaints and taking proceedings, as will be presently shown.

In the case of the smaller parishes two or more are combined into a *District*; and a certain number of vestrymen elected from the several parishes form a *District Board*, which is the Local Authority for the district.

In the City of London the Commissioners of Sewers are the Local Authority. In some other places, Local Boards of Health, established under the Public Health Act, 1848. But it ought to be known that for the future, by the Local Government Act, 1858, any town or village whatever may acquire the necessary powers, if a majority of the owners and occupiers of property therein concur in the demand, and may elect representatives, who will form Local Boards, invested with powers of public improvement, preservation of the public health, and other functions of self-government.

The "Local Authority," whatever it be, is bound, by the Nuisances Removal Act, to institute inquiry as to any nuisance of which they may have received notice from "any person aggrieved thereby;" or

from their own officers, or the police, or any two resident householders; and for this purpose is compelled to appoint an Inspector. Moreover, the Metropolis Local Management Act concurrently requires every Local Authority in London to appoint one or more *Inspectors of Nuisances*, whose duties are, to see to the proper execution of the scavenger's work, to report any nuisances, keep a book in which he is to enter *all complaints of nuisances made by any inhabitant*, and to inquire into and report thereon.

There is, moreover, in every metropolitan parish or district, a physician or surgeon appointed Medical Officer of Health, whose duty it is to point out the existence of any causes likely to affect injuriously the health of the inhabitants, and advise the Local Authority generally on all points touching the health of the population.

When complaint has been made to the Local Authority of any matter affecting health, and the Inspector has examined into it, the Medical Officer of Health brings the case, with his opinion thereon, before the next meeting of that Committee of the Vestry or District Board which is appointed the Local Authority to carry out the Nuisances Removal Act. Then the Committee, if satisfied by the report of their officers of the reasonableness of so doing, are bound to take proceedings to remedy the thing complained of; provided always, of course, that it is one of those things which they have power to deal with.

It is usual in the first place to issue a *friendly notice*, calling the attention of the owner of the premises complained of, to the existence of the

nuisance or cause of offence, and requiring the removal of it within a given number of days. In very many cases, if clear and straightforward, this notice is issued by the Inspector, so soon as he is satisfied of the reality of the complaint, without waiting for the formal sanction of the Board or Committee, to which it is reported afterwards. Again, in any urgent case, a meeting of the Committee can be summoned at an hour's notice, and formal proceedings instituted, if need be.

If the notice be disobeyed, the Chairman of the Committee, if a majority sanction his so doing, signs a paper authorizing the Inspector to take the case before a magistrate, whose decision is generally final, although an appeal is provided in some cases.

By the Nuisances Removal Act, "the justices may require the person on whom they make an order, to provide sufficient water-closet accommodation, means of drainage or ventilation, or to make safe and habitable, or to pave, cleanse, white-wash, disinfect, or purify the premises which are a nuisance or injurious to health; or to drain, empty, cleanse, fill up, or remove the injurious gutter, cesspool, &c.; or to provide a substitute for that complained of; or to carry away accumulations or deposits; or to provide for the cleanly and wholesome keeping of any animal, or to remove the animal; and if the nuisance proved to exist be such as to render a house or building, in the judgment of the justices, unfit for human habitation, they may prohibit the using thereof for that purpose until it is rendered fit" (18 and 19 *Vict. c. 121, s. 13*).

Having thus shortly described the machinery, let us now enlarge a little on the duties and responsi-

bilities of the several parties concerned; and in doing so the writer (not being a lawyer) will take care to describe such things as actually are done in his own parish; so that he may be right in his facts, if wrong in his law.

First, then, of the *Inspector of Nuisances*. A more useful functionary, and one who better deserves his pay, scarcely exists. Probably he is an ex-policeman, and thus possesses a tolerable knowledge of legal forms, as well as the power of dealing with troublesome and prevaricating persons; and he is sure to acquire considerable knowledge of house-construction, and especially of drains and other subterranean parts of houses. And he has ample scope for the exercise of his powers. He walks about all day, inspecting and making notes, and receiving and investigating complaints, which he enters in his book, and which in due course are brought before the Local Authority with his reports thereon. Some complaints are made by himself, from observation during his walks and visits. For instance, if the streets are dirty, or if the dust-bins of houses are not emptied, through neglect of the scavengers; if gulleys in the street are offensive; if the collections of dung about mews and stables are not regularly carted away; if the cow-sheds and slaughter-houses are not kept sweet; if fishmongers, poulterers, and greengrocers harbour collections of offensive offal; if the persons who collect rags, fat, and bones, do not keep and get rid of their filthy hoards with as little offence to the public as may be; if stale fish, meat, or vegetables be exposed for sale; or if in any house which he visits he observes any



nuisance—he enters it in his book as a complaint from himself. Then, again, many complaints are made by the Medical Officer of Health, or at his instigation, which the Inspector sees to. And further, there are complaints made by other individuals. All these have to be entered, sifted, and reported, and dealt with. The Inspector makes out, and delivers, all notices for abatement of nuisance, and takes proceedings before the magistrate when required. His knowledge of drains often brings him into requisition by private persons, who *make complaints respecting their own premises*, in order to secure his services, and to make sure that pipes, drains, and other underground and disagreeable works are properly executed by the tradesmen employed; or in order to get his advice as to the various inconveniences which will at times beset even the best-constructed houses.

The *Medical Officer of Health* has duties which are wisely left wide and untrammelled, inasmuch as he is thus enabled not only to procure a legal remedy for evils when such remedy exists, but by private recommendation and persuasion to effect many improvements which could not be made compulsory; and even when this cannot be done, to make representations and to collect facts, which shall bear fruit in time in the shape of increased legal powers. In reality, the following may be considered a fair sketch of his work. He receives every week, through the kindness of the Registrar-General, a return of every death, *i.e.*, the time, place, sex, age, and cause of every death, within his district. Hence he is made aware of any unusual mortality. If death, for instance, occur from any fever or diarrhœa, he directs

the Inspector to visit, and report on the existence of dirt or nuisances within the house, and to advise the cleansing of the house or apartments, and the purification of clothes or bedding. He draws up district tables of mortality, and does for his parish minutely what the Registrar-General does for London as a whole. He finds possibly that in one street, during two or three years, almost all the deaths occur in two or three houses, and therefore causes inquiry to be made. In like manner he obtains weekly returns of the kind and amount of sickness from the parish surgeons, and from charitable institutions, and on the outbreak of any spreading illness may prescribe measures for checking it in the bud; or if he see that case after case of diarrhœa or sore throat occur in a given house, although ostensibly clean, he will persist in causing an inspection to be made, and the Inspector will often succeed wonderfully in tracing out some hidden source of mischief, and getting rid of it and the illness together.

He advises with the Inspector as to the amount and kind of improvement to be required, and the chances of success, supposing the case be taken before a magistrate. He attends the meetings of the Local Authority; lays before them a report of the operations carried on; consults with them as to the best modes of proceeding, whether by the law if other means fail, or by a letter or visit of remonstrance, or in some cases by a visit from the Chairman of the Committee. Sometimes he accompanies the members of the Committee on a general visit of inspection.

Besides, he is obliged to report periodically to the Vestry on the state of health of the parish, and can

bring to notice many things which ought to be known, and can redress many others by private remonstrance or public demonstration in his printed reports, which may be obtained by any rate-payer who chooses.

For example, he is bound to take notice, should any instances come to his knowledge, of neglect on the part of the medical attendants of the poor. It is his duty to observe whether the arrangements in existence are sufficient and well worked. Take the case, for instance, of a child, ill with diarrhœa, who died in its mother's arms whilst being taken to a dispensary: might not this child have had a better chance if kept in the recumbent posture, well fed, and visited at her own house? The necessity of better nursing for the sick poor may be made known by him. The dreadful misery arising from inability to raise money for funerals, the evils of delayed interment, the extortion of undertakers, and the absurd and grotesque efforts at funeral pomp, on which the poor squander their money, may also receive notice in his reports. The close and indissoluble alliance of immorality and death may be shown from the deaths of children of single women, who are, as it is said, *dry-nursed*. The necessity of better physical training for the whole population, and of some instruction in domestic details, may be shown from the deaths of legitimate children whose mothers are unqualified for their task through ill-health or ignorance. The quantity of school instruction lost by sickness of children may be shown. The number of children burnt, scalded, smothered, starved, and otherwise tortured to death, the evils of drink, and many other moral lessons, may be made impressive by facts and figures.

Moreover, he can interfere with effect in many cases: if the milk be blue, or the water turbid, or the gas burn with a dim, sulphureous flame; besides often inducing owners of property to cleanse, paint, pave, put in new windows, and such things, as a matter of courtesy, when the legal powers of compulsion are doubtful.

It will be readily seen that the *Powers and Responsibilities of the Local Authority* are very great.

As to their powers. They can, by their officers, demand admission between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., and enter and inspect any premises complained of, to see if the grounds of complaint be reasonable. They can go in with workmen, and ascertain the course of drains, and examine whether any works ordered by any justice have been properly executed, and the nuisance complained of be abated; they can inspect and seize unwholesome meat, poultry, game, fish, fruit, corn, vegetables, flour, or bread; and in either of these cases, if resisted, they can obtain power of entry and seizure from a magistrate.

As to their responsibilities. The law throws upon them the duty of protecting the inhabitants of their parish or district from all tangible causes of ill-health occasioned by the act or neglect of any one. If the friendly notice which they issue, requiring abatement of a nuisance, be not obeyed, they relieve themselves of responsibility by appealing to a magistrate. If there should be delay in removing a nuisance, because the person liable cannot be found, or cannot or will not abate it, the magistrate may require the Local Authority themselves to enter and do everything requisite for abating the nuisance;

and they may recover their costs from the owner of the premises, and sue him for penalties afterwards, to reimburse themselves.

The Local Authority are quite safe if they act with the magistrate's decision, and not safe if they go to work without it. For instance, in September, 1857, in the hottest weather, a most offensive drain burst into a butcher's premises, in May Fair, from the adjoining house. The owner of the offending house was out of town, and could not be found: therefore the Local Authority, relying on the following clauses in the Metropolis Local Management Act, went in, and did the work, and tried to recover the costs afterwards.

"If, on inspection, any drain, &c., appear to be in bad order and condition, or to require cleansing, &c., or to be filled up, the Vestry or Board shall cause notice in writing to be given to the owner, &c., requiring him within reasonable time, &c., to do the necessary works.

"And if such notice be not complied with by the person to whom it is given, the Vestry or Board may, if they think fit, execute such works, and the expenses incurred by them in so doing shall be paid to them by the owner or occupier of the premises."—18 and 19 Vict. c. 120, s. 85.

Nothing seems clearer than this to the non-legal mind; yet the Vestry, who did their duty in relieving a rate-payer from an intolerable nuisance, did not recover their costs; partly because they mixed two Acts of Parliament together in their notice, and partly because they did not summon the defendant before a magistrate, *to show cause*, before they went in.

In another case a similar pestiferous drain burst

into a baker's oven. In this case the Local Authority obtained the magistrates' sanction, and went in under the Nuisances Removal Act, and the defendant was condemned in costs.

#### *Expediency of making Complaints.*

No person, therefore, need refrain from making reasonable complaints through fear of being invidious or unneighbourly; for the Local Authority will satisfy itself of the reasonableness, before taking any steps in the case.

Neither need any one be deterred by fear of expense or personal trouble; for in the few cases in which legal proceedings before a magistrate are necessary, these proceedings are carried on by the Local Authority, at their own cost, and by means of their own legal adviser and officers, who, moreover, being the chief witnesses, seldom require the testimony of other persons.

There is no reason, therefore, why any person should not appeal to the Local Authority when his own home is rendered unwholesome by nuisances created by his neighbours. For example, a gentleman's house had been rendered offensive for years, because a neighbour had made use of a common, old, leaky rain-water pipe, enclosed in a groove of an old, thin wall, which formed part of the outside of the complainant's house, to carry away offensive water from a sink. Private remonstrances, and lawyer's letters, did no good. But at last the Local Authority was appealed to; the Inspector certified as to the facts, the Medical Officer of Health as to their injurious influence on health; the notice which was issued, and one or two private letters from the

Medical Officer of Health, were met by attempts to raise other issues; and so the Local Authority appealed to the magistrate, who, after hearing the case, ordered the pipe to be removed. Thus, as the magistrate observed, a case which under the old system would have been brought into one of the superior courts, where attorneys, counsel, and a host of witnesses would have occupied a day in swearing and counter-swearing, as their manner is, at an immense outlay of anxiety, trouble, and money, was settled quickly and satisfactorily to all parties, at the cost of two shillings, paid by the defendant.

Still more should benevolent persons make use of these legal powers for the protection of the poor. Clergymen, who sit for half an hour, perhaps, reading or praying by the bed-side, should for their own sakes be complainants, for they are much more likely to suffer than medical men, who, after they have once thoroughly investigated a case, seldom require more than a few minutes to ascertain how it goes on; and district visitors and others, who desire to raise the moral character of the poor, should complain of anything which tends to keep them in a debased condition. Above all, the governors of hospitals, dispensaries, and other institutions for relieving sickness, should make complaint of any houses from which patients are sent to them with diarrhœa, fever, and other disorders possibly arising from putrid miasmata. How absurd it seems, to provide the services of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, with drugs and other remedies for the relief of diseases arising from known physical causes, instead of removing the causes themselves. For instance, a poor woman, who lived on the ground-

floor of an unhealthy house, was confined to her bed by illness, for which the physicians of a dispensary paid her every skilful attention, and supplied her with medicines. During her illness the clergyman, sitting by her bed-side, was almost overpowered with offensive effluvia, and sent a complaint to the Medical Officer of Health. This was attended to by the Inspector, who found an open cesspool in a cellar under the woman's bed, which had been left in this state by a scamping tradesman, who promised to cleanse and repair the drains. The clergyman by his complaint did more good than the physicians could do with their medicines.

Besides, it is unfair that the funds of public or private charity should be expended in alleviating illness caused by unwholesome condition of habitations, if that condition can be remedied. Moreover, all alms should be withheld from persons who willfully persist in living in dirty, unwholesome places, if they can remove; for it is believed that some do so in order to excite commiseration, and the relief they get goes into their landlords' pockets in the shape of rent.

The foregoing observations will serve to define the class of persons and of houses in respect of which the interference of the Local Authority should be called in.

For example: if Lord A., or if Mr. B. the rich tradesman, choose to occupy a dirty, unwholesome house, no one can or need hinder him. But if Lord A. send a servant to die in a hospital, of typhoid fever, caught in an unwholesome sleeping-place, or if the workmen in Mr. B.'s factory are made ill by close, stifling air, and foul drainage, and apply to the

parish doctor or dispensary for relief, then it is quite just to interpose, and insist on the removal of the causes of ill-health, which render these poor people chargeable to the rest of the community.\*

So, also, if a man choose to live in a poisonous house, let him. But he must not take in lodgers or inmates; and any person who has experienced any real nuisance at a lodging or hotel would do well to complain to the Local Authority on behalf of others who may come after.

Any person, then, who desires to benefit the poor, or to benefit himself by keeping down the poor-rate, will do a public service by informing the Local Authority of anything which may reasonably be believed capable of producing illness. Still more will he do good if he encourage the poor themselves to complain, and to put themselves into a condition to do so by thrift and temperance. For it is only people who pay their way that dare complain: they whose rent is behind-hand are obliged to put up with dirt, damp, and nauseous smells; and if they

\* The writer generally finds a letter of the following sort effectual:—

“Sir,—It has been represented to me that the apartments occupied by your servants, over a stable in — Mews (or workmen in a factory, &c. &c.), are insufficiently ventilated, or exposed to noxious effluvia, from —.

“Since these persons, if ill, might become chargeable to the parish, it is my duty, as Medical Adviser to the Vestry, to point out the above circumstance, in the belief that you will be good enough to cause the evil to be remedied.

“If you will instruct one of your tradesmen, the Inspector employed by the Local Authority, or myself, will suggest the most effectual and least expensive mode of doing the work; and the Inspector will see that it is properly done.—I am, Sir,” &c. &c.

grumble, their “things” may be seized, and themselves turned into the streets.

*Why Complaints are sometimes Unavailing.*

But it is sometimes said that complaint is made to the Local Authority, and that no good is done, or no notice taken.

This is true, and we crave the reader’s particular attention to the reasons. In the first place, then, much offensiveness in poor people’s houses arises from filthy habits and negligence, which no outward force can cure. Often when a house has been complained of, it has been found by the Inspector, that offensive liquids have been lazily kept in inhabited rooms, or have been thrown out of attic windows into shoots and gutters, creating nuisances for which, in all cases, the guilty persons should be turned out.

*Secondly.*—There are some houses, and groups of houses, so old and dilapidated, so filled with vermin, and with the putrid vapours of a century, so ill-constructed for air and light, and standing upon ground so riddled with rats, and with old drains, that after three years of constant care and inspecting, cleansing, and draining, they remain as unwholesome as ever, and are inhabited by none but the most careless and sordid class; in fact, are hopeless. Yet there is no law compelling them to be pulled down, which is the only radical cure; and conflagrations are wonderfully rare. Society is scarcely alive to the danger of these places, or to the necessity of making a very wide extension of the plan of providing improved dwellings. But this the writer will take another opportunity of treating of.

But if the Local Authority be, as is alleged, in

some districts, slow to move in abating nuisances, whose fault is it but your own, most respectable reader? You should recollect that in a free country, blessed with self-government, the responsibility is thrown on every citizen. The Vestry are your representatives: their acts are yours. You should, if a rate-payer, attend the parish elections, and select men who represent your own opinions. No rate-payer, male or female, need be absent. Inhabitants, too, who are not rate-payers, can influence those who are; and the wishes of the better class of the community, if expressed, will have their weight. It is the clearest case of duty possible. But if, from indolence or fastidiousness, you choose to shirk your share in the administration of public affairs, sit down under the curse of Meroz, but don't complain of parochial mismanagement and parsimony, for which your own apathy is to blame.

Besides, you have no right to rail at people for acting according to their convictions. Remember that the doctrine of the origin of fevers and diarrhoea in putrid exhalations is virtually new to the public at large. It is a fact, that dirt of various kinds has been supposed, even down to our own day, to have a sort of wholesome, nourishing, and even medicinal virtue. Low nurses (though never afraid of giving gin) yet oftentimes profess that it is dangerous to change a patient's linen, or to wash him with hot water and soap. Nay, persons of general education are usually wanting in knowledge of the laws of life, and of the positive results demonstrated by statistics. Hence, it would be impossible to get up a sanitary movement in many places, unless there were a pestilence on the spot; and then

the population, in a panic, would cleanse their gutters now, if bidden, just as centuries ago they would have burned the Jews, or hanged the physicians for poisoning them. Public opinion has to be created and directed, and this not by contemptuous vituperation, but by steady, continuous teaching, and example. And in a self-governed country there is no one who cannot, and who ought not, assist in this work.

#### *Manner of Addressing Complaints.*

Persons who wish to complain, if the thing complained of is unmistakeable and palpable, may address a letter by post,—

*“To the Inspector of Nuisances.”*

*“For the Parish or District of —”*

*“Office of Board of Works,*

*“London [Postal initial].”*

Or they may address it to the Vestry Clerk, or the Clerk of the Board of Works; or may call and enter it in a book at the office. If the matter be one of a doubtful or suspicious nature, or one involving scientific inquiry, or one in which information may rightly be given, though the informant choose to conceal his name, a letter may be addressed,—

*“To the Medical Officer of Health.”*

*“For the Parish or District of —”*

*“London [Postal initial].”*

#### *Matters of which Complaint should be made.*

First of all, there are the nuisances recognised as such by the Nuisances Removal Act; of which the

most unmistakeable are thus defined (18 and 19 *Vict. c. 121, s. 8*):—

“Any pool, ditch, gutter, watercourse, privy, urinal, cesspool, drain, or ash-pit, so foul as to be a nuisance or injurious to health.”

As these are the most palpable and dangerous nuisances, so they are the most easily dealt with; and no one should suffer drain effluvia to remain for a day, in a house, rich or poor, without addressing a letter to the Inspector of Nuisances. Persons who visit the poor in kitchens should notice such things, and even in case of doubt it is best to complain.

*Secondly*:—

“Any animal so kept as to be a nuisance or injurious to health.”

Pigs, chickens, rabbits, dogs, and asses, should be complained of, if kept in too confined places and in a dirty state; cows and horses, of course.

The Local Authority have caused horses to be removed from dwelling-houses, within which they are sometimes kept; and they issue notices, which are obeyed, as to the paving and drainage of stables. Mr. Paynter, at the Westminster Police Court, in a case brought before him, laid down regulations with regard to the number of cows to be kept in a given space; to wit, that a cow-shed ought to be at least 14 feet wide for one row of cows, and 25 feet for two rows; and that each animal should have 5 feet of space laterally.

*Thirdly*:—

“Any accumulation or deposit which is a nuisance or injurious to health.”

This clause enables the Local Authority to deal with dust, dung, offal, rags, fat, bones, &c.; rubbish in cellars and out-houses, &c.; old straw, sawdust, &c.

One of the commonest nuisances, next to the sewer genus, is the ash-pit, or dust-bin, which, through pure negligence, is usually allowed, in poor lodging-houses, to become choked with offensive rubbish. This should always be complained of.

Be it observed, that accumulations which arise in the carrying on of any business or manufacture, are not punishable “when it is proved to the satisfaction of the justice, that the accumulation or deposit has not been kept longer than is necessary for the purpose of such business or manufacture, and that the best available means have been taken for protecting the public health from injury thereby.”

*Fourthly*:—

“Any premises *in such a state* as to be a nuisance and injurious to health.”

Here it is that the composition of the Local Authority, and public opinion of their constituents, come into play. Some Local Authorities will be satisfied with *a state* which others would not tolerate. Hence the benefit of complaint and remonstrance from members of the community at large.

Under this head complaint may be made of,—

1. General dirtiness of a house or apartments.

The Local Authority for whom the writer acts passed a formal resolution that every room inhabited

continuously by a family day and night, ought to be cleansed and white-washed at least once a year.

2. Want of proper windows, or sky-lights opening for ventilation; especially on the staircase.

3. A dirty state of bedding; bedding uncleansed after fever.

4. A leaky or damp condition of roof or walls, and overflow of drains and gulleys, should always be complained of; overflow of ground-springs likewise.

Some causes of damp are almost irremediable: for instance, if a house be built of porous bricks on a wet, clay soil. In this case the bricks suck up water as blotting-paper would, and there is no help for it, for there is no power to compel land-owners to drain their land before erecting houses on it. But dampness from preventible causes, such as bad roofs, unsound pipes, &c., in a neighbour's house, are always attended to with good results.

*Defective pavement* in yards is a common cause of damp, and is always attacked successfully.

5. Want of covers to dust-bins.

6. No proper supply of water in *covered* receptacles. On this point the Water Companies Act may be consulted with advantage.

Cisterns should be cleaned out once in three weeks, and water-butts be *pitched* once a year.

7. *Offensive smells*, whether within a house, or from street gulleys, or ventilating openings to sewers, from stables, factories, cow-sheds, &c., &c., outside.

"Every District Board and Vestry shall, by providing proper traps and other coverings, or by ventilation, or by such other ways and means as shall be practicable for that purpose, prevent the effluvia of sewers from exhaling through gully-holes, gratings, or other openings of sewers, in any of the streets or other places within this district or parish."—*Metrop. Local Man. Act, s. 71.*

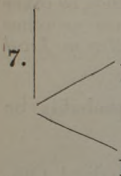
8. Great want of light. This will probably be combined with want of ventilation.

9. *Overcrowding*. "Whenever the Medical Officer of Health, if there be one, or if none, whenever two qualified medical practitioners, shall certify to the Local Authority that any house is so overcrowded as to be dangerous or prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants, and the inhabitants shall consist of more than one family, the Local Authority shall cause proceedings to be taken before the justices, to abate such overcrowding, and the justices shall thereupon make such order as they may think fit, and the person permitting such overcrowding shall forfeit a sum not exceeding forty shillings" (18 and 19 *Vict. c. 121, s. 29*). A threat of proceedings has always been effectual in the writer's experience, to put a stop to overcrowding, within certain limits; such as the sleeping of grown-up sons and daughters in one room, and the reception of adult lodgers by married people. It has been decided at Bow Street, that every inmate of a family ought to have 400 cubic feet of *space*; but the access of air and light is even more important than space.

District visitors will do service by making notes of the capacity of sleeping and other apartments, combined with notes as to the access of air and



light, the inmates, and the rent. The writer recommends a formula of this sort, which is easily entered in a note-book.

7.  (The upright stroke and adjoining figure represent the height, and the others the length and breadth respectively.) For example:—  
May's Buildings, No. 3, 1st floor front.—  
J. Jones, porter, wife, and 5 ch. 4s. 6d.
- 14.

Information of this sort accumulated is of great value.

10. The *existence of epidemic illness* in a house is a state which the Local Authority should always be informed of. The writer directs the Inspector to visit every house in which he learns that scarlet fever, typhus fever, or diarrhœa, or severe sore throat, prevails; and if uncleaned and stuffy, the owner is advised, or if need be, compelled, to execute a cleansing. A magistrate was appealed to in one case, in which cleansing was demanded by the Local Authority because of the existence of scarlet fever, *simpliciter*. He strongly advised the owner to submit, and would evidently have given a formal decision had his advice been resisted.

11. *Underground rooms* should be complained of in every possible way, especially if used as residences for children. The *Metropolis Local Management Act* (s. 103) requires that such rooms shall have window and fire-place, and an area in front of the window five feet long and two and a half wide. The Local Authority should be appealed to, and will

refer to the District Surveyors, who are specially empowered to deal with these cases. "Every room or cellar in which any person passes the night, shall be deemed to be occupied as a dwelling with the meaning of this Act."

12. *Unsafe buildings*: cracked and bulging walls, and rickety floors and ceilings, should be complained of. They will be referred by the Local Authority to the District Surveyor, or to the Commissioners of Police, or the Commissioners of Sewers in the City, who are empowered to pull down, or cause such places to be repaired. (*Metropolitan Buildings Act*, 1855, s. 69.)

13. *Common lodging-houses* are those in which persons lodge for a night only, and in which members of more than one family occupy the same apartment. They are obliged to be registered, and are put under the strictest surveillance of the police, by the *Common Lodging-house Acts*. But any house whatever in which lodgers are taken in by families occupying single rooms, as well as coffee and public houses, frequented by grooms and out-door servants, and servants out of place, may generally be kept in good order by a threat of bringing them under the provisions of the Acts, 14 and 15 *Vict. c. 34*, and 16 and 17 *Vict. c. 41*.

14. Want of means of *escape in case of fire* should be noticed, and can often be enforced under the guise of ventilation. The writer always insists, where possible, on a large, accessible sky-light or window for summer ventilation.

15. Unreasonable *delay in the burial of the dead* should be intimated to the Local Authority.

16.—*Trade nuisances* have been already referred to, under the head of *accumulations*. The Act says,

“If any candle-house, melting-house, melting-place, or soap-house, or any slaughter-house, or any building or place for boiling offal or blood, or for boiling, burning, or crushing bones, or any manufactory, building, or place, used for any trade, business, process, or manufacture, causing effluvia, be at any time certified to the Local Authority by any medical officer, or any two legally qualified medical practitioners, to be a nuisance, or injurious to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood,” the Local Authority shall take proceedings, and justices require the *best practicable means* to be adopted to prevent effluvia, under a penalty. There is power of appeal, and these provisions do not apply to places out of towns or populous districts.—18 and 19 *Vict. c. 121, s. 21*.

Tan-yards, shops where coarse fish is fried for the poor, gas-works, &c., &c., have been brought into order in various districts.

*Fifthly*.—Unwholesome, stale, or adulterated articles of food, should be complained of.

Powers of seizure are given by the Nuisances Removal Act.

*Sixthly*.—Information should be given of children whose parents neglect *vaccination*.

*Seventhly*.—It may be remarked that complaints are sometimes made to the Local Authority which are frivolous or malicious, or made for some purpose which, though justifiable, is not stated.

The first case which the writer investigated was a complaint made by some of the most respectable inhabitants of New Babylonia Street, against a perfumer—that he contaminated the atmosphere by

noxious effluvia of lavender, bergamotte, cinnamon, musk, and Eau de Cologne. On going into the matter, it soon appeared that there had been three fires in two years at this house, which naturally alarmed the neighbours; and the result was a caution to take care of his cotton and paper, and oils, and similar combustible materials.

Again, a man dislikes a house for which he has just signed an agreement; he discovers some cause of unwholesomeness, and appeals to the Medical Officer of Health, in the hope of getting a written opinion that the house is not tenantable, which may enable him to get rid of his bargain. The Medical Officer takes care that the evil is remedied, but not to engage himself in legal squabbles.

Malicious and frivolous complaints are dealt with so as not to annoy any one unjustly; and when one person complains of his neighbour's house, directions are given for both houses to be inspected, sometimes to the confusion of the complainant.

For example, a lady complained that an offensive liquid leaked into an apartment in her basement from a factory adjoining. The factory was visited, and nothing found amiss. But the apartment on behalf of which she complained was found to be a small room, with the fire-place bricked up, a window that would not open, and walls spotted with damp. Here slept two maid-servants. The owner was served with a notice, requiring her forthwith to ventilate and cleanse the room; so the window was made to open, the chimney unstopped, a fire lighted, and fresh air let in to dry the place, and the two servants prevented, possibly, from being thrown on public charity for the relief of fever or rheumatism.

One word as to *results*. Take stables as an example. The writer found that a large number of persons were living over stables, in places originally intended as hay-lofts; the stables absolutely undrained, and containing cesspools for the collection of liquid manure; no water-supply or provision for decency; and no arrangement to hinder the breathing of the stable air by the occupants overhead. All the evils except the last are now remedied. An appeal to a magistrate has decided that every inhabited stable must have drainage and water-supply; and sky-lights, windows, and ventilation, are following. All the grosser nuisances in the poor people's houses are done away with and kept under; and there is no doubt but that typhoid fever, diarrhœa, and sore throats, have been immensely lessened. Still there remain the evils of poverty and unthrift, and dwellings incurably bad, which compel the writer to say that physical remedies will be of little avail, unless the moral habits and intelligence of the population be raised, and that speedily.

The above is a truthful picture of the working of the new laws, so far as they have come under the writer's cognizance; and he concludes with repeating his admonition, that no person whatever can be excused from taking his due share of public affairs in a self-governed country.

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