

EDITORIALS.

Now you see it and now you don't. That is the way with the Louisville straight-out Democratic candidate. Now he accepts and now he declines. Yesterday the wires made out that Mr. Chas. O'Connor, like a coy maiden, who, "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented," in true "now she won't and now she will" fashion, had really accepted the Louisville Presidential nomination, but a subsequent dispatch denied the soft impeachment, and set us all adrift again.

Mr. O'Connor either really means to utterly refuse the honor, not a very promising one truly, or he needs a deal of pressing invitation. Now this may be very pleasant to Mr. O'Connor, but see what torture it is to the country and especially to the out-and-out Democrats. It may be sport to him, but it is death to the convention, and perplexity to the public. The declining dodge is certainly a treacherous resort, of which poor Colfax furnishes a conspicuous example. He found it a rotten plank in his platform, and doubtless he retires from Washington, satisfied that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

But Mr. O'Connor might think compassionately of the Convention. He should consider in what a terrible position his declination ultimatum would leave that uncompromising body. One might just as well dream of perpetual motion or the squaring of the circle, or alchemy, as to imagine that a headless body, however pretentious, and however ambitious may be its shoulders, can long exist. Such an imagination cannot be realized, it is simply the result of a disordered brain. The thing has been tried hereabout, and amply demonstrated to be an impossibility. The experiment proved a complete failure, and the experimenters fizzled out ignominiously, the laughingstock of all beholders. We should not like to see Simon Pure Democrat's come to that. They have done much good in their day, perhaps some harm, but we will let the latter slide. If they have gone completely off their head; no, if their head has gone completely off them, if they have lost their head, or if they have got no head, there certainly is no hope for them. A poor head is better than none. Some prefer two or three heads, though those are monstrosities. But no body can get along without any head at all. Whether the straight-out Democracy shall have a head, or whether the trunk shall wander aimlessly until it perishes from sheer inanition, appears to rest entirely with Mr. Charles O'Connor. That gentleman should look at things in this light.

The potatoe crop in England is very seriously injured by the rot. A writer in the *London News* says the disease appears to have smitten the crop in all parts of the kingdom. In the potatoe growing districts around Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, three-fourths of the tubers are said to be diseased, and the general anxiety is to know whether seed enough can be saved for next year. The *London Times* says, on the authority of one of the principal potatoe salesmen and a large grower also in that city, that, while there is certainly cause for apprehension regarding the crop, the injurious effects of the disease are confined chiefly to the moist and low lying lands and wet soils, on which the unusual wetness of the season has proved very prejudicial. The drier lands are not so seriously affected, and there is good reason to hope that the fine autumn weather will check the progress of the disease, especially on late crops.

This season has undoubtedly been unfavorable to potatoe culture in the British Isles, but apprehensions of extensive injury to crops are generally of an exaggerated nature, being seldom fully justified by the subsequent yields.

The first election of a member of Parliament under the new English ballot law, and the first parliamentary election by ballot in England, took place at Pontefract, Aug. 15. Mr. Childers, liberal, and Lord Pollington, conservative, being the candidates. The new order of election excited great interest, people coming from all parts of Yorkshire and from boroughs hundreds of miles distant, to watch the proceedings. So secret were they that no one had any idea of the state of the vote until it was officially counted, four hours after the close of the polls. Only two-thirds of the electors voted, it was

thought because usual stimulating inducements were lacking, little beer flowing on the occasion. This did not please the publicans, the landlord of the Elephant thus delivering himself to a London reporter, while shaking his head at an empty tap room, "Law, zur, this bean't the thing at all; ten years ago my taps were running from early morning till midnight, and the streets was like a horse fair." Mr. Childers was elected.

THE New York *Star* evidently has no high opinion of the moral condition of things in that city, but concludes that to talk of virtue is vanity. Here is a lamentation over the futility of judicial lectures—

Judge Bedford preached one of his entertaining sermons yesterday to the Grand Jury. District Attorney Sullivan was present, and acquiesced in the pungent teachings of the learned Judge. If these periodical lectures would do any good, they would be most welcome, but the City Prison is as bad as ever, lotteries flourish as before, ticket swindling has become a science, baggage smashing is a daily game, and burglars are thicker than hops, so that even the police force furnishes its quota. Judge Bedford doubtless means well when he talks as he does, but the results are barren for good. Long sentences mean nothing to these fellows, and short ones are a farce.

And here is another upon a different though equally important subject—

Dr. Seldon has aroused the authorities again in regard to the abortion business, and for a time all the butcher doctors will keep remarkably quiet. One scarcely knows which to blame the most, the doctors or the state of society that renders their business profitable. An abortionist can make more money in a week than a first-class doctor can in six months. Is it any wonder, then, that we find so many of them? It is the old question of supply and demand. Reform the morals of the people, and men like Seldon would starve.

According to the *Star* the outlook is not very encouraging in the commercial capital of the Union. Lord Derby was right when he stated that the shadow of a great city was in many respects an unhappy and inimical one. It is a fact that great cities do not appear to conduce much to life, honor, or happiness, and the apprehension, often expressed, is manifestly correct, that cities would perish of their own corruption were it not that they are constantly replenished from the country.

The *Star* names the grand difficulty—reform the morals of the people, a thing much easier said than done, because it rests greatly on individual option, and while many individuals are undoubtedly wicked, others are weak, ignorant and foolish. The best sort of reform is prevention, and the responsibility of this rests much on parents, guardians, and others who are looked up to as superiors. Prevention or reformation is up hill work for all, but it is the best and only right way. Every step taken is satisfactory and brings its own unpurchasable reward.

Miss Emily Faithfull, it is reported, is to make a visit to America. She holds a foremost place among the leaders of the woman's rights movement in England, and Laura Curtis Bullard gives her a flattering notice in the *San Francisco Pioneer*. Miss Faithfull is editor and proprietor of the *Victoria Magazine*, a monthly journal, devoted chiefly to the interests of women, and having a large circulation among the higher classes in England. She is the daughter of a clergyman of the established church and attached to the court, so that she has the entree to much "good society."

Miss Faithfull, though radical enough, is not a mere theorizer, she is a practical reformer, working with her head and her hands, her tongue and her pen, in favor of her pet principles, which, though she is a staunch advocate of woman suffrage, are that woman should not be dependent on man, but should be educated and trained to become capable of supporting herself. To the solution of how women can earn their daily bread, Miss Faithfull has given much anxious thought and unwearied attention, endeavoring to devise and open new avenues for their employment. She sank her own fortune in the establishment of a printing house for women, which, patron-

ized by the Queen, became popular, and bade fair to become peculiarly successful. Miss Faithfull took a male partner in the business, who managed to drive her out of it, without her money. This she would not go to law for, as that would have suspended or broken up the business, which still prospers and gives support to many women. This is one of many similar attempts by her to help poor women, one of which is a training school for servants, and is under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury and others of the nobility.

Miss Faithfull is an eloquent and popular lecturer, receiving the highest price paid to lecturers in England. Laura is glowing in her brief description of some of Miss Faithfull's endowments, as will be seen by the following—

However it may be with the male English orator, Miss Faithfull certainly has the gift of tongues. Her voice is strong, rich, and full. In the matter of tone the Englishwomen have the advantage of their American cousins who, as the Britons say, show by their nasal sounds that they have never quite recovered from the effects of the bad cold which the pilgrim fathers caught on Plymouth rock.

Miss Faithfull has an exceptionally fine voice, even for an English woman. Her elocution is admirable, and so generally is this acknowledged that she has given lessons in the art of utterance to members of Parliament. Not a few perhaps—if she had also been allowed to write their speeches for them—of pupils might have done her more credit, for Miss Faithfull is an able writer as well as a brilliant speaker.

In physique she is a typical Englishwoman. Tall, large framed, stout and buxom, she stands nearly a head and shoulders above the average American woman. Her complexion is her chief beauty—a characteristic English complexion, so fair, smooth, and clear as to excite the admiration if not the envy of her transatlantic sisters.

IN the last number of *Old and New*, Edward E. Hale philosophizes upon the subject of How to Sleep. A very important subject. Here is the text of his discourse—"Sleep, good Sleep, and enough of it, is the prerequisite of all pure, brave, true and well-balanced living, if that living is to be more than the boatmen call a spurt, a sudden strain which cannot be prolonged. Sleep is itself, therefore, the fundamental duty of all duties."

Having laid thus broadly the foundations, he proceeds to build thereon and shows how it can be done. Until within the last few years the physiological conditions of sleep were not understood, and the old mistake prevailed, that in sleep the vessels were gorged with blood, which is true of stupor, but not of sleep. The popular rural idea was nearer the truth, which led to the "toasting" of one's feet before going to bed, and thus drawing the blood away from one's brain. It has been proved by ocular demonstration, by Dr. Hammond and others in England, that in sleep the vessels of the brain are charged with not more than three quarters of the blood they contain when the person is awake. Dr. Hammond, in his little work on sleep, puts the matter thus—"I think it will be sufficiently established, in the course of these remarks, that sleep is directly caused by the circulation of a less quantity of blood through the cerebral tissues than traverses them while we are awake. This is the immediate cause of healthy sleep; its exciting cause, as we have seen, is the necessity of repair." Mr. Hale thus states some of his propositions—"The causes of sleeplessness can be removed, and the conditions of sleep can be accumulated. A man can learn how to sleep, he can prepare for sleep, he can determine the proper amount of sleep, and then he can take that amount. If he believes, as I do, that sleep is the centre, that all other duty depends on the duty of sleep, he will obtain his requisite amount at whatever cost or sacrifice. He may not be famous, he may not shine in society, he may not be rich, he may not be learned, but he will sleep well. If I rightly understand life, he will live to much more purpose, sleeping well, than if he were famous, rich, learned, or an ornament of society, and did not sleep well."

Mr. Hale contends that the physiologists have been all wrong in this sleep business; that sleep is not an accidental jewel, stumbled upon in the street; that sleep is not to be regarded as a luxury, to be indulged in or abandoned at plea-

sure; that all rules for reviewing daily labors after retiring to rest should be eschewed, as well as old saws about how many hours such and such persons should sleep; that you can find out for yourself how many hours' sleep you need, which are more likely to be nine than six out of every twenty-four; that Thomas Drew's rule of sleep is the right one, which is that no man has any right in a single day to incur more fatigue than the sleep of the ensuing night will recover from, or, in other words, no man has a right to so draw on the capital of his life as to commit suicide by inches; that the bed is not a confessional nor a counting house cabinet, but a place for rest and sleep, and nothing else; that all sentimental poetry about early rising, when not based upon legitimate conditions, should be distrusted; that the enjoyment of the beauty and freshness of early morning must be earned by early retiring; that the great thing is to fill out the needed hours of sleep before the duties of the day are attempted; that a man's first duty is to preserve in health, vigor, activity and good working order, his wonderful bodily frame, for no other duty compares with that; that every other duty, before its performance, requires that a man shall have had his full amount of sleep; that in fifty-nine cases out of sixty of inordinate wakefulness, it is, sooner or later, the individual's own fault; that a person who addresses himself to the central duty of sleep, with a strong will and a concentrated purpose, can succeed in discharging that duty well; that there is no short-hand process nor empirical ten-lesson business about sleep, it requiring work like all other duty; that you will do well, if your sleeping habits are bad, if they are changed; in a twelvemonth that Dr. Hall's rule to lie on your right side to sleep well, is good and simple, as also is Dr. Burns' to lie on your left side, but it is hard to reconcile the two, and all such recipes are idle, unless they are based on a principle, like the farmer's feet-toasting rule.

What is specially wanted to procure sleep is that the blood shall not be pressing on the brain, and this toasting of the feet causes a more rapid circulation in them, and thus draws it from the brain. If the brain is oppressed by a rapid circulation of blood, especially when, by undue excitement, that rapidity should be subdued if you wish sleep, and therefore all agitating, straining, or perplexing thought and undue loading of the stomach should be rigorously avoided for some time previous to going to bed, as one ought to retire with a quiet brain. The brain should be gradually rested as the day draws to a close. This Mr. Hale considers the most important practice of all. He finds it a good working rule to give the brain four or five hours of rest, or of the simplest occupation, before going to bed. He objects to the following ways of passing the evening: playing chess; undertaking difficult calculations; studying different subjects; writing anything but the most familiar notes, and as few of them as possible; appearing before an audience; reading, except of a light and amusing kind, or combined family reading aloud. Frivolous games he thinks favorable, but gambling and games of excitement and hazard generally are the worst possible preparation for sleep. Light dramas are favorable, but tragedies are unfavorable. Music, uncritically received, is very favorable, and so are some lectures and some sermons, to the audience. These or similar precautions taken regularly, to keep the brain from too active circulation of the blood, and in more than half the cases of life the battle is won.

Now as to eating shortly before sleeping. Hunger sometimes keeps people awake. A light collation before retiring would prevent this, and experience would soon determine the right quantity. A hearty meal sometimes will induce sleep, but the question is whether such is healthy sleep, or the apoplectic stupor of a congested brain. Mr. Hale thinks the best night-cap is an outdoor walk of a mile or two with a lively friend.

Summarized the conditions for healthful sleep appear to be a cool head, warm feet, a quiet mind, and cheerful exercise in the open air to the extent of a comfortable tiredness, a stomach neither "starved" nor gorged, frequently a tepid or warm foot or body bath, just before retiring, and a well ventilated bed room. With these conditions, a man ought to sleep well, and consequently meet his daily duties with an invigorated system.