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HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE,

ADVOCATES

A Higher Type of Manhood—Physical, Intellectual, and Moral.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1872.

General Articles:	Page
Bathing and Swimming—*C. G. Salzmann, in* 1793	1
Anatomical and Physiological Constants.—*Prof. Huxley*	6
Grandmother's Rights (A Poem)—*Lydia M. Millard*	8
What my Corsets Cost Me—*Mrs. Charles H. Wright*	11
Insanity and Diseases in California—*Henry Gibbons, M. D.*	15
The Employment of Time—*Henry Ward Beecher*	17
Kitty Howard's Journal—*Elizabeth Oakes Smith*	20
A Mood of Mind (A Poem)—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*	23
The Editor's Studies in Hygiene	24
Cow's Milk for Babes	25
Sewing Machines	25
Three Months in a Bath	26
Brandy and Paralysis	27
Soda Water	27
Swallowing Pennies	28
The President and Alcohol	28
Mouldy Bread	29
Stagnant Water	29
Lessons for the Children—*Editor*	30
The Eyes	30
Questions for Lesson VIII	31
Our Dessert Table:	
Hidden Springs	32
Trip Lightly Over Trouble	32
The Good and True	32
Editorial Department:	
Excess in Amusements	33
Health and Friendship	35
Father Cleveland	35
Brown Windsor Soap	37
Soothing Syrup Causing Idiotcy	38

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THE PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The Herald of Health for July.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for July is a first rate number. The leading article on Swimming was written in 1793, by Salzmann, at that time the great Apostle of Physical Culture in Germany. The article on "Insanity and Diseases in California," by Dr. Henry Gibbons, the able Editor of The Pacific Medical Journal, is exceedingly instructive. Henry Ward Beecher's article on the "Employment of Time," ought to be read and pondered by every young man and woman. It contains Golden Words of Wisdom. The "Editor's Studies in Hygiene," answers twenty-three questions, and contains a fund of knowledge on twenty-three different themes of interest to all. The new feature of "Lessons for Children," must be universally popular, and are more appropriate for schools than any text-book yet introduced. The paper by Horace Greeley on the "Excess of Amusements" was written for THE HERALD OF HEALTH many years ago, and will be read at this time with special interest.

The subscription list of THE HERALD OF HEALTH for this year, is much greater than ever before, and richly deserves a still larger increase. Every subscriber who sends $2.00 direct to the Publishers, gets a premium book entitled Physical Perfection, worth $1.50, free; 12 cents for single numbers. WOOD & HOLBROOK, 15 Laight Street, New York.

DR. DIO LEWIS.—As this number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH is going to press, we learn that Dr. Dio Lewis, the modern apostle of Physical Culture, and Mrs. Lewis, have departed for England, where they expect to remain one or two years. Our readers will be pleased to know that the Doctor does not go abroad for his health, being excellently well now; nor for the purpose of sight seeing, which he utterly abominates; nor to have a good time, and be in the fashion, for he could have a good time at home surrounded by his hosts of friends; nor to earn money, for he has enough of this now; but he goes abroad to bring himself in contact with the leading minds there; to gather knowledge and wisdom to do more perfectly the work to which his life is consecrated. While abroad he will prepare two new books, one on Longevity, and the other to be entitled "Our Wives." He will also be connected with a new paper, to be started in Philadelphia by Maclean & Stoddard, the coming autumn, entitled "Thursday Morning," and will furnish editorials and other contributions, and arrange for foreign writers for it. We wish the Doctor every success. His work for the people of this country has been a most serviceable one, and it is a pleasure to know that there is a prospect of his still doing long and manly service in the cause in which his heart is engaged.

MINIATURE HERALD OF HEALTH TRACTS.—We have published No. 1 and No. 2 of a series of miniature tracts. No. 1 is entitled The Health Habits of Young Men, by the Editor of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, with a letter of introduction by Dr. Dio Lewis.

No. 2 contains the famous letters written by William Cullen Bryant, Editor of The New York Post, and the world-renowned poet and author, telling how he eats and sleeps, and works and exercises, so as to preserve his health and serenity of mind to a very advanced age; and William Howitt, the famous English author, who, now near eighty, is still full of vigor. These letters are written by themselves, and contain most important lessons for the young.

PRICES: No. 1—Health Habits of Young Men, single copies, 5 cents; 3 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, $1.50.

No. 2—Health Habits of Bryant and Howitt, single copies, 5 cents; 4 copies, 12 cents; 100 copies, $2.00. Address WOOD & HOLBROOK, 15 Laight Street, N. Y.

WE call special attention this month to the advertisement of J. Monroe Taylor's Cream Yeast Baking Powder, as the most perfect article of this kind yet introduced. We have tested it thoroughly for many years, on our own table with great satisfaction, and feel that we are doing our readers a service by calling attention to it. It can be had of most respectable dealers, or may be ordered direct through the manufacturer.

WORDS OF CHEER.—THE HERALD OF HEALTH for June, is replete with instruction in hygienic knowledge and Physical culture, worthy the study and thought of every intelligent person.—*Toledo Commercial.*

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for June, is a first rate number.—*Chicago Advance.*

YOUR HERALD OF HEALTH is an old friend, though I have not seen it in some time, and has been the principal instrument in determining my life-work.

HAD I been a reader of the Herald 10 years ago, I would not have been what I am now, broken down in health.

MRS. G. B.

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THE HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

VOL. 20, No. 1.] NEW YORK, JULY, 1872. [NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOOD & HOLBROOK, 13 & 15 LAIGHT STREET.

HEALTH LESSONS FROM OLD WRITERS.

Bathing and Swimming.

BY C. G. SALZMANN, IN 1793, MASTER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCHNEPFENTHAL.

[NOTE.—Salzmann was an eminent German writer and teacher who lived and flourished in the eighteenth century. He was the author of numerous works on Education and Health. His work on "Gymnastics for Youth, or a Practical Guide to Healthful and Amusing Exercises for the Use of Schools," from which this Essay is taken, was written in 1793, and published in London. In 1803 the book was published in Philadelphia by P. Byrne. No. 72 Chestnut Street. It is from this edition that this Essay is taken. The original work is well illustrated, and contains sixteen chapters. We may add that Salzmann was eminent authority in his time, and his works are still quoted by all writers on physical culture, though there have been improvements since he lived. It is very doubtful, for instance, if plunging babes into water of an uncomfortable temperature is wise, as suggested in this paper.—EDITOR.]

WERE I to collect encomiums on bathing that have been published by writers on physic, philosophy, and education, I should fill a considerable volume. It is remarkable that all, without exception, recommend it, but more singular that little or no attention is paid to it almost everywhere. The experience of ages has taught us that the cold bath is astonishingly conducive to health; the example of the ancients, who had a bath in almost every house, or at least frequented the public baths; the religious use of the bath among the Jews and Mahommedans, an use founded on sound policy; the practice of our ancestors, who rendered new-born infants hardy by plunging them into the cold brook; the almost universal habit of bathing in rude and half-civilized nations, to whom we are far inferior in bodily strength and health; and the concordant testimonies of ancient and modern physicians in recommendation of the bath, all should excite us to pursue the beneficial practice. But unfortunately our prejudices have almost established it as a law of decorum to refrain from bathing, because as we have no public buildings for the purpose, the bather must strip himself in the open air,

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unless it is at a few places of public resort, where it is tolerated for its medicinal uses, yet of which scarcely any but the wealthy and idle can avail themselves. Thus we carry about us all our lives a coat of dirt, the very idea of which is sufficient to excite disgust; and, in the words of Frank, from which, as from the annual circles of a tree, a man's age might be told.

Is not this universal want of cleanliness, with regard to all parts that are not immediately exposed to view, intolerable? Does it appear credible that it should exist in a civilized nation, where it is deemed a disgrace to wear dirty clothes? Surely, to cover with clean garments the filth which adheres to the whole surface of the body, displays little of the true spirit of cleanliness.

Unzer says of people who indulge in dirt out of affectation, that they deserve to be treated as objects of general contempt. In my opinion, the general custom of leaving the greater part of the body unwashed from the cradle to the grave merits it in an equal degree. At least let us not divulge this to the unpolished inhabitants of the Pelew Islands, who every morning at sunrise, lave their bodies in that element, which was not formed for the fish alone, for they would despise us.

Another consequence of neglect of bathing is that it affects the health, which can not be preserved without perfect cleanliness. Our body, while we are in health, is constantly perspiring a viscous fluid, which adheres to the skin, and on those parts that are uncovered unites with the dust and dirt floating in the air, so as to begrime the face, neck, and hands. Hence we are obliged frequently to wash these parts. But those parts of the body which are covered commonly perspire the most; our clothes can not entirely keep off the dust, which gradually insinuates itself through and between them; and besides, from the continual motion and friction to which our clothes are exposed, fine particles are ever wearing off from them and increase the quantity of dust that unites with the perspirable fluid, and thus forms a crust over the whole body. Thus washing the covered parts is at least equally necessary, and the most commodious way of doing this is the bath.

We need insist on nothing more than the obstruction of perspiration, necessarily consequent to a neglect of this. Every one knows the bad effects of this obstruction, colds, coughs, toothache, head-ache, rheumatic pains, sore-throat, inflammation of the eyes, cutaneous diseases of different kinds, etc. We are now accustomed to these complaints, and fancy they are incident to our nature, while scarcely any one thinks of ascribing them to that want of cleanliness which generally prevails, and to which in great measure at least they are owing. It is indeed clear, that many of our diseases arise from our neglect of cleaning the skin, and the obstruction of perspiration thence ensuing; consequently a considerable portion of human misery might be prevented were the practice of bathing introduced into private families, and encouraged by public accommodations.

When an individual has apparently lost his life by drowning, intense cold, or noxious vapors, we think highly of his restoration, and not without reason. Institutions for the recovery of such of our unfortunate fellow-creatures are established in various places, and instructions for the purpose are liberally dispersed. Let us then act consistently. Surely, to secure the health of millions is of far greater importance than to recall to life a few individuals, to some of whom the boon may be little worth acceptance.

For my part, I consider the cold bath as an essential object in a good physical education; and a bathing-place as an indispensable appendage to a public school. A particular building for the purpose, however, is unnecessary; a safe, retired spot appears to me sufficient. Were children permitted to bathe in such a place, under proper inspection, they would have no temptation to evade the father's eye and fill the mother's heart with alarm. How many promising youths are annually lost to their country merely from the want of such institutions!

No doubt I shall have many ready to start objections here; such as, bathing is not every where practicable, because water is wanting; who will take upon himself the charge of superintendence? who will defray the expense of bathing-dresses? These and similar objections only show that men do not take up the matter in earnest, and consider education, properly so-called, as far as tuition is out of the question, with an indifference little to their honor.

The advantage which youth would derive from the cold bath is not difficult to comprehend. I say expressly the cold bath, for I would not employ for the purpose the water warmed by the sun of a summer afternoon, but the much cooler stream of the early morning. This braces every muscle and every nerve; imparts to the body a powerful capacity of supporting cold; steels the skin, on the tensity or laxness of which so much depends, against the

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influence of the air, and renders it fit for the exercise of its natural function, perspiration; refreshes the whole system; gives alertness to the body and animation, and is particularly serviceable for cooling the blood in the heat of summer.

Still there may be timid parents, who will be apprehensive of colds, coughs, and other diseases from the cold bath. To these I shall offer the result of my own experience. I have now for several years seen about thirty young persons in the habit of bathing, not in summer merely, but through the whole of autumn, till winter, in the most sultry weather, in showers of rain and on cold days, when the ground was covered thick with rime, and the puddles of water were frozen over; once indeed, a little before Christmas, on a sudden thaw, in a pond where the ice was an inch thick, through which the bathers broke a hole in the middle with a large stick, while what remained around it was strong enough to bear them, and another time in a deep collection of snow-water, both at their urgent entreaty. Brought up myself too tenderly, and not early emancipated from the prejudices thus imbibed, I have paid strict attention to the subject, and to the question, "Is such a practice free from danger?" Experience has uniformly answered me, with very few modifications, "It is not only free from danger, but beneficial to health." So far from either cold or cough, or any other disorder ensuing from it, I have found that those who adopted this powerful preservative of health scarcely knew the meaning of catching cold, which most people dread like the plague.

Among us Germans, or rather among us polished Europeans, instances of this kind are very rare. We hear with astonishment of the Russian who runs reeking from his stove to bathe in the snow, and ascribe this to his hard and savage nature. But to be healthy is not to be savage, and health is far more to be prized than all effeminate refinement, than all the polish of taste. Of memorable examples, I shall quote just one more.

On the 8th of August, 1791, a little girl was born at Schnepfenthal. Her father named her Thusnelda Gertrude. She was a lively little thing. When she was six or seven days old he bathed her in a cold spring, and repeated this every second or third day. Before this she had constantly respired the pure and cool air, often been exposed to it naked, and frequently washed in cold water. From the first the child regarded it but little, for the feeling of infants is not very acute, and still less unstrung to nervous debility, though she cried sometimes. By degrees, however, it became so habitual that she seldom uttered a single cry. The weather grew cold, the winter came, and the water was often covered with ice, yet Thusnelda bore it very well. In the mean time she was often carried out half or quite naked, in wind and rain and snow. Pardon me, tender mothers, ever in anxiety for your darlings, if I here set before you an example which has the appearance of being borrowed from the true ancient Germans, is so diametrically opposite to your principles of physical education. Thusnelda enjoyed such uninterrupted plenitude of health, and such strength of body as I scarcely ever observed in a child of her age. Often have I thought as I beheld her that our sturdy fathers were in the right to bring up their children hardily, for according to all appearance hardy treatment is the only true way to health.

Accordingly we chose a convenient place in the neighboring river, for ponds are not so agreeable. The banks are screened by bushes. The depth, with which we are well acquainted, is not too great, yet sufficient to admit of diving, and the current is gentle. The bank is perpendicular, and a few feet high, so as to afford a commodious situation for leaping into the water. We undress ourselves singly behind the bushes, and put on a pair of linen drawers reaching only halfway down the thighs. We are not afraid of disordering our hair, for it is merely combed in the simplest manner. The following rules are deduced from my own experience with young persons:

1. A gradual progress should be observed. Beginners should be first taken to bathe in the latter part of a hot summer afternoon, because the water is then warmest. But

2. The best time for bathing is the morning, very early if possible, but on no account just after a meal.

3. The master will never suffer his pupils to go into the water when they are hot, but takes care that they suffer themselves to grow cool first. This he can ascertain by examining their armpits.

4. It is most eligible to leap into the water and plunge the whole body under it instantly. They who can not do this may throw the water over their heads with both hands. Diving, however, requires but little previous exercise, merely that of dipping the head frequently and then crawling along under the water. When a person has acquired a facility at this he will soon be able to move himself under water at pleasure, and in a very little time will learn to

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leap into the water headforemost and dart away like a fish.

5. Five or ten minutes are sufficient to refresh the body and strengthen the nerves. A pair of worsted gloves or a piece of flannel should be used to rub the skin, which will then be cleansed and invigorated.

6. I do not think it necessary to refrain from bathing on account of a cold or cough, but such a case will seldom occur, for young people who are in the habit of using the cold bath seldom know any thing of these complaints, if their way of life be in other respects answerable to this practice.

7. Every person who bathes should wipe himself dry as soon as he gets out of the water, and dress himself speedily. A little exercise after it is beneficial; if the bathing-place be a quarter of an hour's walk from the house, the returning home is sufficient.

These few simple rules, according to my experience, are quite sufficient.

But the summer passes away, and autumn arrives. No matter, time and practice create habit. I have adduced instances above, and I can engage that any boy, even though of a delicate constitution, will not only be able to persevere without difficulty, if he bathe constantly every two or three days, but will find it conduce greatly to fortify his health and strengthen his body.

For such of my readers as are convinced of the salubrity of this physical treatment, I do not mean to exclude the winter. I am persuaded that we may bathe in the open air at all seasons, but I would not require too much. May all parents have this regard for the health of their children, to let them bathe at least once every week —water and a bathing-tub costs less than the medicine that will be saved in general by the practice.

In all well-regulated societies, bathing-houses for the sake of health and cleanliness are indispensable in every town and every village. A clean, firm, undebilitated skin is requisite to health, and this is best preserved by bathing. How desirable then must it be to the poor and laboring class to have it in their power to frequent a cold bath at little cost, or which is still better, at the pubic expense!

From bathing to swimming the transition is easy. Our pupils shall be kept diligently to their bathing, that they may learn to swim in the mean time. To be able to preserve the life of a fellow-creature is surely a matter of exquisite delight, but what avail injunctions, excitements, or public rewards for rescuing a man from a watery grave, or what the strong impulse of our own humanity, when we are obliged to run about in quest of that assistance which we do not possess in our own faculties? Nay, if it were possible that we could regard our own safety alone, the utility of the art is too obvious to need further recommendation.

The Athenians, when they would express the idea of a man's knowing nothing and being fit for nothing, used to say that he could neither read nor swim. All beasts can swim, therefore swimming is no art but a natural faculty of the animal body, whichthe Creator bestowed on it because he knew it must be perpetually exposed to the danger of falling into an element so generally abundant. Man only, or rather the polished European can not, partly because it never enters into his mind to attempt it, partly because the natural faculty is more or less destroyed by the physical treatment of his youth. This is a serious charge, because it includes, with the annihilation of this faculty, a number of diseases of the thorax, by which multitudes are sent to the grave.

Scarcely is the infant come into the world, when his chest is compressed. This vile fashion does not cease here; our usual dress, fastened across the breast, is a continuation of it. In this do we not act diametrically opposite to nature? She would have our body obey its insate propensity to enlarge, but we confine it by our clothing. The breast-bone and ribs are at first mere cartilages, and should extend with the growth; the increasing lungs should contribute to this by the act of respiration, enlarge the cavities of the thorax, and assist in forming that beautiful arched chest which is commonly observed in strong persons. But this we counteract, and acquire a form very different from that of the son of nature. The diminution of the chest in consequence is the occasion of many diseases of the thorax, as well as of greater difficulty in acquiring the art of swimming. Practice must supply what we have lost, and to this I now proceed.

I can not here omit the testimony of Dr. Franklin, who was an excellent swimmer, as is given in the words of Campe. "Nothing in fact," says the latter, "can be easier than learning to swim. Little more is necessary than the persuasion, that you can swim if you will. This I was taught by the celebrated Franklin (see his letters), when I was six and thirty years old. On this authority I made the trial, and succeeded. He says, "all men can swim, as well as all beasts; nothing more is requisite than to have the courage to put yourself into

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a proper position and make the same motions with your hands and feet as you see the frogs. But this courage you will not have till you have found by experience that you can keep yourself afloat in this manner. To make this experiment, walk into the water where it deepens gradually till you are up to your middle, and turn about your face to the shore. In this situation you will not be afraid to throw yourself forwards, and imitate the known motions of swimming, because you are certain that you can soon reach the ground and raise yourself up whenever you please. Thus you will soon find that water has the power of supporting you; you repeat the trial, and every time your confidence increases; you gradually venture farther and farther from the shore, and thus the swimmer is formed."

For my part, I was taught to swim by Christian Augustus Wolf, of Halle, who travels about as a professor of the art, and shall deliver what I learned from him and our practice here.

1. The learner should be accustomed frequently to plunge the whole of his head under water. At first this gives a kind of stunning sensation, for which reason it is very necessary to be perfectly familiarized to it, as in first learning to swim it will unavoidably occur. But it should be carried further, the learner should try to swim under water and keep himself under as long as possible. With this view I have found it very advantageous to draw as much air into the lungs as possible immediately before diving, and let it out again slowly under water.

2. If the water reach a little above the hips it is deep enough for swimming. The whole of the place intended for bathing should be accurately examined, and it would not be amiss to drive in stakes as a warning against the deeper places.

3. It is likewise necessary to have a guide, who, if he can not swim, is not afraid of the water and may support beginners with his hand, placing it under their belly opposite the short ribs, that they may learn to move their legs and arms without fear of sinking.

4. When the learner has acquired some expertness at this, and the guide feels that he bears less upon his hand a cord should be fastened to a belt passing round his body at the armpits, and while the guide has hold of the end of this he should go on till the water is up to his neck, or even till he is out of his depth. Here he will exert his powers, and commonly learn to swim in a short time.

I have seen ten or a dozen boys who had practiced swimming with the support of the guide's hand for some months or even years to no purpose, who were thus rendered swimmers in a few lessons.

5. In swimming on the belly the body lies in an inclined position, the feet being deepest and the head thrown back, so that the chin is above the water, while the eyes look forward along its surface, not down into it. Neither the hands nor feet should come out of the water. The fingers and thumb of each hand being close together, and the elbows bent, the two thumbs should be brought into contact, or the hands laid one upon the other, and thus keeping the surfaces in a horizontal position, they should be thrust forward as near the surface of the water as possible, till the arms are extended in a straight line. At this point the hands should be turned so as to be nearly perpendicular to the plane of the horizon, the thumbs being downward and the fingers being very slightly bent so as for the inside of the hand to form a trifling hollow, and in this manner they should be moved in a curve, first outward and then backward. While the hands are pushed forward the heels are to be drawn up toward the buttocks, either keeping them close together, or which is the practice of the best swimmers, crossing the legs at the small; and while the hands are moving outwards and backward the feet should be moved outward and backward likewise, the soles pushing against the water till the legs are brought close together in an extended position, which finishes the stroke. The same proceeding is to be repeated as often as you please, taking care that the hands and feet move regularly, slowly, and at the same time; by the first their effect will be more uniform, by the second less fatiguing, and by the third more forcible.

In swimming on the back likewise, the body is in a slightly inclined position, the feet being lower than the head, and the face alone being above the water. The arms being laid along close by the sides to increase the surface of the body, the knees are to be drawn up till they make a right angle with the body, keeping them close together so that they will appear above the water. This is the preparation for stroke, which is to be given by separating them from each other and pushing against the water the soles of the feet, in the same manner as in swimming upon the belly.

This mode of swimming is very commodious when the swimmer begins to be fatigued, as the arms are perfectly at rest, and a considera

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ble interval may be allowed between the strokes with the feet, as the body remains suspended in this posture for some time, the feet sinking very gradually.

If you want to rest the legs, you may keep yourself afloat by laying on the back as nearly as possible in a horizontal position and moving the hands on each side in very short but pretty quick strokes, holding them in the same position as when you swim on the belly.

If a person be seized with the cramp in the leg while swimming, Dr. Franklin recommends while thus lying on the back to lift the leg out of the water and give it a sudden, vigorous and violent jerk in the air.

Treading water, as it is called, is another mode of resting. To perform this, the swimmer suffers his feet to sink till his whole body is in an erect position, and then he raises his feet a little way and depresses them alternately, as a man does when he sets any machinery in motion by means of two treadles, at the same time moving his hands up and down in a similar manner just before him, the elbows being bent.

When a person is tolerably expert at swimming, it will be highly advisable for him to practice occasionally with all his clothes on, as he will most probably be in this situation if at any time he should fall into the water by accident. My teacher never swims without a linen jacket and long trousers, and he assures me that he can swim in his great coat and boots.

Young persons after they are capable of swimming, should practice leaping into the water from considerable heights, since this may be useful to them in various cases. In this no further instructions are necessary than to begin with little heights, take care not to fall on the belly, and if you leap in head-foremost, to protect the forehead from the stroke of the water with one hand. It is safest likewise to keep the legs close together.

Anatomical and Physiological Constants.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE average weight of the human body may be taken at 154 lbs.

I.—GENERAL STATISTICS.

Such a body would be made up of—

	LBS.
Muscles and their appurtenances	68
Skeleton	24
Skin	10½
Fat	28
Brain	3
Thoracic viscera	2½
Abdominal viscera	11
	147‡

	LBS.
Or of water	88
Solid matter	66

The solids would consist of the elements oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, chlorine, fluorine, potassium, sodium, calcium (lithium), magnesium, iron (manganese, copper, lead), and may be arranged under the heads of—

PROTEIDS. AMYLOIDS. FATS. MINERALS.

Such a body would lose in 24 hours—of water, about 40,000 grains, or 6 lbs.; of other matters about 14,500 grains, or over 2 lbs.; among which of carbon 4,000 grains; of nitrogen 300 grains; of mineral matters 400 grains; and would part, per diem, with as much heat as would raise 8,700 lbs. of water from 0 degree to 1 degree Fahr., which is equivalent to 3,000 foot-tons.* Such a body ought to do as much work as is equal to 450 foot-tons.

The losses would occur through various organs, thus—by

	WATER. grs.	OTHER MATTER. grs.	N. grs.	C. grs.
Lungs	5,000	12,000	...	3,500
Kidneys	23.000	1.000	250	140
Skin	10.000	700	10	100
Fæces	2,000	800	40	460
Total	40,000	14,500	300	4,000

‡ The addition of 7 lbs. of blood, the quantity which will readily drain away from the body, will bring the total to 154 lbs. A considerable quantity of blood will, however, always remain in the capillaries and small blood-vessels, and must be reckoned with the various tissues. The total quantity of blood in the body is now calculated at about one-thirteenth of the body weight, i. e. about 12 lbs.

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The *gains* and *losses* of the body would be as follows:

	grs.
Creditor—Solid dry food.....	8,000
Oxygen.....	10,000
Water.....	36,500
Total.....	54,500
	grs.
Debtor—Water.....	40,000
Other Matters.....	14,500
Total.....	54,500

II.—DIGESTION.

Such a body would require for daily food, carbon 4,000 grains; nitrogen 300 grains, which, with the other necessary elements, would be most conveniently disposed in—

	grs.
Proteids.....	2,000
Amyloids.....	4,400
Fats.....	1,200
Minerals.....	400
Water.....	36,500
Total.....	44,500

which, in turn, might be obtained, for instance, by means of—

	grs.
Lean beefsteaks.....	5,000
Bread.....	6,000
Milk.....	7,000
Potatoes.....	3,000
Butter, dripping, etc.....	600
Water.....	22,900
Total.....	44,500

The fæces passed, per diem, would amount to about 2,800 grains, containing solid matter, 800 grains.

III.—CIRCULATION.

In such a body, the heart would beat 75 times a minute, and probably drive out, at each stroke from each ventricle, from 5 to 6 cubic inches, or about 1,500 grains of blood.

The blood would probably move in the great arteries at a rate of about 12 inches in a second, in the capillaries at 1 to 1½ inches in a minute; and the time taken up in performing the entire circuit would probably be about 30 seconds.

The left ventricle would probably exert a pressure on the aorta equal to the pressure on the square inch of a column of blood about 9 feet in height; or of a column of mercury about 9½ inches in height; and would do in 24 hours an amount of work equivalent to about 90 foot-tons; the work of the whole heart being about 120 foot-tons.

IV.—RESPIRATION.

Such a body would breathe 15 times a minute.

The lungs would contain of residual air about 100 cubic inches, of supplemental or reserve air about 100 cubic inches, of tidal air 20 to 30 cubic inches, and of complemental air 100 cubic inches.

The vital capacity of the chest, that is, the greatest quantity of air which could be inspired or expired, would be about 230 cubic inches.

There would pass through the lungs, per diem, about 350 cubic feet of air.

In passing through the lungs, the air would lose from 4 to 6 per cent. of its volume of oxygen, and gain 4 to 5 per cent. of carbonic acid.

During 24 hours there would be consumed about 10,000 grains oxygen; and produced about 12,000 grains carbonic acid, corresponding to 3,300 grains carbon. During the same time about 5,000 grains or 9 oz. of water would be exhaled by the lungs.

In 24 hours such a body would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. or 17,500 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per 1,000. Taking the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere at 3 parts, and in expired air at 470 parts in 10,000, such a body would require a supply per diem of more than 23,000 cubic feet of ordinary air, in order that the surrounding atmosphere might not contain more than 1 per 1,000 of carbonic acid (when air is vitiated from animal sources with carbonic acid to more than 1 per 1,000, the concomitant impurities become appreciable to the nose). A man of the weight mentioned (11 stone) ought, therefore, to have at least 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space.

V.—CUTANEOUS EXCRETION.

Such a body would throw off by the *skin*—of water about 18 ounces, or 10,000 grains; of solid matters about 300 grains; of carbonic acid about 400 grains, in 24 hours.

VI.—RENAL EXCRETION.

Such a body would pass by the *kidneys*—of water about 50 ounces; of urea about 500 grains; of other solid matters about 500 grains, in 24 hours.

A foot-ton is the equivalent of the work required to lift one-ton one foot high.

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VII.—NERVOUS ACTION.

In the frog a nervous impulse travels at the rate of about 80 feet in a second.

In man a nervous (sensory) impulse has been variously calculated to travel at 100, 200, or 300 feet in a second.

VIII.—HISTOLOGY.

Red corpuscles of the blood are about one thirty-two-hundredth of an inch in breadth; white corpuscles one twenty-five-hundredth.

Striated muscular fibres are about one four-hundredth of an inch in breadth; plain one orty-hundredth.

Nerve-fibres vary between one fifteen-hundredth and one twelve-thousandth of an inch in breadth.

Connective tissue fibrils are about one forty-thousandth of an inch in breadth.

Epithelium scales (of the skin) are about one five-hundredth of an inch in breadth.

Capillary blood-vessels are from one thirty-five-hundredth to one twenty-hundredth of an inch in breadth.

Cilia (from the wind-pipe) are about one thirty-hundredth of an inch in length.

The cones in the "yellow spot" of the retina are about one ten-thousandth of an inch in breadth.

Grandmother's Rights.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

TELL me, some sybil, prophet, sage,
What means this clamor of the age,
This endless talk, these speeches long,
Of woman's right and woman's wrong?

When telegraphs and cars unknown,
Our grandsires rode in carts alone,
In toils and duties their gude wives
Serenely passed their useful lives.

In all the story of their years
I read no groans or sighs or tears,
For woman's bitter, cruel wrongs
Mingled with their low cradle songs.

But happy children, happy sires
Gathered around those household fires,
With music the old homestead rang,
As "Rock of Ages" loud they sang.

Their only rest from daily care
Was Sabbath hymn, and Sabbath prayer;
"Old Hundred" and sweet "Title Clear"
Soothed many a sorrow, many a fear.

He'd plow and sow, and harvest win;
Inside, her wool and flax she'd spin,
Their kindred brows deep furrows wear,
With mutual labor, mutual care.

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She did with him contented hold
The use of house and barn and gold;
She read her Bunyan, Watts, and Scott,
But yet of woman's right knew not.

And nowhere in her wide dominion
Was furbelow, or flounce or chignon;
No waiting-maid or French hair-dresser
She ever had—poor thing, God bless her!

She darned the stockings late at night,
Kept blue coat clean, brass buttons bright,
And he put up his spade and hoe,
In best store clothes to 'lection go.

She rocked the cradle, got the dinner
Ready for each returning sinner;
She never knew, poor simple soul,
Her right with John to go to poll.

Our country might been better ruled,
Our children better reared and schooled,
And nearer been the age of gold,
Had all our grandma's votes been polled.

Had grandma sat in judge's chair,
Decisions been more prompt and fair;
Had grandma steered the public barge,
Far fewer rogues been left at large.

Swayed, ruled, and guided, by grandmothers,
Our country might outshine all others;
They'd made strong laws, with no dilutions,
Without these endless resolutions.

If out at jury, they could stay,
No guilty murderer 'd get away;
No man with villain heart and brain,
Be tried and cleared and proved insane.

But then John's dinner 'd get so cold,
The bread grow heavy, sour and old,
And left so long the baby 'd cry,
Or shut its little eyes and die.

My grandma was a woman wondrous bright;
A schoolmarm in her day, she 'd read and write
Equal to Parson Williams or Squire Mark;
And her eyes shone like twin stars in the dark.

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I saw her in a dream last night;
I tried to fill her mind with light,
I told her what she never knew,
Her right to put a vote in, too.

She said this clamor loud and high,
Had reached her ears up in the sky;
But what cared she for modern light,
She knew John always voted right.

This bothering woman's head and soul
'Bout wrongs and rights is fol-de-rol;
Better stay home, make hasty pudding,
Than, dressed in silk, to go off voting;

Sweep up the house, clean window-panes,
Than with new notions fill the brains.
Now all who knew my grandma, 'll tell
She practiced what she preached, full well.

"Pray tell me, Grandma, do," said I,
"You've had more years and sense than I;
Tell me, down from those cloudless heights,
Your clear, best thoughts of woman's rights."

Now these good words she spake to me,
I wish each woman dear could see,
"My ch ild," said she, "these years in Heaven
Have unto me rich wisdom given.

Never should manly mood or might
Keep you from what you think is right;
Nor in your way lay lightest mote,
E'en though you seek the right to vote.

But seek it not in bitter fight;
When manhood yields thy sweetest right,
And in his direst pain you see
Gives first, and best, and last to thee.

In love's blue heaven, so near and far,
O'er one dear home to shine a star;
In one child's world to rule supreme,
In one man's heart to reign a queen,

Better than vote applause or pelf,
Forget your rights, forget yourself,
And try and fill your home with peace:
This is your duty crown and bliss."

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What my Corsets Cost Me.

BY MRS. CHARLES H. WRIGHT.

IT did seem as if that German lesson was interminable. Herr Angelburgher was such an enthusiast in his specialty that his grasp upon our mental powers was as relentless as that of the devil-fish on Victor Hugo's hero.

For two mortal hours he had driven us around a grammatical race-course with the lash of "Give me the active voice of this, of that, of the other," till I was faint with exhaustion. I had writhed and twisted in my chair till its every joint creaked with querulous repinings. I had slipped my slippers off and on (they were a very tight pair, so their "offs" were much longer than their "ons") till my feet puffed up with rage, and refused to enter their bondage of kid again. I had written exercises till my sight grew dim, my face flushed with the hue of fever. My head ached as if every one of those horrid verbs was an armed dragoon, with clashing arms and jingling spurs, dashing in a mad ambition of speed through my brain. My belt grew tighter every moment, as if some dreadful fate was forcing me to the dimensions of a side-show fat woman, without releasing me from the stricture of my ordinary measurement. My hands were numb with swollen veins, and rapidly assuming the complexion of that *lusus naturæ* known in juvenile phraseology as a "bunged eye." And no wonder, for my arms were nearly sawn asunder, as I bent forward to write, by the unyielding stiffness of my whalebones.

Toward the last it became unendurable. My head was so bowed down beneath its stylish paraphernalia of coils, bands, and braids that I felt like a withered sun-flower deserted by its god. I looked at Aunt Kate with envy. Our beautiful, graceful Aunt Kate, whose complexion was so stainless, whose features so round and unshrunken, as to deny by broadest implication her more than forty years. There she sat, so calm, so fresh, as if to taunt with her untarnished loveliness the haggardness, the sallowness and the habit of coarse flushings that had come to me in the train of my twenty-two years. Her hair was so bright and shining that I realized, as I watched the gleam of the sunlight upon it, how a woman's hair can be a crown of glory. It was all her own, too, for she wore it loosely thrown in an invisible net, so that, by making the most of its quantity she needed no artificial additions. Her forehead was so smooth and white that I wondered, as I gazed, why the angel of sorrow, whose black wings I knew had trailed across her life more than once, had left no furrow there. Not a morbid excrescence destroyed the smoothness of that brow, not a cloven foot of dyspepsia or yellow fiend of biliousness had left a mark thereupon.

Why was it, I listlessly wondered, that she should be garlanded with every sweet flower of her forty-three springs while my fewer years had pelted me with only withered husks of beauty?

For, had I not followed the spirit of Beauty with eager entreaty that she bless me with her presence? Had I not covered her altars with painful oblations? Surely I had studied books of the toilette without number. I had concocted more messes for the improvement of my complexion than a druggist's laboratory ever evolved. I had greased and annointed, whitened, reddened, softened, purified, and cleansed, with a pertinacity of attempt, which, if given to a better cause would have furnished me with noble eminence among the workers of the world. Had I not crushed my waist with inexorable clasp of corsets to gain a figure that a broad hand might inclose. Had I not suffered untold agonies of stifled breath and aching ribs that "Fairy" and "Sylph" might be the guerdon of my success? Ah, yes! No one could say that I had not worshipped faithfully at beautys' shrine! For years I had wedged, with quivering nerve and shrinking tendon, a number four foot into a number two gaiter. Winter after winter I had chilled to the marrow in silk stockings that I might crowd my foot into a circumference too small for woolen ones. Many a day had I limped painfully over the pavements scarcely able to convince myself that my feet were not solid concretions rather than animate tissues. Many a time had I been forced to retire from social assemblies to a deserted dressing room, there to remove my inquisitorial tortures and give the stagnant blood chance to move in my feet. Did not disgusting corns bear testimony of my faithful adoration of beauty? Was not that in-growing nail a continual sacrifice of comfort?

For years I had not known a day free from

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excruciating headaches. It would seem as if an invisible imp dwelt in every artificial hair I wore, to tug and tear with preternatural malignity at every tress nature had given me. The more I piled on the worse it grew, till this miserable day of the German lesson, when I had added the new style of pompadour to my already laden head, it grew insupportable.

Yet with all this battling against the epicurianism of ease had I failed of my object most miserably.

For though my waist had graciously shrunk to the measurement of sixteen inches, the perverse fates had drawn my shoulder out of the graceful slope which had made them once my pride, till they described an abominable acute angle. Day by day my elbows grew crooked and shrewish, more and more like interrogation points to my perpetual question "what shall I do to be beautiful?"

My eyes grew heavy and often broidered along their lids with crimson tracery. Then my golden locks grew thin, till finally I could hardly cover my innumerable coils, "mice" and "rats," with a natural growth. But alas! the most soul-harrowing misfortune of all was my complexion. Bilious spots began to appear upon my forehead with a persistency of profusion which no Oriental Cream, or Bloom of Youth could conceal. Angry eruptions broke out across my chin and around my nose. Lifeless flakes of skin stood continually upon my lips as if the curse of leprosy made me for ever unclean. I grew thin as one of Ossian's ghosts. In vain I crammed myself with all the dainties of mother's bountiful table; the more I ate the more attenuated I became, till it did seem as if my favorite viands had entered into an alliance to defraud me of sustentation. So now, at twenty-two, I mourned over a pyramid of faded hopes, and ruefully beheld every charm with which nature had once endowed me blighted as by a simoon.

And I looked at Auntie too weary for articulate questionings but with a listless curiosity how she had bound her youth so firmly in its flowery chains that Time had never succeeded in snatching it from her.

I was watching the soft color come and go in her face, as she laughed blithely at her errors in congregating some gutteral verb, when suddenly she shivered into a dazzling myriad of Aunties; then an opaque curtain of mist dropt down before my sight, the air was filled with the roar of a thousand cataracts, and I fell in a conglomerate heap of animal, vegetable, and mineral upon the floor.

When, fifteen minutes later, I awoke from my swoon a curious sight met my eyes. The bed, upon which I lay, was strewn with "relics," as if an unexpected tornado had rent me into fragments. There was a medley of hirsute ornamentations lying loosely about. Curls, switches, rolls, braids, coils, pompadour, hairpins, and nets. Then there were my long pendant ear-drops that had given my ears a foretaste of purgatory all the afternoon by their weight. There were my tight slippers gaping at my feet with a fiendish glee, as if gloating over the tortures they had inflicted. There were those dreadful corsets that had been so long a procrustean couch to which my size must be reduced. There was the napkin with which my face had been bathed. It smelt of camphor, and showed a tell-tale stain of carmine. There was my white bustle grinning with its rows of white teeth at my discomfiture. There was the small bottle of lavender, with the paper of loaf sugar, which had been slyly hidden in the bosom of my dress, and which I often used to stimulate my lagging elements when my eyes grew dim, my head too heavy.

So, while Aunt Kate bent over me with kind inquiries, I rose upon my elbow to say in a serio-comic tone:

"I'm like the old woman in the melody, Auntie, and must ask 'If this be I, which be I's?'"

After I grew strong enough to sit up in an easy chair and drink a cup of tea I remembered the curiosity which was the last exercise of my faculties before faintness overtook me. I turned to Aunt Kate, as she smilingly gathered together my multiplicity of shams, and said "Do tell me, Aunt Kate, why it is that you need none of this rubbish and I need so much?"

"Need, Nannie? Did you don these monstrosities after you 'needed' them or before?"

I thought a moment, then I answered:

"Why, I believe I *did* have a profusion of hair before I began to use false, but I thought I could'nt have too much; the other girls wore imitations so I thought I must."

"And sacrificed your own golden luxuriance to the heat and weight of these abominations. How about your complexion?" said she.

"I blushed with shame at this allusion, for rouge is a sin more heinous in the social code than any other deception of the toilet. But I managed to stammer:

"Oh, you know I became so awfully thin and pale as I grew up that I had to do it or look like death on the pale horse. I would'nt do it if I had a complexion like yours."

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"When you were fifteen, Nannie, your face was like a snow-drift, upon which two crimson rose leaves had floated; mine, at fifteen, was not half as brilliant. Can you not guess why you have faded before your spring is past?"

"I know what you mean, Auntie, you mean corsets."

"Not corsets, but the abuse of corsets. Yes, Nannie, you have ruined your health and your once promised harvest of mature beauty by your blind idolatry of a murderous fashion. Look at my waist, then at yours. See that my twenty-seven inches of circumference have preserved for me my youthful health and bloom, my natural strength of hair, my undimmed eyesight, my vigor of limb. Think of my buoyant spirits, born of unimpoverished vital forces, and consider if you have not paid too great a price for your dainty form. Does your small waist compensate you for those frequent side-aches, those 'all gone' feelings of which you complain? Is it a just equivalent for your sallow complexion, your angular shoulders, your elbows like the pickets of a fence? Don't you know, child, that those corsets have so retarded the operations of your bodily functions that the deposits are arrested, and you deprived of your normal heritage of warm, pulsing flesh? Don't you know that your liver is almost paralyzed by this crushing together of your vital organs and that the bile, which should have served a wise purpose in your physical economy, is forced from your blood into the tissues of your skin to disfigure your skin with those 'moth' patches? Corsets are the principal agents in the overthrow of your beauty, Nannie, but another one is your intemperance."

"Intemperance!" shouted I, with wild-eyed amaze, "why, I never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life."

"I did'nt say intemperance of drinking," she answered: "I mean intemperance of diet. Your regular pabulum of mince pie, hot bread, strong coffee and rich cake is as inevitably, though more tardily, suicidal in its effects as arsenic eating. No pure, healthful flesh can be the chemical resultant of such unfusable and insoluble ingredients. If you asked me for bread I would as soon give you a stone as these dyspeptic prime factors of your diet. Why," she continued, waxing earnest with the importance of her subject, "try my plan for three years, and if at twenty-five you are not a healthier, handsomer, happier girl than you are at twenty-two you may return to your flesh pots, not only with my sanction but with my blessing."

"Tell me what to do and I will do it," exclaimed I, roused into enthusiasm by the magnetism of her fervor.

"Well, dear, in the first place, throw those life-sapping corsets into the fire. They are sixteen inches, you ought to wear twenty-four. To-morrow you and I will make some waists such as this I have on They are made with darts, to run down over the hips, and are something like corsets, only with no thought of compression. They are buttoned in front, are loose over the breast, loose around the waist, with slender, flexible whalebones. They give ample room in the arm-holes, and are furnished with buttons around the bottom, upon which the skirts are suspended. Then, you know, I always wear nice merino under-garments in the winter, that no torpor of chill shall check the warm currents of my life. You know, too, that I always have my dresses made of just as elegant and tasteful material as your own, but instead of drawing them in at the waist, as if my arms were pest-house patients, whose contact is fatal, I make them all with fancy sacques or pretty shirt-waists."

"Pretty! indeed they are, beautiful, Auntie," I said, for I had always admired the graceful outlines of those pretty dresses which made Aunt Kate's figure so Zenobia-like, and I looked at her now with admiration growing almost to ecstacy. That grand woman—tender and pure and loving in spirit as a sinless child; so superior in intellect as to hold a royalty of mind among women; so beautiful in body with that patrician grace of movement which had never known bondage; that rare beauty of feature which comes of a perfect trinity of powers—body, mind, and spirit.

She continued, not heeding my interruption, except to smile at me.

"I always trim my dresses fashionably for I have no desire to make myself a spectacle for men and angels in my devotion to nature. My first object is to make my clothing so free that not a fractional inch of my breathing capacity shall be impeded; so suspended that not a fractional pound of weight comes upon the hips. After that I go hand in hand with fashion as long as she trangresses no fundamental principle of true taste. Then there is another thing, Nannie. I never allow my feet to be cramped, any more than my waist. I wear a number four shoe and have it made on a last expressly my own. They are elegantly made, cost just as much (and expense is a virtue to some minds) as your flimsy foot-screw apparatus. I insist upon their being wide enough for that expansion of muscle necessary to a comfortable walk

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as well as to a graceful one. I will not submit to heels unless they are flat and wide. But my boots are tricked out with just as consummate an elaboration of white stitching as those of a devotee of style. I don't scrimp my boot maker on buttons, but I *will* have the ankles of my walking boots high enough to protect my legs from the dampness. Besides all this I never fetter myself with elastics or any of those pretty devices for garters which are so numerous and so uncomfortable. I have an elastic strap running from a loop in the top of my stocking to a button on the top of my waist. So my stockings are supported without wrinkle or strain, and no harsh pressure checks the bounding flow of my veins. Thus, you see, Nannie, why I can take such long, inspiriting rambles all over the city without reck of horse-car or omnibus. This is why my walks invigorate, not depress me. This is why I come home every day, not lame and footsore as you come from the street-car corner, but fresh and active enough for an Alpine scramble. These walks explain the appetizing flavor I find in my Graham bread and simple fare, but which your voluptuous food never contains."

"Oh, Auntie," I gasped, "it all sounds delightfully easy and feasible, but I don't believe I can ever do it. I can't hold myself up an hour without corsets, my stomach is so weak And I know I can never walk as you do in all weathers; dampness always gives me cold."

"Poor child," replied Auntie. "You have relied upon an artificial support so long that your flaccid muscles have forgotten their duty. Shame on an incompetent stomach that lazily refuses to serve itself. Let it suffer from weariness and lassitude awhile, till it learns that the first law of hygienic economy is that each member shall be self-supporting. Then when its healthful strength returns it will not cry for corsets."

"You always look handsome and lady-like in your dress, Auntie, but you wear diamonds and rare jewels. I am afraid that I shall have no style with only my plain merinos, unexpensive silks, my pearls and no velvets."

"Style! would you not give every iota you ever possessed for the health and beauty you had five years ago? I have diamonds, to be sure, but I would give them up this moment rather than my water-proof if I could not replace it. You think you can never encounter dampness without taking cold. Enlarge your breathing power so that tides of warm blood are driven by every breath all over your body; provide yourself with waterproof and triple-soled boots and you may cast defiance at your bugbear, cold."

So I made up my mind to discard all my unhealthful substitutions and to strive, with a faithful firmness, for the beauty of reality. Not willingly did the enemy give me up, for headaches, lassitude, weariness and nausea followed me long. But now I have given two years to the trial and those odious moth patches have grown small by degrees and beautifully less. A pale, tender rose is beginning to bud upon each cheek, while the "beauty of the lilies" opens to a fresh revelation each day upon brow and chin. My waist is twenty-two inches in span with a rapture of promise that the day will not be long delayed when it shall have gained the coveted twenty-four. My elbows are pickets no longer, but with rounded curves that look as on small provocation they might dimple. My diet is simple, my stomach is self-supporting and my heart is light, and it was only yesterday that I heard brother George say to Auntie: "By jingo! I'd like to know what has ever come over our Nan. She's as pretty as a pink, as sweet as a rose, as jolly as a mayor and as fat as butter. But was'nt she a guy, though, about two years ago when her waist was'nt bigger than the snout of a vinegar jug and her complexion like a petrified lime! I used to be glad I was'nt one of those Johnny-jump-ups who used to come here almost every evening and praise her 'fairy grace!'" Fairy fiddlesticks! She's gone back on those popinjays now, though; but don't you think she and the doctor are getting sweet? That reminded me of what Dr. John Patterson, my betrothed, said to me the evening before:

"I always hoped that God would give me a wife large-brained and pure-hearted, with shoulders broad enough and waist large enough to bless her with affluent, radiant health. I was always firm in conviction that no wide range of mental powers, no generous capabilities for grand intellectual, moral, and physical development could accompany a curbed and cheated form. When I first saw you, dear, I looked with delight upon your superb figure, and now I thank God that he has given me, in you, an actualization of my life's ideal."

And I thought, "Thank God and His angel, Aunt Katie."

Absinthe is, by some people, regarded as a chief one among the many causes of the decadence of France. As Ireland has been very nearly ruined by her absentees, so France has been endangered also by her absinthees.

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Insanity and Diseases in California.

BY HENRY GIBBONS, M. D.

PREVALENCE OF INSANITY IN CALIFORNIA—CAUSES.

THE prevalence of insanity in California is a subject of frequent notice. In the State Asylum, at Stockton, there are upwards of one thousand patients—a number terribly out of proportion to the means of accommodation, to say nothing of treatment. Every day adds to the number, which increases in a much greater ratio than the general population. It is remarkable how large a proportion of the victims come from the muscular stratum of society—men and women of coarse nerves, uncultivated and unrefined.

Without dwelling on this painful theme, I will enumerate the principal causes which appear to operate so forcibly among us in dethroning reason.

First, The general character of a people who have left their homes to colonize a distant country. Such persons are not an average of the race. Discontented, restless, enterprising, and ambitious, they combine the elements of character prone to mental aberration.

Second, Absence from home and the want of domestic and family ties, to give repose and relief to body and soul.

Third, Neglect of accustomed religious observances, and failure to cultivate as of old the religious sentiment which would serve as ballast in the storms of life.

Fourth, The want of fixedness—the idea that this is but a temporary home, creating the sensation of being adrift in the world.

Fifth, Nostalgia—longing for the old home, the fatherland, the scenes of childhood and the objects of early attachment.

Sixth, The eager pursuit of wealth as the chief end of life, and the entire absence of contentment, whether fortune smiles or frowns. Men are miserable unless they are making and hoarding money.

Seventh, Reverses of fortune—alas, how frequent!

Eighth, Absence of all moral restraints to which persons have been amenable in the old and staid communities where they have resided.

Ninth, Constant excitement, keeping up unbending nervous tension.

Tenth, Unbridled indulgence of animal passions.

Eleventh, Self-abuse, incident to excess of male population.

Twelfth, Imaginary diseases, fostered by the advertisements of villainous quacks in the newspapers.

Thirteenth, Practical ignorance of the value of cold water as a beverage.

PREVALENCE OF PHTHISIS IN THE FOREIGN POPULATION.

The excessive mortality among our foreign-born population is worthy of notice. Of all nationalities, the natives of Ireland fare the worst. Pulmonary consumption is more conspicuously prevalent among them. Accustomed in their old home to a diet restricted in quality if not in quantity, one might suppose that transplantation to a land flowing with milk and honey, and the substitution of animal for vegetable food would fortify them against the invasion of tubercular disease. But the reverse appears to be true—and this in spite of the free use of that great prophylactic—whisky!

In no country in the world is the laboring population as well housed, and as well clothed, and as well fed as on the Pacific coast. Nowhere do they so generally own houses and lands, and enjoy the comforts, and even the luxuries of life. The complaint lately made in England by some eminent writers, that the laboring population of Great Britain is underfed, especially the women, has no foundation here. Want of nutrition, whatever agency it may exert elsewhere in the development of tuberculosis, can not be assigned as a cause of undue prevalence of phthisis in the Irish population of California. What then is the cause?

RELATIONS OF PHTHISIS TO MODES OF LIFE.

Transplantation of the human animal from barbarism to civilization, or from simple and ragged habits to a life of comfort and indulgence, appears to enervate the vital force and to favor the development of tubercular and other dyscrasies. The Indians of this coast when taken from their out-door life and placed in houses, under the domestic influence of the superior race, exhibit a proneness to pulmonary disease, and a feeble power of resistance to disease in general. Perhaps the transition from the simple fare and the exposed and toilsome

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habits of Ireland to the comparative ease and indulgence of their adopted home, has a similar effect on our Irish population. Certain it is that the refinement and luxuries of a high civilization, while they protect many individuals, enfeeble the general constitution and deteriorate the stock. Equally certain it is that a change from the ease and luxury of city life to a certain degree of exposure and toil and hardship in the country, tends to counteract the development of phthisis. Suppose that all children of consumptive parents in such a city as San Francisco, or Boston, and all other persons of tubercular tendencies, could be seized by an iron hand at the period of adolescence and dragged into the forest and the mountains, and made to "camp out" and sleep in blankets on the ground, and endure hardships and coarse fare, what, let me ask the reader, would be the result in diminishing the mortality among them from phthisis?

MORTALITY AMONG CHILDREN.

The mortality is in excess among the children of foreigners. This is due in great part to sheer carelessness. Foreign women multiply and replenish the earth with great industry, but they care less for their offspring after they are born, and suffer many to die from ill management and neglect.

Public attention is frequently called to the great mortality among children, not less than thirty-six or thirty-seven per cent. of the deaths in San Francisco occurring under five years of age. Persons are startled when they learn that so nearly half the children born in the metropolis die so young, and they seek some special cause for the fatality. But it is so in all large cities. In St. Louis, in 1869, a year of unusual health, when the death-rate was under nineteen in a thousand, nearly one-half the deaths were of children under five years. It should not be overlooked that a season of superior health may swell the infant mortality beyond the due proportion. A comparison of the deaths in children with the entire population, is the only basis for a correct estimate. Judged by this standard, there is nothing remarkable in the infant mortality of our chief city. But the absence among us of infantile diarrhea or cholera infantum, and other affections of the bowels so terribly fatal in summer to young children in the Atlantic cities, ought to reduce the number of deaths of children in California.

ABSENCE OF SUN-STROKE IN CALIFORNIA.

There are two marked differences between the Atlantic cities and those of the Pacific coast, in regard to prevalent diseases and vital statistics as represented in the bills of mortality. One is the comparative immunity which we enjoy from the summer diseases of children, as just referred to, and the other, the absence of sun-stroke. Notwithstanding the intense heat of the interior during the summer months, the thermometer often ranging from ninety to one hundred degrees in the middle of the day for several weeks consecutively, sun-stroke is almost unheard of in California. In both instances the reason will be found in the dryness of the atmosphere, promoting rapid evaporation from the skin, and uniform coolness of the nights, which favors sleep and recuperation. It is the universal testimony that a temperature of one hundred degrees on this coast is more easily sustained than one of eighty-five degrees on the Atlantic side. In the extreme southeastern corner of the State and in the adjacent portion of Arizona, the thermometer is said to rise sometimes as high as one hundred and fifteen or one hundred and twenty degrees. But even this extreme is not incompatible with general health. A physician in feeble health who was stationed at Fort Yuma some years ago, informed me that, during the excessive heat, he was in the habit of sitting every day in the shade of a tree, enveloped in a wet sheet, the evaporation keeping him comfortably cool. The cooling effect of this expedient may be inferred from the fact which I have repeatedly witnessed, that the thermometer will fall from ninety-five degrees in the open air to seventy or seventy-five degrees when the bulb is covered with a wet rag. In the hot, dessicated atmosphere of the interior, the human body bathed in sweat becomes a wet bulb thermometer, and cools itself by evaporation.

SUPERIOR DIETARY OF OUR POPULATION.

There are few countries in the world, if indeed there be any, capable of furnishing as wholesome a diet as the Pacific slope of North America. This remark holds good as to meats, bread, vegetables, and fruit. In the ocean climate, which knows no summer, tainted meat is unknown; and when the sun is in the zenith, your butcher commends his beef because it has been killed several days. In the interior, the dryness of the air renders it antiseptic. By the abundant supply of food and the shortness of winter, if winter it can be called, animals are kept in good condition before slaughter. We seldom hear of epidemic diseases in the farm-yard.

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The trichina has been detected in a number of instances in pork. But I am not informed of the occurrence of trichinosis in the human subject in a single case.

THE SUPPLY OF MILK—ITS CHARACTER.

In Atlantic cities, the great mortality among infants is attributed in part to impure milk. The milk supply in California is generally pure and good. It is so, at least as far as the cow is concerned; but when transported a great distance to market, to San Francisco, for instance, from the country around the bay, it is spoiled, or nearly so, before reaching the consumer, especially when churned in the streets for some hours during distribution. Adulteration is seldom practiced, though dilution with water is not always regarded as a violation of the moral law. Distilleries are not sufficiently numerous to effect the milk supply to any great extent. But it should never be forgotten, that wherever there are distilleries, there will be poisoned milk. The lives of infants so often depend on the wholesomeness of this staple in their diet, that thoughtful and conscientious persons who have them in charge, will never fail to assure themselves that the milk is exempt from this source of contamination.

Dealers in milk are not always destitute of chemical knowledge, which they bring to bear by dissolving a portion of soda in the liquid, in anticipation of the acetous fermentation, or after that has taken place.

The Employment of Time.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THERE is great wealth in time. There are honor, pleasure, and benefits innumerable, in time well spent. It is like a soil full of richness, if one has the skill and patience to bring forth what is in it. It is like a mountain full of precious metals, if one has the enterprise to discover them and dig them out. It carries the things that men need and desire. It is like the great Oriental caravans that came across from India to Tadmor and Babylon. Upon camels and dromedaries were heaped gold and silver, spices, silks, fine linens, ivory, gems and jewels, and precious perfumes. All things that could be wished, and that men coveted and delighted in, were there. And all of a man's fortune is laid up for him in time.

A large part of every man's time must needs be consumed, in one sense, for the sake of giving potency to their residue. It is remarkable how the principle of the use and waste of one thing for another pervades creation. One-third of our time is thrown into the sea of sleep. It dies, that the other two-thirds may live to be of worth. For every two hours living, and full of strength, there has been one sacrificial hour that laid itself down for them. If you add to the necessary sleeping hours the time required for repasts, and for incidental rest, I think one-half of your time may be said to be used, not for the accomplishment of any thing, so much as to prepare the other hours to accomplish. One hour strengthens and sharpens another. Men average but about twelve hours of usable time. If you subtract the earlier years of apparently profitless infancy, and the later years of outworn and useless age, it may be said that little more than one-third of a man's life is directly usable. But if you consider that we measure existence, not by the longevity of the few, but by the average living of men in society, and that thirty years is the average term of human life, it is very striking to consider how little time we have for wise usage. There is but little of it; and yet, every thing that a man hopes for, or expects, or needs, must come from the right use of that little. We are crowded into a corner; and yet, eternal things depend upon our action during that brief and circumscribed space.

No person can be said to wisely employ his capital in time who so uses it as to bring upon himself trouble and misery. Many employ it so as to fill the whole of their after life with misfortune. There are multitudes of persons who employ their golden moments, their precious hours, only to be fabricators of their mischief and misery.

You can conceive how one might, by early exposure to infectious diseases, lay the foundation, in every organ, of weakness and after suffering through his whole life; and yet, no exposure of that kind can be compared with such exposures

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to vicious and criminal indulgences as shall prepare mischief and misery for all one's life.

Many employ their time in fostering passions and malign desires which are to turn their life into a volcanic region, scorched and burned, without beauty and without desirableness.

Many are spending their time in delusions. Many are seeking for things which, in the way they seek them, and in the emphasis they put upon them, will be utterly waste and void, even if they should reach them. Many are seeking to prepare happiness for themselves in the mere procuring of wealth, which can never satisfy any man's desires, nor feed his manhood. Many are pursuing visions of ambition which will fail them in the end. Disappointed will they be in their pursuit. After they have gained all that they dreamed of having, and more, they will find that life has been wasted. There are men yet more foolish, who are giving their life directly to pleasure. God has made no pleasure harmless that is not connected in some way with moral or social benefit. Those get pleasure who seek something higher than it; while those who seek pleasure and nothing else, get only disaster and dismay.

No man can be wise in the use of time who does not regard it simply as a price to be paid for the purchase of real values. There is a use of time for a man's secular condition. It is a moral training to found a household, and provide for its comfort. There is a process of religious training in every wise economic secular condition.

There is also to be a use of time which shall secure the respect and confidence of all that are good. There is to be an honored and honorable old age; and time is well spent that shall procure that. There are your own peace of mind and self-respect after the battle of life is over; and that time is well spent which secures them. There is to be happiness in the world to come; and time is most wisely spent which secures that. Time is the purchase-money of all these things. Who knows how to use it so as to secure them?

For the sake of the young, let us look at some of the mistakes which are made in the matter of using time.

First, I mark the wart of any continuous plan of life. All have a vague and general purpose of seeking their fortune and being prosperous and happy. They have no consecutive method. There are men who fall out of one day into another without having any thing to bind those periods of time together. If you should rub out the yesterday of many men, their to-day would not feel it; nor does there seem to be any thing in their to-day which will make any particular impression on their to-morrow. Their days are sauntering days. They come into them scarcely knowing what they shall do with them, and go out of them scarcely knowing what they have done with them. Nor are their neighbors able to inform them. There strikes through their days no far-reaching idea. They are not architects who are laying line upon line of brick, and course upon course of stone, and carrying up from a well-orderod foundation the whole superstructure.

There are those who are by their parents' wealth released from the responsibility of industry—the unfortunate spoiled children of the rich. Wealth in the hands of parents may enlarge the bounds of opportunity without destroying the motives of the child for occupation and perseverance therein; but he is a wise parent who knows both how to earn and how to administer wealth in such a way that he shall not destroy by it the motives of his child. When a child knows that his fortune is secured in his father's wealth, and that he is provided for whether he exerts himself or not, he is apt to put forth little or no exertion. There are many, thank God, who are made of such stuff that this will not satisfy them. They have a sterling independence. There is to them an intrinsic pleasure in establishing themselves. They have a conception of manhood which is entirely incompatible with dependence upon others. But too many accept this condition and rejoice in it, because the motives of industry are removed from them. Blessed are those bankruptcies which, overthrowing the fathers, build up the children.

How many painted men and women there are! How many houses there are in which the boys and girls, for aught that they do and are, are of no more importance than the portraits which hang around the rooms! In how many households will you find shadowy children! They are good enough, and kind enough, but there is nothing of them. They have no grit, no will, no executive power. They are mere pale outline portraits of what would have been men if there had been any thing to make them such. For, it is not birth, but life, that makes men. It is what you give yourself, and not what you have from father or mother, that makes manhood in you. In the aimlessness and listlessness of a life that is surrounded by such abundancy that there is no pressure of motive, how many there are that merely stand in life without growth or fruit. While they are pres-

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ent they are not felt, and when they go they are not missed.

There are a great many persons who are so placed in life that they see no way to do any thing. There are a great many women who are cultured, fertile of thought, and full of yearning aspirations, but who are restrained by the habits of society and their social condition. It is supposed that women must wait until somebody opens the door. Then they are permitted to go out and fulfill the functions of life. Until then they are expected to remain at home.

There are also many who diligently occupy themselves without aim. A thousand little doings disconnected from each other are no more a wise building up of life than the laying a thousand bricks in a thousand different places would be the building up of a house. A man might be infinitely lazy, as far as results are concerned, and yet be industrious from sunrise to sunset, putting one brick there, another yonder, and another somewhere else, so that each should be disconnected from the others. There are many persons who rise when the sun wakes them, and do many useful things, but whose life is simply a collection of thoughts and feelings and actions which are in juxtaposition rather than in connection, because they have no object toward which day by day, they are aiming.

The meagre and unworthy aim which many men have who do connect their days, is, to all intents and purposes, a sacrifice of life, or a perversion of it. There are men who are all the time contriving and doing; but all their contriving and doing amount to little or nothing.

Self-indulgence, or a seeking merely for the pleasure of the passing hour, is a fatal elemeut in the employment of time. There are many young men who put as little heart as possible into their daily duties. They perform them perfunctorily. They grudge the time and labor required for the things which constitute their real life. They watch for the hours of release and leisure that they may enjoy themselves. Instead of having a large conception of moral benefit, of character and manhood, they think of immediate sensuous pleasure.

There is a great want of economy even among those who employ much of their time usefully. How many men fail to make a wise use of their eyes and ears! How many men use the tongue in such a way as neither to edify nor be edified!

Some men, going through a forest, will collect curious birds, strange leaves, and odorous sprigs. They will tell you the trees whose sap is sweet. Scarcely any thing of interest will escape their notice. Others, going through a forest, will see nothing. The art of observation is no mean art; but some persons will go through life, surrounded by all classes of men and all manner of things adapted to afford them instruction, and yet see nothing and hear nothing and learn nothing.

There is, too, an unwise employment of time by those who seek transient instead of permanent knowledge. We live in an era of newspapers; and I regard them as vehicles for the spread of popular intelligence which are beyond all price; but there is a wise way and a foolish way of reading newspapers. Where a man, in using them, has his eye upon the evolution of public affairs, and seeks to acquaint himself with history, political and natural, and aims at gaining consecutive knowledge as material for thought, he is using them wisely. No man should be contented to live without keeping up with the times. A man ought to be ashamed to be ignorant of important events that are transpiring about him. No mother should feel herself to be guiltless who is unable to teach her children, or call their attention to things that are taking place in the world.

Some persons affect to despise newspapers because they lie so. They do not lie any more than men do. Men are natural-born liars. Speaking the truth is preëminently a heavenly grace, and one that is deferred, mostly, till men get to heaven. There is a great deal of lying in the newspapers; but no more, I take it, than in any other element through which an equal amount of human life passes. A newspaper is pretty nearly a representative of the average conditions of community life. No person should despise newspapers. They are calendars and records of thousands of the best things which men can inform themselves about. In such an age as this, when the popular mind is called to adjudicate, and when newspapers are the tribunals before which all questions are brought, and in which they are discussed, it is a part of every man's household duty both to read them with his children, and teach them how to read them. The last thing which a man's economy should cut off should be his newspaper. Economize on the body first, and on the mind last. Multiply your papers and books, and increase your familiarity with them.

But there are two ways of reading newspapers. One is reading for taste, and the other is reading for profit. There are many whose only thought in reading is to enjoy the momentary pleasure of reading; but there are many others whose thought in reading is to get into the cur-

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rent in which God, the race, and the nation is traveling.

One other point. An energetic use of the scraps of a man's time is often potent enough to make the difference between knowledge and ignorance. I see many a young man who throws away enough time to gain an education in. An open book, full of interesting matter, braces the mind, and gives it tone and intellectual appetite. If in the morning a man would read a single paragraph while dressing or shaving, it would afford him some compensation for the tedious toilet which he makes.

You come home to dinner, and there are fifteen minutes before the meal is ready, and you throw yourself into a rocking-chair or on the sofa, and that time is wasted. You say, "there is no use of taking up a book for such a little while;" but periods of fifteen minutes improved from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, amount to a great deal. I see young men sitting in their offices and places of business, listless and lolling, in the disengaged hours of summer. It seems to me that they might pick out of their leisure moments time enough to read volumes of biography or history. Certainly they might find time enough to establish the habit of reading, and form an appetite for instruction in reading.

I might make specific criticisms upon many other modes of misappropriating or unskillfully using time, but the foregoing must suffice.

Kitty Howard's Journal.—Second Series.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

October 21.

I COULD think of nothing but the state of Sally Liscom, yesterday, after my return home. Her intense suffering—her unearthly face—her hidden agony of heart, coupled with a something not unakin to content, despite of all its misery. I could not sleep last night, and one expression of hers flashed vividly over my mind. In reply to a remark of mine that her story must have involved much of deceit, she answered:

"It is a great thing to walk in the light. The soul is adjusted to the truth, and can be content only as the life squares itself to this adjustment. My death will leave *him* to the straight path."

"Have you still faith in him?"

"As I have in God."

"Then he must come out and confess the great wrong he has done in the world."

She lifted up her hand imperiously, "Never, never! If expedioncy be sinful and worldly, and I know it to be so, he must bear it—he must endure this thorn in the flesh. We are but human, God forgive us!"

"Oh! but the terrible deceit! The wrong done to the soul itself by falsehood, and by continuance therein!"

"I know it all—but, it must be borne on *his* part, and become a flaming fire to cleanse the soul!"

While I thought of these things Dorothy Pearly called; a plain, unpretending woman, timid and gentle. I repeated what I have written above; to my amazement she exclaimed, with vehemence,

"Women are all liars. Weak animals are always sly and treacherous!" which seemed malapropos to what I had said.

"Oh, Dolly! not so bad as that. I am sure I, for one, would not do or say what is false."

"Because you have a true, noble man to take care of you; I would not lie, and yet I am tempted every day to do so. We women care for appearance, not for what is in itself true and right."

"Then you think the men are better than we are," I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Howard, you are a conceited woman" (of course Kitty flinched); "and what I say is only my say, and I have no station; am only a sour old maid. Yes, I do think that men are better than women; and I think, they would be still better, if it were not for us. We make them bad, and then cry out against them."

"Why, Dolly!" I cried, "I never knew you before. If men are so much better, why have you not married one of them?"

I had no sooner said this than I felt ashamed of myself; at the impertinence and meanness of the speech. She was silent for a while, and then replied,

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"I have had too much reverence for a man to be willing to make him miserable. I have known one truly noble character—we missed of each other, no matter how. I try to keep my soul worthy of him, and acceptable to God."

I was awed, and said to myself, Verily some few redeem the sex; and to Dolly I dared say nothing, but pressed her thin, dry hand, and whispered, "Sister," whereat she arose, turned half round in an awkward, undecided fashion, and then gave me her hand and went out. Alas! I thought, the vase is not worthy of the flame within. Such women are the ones who should be mothers! Kitty may be very polished, but is she broad and unselfish, true and generous. I must ask Tom, for I am not pleased with myself, and Tom knows.

Mem.—Dolly is right, I am conceited.

Dolly had called early, I hardly know why, but I think she was drawn toward me by an unconscious sympathy, and as soon as she had gone I rode to the prison to see what I could do to comfort Sally.

Oh, soul of infinite pity! what a sight awaited me! The cell door was open, and there, stretched upon her poor pallet, lay this woman of sorrow, with hands meekly folded upon her breast, dead! I dropped upon my knees, frantic with emotion. I, I with my conventionalism, my rigid puritanism! what was I before this woman dead, dead in her Gethsemane, with a smile upon her face? Loaded with odium, stained with crime, dead—dead alone in her prison! Forsaken by friend and lover, dead, dead! and yet to the last, clinging to something regal, something holy hidden away in the depths of the soul! Who shall dare to judge her? Not I, Kitty Howard, without a stain to human eyes—not I, sheltered from childhood up, hedged in by love and all human appliances!

Tom found me with my head buried in my pillow and weeping the saddest tears that ever fell from my eyes, weeping and praying for the rest and happiness of the poor, dear soul. I felt as though I had lived a hundred years, and eternities had been spread out before me. Tom took me in his arms and wiped my tears, and gave me cool water to drink, and called me an angel, but I felt as if poor and weak, and selfish, and longed for some great sacrifice to prove my worthiness.

"Do not covet suffering, my love," said my husband, "it will come in due time, and we must meet it; but the rose is not called to battle with storms like the Cedar of Lebanon."

"Bless you, darling, for bringing me home to what I am—only a weak, loving woman; but, thank God! able to appreciate what is truly great in life. I think the wife of the noble Duke of Argyle, who was put to death under James the Second of England, must have been a woman something like Kitty Howard; not great and wise like Lady Russel, but tender and devoted. I think if my Tom, dear good judge, was about to die, he would address me much as Argyle addressed his wife. He thus wrote her, while waiting the office of the executioner:

"Dear heart! God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee and bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

Ah, what a heart-break must have come to her!

24th.—The family of Sally Liscom did not make their appearance even when notified of her death, and it is curious to observe that there is a sort of human compensation made and provided in cases of such inhumanity. The body was conveyed at once to the little meeting-house in which she had sometimes worshiped, and some unknown had at night laid a crown of immortelles upon her last earthly receptacle. The services were simple and impressive; an indescribable awe pervaded the assemblage, which comprised the whole village, and she who, living, would have been spurned aside, and loaded with infamy for her crimes, lieing there in her dead beauty, all her sins forgotten in her speechless woe, all her record carried up to the Great Audit, filled the house with sobs and tears. Her grave was made in a far corner of the cemetery, under a gnarled old willow. *Requiescat in pace.*

25th.—I asked Tom what would have been Sally's fate had she been brought before him for trial.

"Unquestionably, she would have been convicted of murder," he replied; "and her fate, no doubt, would have induced the scoundrel, who was at the bottom of all this ruin, to come forward and confess himself."

I was silent, for somehow it did not seem to me that that would help the matter, and perhaps I had begun to sympathize with Sally's own view in the case. My husband suspected it.

"My little Judgine," he said, "is disposed to pity the miserable wretch! Poor Sally! it was well that she died, but I should like to have *him* in my court, it would go hard with him

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You see by your own weak compassion for him, Kitty, how little qualified women are to fill the judicial bench!"

"Ah, my husband! it may be that the law is too vindictive, and more compassion is needed there. I confess, that even in the case of these two, Sally and her unknown, there seems to underlie a something broader and more extenuating than your view of it, dear; but I still do not justify them, for human laws must be obeyed, and the life should be made up of duty, not plunged downward to sense and passion."

"There you are right, Kitty; Sally was no doubt frantically insane at the last, and killed her child. The act sobered her; but she was responsible for the prior steps. She had lived a covert, evil period, contrary to her instincts, and, it may be, contrary to her principles; the struggle was too great, too intense, and her reason gave way. Kitty, a man's brain *is* more fibrous, stronger than a woman's, and he is more culpable."

"You may say that of some brains, dear; I think the average brain is nearly similar, and men have stronger passions than women, less of that something, which is called chastity, which is the crowning grace of womanhood."

"Then you think we men are a sort of brutes, and less responsible?"

"No, not quite that, but women are designed to give the law in the intercourse between the sexes, and, therefore, more should of right be exacted from them. I do not believe in what is ordinarily called the *seduction of a woman*.

Where the woman is young and the man an experienced man of the world, the crime may be his, for there are Lotharios as atrocious as Richardson has delineated, but there are instinctive—Clarissa Harlowe's, also."

The Judge wound up by saying," Well, well, for all you say, Kitty, I should like to have the hanging of poor Sally's *unknown*;" from whence I judge that men are naturally vindictive, and are too ready to punish each other for faults in our sex, and that too on the ground that we are weak and need help; whereas, I believe women in our day are becoming the stronger of the two. They are aggressive by their process of development, and when foiled they subdue men by appealing to the traditional chivalry of the sex, thus using a two-edged sword against them.

26*th*.—David is still under the glamour of fascination by Blanch Runyon. His father says, "Time will cure him! it will do him no harm—calf-love is a common disease with boys. I had it once, and thought the moon and stars stood still in the heavens to witness the magnitude of my passion—they did'nt do it, and then I had a heart-ache that seemed to me was the cause of an earthquake that happened about that time!"

"Oh Tom, Tom! I did not think you ever loved any body but me!"

"I did though, Kitty, and was wretchedly miserable. I think now the love was not much, and would have been my ruin had marriage supervened; for it was merely the action of youthful blood, and that tendency in boys to imagine every smiling or sentimental girl a goddess. David will do well enough, dear," and so the Judge went to his office and left me to ponder these things.

David does worry and distress me in this matter, the more so for the first time in his life he does not meet me in confidence. He racks his heart and brain writing poetry to a girl ten years his senior. Dear me! when he is twenty-five she will be thirty-five and as the old ballad says,

"A fat fadge by the fire."

I am half inclined to think David's poetry is more real than his love, that he finds a wonderful delight in having his young soul enthused and intensified by poetic expression, and there must be something fine in a woman who awakens the idealism of youth. Blanch has a stately repose, a slow, tender movement of her large expressive eyes, that I, woman as I am, greatly admire. She suggests a doubt of sincerity, and the women call her affected, but the other sex are fascinated by her.

30*th*.—In many of the surrounding towns there has been what is called a religious revival, and multitudes of people have turned their attention to spiritual subjects, and have joined the different churches. As I have been religious from childhood up, and never in my life did an intentional wrong, have never been addicted or tempted to any vice, and am naturally serious and gentle of disposition, I have found it difficult to understand the distress of mind which many good people seem to endure. Still, in most of the cases which have fallen under my observation, the emotions are genuine, and the improvement in the habits of those denominated converts is plain to be seen. From being thoughtless, and in some cases vicious, men and women have become teachable and church going, which is certainly better than their former utter neglect of religious instruction. I do not see why we may not expect

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the descent of the spirit of God to arrest evil-doers in our day as well as in an earlier experience of the church. At any rate, no one should treat a period of anxious thought upon such momentous subjects with contempt, whether the experience be his own or another's. I hear the Rev. Mr. Angel, a man who has a great reputation for sanctity, will visit our village, and I shall depart from my usual practice of church-going, and attend worship in the Methodist church, that I may see him, and satisfy my own mind in regard to him. I am inclined to think him a hypocriet. But I say so to no one, not even to my husband, for as I grow in years and feel the stress of life, I am obliged to rely upon my own judgment more, and many things I used to carry to him I am silent upon, lest I annoy him with petty subjects.

MEM.—I do not, and never did, bother him about cooking, house-cleaning, and the little aches and pains of body which every body must expect to have sometimes.

30th.---Tom tells me he has read the last entry in my journal, and he says, "Ah! my Queeny, do not let any thing drift us apart. I feel as if you held my very soul, and that it might be dissolved, wrecked, ruined, but for the faithfulness with which you adhere to me. There is more in marriage than the external bond—more than in mere companionship. It is greater, holier than we know."

"I believe as you do, my dear, that the mystic blending of two lives is a sacred mystery, that does not end with time."

"And yet, darling, you write this, which is poetry, I know, but it pains me," and Tom read with a trembling voice the following poem, expressive of a mental mood, which comes to us all, it may be; at any rate, I know that the soul struggles to preserve its oneness, that it refuses to be absorbed into even its best beloved, standing up in the presence of God, one and alone. It frets at a scrutiny too close, too imperious, as if its sacredness were invaded. It must have its own thoughts, its own rights, its own acts, and then it greatly rejoices when it can take up all, and at the feet of the beloved say, "I am all thine, and God's." But it may be that women, as they advance in life, feel more the need of all this self-assertion, which was unrequired while the responsibilities of life were less frequently appealed to. Here I will insert the poem which seemed to distress my husband.

A MOOD OF MIND.

It irks thee that I sit and dream
In this sequestered dell,
Thine eyes on me, mine on the stream,
Each loving passing well.

Thy voice is dulcet to mine ears—
Thy presence life's great cheer,
And half grows sweet the fall of tears,
Thy chiding smile's so dear.

In painted rooms I see but thee—
I hear thy slighest tone;
Although a thousand speaking be,
In woods hear God alone.

Our household walls so shut us in
That God is crowded out;
Our human love is so akin
To grief, and fear, and doubt,

That I must walk along the hills
And hear the far off sea—
Watch how the moon her crescent fills,
Nor stay for thought of thee.

I hear the little ones at play,
On floor or breezy green;
See flecks of golden hair all day
With happy eyes between.

But ah! there is a cradle cold,
With linen white and chill;
A sunny lock in paper fold—
A span grave on the hill.

The softened lamp, the curtain fall,
The shadows on the floor,
The white light on the pictured wall,
Whisper their Never more.

In city walks I move with pain,
For thought and heart lack space;
Weary and aching grows the brain—
A mask the human face.

I shrink and stifle with a dread—
Feel bound to earth and time;
The halo dims around my head,
The air seems black with crime.

Upon the grand old hills I stand
And shake my spirit free;
God leads me by his own right hand,
And plainly teacheth me.

The shadow from the mountain's height
Falls down on vale below;
From valley sweet drinks up the light,
The sheen from water-flow.

But on his own broad forehead lies
The wind that sweeps afar;

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The brooding light of mid-day skies,
The midnight and the star.

The meanings of the woods and lakes
Bring lavish gifts to me;
The very air in music breaks—
Why should I think of thee?

The great sea must its depths renew,
From stream and river sheen—
The bird soars nearest to the blue
That builds in lowliest green;

The oaks are very stern, yet they
Are friendly and sincere;
And tender elms they seem to say,
"Sit in our shadow, dear."

Sweet Echo calls—I follow not,
For home is in my breast,
As bird's, the last year's brood forgot,
Build up the old, worn nest.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—

TEA AND SICK-HEADACHE.

I. Is there any evidence from medical authorities that tea causes sick-headache?

ANSWER.—Yes. Dr. Pierson says: "Under this heading Dr. Gregg published an article in The Homœopathic Quarterly to which I wish to call the attention of the readers of The Investigator, believing it demands a more general reading than perhaps it may have received. The Doctor there alleges that this beverage is the cause of more cases of this disease than any other, if not than all other causes put together, and gives a number of instances where after leaving off its use, persons who had previously been afflicted were exempt from further attacks. One evidence the Doctor gives of the injurious effects of this agent is the fact that tea-drinkers are liable to have headache if they omit its use at the regular times of taking it, and the cessation of the pain on again resuming their cups. This latter, with many other facts contained in the article, I had often observed, not only on myself but on others, for I had inherited the disease from my mother. It had been the plague of her life, as well as my own. We had both been not excessive but regular tea-drinkers; and though she lived to be over eighty years of age she was never exempt from an attack of greater or less severity, for more than a few weeks at a time, for a period of nearly or quite half a century.

Knowing this fact, and that from my earliest recollection I had been similarly afflicted, I was content when the pain returned to relieve it with the appropriate remedies, with little thought or hope of ever being able to eradicate it. Some twenty years ago I had abandoned the use of coffee and green teas, using only the black and Japan. Pork, pastry, spices, acids, and most kinds of raw fruits were sure, if indulged in, to bring on an attack of my old trouble; and this weakness of the stomach seemed to be gradually on the increase, besides a train of nervous symptoms, such as sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, unsteadiness of the hand when writing, etc., gave me no little annoyance.

After reading the article referred to, I concluded some three months ago to use no more tea, substituting in its stead hot water, with a little milk. The result for the first week or ten days was as much as I had anticipated, being during the whole of that time scarcely ever free from headache. At length the pain became lighter, and when it did return was of short duration. My nervous symptoms grew less, palpitation left entirely, my stomach became much stronger. I can now eat with impunity many things which for years had been sure to disagree. The headache now very rarely returns, and never with severity; besides, within the past two months my weight has increased sixteen pounds."

COW'S MILK FOR BABES.

II. Why does cow's milk so often disagree with babes?

ANS.—Cow's milk differs greatly from human milk. In the first place, it contains less sugar. This, however, is usually made up by the addition of this article, but the sugar of milk is not the same as the sugar from the sugar bowl. Then cow's milk contains more curd, and it curdles in a different manner. Human milk curdles into a mere light, flocky jelly, while cow's milk is apt to harden into lumps, which are not so easily penetrated by the gas-

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tric juice, and of course not so easily digested. Children, however, with very strong digestion overcome this difficulty generally. It is well for parents to bear in mind that by diluting milk with water the cassein becomes still harder. The fresher milk is, the better, and it has been found that children do better when it is given without dilution, as a general rule. That milked last is better than that milked first. In the country, where farmers keep their own cows, one might be kept near the house, and the milk taken fresh as wanted, to great advantage.

REPUGNANCE TO FOOD IN CHILDREN.

III. If a child shows repugnance to certain articles of food, should he be urged to eat it?

ANS.—No. It is more reasonable to suppose this an instinct than a contrariness. In after years they are likely to relish what in childhood is repugnant to the taste.

SMOKE.

IV. Is there any nicotine in tobacco smoke?

ANS.—In burning tobacco the nicotine is destroyed, and pyridine and picoline formed. They are, however, equally poisonous.

SEWING MACHINES.

V. What are some of the objections to sewing machines from a physiological standpoint?

ANS.—One writer says:

1. Many makers place the machines too far back from the front of the table, causing the operator to lean toward it, particularly when near-sighted.

2. In many machines the fly-wheels are too light for the power required to keep up the momentum, making it a continual effort to keep the machine in motion.

3. Any machine in which the work runs across the front of the table instead of from the operator is very objectionable, as persons unconsciously lean over the machine to direct their work, producing a pain in the back or neck; besides which, having to pass large articles over the lap is very uncomfortable and fatiguing in warm weather.

Until such changes are made I would suggest that some one invent a sewing machine-chair, to be made inexpensively, with cane seat, which can be raised or lowered with a screw like a piano-stool, and with a moderately low back, like a school chair. This would permit one to lean well backward to rest while basting, etc. The revolving seat allows a person to turn to or from the machine, avoiding lifting the chair each time, and the seat should be raised until the lap inclines downward to the knees, which position allows the lower muscles their full action. A chair of this kind can be set much closer to a machine than any other, if the base is made like a tripod.

Persons who use a piano-stool find it preferable to an ordinary chair. By carefully cleaning and oiling both the motive and operative parts of the machine regularly and using this improved chair, keeping the body erect, almost any one would be able to sew continuously with little fatigue.

SEA-SICKNESS.

VI. Is there any means of preventing sea-sickness?

ANS.—The following statement by John Evans, of Denver, Col., goes to show that there is, but whether practicable or not remains to be seen. He says, "In June, 1869, my wife sailed from New York to Liverpool in the Cunard ship China, in good health. Though the voyage was by no means a stormy one, she suffered so much from sea-sickness that before landing she was greatly prostrated, and for a month after was confined to bed, and a considerable part of the time was unconscious and not expected to live. After eighteen months of the best care and medical attention she remained so feeble that I was satisfied that for her to return home across the ocean, without some efficient means of preventing sea-sickness, would be fatal—it would have been little short of suicide. I therefore instituted a general inquiry for some means of avoiding the influence of the motion of the ship in producing sea-sickness. To this inquiry I got uniformly the assurance that it could not be done, as every thing had been tried and failed. The question with me had resolved itself into this shape; I must either leave my wife permanently on the other side of the Atlantic ocean, or procure some apparatus to prevent sea-sickness. And finding that no reliable means had been devised, I had no hope except in my ingenuity. In November last I went to an ingenious mechanic in London, and described to him a berth to prevent sea-sickness. He told me it wouldnot answer the purpose, and declined to make one on that account. But from my observation of the sickness on shipboard being increased by the rolling and pitching of the vessel and its subsidence when the sea became calm, I was satisfied that sea-sickness was caused entirely by the deviations from a horizontal position of the support of the patient, caused by the rolling and pitching of the ship—and that the berth I proposed, by keep-

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ing the patient, or his or her support, constantly in a horizontal position would prevent the sickness. I therefore, with the permission of the mechanic, went to his workmen and had a berth constructed. I had it put in the place of one of the ordinary berths on the steamship Russia, and my wife came over on it last December. Although the passage was a very stormy one and a large number of passengers suffered greatly from sea-sickness, she came over without suffering the slightest effects of the malady. That this result was not on account of any change in her predisposition to suffer from sea-sickness was proved by the fact that her head would immediately commence swimming when she would get out of her berth, if the ship was rolling, and it would only cease when she returned to her berth. The berth kept her supported in a horizontal position during all the varied motions of the ship, and saved her from any sickness, and I have no doubt saved her life. Necessity was, emphatically, the mother of this invention, and I doubt not it will prove a great blessing to all who suffer sickness from crossing the ocean. Its successful operation during the voyage was witnessed by a large part of the passengers and officers of the ship, Senator Stewart of Nevada, Governor Ward of New Jersey, Governor McCook of Colorado, and other prominent persons being among the number. It has already been patented in Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States.

As the berth takes little more room than those in ordinary use, and can easily be put in all vessels of ordinary construction at a moderate expense, I feel confident of its early introduction into general use. I have already the offer of the officers of one of the popular lines of steamships plying between New York and Liverpool to put the berths in their ships."

THREE WEEKS IN A BATH.

VII. How long may a patient remain in a warm bath without danger?

Ans.—Dr. Wilkins in his Report to the California Legislature on Insanity, refers to the warm bath as a favorite treatment in Italy and in some parts of Holland and France. He often saw a dozen patients in one bath-room with their heads alone in sight, the bathing-tub being covered except a hole for the head. There they usually remain from one to three hours—in some instances six to eight hours, and occasionally for days at a time. Dr. Gudden, of Zurich, kept a man thus immersed for five days, on account of a high state of excitement connected with bed-sores. The patient is represented to have slept well during a portion of the time, and to have been cured of the sores. No exhaustion or ill consequences followed. A case is related of a man scalded by steam, and not insane, who was placed by Hebra in a tepid bath and kept there for three weeks, until a new cuticle had formed over the entire surface. This patient recovered without inconvenience. The water was kept at the temperature most agreeable to the patient. Thus employed, it is said to relieve effectually the extreme pain from the burns.

NASAL DOUCHE—DANGER.

VIII.—In syringing out the nose with a nasal douche, what temperature of water is best?

Ans.—About eighty-five or ninety degrees. In performing this operation, keep the douche on a level with the nose rather than high above it, as when the water goes with much force it may penetrate to the ear and do harm. Allow the stream to flow out freely from both nostrils.

PORK.

IX. What objections are there to the use of pork as food?

Ans.—1. The possibility of its being affected with trichina.

2. The danger of getting tape-worm.

3. The generally filthy habits of the hog and the filthy manner of keeping him, rendering his flesh unwholesome.

4. The great excess of fat in his flesh over the muscular tissues, making it fit only for those living in a very cold climate, or performing hard labor in open air.

DUST.

X. What is the dust of the air?

Ans.—It is made up of minute particles of almost every thing. Professor Tyndall states that almost the whole of the dust in rooms is of organic origin, and prominent among these organic bodies is horse manure. The removal of this offensive contamination from the air of infected localities has been the subject of careful experiment and investigation by the London Board of Health. Not only have the droppings been removed from the streets, but the surface of the pavements have also been purified by jets of water thrown by steam-power, whereby all the crevices between the stones forming the pavements have been cleansed. In some districts the practice has been adopted of covering all surfaces that are soaked with foul organic material with a layer of fresh earth. This has been attended with the most satisfac-

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tory results. The Val de Travers asphalt pavement is, however, regarded by Sir Joseph Whitworth, the great English authority on all questions connected with street economy, as offering the most promising relief from such organic dust, since its introduction will tend to hasten the employment of hot-air engines with India rubber tires for all the purposes of street traffic, and the source or cause of the contamination will of necessity disappear.

SODA WATER.

XI. Do you regard the soda waters sold in hot weather by druggists as wholesome?

ANS.—The Boston Journal of Chemistry says that soda water is simply common water largely charged with carbonic acid under pressure. If this is prepared in a careful and cleanly way, and in proper vessels, there can be no serious objection to its being used freely during the summer months by persons in ordinary health; but if, on the contrary, it is manufactured by slovenly and incompetent dealers, and copper vessels are used, it becomes not only a filthy but a poisonous beverage. Carbonic acid acts vigorously upon copper, forming the green carbonate of the metal, and when vessels are employed which are not coated with the metal-tin, the poisonous salt is produced in large quantities. This is dissolved in the water, and when drank freely has a very pernicious influence upon the health. When copper fountains are opened by manufacturers for repairs, or for the purpose of re-tinning, they are often found covered with a deposit of copper salts, and we have seen crystals hanging from the upper surfaces like stalactites from the roof of a limestone cave. Too much care can not be taken with copper vessels used for preparing aërated waters, and dealers owe it to their friends and customers not to allow them to be acted upon by the acid. The materials used in the manufacture of the water should be pure, and the utmost cleanliness and care observed in the manipulating processes. We wish that all copper vessels could be dispensed with, and we think that iron ones should be used in preference, as they have been employed successfully by many dealers.

In addition to the above, we may add that the soda water which is made by the addition of what is called fruit syrup would be wholesome if the syrup was genuine, but this is rarely the case. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, the so-called fruit syrups are made of various chemical substances quite unfit to put into the stomach. It is a shame and disgrace that it is so, but it is and we caution our readers against what may prove any thing but harmless.

BRANDY AND PARALYSIS.

XII. Does the use of brandy ever produce paralysis?

ANS.—Yes. Dr. Samuel Wilks, in a lecture on this subject, which was delivered by him in October, 1867, says that he has seen many persons, especially ladies, who have entirely given themselves up to the pleasures of brandy-drinking, and have consequently been rendered paraplegic. A loss of power is first observed, accompanied by pains in the limbs, which indicate a chronic meningitis of the spinal cord, and in some cases there is anæsthesia. There is at the same time some amount of feebleness of other parts of the body, as well as of the mind, and thus an approach to general paralysis is produced; but sometimes the symptoms are almost confined to the legs, and resemble in character those of locomotor ataxy. He insists strenuously upon the removal of the primary cause of the complaint, and says that there is no reason to fear that either an attack of delirium tremens or death will be induced by the complete withdrawal of alcohol when the system is being poisoned by it. "I have seen persons," he says, "more especially ladies, lying on their beds surrounded by friends waiting for their last moments where scarcely a mouthful of food had been taken for months, where the prostration, increased by urgent sickness, was extreme, and where they were constantly plied with brandy to keep them alive a little longer; and yet in such cases, where the diagnosis was clear, from the blood of the patient being overcharged with poisonous elements, and the room stinking with the fetid vapors of the body, I have recommended a withdrawal of every drop of the so-called "stimulus," and with effects more marvelous than any one who has not adopted the plan can conceive.

FRUIT JELLIES.

XIII. Is the fruit jelly seen so often on the hotel table, used so frequently for dessert, and sold so abundantly by the grocery, healthful?

ANS.—Genuine fruit jelly is a wholesome dessert, and makes a pleasant drink when diluted with water, but most of the so-called fruit jelly put up so neatly in glass jars, so prettily colored, is not jelly at all, but a preparation from the feet and legs and bones of dead animals, that should find their way to the bone-boiler or the manufacturer of bone dust for the

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farmer. It is very cheap when compared with the true fruit jelly, and is made to resemble it by the color so easily given by the chemist. Chemistry is an art which has done much for civilization, but it has also done a great deal for dishonest dealers, and a great deal to destroy the health of the people. Yet strange to say, most of them are too thoughtless to use their brains to protect themselves. When will people demand and have only genuine articles, instead of cheap, worthless fraudulent stuff, bearing only the name?

SWALLOWING PENNIES.

XIV. If a child swallows a penny should not some purgative be given at once to help expel it?

Ans.—No. It is very rare that any harm comes in such cases, but there is more danger when a purgative is given than when not given. We have had occasion to observe this many times, and no doubt others have. The first thought of most parents, after a child has swallowed some unsoluble substance, is to give physic. This stimulates the bowel, inducing contraction, which in some instances is dangerous, and so softens the fecal matter that the penny is more likely to be entangled or lodged in the folds of the intestine, in which case great danger may result. It is far better for the child to eat freely of such food as shall produce a large fecal formation to surround the insoluble substance, in which case the danger is very slight. We once knew a child to swallow a key an inch and a half long, which passed through the body in 48 hours without harm. On the other hand, we have known a cherry-stone to produce death and grape-seeds to produce serious intestinal disorders. Children should early be taught to use care and precaution in what they take into their stomachs. Still, the accidental swallowing of insoluble substances, if not large, should never lead to the unwise practice of trying to physic it away. The reason why there is little danger when no physic is used is because the thick lining membrane of the bowel and the fecal matter around the foreign body prevents entanglement and bears it on till expelled.

CONDENSED FOOD.

XV. Is it possible to condense food?

Ans.—Dr. T. L. Nichols makes the following statement on this subject, which is no doubt correct: "There is one curious fallacy about food at the present time which deserves exposure. It is the idea that food can be condensed. Milk, vegetables, fruit, or meat, may be dried or freed from their water, and brought into a narrower compass no doubt; but no other condensation is practicable, and it required a very great philosopher to imagine he could get the nutritive elements of fifty pounds of beef, for example, into a half pint jar. There is no process by which several pounds of beef can be made to weigh an ounce. When you have your ounce of beef extract, you have, and can have, no more than an ounce of nutriment. It can be diluted with a gallon of water, but there is still but the ounce, and it can not make more than its weight of muscle, or nerve, or any animal tissue. To pretend that it can is a transparent cheat—a fraud upon the public. The truth is, that the Leibig and other beef extracts contain almost no nutriment. There is only a stimulating condiment, a flavor, like the sauces sold in the shops. A pound of Scotch oatmeal has far more true nourishment than the same weight of Leibig, which is a humbug. Sick and well people alike require good natural food; not grease or slops."

WHAT KILLED PRINCE ALBERT.

XVI. Is there any proof that brandy killed Prince Albert?

Ans.—The statement probably arose from Dr. Lees, who says that he was living near Buckingham Palace, in London, where Prince Albert was taken sick. His case was doing well for a few days, when they began the use of brandy to strengthen him, to enable him to recover more rapidly; the more he was stimulated, the worse he grew until he died. It is true that they thought it was the best thing for him, but their thinking so did not make it so. Dr. Lees also says, that some years ago when it was the custom to attempt curing *delirium tremens* by giving brandy, one out of every four died at Edinburgh Hospital. Since then, the professor of the medical department has treated 300 cases of *delirium tremens* without alcohol, without losing a single patient.

Professor Gardener, of the Glasgow University, gave a hundred men thirty ounces of alcohol; seventeen out of the hundred died. Another hundred were allowed only three ounces, and eleven died out of the hundred. Of 209 cases of young persons, who were not allowed either wine or whisky, not one died.

In a teetotal hospital in Leeds, of 300 patients who took not a drop, all recovered. Let facts decide.

THE PRESIDENT AND ALCOHOL.

XVII. Do you think the President should furnish alcoholic stimulants to visitors?

Ans.—No. Thomas Jefferson said, "The

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habit of using ardent spirits by men in public office has occasioned more injury to the public service, and more injury to me, than any other circumstance which has occurred in the internal affairs of the country during my administration. And were I to commence my administration again with the knowledge which, from experience, I have acquired, the first question I would ask in regard to any candidate for public office should be, "Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?"

GETTING WET.

XVIII. If one is caught in a rain and gets wet what shall he do?

ANS.—If you are caught in a drenching rain, or fall into the water, by all means keep in motion sufficiently vigorous to prevent the slightest chilly sensation until you reach the house; then change your clothing with great rapidity before a blazing fire, and if chilly, drink instantly a pint of hot water.

MOULDY BREAD.

XIX. Is there any danger in eating mouldy bread?

ANS.—Yes. The use of bread containing mould ought to be rejected; indeed, several cases of poisoning have been observed by the use of mouldy bread. Johier has signalized the poisoning of three animals which had eaten mouldy bread. Westerhoff has made known the case of two children who had taken rye bread containing the *mucor mucedo*, the most common species of mould. The mould commonly found in bread is the *Ascophora mucedo*, a species of minute fungi closely allied to the *mucor mucedo* named above. This last is the kind that is often found plentifully on ripe fruit, preserves, etc., and when observed should be removed at once, not only because of its deleterious nature, but also for the reason that it materially hastens the progress of decay.

LOOKING-GLASSES.

XX. Can harm ever come from the use of the looking-glass?

ANS.—Yes. A glass that gives back a distorted image of the person may affect the health of feeble persons, injuriously. They think they look worse than they are and soon become so. Never use a glass habitually, if you are an invalid, that distorts your features, as most cheap glasses do.

CEREBRATION.

XXI. What is unconscious cerebration?

ANS.—Cerebration being the action of the brain during any mental or moral effort, unconscious cerebration must be this action during such a state that we take no cognizance of it. For instance, a man is kicked senseless by a horse, yet he may arise, go to his home and bed without being conscious of it. Or a man may rise in his sleep and walk or write and be unconscious of it. This is unconscious cerebration.

COLLEGE STUDENTS.

XXII. Are college students as healthy as young men not in college?

ANS.—College students are healthier than the average of young men, but they might be much stronger than they are. Were tobacco unknown, were irregularity in sleep avoided, were systematic physical exercise practiced, were none of the obvious laws of life violated, we should soon see great improvement.

And were the large army of young men now in our colleges all well instructed and trained in this matter, how long would it be before the whole community, through their influence, would rise to a higher platform? The average length of life would rise; lifeinsurance companies could lower their rates and raise their dividends; the medical men could increase their boast that their science has added to the years of man; and the time would rapidly approach when "a child shall die an hundred years old," and genuine Christianity shall have wrought out its best results.

STAGNANT WATER.

XXIII. Is stagnant water injurious to cows that drink it?

ANS.—Domestic animals need pure water as well as man. Professor Law, of Cornell University, thinks he has demonstrated that the milk of cows compelled to drink stagnant water is full of the fungi or vegetable organisms that abound in such water. The moral is that cows should have an abundance of pure water if we expect them to be healthy and to give good milk.

That these infusorial creatures may pass into the blood seems probable from experiments of Professor Richardson, of Philadelphia, who several years ago, in the course of his experiments to determine whether bacteria pass from the stomach into the blood, swallowed four ounces of water which contained, according to his estimate, 27,000,000,000 of these minute organisms. In half an hour he discovered them in abundance in a drop of blood taken from the end of his finger. To swallow at a single gulp twenty times as many vegetable spores as there are human inhabitants on the earth, is but a small exploit for a modern scientist.

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LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON VIII.

THE EYES.

LAST month we had a lesson on the Blood and the Heart. I hope you have learned it so you can go with me to-day to see the Eye, which is the most important window to the soul. If you had no eyes now, would you ever get acquainted with the great world we live in, how know day from night, how find out what a beautiful world this is, how know it was made of hill and plain, river, lake and ocean, and covered with plants and flowers of infinite variety of form and hue. Try shutting up your eyes for awhile and see how much they are worth to you; tie a bandage over them and then go out and try to work. You would soon tear it off in disgust, and yet the eyes are of no use without light. In the dark you can see nothing. With our other senses, darkness is no impediment; we can taste, feel, hear and smell in the dark just as well, better sometimes than in the light. But the eye is nothing in the dark. The fish that live in dark caves, lose the power of seeing. (Talents that are not used are soon taken from us.) But when the eye is good the light goes right into it through a small opening called the pupil, and passes on until it comes to the third and inner coat of the eye. This coat is called the retina, and the light stops here. Indeed it can get no farther, for the retina is black, and black things absorb the light but do not let it pass through. But the retina is different from most black things. There is a nerve all the way from the brain that is spread out on the retina and it is this nerve that takes up the light and converts it into a perfect thought or image of the body from which it came, and gives the brain as perfect a knowledge of how it looks as is possible. It tells the brain whether a thing we are looking at is white or black or blue or brown; whether large or small, pretty or homely. It gives us our first impression of things. It introduces us to the world in which we live. Let us take a look at the eye, I mean a real, look at it, while you are reading this lesson. Take a small looking-glass, hold it before your face and examine your own eye, or if your mother does not allow you to play with the glass, climb into her lap and look into her eye. Run the forefinger all round the outside of the eye and see how it is placed in a bony orbit so that it is nicely protected from injury, on every side but in front; see how nicely it turns up or down, or to either side to observe things in all directions; notice the eye-lid that shuts down and covers the eye-ball when we wish to shut out the light. Don't forget to look at the eye-brows over the eye that catch the dust and sweat that might otherwise find their way into it; and the eye lashes on the edge of the eye-lids that still farther protect this wonderful organ, by keeping out the dust that floats in the air. Notice how these lashes on the lower lid bend upward, and on the upper lid bend downward, so that in the middle they touch each other. None of these things have any thing to do with seeing, but they are very important for all that. How you would look without them, and what a hard time the eye would have to get along comfortably.

Now take a look at the eye itself. Do you see that black spot in the center. It is the pupil of the eye. Through this dark spot the light gets in to the eye. Stand by the window and notice how this spot grows large or small, as the light is bright or dull. Let the sun shine in your eyes and it becomes a mere point. Then after the sun goes down, it becomes quite large, so as to let in more light, and the reason why it becomes small in the sunshine is because if it did not, too much light would go through it and dazzle the eye, so it could not see well.

All around the pupil is the iris. It is the contraction and dilation of this that makes the pupil large or small. This iris gives color to the eye. Compare your own eye with your brothers, or fathers, and see the difference in the color. This iris sometimes gives great beauty to the eye, especially when the eye-brows, eye-lashes, and eye-lids are handsome too.

Surrounding the iris is the white of the eye, called the cornea. The word cornea is from a word which means horn, and you will find that the cornea of the eye is almost as hard as a horn.

I can not tell you of all the nerves and muscles and blood-vessels that helps to make up the eye. There are a great many of them. The muscles hold it in its place, or turn it this way

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or that way. The blood-vessels feed it with blood, so it may be kept round and plump and strong. The nerves give it feeling, and the great optic nerve gives it the power to see the things you hold up before it. Then there are little lenses in the eye that help to bend the light, so what little enters the eye can be used to advantage. Of all these you will learn when you grow older. I will only stop to tell you about a little body which is out of sight, but still a very important appendage to the eye. Learned people call it the lachrymal gland. It is found in the upper, outer portion of the orbit of the eye; would you know what this gland is for? It is to manufacture the tears when you cry very hard—the gland must be very busy! You did not know before, did you, that there was a tear-factory in your eye? What is the use of such an arrangement, I wonder? I must tell you. This little gland is constantly pouring out the same kind of stuff the tears are made of, to keep the eye-ball moist. The eye would soon become dry but for this. Is it not interesting to see how the great Contriver of our frames has planned every thing so well? After this, when the great tears roll down your cheeks, you will think of their use in washing the eye and keeping it moist.

The eyes of insects; as flies, bees, spiders, etc., are very different from our eyes. They can not turn them this way and that, as you and I can, to see what is on this side or that, so they have compound eyes; that is, each eye is made up of thousands, may be, of single eyes, each one of which can see in a particular direction, but no other; but one eye, however, is worth more than all of theirs together, still these creatures can see very well. You would have hard work to walk up to a fly, even if behind his back and touch him on the shoulder without his seeing you and walking or flying away, and is not the little musquito just as observing as he can be? I have seen little boys and girls whose eyes did not seem half so bright. Which of you will be able in the morning to find every article of dress you take off to-night? How often do you lay your hat down, and after an hour or so find it difficult to see just where it is, though it may be in plain sight.

The eye is capable of cultivation. It can be educated to see small things, or things a long way off. Sailors, who go much on the ocean are long-sighted, and can discern a ship much farther then you or I could. So, too the backwoodsmen educates his eye, by looking for game in hidden places. The keenest-eyed men in the world are hunters, who are constantly educating their eyes. It is a good thing to train the eyes in youth so they will see all there is to be seen. This is best done by observing whatever is about us; noticing the color, form, shape, and size of all that comes before us. A boy whose eye is well educated can see a great deal more than one whose eye is dull. How many persons go through the world and see very little there is in it.

Boys and girls who are a great deal in school must look out and not hurt their eyes by straining over fine print, by reading when there is little light, or when the light is too bright and dazzling. School children are apt to become short-sighted by looking so much at their books, which are of course near by. To prevent this, they should, when out of doors, look at things a long way off. This helps to counteract the effect of looking at books so much.

Take good care of your eyes: wash them out with cold water every morning, never strain them by looking too intently on what is hard to see. Don't read fine print at night. Don't look at the bright sun or any very bright thing. Be much in the fresh air. Eat plain food. Pork and greasy food filled with salt are hard for the eyes. Intoxicating drinks spoil the eyes.

The next lesson will be about the Nose.

QUESTIONS FOR LESSON VIII.

1. What is the eye?
2. What if you had no eyes?
3. If there was no light what would the eye be good for?
4. What about fishes in dark caves?
5. What is the dark spot in the center of the eye called?
6. What outside of the eye?
7. What is the white of the eye called?
8. What are the eye-brows for?
9. What the eye-lashes?
10. What makes the tears?
11. Have they any use?
12. What holds the eye, and what moves it around?
13. What protects it from harm?
14. What part of the eye sees?
15. Can the white of the eye see any thing?
16. Have insects more eyes than one?
17. Can they see better?
18. What about tailor's eyes and hunter's eyes?
19. What about school-children's eyes?
20. Can a fly see behind?
21. Can the eye be educated?
22. What about the care of the eyes?

A MAN out West says he moved so many times during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

Hidden Springs.—

See the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free;
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise,
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread;
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dirth:
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures,
From fair nature learn:
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not, a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

Trip Lightly over Trouble.—

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong:
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark:
Fair hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled.
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
While stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining.
But look for joy instead.

The Good and True.—

Here's for those who love the cause,
Giving service without fear,
Asking not for vain applause,
Dreading not the dark and drear,
Flinching not from year to year:
Here's to them with right good will.
All the world shall bless them still!

Here's for those who seek the true,
Careless whether men shall blame,
Careless though they call it new,
Branding love with foul defame,
Scorning such as bear her name;
Here's to them with right good will,
Men shall praise and help them still!

Here's to those who work their mind,
Giving manhood lawful sway,
Leaving each old past behind,
With the new-born living day,
Growing with its growing ray:
Here's to them with right good will,
Earth demands and loves them still!

Here's for all who serve the cause,
Broader, wiser, braver yet,
Brushing off the cob-web flaws,
Owing nature's little debt,
Laughing through its shine or wet;
Here's to them with right good will,
Men and angels crown them still!

Contentment.—

What I don't see
Don't trouble me;
And what I see
Might trouble me,
Did I not know
That it must be so.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Herald of Health AND Journal of Physical Culture
Advocates A Higher Type of Manhood, Physical, Intellectual and Moral

NEW YORK, JULY, 1872.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

EXCESS IN AMUSEMENTS.—The following article was contributed for THE HERALD OF HEALTH many years ago by Horace Greeley, and will be re-read at this time with special interest, on account of his position before the country as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. As we have on our list thousands of subscribers who were not readers when it was first published, it will be the same as new to them.—EDITOR.

"Overdoing is a prominent vice of our national character. We work too hard (many of us); if we play, we do that with a like disregard of the dictates of moderation and prudence. I have lost friends who inherited good constitutions, and were never crowded to extra effort by work, yet who died less than fifty years old, of sheer exhaustion of the vital forces by excessive, unintermitted labor. One, who owned and worked a good farm, and always had money at interest, would start with his team at 4 A. M., take a load of wood to the city, five miles distant, sell and unload it, get home at 7 A. M., put out his cattle, take breakfast, and take to the fields or woods with a fresh team, and do a good day's work there, and then eat his supper and go to bed, to be ready for a fresh start with a load at 4 o'clock next morning. He left his widow and three children "well off," as they say—every dime of it the proceeds of his own hard labor; but he might far better have dispensed with half the property, and left them, instead, himself for fifteen or twenty years longer. He was in reality an older man at 45 than his father was at 70 years of age; and that father is still hale and vigorous at the age of 83 years, and is in comfortable circumstances, as he has been through life, though his only inheritance was a good constitution and a very little schooling. But father and grandfather (who died at 94 years old) were ever distinguished by moderation in all things, while he was temperate and exemplary in all things but labor, and excess in that alone hurried him out of life. Years before his bent back and general stiffness of joints, culminating in rheumatism, gave warnings which he should have heeded, but would not; so death claimed him in what should have been his later prime.

But much of our work is done by hirelings and *they* are pretty safe against over-doing, except at the bar. Three hired farm-hands will not effect so much in a year as will one of these incessant grubbers, working his own farm. If an eight-hour rule would secure eight hours per day of *real*, constant effort from these hirelings, their employers ought to insist on its pas-

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sage and enforcement. Working too hard is now the failing of a small class—mainly professional or business men—who must be reasoned, or shamed, or frightened to slack up. I am not writing for *them*.

But excess in play is an epidemic constantly spreading, and giving no sign of abatement. There are thousands in this city (for instance) who spend more hours in the billiard-room than they give to any useful work. Were billiards, a healthful, muscular recreation, like bowling, this excessive devotion to—often at unseasonable hours—would be culpable. But it is hardly an exercise; while the atmosphere of a public billiard-room is often close and foul, with a bar much handier than it need or should be. Billiard-playing, though not a vice in itself, is fast becoming a nursery of vice—the starting-point of a career of ruinous dissipation.

I am no ascetic. I delight in seeing people—especially young people—enjoy themselves. I like to see a family, with two or three neighbors who have dropped in to spend an evening, engaged in any innocent recreation that heightens their pleasure in each other's society. If one of them can read from some good book or periodical what will afford this pleasure, I think this preferable to sedentary games; but if they tire of this, or can not enjoy it, I find no fault with a social game of cards, wherein all or most can participate, and which on that account is preferable to chess or chequers. But rules should be established, and sternly enforced, which preclude the playing of any game at unseasonable hours. I would name 11 P. M. as the extreme limit—at least for those who have (as who has not?) duties to be discharged or lessons to be learned on the morrow. When all restraint is removed, and play persisted in till midnight or later, the aching brow and ice-cold feet of most participants will often admonish them that they are guilty of a vicious excess, calculated to unfit them for the morrow's duties—one which endangers health, and may even shorten life.

In dancing, the proneness to excess is almost universal. Too old to dance myself, even though the saltatory phase of my education had not been neglected, I really enjoy the dancing of others, though I very seldom find time to look on. Still, I know young folks *do* dance and enjoy it, and I am happy in their happiness. I wish they *all* danced, and that they could give one evening in each week, throughout the cooler half of each year, to this graceful, healthful pastime. Though mine was very brief, or was mis-spent, I fully assent to Solomon's dictum that "There is a time to dance."

But that time is not after midnight, any more than in the later evening of life. And, though all the good things beneficently provided for us are grossly abused by human ignorance or perversity, I apprehend that in no other is there such general misuse of powers and opportunities as in dancing.

For this exhilarating pastime, spacious, airy apartments should be provided, whenever a considerable number are to unite in it, though it would be still better to dance in the open air. All crowding or immoderate warmth should be rigorously precluded. I will not insist on a *very* early hour of assemblage; yet it should be so early that all can disperse satisfied, at farthest when the clock strikes the midnight hour. "The last dance at parting" *should* begin a full hour *before* midnight, so as to give ample time for farewells and resuming cloaks and bonnets before that hour, when the last wheel should be moving off. If dancing is ever to find favor with thoughtful, conscientious parents, better hours are indispensable; for ten out of twelve persons who now attend public balls do so in flagrant violation of the most obvious laws of health. Many of them have done a fair day's work before they betake themselves to dressing, which absorbs a busy, anxious, fretful hour. Now comes the carriage, and a whirl through a cool, if not cold, atmosphere; next, disrobing and sudden introduction to the glaring lights of the ball-room; now, two or three hours of dancing in an atmosphere steadily becoming heated and impure; then, supper in another apartment, also cool at first, but rapidly warmed

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by the crowd; then, two or three hours more of dancing, during which nature's over-taxed, exhausted, flagging powers are spurred by unaccustomed and sophisticated stimulants; and now, a fresh plunge into a cold air-bath, with every organ, every muscle, every bone, in the exact condition most exposed to taking cold—what *could* be more pernicious or perilous? Were our spiritual vision opened, should we not see Death in habitual attendance at the ball-room, gleefully rattling his cross-bones as castanets, and grinning through his fleshless jaws, in exultation over the madness that fills each cemetery with such hecatombs of premature victims?

There must be reform? This devastated, blood-soaked country can not afford to squander its youthful vigor and beauty so recklessly. We need all the people, not incurably reprobate, we have or can attract for the next century, to people our waste places, and cause the desert to blossom as the rose. I call upon the press, upon lecturers, physicians, and all who can influence public opinion, to cry out against excesses in what should be recreation, which are sapping the strength of our nation, hurrying thousands to untimely graves, and divesting many more thousands of the ability to bear and rear vigorous, healthy children.

Did time permit, I would speak of excesses even in those muscular, out-door sports that should be encouraged and diffused, among which base-ball ranks highest. This admirable game is eminently calculated to develop vigor, fleetness, quickness of apprehension, dexterity, and, as an exercise, can hardly be surpassed. But it is commendable only as a recreation, never as a pursuit; and they who make a business of it—traveling hundreds of miles to play matches, often aggravated by bets—are guilty of a perversion, an excess, which should be sternly reprobated. But enough for to-day.

HEALTH AND FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship should not interfere with health. The highest intimacy of friendship can not exist between a large number. We always single out one as the chief friend in whom we confide, trust and believe. In our great troubles we go to him. We think of him first in our great joys. But while we can have but one chief friend, we ought to have a great many friends who are not chief. Otherwise we should soon come to an end in our interchange of ideas. It is very important to vary companions and examples. In multiplying our friendship we multiply our sources of light, we gather more complete influences, we save ourselves from narrowness. Every person, however, should have one holy friendship. Without it there is no real happiness, no perfect joy. It may be a parent, a child, a relative. It may be one who has no tie of blood to bind, nothing but the tie of perfect confidence mutual trust.

FATHER CLEVELAND. — Father Cleveland is dead. He died only a few days before his hundredth birthday. His life was not less useful than long. The last forty years he spent on earth were in doing good. Up to about sixty he devoted his life to business pursuits, and was the author of valuable exchange tables still in use. Mr. Cleveland was born in Norwich, Conn., June 21, 1772. At the age of twelve he was taken to Salem and placed in the family of his uncle. Two years later he sailed on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and shortly after his return, in 1789, was apprenticed to a Salem merchant. For the next thirteen years he was clerk and deputy collector at the custom-house in Salem. Afterward he removed to Charlestown, where he was engaged as a clerk. From 1809 to 1816 he did business as a stock and exchange broker in Boston, and while thus engaged published a set of exchange tables which have not yet passed out of use. For the nine years next succeeding he followed mercantile pursuits, the place of his business being on Market Street, now Cornhill. About this time he became interested in the formation of the Society for the Moral and Religious Instruction of the Poor. This society was organized at his house, in 1817; three years later a lot was purchased on which to erect a mission

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house, the funds for which he collected. Afterward his house was erected, and was dedicated in May, 1821. In 1830 Mr. Cleaveland received the appointment to the office of missionary to the poor of the city, with two associates. The work from that time on engaged his undivided attention and the devotion of his best energies.

The following letter was received from him a year before his death, and will be of interest to all who would know more of this good man:

DR. M. L. HOLBROOK—*My Dear Sir:* I, with much pleasure, reply to your request that I give you some account of my habits of life. Should I live to the 21st of June, I shall have passed ninety-nine years on earth (not one hundred, as you suppose). My habits have, under kind Providence, been uniformly on the scale of temperance. Intoxicating drinks and the use of tobacco have been denied. My diet hath been simple, avoiding whatever bordered on luxury. You ask at what age I could accomplish the most work? I never, from youth ate idle bread; always found that the physical powers were benefitted by constant regard to useful labor, in one direction or another, and in keeping the mind free from anxiety. When employed at the desk, have felt the importance of taking time for exercise of the limbs, in walking, as often as my duties at the desk would permit. You ask at what age I had the most real happiness? In answer to this question I would remark, with heartfelt gratitude to Him who governs the knowledge of His glory, shining through the Gospel of His well-beloved Son, in the year (Jubilee year, truly) 1807—see Romans viii: 38, 39. You ask how much work I can do now? Answer: As much every day, in traveling the city, as at any time within the thirty-nine years of my missionary life. The report herewith inclosed to you will give you all needed information on this head. The shortest days of the year I am up at 7, the longest days at 4. I can not remember the time, from youth, when it was my pleasure to lay in bed after the sun was up. Again, as a matter essential to my health of body and soul, I have many years avoided party festivities, convinced that multitudes of person's lives are sacrificed from keeping late hours, seeking a happiness they can never find while in pursuit of worldly pleasures, to the utter neglect of the living oracles teaching us to place our "affections on things above." Again, although daily feeling my deficiencies in the performance of duties, I am happy in the assurance that my heavenly Father, who knoweth my infirmities, remembering I am dust, will accept me, and at the end of my pilgrimage take me to Himself, through the mediation of his beloved Son, to whom then I shall be like *pure*, and see Him as He is, never more to part.

Thus have I given you the information requested, and praying that we may each of us "so run that we may obtain," I am, dear brother, affectionately yours,

CHARLES CLEVELAND,
(Born in Norwich, Conn., June 21, 1772.)

P. S.—I have found it a very *important* object to keep the body *open*, never allowing matters of business to interfere with this essential regard to the preservation of health. C. C.

At another time he wrote to the Editor, more fully, his rules of living as relating to the body, from which we quote as follows:

1. My time of retirement is at an early hour, not beyond 10 o'clock, and of rising as soon as awake, and before the sun, *throughout the year*.

2. At meals my food is simple and nourishing, avoiding whatever may be regarded as luxuries.

3. My drink at the table is "Golden Ale."

4. I taste no spirituous liquors.

5. Tobacco I abhor in all its forms as I would poison, persuaded its use hath been as an harbinger to "strong drink," which has slain its thousands and tens of thousands.

Thus, dear philanthropist, I have given you my "habits of living," and would just add that, preserving a conscience void of offense toward God and man, my sleep in its season is undisturbed and refreshing.

Wishing your HERALD OF HEALTH all the circulation it so richly merits,

I am, respectfully, yours,
CHARLES CLEVELAND.

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BROWN WINDSOR SOAP.—Is the free use of soap on the skin advisable? This is a very important question, both as regards cleanliness and the health of the skin. For cleansing purposes, soap is of great value. Soap and water are powerful detergents, but the too constant use of soap, is sometimes very injurious. This is especially the case on the skin of tender infants, and it may be the case on the tough skin of the strongest man. Many of our soaps are made of the vilest grease taken from animals that have died of disease, and though the process of manufacture is supposed to destroy all putrescent matter, yet it is doubtful if it always does. For our part we advise people to be careful as to what soaps they use, and to use them only when necessary.

A writer in "Nature" says: Obscure affections of the skin of the face of men especially are well known to specialists to be widely spread. They are commonly classed as *eczema*, and while causing great discomfort especially at night, show nothing, or almost nothing, to the eye, if the patient be otherwise in pretty good health. Skin specialists frequently ask patients whether they have been using any new sort of soap, but no one seems hitherto to have traced any distinct communication between soap and this troublesome disease.

As I have been able pretty distinctly to do so in reference to myself, probably a brief notice of the facts may not be out of place in your journal, where it is likely to be of more popular benefit than if committed to the pages of a medical journal, in which the inferences of "mere laymen" are not greatly reputed. It is a fact but very little known to the multitude of both sexes who use the "Prime Old Brown Windsor Soap" of the perfumers' shops, that by far the largest proportion of it is manufactured from "bone-grease." Few more beautiful examples of chemical transformation are to be found in the whole range of chemical manufacture than this one. At one end of a long range of buildings we find a huge shed heaped up with bones, usually such as are of little value to the bone-turner or brush-maker, on all stages of putrefaction as to the adherent or inherent portions of softer animal matter attached to them, the odor of which is insupportable.

These are crushed and ground to a coarse powder, exposed to the action of boiling water under pressure, sometimes of steam, until the grease and marrow are extracted.

We need not here pursue the subsequent treatment of the rest of the material from which bone glue and "patent isinglass" are prepared, the latter of which we often eat in the soups and jellies of the pastry cooks, and finally to the "bone dust," or phosphate of lime, nearly free from animal matter, which is produced for the use of the assayer and the china manufacturer, etc., as well as for other purposes in the arts.

But let us follow up the bone-grease, which is of a dark tarry brown color, and of abominable odor.

By various processes it is more or less defecated, bleached, and deodorised, and is separated into two or three different qualities, the most inferior of which goes to the formation of railway or other machinery greases, and the latter is saponified, and becomes, when well manufactured, a hard brown soap, still, however, retaining an unpleasant smell. It is now, after being remelted, strongly perfumed, so that, like the clothes and persons of the magnates of the Middle Ages, its own evil odor is hidden by the artificial perfume.

This is the "Fine Old Brown Windsor Soap" of most of our shops. The natural brown color of the grease, gives it the right tint in the cheapest way, without the coloring by caramel, which was the original method of manufacture.

Like all other things, there are cheap and clear Windsor soaps; and for the production of the former little is done beyond saponifying and casting into blocks or bars. Were we to rely upon the many experiments that have been made as to the degree of elevation of temperature at which putrescent or other contagious matter is deprived of its morbific power, we

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might conclude that boiling and saponifying had made this hitherto putrescent grease innocuous.

It seems, however, more than doubtful that such is the fact in this case, for the soap thus made, seems to be capable of communicating skin diseases when rubbed on the face for use in shaving.

But another promoter of irritation is not unfrequently also found. Whether it be that it is more profitable to the soap-maker to have a liberal proportion of the finer particles of the ground bone made up with the soap, or that these are difficult to separate completely, the fact is that bars of this "Brown Windsor Soap" are to be bought containing a rich mixture of those small sharp angular fragments of bone which before boiling was putrid. When a piece of such soap is rubbed hard to a man's face, the skin is more or less cut and scored by these bony particles held in the soap like emery in a head "lap," and thus the skin is placed in the most favourable state to absorb whatever there may be of irritant, or contagious, or putrid in the soap itself. The existence of the bone fragments is easily verified by solution of the soap in the water or alcohol, and examination of the undissolved particles with a lens; and I can readily, if need be, send you a piece of such soap for examination.

Now, without occupying too much of your space, I may just state that I have while using such shaving soap thrice suffered from eczema of the face. On the first occasion I derived no benefit from treatment by the two most celebrated dermal surgeons in London, and at last the disease went away of itself after giving up shaving for a time. I had by me a quantity of this brown soap, and through inadvertence took to using it again, for a time without effect; but when dry and hot weather came, with it came a recurrence of the skin disease, which also again, after some months of discomfort, went away. Curious to make sure whether or not the soap was the real cause, I a third time employed the soap deliberately to see if the eczema was due to it. I was in excellent health, and in about three weeks I found the disease reëstablished, so that I think the soap must be viewed as found guilty. Good white unscented curd soap is now my resource, and with no ill-effects.

Eczema is always a distressing complaint even when affecting those in the most robust health. With those of bad constitution or lowered health, however, it seems to degenerate into bad or intractable skin diseases, so that probably this notice may not be deemed useless or uncalled for. R. M.

Soothing Syrup Causing Idiotcy.—*My Dear Editor:* I do so much thank you for your article on "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," in the June Herald. I wish it could be published everywhere. Try and send it broadcast through the land, for many mothers are using it, supposing it is a harmless medicine.

Seven years ago I knew, personally, a mother with a beautiful boy just the age with my own little *colicky* baby. This mother, with the approbation of her physician (who said the remedy contained nothing injurious), gave this child, when a few months old, the syrup. He was a large, healthy, robust boy, but subject to stomach pains from irregularity of diet. The syrup was administered, according to directions, to check some irregularity of the bowels, and in less than three days the little fellow, about ten months old, I believe, died.

The doctor called it a brain disease. I recollect disapproving of the remedy and was somewhat ambitious to say that I never gave my little girl a drop of medicine. She became healthy and strong, able to endure the scarlet fever, measles, and whooping cough, all of which she passed through very early, and with very little trouble. I could give you the names of two mothers, at this present moment, who attribute the idiotcy of their daughters, aged about fifteen years, to the effects of this syrup given in their infancy. I am so very glad, dear Editor, that you have given us the information which we so much needed on this subject, and thousands of mothers will have reason to bless

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you for it. I was, really, entirely ignorant of the quantity of laudanum that this liquid contained. Yours, gratefully, L. E. TROTT.

We should be glad to have our readers send us statements regarding the use of this or any other medicine for children.

27 ST. MARK'S PLACE, *June 9th.*

Advertisements.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, $12; one column, $22; one page, $40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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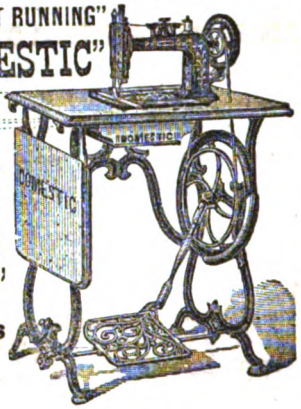
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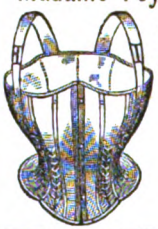
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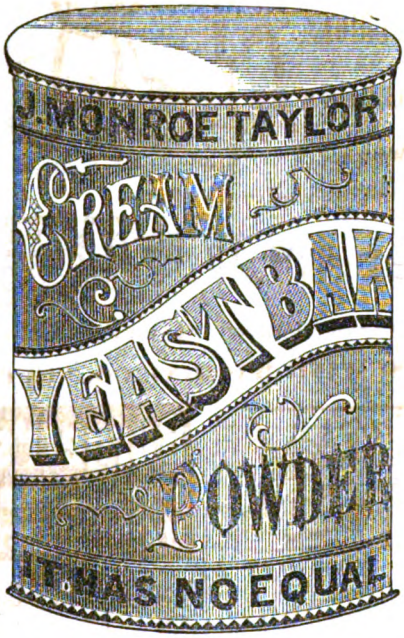
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—o–o—

The following correspondence explains itself:

COVERT, Van Buren Co., Mich., April 9, 1872.

S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN—Your Household Magazine gives good satisfaction; in fact, those taking it at this office are happily disappointed. And as for the Organ you ordered, we do not wish a better one. The children are perfectly delighted, and children of a larger growth are generally pleased. Perhaps I can no better show our satisfaction in the success of our undertaking, than by sending you the inclosed [following], written [for the *South Haven Sentinel*] by Mr. O. S. SHAW, the leader of our Choir.

Yours truly, D. B. ALLEN.

HOW TO DO IT!

COVERT, March 18, 1872.

MR. EDITOR—On the ninth day of January last, a copy of Wood's Household Magazine strayed into the Covert Post-office, and our Postmaster, Mr. D. B. ALLEN, who is also Superintendent of our Sabbath School, in glancing over the contents, noticed the offer to any Club, Lodge or Sabbath School, of a Smith's American Organ, for the price of the instrument in subscriptions to the Magazine. Here, thought our Superintendent, is our opportunity; we need an Organ, and we need good reading, why may we not have both? The price of the Magazine is one dollar per year, and for one hundred and twenty-five subscribers we can have a No. 1 Organ, price $125. With characteristic promptness he presented the matter to the school next day, and though the scheme appeared visionary to most of us, the ball was set in motion, and it was not suffered to rest until one hundred and fifty-three names were obtained, which with the addition of twelve dollars in cash, entitled us to a Smith's American Organ, style No. 3, price one hundred and sixty-five dollars. The list with the cash was sent to the publishers, the Organ was promptly forwarded, and last Sabbath its powerful tones filled our place of worship for the first time. We can cheerfully testify to the reliability of the publishers of Wood's Household Magazine. They give us our money's worth of valuable reading, and in addition, a first-class Cabinet Organ; and we will further say to all Clubs or Societies that are in want of an instrument, first find a leader who has *go* in him, then GO and do likewise. O. S. S.—*From the Sentinel, South Haven, Mich., for March* 30, 1872.

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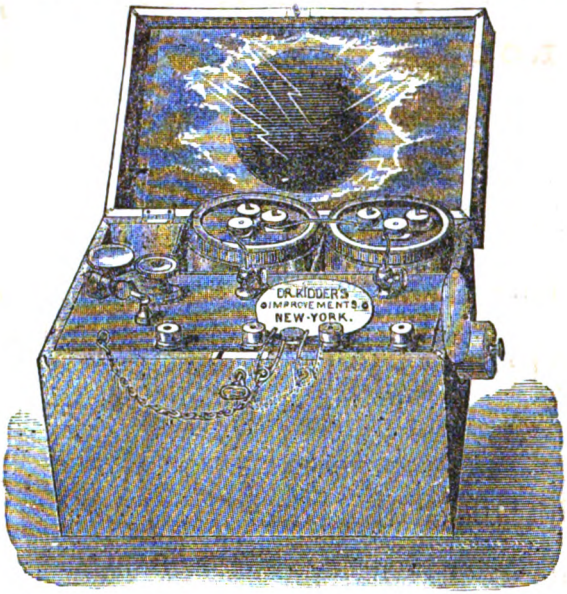
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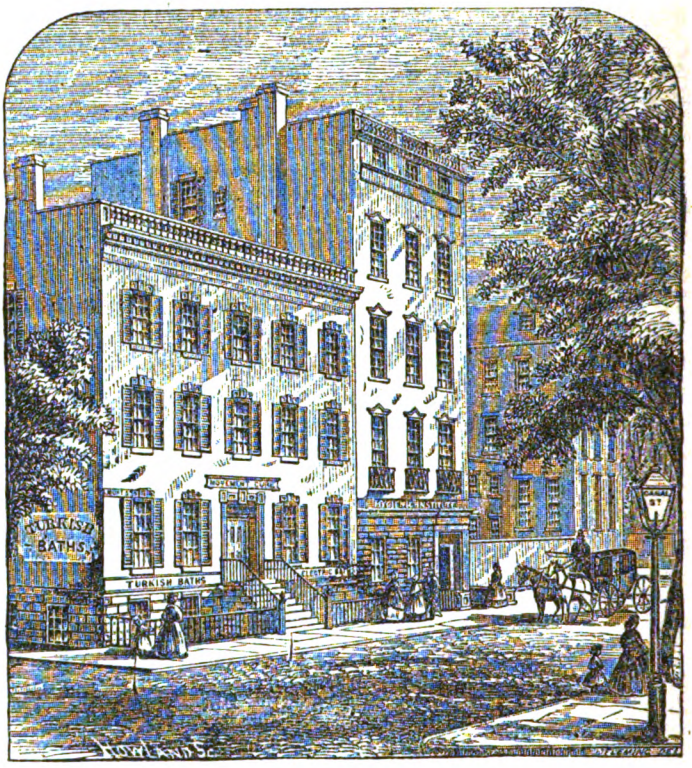
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Now we do so like to have a good understanding, and do so dislike to have a misunderstanding, with any person or persons who may seek to obtain relief from their ailments or cure of their diseases from us by a visit to Our Home on the Hillside and a course of treatment therein, that we wish to say one or two things so that whoever may read this notice and be induced to come to us shall find themselves in the best relation to efforts for their recovery, after they shall get here.

1ST. Permit us to say to all who are sick and may be disposed to seek relief by the use of Psycho-Hygienic treatment in Our Home, that we want they should make such preparation at home before coming, as to enable them to keep their souls within their bodies while under treatment. To have care, anxiety, trouble of spirit, uneasiness of mind and restlessness of soul while here taking treatment because of their ill relation to their business or their duties at their homes is to place themselves under great disadvantage.

2ND. To be unpleasantly related to their lives here because of their dissatisfaction with our plan of life for them, is also to detract greatly from their progress.

Let it be understood that Our Home is conducted on a plan different from that of other Water Cures; that it is an Institution seeking to restore the sick to health by and through the use of such agencies only as are compatible with the laws of life and health as these exist in the human body and its relations to the outside world.

We aim to keep every thing neat and nice about the establishment, but every thing is plain. There is no show nor fashion here. The rich, the extremely refined, and the elegantly cultured; as well as the poor, the plain, the simple, and the unlettered are here. And as God's laws make no distinction between these in assertion of authority, nor in the blessings conferred when obedience is rendered, neither do we. We treat every man and woman well, because they are human beings, and all the professional, social, religious, and personal influences of our Institution, are brought to bear on these persons of whatever grade or standing of growth in the higher life they may have reached, from such points of interest as to make them take on larger hope, broader faith, diviner impressions, more manly and womanly courage, and culture if possible to have it so, than the best of them have attained.

Our Home, therefore, is a school or college of learning as well as an infirmary for the sick; an Institution where the most intelligent and refined can learn how to live in better relations to the development of their own faculties and powers, how to make these of higher use to others as well as to themselves, and thus how to attain elevation of thought, feeling and conduct in life, such as before coming here they had not known. It is a source of great satisfaction to us that while restoring thousands on thousands of sick persons to health, we have also been instrumental in giving to them knowledge and inspiration to live better lives henceforth than hitherto they had lived.

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Our Physician-in-Chief, James C. Jackson, M. D., will be in charge of the Cure for the coming season with good assistants. We hope to have our house full of earnest, thoughtful, patient, determined invalids, whose whole purpose of heart shall be by God's blessing to shake off and put away from them their diseases and receive back once more health, strength and newness of life.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1872.

GENERAL ARTICLES:	Page
On Physical Education—*Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*	49
The Employment of Time—*Henry Ward Beecher*	55
Why do Girls Study Medicine—*Elizabeth Dudley*	61
Farm Life—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham*	65
Popular Hair Restorers	69
The Aims and Methods of Our Hygienic Society—*By the President of the New Haven Hygienic Society*	70
The Ten Commandments of the Body—*M. L. Holbrook, M. D.*	73
The Editor's Studies in Hygiene	75
Health Statistics for English Cities	75
Woman's Dress Reform	75
Inheriting Desire for Drink	76
Ambrose Pare	76
Riches	76
Feeding Infants on Cold Food	77
Water-Cresses	77
Albumen in the Blood	77
Lessons for the Children—*Editor*	78
The Nose	78
OUR DESSERT TABLE:	
Inundation—*Joel Benton*	80
Winter Song of the Soul—*William Ross Wallace*	80
Strike through the Knot	80
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:	
The Heated Term	81
What Killed James Fisk	82
Sick Headache	82
Why do Girls Study Medicine	83
The Sources of Energy	84
Franklin's Autobigraphy	85
How Smallpox is Spread	86
A New Method of Arresting Nosebleed	86
The Health of Bakers	86

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THE PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The Herald of Health for August.

THIS NUMBER.—In this number of THE HERALD will be found an article written in 1806 by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, on "Physical education"—full of richness. These Lessons from the Old Writers published this year in THE HERALD OF HEALTH are giving a good deal of satisfaction to many readers, and alone are richly worth all THE HERALD costs.

The article by Mr. Frothingham, on the Uses of Adversity, is excellent and will reconcile some, we are sure, to the trials of life that seem so hard to bear.

Special attention is called to the paper by Elizabeth Dudley on "Why do Girls Study Medicine." Should it in any way provoke the reader's dissent—let him at once send us a statement of his views for publication.

The most suggestive paper in this number is on "Farm Life," by Mr. Brigham, and can not fail to be read with great interest by all.

The "Ten Commandments of the Body," by the Editor, also "Studies in Hygiene" and "Lessons for the Children," will, we hope, repay perusal.

Let our Subscribers bear in mind that we are now on the last half of the year, and that it will soon be time to form clubs for 1873. Any one sending in new subscribers, at full rates, may begin with the September number and have the last four of this year FREE! Let each one try and send us one name now. Remember that each subscriber who sends us $2 00 gets a premium book worth $1.50, besides THE HERALD for one year. Two dollars a year with premium, $1.25 without.

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15 Laight Street, New York.

LETTER FROM MRS. HYDE, AUTHOR OF THE HYGIENE COOK BOOK.—*To the Editor of The Herald of Health:* Yours of June 2d, is at hand. Thanks for the bundle of Heralds. Reading matter was never more acceptable than upon these wide, wild prairies. Who wrote "Husbands and Wives?" Who is Howard Glyndon? I have a suggestion to make upon the "Flannel question." Have worn *gauze merino*" next the skin for the past year and a half, and like it exceedingly. The flannel suit worn over it in winter can be laid aside in Spring, and cotton garments substituted and the latter dispensed with altogether, as warm weather approaches, retaining the gauze merino suit the year round.

It is far more comfortable for summer wear than cotton, never acquiring the clammy feeling from perspiration that cotton goods are apt to, besides rendering one far less liable to take cold when exposed to a sudden draught. I do not mean the common merino undergarments, which are much too thick, but the real gauze merino, which is cooler, if any thing, than cotton, and is peculiarly soft and pleasant to the skin.

Wish I could convey to you in this, the sweet soft breeze which goes sweeping over the prairies these hot days, or send you one of our delightfully cool Kansas nights to sleep in. This climate in summer is delightful. It is much like that of the sea-side only sweeter and softer. The wind is as fresh every morning as if *just made.* Yours sincerely,

MARTHA MILLER HYDE.

UNIONTOWN, Kansas, June 20, 1872.

HENS AND HEALTH.—Rev. T. K. Beecher says, in an interesting article on hens and health, "I suspect that the way to health is the little rugged path that leads back to nature. I suspect that my hens will all do better when the time comes that I am not able to furnish them a parlor any longer, and not my hens only—but my children too."

WORDS OF CHEER.—An American dentist, Dr. Van Marten, writes from Busel, Switzerland: "As for THE HERALD OF HEALTH we can't keep house without it. I am going to have many of your articles translated and published here soon. I am doing all I can to increase your circulation over here."

MOTHERHOOD AND HARD WORK.

Do you believe a woman who bears and nurses children, should at the same time do hard work of any kind?

ANS.—No. They should not be idle, nor should they be over-taxed and worn down. Parentage requires high physical vigor, and those who are greatly exhausted should for the time being avoid it. The Woman's Journal says, truthfully, that the reason that we see so many prematurely old American women is because, as a general rule, they are over-worked. They toil on, week after week, month after month, sacrificing all the comfort and beauty of their lives, and finally, when their health breaks down under the constant strain, spend more money in feeing doctors and striving to regain it than would have sufficed to have hired some of their work done, and preserved health, and enjoyed life as they went along.

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THE HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

VOL. 20, No. 2.] NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1872. [NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOOD & HOLBROOK, 13 & 15 LAIGHT STREET.

HEALTH LESSONS FROM OLD WRITERS.

On Physical Education.

BY JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, IN 1806.

THE expression is, properly, false; for as the science of care of the body it would equally apply to beasts, strong men, and the aged; the cook would be a Labonne, and the kitchen a magazine of school-books. Permit me here to insert some observations on attention to the bodies of children which I addressed to a newly-married man shortly before his wife's confinement. (Some readers will not agree so theoretically with this letter as my three children, who, during the printing and distribution of the first edition, were educated in accordance with it, practically did, by their flourishing condition.)

You may freely inform your dear wife why I write now on this point instead of half a year later; namely, because she is now still trustful, but will in time to come be as disobedient as possible. I have known the most intelligent women who have really assisted and followed up the wishes of their most intelligent husbands in regard to the physical care of their child until the second had not yet arrived; but then, or at most when the fourth came, the dietetic kitchen-Latin and medicinal patois of the women assumed the government, and nothing more could be effected than one or two propositions without results.

A woman during her first pregnancy might easily commit to memory Hufeland's "Good Advice to Mothers," since in the new edition there would be but three and a half pages to be learned monthly.

But Heaven preserve every one from that timid over-carefulness which mistrusts nature, and has every child's tooth extracted by the physician or apothecary. If one ventures nothing upon children, yet one ventures themselves; their bodies probably, their minds certainly. Only let a person observe the rosy children in lonely villages, where the whole Brownonian apothecary's-shop has nothing in its phials save brandy; or the descendants of savages compared with the fading Flora of noble houses, for which every-day draughts of every possible kind are compounded.

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BOSTON MEDICAL
NOV 17

However, nowhere is Hufeland's "Good Advice to Mothers" less attended to than in the huts of peasants and beggars. There one sees many little pale creatures looking out of the narrow windows when one goes out on sledging expeditions. But they bloom again with the earth; the open air makes them rosy sooner than the sun does the apple.

Hunters, savages, mountaineers, soldiers, all contend with all their powers for the advantages of fresh air; all those who have lived to be a century and a half old were beggars; and, in fact, if a man wishes to become nothing but old, and to continue nothing but healthy, there is no more wholesome, fresh-air-imbibing exercise than begging; nevertheless, mothers believe that a child, placed for half an hour at an open window, inhales out of a town which itself is but a larger room, and merely contains street air instead of house air, as much ethereal breath as is necessary to purify and cleanse twenty-three hours and a half of cavern air. Does no one remember, or no one remind her, with all her dread of air, that during the miserable autumn weather she travelled, on account of the war, three days long, with her infant baby in an open vehicle, through the pure, fresh air, without any other particular injury than that of being brought here? Could no chemist, by visible representations of the different kinds of poisonous air, impart to the mothers in towns a sense of the value of heaven's free air, in order to break them of their carelessness about the only invisible and ever-active element?

Why do you write, "I fear nothing so much as the procuring of a wet-nurse?" Two of my children, precisely the strongest, were brought up without the breast. But if a nurse is commonly healthy, and has not much less given her to do, nor much more to eat, than during her necessitous solitude, she may any day enter your service. Certainly I do not offer myself as security against any mental poisoning by her morals and care, any more than I do for all women servants, from the midwife downwards; an honest old, but good-tempered man-servant, your John, for instance, would be much better for a child's heart than any nurse and child's maid: just as at a later period, for the same reason, children are more spoiled and enervated in the friendly, praising, indulgent society of women, than in the cold, dry company of men. As regards the physical empoisonment of the milk by mental excitement, I should prefer the nurse to the lady. One often sees a common mother, as a bombarding ship, or bomb-shell, foster that kind of conversation with another woman, which is the only one in this world that has never grown wearisome, and which men call wrangling and abusing; but the suckling has observed or cried little about it. On the contrary, a lady, whom a false stitch of her maid, like the sting of a tarantula, sets into an armed dance, may poison it three or four times a day. What concerns another mental poison-draught for the child I utterly deny. If, as I believe I am able to prove, no partial transmigration of soul from the mother into the new-born child is possible, how much less can mind influence mind by means of a nourishment which first affects the stomach! One might just as well believe, with the Caribbees, that pork produces small eyes; or with the Brazilians, that the flesh of ducks imparts the lazy, awkward pace of a duck. On this principle, goat's milk, and perhaps most nurses' milk, would have the same effect as that of Jupiter's nurse, which so completely transformed the god that he may be employed as any thing rather than an example of many of the ten commandments. Bechstein, it is true, remarks that otters may be tamed by human milk; but one may find a much nearer, and truer cause in the circumstances which such a milk diet presupposes.

Much contention may take place about the relation of the mother's milk to the child's body. If a healthy stomach, like death, makes all alike, potatoes, bread, venison steaks, ship-biscuits, insects (crabs), worms (snails), and, finally, human flesh, into the same chyle, will not the stomach of a child be able to reduce its nurses' milk to the same substance? And does not the child's body, in all its organic peculiarities, as frequently resemble its father as its mother? Why, if the milk (instead of organization) effects so much, are not most of the nobility giants, since peasants' milk is often added to aristocratic blood as wine to water? Indeed, on the ground of the influence of maternal relationship, there would be more to determine for, than against, a nurse.

As early as possible determine the hours of eating, and consequently the times for sleep; only observing, that in the first years the intervals must be more frequent and shorter than afterwards.

The stomach is such a creature of habit, such a time-keeper, that if, when hungry, we delay its usual period of gratification for a few hours, it does nothing but reject food. But if its hours of compulsory service are appointed, it works beyond its powers. It is only in later years, when the sketch and colors of the little

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man are more strongly marked, that middle tints and half shadows may be ventured on; a child, like a savage, is often freed, often made a slave, by sleep and eating; the physical nature is then either exercised or vanquished, and the spiritual is crowned in both cases.

Do not keep the tumult of daily life far distant from the little infant, as though it were an aristocratic patient. If you do not actually permit the fire-bell or the discharge of artillery to be heard by its cradle, its long, deep slumber in the world will so harden it against every noise, that afterwards, when its ears are quicker, it will yet be able to sleep in the midst of noise; and what is still better, and prevents injurious night-feeding, it will only sleep all the sounder in the contrasting stillness of night. I earnestly contend against suckling in the night; for your wife ought to sleep; and it is quite sufficient if she suckle her little darling shortly before going to sleep, and then again immediately after wakening. It is a trifle, but so is a line; why may I not give one to the other? I mean, why do you lay the head of a new-born child higher than its body? In the months preceding birth the body actually stood on the head; I should think that a horizontal direction after a perpendicular was quite sufficient.

But we are concerned with the thing itself, not with its explanation. Flesh-meat seems especially useful to counteract the weakness of childhood and the superabundance of sour food; since even the young of granivorous birds are fed advantageously with eggs, worms, and insects. A slight and rare surfeit will exercise and strenthen the stomach's power of endurance: only do not let the beast of burden be overloaded with easily injurious substances, such as eggs or meat, but with things of moderately long duration, such as pulse or potatoes.

Why do not people give children, at times when they will not take their food, sugar (as distinct from confections as food from poison), on whose nourishing substance the negro feeds himself and his horse during journeys of days together?

White beer, without hops, is a slimy poison for children; and unhopped brown beer not much better. Those who are too fat should only take it in water, as the Greeks did wine. In the early ages of Germany, before tea, coffee, and foreign wine ruled and weakened, fourfold stronger beer was brewed; then people did not dig the bones of giants out of the earth, but frequently consigned them to it; whereas for us, under the government of concentrated tea and coffee poison, the only antidote, beer, is weakened.

About one point, my friend (forgive my following no other order than that of yourself and your wishes), you will in future often grow hot or cold towards your gentle wife, at least I expect so—and that is, actually about heat and cold. It is a well-known fact that more than one excellent author has much prolonged the continuance of the honeymoon, holding it to resemble the year-weeks of Daniel, and has only fixed its certain end after the birth of the first child; concerning this, however, there has been much quarrelling: partly on the man's side with medical reasons, and partly on the woman's, with her own; I mean this in case the child is healthy; if it be sickly, perfect rage ensues. I once wrote a paragraph on this subject, in case I should ever experience the happiness of forming myself on my own principles of education.

Since women, like a born parlor race, or household divinity—we are merely sea, land, and air gods; or, compared to those domesticated doves, kindly-meaning, but untamed wild pigeons—love warmth as they do coffee, and so, besides covering, seek all manner of warm wraps, only far too many for one body; and would rather have nine accumulated veils and shawls than one, though of the largest, and for that reason lay aside furs, however warm and costly they are; therefore it is that these mentally tropical beings willingly press their preferences and necessities on the beings they love best—their children. But does not Nature herself, at birth, make the most marked change, when she casts it out of an organic bed, which she herself warmed, through the air, into a lifeless one, for which the child must be the bed-warmer? To which is to be added the partial, and moreover, injurious uncovering, that of the face and head, after the previous uniform warmth of the whole body. Hence the question might be mooted, whether the head of the new-born infant—so hairless, so thin-skulled, and unclosed—does not need to be protected by warm coverings more, or at least as much, as the other members, if many men, among whom we, the whole congregated posterity of our ancestors, are to be reckoned, had not hitherto withstood it and are still alive: so richly does Nature gush forth in new springs, whether you close against her one or one hundred. In the mean time she receives the child after this transit from the hot zone of the earth into the cold one, with two invigorating provocatives; with nourishment for

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the lungs and nourishment for the stomach—two hitherto unemployed members. Well, then, let the mother imitate therein the universal mother, and not let the child fly from external cold, but conquer it by excitements to inward warmth. The best fur-coat for children grows on wine mountains. Joy is the warm, sunny side of the mind and of the body. Exercise is the third non-conductor of frost. The ew eulogists of warmth are only in the right when they are interrupted. In the cold air of a room a child would shrivel up like a plant on the top of a mountain; but it would do the same n everlasting heat: the strongest men are not produced either in the immediate neighborhood of the equator or of the poles, but in the temperate zones, which alternate between frost and warmth, but with a preponderance of the latter. Do not let any apartments for children be cold, with the exception of the sleeping-room; for the bed is of itself an external fur covering, and sleep an internal one; and what additional warmth is possible, in case of illness, if you have already more than reached the degree permitted? If you allow your future Paul (if I may venture to choose his god-father before you) to go without shoes (which would be to *you* but a saving of leather, but to *him* of a whole funeral train of evils), or if you order your future Paulina (to whom he will, probably, with gentlemanly politeness, permit the first entrance into life, for most first children are females) to go without stockings, though soled or shoed, then, in every illness where a warm foot-bath is advisable, you can give one of the longest duration simply by a pair of shoes and stockings. I had my reasons, friend, for recommending shoes, as though they were bridal shoes, to your Paulina, although, alas! along with them all the corns, cold feet, thin, tender soles and heels, which a shoe includes. For I know from afar off the despair, the womanly dread, lest feet without shoes should grow as large as nature intended, and so quite beyond the conventional size of a foot. Our Chinese Podolatry (foot-worship) more readily suffers the nakedness of the higher parts, for instance, of the bosom or of the back, than for a girl to go barefoot. Luckily—in this case—a boy is not a girl. So let him dance barefoot through this young world, like the ancient heroes, who are always represented with bare feet. If his foot grow into a pedestal, what signifies it to us two men, since we, and even rational women, inquire so little about it?

Why do mothers talk a hundred times about taking cold, and scarcely once about becoming overheated, which, especially in winter, so readily passes into fatal cold? I shall answer this in a very unexpected way, when I say, it is because winter lies nearest to the heart, and consequently most in their eyes. Winter is, in fact, the bleacher and fair colorer of their faces, and they approach the snow as a new whitening material; hence summer is much too warm for them to uncover their necks and shoulders a they do in winter, which does not discolor them. Hence those tender chamber-covered nurslings, lily-white and lily-fragile, come from the north, and resemble those white blades of grass, which may be found under stones in the midst of green spring. Certainly this dazzling winter-snow does not bear the fruits of the true blossom-snow, for which, nevertheless, we often mistake it, as we do beauty for strength.

The Unalasks (hear it, ye enemies of every hardening process!) dip a crying child into the sea until it is quiet, it necessarily afterwards grows the stronger for it.* So, simile-wise, the present naked manner of dressing is a cold bath into which the daughters are dipped, who usually grow cheerful in it. A physician should always invent the fashions; since he can not remove a new one except by something still newer.

A system of physical hardening is, indeed, mentally necessary, because the body is the anchor-ground of courage. Its aim and consequence is not so much health and prolongation of life—for weakly and sensual persons often grow old, and nuns and court ladies still oftener—as a fortification against weakness of character, and for cheerfulness and activity. As it is not a woman's, but only a man's, mind which becomes more womanish by effeminacy, it may easily happen in the higher ranks in which the men are, comparatively, more effeminate than the women, that the weak will surpass the weakened sex; and men and women have the delightful prospect of resembling date-trees, of which the female only produces fruit, the male nothing but flowers.

The present fashion in dress, regarded as an air-bath establishment, might have its end more perfectly obtained among children, if the garments were occasionally entirely laid aside. I mean, why do not we give ourselves, but still more our children, the pleasure of playing naked half a day in the warm air and sunshine, like Adam in his paradise of innocence?

In ancient Germany, where our ancestors tasted the forbidden fruit later, and conse-

* See Kant's Phys. Geog. von Vollmer, 3 B. 1st div.

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quently hung the fig-leaves later round them, the children were permitted, as in Egypt, to remain ten years longer in nakedness: what spirits of physical power must not have stepped from their cold forests, when eighteen hundred years of warmth and luxury have not sufficed to make their descendants weaker than either of us two! So the wood of stripped trees can bear a greater weight than that of those which retain their bark.

One need but see how light, active, and refreshed an unclothed child feels, drinking and swimming through the air, moving its muscles and limbs freely, and ripening in the sun like a fruit from which the leaves have been removed. So many children's games are Olympic and gymnastic, let the children, then, at least be Greeks, that is to say, unclothed.

The cold water bath may be best used immediately after the air bath; if, in other respects, it may be unconditionally recommended to children under four years old. There is, however, one compensation for the bath; that of a daily dipping of the whole body in cold water, though each limb be only wet in turns and quickly rubbed dry. I permit this Anapabtist sin against Brown and his followers to be perpetrated every day upon my own children: the consequence were, not chilliness, colds, and weakness, but the very reverse. Schwarz, in his treatise on education, regards the dislike of a child to this treatment as a hint from Nature; but then the same reason would apply to many medicines, and also to the warm bath, which children struggle against in the first instance, because they feel all at once so many unaccustomed delights.

If cold water have medicinal powers for the stomach, which evaporated when warmed, so has it also for the imbibing skin. After air, cold and warm water baths, sleep is beneficial.

There is still one kind of bath, hitherto unused, which would be very advantageous, both to parents and children—I mean a thunder-storm bath. Physicians employ in their experiments on nervous invalids, electric air, electric plates, electric baths; but thunder, or rather thunder-water, they have not as yet prescribed. Have they never experienced that a person never feels so fresh, cheerful, and elastic as after a warm or tepid rain has penetrated to the skin? Since human beings, when dry again after a storm, feel so much invigorated, and the world of flowers still more so, why will they not receive this united fire and water baptism from above, and suffer themselves to be raised and healed by the wonder-working arm in the thunder-cloud?

One ought to have an especial rain or bathing suit of clothes, as a frequenter of the spring cloud-baths; and then, when there is promise of wet weather, make a rain party, and return home dripping.

The bath company must, alas! change their clothes—the only thing about it which does not please me. The shepherd-boy, even in the cold rainy days of November, takes no chest of clothes with him to the field; neither does any French soldier who has marched himself warm all day in the rain, and lies down at night on the cold ground; the fisher stands with his feet in the water and his head in the sun, precisely breaking and reversing the physician's rule; yet the only hundred-and-seventy year-old man in England was a fisher, and had previously been a soldier and a beggar! Heavens! with what a fair play-ground and free city of the body is our mind originally surrounded! and how long must it have been the slave of sin and of opinion ere it was condemned to be the chained helmsman or ship-mover of the body!

Mental all-sidedness, which means all-powerfulness, is not granted us, but physical is; now let childhood at least be formed for this, and the body, which can inhabit all countries, be exercised in accommodating itself to all; as the Russian does, who imitates his own empire, a miniature Europe in climate, and endures by turns the hottest vapor, and the coldest snow baths, the extremes of hunger and of repletion. Is it not enough to be so pampered as to make a pillow of a snow-ball?—and now at last we use a cloak-bag, or even a feather-bed!

I add to the above remarks, that parents in physical matters—alas, that it should happen in morals!—ought to require more from their children than from themselves: in accordance with this, let the rain-wet clothes at appointed times dry on the children.

Would that every mother would consider that, as she opposes inoculation to natural small-pox, so, on the same grounds, she should oppose the blow of accidental, unexpected, and therefore unprepared-for danger, by the favorable hardening of versatile childhood, when the choice of the battle-field is so easy.

Our modern women might more readily imitate the ancient Germans in every point in this; of becoming ministers of the art of healing, and so the mid-wives of the future world. If I were a physician, or an important teacher in a girl's school, I should consider it my most useful work to prepare a medical "Theory of

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Doubts" for women; I would therein merely ask questions, give a hundred answers to each, and then ask them to choose. I would, for instance, lay quite undecided before them the theory of fever in all its infinite variety, yes, and even the thousand causes of headache, the intermixture of which so much increases it. Whosoever, even in the cradle, gave attention to the science of medicine—a science in which, more than in any other, genius and learning should form one indivisible compound being—would be astonished at the boldness with which any no-doctor, and his wife into the bargain, pronounces on the parentage, name, and progeny of every illness. Good heavens! my friend, women think they understand something, we will say the very smallest part, of the most difficult of all applied sciences, that which is applied to the various mental and physical nature, united undistinguishably in one organization; whereas whole cities would thank God if there were to be had in each of them but *one* graduated man, universal doctor, medical counsellor, and first physician, who would assist you, less to heaven, than to your legs again; and would not, as if he were a pope, regard every pilgrim on this earth as a pilgrim of the cross, whom he had to send forth to win a consecrated grave (if he deserves one). The best physician is a prize in the lottery, the best medicine for him is a prize in the lottery. And yet every woman considers herself to be both lotto and lottery; at once both the great prize, and that fifth in order.

Whence comes this absurd pretension to the art of healing among women—and let us include ourselves—among other human beings, myself, for instance (whose whole letter proves it), and among men of former ages, as the old Latin proverb testifies,* and Eulenspiegel also, to whom every passer-by prescribed a cure for his tooth-ache? This folly proceeds from a hundred causes; for instance, from the confusion of the science of medicine, and the art of surgery; from the differences among physicians; from anxiety and affection, etc., etc.—but I chiefly believe, from trust in the proposition of a sufficient reason. Man, a cause-seeking animal as well as one of mere habit—however modestly he may listen to all scientific things, which end in history or mere information, to all histories of the world or of nature, to information about measurement, coining, language, arms, antiquity, history—this man can not restrain his power and insight when any scientific theory is presented to him, whether it be of the subject in hand, of nature, of morals, of taste, of sickness. The peasant gives his opinion about the causes of the world, of a thunderstorm, of sin, of a performance on the organ, of bodily pain: for in all these cases he draws his theory entirely out of himself.

If women particularly desire to cure something, I would propose to them besides souls—for which they would be better soul-curesses than the soul-curers are—wounds; as in some Spanish provinces women remove the beard, so should they also legs and arms: their hands, so gentle, tender, and apt, their keener survey of what is actually before them, and their compassionate hearts would certainly as sweetly heal common wounds as they make those of the heart. Many a soldier, if the female surgeon of his regiment were pretty, would boldly expose himself to wounds, were it only to have them bound by her, or suffer his arm to be amputated by her in order to give her his hand. The blood-fearing eye of women would become sufficiently hardened, though not so flinty, as that of men; as the Parisian fish-women prove by wounds and blows. Moreover, at this present time the world is forming hardening-schools for the feelings—I mean wars.

I will only add a page or two to my overlengthy epistle, and then break off. Although every mother plays the doctor, she yet constantly requires one for the child. Then she wants very many remedies, in order to try each only once, and so, in consequence, not at the wrong time. Then she requires many doctors, in order to hear and to say much. And many even think to instigate the doctor to a more active campaign against the malady, by representing it as worse than it is, and concealing the favorable symptoms: as if a person should try to rescue himself from the danger of drowning by screaming fire, or from fire by the distress signals in use at sea.

I will give yet one piece of good advice, the very best, to women; that is, when a child is really ill, to do nothing whatever—especially nothing new—not to change a moderate temperature—to give him what he wishes to eat or drink—to say nothing if he fasts for a few days—and to avoid all domestic recipes. A mistake in a domestic remedy, giving wine, for instance, instead of vinegar, or, in an opposite case, fruit instead of eggs, may just as easily be the cause of death as a mistake in a prescription. The only thing I would further recommend to the mother is, Dr. Kilian's excellent

* Fingunt se medicos quivis idiota, sacerdos, Judæus, monachus, histrio, rasor, anus.

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"Home and Travelling Physician"—and that, not that she may attempt to cure by it, but that, after a physician has named the complaint, she may use a treatment in accordance with it. For the husband I should recommend Kilian's "Clinical Handbook," a new edition of the former work, enlarged and enriched with receipts. Both books will be sent for your perusal by the next carrier.

The gymnastic instruction of your Paul shall be discussed another time, in some six or seven years, when he shall be born and have attained that age. In any case I would, at least, let my own children, for weeks together, climb, leap, swim, run races, play at ball and nine-pins; but I would also just as soon, for weeks together, let them dig like a burrowing mole, or be kept quiet like a person recovering from scarlet-fever; and this, not that they become well, but may continue well; and in a century given more to sitting than to speaking, may bring with them so much sitting faculty that they may not suffer penance on their bench every session. At least, I would exercise the strong in sitting as much as the weak in exercise. I would also rather set them to hard bodily labor in the evening than in the morning, and so cause physical exertion to follow, not precede, mental. Sitting and thinking after violent exercise is not nearly so healthy or agreeable as the reverse. Active exercise in the morning, as an excitement to the sluggish early pulse, along with the greater excitability experienced at that time, will frequently exhaust for the whole day. The leaps which boys practise on their way from school show the bent of nature. In spite of all these reasons I would yet do the opposite —not always, but yet occasionally— in order to inure the body to it.

I will now close my letter, which consists almost entirely of postscripts, because I constantly intended to conclude, and always went on. Fare you well, and your wife still better.

The School of Adversity.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

"Gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity."—Ecclus. 11: 5.

GOLD ore, as we all know, is a soft substance, as soft as lead. It is found in almost all igneous and metamorphic rocks, mixed in with minerals and metals of nearly every description, with silver, lead, copper, nickel, cobalt, quarts, in different states of fusion. It runs in veins, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow; now near the surface of the ground, and again deep below it. The art of science consists in separating the ore from the foreign substances that cling to it. The process is very difficult, long and expensive. It is done in various ways, by crushing, grinding, washing, sifting, and in the last resort it is done by fire. Fire in the last extremity, will alone expel the close clinging mercury, and bring the shining ore out of its cloud.

The efficacy of fire in purifying and tempering metals is still better exhibited in the case of steel. You have heard of the Damascus steel, once so famous in Europe for its toughness and elasticity. A sword blade made of it could be bent till the point touched the hilt, and would instantly, on the removal of the pressure, spring back straight as it was before. So keen was the edge it took on, that the lightest gossamer, as it floated in the air, did not move or cease moving as the steel passed through it and cut it in two; and so hard was i that it would cleave a piece of iron and show no dent or nick. For a long time the secret of making this steel was supposed to be lost, au many were the conjectures as to the method o tempering it: but the conditions are know now, and one of them is, that the iron selected for the purpose must be the *most malleable an ductile*. It must be exposed to the intensest heat, in crucibles of the purest black-lead, placed in the most stubborn furnaces, fed by the finest, clearest carbon. When fire has done its utmost, the hammer and anvil are used mercilessly, the metal being worked over again and again. With alternate meltings and coolings that test every particle with fierce alternations of shrinking and expansion, the very soul of the metal is put to the proof. Then come baths of boiling grease and of cold water, purifying it and making its texture irresistible, fit for the

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finest uses, and capable of performing miracles of endurance and achievement. In all these processes the ministry of fire is most indispensable. Without fire there can be no steel.

Now for the application of these facts. What the ore of gold is to the coin that passes from hand to hand a million times without wearing smooth, to the perfect ornament of the neck or wrist, to the rich firm setting of gems; what the ductile malleable iron is to the tough Sheffield or Damascus blade, that human nature is to human character. The first is the raw material, loose, soft, crude; the last is the finished product that glorifies beauty and strengthens strength. Human nature is the material from which character is fashioned. It is found in all men, as gold and iron are found in mines. He who said, "There is a great deal of human nature in man," spoke a deep truth. There is. In fact, all the human nature there is, is in man. It runs through society in veins and strata, now shallow, now thick, now wide, now narrow, now gathered up in vast quarries, now coursing feebly along, or gleaming a few grains in a heap of sand. Sometimes it is got out in big nuggets that can be exchanged on the spot for produce, and sometimes it must be sifted out and picked up like fine dust. It is found mixed in with foreign substances, that in the fusion of humanity have been melted and run together, the lead and copper and cobalt and nickel that also belong to the organic world. There is a large admixture of worm, lizard, snake, the viper, the cobra-capello; of owl and bat; of jackal, wolf, hyena; of wild cat and panther, elephant, hippopotamus and gorilla. In its crude state, human nature is not attractive, and seems not worth much. Men abuse it. Religious men give it cruelly hard names; say it is in vain to try fire and water on it. Even the eternal fires will not refine it.

Such judgment is as unwise as a similar judgment of gold or iron ore would be. Human nature is very crude and imperfect, we must confess; but crude and imperfect as it is it is all there is, and the best we have. Dwell as much as you will on its corruptions, debasements and depravities; draw out the list of its vices, aggravate the sum of its enormities, exhaust statement and eloquence in description of its crimes, barbarities, hideous blood-sheddings and cruelties; recount the history of wars and slaveries, paint the horror as black and the iniquity as red as you please, still the fact remains that, bad as it is, human nature is the best thing we have thus far, the most valuable material God has furnished the world with, the ultimate product of all creation. It is the last term of progress, the last result of the groaning and travail of creation, the last stage of development, the last achievement of the evolution of life on the planet, the most complete victory yet won in the terrible struggle that has been going on for tens of thousands of years to elaborate organised beings. We are bound to accept it as good stuff, on the whole. Making allowance, full and fair, for its imperfections, it is good stuff. Now and then, a piece of it is got out of the quarry so pure in quality that we are ready to think that it needs no refining whatever.

Take, for example, the specimens of it that lay about on the surface of the ground when the fire had passed over Chicago. Could any thing be more beautiful, more precious, more entirely satisfactory, than the fellow-feeling that was exhibited then?—so spontaneous, so abundant, so inexhaustible. The churches all busy making clothes; the bankers giving money; the merchants extending credits; express companies carrying tons of goods, free of charge; railway lines offering transport free; boys and girls, sewing women and laboring men, contributing their earnings; capitalists who had lost heavily by the calamity remitting drafts of money for the relief of the sufferers; people in Great Britain and in Europe, Frenchmen and Germans, pouring in help; the ocean cable thrilling and trembling with messages of compassion; a whole civilised world, in short, moved and excited by what was felt to be a common calamity! Surely the humanity which on a sudden flowers out in such beauty is not to be pronounced depraved.

Then consider the courage of those on whom the blow immediately fell; the men of Chicago who, in a single day, lost houses, factories, stores, offices, churches, buildings of immense cost, with all they contained and all of wealth they represented; many of them for time deprived of all they had; their wives and children actually turned out of doors; their opulence taking fiery wings and flying away into the air. Yet they kept up good heart, looked their ruin brightly in the face, took swift account of their resources, spoke cheerily to one another, and began at once the task of building in the air the castles that would ere long be solid structures on the ground. Some of them even made jest of the disaster, their excitement turning into buoyancy and breaking out into laughter.

The women, too, showed a capacity for faith, hope and love that, however often shown, never

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fails to inspire. Women who lived in style, with all the sumptuousness that wealth gives, with horses and equipages, suddenly driven by flame out of house and home, and made, for a time at least, poor as the poorest, and homeless as the most outcast; fashionable women, luxurious and dainty and exclusive, priding themselves on being so, recognise their common sisterhood with all other unfortunates, reach out their hands, open their hearts, and declare with choking voices and streaming eyes that they never loved so many people before, and never knew there were so many people to love. That contagion of kindness, that tender fellowship in sorrow and help, testifies to the existence of a vein of pure gold in places where it never had been suspected, in places where pride and selfishness and vanity, love of ease and passion for display, were supposed to occupy every inch of room.

Yet all this was simply the crude ore of human nature, not the finished product of character. It was impulsive and spasmodic, not steady, orderly and disciplined. The sympathy was an overgush of feeling; the courage was the outbreak of defiance against fate; the sisterliness was a tender emotion, roused by common suffering and common need. The sympathy will cool off on the revival of prosperity, and will yield to the cool, calculating policy of business life; the courage of the men will not be sufficient for the exigencies of social reform, the struggle with municipal iniquities, the strain of financial temptation; the women will sink into ease again as soon as it becomes possible for social distinctions to assert themselves; the sisterly feeling will not last, nor will it be long remembered. These passionate outbreaks of emotion, under extraordinary stress of fortune, show what lava streams may flow when the earth heaves with the surging of its central fires, but they are not to be confounded with the daily flowing streams of regenerating fire from the central sun.

Character is disciplined will; it is the result of human nature, heated and cooled, laid on the anvil of experience, submitted to the fast falling strokes of the trip-hammer, melted in crucibles, thrust into seven-fold heated furnaces, plunged into baths of sulphur, and drenched with water ice cold. The shape in which the moulding power usually comes, is adversity; some form of suffering or sorrow, some species of disappointment, cross, disaster or defeat; some kind of misfortune, loss of property, loss of friends, loss of reputation. These things owe their effect to the fact that they put us on the defensive, push us into the corner, drive us to the wall, compel us to resist or die. As the anvil reacts against the hammer, as the quality of the ore resists the action of flame, so the human nature in us strikes back at the enemy that assails it, and in striking back acquires muscle. All character, strictly speaking, is due to the pounding and bitter strain of adversity. Not that adversity always produces character. Every lump of gold is not suitable for coinage or for decoration. Many a mass of iron ore is rejected before the piece that is susceptible of a perfect temper is found. Character supposes human nature in sufficient quantity to be elaborated in will and affection. If the fires are too hot, or the blows of the hammer too heavy, or the alternations of heat and cold too severe, the experiment does not succeed, the process comes to naught. The thin metal is volatilized and disappears in gas; but if there be any proportion between the attacking and the resisting forces, the result is the fine thing we call character. Adversity does not always produce character, because there is not always material to produce character from; but character is always due to adversity. Under adversity, human nature is passive like the ore, which never puts itself into the furnace, or lays itself beneath the hammer, or plunges itself into the bath of grease or water, but is taken up and drawn in and out at the pleasure of the smith; so, under the action of adversity, as commonly understood, the discipline is involuntary, the effort compulsory, the hardening and tempering of the faculties forced by circumstances on unwilling subjects.

But is this satisfactory? Must we wait for adversity before we can have character? Are acceptable men tried by adversity no otherwise than as gold is tried in the fire? Is human nature in nothing different from the ore which is malleable under the hammer and fusible in the heat? Has it no quality of volition by aid of which it can take the initiative, as it were, and placed itself in the front of the battle, that is, to make it a soldier? All character is formed by adversity; but adversity is a very large word, and must be very largely interpreted. So long as it is understood to mean misfortune, external disaster or calamity only, its offices are sure to be misconceived, and its virtue will certainly be missed. Adversity may come in fair forms and bland disguises, seeming to be the very thing it is not. Things adverse are not always things repellent. They may be things attractive, deeply considered. Whatever is *adverse*, not to our pleasure, enjoyment or

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happiness merely, but to our virtue; whatever stands over against our better conscience, is opposite to our finest feelings, hostile to our truest principles, is adversity. It is the element of antagonism, of opposition, of moral assault, let it appear in whatever guise it may. If it provokes our hearts to involuntary resistance, causes reaction and resentment, it is the discipline that educates character. And for this we must be on our guard. The finest characters are educated by struggle with adversity of this kind, by wrestling with powers that seem friendly.

One form in which adversity presents itself, is social. Society kindles the fires that try acceptable men. For society, as organized, puts manliness and womanliness on the defensive in many and ingenious ways. Of society, in the highest acception of the word, there is as yet none. There are societies, but no society; associations, but no association; fraternities, but no fraternity. No considerable number of people are organized, except for specific ends that are special and immediate. "Society," as popularly understood, is association for purposes of pleasure. It is composed of people of similar tastes and accomplishments, with sufficient wealth, gayety, elegance, to make intercourse agreeable, who meet for mutual enjoyment and admiration. Culture, improvement, education, refinement, do not enter into their consideration. To make existence attractive, to fill the days and nights with agreeable excitements, to rival one another in display of furniture, equipage or dress, is the chief aim. The institution possesses fascinations for young and old; for the charms of wealth and elegance are felt by all ages and both sexes. It offers great temptations to extravagance and vanity, and it is hard to resist. It holds our prizes of happiness to which few are indifferent. Dainty food, luscious wines, flowers, music, beauty, the intoxication of the dance, the bewilderment of delightful engagements, all can feel. Society asks for no humanities; the humanities it avoids. Its dread is of "earnest" people who have ideas, cherish purposes, form resolves, concern themselves with "problems," vex their souls with anxieties about the condition of mankind, ask questions or love discussion. It desires the bland countenance, the smooth tongue, the smiling eye, the complaisant manner, the acquiescent mind, the temper soft and yielding—whatever, in short, is most adverse to the qualities that make the man and woman. It abhors eccentricity, discourages individuality, and values, above every thing, dress and address. This bid for the soul, society makes. No less a stake than this is played for; no less a stake than this is lost by him who courts society as a happiness, never suspecting that it may be a lure.

One step is succeeded by another; desire suggests desire; craving starts craving; gratification stimulates hunger for more gratification. Each point yielded, makes easier the next concession. Every point of principle sacrificed, renders future surrender more inevitable. The necessities of society involve expense; expense requires money; the exigency for money prompts ingenious and unlicensed ways of obtaining it. There must be elegant rooms; the elegant rooms must be suitably furnished; the rich furniture must be seen by appreciative people; there must be balls, dinners, suppers; the wine-cellar must be stocked, the service must be sumptuous, the wardrobe must be rich and abundant; there must be a carriage and horses to transport the millinery from house to house. Where, in all this whirl, is the man and woman? Do not ask them; they can not tell you. They are driven to and fro, and are at their wits' end. They have no time to look about them, no leisure to stop and think, and regulate their private watches by the position of the central sun. One by one their better qualities depart—their awe, their reverence, their seriousness, their respect for manly and womanly things, their homage and love for good people, their interest in grave matters, their regard for the nobilities and decencies of life.

Some of you may have read Edgar A. Poe's remarkable story of the man in the Maelstrom. It is years since I read it, and I may not report it exactly, but it runs like this: A Norwegian sailor goes out in his fishing-boat. His sailed furled, he drops his line. His skiff, however, keeps moving on, without canvass or oar. It moves faster and faster; the water ripples under its keel, the foam gathers astern. It rushes along swiftly; the foam leaps over the bow, and mockingly tosses its pearl into the man's face. There is a deadly power driving the boat on in silence. The sailor seizes oar, spreads sail, does his utmost to change the track, to beat away from the course. In vain. The water glides on over long smooth reaches, mile after mile ahead. Presently it flashes on his mind that he is going round in a circle. The vessel sweeps along in vast curves, that become smaller and smaller; and the smaller they become, the swifter the current flows. He feels himself going down. On one side, the water rises like a wall; on the other, it begins to

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slope and yawn, as if it were plunging into a horrid chasm. He is in the vortex of the Maelstrom. Before him is certain death. The boat leaps on in its course like a frightened animal, shuddering and trembling as the fearful destiny hurries it along. Fortunately, the whirlpool has a counter-current. On this current is borne a cask. The sailor flings himself from his boat upon it, clings to it with desperation, and is carried safely back to the upper sea. Such counter-currents there are in life. Happy he that is caught by one, and snatched from the devouring vortex of a merely worldly existence! Happier he that avoids, at first, the downward-bearing stream!

It is hard to resist the temptation to be drawn into the vortex of showy, fashionable life. To live simply, to keep within one's means, to hold indulgence within safe bounds, to be content with such pleasures as may be innocently enjoyed, to make friends of the plain and unpretending, is, for most of us, not easy. It demands a long discipline in patience and self-denial, but the discipline is of utmost value. The most sterling and gracious qualities spring from it; tranquillity of mind, ease of conscience, peace of heart, temperance, sobriety, chastity, satisfaction with common joys, delight in humble pleasures, the taste for good books, the appreciation of good people, the uncomplaining and grateful temper, the moral integrity that is proof against corruption. In multitudes of cases, the struggle with vanity is the providential way by which such qualities are gained.

Another species of adversity is that which comes in the fascinating guise of opportunity; opportunity, which is always looked on as a privilege, and is so frequently a snare. Opportunity is the gift of America to mankind, the blessing that is freely offered to all. Our boast is that every thing is within reach of every body, that the world is open for whoever chooses to enter in and possess. The effect of this is seen in a general inflation of mind and feeling which characterizes young Americans in particular; in an excited style of anticipation, a gorgeousness of hope, a wild daring of enterprise, which amazes the sedate people of the older world. The features of character that are developed by this boundless chance are singularly bold and attractive. They are buoyancy, courage, aspiration, generosity, independence, self-reliance, cheerfulness, an openness of mind, a quick sympathy of emotion, that are very admirable in their way, and so novel as to be fascinating. New ideals of manhood and womanhood are created, and they certainly look very bright and beautiful as compared with the grave and almost melancholy exemplars that our fathers worshipped. A measureless ambition possesses the American mind. One would be and do all things: he has no misgivings in regard to himself or his destiny. Freely he receives, freely gives. He believeth all things, and hopeth all things. That he never envieth or vaunteth himself, can not as truly be affirmed. Under the stimulating influences of opportunity he expands quickly, spreads luxuriantly, flowers magnificently at the top. His faculties break forth tumultuously in bombastic glory. But how is it with the root? Is that deep set and vigorous? Is there not such a thing as a too sudden growth which weakens the root?

We complain of moral corruption in our politics and our social life. There are astounding disclosures of private dishonor and public fraud. Trustees betray trusts; office-holders use their places for unrighteous profit; clerks spend ten times as much as they earn; public servants grow enormously rich on small salaries; managers of banks, railways, insurance companies, plundered their share-holders; the highest officers of city and state are implicated in disgraceful transactions. Where shall we seek the cause of it? The cause is plainly set before us. It is opportunity. Human nature is not equal to its chances. The men we cry out against, say that they began life honest and meant to keep so, but could not resist the pressure of occasion. They overrated their moral power. Taking the prizes that were within their reach, they had not estimated their strength to use them, and they betrayed trusts, not from a treacherous disposition, but from sheer inability to keep them faithfully. The men whose atrocities appal us are inherently so much worse than others that we should call them monsters. Their fault was the common one of accepting cares they could not meet, and responsibilities they could not discharge.

And in the mean time, while things are as they are, this, for all well-meaning and right-minded Americans, is the needed discipline: to forbear the use of dangerous opportunity, steadfastly to decline responsibilities that are likely to imperil conscience, and trusts for which fidelity is unprepared. These glowing outlooks of fortune are the fires that may prove too hot for the metal that is thrust into them; these happy strokes of luck may turn out to be the trip-hammers under whose strokes the quality of the iron or the gold will be beaten out of all substance; these sudden alternations of heat and cold may prove to be more severe than the

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texture of the ore will endure, and the result wilt be total loss. The best moral education, therefore, of the young American, is a quiet distrust of the siren opportunity, who sings to him from every shore he sails past, and a steady refusal to accept the lavish but dangerous gifts she offers. Her blessing may be bane, her privilege a drawback. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, made a marble statue which he called "America;" a beautiful female figure, who with one hand pointed invitingly to a heap of gold, while in the other hand, concealed behind her back, she held a whip. The fancy was commonplace, but the thought was true. Most of those who touched the gold felt the lash. But the bitterest poison lay concealed in the gold itself. They who snatched at it too hastily discharged themselves of their nobleness in order to carry it away. To have resisted precisely that temptation, which they held to be no temptation at all, would have saved them.

Of old, men have complained of the necessity of discipline under adversity as being severe. Why should it be necessary for human nature to be tried by fire, and laid on the anvil, and submitted to the heavy strokes of calamity? Why must we passively yield to adversity and count it privilege? Why must we bring on adversity, create it, as it were, by repelling privilege and counting it adversity? Let me answer the question by asking another. Why should it be necessary to sow seed and watch and wait in order to secure a harvest? Why must the gardener make artificial beds, economize shade and sunshine, create hot houses for winter, and cool houses for summer, trim and prune and graft, in order that his crop of peaches or plums or apples or pears may not fail? Why could we not have learning without study, knowledge without investigation, wisdom without experience? Why should it be ordained that they who would be healthy must be temperate, chaste and prudent?—that they who would be wealthy must be diligent careful and saving? As well complain that we can not be robust without exercise, as that we can not be righteous without the training of denial.

As health and wealth fully justify their cost, as the ripe fruit compensates the gardener, and the abundant harvest makes the farmer forget his toil, so does each fine quality earned explain and legitimate the process by which it came. Who that sees the night-blooming cereus in its beauty, thinks of the ugly stalk it crowns? When we see the ornament of pure gold hanging round the neck, or clasping the wrist, or glistening on the bosom, we do not think of the dirty miners, or the sand heap, or the coarse sieves, or the rinsings in water, or the sulphur baths, or the refining fire. Holding the keen sword-blade in our hand, we forget the black-lead crucible, the carbon, the refractory furnace, the black smithy, the hissing of the metal in cold water, the lamp-black and grease. They have done their work and are justified; they have produced the steel. If we are content to be mushrooms, we must be content to spring up in a night, and to vanish in the morning before the heat of the day comes on. But if we are ambitious to be elm trees, that will cool the air, and shelter the cattle, and shade the ground, and break the force of the wind, and save the grass from parching and the tiny brooklets from drying up, we must stand and take the seasons as they come—the burning sunshine, the freezing cold, the pelting rain, the driving snow, the blasts from the northern hills. We must be prepared to stand bare in mid-winter, our boughs covered with ice and rattling drearily in the wind, and try to enjoy the crisp sparkle of the sunbeam, that makes us glitter but does not keep us warm. But the summer will come again and again, and men will love the tree that thrives in spite of and by means of every thing. The children love it and the old men; it is a beautiful object in the field; memories cluster about it; history dates from it; families associate with it the epochs in their life; artists put it into their pictures; poets put it into their songs; and when it is old, it is fenced about and girded up, and protected from decay by stays and bands of iron. So much men feel that they owe to the tree. So much they do owe to sun and wind, to shower and sleet, to the abundance that fed it, and to the cold, naked deprivations that knitted its fibre, and sent its roots deep down into the soil for sustenance. Take whichever type of character you will—the refined gold, rich and delicate, glowing and graceful, fit setting for gems of purest ray, meet for crown or cross, for sceptre or wand, for sterling coin or fanciful decoration; the tempered steel, ready alike for the arts of war and peace, the soldier's weapon, the monarch's badge, the surgeon's instrument, the mechanic's tool, the woman's needle; the forest tree, with wood for ship and house, for the Christmas fire and the Thanksgiving kitchen, for the solid furniture of the parlor or the carved screen of the church—take whichever type of character you please, it will illustrate a truth that finds expression in a hundred proverbs, the truth that,

GOLD IS TRIED IN THE FIRE.

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Why Do Girls Study Medicine?

BY ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

THE fact that three Medical Colleges for Women have been established in the city of New York, and others elsewhere, would seem to prove that there is a demand for these institutions—that the profession or practice of medicine is regularly open to all those of my sex who choose to avail themselves of legalized means of study—and also that numbers of women are studying. But on visiting the lecture-rooms one is surprised to find so small an audience at each, especially if one is able to procure a truthful list of the number of actual students; for often half the ladies present are visitors, while others take only a partial course, and do not intend to compete for a diploma.

So poorly furnished are these colleges with aids and appliances to a thorough knowledge of "the divine art of healing," that an unbiassed observer would be likely to suggest consolidation—merging the three schools into one, and using their combined finances for better means of instruction. This would undoubtedly conflict with the private interests of professors, and the private animosities of trustees, but such objections are unworthy the consideration of an enlightened public especially when we remember that these students, if half-taught, will be likely some day to injure for life, or to kill, those nearest and dearest to us. If my most precious one is not the victim, then *yours* will be—for doctors can not practice without patients. Since women study medicine, it is evident that all possible opportunities of acquiring thorough knowledge should be furnished them.

Probably there will never be students enough in all three of the women's colleges during any lecture course, to pay the expenses of a single institution, and it would therefore be better that separate medical schools for our sex should be given up, when those women who wish to be doctors can be admitted to study at the best colleges for men, which are comparatively well endowed with all means and appliances of study, and are connected with large hospitals where the students may witness varied and useful clinical practice. It is true that the governing powers of these men's colleges still refuse admittance to women students, but the State, which gives a charter to each of them should compel them to more liberality of instruction, and more strictness of examinations in conferring diplomas.

The assertion has frequently been made that it is not decent for men and women to study medicine together, and witness surgical operations together but there are so few lectures delivered in a medical course which might not be listened to by all the world, that the exceptional topics can easily be treated of at separate hours to the separate sexes if they are so fastidious as to desire it. This would seldom be the case; women who study medicine in earnest and from honorable motives, are pure-minded and so coldly intellectual (at least when engaged in study) that sex becomes to them an abstraction, without personal application; they are then conscious only of an absorbing interest in the pursuit of knowledge.

I speak from experience and from observation of my classmates, having myself studied medicine at a woman's college where most of the professors were gentlemen, and where at nearly every lecture we had a few young men present as visitors from the men's colleges of this city. They came uninvited but were not refused admittance, nor were they any drawback to our studies. I also attended the public clinics during my course of study, and having there witnessed, in company with young men, the most difficult and delicate surgical operations, I afterward found when practicing obstetrics that scarce any surgical operations require such personal exposure as we observe during the last stage of child-birth. Most women, even the most fastidious ladies, will at such a time have doctor, husband, nurse, and two or three lady friends in the room, but no charge of indecency is made, because the personal exposure is often necessary. The two or three lady doctors in this city, and two or three lady doctors elsewhere who have acquired reputation and fortune by the practice of their profession, all studied in men's colleges.

Having noticed the small class of students at the women's colleges of medicine, the observer is next surprised to find most of them so young, some not older than eighteen or twenty. So much preparatory knowledge is required before the regular course of medical study can profita-

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bly be entered upon, that these would seem to be uncommonly bright girls, who have any reason to expect that they will be qualified in three years to receive a diploma conferring legal authority to practice. Whether qualified or not, they will get very few calls for a number of years to come, since the public has no confidence in young doctors. This fact is well known; even the most thoroughly educated and able young men are hindered for years in a career of usefulness and honor because of the popular prejudice in favor of an "old, experienced physician;" the public prefers him to be at least fifty years old, forgetting that he may now through long and rapidly increasing practice, have fallen into routine; while the young doctor who has been known as an earnest, untiring medical student, is fresh from study of the latest discoveries in his profession, and having his reputation yet to build up will watch every case with zeal and faithfulness, be found at the bedside whenever needed (having abundance of time) and will wage such strenuous warfare with disease and death that he will generally conquer.

It is natural, however, that the public should prefer a physician who has made his reputation, and if he has earned it by faithfulness, they are right—the young doctor can only watch his opportunities, improve them, and faithfully struggle on, being fortunate at the age of forty if he has secured a respectable, paying practice, and is not obliged to spend more than his income in taking care of "charity patients," giving to them not only time, medicine, surgical appliances if wounded, and the kindest care and thought, but also supplying them with suitable food and clothing, paying house-rent, etc., or they will die for want of these necessaries, and his professional reputation will be injured. Since no other man is expected to work for nothing it is difficult to understand why the doctor should—especially since we all admit that the saving of our lives is the most valuable service that can be rendered us; yet we also, all of us know, that if a doctor refuses attendance upon any person, because they have no means of paying him, members of those who can pay will withdraw their patronage, speak ill of him among their friends, and in various ways hinder his success. Yet he is fortunate if, after all his charitable aid, some wretch whom he has taken care of for weeks or months does not finally call in an envious rival practitioner, who will declare this a case of *malpractice* and appear as a witness when the patient (to get money) has sued his doctor. All chronic charity patients flock to young doctors—because the older and well-established men can better afford to turn them off—and in addition to the expense and annoyance of them, the doctor seems obliged to incur all his heaviest expenses at the beginning of his career, when he can least afford to spend money.

During the three years attendance of lecture courses, study of text-books, and practical demonstrations of Anatomy which the law requires, the student will spend for fees, books, instruments, *charity patients* (to learn on) her board, etc.—not much less than five thousand dollars. Having graduated she must rest, being exhausted with the severe college course—(five to seven lectures per day, besides clinics, outdoor patients, "cramming" for examination, etc.) After the rest, an office and other rooms must be chosen and suitably furnished—lectures have taught only an index to medical science—many books must now be bought and studied, clinics attended, and a constant strain of work kept up. With every new patient, whether paying or not, a new book, and often a new instrument, must generally be bought, and an older physician consulted. Time and money go rapidly, another five thousand dollars is soon used, while the doctor remains poor and unknown. If she is able, soon after having graduated, to buy a country "ride," and a farm in a district where she will not encounter too much competition, she may in ten or fifteen years secure a sufficient income; or, if she can attach herself as assistant to a fashionable city physician, she may succeed in the same space of time, by dint of working like a galley-slave and for very poor pay, in getting a sufficiently large practice to keep herself out of debt.

Or, she may, in the first five years of professional life, spend twenty thousand dollars to establish herself in good style, with a carriage and servants; dress well, show herself constantly in fine society, court the patronage of the rich, and every way keep her name constantly before the public. Then, if she is truly a woman of ability, she can by these means attain a practice that will require only popularity, earnest, untiring effort of body and mind, skill, boldness, and fortuitous circumstances, *and unvarying good health*—to enable her to live free from debt and wearing anxiety about the future. But she will be likely to die poor, as most physicians do, no matter how successful they may have been in life. If they acquire riches, it is generally by speculating in some direction outside of practice.

All the difficulties and hindrances to success

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of men who enter the medical profession, must equally be encountered by women who adopt the same career, and, in addition, a still greater obstacle exists in themselves because of their sex. A brief record of my own experience will perhaps be more convincing than any argument which does not bring indisputable facts in proof of its assertions. When the Woman's Medical College of this city, which first received a charter from the State, was forming its first class, I was solicited to become a member. This was because I was already known as a well-educated, self-supporting, practical young woman, enthusiastic in the cause of woman's elevation and improvement (though opposed to universal suffrage), of good health, fine social position, and of money-making ability. I became interested and enrolled myself as a medical student. That first class of thirteen, was a picked one, and the best which has been graduated from that college, all the members of it have done as well as young doctors commonly do, but there have been no marked success.

We all worked very hard; I, as hard as any, for I was obliged to support myself by one profession while studying another. Excellent health kept me from sinking, and my previous studies in Physiology and Materia Medica, joined to some enforced practice in the wild country, where I had lived as wife and mother—aided me, so that having passed examination by my Professors and a Board of Censors, I was permitted to graduate. It chanced that I was the first woman in this State who received a medical diploma. I had already a small circle of paying patients, for some of my old friends consulted me before I had attended lectures quite two years, and induced others to send for me. It has frequently been asserted that women will not employ women-doctors. I think this is not true; no objection was ever made to me on the score of sex, but patients who saw me for the first time pronounced me "too young." I was twenty-eight when I graduated.

Not long after receiving my diploma, I was appointed Resident Physician of a small Hospital attached to the College, and remained there eight months without salary; and giving time, hard labor, money, unceasing care, hours needed for sleep—in fact, all my energies and abilities without stint. When I left the Hospital, I established a private Dispensary of my own, where I soon had a large practice, giving medicines and advice free during one or two hours every day, and receiving small fees during other hours—from ten cents to one dollar. As most of my patients were sewing-girls and wives of mechanics, they could not afford to pay more. For obstetrical cases (I attended nearly four hundred of these during three years of practice), I generally received three dollars, though my charge was five dollars to poor women, and to the rich fifty dollars.

On looking over the account-books, case-books, and letters of consultation—which I still keep as records of my brief medical career—I am astonished at the amount of work; and so poorly paid, indeed not paid, for although, during the third year after I graduated, I earned three thousand dollars from patients who paid the small fees I have mentioned—yet the money went mostly for books, office-rent, instruments, and to support my charity patients while I was curing them. The use, during occasional leisure hours, of my pen and pencil paid my personal expenses—a doctor who could not avail herself of those aids must have starved in my situation, since I never had any money, nor would have any but that which I earned.

It has been my good fortune, by simply showing them my books, to deter more than fifty bright, intelligent girls who had each a *little* money, from entering one of the women's medical colleges as a student, and I would like to hinder every one who contemplates that step and show her some better way to earn her living. This, indeed, is my object in writing this essay; the majority of those women who wish to study medicine are too poor to go through the regular college course prescribed by law, and the subsequent years of patient effort and unusual skill before they can obtain a good "paying practice;" and even though they may struggle through all those years of severe and heart-breaking effort, they will find, on at last gaining the desired position, that they can not hold it, because of failing health.

My own health broke down very gradually and only from overwork. There are regular, frequently recurring periods when every woman under fifty years of age needs bodily and mental rest, perfect and absolute quietude of the nervous system, and sound, refreshing sleep. At these times the nerves are also more excitable, more liable to irritation, than at other times. What can be more injurious to a woman in this condition, than sending her to visit another woman—perhaps a dear friend, as well as patient—who is in a dangerous or dying state? Or, to a beautiful infant whom she assisted into the world and loves almost as her own, but is forced to witness its death-agony through some accident or carelessness, and then

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be tortured by the distress and self-reproaches of the mother. Or at such a period when the doctor is sufficiently *malaise* to need nursing herself, and has just gone quietly to sleep in her warm bed, where, if she might remain till morning, she would then be "as well as ever"—a loud peal sounds from the door-bell and she must hasten out into the pouring rain or driving snow to attend an obstetrical case; perhaps in a foul and dangerous place, surrounded by degraded, unclean people, in an unhealthy and disagreeable atmosphere—a scene which would excite loathing in the mind of the strongest man. Her pores are all open, her whole system relaxed, though she is strong and elastic at other times, she now feels weak and nerveless, and if she does not take her death-cold before the severe and disagreeable drudgery of the night is over, it is because she does not yield to her extreme fatigue on reaching home until she has taken some precautions to preserve her health.

The almost unremitting toil of my third year of general practice, the night work, loss of night sleep, and unrefreshing slumber during the hours of sunshine, the constant severe study, the anxiety and familiarity with scenes of sorrow, so broke down my health and spirits that when a sultry summer day came at a time when I needed rest, but seemed to have more than usual to do, I experienced an attack of congestion of the brain, resulting in brain fever, from which I suffered for weeks, having had two light attacks on previous summers. I had sacrificed all else to my theory and experiment, but was not willing to give life also; I made a hard struggle for breath, and when once more conscious of returning health, began to rid myself of my patients as fast as possible—a difficult process, in which I have not yet entirely succeeded, though I gave up the practice of medicine more than two years since, relinquished my legal title of M. D., and have repeatedly changed my place of residence to escape the importunities of old patients. The largest fees would not tempt me to enter upon that body-and-spirit-exhausting profession again.

Having returned to the business by which I had before supported myself, in less than a year I was again what I still remain—an uncommonly strong, healthy woman.

One of my fellow-graduates was not so fortunate. Her practice increased more slowly than mine, she had a better class of patients, gave less time to charity, and had also a husband who did not wish her to work too hard, and whose income was at her disposal; but when her time became fully occupied, as that of every successful physician must be, she died suddenly from excessive hemorrhage, declared at the time to have been brought on by overwork. I had often conversed with this lady about her health, since she had suffered repeatedly from such attacks, and I became satisfied that nervous exhaustion and worry, greatly aggravated them, and that by leading an easier life she might arrive at an old age; she had agreed with me in this opinion. Another lady who graduated two or three years after, being then the young wife of a physician, died in child-birth, after having practiced not quite three years. The cause of her death was declared to be overwork and nervous excitement during pregnancy. Her husband vainly endeavored to restrain his wife's enthusiasm.

It is now seven years since the first class of graduates from a woman's college received legal diplomas in New York city, and not one of the class has achieved even local fame and reputation; those who are known to but a small circle are only known, because they are connected with some college or hospital; those who maintain themselves and are able to live in comfort, have eked out their incomes by taking patients to board, giving lectures, etc. The two or three lady physicians in this city, and two or three lady physicians elsewhere, who are at all known to the general public, studied in men's colleges, were connected from the first with the "Woman's Movement" and in great measure sustained by the advocates of that cause, and have colleges and hospitals belonging to them by means of which their practice has been built up and kept up. I know these ladies, and not one of them had a large practice until she was fifty years old.

It has been asserted that women should study some branches of medicine, in order to treat the special diseases of their own sex, since these diseases are generally treated by local examinations, which can be more properly conducted by women than by men. Special diseases can be successfully treated only by those who are familiar with all diseases, since disease is relative, and one organ of the body can not be affected without at least sympathetically affecting other organs. Much harm has been done by "local treatment" at the hands of half-educated men and women; and I venture to affirm that in nine cases out of ten where local treatment has been given, it was entirely unnecessary, and in some instances postively injurious. On going at the regular hour to my own dispensary, I would often find twenty women

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waiting to see me, each one of whom was anxious to get back to her work as soon as possible. There was not time for local treatment, there was no private room for it, the patient was not clean enough, one of my professors—the oldest and perhaps the ablest medical man in this city—had assured me that it was very seldom necessary, another professor had taught me that it was almost always necessary in treating invalid women. I demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that the special diseases of women may generally be quite cured by hygienic measures and internal remedies; and that the very few cases which require local treatment are of such a nature that, were I myself the victim, I would go to the ablest physican in the world, man or woman, for relief.

It is also said that obstetrical cases should be treated by women, and this seems peculiarly true; but this part of practice is the most repulsive, the most laborious; it pays less, exposes the doctor's health more, and breaks her down sooner, than any other branch of the profession; yet, if a medical woman refuses to attend obstetrical cases, she will be condemned by the public.

Experience and observation have convinced me that women can hardly attain any success as doctors, until they are nearly fifty years old, and those who will after that age acquire fortune and reputation are so very few, and in such exceptional circumstances, that their example may be ignored. I have the real improvement and genuine elevation of my sex so much at heart, that I am unwilling to see earnest, intelligent young women waste a large amount of time, health, energy, and money (as I have done) in the attempt to practice medicine.

Men of science have long endeavored to teach the people how to live, and are beginning to be obeyed; the public learns something daily about the prevention of disease; and as people learn how to take proper care of health, fewer doctors will be employed, and more money constantly spent upon those delicate and beautiful arts that already support so many industrious women.

Farm Life.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

"GO WEST, and buy a farm," is the emphatic counsel of one of the candidates for the Presidency to all young men who are considering what they shall do to get a living. The Farmer of Chappaqua only repeats, in this injunction, the verdict of philosophers and of practical men for three thousand years. Theoretically, farming is the most respectable of all occupations, as it is the earliest, the most permanent, and the most necessary. Adam was a farmer after he was expelled from Paradise; and, indeed, while he was in it, as he had to gather the fruits of the field and the orchard. The wandering herdsmen are farmers, as they have to feed their flocks from the grass of the pastures. All other occupations of civilized life are secondary and auxiliary to this primitive occupation. If there were no farmers, there could be no artists, or lawyers, or preachers, or gentlemen at large. The most absolute and constant of all wants are those to which the farmer ministers. Hodge, in his coarse frock, has this comfort when Lord Dundreary wonders through his eye-glass at the vulgar "feller," who dares to come in his way, that his own sheep made "my Lord's" broadcloth, and his own wheat made my Lord's biscuits; that the aristocrat is dependent after all upon his horny hands. The most select city society could not go on for a day without the farmer's permission. He is represented at the dinner-table and the evening party as truly as any of the invited guests, though his clumsy feet may not soil the costly carpets. The farmer is king in the end, as all other men come to him for the supply of their daily want and for the very breath of their lives. Diocletian was more a king when he raised cabbages, than when he directed armies and beckoned to the courtiers.

It is very easy to demonstrate to a young man, inquiring what it is best for him to do, that he had better be a farmer, that the farmer's

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calling is honorable, dignified, useful, healthy, natural, independent—beyond all question the first in proper rank of all the callings of men; that the farmer ought to have more comfort, more influence, more self-respect than any other man. What calling so free as this, where the man can get his living from the ground which he owns, and has always a market for what he produces? Trade in fabrics may be slack, but there is always a sale for peas and potatoes and poultry. A lawyer may wait for weeks for clients, but he who brings fresh vegetables to the market always finds some one to buy them. A farmer is not a slave like so many other workers, fastened to certain hours. He can leave his work when he chooses, can entertain his friends; and has leisure days, when he may read and rest. He can take the advantage of a rainy day, which a mechanic or a clerk can not. He has, too, so few temptations! Is not "honest" the natural epithet that we apply to the farmer? We say "rascally tradesman," but "honest farmer." He ought to be honest, and if he cheats, he is false to his place and his calling. They have stories, no doubt, of farmers who give short measure in their corn and hay and wood, and who know in their dealing dark ways and vain tricks;—nevertheless, honesty is the proper spirit and policy of the farmer's life.

The finest pictures of work and life are those in which the farmer figures. The songs of the nations celebrate the rustic more than the mechanic. The story of the seamstress and of the artisan is told for its pathos, while the story of the farmer is told for its joy. He who works upon the soil seems to be as happy as a bird, while he who works under the soil is wretched as a worm. The idyl of the Bible is where Ruth is among the reapers, not where Dorcas is sewing garments, albeit these are to make glad the hearts of the widows. Horace does not go down to the shops in the town to find his scenes of contentment, but out where the jocund ploughmen are driving their teams. A farmer comes into the landscape, but not a calico printer or a bank clerk. He may be rough and awkward and homely, but he is all the more picturesque for that, and there is no falling off of dignity where men go back from important charges to look after their estates, to drive the oxen or mow the grass. Was Cincinnatus degraded when he turned from the Senate House and the camp to the plough? Did Jefferson become plebeian when he left the White House to look after the fields and orchards of Monticello? As is not Greeley more in his glory when he is laying down drains and trimming trees on his farm in Westchester, than when he is ingeniously framing paragraphs of finance or politics in his dingy office in Printing-House Square? They may ridicule the quaint talk of Mr. Greeley's lucubrations upon farming, but, after all, the public judgment will be that there is more wit and wisdom and good sense in these lucubrations than in all the essays upon political economy, or in all the calculations about votes and candidates. And in some form, it is the dream of nine out of ten of those who toil for wealth, that they shall invest it in land, and become farmers on a large scale. The Pacha of Egypt is probably the largest farmer in the world, as he substantially owns all the land, and cultivates it by his subjects. The German nobility and the English nobility are mostly farmers, and think it no disgrace to carry on that business, though they would spurn all imputations that they are mechanics or tradesmen, because they get the rents of shops and factories.

This intrinsic dignity of the farmer's calling seems to be confirmed by the legislation of these latter years, in the States and in the National Congress. Have we not an Agricultural Bureau, to care especially for this great public interest, to send seeds all over the land, under the frank of Senators, to get reports of crops, and chronicle the products of vines and beans, as of the first importance? Have we not agricultural schools and colleges and universities, in which young men, and maidens also, may learn how to be scientific farmers, and on a classical basis, too, with the preliminary teaching of Virgil's Georgics, and Hesiod's Works and Days? Are not agricultural fairs and festivals provided with great enclosures, where mammoth specimens of every kind of root and fruit are exhibited to the wondering gaze of children and nations, and ploughmen win prizes, and medals and diplomas are given for fat steers and fancy fowls? Do not the orators, before dinner and after dinner, expatiate in their choicest rhetoric upon the peaceful triumphs of bucolic toil as more honorable and blessed than the triumphs of the forum or the battle-field? Surely the soul of the hard worked son of the sod must swell with pride, when he sees in the cattle-show crowd what are the attractions of his drudging service, and hears in the cattle-show eloquence what a noble gift he is giving to the land and to the Lord. If he feels neglected and mean when he goes home so often tired from his long day of mowing or hoeing, on one day of the year at least, he is made sure that he is a great man, and that a grateful country appreciates his work. Every new feature in these

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agricultural feasts only adds to the honor of the calling which they represent. The show of machinery, the show of stuffs in silk and wool, photographs and native works of graphic and plastic art, the horse-races, the whirligigs, the fat girls and the theatres, all illustrate the original farmer's show, on which they are but appendages and parasites. Every new gift to the farmer's institute and college, every new law for the protection of wood or wool or wheat, exalts the farmer's calling.

How strange that with this wide praise of the farmer's calling, this manifold testimony to its dignity and its attraction, the perverse souls of so many young men should turn away from life in the fields to wait behind desks and counters; that so many, in spite of the white-coated farmer of Chappaqua and his counsel, should prefer the neighborhood of the park in New York City to the parks of Colorado, so promising in their greenness! Why will not the blind eyes see the blessings all around them, in the acres which they may plant and in the rocks which they can cover with verdure, if they will only use skill and patience? Why are the hills of New Hampshire and Massachusetts left to a desolation like that of the hills of Palestine and Greece, while the columns of The New York Herald overflow with anxious asking of young men for a place in the shop and the warehouse? Why is the Celt left to continue the toil of the sturdy sons of the Puritans, and the Milesian brogue allowed to replace the vernacular of the Yankee in the rural districts of New England? It is impossible to deny the fact that the farmer's calling is not gaining in favour with the better educated class or those who have their fortunes to make. In answer to the demonstrations of its dignity, the farmer's son insists that it is dull, drudging, and dirty; that ploughing and planting and pitching hay, and husking corn, and milking cows, are not inspiring to the workmen, whatever they may be to the poets; that a bent back, and splay feet, and calloused hands, and tanned skin, and hair in tangles, and clothes perpetually stained with mud or saturated with dust, do not help a man to realise his own importance or rest in his privilege; and that the dignity of the calling, real as it may be, by no means compensates its hard work, its exposures, its vexations, and its risks. Think of the colds and the rheumatisms likely to come from tramping on the wet grass or digging in the mud of the barn-yard, from the necessity of being out in all weathers, from the perspiration of the haying season, or of wood-chopping with the mercury at zero! Think of the disappointment of seeing an untimely frost destroy all the hard work of the season, or of rain and floods and hail, of canker-worms, and caterpillars, and curculios, and crows in the corn-field and the orchard, of the innumerable bugs and plagues which infest the ground and air, and baffle even the most watchful vigilance! And at the end of the year, a favorable year perhaps, with no blight or drought to diminish the profit, to find that the balance-sheet shows only that the receipts have met the expenses, that a scanty support, with hard work is all that has been realized, and that there is not even money to pay the subscription to The Ploughman or The Weekly Tribune—price two dollars—and so to learn how to farm economically—this makes the young husbandman question the assertions of those who tell him that he ought to be happy and keep to his acres. Every time that he sees his face and dress in the glass, his heart cries out against the flattering voice which would persuade him that his privilege is so great, and that he is a gentleman in all his drudgery.

It is certainly foolish to argue to one who has had experience of life upon a farm that the work is altogether pleasant, comfortable, or satisfying. Even where it is done by hired laborers, and the owner only superintends, it has very annoying trials. The laborers may strike for higher wages, or may be found wanting in the critical season when there is most need of their service. At the present high price for good farm hands, and the cost of other necessaries of life, it is certainly hard for a farmer in New England, who has not money in the bank, to make both ends meet. He can not buy a piano for his daughter, or send his son even to an agricultural college, from the proceeds of his pastures and his dairy. In the West, he has a better chance; but even in the West there are many ways in which money is made with less fatigue than in cultivating the soil. Men who do not like to work, and are not willing to work, must not expect to find farming congenial, on any scale, a small scale or a large scale, on Cape Cod, or the Berkshire hills, or on Illinois prairies. Nowhere will the laughing clods answer with a full supply, except where the harrow and the spade have enticed them. Farming life anywhere is a busy life, and has not much more leisure than the steady work of the mill or the counting-house. In some seasons, its work is longer and harder than any other work, and at all seasons there are *chores* which can not be neglected. The care of twenty or thirty

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cows is enough for one man, if he had nothing more, and may send him tired to bed on every day of the year; and we know one man who feels burdened in the charge of feeding threescore hens and preparing for market their product. The farmer's household, in New England certainly, will not have much time for literary pursuits or fashionable dissipation. If he can put a French roof upon his house, and a bay-window with lace curtains into his parlour, he may thank his good fortune, that he has so much to show for his toil. And if he can build a grapery on his hill-side, or surround his house with an acre or two of clean shaven lawn, he may well imagine that the promise has come true for him and that he is lord of the manor.

Yet making all allowance for the discomforts, privations and hardships of farm life, enough remains to justify the claim that it is the most respectable and the most independent of human occupations. Good sense and wise methods may escape many of its vexations. Those who do not expect too much from it, or who do not try to get from it what it probably never can give, find that it gives enough for reasonable satisfaction. And if we were to give advice to a farmer, the first advice would be, *not to try to become rich* in his occupation, but to be content with a competence, to be satisfied if his farm only yields him enough for the necessities of himself and his family, with a small surplus for contingencies. A farmer ought to relinquish at the start any dream of becoming a capitalist or of retiring by and by with even a modest estate, on which he may live without work. Not for him is the stimulating example of mercantile gains and ventures; not for him to rival the workman who from six shillings a day has become owner of a factory with half a million spindles. He must not plan to make grass and turnips and pork establish a heritage which shall give his children elegant leisure in brown-stone houses on the city avenues. A farmer, to be happy in his vocation, must have no vision of fortune as the end of his toil to excite him unduly, and to break him down in his effort to accomplish the impossible.

2. Another way of giving this advice would say to the farmer, "*Be wholly a farmer.*" Do not have any other business. Do not go into speculation of any kind, in city lots, or Western coal or copper, or railway bonds, or fisheries in the Arctic Sea. Keep to the farm first, last, and all the time. If you have any money, invest in the land here and in the improvements on the land. Have no interest that may direct your thought or your zeal from your regular work, or may divide your heart. When a farmer undertakes to be at once farmer and banker, or farmer and shopkeeper, he will come to grief probably in both occupations. He must not take up the business of Shylock or of Crispin, while he has enough to do in the furrow and the barnyard. "Study to do your own business" is the text for the homily which farmers ought oftenest to hear. Keep the blunt weapons which ply in the sod, and do not meddle with the edged tools of financial adventure. Most of the farming failures are due to the mistake of leaving farm work for side risks, and spoiling the love which ought to be for the regular work by some unlawful enterprise. A printer may get money enough to buy a farm, and then tell the world what he knows about farming, but a farmer should not anticipate the time when he may own one of Hoe's lightning presses and may enlighten the world about taxes and philosophy through the columns of a daily journal. A New York councilman may steal enough to buy a thousand acres on the Long Island shore, and build barns and villas, and keep blooded stock and raise marvellous crops; but a Connecticut farmer is very unwise who loans money to aid in the city pickings and stealings, even if his banker be a sober and godly member of the church, unimpeachable in decent demeanour.

3. If a farmer has only one kind of business, the counsel to be *moderate in work* seems reasonable. Why should he make himself an old man when he is young, or kill himself in crowding two years work into one? The reputation of a hard worker, of one who never allows himself any rest, who works from the first morning light to the last evening hour, every day of the week, year in and year out, with no pause or stint, is any thing but a good reputation for a cultivator of the soil. A farmer ought not to work when he is tired any more than a preacher. He had better lose some hay or some apples, than stiffen his joints by over toil, and reduce his nerves to apathy. Much pleasanter is the boast of the farmer that he "takes life easy" and leaves some things for to-morrow, than the boast of the farmer that he has hoed two acres of corn before dinner, or has cut and piled eight cords of wood in a day. The old-fashioned rests of half an hour in the forenoon, and half an hour in the afternoon, with the can of milk punch or sweetened water, were more sensible than the zeal which can not spare a moment from toil while the light lasts.

4. Yet *variety in a farmer's work* is quite as im-

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portant as in any other kind of work. Farming, properly followed, has more variety than any branch of mechanics or trade — work which varies with the seasons, with the hours of the day, with the weather, work in the wood, in the field, in the granary, in the barn, in the dairy and in the house. A man who only raises cabbages and turnips for the city market is not a genuine farmer, hardly even a market gardener. A true farmer has many branches of his large occupation, goes from one duty to another, not changing his general scheme or purpose, but changing the field and instruments of his labour. He is now a wood-chopper, now a ploughman, now a reaper, now a vine-dresser, now a shepherd, now a poulterer, and now, like the Grecian hero, a tamer of horses. While he ought to have no other regular trade or interest, he must in some degree be a mechanic, enough to shingle his barn, to build his fences, to whitewash his walls, to mend his churn, to keep his axles in order, and to lay stones in a symmetric pile. The greater the variety of work upon the farm the less will be its drudgery. Farm life is mean only when its programme is narrow, and it is all in one kind, only when it is all orchard or all pasture, or all oats and rye. It is incomplete when it is not many-sided.

5. Is it inconsistent with what we have said, if we counsel the farmer *to be a student*, to learn what the books can tell him, as well as what are the lessons of experience? Scientific farming is ridiculed by those who call themselves practical men, and doubtless a great deal of it is fantastic and ridiculous. Chemistry will not reconstruct soils on any large scale, nor will mechanics set aside all the old implements. But any farmer is a fool who will not examine the latest theories, and avail himself of the useful inventions for abridging labour and doing work more thoroughly. If he despises all the new ways, he can not complain if he keeps poor and has his toil for nothing. No rash experiments, but an open ear and eye for all new methods, ought to be the rule of the intelligent farmer. Let him dispense with his tapestried carpet, if in buying this, he has to deny himself the subscription to his agricultural journal. Every good farmer ought to keep up with the time, in all that the sciences have to say about the elements of earths, and plants, and flesh, and use all the help which science offers him. He ought to have a good barometer and know how to read its teaching. He ought to have knowledge enough of Natural History to know the habits of destructive birds and insects, how they multiply, how they work their mischief, and how they are to be kept off. He ought to have medical skill enough to know how to treat the maladies of trees and animals, and to ward off disease from his premises. The line that separates the farmer from the naturalist and the man of science in these days is a very faint line; the intelligent farmer ought to feel quite at home in an assembly of the scientists, even if he rejects their learned phraseology and their technical jargon. Let him respect science in his calling, even if some of its *dicta* seem to him foolish and pedantic.

6. The most comprehensive, but not least necessary, of the counsels which we should give to a farmer is to "*accept the situation*," and not to grumble at the Providence which has brought it. A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling or blush to own that he tills the soil because his coarse raiment and his bronzed skin are rebuked by the glossy vest and white hands of his city cousin. He should dismiss envy of the men who control millions, and are eager in the crowd, and make a noise in the world. They are probably not so happy as he actually is, certainly not so happy as he might be and ought to be. His homely fare, bacon and eggs, brown bread and cheese, is healthier than the spiced food at Delmonico's; and if he can not hear cavatinas at the opera, or the harmonies of Thomas's orchestra, he can hear the lark and the quail, and the thrush and the robin, and can himself whistle at his toil with no one to chide his rudeness. Let the farmer be glad in the good lot which God has given him, and not covet the imaginary joys of any other calling!

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The Aims and Methods of Our Hygienic Society.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW HAVEN HYGIENIC SOCIETY.

SICKNESS, pain, untimely death, are facts certainly hard to face. They *compel* attention, however, from the most stolid, by a short, irresistible logic. So that while we long for deliverance, we cast about us on every side for some theory of their existence and for some means of escape. Are they, in fact and in sound sense to be considered as consequences of Adam's sin and fall? Are they special providences of God whose meaning will only be fully revealed at the day of judgment? Are they the result of chance—of pure haphazard that defies understanding or escape? Are sickness and pain things somehow *alive* in the bones, muscles, nerves and veins that, like rats in a house, must be subdued by poisons and cleared out of the system by the skill of physics, wielding of pain-killers, or something that sickness and pain do not like? Are they altogether a mystery that baffles alike the "medicine men" of savage tribes and the most learned men of the most advanced civilization, and that leaves us all at last alike the prey of superstition and the prey of impudent greed?

Thousands and millions of our race to-day answer each of these questions with an undoubting Yes; and so divide themselves into great classes, but follow up each and all their convictions with a unity of bewildered and fatal conduct.

What ought we to think of sickness, pain, untimely death? What shall we do about them? How meet them? They are all about us afflicting and tormenting us in body and soul. We truly would escape from them if we could—if we saw just how to do it. And we can not accept either of these suggested theories in regard to these great, unwelcome facts.

Now the idea of the universal prevalence of law—of law everywhere and in regard to every thing—is fast taking hold of the ordinary intelligence. Even *disorder*, even events and facts the most fatuitous and isolated, are sometimes discovered to have a subtle thread of order running through them. In fact, the idea of law underlying all the phenomena of the outer world, is the very centre of all modern philosophy, the standpoint of all observation and of all inference in regard to ascertained facts. It suggests the methods of the common sense of to-day. So the whole progress of mankind, every fact of discovery, every step in invention, every science, every art, is only the reduction of a few out of the seeming infinite chaos of facts about us to the law that characterises and controls them in a few of their relations. Beginning almost always in a theory suggested by a leap of the soul out into the unknown, the eventual abandonment of the theory comes from tests sharply applied in an almost infinite variety of ways, and the confirmation or modification of it is the work of a slow, solid accumulation, till at last the one new point in knowledge is revealed, the law stands forth.

But, looking back and abroad over these classified facts and ascertained laws, it becomes ever more and more plain that literal chaos is nowhere; that order is everywhere; that God rules the universe in great things and the smallest by unbending laws that must be understood and obeyed, or the consequences of a violation of them must be braved; we know as yet but few of these; we consciously obey even somewhat less than we know. But the horizon that bounds our vision, the pathway that bounds our footsteps is continually becoming wider, and at no point is there any contradiction to the central idea of law. From the domain of a terrified imagination, looking at things unknown, looking at mysteries only to wonder at and adopt in regard to them wild theories, the domain of scientific methods, then every moment confronted by actual fact or at least by the hasty generalization we call common sense. This is a great step. But it is by precisely this step that Alchemy—the "black art"—has ceased to terrify, mislead and bewilder mankind, and has given place to Chemistry and its beautiful and beneficent laws. By this step Astrology has moved out into the clear light of Astronomy, Geography has risen out of a jumble of fiction and fact, and Geology has shown the physical structure of the solid globe. So everywhere, by telescope and microscope, amid the stars and amid the pollen of flowers, alike is read the lesson of a universe subjected to God and subjected also to law.

It is an old lesson, but we the more need to reiterate it because an untrained imagination and a weak religious sentiment, which we long to see grow into a more sturdy faith in God

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combine to perpetually betray us into feeling that our foolishness is God's wisdom and special providence, and so to lull us into a hopeless imbecility which we try to call trust in Providence, when we ought to be stirred as by a blast from a trumpet to escape from our ignorance and folly, to learn the deeper lessons of life and the overwhelming necessity of obedience to God. It has often happened, too, that religious teachers have added to our difficulties by thoughtlessly, in prayer or exhortation, in endeavoring to waken a continuous, pervading, restraining and controlling sense of the Divine Presence, have attributed to Providence acting specially, what should be known and felt by their friends and hearers as Providence acting by general and the ordinary laws.

An eclipse has often filled a whole people with terror, as a manifestation of the anger of unknown powers. An astronomer predicts it and is delighted when it comes. The elements of his problem are clear before him, and the application of known formula give exact results. This is science perfected, an absolute reliance on the uniformity of the laws of the universe.

The weather is of universal interest, but in foretelling it, the elements on which the calculation of the sunshine or the storm of to-morrow depend are not as yet so clearly within our knowledge or within our reach as to enable us with certainty to predict about results. The central bureau at Washington venture to give us *probabilities*, but these probabilities have been and are exceedingly interesting and useful—certain, I think, at some time to become probabilities of a very high degree. If they fail to become certainties it will be not at all because the laws which govern the movement of wind, clouds, rain, snow, cold and heat are not uniform, and will not one day be known, but because we have not yet discovered and proved them fully. This is science growing, not yet perfected.

Now, in the art of healing, in the science of right living, in finding out and obeying the laws of health and sickness, the idea of exact results from given causes has not so generally prevailed as in some other departments of inquiry. The elements of the problem are not altogether plain, and the obstacles to reducing them to practice are decidedly great—the ignorance of many; the nervous terror at the awful importance of the results to the invalid himself and to his friends; the interests of a few, and the habits, customs and fashions of many intelligent people. Still the physician relies ever upon the absolute uniformity of the laws of nature as implicitly as the astronomer. He knows that to look upon the calamities, the distresses, the sicknesses of life as caused by the special interposition of Providence, or by mere haphazard, is the ready resource of ignorance and lazy imbecility, as well as of a religious, imaginative enthusiasm that speaks familiarly of God and his special designs. Of course, in either case, we would speak tenderly, but we modestly ask if it is not a sad mistake to comfort the mourners for a man who dies of drinking whisky, or for a child who dies of eating bad food and general neglect, or even of causes that neither we nor any present human skill and tender nursing can control, by talking of the "Lord loving whom he chasteneth," of "death leaving a shining mark," and by stating that "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Now, if all this made mere waste of the lesson such an event ought to teach, if the friends and neighbors were no worse for it, got no further from the truth and from right conduct in consequence of such teaching, we might say nothing; but it seems like a false guide, that defrauds a weary, foot-sore pilgrim, and partly out of tenderness for his forlorn condition, partly to get him out of sight, tells him a pleasant, cruel lie. It becomes a sort of kindly meant wrecker's light that seems about to guide a storm-tossed sailor into port, but really leaves him to the rocks and waves. Far better and more wholesome is it that we should deeply realize the bitter, miserable fact, humiliating but tonic, that not God's will but our own ignorance, or some misconduct, has virtually caused this death. In truth, we did not any of us know enough to keep the dear child alive. Let us face just that fact. It is a false tenderness that directs the eye away from it to the designs of Providence in general in regard to sin. That the ignorance is universal and dense, only relieves us from special self-blame. If the sin of any ignorance is hinted at, the sin of this ignorance is most awfully punished. What London plagues, what visitations of cholera, what yellow fevers, what consumptions and dyspepsias are bred in this cesspool of ignorance and corruption! If the head and heart of the whole community realized all this, what a spring to right thinking, what compulsion to right acting would be developed!

To guard against misapprehension, let it not be supposed that all the laws of health are understood and can therefore be obeyed immediately, and so sickness be altogether and at once

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averted. My belief is that the whole human race, devoting its energies to the task for time enough can find out all these laws, solve all the unsolved problems. Of course the sick and the poor ye will have with you always. As we now know better than to break our legs and still go on, and will probably go on from occasionally breaking them, so when we learn and fully comprehend the causes of every case of sickness, we shall yet find the sick as the broken-legged among us. Inheritance, accident, thoughtlessness, passion, and childish ignorance that is born new every day, and is with difficulty enlightened — all these will for ever cause some sickness to prevail and keep the ranks of the physicians full. Let us learn to value the good advice and sound sense of the physicians more and their drugs much less. Let us appreciate that he is by far the best physician who gives the least medicine and practices the least blood-letting and best instructs us how to live. What we shall gain by our attention to this subject will be an enormous diminution of sickness and a better point of view in regard to it. Physicians will have some intelligent furtherance and co-operation when patients no longer feel like the Irishman, who thought himself defrauded unless he was prostrated by some pow-powerful poison administered to kill the disease.

On the other hand, let us not forget how much is already known and can be reduced to practice. So much that it would be a sad loss to us all to float with the unthinking many into habits prejudicial to health and provocative of disease.

And our search for knowledge, and our practice of wisdom in regard to these matters, are not without great encouragements, great practical immediate advantages. When our neighbor's belief confirms our knowledge, how much more deeply do we seem to know it. When we have reduced to practice all we know, and have put it to the sharpest tests, how much easier is the next step forward in knowledge. In all cases of distant apparent impossibility, the stout, resolute heart that moves forward and confronts it, finds abundant pathways through. The woods, in June, seen from a hill-top, present an apparent impassable wall of green, which a near approach separates into practicable paths. How the fence cheats the ox! How surely the army that tries to get nearest to the enemy finds the fewest obstacles from that enemy. So let us not doubt that when we have taken the last step unhesitatingly towards our difficulties, unexpected ways will be sure to open.

Our aims then are to learn as far as we can all old facts and all new facts *bearing* upon this subject, to spread as widely as possible a knowledge of *all* facts and all the laws that influence the health of the community and each of us individually; to regard those facts; to try to learn to practically, personally obey those laws; to assist others to do so likewise and to be assisted by them, to learn how to get well and to keep well all the time; to learn how in sickness to get along best till the doctor comes, and to help him intelligently when he comes, and finally to dispense with his services as far as possible.

Our methods are very simple and unobtrusive. These meetings, I think we shall all agree, have been exceedingly pleasant and unexpectedly profitable and interesting—the use of our little library of choice books, and the distribution of the leaves and pamphlets, some of which have been prepared expressly for us, and all have been spread so freely around the rooms of our excellent hostess; the essays that have from time to time been read here, and the familiar conversation to which they have given vice.

I do not know to what other methods of work in this cause you will hereafter feel called. I might suggest public lectures by Dr. Lewis, and others, on the subject, and the formation of a class consisting of our members to learn of and practice with our good friend, Prof. Welch, the Parlor Gymnastics, and some of the simpler forms of the Movement-cure. In this the Professor will be your best guide.

But these simple, unpretentious meetings have surely given us strength as well as formation, have been a source of pleasant enjoyment, and have somewhat deepened and broadened our views of life and of the matters discussed. If they shall be no longer continued, they will at least remain a memory to strengthen us as each one gropes on alone amid the great throng that crowds from entrance to exit the gateways of life. They will not have been in vain, if we shall have revived or gained here a somewhat clearer conception of the beauty of true living; of the greater certainty with which health may be gained, held in this world; and that the moil and servile sweat of life can be transmuted by intelligence and affection into a free, glorious, blessed work with and for God and all good, so that we shall all learn to read the riddle of the universe, and know, even in this world, that sometimes seems old and grimy, that

> All discord is harmony *not understood*,
> All partial evil universal good.

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The Ten Commandments of the Body.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

I HAVE often observed that, other things being equal, healthy people get on in the world much better than unhealthy ones. When I was a boy, I remember there was a strife between two students in the college as to who should gain the honors of the class, and be crowned Valedictorian. These students were intellectually about on a level, but one of them was stronger physically. Every body said, "The chances are in favor of the weaker man, if his health holds out." But his health did not hold out, and the man with the stronger body won the victory.

Other things being equal, it is always thus. Health is the foundation of the world's prosperity. Wealth is the result of the toils of health. A strong, enduring body is good capital to begin business with. A sound mind and good judgment add greatly to its value. Possessed of these a man may earn a living, and enjoy it when earned. But how to get and keep health, is the question. The laws of the body are few and simple, and upon their observance depends our power to keep in good condition. They resolve themselves into these *Ten Commandments:*

1. Secure, if possible, a vigorous constitution.
2. Eat a good supply of the best food.
3. Take a proper amount of physical exercise daily.
4. Use pure water to drink.
5. Secure abundance of pure air for the lungs.
6. Take eight hours of good sleep out of every twenty-four.
7. Observe cleanliness.
8. Observe regularity in all your habits.
9. Take wise but not excessive recreation.
10. Work at some useful and congenial employment.

I will now make a few comments on each of these commandments.

1. The first exhorts us to secure a good constitution; but this is a matter mainly in the hands of our parents, and those already born can do but little in this direction. But those who are yet to become parents can do a great deal for the unborn children of the next generation, by proper matrimonial alliances, and by such good attention to the laws of hygiene as every person ought to give. The ancient Greeks, it is said, used to kill all the feeble children that were born. But this was a barbarity that the present age could not permit to exist. Some of the brightest lights of our time were feeble children. Herbert Spencer, the founder of a very important system of philosophy, was a feeble child. Harriet Hosmer, the world-renowned artist, was another. And, if we are to believe his biographer, Horace Greeley was a delicate, feeble child. And so was Daniel Webster during early boyhood, when that massive head of his absorbed so much of the force of his body.

If any of these had been born in ancient Greece, they might have fared hard. But all feeble children do not turn out so well. Most of them die early, and leave sad, disconsolate hearts behind; and any thing that can properly be done to lessen the number of such cases should be done. I can not go into particulars here, but suffice it to say, every young man and woman should thoroughly study this important subject, and act up to the light obtained. There are plenty of good books that may be had for a small sum that throw a flood of light on this subject.

2. Good food, in proper quantities is absolutely necessary to health and strength. Out of it is formed all the substance of the body; out of it comes all the strength. I might make a whole article on this subject, but I again refer the reader to the best books.

3. Exercise will do more for the health of men and women than all the medicine in the world, if efficiently applied. Dr. Dio Lewis is high authority on this subject, and he says that he can keep a man well if he can control his physical culture, more easily than by any other means.

4. I believe the best drink for all people under forty years of age is pure water. In a letter which I published from William Cullen Bryant a few months ago, he says about drink, "Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. Sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect, and agrees with me very well. My drink is water, yet sometimes I take a glass of wine. I am a natural temperance man, finding myself rather confused than exhilarated by wine." Now there are few men in America, seventy-five years of age, so sound in health of body and mind as William Cullen Bryant. His

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example may be safely followed by mostpe o-ple.

5. It seems to me that every body ought to know about the importance of pure air, but every body does not. There is no more deadly foe to life than bad air. People who are founding homes in new places should, above all things, observe if the air and water are pure. Our churches, school-houses, dwelling-houses, and especially our bed-rooms, should always have abundance of the former invigorating material.

6. Of sleep, I think eight hours none too much for the average man and woman. Children require ten or twelve hours. Napoleon and Humboldt, it is said, required only four hours each, but they were exceptions to the general rule.

7. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Can I say more on this point?

8. Order is Heaven's first law. If the sun, moon, and stars keep their places with such regularity in the sky, why should not man keep his place in nature instead of, comet-like, violating every rule of system in his life, as he too often does.

9. I believe most thoroughly in recreation. Change of place and scene, travel, is to most people promotive of health. In a beautiful letter I lately received from William Howitt, he makes this important statement: "Another cause to which I attribute my extraordinary degree of health has been, not merely continued country exercise in walking and gardening, but now and then making a clean break and change of my location and mode of life. Travel is one of the great invigorators of the system, both physically and intellectually. When I have found a morbid feeling stealing over me, I have at once started on a pedestrian or other journey. The change of place, scene, atmosphere, of all the objects occupying the daily attention, has at once put to flight the enemy. There is nothing like throwing off the harness and giving mind and body a holiday, a treat to all sorts of new objects."

10. And now for the last point. A well-organized man or woman can not live long and happily without congenial employment, and so it is of infinite importance that young men and women find out early what they can do best, and then prepare themselves to do it. Most of our happiness comes from the work we do in spirit of love; most of our unhappiness from the work we do in the spirit of hate. The sooner a person finds out his proper place in the world, and gracefully endeavors to fill it, the better it will be for him.

What I have now said regarding the ten commandments of the body relates chiefly to the positive side. But there is a negative side. If we must have what is good we should avoid what is evil, and while I will not mention all, I will refer to two habits which every year wreck multitudes of young men on more fearful strands than death at the cannon's mouth. I refer to—

1. The habit of using alcoholic stimulants and tobacco; and

2. To licentiousness.

The first of these vices we all know is terrible, but the last is more fearful still. Sensuality to-day outnumbers almost all other vice in the swarms of its victims, and that, too, among all classes of people, including many of our best minds. If I could impress on every young man who reads these words the importance of *perfect purity* in this respect, I should be glad. If our passions rule us they will ruin us, as they have millions of others. How much better to be pure in thought and act than to be impure.

℞ "Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never *gives*."

A word or two on good mental and moral habits, as affecting health. The brain is the organ of the mind, but besides this, when perfectly vigorous and wisely occupied, it infuses a healthy, happy state throughout the body, but when our intellects are clouded and we are sour, morose, cross, and ugly, or mournfully depressed and dissatisfied, the secretions are poisoned, digestion becomes impaired, and our bodily vigor greatly lessened Other things being equal, those whose mental and moral state is most perfect are most healthful. If one does his whole duty and meets average success, the satisfaction which results from such a course gives a peaceful, happy state to the mind that is exceedingly favorable to the health of the body, while one whose conscience is always troubling him because he has done a wrong act in business, or in his intercourse with his fellows, and who does not heed the warning of this inward monitor, can never have sound sleep and perfect health.

MY CROWN IS MY HEART.—Not on my head; not decked with diamonds and Indian stones, nor to be seen; my crown is called content; a crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

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EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—

HEALTH STATISTICS FOR ENGLISH CITIES.

I. Please give us some health statistics for London and other cities.

ANSWER.—London is about three times as large a city as New York, but during the week ending Saturday the 9th of December, 1871, 4,336 births and 4,271 deaths were registered in London and nineteen other large cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The aggregate mortality for this week in these towns was at the rate of 31 deaths annually to every 1,000 persons estimated to be living.

The annual rates of mortality in the seventeen English cities and towns were as follows: London, 30 per 1,000; Portsmouth, 24; Norwich, 36; Bristol, 30; Wolverhampton, 56; Birmingham, 25; Leicester, 34; Nottingham, 33; Liverpool, 31; Manchester, 37; Salford, 39; Bradford, 28; Leeds, 25; Sheffield, 34; Hull, 26; Sunderland, 36, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 33. In Edinburgh, the annual rate of mortality from all causes was 32 per 1,000 persons living; in Glasgow, 35 per 1,000, and in Dublin, 31.

In Paris 892 deaths were returned in the corresponding week, and the annual death-rate was equal to 24 per 1,000 of the estimated population. In Brussels, 101 deaths occurred in the week, and the annual death-rate was 28 per 1,000. In Berlin during the week, 601 deaths were recorded, including no less than 166 from small-pox, and showing an annual rate of 35 per 1,000. In Vienna, the 366 deaths in the week ending the 2d gave an annual rate of 31 per 1,000. In Rome, 174 deaths were registered in the week ending the 26th ult., and the annual death-rate was 40 per 1,000.

The death-rate for New York is not so high as several of these cities.

WOMAN'S DRESS REFORM.

II. Do you believe womens' dress, as at present worn, is unhealthy, and if so, what is the way to bring about a reform?

ANS.—Yes. In many respects women dress badly. The two important objectionable features are the tightness about the waist and the long, heavy skirts. The latter we may tolerate in the parlor and drawing-room, but not on the street or while at work. So again, women dress too elaborately and expensively, but not with sufficient taste and beauty. A woman dressed at great expense is not of necessity beautifully dressed.

How a reform is to be brought about is not clear, unless each woman will do her part in the matter. A new association has been formed in London for promoting a reformation in dress. The members of this "Womens' Dress Association" have adopted principles of moderation and economy of time and money in dress, and a due regard to its suitability to position and its healthfulness. They have bound themselves to observe certain rules conscientiously, and these rules are such as all ladies might well bear in mind. The members of the society are not to spend more money upon dress than they can honestly afford, and they are not to be in debt. Yet they are to have proper regard for appearances, for they pledge themselves to dress "becomingly"—a point which many ladies forget in their devotion to fashion. The members promise, also, to avoid all exaggerations (especially of head-dresses), and all unsightly articles of dress which interfere with the natural figure, or any thing that might attract improper attention. This association is designed for women of all ranks, and the details in which the general principles of moderation and economy are to be carried out are left to the good sense and discrimination of each individual. If judiciously managed, the influence must be to favor a simple and beautiful style of dress. Something like this might be done in every community. Who will start the reform here? Far be it from us to find fault with the ambition of ladies to dress beautifully. The art of dress is a legitimate one and deserves cultivation, only we should always bear in mind the general rules by which it should be governed. Health and comfort should not be interfered with by fashion. People may dress handsomely and healthfully, too, if they will, and this is what dress-reformers fail to see in their efforts to reform.

SPITTING.

III. Is it unhealthful to spit?

ANS.—To waste the saliva of the mouth by spitting it out is a very unhealthful practice.

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This fluid has important uses in the processes of digestion. The saliva converts the starch of our food into sugar, and if there is not enough to do this, dyspepsia results. Professor Dalton has estimated the amount of saliva secreted by an average adult in twenty-four hours as a trifle less than three pounds avoirdupois. This is no doubt below the general average rather than above. This secretion is likewise greatly increased by mastication, even when no food is present in the buccal cavity, as any one may easily determine in his own person. The habit of chewing tobacco is not so much injurious from the toxic effects of the tobacco as it is from the waste of saliva in spitting. The habit of chewing gum of various sorts, which is practiced to a considerable extent by our schoolchildren, and even by some children of a larger growth, is injurious as far as it engenders a desire to spit. Smoking tobacco may be classed in the same category, and I believe is more injurious from the loss of saliva than in any other way.

INHERITING DESIRE FOR DRINK.

IV. Are there any facts to prove that the appetite for alcoholic stimulants is inherited from parent to child?

ANS.—Yes. A grandson of Daniel Webster died in a jail in Boston recently, where he had been taken drunk. The love for liquor had come down to him no doubt by inheritance from his grandfather. A lady, wife of the Mayor of an Atlantic city, was a confirmed inebriate, and in spite of the most assiduous efforts made by her husband and others to restrain and reform her, continued to drink till her life fell a sacrifice to the indulgence. Her grandmothers were both intemperate, and they both died from drunkenness. Several of her brothers were inebriates. She had one child, a daughter, who exhibited in childhood a marked appetite for strong liquors, and who drank to intoxication whenever she had the opportunity. This child died at the age of six years. During her brief life she was known to have been repeatedly drunk. So inveterate was her appetite for liquor that she resorted to the most cunning tricks in order to procure it—tricks such as would do credit to the ingenuity of an adult.

AMBROSE PARE.

V. Was Ambrose Pare a physician?

ANS.—He was a surgeon. The following notice of his life may prove interesting to young students and many others:

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there was in the town of Laval, in France, an honest trunk-maker who had a son. He apprenticed him to a barber-surgeon. The son, thoroughly enthused with his work, left his humble teacher and made his way to Paris. He was poor, he had few books, and only the most obscure, inexpensive teachers. But he had what was far better, an undying enthusiasm, an unremitting devotion to his work. In 1536 this obscure young doctor followed the French army into Italy. He had common sense, he had courage. He did not hesitate to attack the barbaric surgery of the time, he kept boiling oil away from wounds, and he was not afraid of cold water. His results were deemed miraculous. Returning to Paris in 1539, the unknown young doctor of three years before found himself famous, and was received with the highest honors by the Royal College of Chirurgeons. On the renewal of the war he interdicted the application of red-hot irons to bleeding vessels, and demonstrated the efficiency of the ligature. He knew nothing of Latin, the *sine qua non* of an educated man in that day, yet venerable universities showered degrees upon him. He wrote most creditably on surgical topics. He was the friend of kings, was king's surgeon to Charles IX and Henry III and attended Francis II on his death-bed. And this was the romance of a poor young man, the romance of a life of unremitting, enthusiastic work. The name of this poor young man wns Ambrose Pare, a name we still delight to honor.—*Dr. Crosby's Address, Univ. of Michigan.*

RICHES.

VI. Can a man be rich without money?

ANS.—Yes. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses or lands.

It is better than land estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as among herds of horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a timid, care-burdened man, these

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are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

DINNERS.

VII. Are late fashionable dinners objectionable?

Ans.—There can be little doubt that the very late dinner hour patronized by modern society is highly unnatural, undesirable, and pernicious. The fatigues undergone by fashionable folk during the day do not tend to whet appetite—rather they serve to blunt its cravings—besides the stomach of such is unfitted from properly fulfilling its functions. Of course, tempting viands are presented on the dining-tables, prepared by practised and skillful cooks, while the pleasures of love, friendship, and social converse become added as incentives. All the more dangerous, we should say. It is possible to cloy the stomach, and yet derive no benefit therefrom, but contrariwise. Better be in the condition of the Cambridge students of yore, and "diet upon fasting every day," than cause the human system to receive more than it can digest. "I restrained myself," observes Bacon, "to so regular a diet as to eat flesh but once a day, and a little at a time, without salt or vinegar."

FEEDING INFANTS ON COLD FOOD.

VIII. At what temperature should an infant's food be given?

Ans.—Dr. King says, "the difficulty of rearing infants on artificial food, when neither mother's milk nor a wet-nurse can be procured, seems to justify me in publishing remarks:

Under the above circumstances, of course, we have nearly always to use cow's milk and the feeding-bottle. Our best authorities direct that the milk should be given to the child at the same temperature as that of the mother's milk—from ninety to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit—and, where great accuracy is required, a thermometer employed. On reflection, it is obvious that these instructions can never be carried out so that the little one will take all its food at the same temperature; for during the meal the bottle becomes cold, and there may frequently be considerable difference of temperature between the first and last milk imbibed by the infant. It is unnecessary to state that very little will upset the feeble powers of the digestive organs in the early days of infantile life; and this difference in the temperature of the food, I am disposed to believe, is one of the causes of gastric and intestinal disorder which we so often have to deal with among infants brought up by hand.

Instead of giving warm milk, I have adopted the plan of giving cold milk entirely—ordering the babe's bottle to be kept standing in iced water in summer, and in a cold place in winter. This method I have found, from practical experience, to answer remarkably well. If there is any tendency to diarrhœa, I recommend the milk to be heated to 212° F., and afterward allowed to get quite cold before being used. In private practice, I am of opinion that bottle-fed infants generally have their food given them too warm.

It would lead me far beyond the limits of a letter to enter into details regarding the administration of cold food to infants. I might, however, add that they soon like it even better than warm food, and during the teething period the cold milk seems especially agreeable to the inflamed gums of the little sufferers.

WATER-CRESSES.

IX. What is a water-cress, and are they wholesome?

Ans.—The water-cress is undoubtedly a wholesome plant, and an excellent anti-scorbutic, and there are but few persons to whom it is not agreeable in its fresh green state. It is, moreover, sometimes cooked for the table in a similar manner to celery. The common name of *cress* seems to have been derived from the four petals of the flowers forming a cross, which is a character of the whole group, and from which, indeed, the order takes its name of *Cruciferæ*. The botanical name, *Nasturtium*, indicates its pungency, or effect upon the nose, from *nasus tortus*. It thrives best in streams of clear, running water, where the bottom is sandy or gravelly. In London, fifty thousand dollar's worth are sold yearly, and as the cress is very cheap the amount of it used is considerable.

ALBUMEN IN THE BLOOD.

X. If a man eats eggs and they are not fully digested, can they be absorbed into the blood and nourish the body?

Ans.—They can be absorbed, but the undigested albumen of the white of the egg has no normal place in the blood, and is very soon thrown out through the kidneys. Though there is albumen in the blood, yet it differs from the albumen of the egg, at least in its fitness for entering the circulation. The casein of milk and gelatine, if introduced into the blood undigested, behave in the same way.

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LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON IX.

THE NOSE—THE SENSE OF SMELL.

THE Nose is the most prominent thing on a man's face, especially in Europeans and Indians. In negroes, and the people of Asia, it is very flat and small, so flat that in a profile view it is hardly seen. It has three very important uses.

First.—It adds greatly to the beauty and interest of the face. If you could see a person without a nose, you would be able to appreciate this. Even the most homely nose you ever saw is handsomer than none at all, and those noses that are finely formed and of proper size, are very interesting and give great character to the face. As a general thing people with fine noses have strong bodies, and minds too, but this is not always so.

Another use for the nose is to act as a passage for the air to the lungs when we breathe. It is true, we can breathe through the mouth, but it is not a good thing to do so. Healthy people breathe through the nose, weakly and tired people pant and breathe through the mouth.

Then, again, the nose holds the organs of smell, and this is a very important sense. Suppose you could not smell any thing again as long as you live. Suppose no sweet smelling flowers could ever again impress their wondrous properties on your nose. How unfortunate it would be; besides the loss of a great deal of pleasure, there would be other losses. You could not tell when you were breathing bad air. The most dreadful smells might poison you and you would not know it, your own person might become foul with bad odors and you would pay no attention to it. The sick-room might get polluted with air loaded with impurities, and you would not observe it and open the windows to let in fresh air and let out bad air. Then you see the sense of smell is a source of pleasure, and a source of cleanliness and health. It tells us of the presence of things good and bad in the air in which we live, and warns us when we are near to offensive and poisonous substances that may injure our health. The sense of smell, however, is not so important to the civilised men as it is to barbarous ones. Among savage tribes it is very acute. Humboldt says, that the Indians of Peru, South America, can in the darkest night tell one person from another by the smell. It is said that the Arabs of the desert can smell a fire thirty miles off. Persons who are born blind and deaf have a very keen smell. James Mitchel was born blind and deaf and was dumb; he could perceive a stranger when he entered his room by the sense of smell. Many animals can distinguish their food a long ways off by the smell. It is said the buzzard smells his food for miles, but I think this doubtful. These animals and savage men do not dislike, as you and I do, disagreeable odors. There are people living in Africa who will eat the most disgusting putrid meat they can find as a delicate morsel, while we could not go near it for its bad odor.

Some people have a very keen sense of particular odors. Dr. Carpenter mentions a man who was blind, but he had a great antipathy to the smell of a cat, and so keen was this sense that if one was shut up in a room adjoining his, though he could not see a particle, he could smell the cat and tell where she was.

There is another very curious fact which I will tell you. There are some odors so disagreeable to us that we seem to smell them a long time, sometimes for days after they are gone. I wonder why this is so? It may be that some of the particles of matter remain in the nose for a long time, but it seems more likely that it may be the effect of the imagination. We think we smell it when we really do not, just as boys and girls think they see frightful things when alone in the dark, when they do not.

It is another curious fact that we can breathe through the mouth and not smell any thing. The reason is that the odors then do not go near the nerves that perform the office of smelling, but pass under them. So you see there is only one place in the body where we can smell any thing and the air must carry the odor over this place in the nose.

Still another curious fact is this, that if we breathe into the nose any poisonous disagreeable vapor or dust, it is likely to make us sneeze, which is an effort to throw it out so it will do no harm.

Perhaps you would like to know which nerve

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it is that does the smelling. It is called the *Olfactory* nerve. When you get older and read the books on Anatomy, as you surely will, I hope you will read about the nine pair of nerves that go off from the brain. Now the first pair is the *olfactory* nerve that goes to the nose, and the second pair is the optic nerve that goes to the eye, and so on. The olfactory nerve does not do any thing else but smell. It is spread out over the upper middle part of the nasal cavity, in a membrane called the *schneiderian* membrane. If this nerve was cut in two before it gets into this cavity, you could not smell any thing. If you were to bandage the eyes of two dogs after having cut or destroyed the olfactory nerve of one of them, and then put a piece of meat for them in the yard, the dog whose nerve was sound would go to the meat by the sense of the smell, but the dog whose nerve had been cut could not do this, and if he should by accident run his nose against it he could not tell that it was a piece of meat good for his dinner, but would pass by. So you see this nerve is of great use to dogs. They can follow a track by it, and find their way home when lost by it, too. Have you never noticed how dogs use their nose a great deal, and how much they learn by it?

There is a story of a boy who was lost in the woods and could not be found by his parents, so they sent for a dog that was famous for hunting things by the *scent*, and let him smell of a pair of stockings the child had last worn. The dog, after passing his nose over and around them for a moment, started off and described a circle round the house so he might cross the child's track. When he found the right one he followed it to the child without trouble, and restored him to his anxious father and mother. Not many years ago, when black people were held as slaves in this country, they used to try and get away from their masters sometimes; so their masters kept dogs called bloodhounds to follow after them and stop them till they could be taken back. These dogs could follow the negroes by the smell of the ground over which the slaves had walked. So, to keep the dogs off their guard, they would wade for a long distance in the water, or cross over rivers and back again, so the dogs could not find their tracks. Have you not all noticed your own dogs following on the track of some animal, which they are sure to find if they have a good nose and the animal is not too far off?

It is very important that we take care of the nose, so it will not get injured. Be careful and keep away all you can from bad odors, for after awhile the nose gets used to them and becomes dull and blunted and can not tell us of their presence. Do not use snuff, for it blunts the sense of smell, as well as injures the health. Keep away from all dust and irritating odors. Do not use strong smelling-salts, but the most delicate ones, that impart a sensation of pleasure. Do not snuff cold water up the nose. Do not get a cold in the head, or chronic catarrh, as both interfere seriously with the function of smell.

Of the names of all the different parts of the nose, I have said nothing, because these names are so hard that you would not understand them. Perhaps, however, I had better write down some of these hard names, so you may see them I will have the hard words in different letters. First, the nose has an *osseous basis*. Next comes five *fibro cartilages*. One of these makes the *septum*. A pair of them make the *alar cartilages*. Then there is the *nasal fossa schneiderian membrane, pituary membrane, sinuses, vibratile cilea, mucous membrane*, and a good many other names I will not print. Is not this enough for one lesson?

QUESTIONS FOR LESSON IX.

1. What is the use of the nose?
2. Are all noses alike?
3. What people have the finest noses?
4. What about the Negro and Chinese noses?
5. What is the sense of smell?
6. Do all people have it alike?
7. What did Humboldt say about Indians smelling in the dark?
8. What about Arabs?
9. What was said of James Mitchel?
10. What about animals?
11. Do all people and animals dislike disagreeable odors?
12. What about the blind man and the cat?
13. Do we ever think we smell things after they are gone from us?
14. Can we smell when we breathe through the mouth?
15. What is the name of the nerve of smell?
16. Where is it located?
17. If this nerve is destroyed, or cut, what happens?
18. Recite the story of the two dogs.
19. What about the lost boy?
20. What about the negro slaves and the dogs?
21. What about the care of the nose?
22. Mention the hard names.

NITROGEN furnishes matter for the growth and renovation of the tissues of the body. All molecular changes in the body are in matter of this kind. And life is little else but molecular change. Non-nitrogenous matter, as starch, gum, sugar, fat, contribute in certain ways to the maintenance of life, but nitrogenous matter forms the basis of those changes, without which there is no life.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

INUNDATION.—

A silver brook which yesterday
Lay dreaming, in its quiet bed,
Now sweeps in torrents on its way,
Wide over farms and fallows spread.

An impulse from the upper air,
An earthly shock from sources strong,
Gave it the sudden power to bear,
In turbulance, the flood along.

You see no more its shapely sides,
It does not mind the ordered shore,
Strange drift and lumber swell the tides,
And woe to him who stands before.

How like to this the fertile thought,
Which once in gentle brooding lay,
Goes on with inspiration fraught,
And sweeps our dams and dikes away.

We do not mark the how or whence,
But, standing in its awful power,
Welcome the stern beneficence,
While life is rising hour by hour.

[—Joel Benton.

WINTER SONG OF THE SOUL.—

We miss the sweet music of fountains;
We miss the glad Song of the Breese
That breathed from the far away mountains
Upon the green harps of the trees.

Yes, Winter, we miss the sweet glowing
Of Summer's Queen over the land:
Ah why hast thou fettered the flowing
Of brooks by thy terrible hand?

But short is the time of thy chaining;
But short is the chill on the earth;
And then, not a dark vail remaining,
Will new flowers start into birth.

So Winter to us is replying;
Then let for a time tempests roll;
Some season in matter's for dieing,
But no one was made for the Soul.

[—William Ross Wallace.

STRIKE THROUGH THE KNOT.—

I well remember years ago,
How I, a little lad,
To split a knotty stick, essayed,
With all the strength I had;

In vain I hacked about that knot
And chips flew round the door,
And wearied I laid down the axe,
And thought I'd try no more.

Just then an old man passing by
Who chanced to see my plight,
Cried out aloud, "Hold, hold my boy,
You have not tried aright.

This hacking splinters will not gain
The object you have sought,
But split it through the knot, my boy,
Directly through the knot."

I tried once more, and on the knot
Struck hard to make it twain:
Once, twice, thrice, the stick was split,
I dropped my axe again:

"And now," quoth he, "by this you see
Just how it is in life,
All the way through you'll find
Hard knots and sorrows, care and strife.

"And should you only hack at them,
You'll make but sorry speed;
But if you strike them manfully,
You surely will succeed:

The lives of great men always lead
Through many a troubled way,
And would you walk therein, my boy,
Remember what I say."

Thus he spoke, and ever since
I've found his words so true,
That I will give as I received,
The same advice to you:

And if you heed it you will find,
As others have I wot,
The wisest plan and surest way,
Is striking through the knot.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, JULY, 1872.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

THE HEATED TERM.—The country has been suffering through a long and severe term of high heat. For days in succession, in New York and other places, the thermometer has ranged from 90 to 100°. The effect of such an amount of sunshine upon health is very serious. Fifteen hundred and sixty-nine deaths in New York alone in one week! This is far more than ever before. Indeed, it is an increase of eight hundred and fifty-nine over the previous week. Sixty-three per cent. of this mortality was among children under five years old. Two hundred persons also died of sunstroke, and several hundred others suffered from it and will never entirely recover. And yet the sanitary condition of the streets was never better. The new street-cleaners have done their work for the past month excellently well, and the Board of Health has been exceedingly efficient in well-doing. Why, then, so many deaths? Alas, the fault lies, not in neglect of sanitary prevention by the public, as is sometimes the case, but to personal neglect. We can not prohibit the sun from shining. We can only fortify ourselves against it. The great mortality was mainly among those who did not do this. It was principally among the poor and the children of the poor, who lived in dirty houses, who drank bad whisky, breathed polluted air, neglected bathing, and ate unfit food. No Board of Health can prohibit this.

Now what is to be done? In the first place, some means should be provided for sending the children of the poor, with their mothers, out of New York in the summer time. The rich go to Long Branch, Saratoga, and a thousand places beside, but the poor—how terrible is their lot! They and their children fester in corruption every month in the year. We suggest the propriety of founding, near New York, a great summer resort for them. It must be in some cool, inviting spot. It must be so cheap that they can afford it. It must be near a body of water, to give opportunity for cleanliness. It must be so near the city that the expense of getting to and fro is little. Intoxicating drinks must not be sold there. Amusements must be provided, such as are adapted to the tastes of this class. Those who are too poor to pay, must, in some way, be provided for. Those who can pay, must be

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charged at cost price. If the haunts of the poor of New York could each year be emptied of their population for four months yearly, as those of the rich are, our bills of mortality would be reduced to a very low figure, in hot weather.

Who is to take the lead in this movement? Such men as found Young Men's Christian Associations, and lead off in works of philanthropy.

Who is to pay for it? It is to be self-supporting, as far as possible, and the rich must make up the deficiency.

Would it pay? It would in human life, if not in money. Let us estimate, for instance, the loss to the country of the children under five years old who died in New York last week. Number of children lost, one thousand. Now what did it cost to rear them? Let us estimate it on an average of two hundred dollars each. Two hundred thousand dollars lost in one week! besides the heart-breaking of fathers and mothers, which can not be told in dollars and cents. In ten years the loss would be counted by millions on millions. Much of this could be saved.

Still another great need, is that the poor should receive sanitary instruction. They need it more than the rich. And we believe our Tract Societies could do more good by spreading by the million little tracts on hygiene among the poor than by their other tracts. Here is a field for the philanthropist. Let it be occupied. These tracts should be simply written and printed in good type. They should discuss all the subjects that relate to the care of the body—pure air, clean apartments, proper food, bathing, eating, etc. etc. They might be made very instructive and entertaining.

One more want for the poor—more parks in the part of the city where they live. This will be discussed another month.

WHAT KILLED JAMES FISK? — Most people suppose James Fisk was killed by a pistol bullet shot by Mr. Stokes, but in the trial of Mr. Stokes some very curious medical testimony was given. That by Dr. Mac-ready was the most important. He had been thirty-six years in practice, and twenty years connected with hospitals and colleges. Here is the question by the Court, and his answer:

"Q. From your knowledge of this case, and the hypothetical questions that have been put to you, what, in your opinion, was the cause of the death of Mr. Fisk

A. I have no doubt that the cause of death was directly the influence of opium and morphine; it was not shock; it was not peritonitis; it was not uræmia; he being a healthy man, brain disease was excluded; it was opium, and nothing else."

Now it may be interesting to know what is a dose of morphine. According to the best authorities, one-eighth of a grain is a minimum dose, and one-half a grain a maximum dose. According to the testimony, Mr. Fisk took not less than two or three grains, which certainly would have endangered his life, and have killed him, even if he had not been in a wounded condition. In addition to the morphine, ten ounces of brandy was given, which only made matters worse.

TO CURE SICK HEADACHE. — First of all you must try to find out the exciting cause and endeavor to remove it. Hours of study or work must be abridged, excessive bodily fatigue, loss of rest, every thing in fact, must be avoided which the sufferers know from individual experience will act as exciting causes. Where the attacks are associated with excessive mental work, they should be regarded as danger-signals, showing the necessity for relaxation. In the next place you must endeavor to improve

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the general health and the nervous system by proper hygienic means. First among these is light and agreeable exercise in the open air, in such costume or dress as admits of perfect freedom. Then abundant sleep must be taken, and moderation at the table. See former numbers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH for 1872.

WHY DO GIRLS STUDY MEDICINE.—We publish in this number an article entitled, "Why do Girls Study Medicine." It is from the pen of a thoughtful woman, who has an earnest desire to benefit her sex. She writes from personal experience, having herself studied medicine and practiced it successfully for several years. Her argument may be briefly summed up as follows:

"Women who study medicine, should do so with men, in men's colleges." This is our own opinion—eventually this will be so. The only reason why it is not so now, is because we are not yet equal to it. The old exploded notion that the sexes should not be educated together, has not entirely been eradicated from public sentiment. Mrs. Dudley, however, on the whole, thinks that girls with few exceptions had better not study medicine at all, because it is a very hard way of making a living, and they are rarely strong enough, or if so, their nature is such that they can not do so without great risk to life. How true it is that the practice of medicine is not easy. We might almost say this of making a living in any other way. Those who live by the pen, as we well know, do not find it altogether easy. Those who marry and keep house and raise children must generally work hard. Even those who have money in abundance, sometimes find it hard work to keep people who have none from stealing it, or borrowing it and never paying. It is an old saying that life is a "continual struggle," "a conflict," "a battle." "The struggle for existence," Darwin teaches us, is a process that weeds out the inferior and helps to preserve the best specimens of the race. We have all pitied the hard life of a seamstress, a school teacher, a clerk in a store—all these kinds of labor destroy health. Teachers rarely keep their health many years. The pale faces of sewing-girls are visible at every step. And it is not easy to find a single occupation for women that does not require hard toil and perhaps break down the health, even doing nothing does it. It is only a few days since, a girl, accomplished and talented, said to us, "I am *so* tired of living as I do. I have nothing to do but entertain friends, make calls, go to parties. It would be such a delight to have work on my hands to keep me from mental dissipation and destruction."

Now why do girls study medicine?

Perhaps, on the whole, for the same reason that boys do. The time has come when many of them no longer look forward to marriage as their only aim. They may look to this, but not to this alone. And is it not better that girls should have an aim in life, as boys do, even if marriage puts an end to it, as it may? And if this is granted, then is it not likely that some of them will aim at medicine? Surely, we must not restrict them in the number of occupations they can follow. Another reason why women study medicine, is because those who succeed in it appear to be better paid than women in other kinds of business. The hope of earning three thousand dollars a year is a great incentive, and the chance of earning five or ten thousand dollars is not to be overlooked. How large it sounds to those who earn but a meagre sum Still another reason is, because there is less of routine about it; and it calls out intellectual effort in a high degree. Still another reason is, that it furnishes opportunities for doing good and this is, to many, a peculiar attraction.

While we admit fully the truth of Mrs. Dudley's thoughtful paper, so far as it relates to the toils and dangers of girls entering the profession, we are not convinced that it is best to put an end to all women becoming physicians. There are many places they can practice with little more danger to health than in teaching school. Health institutions need them. Young ladies' schools need each a woman physician, to teach the laws of health as much as to cure the

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sick. In short, every family should have in it, if not a physician, at least a hygienest, who could dictate the habits of the family and thus prevent disease. In this case, we should not need doctors very much, for it is after all an unnatural profession, made necessary by our disobedience to the laws of health.

In closing, let us ask of the women who read THE HERALD, to write us freely *pro* and *con* on this subject. Let it have a thorough ventilation.

THE SOURCES OF ENERGY.—

We all of us possess a certain amount of energy in our systems, a certain capacity for doing work. By an effort of his muscles, the blacksmith imparts a formidable velocity to the hammer which he wields. Now what is consumed in order to produce this? We reply, the tissues of his body are consumed. If he continues working for a long time, he will wear out these tissues, and nature will call for food and rest—for the former, in order to procure the materials out of which new and energetic tissues may be constructed—for the latter, in order to furnish time and leisure for repairing the waste. Ultimately, therefore, the energy of the man is derived from the food he eats; and if he works much, that is to say, spends a great deal of energy, he will require to eat more than if he hardly works at all. Hence, it is well to understand that the diet of a man sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor, must be more generous than that of one who is merely imprisoned, and that the allowance of food to a soldier in time of war, must be more than in time of peace. In fact, food is to the animal what fuel is to the engine, only an animal is a much more economical producer of work than an engine. Count Rumford justly observed that we shall get more work out of a ton of hay, if we give it as food to a horse, than if we burn it as fuel in an engine. It is indeed the combustion of our food that furnishes our frames with energy, and there is no food capable of nourishing our bodies which, if well dried, is not also capable of being burned in the fire. Having thus traced the energy of our frames to the food we eat, we next ask where does food derive its energy. If we are vegetarians we need not go farther back, but if we have eaten animal food, we may ask, Whence did the animal derive its energy? The reply will be, From the food which it consumes, this food being a vegetable. Ultimately then we are led to look to the vegetable kingdom as the source of that great energy which our frames possess in common with those of the inferior animals, and we have now only to go one step farther and ask, Whence vegetables derive the energy which they possess? In answering this question, let us endeavor to ascertain what really takes place in the leaves of vegetables. A leaf is, in fact, a laboratory, in which the active agent is the sun's rays. A certain species of the solar ray enters this laboratory and immediately commences to decompose carbonic acid into its constituents, oxygen and carbon, allowing the oxygen to escape into the air, while the carbon is in some shape worked up and assimilated Thus, first of all, we have a quantity of carbonic acid drawn from the air: that is the raw material. Next, we have the source of energy, the active agent: that is the light. Thirdly, we have the useful product: that is the assimilated carbon. Fourthly, we have the product dismissed into the air again, and that is oxygen.

We thus see that the action which takes place in a leaf is the very reverse of that which takes place in an ordinary fire. In the fire, we burn carbon, and make it unite with oxygen in order to form carbonic acid, and in so doing we change the energy of position derived from the separation of two substances, having so great an attraction for each other, as oxygen into the energy of heat. In a leaf, on the other hand, these two strongly attractive substances are forced asunder, the powerful agent which does this being the sun's rays, so that it is the energy of these rays which is transformed into the potential energy represented by the separation of oxygen and carbon. The carbon, or rather the woody fibre into which the carbon enters, is thus a form of energy, and when made

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to combine again with oxygen, either by direct combustion or otherwise, it will in the process give out a great deal of energy. When we burn wood in our fires we convert this energy into heat, and when we eat vegetables, we assimilate this energy into our systems, where it ultimately produces both heat and work. We are thus enabled to trace every step of this wonderful process: we have first of all the sun's rays building up vegetable food; in the next, we have the ox or sheep fed by this food, and lastly we have the tissues of the ox or sheep entering into and sustaining our own frames.

We have not however quite done with our vegetable fibre, for that part of it which does not enter into our frames, may, notwithstanding, serve as fuel for our engines, and by this means be converted into useful work. And Nature, as if by anticipating the wants of our age, has provided an almost limitless store of such fuel in the vast deposits of coal, by means of which so large a portion of the work of the world is done. In geological ages this coal was the fibre of a species of plant, and it has been stored up as if for the very benefit of generations like the present. But there are other products of the sun's rays, besides food and fuel. The miller, who makes use of water-power to grind his corn, the navigator who spreads his sail to catch the breeze, are both indebted to our luminary, equally with the man who eats food or drives an engine. For it is owing to the sun's rays that water is carried up into the atmosphere to be again precipitated so as to form what is called a head of water, and it is owing to the sun's heat that winds agitate the air. With the trivial exception of tidal energy, all the work done in the world is done by the sun, so that we must look to our luminary as the great source of all our energy. Intimately linked as we are with the sun, it is natural to ask the question, will the sun last for ever, or will he also die out? Now there is no apparent reason why the sun should form an exception to the fate of all fires, its only difference being one of size and time. It is larger and hotter, and will last longer than an ordinary lamp, but it is nevertheless a lamp. In fine, the principle of degradation would appear to hold throughout; and if we regard not mere matter but useful energy, we are driven to contemplate at some distant future, the death of the universe.—*J. Balfour Stewart.*

Franklin's Autobiography.—Horace Greeley says: If I were required to say for which of Franklin's achievements he deserved most and best of mankind, I should award the palm to his autobiography—so frank, so sunny, so irradiated by a brave, blithe, hearty humanity. For if our fathers had not—largely by the aid of his counsel, his labors, his sacrifices—achieved their independence at the first effort, they would have tried it again and again until they *did* achieve it; if he had not made his immortal discovery of the identity of electricity with the lightning, that truth would nevertheless have at length been demonstrated; but if he had not so modestly and sweetly told us how to wrestle with poverty and compel opportunity, I do not know who beside would or could have done it so well. There is not to-day—there will not be in this, nor in the next century—a friendless, humble orphan, working hard for naked daily bread, and glad to improve his leisure hours in the corner of a garret, whom that biography will not cheer and strengthen to fight the battle of life buoyantly and manfully. I wish some humane Tract Society would present a copy of it to every poor lad in the United States.

Let me sum up the character of Franklin in the fewest words that will serve me. I love and revere him as a journeyman printer, who was frugal and didn't drink; a *parvenu* who rose from want to competence, from obscurity to fame, without losing his head; a statesman who did not crucify mankind with long-winded documents or speeches; a diplomatist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who never lied; and an office-holder who didn't steal. So regarding him, I respond to your sentiment with "Honor to the memory of Franklin."

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How Smallpox is Spread.—A little while ago, somebody traced the propagation of smallpox to the paper-currency in general circulation. And now the *Lancet* has found another medium, equally probable and equally subtle, namely, library-books. The danger from this source is believed to be a real one. In Leicester, England, in consequence of the prevalence of variola, persons at whose dwellings it exists have been officially requested to refrain from borrowing books from the Free Library, and those who already have books are desired to return them to the disinfectant office instead of to the library. The *Lancet* suggests one farther step of precaution, and that a radical one, and would require, in times of epidemic smallpox, that persons borrowing books from libraries should bring a certificate that there is no infectious disease at home. Such a measure is very reasonable and proper in theory, but its practical execution would be something more odious and mythical than compulsory vaccination is found to be in some places.

A New Method of Arresting Nosebleed.—Dr. F. Marin, has discovered a new simple method of arresting nosebleed. It consists in applying pressure to the facial artery at a point immediately beneath the ala of the nose, where the vessel can be pressed against the superior maxillary bone. In nosebleed the hemorrhage is usually confined to the anterior third of one of the nasal fossæ, and as pressure upon the facial artery causes a diminution in the flow of blood to this cavity, the hemorrhage is arrested almost immediately, and this proceeding is therefore recommended as preferable to that of plugging the posterior nares by the aid of Belloc's sound, in attempting which the surgeon is generally pretty thoroughly smeared with blood, and is not unfrequently bitten. Dr. Marin has had occasion to give numerous trials to this method suggested by him, and has generally found it effective. In two instances where it failed. plugging the posterior nares was attended with like result.

J. Monroe Taylor's Cream Yeast Baking Powder.—Over a year ago, the editor wrote the following, and published it in the February Herald of Health: For numberless years it has been the opprobrium of American cookery that it employed an agent in raising dough that was deleterious to health, and decidedly objectionable to those whose sense of taste is refined and delicate. Saleratus cookery, yellow to the eye and of alkaline taste in the mouth, has long been the target for physicians and hygienists to aim their denunciations at, and deservedly, too. It always takes time, however, to bring about any reform of magnitude, and therefore people have continued to use deleterious alkalies for raising such articles of food as required it, leaving it for the chemist and hygienist to devise something better at their leisure. This has been done by J. Monroe Taylor. His Cream Yeast Baking Powder has been tested by us with great care, and used with much satisfaction for over a year at the Hygienic Institute, where a hundred people are fed daily. Our corn gems, and other forms of food made light with it, are the delight of all. Not a particle of alkaline smell or taste is to be found in them; for the article known as Cream Yeast, is not an alkali, but is made principally from the acids of grapes. It renders shortening almost unnecessary, brittleness and tenderness being secured with half the amount otherwise required. We always intend to use the best and most healthful articles in preparing food for our table, and, unless somebody discovers something better, we shall stick to this. Our kitchen matron says it always produces reliable results. We hope and believe it will speedily take the place of the vile compounds now generally used. We render this tribute freely, as due to a man who has helped to bring about a reform of great magnitude, as affecting the health and happiness of the race.

Since the above was written, we have continued to use for our table with perfectly satisfactory results the same preparation, and have commended it to others with like results. We should be glad if the readers of the Herald of Health would try this article thoroughly for such uses as it may be desirable, and write us if their experience confirms ours. It can be had at most grocery stores.

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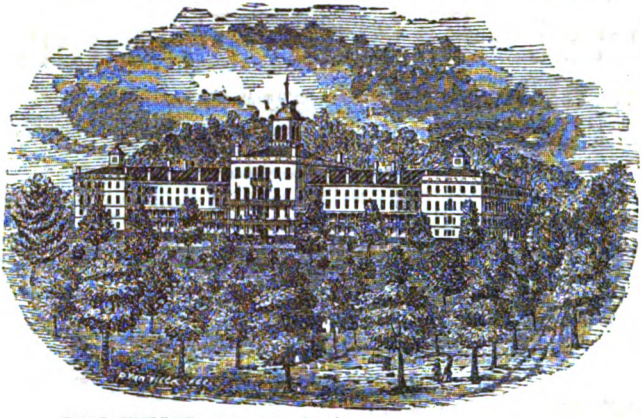
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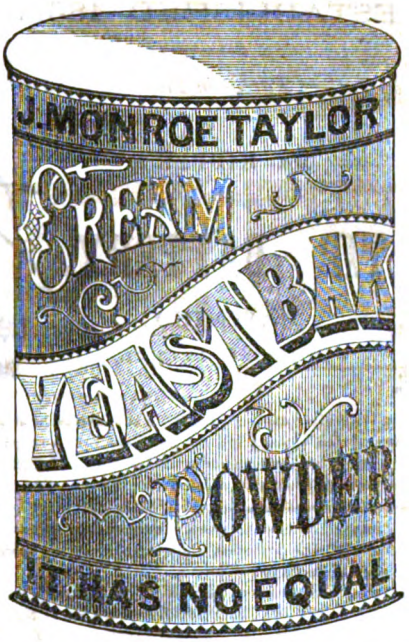
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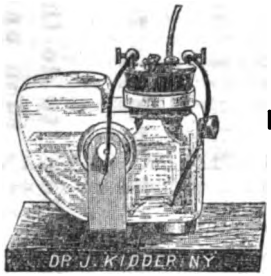
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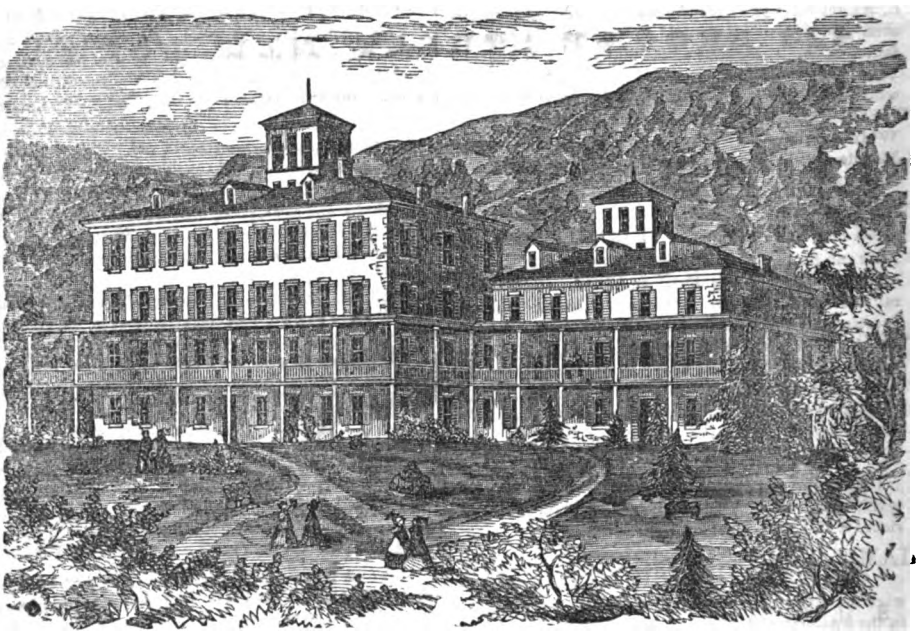
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COVERT, Van Buren Co., Mich., April 9, 1872.

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Yours truly, D. B. ALLEN.

HOW TO DO IT!

COVERT, March 18, 1872.

MR. EDITOR — On the ninth day of January last, a copy of Wood's Household Magazine strayed into the Covert Post-office, and our Postmaster, Mr. D. B. ALLEN, who is also Superintendent of our Sabbath School, in glancing over the contents, noticed the offer to any Club, Lodge or Sabbath School, of a Smith's American Organ, for the price of the instrument in subscriptions to the Magazine. Here, thought our Superintendent, is our opportunity; we need an Organ, and we need good reading, why may we not have both? The price of the Magazine is one dollar per year, and for one hundred and twenty-five subscribers we can have a No. 1 Organ, price $125. With characteristic promptness he presented the matter to the school next day, and though the scheme appeared visionary to most of us, the ball was set in motion, and it was not suffered to rest until one hundred and fifty-three names were obtained, which with the addition of twelve dollars in cash, entitled us to a Smith's American Organ, style No. 3, price one hundred and sixty-five dollars. The list with the cash was sent to the publishers, the Organ was promptly forwarded, and last Sabbath its powerful tones filled our place of worship for the first time. We can cheerfully testify to the reliability of the publishers of Wood's Household Magazine. They give us our money's worth of valuable reading, and in addition, a first-class Cabinet Organ; and we will further say to all Clubs or Societies that are in want of an instrument, first find a leader who has *go* in him, then GO and do likewise. O. S. S.—*From the Sentinel, South Haven, Mich., for March* 30, 1872.

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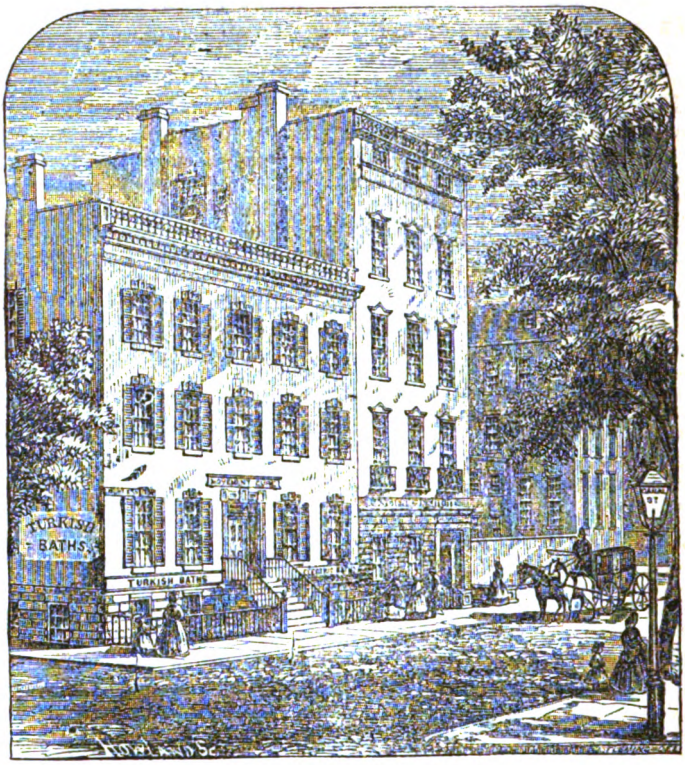
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21. A great number of cases of joint, muscular and nerve rheumatism.
22. Neuralgia in many and very severe forms.
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26. A great many cases of partial paralysis of the lower limbs, or one side of the body.
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28. A number of cases of pronounced spinal disease accompanied with curvature of long standing.
29. A great many cases of chronic sypeilis.
30. Hundreds of cases of what doctors call nervous debility.
31. More than a thousand cases of bowel consumption, or what doctors call marasmus.
32. More than a hundred cases of severe diptheria, also a great many cases of scarlet fever.

Add to these that we have treated a great many cases of typhus and typhoid fevers, billious intermittent fevers, congestive chills, ordinary fever and ague, dysentery in its worst forms, and the reader can get a bird's eye view of the efficacy and sufficiency of our methods of treatment, enough perhaps to arouse him to make a decided investigation into its merits; particularly when we add that no medicine has ever been given by our physicians in a single case, though occasionally permission has been granted to patients to continue for a little while after coming here medicines to which they had long been accustomed.

Now we do so like to have a good understanding, and do so dislike to have a misunderstanding, with any person or persons who may seek to obtain relief from their ailments or cure of their diseases from us by a visit to Our Home on the Hillside and a course of treatment therein, that we wish to say one or two things so that whoever may read this notice and be induced to come to us shall find themselves in the best relation to efforts for their recovery, after they shall get here.

1ST. Permit us to say to all who are sick and may be disposed to seek relief by the use of Psycho-Hygienic treatment in Our Home, that we want they should make such preparation at home before coming, as to enable them to keep their souls within their bodies while under treatment. To have care, anxiety, trouble of spirit, uneasiness of mind and restlessness of soul while here taking treatment because of their ill relation to their business or their duties at their homes is to place themselves under great disadvantage.

2ND. To be unpleasantly related to their lives here because of their dissatisfaction with our plan of life for them, is also to detract greatly from their progress.

Let it be understood that Our Home is conducted on a plan different from that of other Water Cures; that it is an Institution seeking to restore the sick to health by and through the use of such agencies only as are compatible with the laws of life and health as these exist in the human body and its relations to the outside world.

We aim to keep every thing neat and nice about the establishment, but every thing is plain. There is no show nor fashion here. The rich, the extremely refined, and the elegantly cultured; as well as the poor, the plain, the simple, and the unlettered are here. And as God's laws make no distinction between these in assertion of authority, nor in the blessings conferred when obedience is rendered, neither do we. We treat every man and woman well, because they are human beings, and all the professional, social, religious, and personal influences of our Institution, are brought to bear on these persons of whatever grade or standing of growth in the higher life they may have reached, from such points of interest as to make them take on larger hope, broader faith, diviner impressions, more manly and womanly courage, and culture if possible to have it so, than the best of them have attained.

Our Home, therefore, is a school or college of learning as well as an infirmary for the sick; an Institution where the most intelligent and refined can learn how to live in better relations to the development of their own faculties and powers, how to make these of higher use to others as well as to themselves, and thus how to attain elevation of thought, feeling and conduct in life, such as before coming here they had not known. It is a source of great satisfaction to us that while restoring thousands on thousands of sick persons to health, we have also been instrumental in giving to them knowledge and inspiration to live better lives henceforth than hitherto they had lived.

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OLD SERIES—VOL 53. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19.

20

THE

HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE,

ADVOCATES

A Higher Type of Manhood—Physical, Intellectual, and Moral.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1872.

GENERAL ARTICLES:	Page
Hydrophobia—*Prof. John C. Dalton, M. D.*	97
Boarding School Diet—*M. L. Holbrook, M. D.*	100
The Abdomino-Spinal Supporter and Spinal Extensor—*J. C. Zachos, M. D.*	103
Why do Girls Study Medicine—*Clemence S. Lozier, M. D.*	107
Eleven Reasons Why Girls Should Study Medicine—*Mrs. Susan Everett, M. D.*	113
Kitty Howard's Journal—*Elizabeth Oakes Smith*	117
The Midnight Storm (a poem)—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*	118
Claims of the Unborn Child—rest—conditions—soul—money—exhaustion—*Carrie F. Young, Editor Pacific Journal of Health*	120
My Workshop—*Rev. Dr. Todd*	123
The Editor's Studies in Hygiene	124
Flesh Brushing	124
Watchmaking	124
Sea Sickness	125
Treatment of Fever	125
Swimming in Schools	125
Cheap Disinfectants	126
Intemperance	126
Winds and Storms	126
Replanting Teeth	126
Cows' Food and their Milk	126
Lessons for the Children	127
Touching and Tasting	127
TOPICS OF THE MONTH:	
Shall Girls Study Medicine—*Mrs. E. P. Miller, M. D.*	129
About Girls Studying Medicine—*M. L. C.*	131
Another Letter—*Mary H. Heald, M. D.*	133
Festive Occasions—*M. Annie Kingsbury*	134
The Health of Bakers	134
Tobacco and Alcohol	135

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THE PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The Herald of Health for Sept

The September number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH is a very interesting one. A prominent feature is a discussion of the question: "Shall Girls Study Medicine?" in answer to Mrs. Dudley, who wrote on this subject in the August number—taking ground against it. Mrs. Clemence S. Lozier, M. D., an eminent, well-known physician, leads off in the answer; and is vigorously followed by Dr. Susan Everett, a well-known lecturer to ladies on health and kindred topics. There are, also, several shorter pieces, each discussing the subject from a different point of view.

There are, also, other articles of special interest. The one on Hydrophobia is expressly full of new and valuable information, which is exceedingly valuable to every one who wishes to know what is known on this subject—in dogs and men—and the hints as to avoiding it.

The paper on "Caring for the Unborn Child," is particularly valuable to mothers, and soould be read and pondered.

Readers will not pass by a paper by Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, of world-wide fame, giving a very interesting account of his workshop, and its hygienic value; also, the Editor's Studies in Hygiene and Lessons for the Children.

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A HEALTH JOURNAL IN EVERY HOME.—If an agricultural paper should be found in every farmer's hands, several political ones in the politician's office, scientific journals in the student's study, fashion-papers for the ladies, and good, religious papers for every body, then a HEALTH JOURNAL should be found every where. It is not alone for the sick, it is for the well, and its aim is to furnish the latest and best knowledge on all those topics that relate to physical, intellectual and moral culture.

OUR BOOK.—BRISTOLVILLE, Ohio, June, 1872. Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK: *My Dear Sir*—My wife got your book, "Parturition without Pain," some five months previous to her confinement. From that time she followed your directions, with regard to sitz baths, and her diet, in part. She ate very little bread, drank no tea nor coffee; her living was was mostly fruit and vegetables. She did her own work—four in the family—until her confinement; did not suffer any hard pain previous to the birth of the child; retired at night well as usual, slept soundly until two hours before the child was born. This is our fourth child, and she has heretofore been sick twelve to twenty-four hours When our last child was born four years ago, she was confined to her bed six weeks, and this time she was able to sit up in eight days. The child is eleven weeks old, and she is feeling well and strong as ever. The child weighed nine and three-quarter pounds, and is fine and healthy. I never saw a child enjoy a bath any better than she does. Both of our other children cried constantly while they were washed and dressed until they were a year old. I firmly believe it was my wife's bathing previous to her sickness that makes the difference. I think your book was a great help to her. She wishes every woman in that situation could read your book, and hopes it may have a wide circulation.

Yours truly,
B. FAUSS.

CORRECTION, ETC.—GALESBURG, Ill., July 27, 1872. *Dear Doctor*—I notice a misprint in the July number of your HERALD OF HEALTH, in the advertisment of Drs. McCall & Black, who, since the sudden and total loss of their Hygienic Home here in February, have established themselves at Brighton, near Alton, Ill., (not "Brighton, N. Y.," as your printer has it.)

I have started here a sort of *provisional* Turkish Bath, which may or may not be permanent; the enterprise is a modest one, and hardly rooted yet. Naturally, however, I hav partly trodden in the footsteps of Dr. Henry McCall, and solely from this circumstantial evidence of his skill and personal worth, I am impeled to make this request of you. I discover in his tracks here nothing but a conscientious and sagacious use of the Hygienic therapeutics, by himself and his assistants, and you will join me, if you know him in congratulating his new neighbors on the acquisition of a man of heart, a good citizen, and a physician worthily representing the Hygienic School. Yours truly,

L. L. DEAN.

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THE HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

VOL. 20, No. 3.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1872. [NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOOD & HOLBROOK, 13 & 15 LAIGHT STREET.

Hydrophobia.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN C. DALTON, M. D.

THE study of hydrophobia is invested with unusual interest from several circumstances. First, from its communicability; second, from its extraordinary, probably universal fatality, there being no authentic case of recovery; and lastly from the terrible character of its symptoms.

It is an extremely rare disease. Many practitioners have never seen a case; and yet it does recur with tolerable regularity. During the six years from 1863 to 1867, inclusive, one hundred and seven cases occurred in France. Taking the average population of that country as thirty-six millions, this would give one case every two years for each million of inhabitants. But the disease prevails to a greater extent in cities, for obvious reasons. The denser population of the city brings the rapid animal in almost certain contact with many persons, while in the country he may die before meeting any one to bite. Again, the statistics of cities are more accurate. In the department of the Seine, including Paris, the population averaging on million, there was, for the twenty years from 1842 to 1862, an average of two and one-third cases each year. In New York, for the six years from 1866 to 1871, there were twenty-two cases, an average of two and two-thirds each year. Taking all these statistics together, we judge that we have, generally speaking, three cases of hydrophobia a year to every million of people.

Another point of great interest is the frequency with which hydrophobia follows the bite of the animal. In the neighborhood of Paris is the Veterinary School of Alfort, where this subject has been fully investigated. It was found that of dogs bitten by rabid dogs, but one in three becomes rabid. In the human race the proportion is much less. John Hunter estimated it at only one in twenty-one. This has been considered far too low; but it has received singular confirmation in the investigations made at the Veterinary School of Alfort. In the department of the Seine, a hundred cases of hydrophobia in dogs occur annually. It was

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found that of twenty-five of these ten only bit persons, and these ten bit fifteen persons. At this same rate the hundred dogs would have bitten sixty persons. But we have already seen that only between two and three cases of hydrophobia in man occur annually, hence we arrive at almost the same result as Hunter.

The less susceptibility of man to hydrophobia is owing to a variety of causes. Man is undoubtedly less susceptible to the poison. Besides, there are a great many physical causes operating. It is not the bite, but the saliva that poisons. If a man be bitten, it is through the clothing, or the boot, and the saliva is wiped off, or should the saliva touch the wound, it is often removed by the action of the person by squeezing, or washing, or rubbing the wound or if there be much bleeding, the blood may wash away the poison before it has had time to be absorbed. But if absorption has taken place, it is absolutely certain to produce death.

Now in regard to the signs which follow a bite. There are no immediate signs. The mad dog does not display any ferocity. It may be a chance bite, a snapping of the jaws without the intention of biting, that brings the poison in contact with the raw surface. Indeed, the dog may not bite at all, but the saliva touch a wound, or abrasion, or sore already existing. The bite is generally not large, and heals well. Then comes the period of incubation, such as occurs in small-pox, measles and scarlatina. The person is inoculated, but the poison is not yet diffused over the system. This period of incubation varies. It is rarely less than a month; it is often delayed two or three, and may extend to the end of the sixth month; and there have been cases in which the disease has not exhibited itself until a year has elasped. There are stories of longer periods, even to eight years; but these are incredible, particularly as during that time there are so many chances that another bite may have been received. There are then no symptoms for a month. Each succeeding week of exemption after the month has elapsed diminishes the liability. At three months the patient is probably safe; at six months almost certainly so; but what weeks of extreme anxiety must he experience before the danger is passed!

If hydrophobia is about to occur, there is generally slight irritation about the wound; an itching, possible swelling, with red lines extending therefrom; but this is not always the case. Next follows stiffess of the neck; then febrile action, with loss of appetite, succeeded difficulty in moving the jaw and difficult deglutition; then occurs a most remarkable symptom —a vague and unaccountable anxiety, not of any special thing, and quite unexplainable. After from six to twelve hours, this amounts to delirium. Finally hallucinations occur, and the friends are obliged to restrain the patient by force. This necessity for restraint has given rise to the popular idea that hydrophobia induces a tendency to attack persons. It is, however, entirely erroneous. Another symptom has given rise to the popular impression that there is a great dread of water; hence, indeed the name of disease. But this is equally erroneous. There is great difficulty in swallowing, whether water or other things. An attempt to do so brings on convulsive constriction of the glottis, accompanied by great pain and distress, which any one who has inhaled chlorine in the laboratory has experienced. In this respect hydrophobia is very similar to tetanus. In that disease, a breath of air, the moving of the bed clothing, or some such slight circumstances will cause sudden reflex convulsions of opisthotonos. So with swallowing in hydrophobia. After repeated trials, so painful, he gives up in despair; he throws the water from him and will not again attempt to swallow. When this condition is reached the patient has not long to live. He dies of extreme nervous depression and exhaustion, generally in forty-eight hours, though he may live three days.

What treatment can be instituted in these cases? Of course you will think of opium, of chloroform, and other narcotics. They are useless. There is only one thing to be done, and that at the very first: Cauterize. Some have recommended to cut out the wound first and then cauterize. I do not see the use of this. We can not tell the depth of the wound. We can not be sure of preventing the knife from cutting into the bitten portion, in which event every movement of it would carry the poison farther. Use the caustic freely. Lunar caustic is the best, being more readily obtainable than any other; and its stick form renders it easy of application. Apply it thoroughly until every portion of the wound has lost its sensibility Generally speaking, if this is done early enough, it is efficacious.

But there is something of a great deal more importance than this. Barbarous as it may appear, it is not so important to save life as it is to prevent a dog with hydrophobia from being at large, with the probability of his biting.

Although the proportion of those who have hydrophobia to those bitten is so small, I do not know that the majority of those bitten would not

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prefer speedy death to the terrible anxiety of uncertainty. But how shall biting be prevented? Only know that the dog is mad. Fatal bites result because the disease is not recognised. To distinguish hydrophobia in the dog is vastly more important than to distinguish it in man, and there are signs by which it may be distinguished before the tendency to bite is exhibited.

Now of the signs of hydrophobia in the dog. I presume that ninety-nine out of every hundred, perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand, think that dogs get mad only in hot weather—never in cold—and that they have a horror of water. This is not true. The disease is no more prevalent in hot than cold weather. Dogs have no horror of water, but being feverish, drink frequently. The symptoms in the dog have been fully studied at Alfort. He first gives evidence of being sick, loses his appetite, refuses food, skulks out of sight, avoids his companions and playfellows, and hides in dark corners. Now, as hydrophobia is so dangerous a disease, a dog showing signs of sickness should be watched. Whatever the nature of the sickness may be, however, a dog will always act in this way. These symptoms are not pathognomonic. But there is another symptom which, if it occurs in connection with these, is very suggestive. It is a peculiar agitation. The dog with hydrophobia does not lie in one corner ten minutes together. He is not satisfied to remain in one locality. Should his master call him he goes to him, but quickly returns to a corner. If he has a kennel he runs into it. He piles the straw up in the middle of the kennel and lies upon it. In a few moments more he jumps up and pushes all the straw out on the ground. These are extremely suspicious circumstances, and call for careful confinement of the dog.

Next, the dog has hallucinations. All at once in changing his position he stops, pricks up his ears, and seems to hear something. This is but momentary. Again, he appears to hear some other dog on the opposite side of a wall or a door, and scratches to get to him. He snaps at imaginary flies. Now is surely the time to place him in confinement. Up to this period he has shown no disposition to bite. It must be borne in mind that when sick, the natural disposition of the dog remains. If he be naturally excitable and aggressive, he will be more apt to bite. He will be more apt to bite a stranger or a beggar than one of the family, or his master. Indeed, he will not bite his master, unless driven too ar. He will even come, though reluctantly, at his master's call, and will perhaps receive a whip or two before his unusual excitability overcomes his habitual control and induces him to bite. All this time the hydrophobia dog will drink. He will take more water than usual; his apparent repugnance to it never being so strong as in the human subject.

The next symptom is a depraved and unnatural appetite, exhibited by biting furniture, gnawing curtains or the carpet, swallowing bits of wood, coal, brick, even his own dung. This adds much to the belief that he has hydrophobia. All know that some pet dogs have a habit of gnawing books, but hydrophobia dogs, having no such habits, do the same, and besides swallow what they gnaw off.

We have, then, agitation and extreme restlessness, hallucinations, and depraved appetite, as symptoms of the approach of the dangerous stage of hydrophobia. The following incident will illustrate the importance of distinguishing the disease at this early stage, and the value of these symptoms: Two ladies, with the little daughter of one of them, lived together. They had a little pet dog, which became ill, and hiring a carriage they drove out to Alfort to consult the veterinary surgeon. It was after visiting hours, and not being able to see him, they returned the next day. The surgeon was not able to decide at once, from their account, that the dog had hydrophobia. He learned that the dog had developed a disposition to tear the curtains, and had not slept during the whole night, but was heard pattering over the floor. Unfortunately, in the interval between the two visits, he had bitten the little girl.

When a member of a family is supposed to have been bitten by a rabid dog, it is the habi to kill the dog at once. This is all wrong. The only means of deciding whether the supposition is correct is thus destroyed. It is wel known that the house-dog is prone to epilepsy. If in the paroxysm he may have accidentally bitten or appeared to snap at some one, let him be confined and watched for a few days.

The fourth symptom is a peculiar bark. I have never heard it. It does not always occur, but when it does exist, is considered a very valuable symptom. It is very difficult to describe, but is spoken of as a loud, quick bark, followed by a series of diminishing howls.

The fifth sympton is insalivation, in regard to which a misconception has arisen. There is no great abundance of saliva, but it is peculiar in quality. It is very viscid, and hangs down in strings from the mouth, giving to the huma

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and the dog an appearance of peculiar und unaccountable distress. The dog appears to be annoyed beyond expression, and makes every effort to remove the viscid strings of saliva with his paws. These efforts have occasionally given rise to the idea that a bone or piece of wood is lodged in the teeth or throat, and in one instance a veterinary surgeon, in making an examination, was bitten.

Now the aggresive disposition begins to show itself. The insane desire to bite is first excited by animals of its own species. Next, the dog attacks man, but even now discriminates in favor of its master and friends. A stranger or some one coming to the door is attacked. Now that the disease is fully established, the dog disappears from home, probably with the idea of seeking a deserted place and withdrawing from observation. But new and greater sources of irritation meet him at every step. The noise of the carts and horses and of people increases his excitability. If he should escape death and succeed in reaching the fields, he reels along from side to side, snapping at any thing and nothing, until finally paralysis occurs, and he lies on the side of the road, to die in a few hours, if not sooner killed by his pursuers. Sometimes, finding no rest or escape, he goes back to his master's house. But he has undergone an extraordinary change in appearance. He is draggled, and dusty, and exhausted. Ignorant of his true condition, some of the household pity him, and no sooner touch him than they receive the fatal bite.

Boarding-School Diet.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

BOARDING-SCHOOLS, the world round, we believe, are generally thought to feed the youth who attend them on rather meagre fare. There are many notable exceptions to this, as for instance, Vassar College, the Young Ladies Female Seminary at Cleveland, Ohio, and a great many others we do not know the names of. Proprietors of these schools seem to have the matter of economy more at heart than any thing else. They do not seem to know that growing boys and girls need to be fed as well as growing calves and colts, or pigs, but can get on on a small amount of food. We once knew a school, in Ohio, that boarded pupils and threw in their tuition, for twelve to fifteen dollars a quarter of twelve weeks. How did they do it? They did it by starving the boys and girls that lived in the house. White bread, hashed potatoes, or tough steak, with a trifle of sauce, was the daily bill of fare, with little variation. The proprietor, a strong, hearty man, used to sit at the head of the table, say grace, eat as fast as he could himself; when through, rest his knife on the table as a notice to return thanks, and send all away. The result was, hearty, growing boys were half starved, and foraging on orchards and cornfields was always going on. The following paper, from The Food Journal, gives an account of how boys are fed in an English school. We should modify it materially for this country. For instance, we should leave out the tea and coffee, and substitute milk or water. For boys and girls, in this excitable climate, tea and coffee are much worse than in England: Wine and ale also should be left out, and less meat eaten, but more eggs and cheese. If a lunch was taken, it should be of fruit. Oat-meal and maple or other good syrup, or wheat and corn-meal mush should be added daily, and so should good, home-made brown bread, and light, unleavened cakes or gems. No boy or girl should be under-fed. All desserts should be plain and nutritious. Rich cakes and pies and hot bread and biscuits should be omitted. With these hints, we commend the article, not as furnishing an absolute guide, but as furnishing abundant hints for an improved system of feeding boys and girls at school. We also advise parents who send their children from home to school, to refuse to patronize any school that does not furnish a good table for the students.

Will those who have any valuable knowledge on these points, write us what they know? We have the interest of schools at heart, and will gladly aid any teacher in bringing about a reform. The notion so long prevailing, that students should eat but little, is utterly false, and has done harm. They should not stuff themselves at all hours, with all sorts of bad

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food, but should eat abundance of the very best.

The following is the article referred to:

ON SCHOOL DIETARIES.—In the neighborhood of one of our midland cities is a school for some fifty boys. During some recent visits to this school, the singular healthiness and heartiness of the boys made me curious to learn exactly how they were fed. The following I ascertained to be the dietary:

Breakfast (in summer at 8, in winter at 8.30) consists of tea or good coffee, with abundance of milk, bread and butter, and cold meat. By way of change now and then, eggs for a few days together take the place of meat. Before the foregoing, boys who like it have a small basin of bread and milk, or of Scotch porridge made with milk. The milk is new, and comes straight from a farm adjoining the school-grounds.

Lunch at 11—Each boy has a small fresh roll of bread, or a bun, or a captain's biscuit, if weakly, a tumbler of milk or small glass of wine or ale; but, as a rule, nothing is drunk at lunch, dinner or supper but pure water.

Dinner at 1.30, always consists of two courses. 1. Two kinds of meat, viz., beef and mutton, with not less than two kinds of vegetables, and of these a liberal supply. 2. Pudding, usually of fruit, fresh or preserved according to season, and always well sweetened. On four days of the week the meat is hot roast; on one day it is hot boiled; on one day steaks, cutlets, or made dishes are substituted for joints; while the Sunday dinner always consists of cold beef, mashed potatoes or salad, and plum pudding. After dinner, some ripe fruit, as an orange or some kind of garden fruit, according to the season.

Tea at 6 P. M.—Tea, bread and butter, varied almost daily either with home-made plum cake, or marmalade or honey. Whenever procurable, some salad herb, such as lettuce, radish, etc., is given at this meal, and always eaten with much relish.

Supper at 8 P. M. (for senior boys only.)—Bread and butter, or bread and cheese, or biscuit, or, where it may seem needed, a tumbler of milk, and a sandwich.

No hampers of eatables are allowed to be sent to the boys from their friends, and no shops for the sale of sweets, etc., is allowed or accessible to the boys.

This dietary seems to me so exactly what growing boys or girls ought to have, and so often what they do not get, even at their own homes, that it may appropriately serve as the text for a few remarks on the usual dietaries of public and private schools. I will begin by at once stating my belief—as one who was himself at a private and a public school, and who still sees a good deal of schoolboys—that either in quality, quantity, variety, or frequency of meals, the dietary of nearly every school I have known is more or less defective.

The usually unvaried breakfast of tea or coffee (and these fluids too often of a miserably thin description), with bread and butter, is a meagre meal for a boy who has to break a twelve hours' fast. It is not enough for the robust, nor varied enough for the delicate. A good basin of bread and milk, or milk porridge should always be allowed as a substitute for tea or coffee; and the latter, when preferred, should always be accompanied with some little extra, such as a bit of cold meat, or an egg—sometimes one, sometimes the other, so as to secure the utmost possible variety.

Nearly all boys want something between breakfast and dinner—about 11 o'clock—and if this something be not provided for them in a wholesome form by the schoolmaster, they will seek to get it, probably in a much less wholesome form, at the school "shop," or in the contents of the "hamper from home." Concerning these two venerable institutions, more shall be said presently.

Meat, or other food of bad quality, is hardly ever put on the table now-a-days in any decent school. Equally rare is any stint in its allowance. The fault of most school dinners is roughness in the cooking and serving, insufficient variety in the form and kind of meat and vegetables, and the too frequent absence of puddings. It will be seen by the above dietary that with very little strain of culinary arrangements meat may be served up in half-a-dozen different forms each week, and if two kinds of it always come to table, ample variety will have been attained. Variety in food is no mere luxury or pampering of appetite. In all cases desirable, in the case of growing boys it is highly so; while in the case of boys with delicate or capricious appetites, it becomes an absolute necessity. A certain percentage of such boys will be found in every school—boys who, if denied considerable range of choice in their food, will at least fail to thrive in the midst of plenty.

Many boys, being small meat-eaters, should at least have the chance of "making up" with something further, and good reason can be given why this something should be a well-sweetened pudding or tart; if containing fresh

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or preserved fruit, so much the better. All boys, as a rule, dislike meat fat, and leave it on their plates; and it is a barbarous practice to try to make them eat it?* And yet the same fat in a different guise, embodied with flour in a *well-cooked* pudding, they as universally like. All boys, again, love sugar and the juices of fresh vegetables or fruits, and it is a grave mistake not to secure a fair proportion of these elements in their daily food. Now a well made fruit pudding or tart combines these several elements in happy proportion and palatable form, and boys' universal liking for this article of diet is simply the practical expression of the physiological truth, that fat and its chemical allies, starch and sugar, together with certain organic acids and salts, are indispensable to the healthy constitution of the blood—in other words, to the due building up and maintenance of the fabric of the body.

A boy who has dined at 1 or 1.30 is ready by 6 o'clock for something more than the eternal tea and bread and butter. He keenly relishes at this meal some little variety or addition, such as plain home-made cake, or some preserve, or a bit of whatever salad-herb may be in season. The dietetic value of salted herbs (lettuce, water cress, etc.) to growing boys is out of all proportion to their cost. Where there is a kitchen garden (which every school should have), they practically cost nothing. Where they have to be bought, they need not cost much; and even if they do, they will be worth the price.

Should boys have supper? Up to about twelve yeas of age they rarely need it for boys of this age by 9 o'clock are ready for bed, and should be in bed; but from thirteen or fourteen onwards boys much dislike being sent to bed so early, and if they do, say one and a-half or two hours' work after tea they feel the want of, and ought to have a light meal between 8 and 9 o'clock.

In the dietary above quoted, it will excite surprise that no beer or other stimulant is allowed either at dinner or at any other meal or time in the day, except in special cases, where a boy's health is thought to require such aid. If proof were needed that boys *may* grow up in the perfection of health and strength without any stimulants whatever, provided they are *liberally fed*, I might point to the splendid physique of the little inmates of this particular school, and invite any one to see how they work and how they play. Where the food is amply sufficient and varied, a boy does not want beer, nay, is better without it; where the food is not so, beer or wine will but imperfectly supplement its shortcomings.

Another noteworty point in the arrangements of this school is the veto on all "hampers from home," and the absence of any "shop" for the sale of sweets, etc. These are far from harmless institutions, they are time-honored abominations which can not be too strongly condemned. The evil tendencies, at any rate of the latter, are so glaring that its authorized existence is, in my opinion, a blot upon any school. Setting aside the trash eaten, the sickness caused, the morbid appetite and habit of selfish gluttony acquired, and the facilities afforded for the introduction of contraband goods—the money boys often spend at these places is grievous to think of. I can vouch for many a boy, whose parents were weak enough to supply him with almost unlimited pocket money, having often spent at his school "shop" a weekly sum quite sufficient to feed a poor family. Now, where school meals are abundant enough, varied enough (especially in respect of sugar, starch, and vegetable juices), and frequent enough, there the inmates will have no further craving for cakes, sweets, fruits, etc. But if there be a shortcoming in one or other of these respects, then instinct drives the boys to seek elsewhere those elements of food in which their regular diet is deficient. An authorized "tuck shop," therefore, in connection with a school is *prima facie* evidence to an outsider, and not uncomcom ly a tacit admission on the part of the school proprietor, that the diet of the inmates by no means satisfies all their legitimate cravings.

That a scale of diet such as I have here advocated is just about what boys ought to have, if they are to develop into *strong healthy men*, I am satisfied from personal experience and observation. That it is at all likely to meet with the acceptance of schoolmasters generally, I am not simple enough to suppose. It is too violent an innovation on old routine. Nay, even paterfamilias himself will probably pooh-pooh such new-fangled notions of feeding boys like grown men (especially when he finds they cost more money), forgetting that boys need more and more varied food than man. So-and-so was good enough for his (pater's) boyhood, why won't it do for his son's? But paterfamilias should speak only for himself. The diet of *his* school days sufficed for *him*, thanks probably to his sound constitution, but was it enough for many of his less robust schoolmates? Did any of these in after years fail to grow up strong and healthy men? and if so, is paterfamilias

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sure that their "simple," *i. e.*, monotonous and meagre mode of feeding during their years of most active growth had nought to do with their failure?

Just as any system of teaching is a real success in proportion as it adapts itself to the peculiar needs—not of those who are quick and willing, but of those who are slow or averse to learn—so any scale of diet approaches perfection in exact proportion to the provision made, not merely for the average standard of taste and appetite, but for all reasonable deviations therefrom. The daily meals of a school may be abundant and of good quality, still if they be not more varied than to my certain knowledge they often are, many a boy and girl must fail day after day to get those particular elements of nutrition which they specially require. The result with such boys and girls is that even in the midst of plenty they remain under-fed and imperfectly nourished, thus retarding if not arresting the due growth and development of their bodies, and strongly favoring the development of any inherited or any other constitutional unsoundness lurking within them.

The Abdomino-Spinal Supporter and Spinal Extensor.

BY J. C. ZACHOS, M. D.

THIS apparatus is a combination which fulfills all the requirements of a perfect supporter of the abdomen and spine, and is moreover, a means for the active extension and rectification of all spinal curvatures.

Where there is no physical impediment in the way; such as anchylosis in old standing curvatures, if the spine is growing, or the disease still active, it promises a radical cure and always affords great relief.

This apparatus consists of a very thin copper band, which is beaten into an exact shape, so as to fit over and against the whole region of the pelvis, pressing only against the soft parts and not at all on the bony prominences by corresponding elevations and depressions on the copper. The band sets throughout *below* the brim of the pelvis and not *on* it; and is prevented from slipping down below a certain line, by a broad surface of firm pressure against the outer surface of the pelvic region, over which it is fitted tight as a band which around a pyramid can not slip to the bottom. This copper band is further kept in place and prevented from slipping down, by being suspended when covered, from a waist-band firmly buttoned above the hips. The band likewise buckles in front at the lower region of the abdomen, pressing it upward and backward, but allowing no pressure upon the upper part. The band varies from three to six inches in breadth in its different parts.

Its broad surface and its perfect adaptation enables this band to stand a very strong pressure downward, without slipping and without hurting the wearer. The proof of this is in the fact that it can be worn without padding. Furthermore this band is cut so low, that a part of the lower margin rests on the seat when the person is seated; so that in a great measure, it relieves the pressure on the pelvis, while it furnishes still the support required.

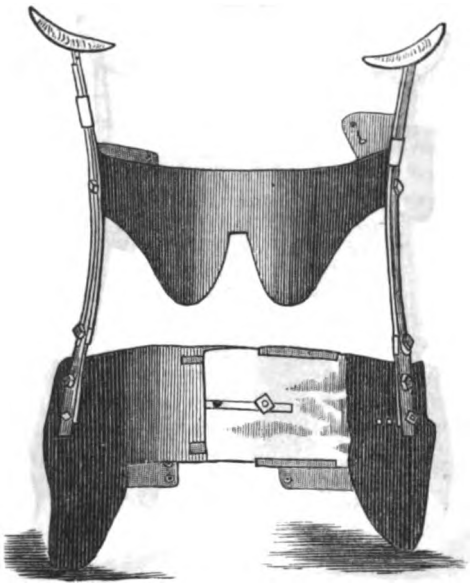
Secondly, on this pelvic band are bolted a pair of light strong steel crutches, which, resting under the arms and on the band, enable the person to obtain ample support from the pelvic band. But the chief use of these crutches is not *support*, that being left to another part of the apparatus; but to enable the patient when lying on the back, and having the shoulders raised above the natural level, by extending the crutches to bring a strong and steady pressure on the pelvic band, by pushing the shoulders down on the crutches, and thus producing traction on the spine. This kind of extension is mechanically very strong and reliable; perfectly under the control of the patient, who is stimulated to use it by the desire to overcome deformity and regain health, and is also guarded by his or her sensations against any abuse of the apparatus, by too strong or too long-continued traction. This exercise can be kept up an hour at a time, with short intervals of rest. While the person lies supine and thus relives the spine of the weight of the body, the exercise makes an active of what would otherwise be a passive and debilitating condition.

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A persistent lying on the back with some padded support, is relied upon almost entirely, by some physicians, to effect a radical cure in these cases. But this though it secures *rest*, is unfavorable to the general health of the individual.

It is a more effective, a cheaper and a safer method of *traction* on the spine, than any mechanical contrivance made to act without the will of the individual. It is attended with no pain, or even the fear of suffering, which mere mechanism for traction always engenders.

Thirdly, the apparatus has a chest-band of very thin copper made to fit the person, and varying from three to four inches in different parts. This band is the chief reliance for giving support to the person when sitting or standing. It acts on a broader surface and less yielding conditions than the crutches under the shoulders, which are apt to be pushed up above their natural level, if you "hang the patient" upon them. The band is firmly buckled around the chest at a certain height, and is then bolted by means of a nut and screw on either side, to the stander, which keeps it from slipping down. Thus a person receives a thorough support by a

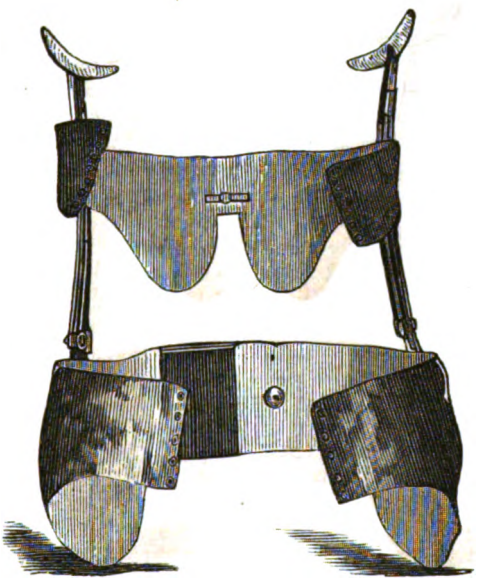


broad surface, just where it is most needed, by relieving the weight of the body from the spine, on the sitting or standing posture. The lower or pelvic band furnishes the basis of this support, which, in turns, rests on the seat when the person is seated.

The chest-band, as will be seen by the wood-cut, buckles about the middle of the breast-bone, and supports the back and the loins, by its peculiar construction. There is very little pressure on the "floating ribs" by means of this band. The chest-band, moreover, furnishes a means of restoring symmetry by the steady pressure which it exerts on the displaced ribs, or on the breast-bone, as it acts through these on the spine. This method of restoring symmetry by pressure on counterpoints is at present the most approved and used in the apparatus, constructed for the treatment of spinal curvatures—such as Dr. Taylor's of New York. Dr. Taylor discards the use of extensible crutches resting on a hip-band for the purpose of support and traction; first, because the method, he thinks, is unphilosophical, and secondly, because it is impracticable. He argues in substance thus: First, this method of traction is philosophical; for, in straightening a crooked rod such as is the spine in curvatures, one would not pull at the *ends* of the rod, at a great mechanical disadvantage, but apply some force at the *prominent part* which he desires to reduce, with counterpoints of pressure at a distance from the point, thus using the *leverage of the rod* for its own straightening—as a black-

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smith straightens a rod by putting it on a flat surface and hammering on the prominent points; or, as any one in straightening a bow, might place his knee in the middle and use counter pressure at both ends. He certainly would not *pull at both ends* to straighten the bend, unless the mechanical difficulty to be overcome, was very slight indeed. This as a mere mechanical argument, applicable to the illustrations used, is certainly unanswerable. Accordingly, Dr. Taylor, discards entirely the method by traction on the spine in the way indicated, and uses only the method by pressure on prominent parts and counterparts.* Secondly, Dr. Taylor, says, in substance, this method of traction and support is impracticable. Because such bands as have hitherto been devised to rest on the hips, make it impossible for the individual to stand their pressure sufficiently, either for the amount of traction or support, through crutches placed upon them that will do any good. Besides, the shoulders being movable parts to a certain extent, while the band for support is immovable, they are much more apt to "go up to the ears," than to push on the crutches sufficient to extend the spine. Dr.



Taylor is perfectly right in his reasoning from his premises. But we think it may be shown that these premises are not rightly taken. To all this a brief, and as it seems to us, a sufficient answer may be given. First, the curved spine is not a crooked rod to be straightened by mere mechanical means, but a growing vital series of bones adjusted in columns, which, being displaced, are to be readjusted in their places, not merely by the help of mechanism, but by that of nature. The active cause of this displacement, is the *unequal traction of the muscles along the spine* whose *balanced* action supports it erect. When that balance is lost, some of these muscles *do* bend the spine out of its erect condition, by acting in some sort, as a bow-string at the two ends of a bow.

Hence, the best antagonistic force to act against these very muscles is one which acts in a direction and manner opposite to that in which they produce curvature. This objection therefore takes no account of certain facts in a curving spine of which Dr. Taylor is perfectly aware, namely, *the active traction of muscles at their two points of insertion and the spine giving way at some point between.* Now this point must be relieved from the effect of pressure, and the abnormal traction of the muscles, not only by *antagonising* them but absolutely by *stretching* them, which is like relaxing the string that bends the bow. It seems to us therefore that if

* See pamphlet--"The Mechanical Treatment of Angular Curvatures, by C. F. Tayor, New York, 1870."

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it be *practicable*, and a stronger force can be brought at the two ends of the spine than that which is active in producing curvatures to *stretch* the muscles concerned, that this would be the most desirable course. Pressure by counterpoints might seem to effect the same purpose if continued *long* enough, and if it be *strong* enough to counteract the pulling muscles. But we should rather trust the powerful action of the Trapezium and Lutissimus Dorsi, and other muscles concerned in bringing down the shoulders as a traction force, than any mere pressure on counterpoints which the spine and the ribs could well endure. Secondly, as to the practicability of bringing such a tractile force to bear without hurting the individual, this is a question of simple experience and trial with any apparatus, and is not to be decided by past failures if something new is offered. The apparatus now described has been proved by experience and ample trial to enable any person to stand pressure necessary to this kind of traction without any inconvenience whatever. The chest-band before mentioned, supersedes the necessity of depending on the crutches resting under the shoulders for support, and hence, their tendency to "go up to the ears," is neutralized, yet the crutches give steadiness to the apparatus when worn; and with the shoulders down to their natural place, may give some support in up-staying the body.

If the reader will bring the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand together in a circular form, then press with a finger of the right hand against the point of junction, so as to alter the curve of the thumb and finger in contact, he will see approximately how a displaced vertebre will alter the curve and place of the ribs adjoining. Now, if he will place the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand upon the second joint of the thumb and finger of the left respectively, as they form the circle aforesaid, and press the same so as to restore the curve, he will see how the chest-band described has a tendency to restore symmetry by acting on the displaced ribs. This is the method by counterpoint pressure, which this apparatus employs. But it is feeble, as compared with the method by counter extension which the crutches and the pelvis-band enable a person to use. And so must all counter pressure be, as compared with counter extension—and this for the reason that the reverse of that which has hitherto been employed against counter extension! namely, that *a much greater force can be employed and borne by the person in extension than by pressure.* This reversal of former reasoning, however, has been made by the superior adaptation of the pelvic band before described.

The present apparatus, therefore, seems to us to combine in the best form, all that a mechanical contrivance can do for the relief of such cases and to furnish the necessary conditions for a radical cure of the different forms of spinal curvature when such cure is possible. It is a perfect and a painless supporter, whether to those afflicted with spinal complaints, or to what is commonly called a "weak back." It uses both principles in restoring symmetry, viz.: that of counter extension and counter pressure. It seems, therefore, to combine all the mechanical conditions hitherto used for the cure of spinal curvatures.

This apparatus also by its completeness, simplicity, and variety of application, supersedes the expensive and institutional methods hitherto found necessary, and enables the patient to stay at home in the care of friends and of the family physician. It is perfectly adjustable in all its parts to the varying conditions of the person, and is completely under the control of the patient or the physician attending. It is simple and cheap in construction, light in weight, and can not be detected under the ordinary dress. It seems therefore to open a new avenue of usefulness to the ordinary family physician and general practitioner who has hitherto been obliged to pass by such cases, and send them to institutions expensive, and often distant, because no resource at hand was found adequate for their treatment.

A simple set of instructions prepared for the physician, will enable any one to make the proper measurements, and furnish the order for the apparatus.

The instructions can be obtained, and the apparatus ordered at the Hygienic Institute of Mrs. Wood & Holbrook, 15 Laight Street New York.

Praising Children.—Does it spoil children to praise them?

Ans.—Judicious praise is sunshine to the child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's struggle to do right. Thomas Hughes says that you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. You certainly can never get a child's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child, starving for praise that a parent should give, runs off eagerly after the designing flattery of others.

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Why Do Girls Study Medicine?

BY CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.

THE August number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH contains a paper under this title from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, who, herself a graduate of Medicine, after offering some pointed criticisms upon the establishment and success of the medical colleges for women in New York city, recounts her own personal experience and observations as a medical practitioner, with a view to dissuade all young women from taking up the study of medicine as a profession. She says, "It has been my good fortune, by simply showing them my books, to deter more than fifty bright, intelligent girls, who had each a little money, from entering one of the women's medical colleges as a student, and I would like to hinder every one who contemplates that step, and show her some better way to earn a living."

She draws a very dismal picture of the hardships and unpleasant exigencies of medical practice, unrelieved by even a pencil-touch of some of its very bright, sunny aspects. After the pre-Raphaelite school of art, her many grievances and struggles in the line of her chosen profession and the complexity of causes that finally led to her failure in and abandonment of it. Similar articles from the same pen have recently appeared in other journals, or this would hardly claim notice. The author of these articles has, evidently, to her own fancy, struck a fertile vein of some sort, the product of which needs proper assaying to prove its real value, if it have any, in the market of accepted ideas. It would be impossible to reproduce within the limits of this short discussion the many sections and entire paragraphs of that paper that call for, and are easily capable of complete refutation. Let it suffice us to say, in brief, that this whole matter must be and is now very rapidly being transferred from the hands of mere theorizers and controversalists to the broader, surer basis of accomplished fact—the only known arbiter of such vexed questions. To this we are entirely willing to go.

Admitting for the moment, and for the sake of argument, what has been said in the article referred to, the only possible conclusion we can draw after all is, that some women may achieve eminent success—others ordinary success, while some, in spite of every advantage, will prove eminent failures; which is precisely the same case with men, and in every occupation and profession under the sun. When, however, the writer, who announces herself as "having the real improvement and genuine elevation of her sex at heart," proceeds, because of the miscarriage of her own efforts in it, to strike at a movement dear to the hearts of so many, and one which has probably, though unconsciously to herself it may be, contributed to the expansion of her own thought while strengthening her activities more than any thing else, she places herself in a very anomalous, if not in an unenviable position when she marshals an array of statements, almost every one of which broadly calls for an interrogation mark after it in regard not only to medical colleges for women, but to the practice of medicine at all by women, to say nothing of the very remarkable and quite exceptional history of her own medical career, as given by herself, of which others besides herself observing may be considered quite as impartial judges. The deductions from these premises may, with equal reason, be laid aside as valueless. Indeed, having been connected with this subject in its various bearings for many years, and having had considerable practical knowledge of it long before the entrance of Mrs. Dudley upon her medical career, or, for that matter, into the world, I think I may safely say, and without fear of just contradiction, that many of the statements set forth in the article referred to may be deemed correct when taken only and directly in the exact contrary sense to the import of the terms in which they are expressed. First, we deny emphatically "that the three medical colleges for women established in the city of New York are so poorly furnished with aids and appliances to a thorough knowledge of the divine art of healing that an unbiased observer would be likely to suggest consolidation—merging the three schools into one and using their combined finances for better means of instruction;" or, "that because this would conflict with the private interests of the professors, and the private animosities of the trustees," such an object would be defeated, if deemed at all desirable. I claim, and I think not immodestly, the ability to judge somewhat the state of medical education and its means of

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attainment, not only abroad, but in our own country, and especially of the grade of education and the facilities for procuring it offered by the medical colleges, both male and female, of our own metropolis, through a most close and earnest personal identification with medical college labors for a long term of years; and I think I know somewhat of the very honorable and unselfish spirit that in the main animates both professors and trustees of these and similar institutions. In doing this I am conscious that I may claim, not unfairly at least, an equal hearing with the party advancing this criticism.

The New York Medical College for Women, the one which graduated Mrs. Dudley, and for which I can best speak, having had the honor to be connected with from its very inception, has held its charter from the State for nine years. During that time probably an expense of not less than thirty thousand dollars has been incurred in carrying on its collegiate departments. Many thousand dollars have been nobly expended in its hospital and dispensary departments, several thousand dollars for procuring chemical, surgical, and anatomical apparatus; specimens, and wax preparations for the better instructions of its students. The institution, starting without a dollar, has, mainly through the private contributions of its trustees and friends, received enough to carry out all this, clear its buildings, admirably located, and worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars, from all debt and has a considerable surplus of finances remaining. It has had all the advantages of clinical instruction offered at the Bellevue Hospital, and the many eye, ear, and surgical and medical infirmaries and dispensaries located in this great medical centre at the command of its students, equally with those of every other medical school. This college is by law under the supervision of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. It has held only seven college commencements, at which fifty-seven students have fulfilled all the requirements and received degrees; who, so far as I know, have, with one or two single exceptions, acquitted themselves creditably in the honorable pursuit of their profession, and in many cases with distinguished success. Most of its graduates, during these seven years have acquired a lucrative practice. Some have eminently contributed to the literature of medicine; several have taken high positions in medical colleges as professors and lecturers; several have gone abroad and achieved signal success in their studies in institutions thronged with the best intellects of the Old World, and among them all there have been only one or two pitiful failures. Besides this a number graduated from other schools and sustained by missionary boards, have finished their better preparation here and have gone abroad to labor in missionary fields; and a large number have taken partial courses to better fit themselves for the duties of life and the instruction of others about them. Where, in the history of male medical colleges, will one produce a better harvesting from among so small a number of graduates? I venture to say that it will be impossible to find a better exhibit among the institutions either of the New or Old World, and yet this is but a seven-year's fruitage for some of these, while some have had as yet but a year or two of practice, and it is well known that very few physicians among the ranks of men accomplish much in their profession before the close of even the second decade of their life service.

The aspersions as to the qualifications of the students in these institutions are hardly worth notice. Enough to say that a board consisting of five censors, independent of the college faculty, are appointed by the College to be present and examine the qualifications of all students applying for graduation and pass upon their individual merits; and that a selected faculty of twelve ladies and gentlemen, probably second to none for eminent abilities for imparting scientific instruction, are regularly enlisted in the labor of teaching the classes, and are paid for rendering their very best services.

It is intimated by Mrs. Dudley that, because the graduating classes are small, the demand for women in the profession remains proportionately small. This inference does not obtain, because of the fact that female medical colleges are being established and medical colleges and universities in all parts of our country, recognizing this imperative demand, are throwing open their doors to the admission of women to their full course of instruction. This necessarily keeps the number seeking graduation at older schools comparatively small, which of course would otherwise be greatly increased year after year.

Contemplating as I do the present and its results, I feel that it has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of only the seeming yesterday. It will be observed that nothing has been said of the two other very respectable institutions for the medical education of women in our city, because of the lack of more explicit and detailed information in regard to them, but there can be no doubt that they are ably provided and conducted, and though differing in their teachings as to the best school of practice,

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unquestionably are doing a good work for women. It would probably not be expedient nor advisable to have these schools united, because of their differences in therapeutics. The one with which Miss Blackwell is connected has, it may be, received its best assistance from the school of physiological medicine (Old School), because of the very existence of the first mentioned college, and the need of disseminating among women a knowledge of the principles of a differing system of cure. Of course, in a general sort of way one might advocate, for the sake of concentration of strength and finances, the fusion of several medical schools into one, just as in the case of literary colleges, it might be well to unite them in a single university, yet what might seem very plausible and desirable, would be found neither practicable nor possible. And should all the doors of our medical colleges be open to women as well as to men, it would be an affair entirely worthy of our age; should some institution be endowed by women for women, the board of whose trustees should be composed of women, as well also as its faculty in part or entire, while gentlemen might enjoy the very estimable privilege of attending its courses and graduating with the ladies, just as now the ladies do in some colleges and universities with the gentlemen; the only question being thus one of simple merit as to the superiority of teaching of the respective schools. It does not require a prophetic eye to see that this time is near at hand. There is no reason whatever why ladies and gentlemen of the most sensitive temperament and culture may not study with perfect propriety all that relates to medicine, except one or two departments of special anatomy and surgery, where the lectures and demonstrations may be duplicated for each.

As to the discouragements of practice, while these are numerous (and obvious to the mind of those who are driven about like the sands by every wind and wave of a shifting purpose) no profession offers so many rewards and emoluments for endeavors honestly bestowed in obedience to a benevolent purpose than does that of medicine, for either man or woman; and the assertion that it will cost five thousand dollars to carry through a three-years' course of studies and get ready for practice, can not for a moment be maintained. College fees, including all expenses of dissections and graduation, will not exceed three hundred dollars; and fair board can be had for the three winter terms of twenty-three weeks, at five dollars per week, and the preceptors' fees two hundred dollars, with books and incidental expenses, the sum total is less than eight hundred dollars. And in many cases free scholarships are offered to worthy, needy applicants; thus lessening their first expense. During the interim the student is by no means expected to remain at the college, or so exclusively devote herself to medicine that she may not assist herself. So long as she is thoroughly up to the mark in examination there is no question, nor ought there to be, as to the youth of the individual after the age of twenty-one years has been passed, nor the amount of time she has absolutely expended in the course, whether it be seven or three years—some dullards requiring a magnificent distance in time for preparation, and then amount to nothing! Many of our own classes have gone through college for a sum much less than above mentioned, and by ordinary application have built up in a year or two a good paying practice, and have won the admiration and the confidence of the community. In the light of this, what can be said of such declarations as this: "With every new patient, whether paying or not, a new book, and often a new instrument must generally be bought, and an older physician consulted." What sort of attention must such an one have shown to her previous preparation? Or by what almost inexcusably accidental slip of the faculty has (by her own admission) so illy-prepared a person been permitted to enter the ranks of medical practice? Just imagine such an one needing to go out to purchase a new book! select a new instrument! call in an older doctor to consult when suddenly called in the emergencies of practice to succor a case of life or death! depending upon the quick, often the instant interference of a ready skill! It is barely possible that such cases do get through into the professional ranks, and I do not wonder that they feel like getting out as soon as they can; but can not conceive why, on this their own account, they should bring such a pitiful public presentment of their plight, and attack that system which they only are responsible for the abuse of. It is just such isolated instances that would seem to demand the establishment of the European standard of medical graduation, where a separate board of examiners sit for two weeks testing, by *written* as well as oral examination, the fitness of all applicants passing before them. With what feelings of pity, were it indeed not so amusing, do we see the philanthropy and benevolent aim of the true physician depicted in the following character which would anywhere be recognized as that of a charlatan. Or "she (the lady physician) may in the first

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five years of her life spend twenty thousand dollars to establish herself in good style, with a carriage and servants; dress well, show herself constantly in fine society, court the patronage of the rich, and in every way keep her name constantly before the public. Then, if she is truly a woman of ability (we are sadly perplexed to know what sort of ability is meant here) she can by *these* means attain a practice that will require only popularity, earnest, untiring effort of body and mind, skill, boldness, and fortuitous circumstances and unvarying good health, to enable her to live free from debt and wearing anxiety about the future."

Mrs. Dudley asserts that out of the first-class of thirteen, of which she was a member, "all the members have done as well as young doctors commonly do, but there have been no marked successes," and farther on, "of this number not one of the class has achieved even a local fame and reputation." That depends upon what she means by success and by the other terms. Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley Wright, graduated with the class of 1865, and, although she says "it chanced that I was the first woman in this State to receive a medical diploma," notwithstanding thirteen graduated with her, and the lady professors of her college had received honorable degrees from their State long before she thought of studying medicine. Two of that class, Mrs. E. B. Smith, M. D., of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Anna Densmore, M. D., of this city, have, probably, a practice of at least ten thousand a year, and I do not know but a larger sum; another, Miss Harriet Clisby, of Boston, is doing a large practice, and is consulted by some of the first physicians. After earning three thousand dollars the third year of her medical practice, Mrs. Dudley strangely enough avers that she must have starved, had not the use of her pen and pencil, "during occasional leisure hours," paid her personal expenses.

Then she goes on to speak of her failing health, and the physical disabilities of women, generally unfitting them for the practice of medicine, and instances two cases of death "due to over professional work," of which cases I am presumably as personally familiar with, if not more so, than she, and I am glad to have an opportunity to set this matter at rest. The first was that of one who had been an invalid fifteen years before she thought of studying medicine, and, under my professional care she recovered so as to be able to study, and enjoyed very fair health for three years before she entered the profession. Her death might have as readily occurred in the midst of the activities of domestic life, as amid the many cases she was called upon to treat, and among the scenes of suffering she showed so much quiet zeal and skill in alleviating.

The case of the other was that of one very near and dear to me, whose life promised a most brilliant career in advocacy, not only of woman's best interests in the study of medicine, but in all that relates to her highest elevation and culture; and one whom the world will long hold in grateful remembrance as one of its best thinkers and noblest workers. It is true that she survived the birth of her babe only a few days, but her confinement was induced by an attack of inflammation, ensuing upon an injury she received in indiscreetly reaching up too far to adjust some curtains her servant had hung carelessly—an accident which might have occurred had she never studied medicine. Indeed in her case, also, she brought to her medical studies, a constitution already over-tasked by the hardships of that most arduous of all professions for men or women, in which so many women are yearly sacrificed—that of teaching.

And, generally, I will close this discussion by saying, that women will be as likely to find out as soon as others will for them, just what is the measure of their own strength in the practice of their chosen professions and will learn to keep within the limits of that. If they can not assume a full country ride, or take a city round of practice, as many women do—they will be able to do less.

If they can not follow a special office practice for five hours of the day, they can take fewer hours, and they need not, nor will not go to men to find out how much they should be able to bear—they themselves being the best judges of that matter. If, by reason of any disability or unforseen cause, they may not do so much as just indicated, which quite often happens to men, much remains to be done in the useful teaching of the avoidable causes of diseases, not only in their own families but everywhere among women.

A few words in regard to the subject of local treatment touched upon. The true physician will never hesitate in the most unpleasant, though necessary services, requisite to the cure of her patient, and will spare no effort to ascertain what is the real malady under which she may be suffering, and promptly meet it. There is a wide difference of view, I admit, through ignorance in some quarters, in regard to the need and value of this form of treatment, but no feelings of false delicacy will ever debar the true physician from doing all in his or her power for the restoration of the patient. If Mrs. Dudley was

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convinced "to her entire satisfaction that the special diseases of women could generally be cured by hygienic measures and internal remedies," then surely no one of the profession would have objected had she devoted herself to the cure of these surgical cases, by imparting such instruction and treatment. But the excuse that in her own private dispensary "there was not time for local treatment, there was no private room for it, the patient was not clean enough," is not one that a physician should entertain for one moment. It would have been her part, and the most essential, to teach the great necessity of cleanliness to these poor, suffering, charity cases; and this is what women are greatly needed for in medicine. I find thousands of women about me suffering terribly, because of sheer ignorance of the laws of life, and the simplest laws of health—often sick unto death, and getting sicker every day; for men do not and women can not teach them, and my heart grows sad at the spectacle. Not alone women, but their poor, miserable, sickly children, whose lives would otherwise unquestionably be saved, if only a sufficient number of good women were fitted for the wants of the people—and this, too, to a certain extent, in all grades of society. Women are the natural instructors in all these departments, but men are not. It often is too delicate a matter, and they are not paid for it, and they say "it is none of their concern." Women go to China and India under the auspices of Missionary Boards, to heal the sick and preach the gospel, for men can not gain entrance there. Heathen men can not be hopefully converted until the women, their wives and daughters, are reached, which is the great moral power lying back of all. These noble women get little or nothing, in the way of pecuniary reward, for their life of self-sacrifice. Do we hear any objection to their either preaching the gospel or practicing the healing art under these charitable conditions? None at all! Nor would we in our own land were it as little paying as there. Indeed, I do not know but that every mother's son now in the profession, would call loudly for women to take their places, since it was just woman's most fitting province of work. Strange inconsistency this! The question in this event might then be asked "Why do boys study medicine?"

In my long life I have not been sought by so large a number as fifty bright intelligent girls, or so many young or old for advice as to their studying medicine; although I have had the great pleasure of urging, successfully, a goodly number to take it up. If, however, Mrs. Dudley has been able to dissuade so many as fifty to give it up, it would at least seem to indicate a largely growing interest in this direction, which one would hardly be led to suspect; and it may be that just the right ones have, after all, been deterred, or at least detained, till they can take it up with a whole-souled purpose of devotion to it. This they never can do, acceptably, till they relinquish schools of art and efforts at journalism, or any other engrossing occupation; and I would unquestionably urge all such to relinquish the idea at once. To all others seeking to enter its portals, I would say, Remember the inscription engraved over the vestibule of one of the ancient temples: "Whoever enters here leaves all other thoughts behind," and you may surely expect to find, while treading these halls, rewards both pleasant and profitable, just so long as you keep yourself disencumbered of other ulterior aims and unprofessional pursuits; for the deity worshiped here is jealous of the services of the least of her subjects, and will reject with scorn and many stripes all who mar the fair beauty of her shrines, by incense offered to another goddess.

Finally, some of the reasons why girls study medicine, are: First, Sick women and children are becoming very numerous, and men in the profession are few and unsuccessful in curing, while those who are truly learned and successful, have so much to do that they can not spare time to teach their patients how to avoid the many direct or remote causes of disease. There are three questions they want to solve: What is the matter? what will cure? what will prevent disease?

Second, They wish to study the various sciences which are needed to complete a medical education, for their intellectual development and self-protection. The mental powers in woman are hungry for food such as science alone can supply. Why not? Knowledge of this kind disabuses her of needless fears, and removes the disquietude of alarm, which has been the lever of designing charlatans quite too long. I never could conceive of medical knowledge disconnected from that of surgery and hygiene. Either is incomplete without the other.

Third, The profession of medicine, including surgery and hygiene, is most needed by those whose duty it is to care for the entire human family, from the cradle to the grave. What would a sick-room be without a woman, especially that of a woman or child? The nursing and drudgery of such places have never been denied her, but the knowledge and honor have

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A physician's principal practice is among sick women and children.

Fourth, It has always been an honorable and lucrative business for gentlemen; why not for women? They have moral resources, physical endurance, and intellectual power to compete with the majority of men in the profession. Woman's sources of information in diseases peculiar to her sex, are drawn often from personal experience, such as men can never properly appreciate. What can a man know of woman's symptoms only as woman tries to explain them? and, uneducated herself, she often misleads him.

Fifth, Women are needed to instruct women as men can never do. They understand the language of woman's disease, and much traditional useful instruction may thus be handed down from mother to daughter, increasing in importance from age to age, as medical science becomes popular and translated into English literature for the people.

Sixth, Girls of large brain and warm heart desire to study medicine because they are not satisfied with making marriage the only aim in life. They know well that many must necessarily remain unmarried, and they wish, in this event, to secure an honorable independence, in that vocation, which, while it enriches the commonwealth, will also expand their sympathies, broaden their character, and give to their lives the poetry and the enthusiasm of true womanly heroism. There are one hundred and seventy-five thousand more women between the ages of twenty and thirty-five in New York State alone than men of corresponding age; and seventy-five thousand more in Massachusetts. In the New England States, this vast surplus of women, engaged in the factories, really form the backbone of their manufacturing industries. Women in the other walks of life are everywhere perishing for the lack of something legitimate to do, as much as many are in other pursuits, from over-work. Young women see that a number of their sex, despite opposition and formidable obstacles, with medical colleges closed against them, have won their way to the loftiest achievements in practice. What may they not do now, with doors open and medical literature free to all?

Seventh, Girls *will* study medicine, because it is essentially their right just as much as that of boys—and nobody ever questions *their* right. It is not too hundred years since the question was gravely considered by the savans of Paris: "Should women learn the alphabet?"—and the noble women who have vindicated not only their right, but proved their ability, to equal and often excel men in this calling, will not be deterred by any such query, sprung from the fast-disappearing prejudice of a past age and of masculine jealousy; and, as the right of acquiring the alphabet was seized by them, so thus to the mother and wife, the alphabet of all sciences of individual growth and true development will be soon wrested from the grasp of those who have so long held it for their own personal ends, and will, in its broader light of knowledge, reconsecrate and baptize the temple of the soul and spirit of man for the good of the entire race; and the world will progress, because woman holds in her hands, at last, the immeasurably potent means of ministering to its health and constantly replenishing its fountains and sources of strength. Then, in the words of one of Earth's sweetest singers, I say to my sex:

"Go to the lonely chamber of affliction,
Go to the couch of suffering and death,
And in thy healing waft a benediction
That Heaven may give with lips of angel breath.

Bear with the proud, the doubt thy message scorning;
Bear with the blind, the God-like who despise;
For patient sufferance heralds on the morning,
And thine own faith shall make thysisters wise."

SUMMER BEVERAGES.—The following may be named as being among other and more wholesome beverages that are better than water.

Apple Water.—Slice two large apples, put them into a jar, and pour over them one pint of boiling water. Cover close for an hour pour off the fluid, and sweeten if necessary.

Apple Tea.—Roast eight fine apples in the oven, or before the fire; put them in a jug with two spoonfuls of sugar, and pour over them a quart of boiling water. Let the whole stand one hour near the fire.

Beverage of Figs and Apples.—Have two quarts of water boiling; split six figs, and cut two apples into six or eight slices each; boil the whole together twenty minutes; pour the liquid into a basin to cool, and pass through a sieve when it is ready for use. The figs and apples may be drained for eating with a little boiled rice.

Others no doubt could be invented. A most delicious beverage may be made from currants, or cherries, or blackberries. Will our readers send us such recipes as they may have?

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Eleven Reasons why Girls Should Study Medicine.

BY MRS. SUSAN EVERETT, M. D.

I SUPPOSED the idea that women should be physicians to their own sex was so thoroughly recognized, that a word of discussion respecting it, was wholly uncalled for.

An article in the August HERALD OF HEALTH rather upsets the comfortable feeling—that we had no longer any foes to fight. The article in question, strange to say, is by a woman, and a medical graduate at that. So, this time, our foe is of our own household—as it now and then happens.

Fearing said article may reach a prejudiced mind, and, possibly, pass for the private conclusion of medical women in general, I feel constrained to utter my conviction that the article alluded to, under the signature of Elizabeth Dudley, is as sophistical as it is demoralizing—to such as do not glance beneath the surface of mere assertion.

Two facts strike us as not in harmony with the tone of the article. 1st. Elizabeth Dudley earned $3,000 per year, and thus was able to not only feed her poor patients, but to pay houserent for some. 2d. After practicing three years, so great was the demand for her services, that, when she determined to relinquish her profession, she was forced to frequently change her residence in order to get out of the way of patients. (Query: Since young physicians are at such a discount, why did not these importunate sick ones hunt out these old, grey-headed doctors in which every community abounds, instead of searching for this young woman of only three years' practice? I think the answer may be found in the fact of her sex.)

These two statements, which so innocently discover to the order the *demand* for medical services from women, and the liberal payment therefor, will no doubt send a score or two of new female students to the respective colleges for the coming session. Some other woman, more economical in the expenditure of money for instruments, and less inclined to pay houserent for people, would have laid by a snug little sum from that three thousand income. At least, so many will reason.

However, as some dozen reasons are suggested by Elizabeth Dudley, to show why women should *not* study medicine, and especially to *practice* the same, I propose to briefly answer a few of them, and trust there will appear many reasons why women *should* study medicine.

Among the reasons alleged for woman's not studying medicine, are:

1st. *Hard Work.* So far as I have observed hard work is as often found in a wife and mother's life, as in a physician's. It is also found in the life of a saleswomen, seamstress, kitchen-girl, author or artist. I believe as yet, no *easy* road has been found for a human being, male or female, who is in solemn earnest.

It is, no doubt, God's plan that we *should* work. He gives us the most intense aspirations for excellence, while He puts keenest industry, the most centering effort—oft-repeated and long-continued—as a price for desired results. No matter where the woman finds herself, hard, conscientious work, is at once her safety and greatest privilege, as it is man's.

2d. Another objection is *frail* health. I, for one, have not yet found a spot in life where poor health would exactly and nicely "fit in." It certainly won't suit a wife and mother. I think, upon the whole, if a woman *must* be sick, she had better be a doctor and done with it—then she would be in a physician's care all the while! This would be a consolation, to say nothing of medical bills it would save our indulgent husbands, or sympathizing friends. I therefore suggest, that all men who are about to marry small-waisted, cold-footed, weak-backed women, should make doctors of them before the ceremony of marriage is performed! And to further the views of the matter, I am glad to say, I have not only never yet known a lady-physician to lose her health in consequence of her knowledge or practice; but upon the contrary have known several to *gain* health, upon going into active out-of-door practice. As striking proof of this statement, I refer to Hannah Longshore, the noted Philadelphia Quaker-woman, who has had a heavy medical practice for more than twenty years. At her graduation she was a broken-down invalid, as poor in flesh as she was in purse. Ten years ago she was among the *hundreds* avoirdupois, and *tens of thousands* finance-wise. Nurses are almost invariably females. Who has the hardest path, the *night* nurse or the medical attendant that perchance is not called from a warm bed seldom often

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than once per week? If it is *night*-work that we, as women in frail-health, are to avoid, marriage must be given up. Who ever thinks of deterring a young girl from accepting an offer of marriage, because, forsooth, in the course of rearing her ten or dozen children, she will undoubtedly be kept awake much at night? I fancy there are not many young ladies (at least I hope not) who would refuse a good-looking, self-sustaining, faithful young man upon that flimsy ground. A woman that has average health can stand medical practice as well as marriage.

3d. The "regular recurring periods" referred to by Elizabeth Dudley, never yet deterred a woman from entertaining a houseful of company, or doing any other needed work. Of course, there are, often, very abnormal persons. I have even known a person to be obliged to go to bed in order to be able to digest a wholesome meal. There is no end to peculiarities. When people will live godly lives, in body and spirit, many abhorrent spectacles will vanish, and no natural function will be found to interfere with a consistent woman's duties.

4th. "Poor Pay." This has been partially refuted already. Still, a word more may not be amiss. A woman with well-directed genius is always sure of a good income. All others are more or less so, according to their ability, preparation for work, and Yankee thrift. The wife of a working-man gets her board and a few articles of clothing during his life-time. At his death, she gets one-third of his worldly possessions, then, not this, until some legal process is gone through with to put her in possession of her own. If she has loved the man she is paid, of course, in one sense. I mention the case of a wife, because wifehood is recognized as the ideal, proper state for a woman, which I sincerely believe it is. Still, wifehood, as yet, does not *pay*, *money-wise*. I don't know as any thing really *pays well* except doing right. Ruskin says, the "highest work God never pays for." However, doctoring sick women and children, being a medium kind of work, He or His children pay very fairly for. Upon the whole, in respect of "pay," I think, aside from the best literary work, there is no field for which women can acquire so much actual money, for the bestowal of a given portion of time and strength, as in the practice of medicine.

5th. It is not worth while to say much about the "*difficulty of succeeding in medical practice.*" From the scores to scores of examples that could be cited of women doctors, who, though they may not have secured a state or national reputation, have good local repute, I consider, provided the women be in earnest, well educated, and *not sick in bed*, success is a foregone conclusion. More people fail in this world, men as well as women, because they have a straw of rottenness in their natures, which precludes all solemn earnestness of purpose, all downright, wholesome effort, than from any other cause. We need more individual consecration in our *life*-work, what ever it may be. The physician, man or woman, should of all mortals, be godly to the *core*. If I could help it, I would never employ a physician who was not a sincere Christian. I should then believe that his or her progress might so supplement the potions exhibited that there could be no doubt about recovery. That sweet, half-divine atmosphere, which some choice persons carry about them, is a wonderful opiate and solace to the sick. After the first tenyears of practice, every succeeding year is invaluable to the woman who sees, feels, and thinks.

6th. Expense of outfit is not so serious. Twenty, or so, well-selected volumes, a medical periodical or two—all these read, re-read and digested, are far better than loaded shelves which are but glanced at. As for "instruments," unless surgically inclined, the less the better, especially of the uterine order. Madame La Chapelle had but *five* instrumental cases among her sixty thousand obsterical patients. If one is to reduce to practice all of Thomas's "Differential Diagnoses," or Sim's Vagaries, it would not be unwise, if the pocket would admit of it, and patients lives hold out (the latter is an important item), to employ a regular instrument-maker from the outset. But, every shrewd, clear-headed medical woman knows well enough (if medical men don't) that *peri-uterine* cellulitis, and all the other pelvic ITISES would soon become *non est* if women were instructed to carry their four pounds, or more, of skirts by ingenious shoulder-adjustments, in place of, as now, upon the loins! The whole question of "special" uterine treatment, as now so flagrantly conducted, is being seriously considered by those interested in the moral, as well as physical well-being of women. To what a shocking length are "special" diseases, among women, now "hunted up," I might almost say *manufactured*, by enterprising, money-making male doctors, will be seen by a late statement uttered by *Doctor Horatio Robinson Storer*, of Boston, in the presence of an audience of *men and* WOMEN. The remarkable utterance is as follows: "*Since I entered the profession, and this is, perhaps, what no other living man can say*, (I am glad he confines the revolting charge to his own personality) *I have never once prescribed for a*

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married woman (and possibly few unmarried ones), *with any pelvic symptoms, without* a personal examination—which means, of course, an examination of the pelvic organs, so far as they can be inspected, digitally, instrumentally, etc. The absolute outrageousness of this state of things can only be fully realized, by, for one moment, fancying a female M. D. sustaining such similarly intimate flagrant relations to male patients, as male M. D.'s without hesitation sustain to females. Aye! and that, too, with bolted doors, when husband is at office or shop, and no convenient lady friend is nigh to form a third party!

A civilization that will remove, so utterly, barriers that common decency has long upheld, need not wonder at the low state of morals to which people have lapsed, within the last decade or two.

If so elaborate inspections, as Dr. Storer suggests (which, from a wide experience, I very much doubt, at least its frequency), is needed, in *even* the *slightest pelvic malaise*, decency would suggest that these "careful" "personal" examinations, explorations, palpations, etc., should only be tolerated by a HUSBAND, or medically educated *women*.

This view of the matter should suggest to Elizabeth Dudley, as well as many other women, the necessity for increasing the number of women who shall be medically educated, and in place of deterring "fifty bright girls" from undertaking the life of a physician, to wish them godspeed in the undertaking—unless, indeed, unmistakable evidence is given that the said girls are good material for wives and mothers. However much I prize female doctors, I deem it a tremendous waste of femininity to use *mother*-material for even doctors. Father and mother material is so infinitely precious and scarce, that the State, even, should make provisions, as they did in Sparta, for its increase in *quantity* and rise in *quality*.

7th. There is no necessity for a woman to "buy a country side." Every town, hamlet and city, from New York to California, needs a medical woman, and often *more* than one. The market for male doctors is *glutted*—many of them would do better at farming than doctoring—while for women doctors there is a constantly increasing demand. If Elizabeth Dudley was hunted from place to place by sick women who needed, or fancied they needed (which is all the same thing), her services, while they deliberately passed by old, hoary-headed men-doctors, of intellect, culture, experience, hospital practice, night and day work, which had covered decades and decades of years—men who were literally *soaked* in all that could be brought to the medical profession (except *the feminine gender and its outcomes*), since sick women do this, and I know they *do* do it, I think it is not worth while to stem the tide of a popular sentiment, which is, as yet, "no bigger than a man's hand," but which is destined to deluge this broad land until hordes and hordes of brutal, impure men are swept *out* of the medical ranks, while armies of earnest, highly-endorsed, Christian woman are borne into them. Every good man, with every good woman, should pray God to quickly speed the coming of that day.

8th. A "fine social position," which Elizabeth Dudley rather commends, is a phrase so anomalous, that for practical medical woman, truthfulness, fidelity, and that unexplainable, priceless quality known as *reliableness*, will in the long run do more for her than family, friends or money can do.

9th. So far as I have observed, Doctors *don't* die poor. I believe a given amount of "brains" will average as well, money-wise, in the profession of medicine as in any other department. I am sorry to say that I also believe the intellectual status of medical material, as I have witnessed it, week after week, during my medical course at Philadelphia, and again witnessed it month after month, among the four or five hundred students who congregate at Bellevue Hospital, New York, is at an astonishingly low ebb. I have often wondered where so many specimens of mediocrity could be found—mediocrity coupled with a low coarseness, that caused me to question whether or not the profession of medicine, with its manifold perversions, did not offer inducments for this very brutal, vulgar coarseness, which now and then crops out in men, badly born and worse trained. Dr. Storer's bugle-call to young men rings out so significantly, that I begin to understand the phenomenon. In referring to the treatment of sexual diseases among women, Dr. Storer tells *young men that "everywhere, in city and country, a wealth of legitimate* (legitimate, only because as yet, it is tolerated by innocent victims) *and lucrative employment, as yet almost unopened, is awaiting the zeal* (he should have added *immodestly*, as well), *of the special worker!"*

I have been filled with something akin to *fear* while looking around upon the male medical students of Bellevue and Charity Hospital, New York, and realized that in a few months these under-bred, immoral specimens of the race, would each be privileged, legally, if occasion offered, to enter the bed-chamber of wives and maidens, upon the most intimate terms, as friend

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and advisor. One can not touch pitch without being soiled; nor can a clean woman be other than befouled by one of these moral monstrosities. If there is one crying need more than another, in this age of needs, it is that we demand decent morality in the medical person who gets into a wife's or daughter's confidence.

10th. Elizabeth Dudley's implied idea that women are too sympathetic to be physicians, is at least singular. Dr. Pheysic, the old Philadelphia surgeon, and the best operator his time afforded, always was obliged to go to bed after a capital operation, in order to rally from the effect upon his nervous system. As he approached his patient, scalpel in hand, his hand would tremble like an aspen leaf. By a powerful effort he always succeeded in overcoming the nervous, "womanish" dread. But like a woman, or any other highly organized man, had to pay the penalty of over-taxed nerves. Dr. Pheysic lived long, was the best surgeon America then afforded, in spite of his sympathies. For one, I have a liking for these sympathetic people, and regard intense, yet well disciplined sympathy, an almost *sine qua non* in a physician. I have never yet felt my blood boil (except once or twice) with such righteous indignation as I have in witnessing the free and easy indifference the stolid don't-care-ativeness of hospital operators in our large cities, to the welfare of patients whose life and death hang by a cobweb! To my mind, woman's sympathy is one of her choicest qualities, when she takes up the gauntlet of medical practice. Even in a broader sense, woman can not dispense with one shade of her fineness. Her ideality, her spirituality, with all the exquisiteness growing out of the noblest organization, will be an ornament, precious beyond computation, to antidote effects of a struggle for existence—men and women not thus gifted, *harden* as they go on in life. That hardness—almost cruelty—is a fatal thing.

And yet women have got to learn the disastrousness of the "constancy of small emotions." Aitkins says insanity begins in undisciplined emotion. I am sure much ill-health thus begins. Of course, physicians see much that is calculated to put them into the insane asylum, if their emotions are of the rampant kind. However, if God, with all his love, can stand seeing unpaid house-rents, hungry children, and evil generally, I don't understand why *we* can't. It is not to be supposed that *one* woman can right all wrong. And, moreover, I think a woman is shaking her small fist in the face of Providence when she *runs away from her post* because, though he can do a little, she can't do every thing!

11th. Elizabeth Dudley cites the case of a female M. D., who died of *nervous exhaustion*, as something very surprising. I could show her that that cause of death is not confined to medical women. There are plenty of wives, mothers, seamstresses, and school-teachers, that die of the intensest kind of nervous exhaustion. Men die of the same thing, now and then. At present we have so few female physicians, that it is no wonder that the few who are actually at work, should find more than mortal hands can do.

It is a pity those "fifty bright (for that's the very kind we want) girls" have been diverted into other channels. If they have found honest men for husbands, and are making loving, devoted wives, I wish them god-speed! But, even in that case a little sanitary lore and a few medical facts might have saved their first child from the bed "beneath the daisies."

Every village of two thousand five hundred has at least a dozen aimless, purposeless girls and women. I trust Elizabeth Dudley will obviate the possible wrong upon the "fifty bright girls," by 'showing her books' to as many bright, available women, to the end that three thousand a year, with untold good done to suffering maidens and mothers, "thrown in to boot," is better than idleness and its results.

TEA DRUNKARDS.—Are there any tea drunkards?

ANS.—The Scientific American says that Dr. Arlidge has put forth a very sensible protest, in The Lancet, against a very pernicious custom, which rarely receives sufficient attention, either from the medical profession or the public. He says that the women of the work-classes make tea a principal article of diet, instead of an occasional beverage; they drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. This is no doubt the case, and as Dr. Arlidge remarks, a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up such a fierce and bitter agitation against intoxicating drinks might advantageously be diverted to the repression of this very serious evil of tea-tippling among the poorer classes. Tea, in any thing beyond moderate quantities, is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling and disordering the heart's action, and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that not merely is it a question of narcotic excess, but the enormous quantity of hot water which tea-bibbers necessarily take is exceedingly prejudicial both to digestion and nutrition.

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Kitty Howard's Journal.—Second Series.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

FEBRUARY.

WE have had a disturbed and anxious household for many, many weeks. Somebody, some old honest battle-man, who thought lightly of civil life, considering war the normal state of the race, never heard of any disaster or crime of any kind, without asking, "who is she! who is she!" for he believed a woman to be always at the bottom of all the trouble in the world. Indeed I begin to think he was right; I begin to see my sex through no false medium, and through none of that *esprits de corps*, so much lauded, and so often false in principle. Men and women are to be judged from a human stand-point, and not from the stand-point of sex. Lady Montague, used to say that, "all that reconciled her to being a woman was the fact, that she would not be obliged to marry one of them."

MEM.—The only women that the feminine woman admires, are those distinguished not for masculine, but *manly* qualities, such as generosity, sincerity and tenderness, coupled with courage.

But to the discomfort in the household, to which I referred above. A woman *is* the cause of it all, and that woman, that handsome, artful, hussy Blanch Runyon. It seems that David, dear impassioned soul! pressed his suit upon the girl with such earnest, tender solemnity, that she grew awe-struck, and perhaps remorseful, and confessed that she was already engaged. Poor boy! He had been accustomed to a home where truth was the great and pervading element, and instinctively thought all respectable households were governed by similar principles.

Once I had remonstrated with him upon his infatuation, and assured him that Blanch was both vain and treacherous; boy-like and manlike too, as to that, he replied, "Women are always unjust to each other." Women understand each other better than men understand us, or are willing to understand us. They adhere to their own version of the sex, till some great ruin serves to open their eyes, and they learn the truth when it has ceased to be of any service to them.

MEM.—Men cheat in business and politics, women in affections. They from sheer vanity encourage a man, and when his ruin is affected, they say, "I'm sure I never thought he meant half he said; I did'nt mean any harm!"

Well, David insisted to know how he stood with Blanch, for her calm self-possession lured and maddened him, and then came the discovery that she was engaged—engaged to a German Count, who would soon arrive to marry her. David must have yielded to a terrible paroxysm of rage and mortification, for he called her a traitorous Delilah, a she-d——l, and other uncomplimentary epithets, which false women hear from weak lovers, and came home boiling with excitement.

"Oh, mother! there is nobody like you," he cried, throwing his arms about my neck. "Please, mother, let the whole thing drop; I am a poor fool, but she is worse—let her go, let her go. I will sleep, sleep," and the poor, beautiful, injured boy was convulsed in my arms. Ah, it has been a sad, sad time! How. I was bitter against Blanch for this ruin inflicted by her vanity; how I mourned and wept over my poor boy, are emotions incident to life, a chapter in human suffering out of which we arise, healed and ennobled, or crushed and distorted, need not be told. It is now in the past. I am calm, and David, wasted by disease, is himself again, beautiful in his young manhood, gathering up the broken threads so rudely snapped, studious, unduly grave; but all that youth should be, that has been dragged through such an experience. The Judge went to Blanch, and in hot wrath told her that she was beneath the contempt of an honest man. She was a swindler of the basest kind, and if her German Baron was half a man, he would no more marry her than any vile woman who traffics in the privileges of her sex.

In the mean time, much has transpired, which I have but partially jotted in my journal. I went one evening to hear the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Angel, I went strongly prejudiced against him, but the sight of an almost heavenly face disarmed me. He must have been a man of intense passion, in the high sense—fervid, eloquent, most tender, clear in intellect, forcible in language, with an almost child-like simplicity in manner. His voice thrilled the senses like the low vibrations of the wind-harp—plaintive, etherial, yet rich and manly. Never was

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Christian earnestness more apparent, devotion, self-abnegation more beautiful. The divine love, the divine purity of Jesus were shown forth with a sweet earnestness that melted the heart to tears.

Knowing what I knew, my soul was melted within me, and I looked with a sad sorrow upon his thin, fair face, and contrasted it with the hard unsympathetic one of the wife who sat looking around with an indifferent, careless air, the least affected of all the multitude of listeners. Many desired prayers at the close of the discourse, and I have never, never heard invocations so humanly pitiful from human lips. Alas, poor heart! must there be the great woe, the bitter sin, the soul-deep agony of repentance to bring the whole being prostrate at the cross?

I think Tom was angry at my emotion. I think the rigid matter of fact, quality of mind, which can not but underlie all experience of it in the law, has rather tended to harden Tom. Not that he is ever unkind.

The night after the discourse to which I had listened was dark and loaded with tempest; the trees writhed and creaked, and the rain came down in a heavy continuous sheet. I could not sleep. I arose, and, shading the lamp, sat down by my table in a deep reverie, while my good husband slept that much-to-be envied sleep that goes with a good conscience, good nerves, and good digestion. I leaned my head upon my hand and listened to the storm. There was the whistling and wailing as if pitying spirits would avert the destruction of the wind god; and those indescribable sobbings, incident to the night and tempest; but slowly, distinctly rising, fearfully distinct, I heard a great cry, as of one in mortal agony. Awe-struck at the sound, I looked from the lattice, but could see nothing but the great clouds of blackness making the night terrible. The weird eyes of the preacher haunted me—Sally Liscom, grand, imperious filled the room with her presence. I felt a strange elevation, like one who may have laid aside all the associations of earth, and saw in death a bright, beautiful angel. I wrote the following, which came I know not how, and its meaning hidden, as it were, from my own mind:

THE MIDNIGHT STORM.

Gusty comes the wind that's blowing,
As it wrestled, seeking somewhere
Broken branch or leaf,
Thing forlorn in grief;
In a crevice now 'tis throwing
Voices, sobbing, calling out there—
As a human being pleaded,
Cried for help in hour most needed.

Now 'tis over, and a stirring
Creeps along the dusky lattice;
Lifts, then drops the curtain,
Pauses all uncertain—
Now a ragged leaf 'tis whirring
Upward, blowing to the cornice;
Down it falls forlorn and stilly,
And the room is hushed and chilly.

I have quenched the taper burning,
And a thick screen shades the fire-gleam,
While I think of Thee
Saddest soul to me.
By this fond and heart-felt yearning,
And this lucid waking night-dream,
And a presence breathing by me,
Sure I am that Thou art nigh me.

Darkness, silence brooding ever,
Ebon wing, death-like and folded—
Shapes all massive rise
Taking thy weird eyes—
Hope to Thee awaketh never—
Who this fatal doom hath moulded
Oh, ye Angels! him beholding,
Wrap him in your peaceful folding.

He a living death is dying,
Every pulse a pang revealing;
Hourly at Heaven's-gate
He doth kneel and wait.
God be merciful the crying,
Prostrate on the marble kneeling,
Bearing memories wild and dim,
Oh, ye Angels, pity him!

Sept. 20.—This morning is bright and lovely, with scarcely a breath of air. Very early in the morning, indeed, it was hardly day, the sexton of the church called for my husband in a most mysterious manner, and they went out together. As was most natural, I looked through the blinds to see in what direction they went, and was surprised to see them enter the cemetery, and disappear under the trees. They were not long gone, and on their return I heard my husband say,

"You have done a most discreet thing, Mr. Graveland, and we will say nothing more about it, and thus prevent a scandal."

He had no sooner gone than I called to Tom and asked what was the matter. My husband was very pale, his face rigid, and altogether he was not my Tom in the least. He leaned over the side of the bed, and smoothing back my brow replied,

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"Kitty you are so little given to gossip, that I will tell you what I would not have another woman in the world know."

At which I could not but smile, for it is so natural to all women to gossip, to love to hear something strange and new, *and be the first to tell of it*, that I had some fears Kitty might not be entirely exempt from the vice, when consorting with a pleasant neighbor, but when Tom explained the why and the wherefore, I saw at once there need be no fear that I should prove a leaky vessel upon an occasion so solemn, and involving so much.

He went on to inform me that Mr. Graveland, having risen early to assure himself that nothing had gone amiss with the church during the heavy storm, had been startled at perceiving the body of a man stretched upon the grave of Sally Liscom. He hastened forward and found the limbs cold and drenched with the rain; the hat had fallen off, and the poor head was covered with sand and the hair scattered and wet. He turned the face upward. It was that of the minister of God who had so thrilled every heart the evening before! My husband said that he and Mr. Graveland had conveyed the body to the porch of the church and there left it, and, as the outer door was always left unlocked, the people would suppose that he had sought shelter from the storm within its sacred precincts, and there died from some unknown cause.

As he told me all this I leaned my head upon his dear shoulder and nearly fainted. He went on,

"Kitty, Mr. Graveland, without much penetration, was sure that this death was the finale to the tragedy of Sally Liscom; and conceiving that somehow the law must have something to do with it, he came to consult with me as to what should be done. There is no doubt he is right—but, as no good, and much evil may follow from making this public, he has promised me to say nothing, and he having no wife, I think the secret may be kept."

I then told him of the name which Sally had uttered in her distressing sleep, and he saw that I knew all.

"Wise! wise! little Judgine! There are some things which should be sacred between God and ourselves. You are fit for a Priest, a Doctor, or Lawyer, Kitty, in one point of view, in that you are trustworthy and could keep a professional secret, which is more than all men can do."

"Has this man atoned for his sin?" I said to myself, and then in the comfort of leaving all, all in the hands of the Infinite Supervisor, hushed my questionings. Here is a great tragedy in common life, involving the deepest moral issues enacted under our very eyes, and except that portion of it palpable to external view, its most profound mysteries and its aspect of deepest suffering are known only to God, and hidden from men, and thus the following hopeful thought came to me:

There sure must be
In some refulgent, far-off clime,
A place, where we,
Robbed and defrauded, here in time,
Shall garner there
The fruitage of each sorrowing tear:
More rich, more fair,
From the great wreck we suffered here.

22.—There is one aspect of life incident to womanhood, which I think is not enough considered by writers, thinkers, and observers. It is this. The period of maternity, by a beautiful provision of Nature, is limited to the earlier portion of a woman's life, and she finds herself in the prime of her existence renewed in her youth, fairer to the eye, clearer in mind, and altogether exempt from many aspects of discomfort, sources of suffering, and tendencies to fretfulness of temper, and wear and tear of nerves, which may heretofore have marred the sweetness of her nature. Of course, I speak of sound, healthful women, sound in body and sound in mind, for sickly men and women are so disagreeably exceptional, that they are fit only for the Doctors to torture awhile, and then dissect to learn what ailed them.

In the course of my life I have known many hale, hardy women of middle life, who became perfectly peripatetic, going from place to place with a restless activity entirely dissimilar to their earlier habits. If these women were poor they might generally be found selling small wares, essences, or mints, perhaps, which they distilled by some simple process from herbs gathered by themselves on the way-side or cultivated for the purpose in some pretty garden. They brought berries also, and wonderful pincushions, or woolen socks, or coarse embroideries made in some antique and obsolete manner.

These women were bright and cheerful, and warmly welcomed wherever they came. They had huge pockets, at the bottom of which they fished up a cake, or an apple, or a pretty ball, or pair of mittens for a favorite child, in return for which the mother was likely to pay tenfold. Kind, thoughtful housekeepers were sure

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to buy something, and my mother would have a nice little meal with strong green tea, and cream biscuits spread before Mrs. Tandy, or Mrs. Dyer, as the case might be, and in return she learned the haps and the mishaps of people for miles around.

Indeed, the robust forms and tidy looks of the humble peripatetics was refreshing to the sense, and they were happier than if confined to the four walls of a house and condemned to in-door associations. They had a cheerful word, and a wise one, for every body; they were full of harmless gossip, never mischief-makers, they had something hopeful for the suffering, some kindly warning for the indiscreet, and a perfect pharmacopœia of recipes for aches and pains. It did one's heart good to see them, and of their steps at length grew heavy and they neared the long bourne that must finish their earthly wanderings, a thousand hands were ready to smoothe the way.

Dickens, who saw every thing, has described one of these sturdy, independent peripatetics in his Betty Higden, and George Sand has referred to this period of life in pure penetrating language, as one who had learned something of its import.

Tom is looking over my shoulder as I write, and asks, "What are you driving at, Kitty?" at which I reply, "*a* great mystery. Do you remember the long solitary travels of Madam Pfifer? Do you know how she longed for space, for motion? How the limitations of the conventional woman fell upon her like a dead weight, and she went forth?"

Claims of the Unborn Child.

BY CARRIE F. YOUNG, M. D., EDITOR OF THE PACIFIC JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

"WHAT!—must I begin to give attention to, and study the claims of my child, before it is born?"

"Yes, if you are a true woman."

"Well, I believe I am a true woman. Have I not worked late and risen early? Have I not denied myself rest and reading, rides and parties, that I might give personal attention to my little ones?"

"Very true, loving mother! Your thin hands and pale cheeks attest your disposition to *over-work*. Here is the trouble. To the children who are old enough to be turned off you give attention and strength for which the unborn child is suffering. *You* are dying, by inches and fractions of inches—sacrificing yourself unnecessarily You are committing suicide. You can not in this way, live out half your days. The time you do live will be full of pain and sorrow, and vague fears, and nervous irritability."

"I am nervous. The slightest sound—a step on the sidewalk, a creak in the door, or unusual silence—and my heart almost stands still, then throbs so wildly, it frightens me. Then my face flushes—it seems as if my heart would burst. After that, I am weak and trembling."

"What is the response in the fœtal life?"

"Oh, it is sometimes terrible! I don't know *how I can endure it*. Can't you give me something?"

"Yes, you could take drugs, and temporarily think you were benefited. This is not what you need. You need

REST, REST, REST,

and must have it, or die prematurely."

"I tell you, Mrs. Young, I can't rest. I can't idle my time away. I must do the work. I must keep the children in order. I must patch, and mend, and make—clean, and scour, bake, and wash dishes"——

"Wait a moment; don't excite yourself. Sit down, put your feet to the fire; here, let me cool your hot head. See this pretty mother-bird, how contentedly she broods—how readily her mate answers her slightest chirrup! He puts food in her mouth, and talks to her, and tries to amuse her. When she leaves the nest a moment, how the father-bird peeps and chir-

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rups, and manifests his delight and anxiety! One, two, three little birdlings in embryo, by-and-by to delight their parents, and fill your house with song. Why did you so carefully handle their cage? Why did you partially cover it before the family gathered in the breakfast-room? Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember. They are very easily disturbed; hence, must be handled gently. They are very apt to become excited by the eyes of strangers; hence, I covered them. Disturbed, they might break the eggs, and then all this care-taking would pass for naught."

"Does your head feel better? I know it does; now your feet are warm. Look at the crocuses; how beautiful, glistening with dew! See the springing tulips and lilies! Why did you last evening, so persistently, with knife and trowel, dig about them? Let me tell you—(rest a little longer): Weeds hindered their growth. The soil was 'impacted,' or hard; the sun could not easily penetrate it; the air could not enliven the rootlets. Contrast the plant which has received proper care with that half-buried in weeds; one is bright and healthy, the other drooping and pale. Why do you so lovingly cherish the plants?"

"Because I love them so! By-and-by, they will thank me with bright blossoms and richest perfume."

"Yes, darling sister; you answer truly. Now, can not I convince you that your life is as valuable as the life of a mother-bird and springing tulip-bulb? Yes, as much more precious as there is difference in the length of your *soul-life* and the fleeting life of a *daily rose*, whose brief existence is measured by the rising and setting sun.

CONDITIONS

favorable must be had, to insure the presence of the beautiful blossom a single day; you give these conditions. Are you resting? Then lie down here, where the sun can shine on your feet. I will shade your eyes and face. Now, sleep an hour, so your little embryo 'rose-bud,' that must live as long as the stars live and shine, may be properly nurtured. While you rest and sleep—inhaling the perfume of flowers, listening to the honey-bee's song, bathing your feet in the sunshine—your *over-active* brain will rest, nervous forces will be recuperated, and the work of nutrition will go on perfectly for yourself and your child."

She slept the sweet sleep of a child. As silently as possible, we took up and completed the round of wearying morning-work. We need not describe it. Six children and two men —*nine* in a family—and the care and responsibility of every meal and item of work resting upon this delicate, finely organized-woman! Oh, husbands, fathers, brothers, why will you allow your wives to toil, and think, and scrimp, and save, when every hour of *over-work* is surely cutting off two hours of their natural lives? Worse than that, it frequently robs the unborn child of constitutional vigor.

"We can't afford a servant. We are just beginning to get along in the world," said the husband.

"But, sir, you have a hired man on the farm —two of them in the shop. Why don't you work into the night, and all the bright morning hours, to save a hand? You certainly are better able to do this than your wife is. Your stock, and crops, and doors, and sashes are not as important as the well-being of the unborn child. They endure only for a season; your wife, day by day, is building up for eternity. The dwelling-place of a

SOUL

is of far more importance than houses or horses. They, at the best, only add a few thousands of dollars to the bank-accounts of their owners. Your child, with half a chance for a vigorous body and brain, may, in its maturity, electrify the whole world for centuries! It may become a Milton, a Whittier, a Luther; and yet you do not take as good care of its ante-natal life nor of the conditions of the mother, as you do of the filly in the pasture. It is a shame and a disgrace."

The mother awakened with a start.

"Oh, how late it is. My work—when will it be done?"

"Your work is done for to-day. This ironing must go out to a Chinaman."

"Oh, I am so glad! But we can't afford it."

"Yes, you can afford it. Men go in debt for cigars and whisky. Why shouldn't you go in debt for any thing you need, during this critical time? No, no; you must not touch the sewing-machine to-day. You can cut and baste a little, and practice a little on the organ; then see how nicely the work is done up. Give your order for dinner; go nurse your tulips, prune the roses, chat with a neighbor. At eleven o'clock, take a sitz-bath, rest an hour, have your dinner. This afternoon, at three o'clock, we will ride an hour, make a call or two, have a little reading and music, and early to bed—by *yourself*, remember, that you may not be disturbed by any one, for any purpose. While

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I stay here, you are not to overdo in any direction."

"But the children"——

"Yes, your husband will wait on them through the night, and sleep with them, too. Could you only have learned how to save yourself nervously, this spirit of unrest would not possess you. You must change your food. Much of your unrest comes from 'impacted' bowels. When, in the morning, you have no appetite and a yellow tongue, omit breakfast, and drink, by sips, a glass of cold water. In an hour or two, when you begin to feel a sinking faintness, take a second glass. Repeat them, and lie down. At noon, take your dinner, in moderation of any thing you most relish, providing it is not fine and concentrated. In a week—very often in twelve hours—there will be natural action, without the aid of syringe or medicines. Remember, will you, this work of the bowels is accomplished by the aid of *nervous* power. If that power is divided between stomach, brain and hands, it may be so monopolized that there is none left to aid the bowels. You can prove this, if you will try it. I pity you, but little unfolding rose-bud more, because it is likely to bear the impress of this nervousness and wrong-doing of yours all its life.

MONEY

is nothing; poverty is nothing, or self-denial, in comparison with the importance of giving to children healthy bodies and vigorous brains; therefore, money or credit should have been, and should be expended for all your sewing and house-cleaning. So much of your house-work and garden-work as is agreeable and necessary for healthy exercise, you should assume, during the entire period of gestation. But *never* work to

EXHAUSTION,

indicated by trembling, and sleepnessness, and nervous irritability. Save yourself, and your period of suffering will be short; you will rally from it so vigorously, the world will look bright and sunshiny; your little one will be the light and joy of the household. Go on overdoing—the penalty will be complete helplessness and death. Death is nothing, only as it robs your children of your care, and love, and society. For their sake, I plead with you and your husband to do right. You must not stimulate; but *rest*, REST, REST! Every drop of tea and coffee you drink, during nursing and gestation, will intensify the predisposition to wakefulness in the babe; that will cause brain development at the expense of the body; and precocious, troublesome children, and infantile disease, and premature death or a useless life, follow. You are an educated, talented woman. You know all these things; but they have not taken hold of your conscience and heart. When they do, you will try to do right, not so much for your own as for the well-being of your children.

My Workshop.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, M. D.

MY DEAR EDITOR: You ask me to describe, briefly, my Workshop. I do this the more readily, because I have received so many similar requests from different quarters that I am satisfied they originate from something better than curiosity.

You must know, then, that when, some forty-five years ago, I married the fairest and best woman on this continent, and went to housekeeping, we were very poor. I soon found a thousand little things to be done or conveniences needed about our new home; this led me to buy a hammer, and a gimlet, and a few nails; then I needed a saw, and a square, and a plane. About the first feat I accomplished was to make and paint and hang the outside blinds for every window in our house. This was a great achievement for a novice, and, if the blinds were not the most elegant, they made up in strength, what they lacked in beauty. They remain on the house to this day. Then we needed pins on which to hang our clothes, my harness, bridle, etc., and this led to my getting a clumsy wooden *lathe*, every part of which but the two

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centers made of wood. I added power to the wheel by boring holes in the outside of the driving-wheel and pouring in melted lead. The whole concern cost me but *seven dollars*. Now, some foot lathes cost as many thousands. My wife encouraged me by giving me a little chamber for my shop. And few men ever accomplish much that is good without the encouragement of their wives.

I have made it a rule never to buy a tool till I actually needed it, nor until I could use it, and then never to buy a poor tool if I could help it. Another rule has been to preserve, carefully, every tool I procured.

Now, then, let us go into my shop. It is a chamber just back of my study—my mental workshop. It is a room sixteen feet square, with two north windows. (It is always desirable, if possible, to have a northern light for the shop.) As you enter the door you see every side of the room is covered with tools, each tool hung in place, and the nicer, more valuable ones in large glass cases. The room contains over 1200 tools, upon any one of which I can lay my hand in the dark, and any one of which my eye would miss in a moment were it out of its place. Why so many? Because I have three lathes, and the tools that accompany them, besides chisels, planes, drills, glues, polishing liquids, and a multitude of things and tools, which none but an old workman could comprehend. On one side of the room you see the name of "Woolsey," another, "Aspinwall," "Bigelow," "Hoadley," and the like. The English of it is, that all the tools on that side of the room were given me by Mr. Woolsey of Astoria, Mr. Aspinwall of Barrytown-on-Hudson, Mr. Bigelow of New Haven, or Mr. Hoadley of Lawrence. That beautiful little steam engine and its complete boiler, came from the latter gentleman. The fact is, that my friends, seeing me using and taking care of my tools, have sent me many most beautiful specimens of the skill of Paris and London. My entire stock of tools could not be bought for a thousand dollars. But you must recollect how long I have been in gathering them and what kind friends have aided me. That over-head apparatus to my lathes, gives me speed and nicety of work, so that I can alter the position of a box an inch in diameter three hundred and sixty times, and alter my tool the four-hundredth part of an inch, and at a speed of five thousand a minute. For *nice* work, you need the mandrel true, the motion still and *very* quick, and such tools or appliances as the eccentric chuch, universal cutter, eccentric cutter, elliptical cutter, ornamental drills, rose engine, not forgetting the compound slide-rest, etc., etc. With the proper tools, you can make very beautiful work—but, while others admire it, you will never see any, that to your eye is not imperfect. You want, also, the fret saw and the circular-saw attachment, though the latter is best to be run as a machine by itself with an angular adjustment, so that you can saw any angle. This is fine for making picture frames.

As to materials for the lathe, I could write a chapter on woods and materials. Ivory is the most beautiful material. Wild boars' tusks for very small work, the black-thorn among the woods—a native of Africa is the most preferred. Box-wood the most common. As to glues and varnishes, they too need a chapter.

Now for the advantages of a workshop for the sedentary man.

1. It enables him to have a thousand little conveniences about him which he can never otherwise have. He can mend a lock, cover and recover a trunk, fix his disordered clock, mend tin, and almost any thing except to put a bottom in a frying-pan, which I have been asked to do.

2. It creates and develops mathematical taste and skill. I don't think I had, by nature, any mechanical skill; but now, my friends think I might have made a good tinker, and my appreciation of what is nicely executed is greatly enhanced.

3. The workshop is a wonderful promoter of health. Once having it, you will ever have some little job on hand. When you are weary at your writing-table, when the brain reels or muddles, when the thoughts stagnate, jump up and run into your shop, and there, on your feet, in a different air, your mind turns at once to the thing in hand. You have the chain of thought which you were trying to carry on, you at once are absorbed in a new train of thinking, and your mind is refreshed and invigorated. You are compelled to give all your attention to the thing in hand. Sometimes it will be soldering, or brazing, or tempering a tool, or polishing a bosom-pin, or contriving how to use a tool in a new way. My lathes are all very unlike in form and size, and yet there is not a tool among them which I have not contrived to use on any one of them. This change of the position of the body, and this turning the mind into a channel so entirely unlike that of the study, that in half an hour or even fifteen minutes, the mind is wonderfully refreshed and you go back to your books quite a new man. I consider my workshop an invaluable aid to health. I make everything—bee-

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hives, trunks, delicate ivory boxes, with the lid screwed on forty threads to the inch, bosom-pins, and almost any nick-nack. But I make no boast of great skill; compared with Mr. Aspinwall, I am a coarse bungler.

Now for a few hints to young, professional men.

1. Begin and move slowly. Buy a very few tools at first. Learn to use, skillfully, before you buy more, those on hand.

2. Never buy a poor tool, however cheap.

3. If you get a foot-lathe, get a good one; the "swing" should not be less than five inches, six is better. The lathe is the centre of the shop, and that will eventually call around you all the tools you can want or use. Let it not call too fast.

4. Let your room be as *dry* as possible; keep your tools bright and the handles good, if not beautiful; use the best of olive oil, very little at a time, but quite often.

5. Keep your tools *sharp;* the great comfort of your shop will depend on your doing that, the lathe abhors a dull tool, and the nicer the tool, the more need of care on this point.

6. Buy the Ceylon ivory, if possible, and the best ornamental woods in our large cities. You can find them nowhere else.

7. Don't expect you can become an expert in a day. You will need patience and perseverance, and they will bring you great rewards.

8. What I have said seems to imply the lathe or nothing. I do not mean this. You may have a valuable shop and save hundreds of dollars and fill your house "with all pleasant things," and never have a lathe. I made book-cases, the very same I use now for myself and children, before I knew how to use the lathe. Indeed, the lathe is only the culmination of the good things you want, and I have dwelt upon it because I was describing *my* shop just as it now is. But hundreds of men have a very valuable shop and tools who have no lathe and no desire for one. This to me is unaccountable. Don't wait for any one thing before you begin. Tools make you independent.

9. Keep your shop locked, so that no one can handle your tools but yourself. This is very essential to your comfort. Others will be sure to break or dull your tool, and annoy you beyond measure.

10. If you have a lathe learn to *grind* your own tools on your lathe; finish at the oil-stone, and the nicer tools on leather, covered with crocus, *i. e.* rouge.

11. Learn to *temper* your own tools, which you can soon do. You can hardly buy them tempered aright—usually too soft.

12. Keep your shop clean and neat, so that you rather feel proud to have your friends visit it.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—

FLESH-BRUSHING.

I. Is the use of a flesh-brush promotive of health?

ANSWER.—Sometimes it is a very valuable means of health. A writer in The Pacific Medical Journal says, "Friction of the surface of the whole body with a hair-brush, mitten, or other moderately rough material, seems to promote nutrition. I have tried the friction brush with advantage in several cases, where, notwithstanding the use of cod-liver oil, and other appropriate treatment, the patient either lost flesh or, at best, only remained stationary in weight. In a few weeks from the commencement of the brushing the gain in weight was encouraging, and continued until the patients nearly regained their normal weight. The body should be brushed *all over* for a space of ten or twenty minutes each day. This is found to be especially good treatment in those cases where bathing is contra-indicated, or not well borne.

WATCHMAKING.

II. Is the trade of a watchmaker injurious to the eyes?

ANS.—Dr. Updegraff says: "Watchmakers, seamstresses, tailors, engravers, students, and literary men, who are in the habit of using their eyes by dim or flickering lights, or yet by

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brilliant gas-light, soon suffer from impaired vision. Constantly changing lights are also wearisome to the eye, as when reading under a tree, where from the motion of the leaves, lights and shadows constantly chase each other over the page of the book, wearying the *iris* and *retina* by not affording them sufficient time in which to adapt themselves to these sudden changes. In all cases, for the preservation of sight, the source of light should come from over the shoulder, should be steady, and sufficiently bright to render the object observed perfectly distinct. Never allow the light to come between the eye and the book, or from in front of you. Always sit with your back to the window or gas jet when reading or sewing."

SEA-SICKNESS.

III. What causes sea-sickness?

ANS.—The brilliant editor of The Bistoury says, "Sea-sickness is produced, first, by pressure upon the brain; secondly, on the stomach, through the sympathetic nerves; and, thirdly, through the imagination." He lays down these rules for avoiding it: "The means, therefore, to avoid this train of causes are, first, to lie down; this is generally done, however, without being told; but to lie down in the proper position requires some reasoning. You doubtless have observed that the sickness always occurs not when the ship is rising on the wave, but when it is descending from it, producing a feeling as though all support is taken from under you. The reason being, as before explained, that the blood is forced against the brain, or more correctly speaking, the brain is thrown against the blood, producing congestion and the shock. In the rising of the ship, the reverse occurs, and the brain is relieved of its superabundance of blood, and the pressure is removed until the next descent of the craft. Now, if on taking your recumbent position, you are careful to lie with your head toward the bow of the boat, the blood will be driven in the direction of your feet instead of the head, so that no congestion will ensue from the forward and downward pitch of the vessel. Still better, if you can secure your state-room near the middle of the ship, and arrange your cot so that your head and feet are pointed in the direction of the sides of the vessel, no congestion of the brain can arise when the vessel is riding the waves."

TREATMENT OF FEVER.

IV. What is the best general treatment of fever?

ANS.—The hydropathic treatment of fever is, if properly given with care, the best. In an article contributed to a French medical journal, Dr. Lambert arrives at the following conclusions concerning the use of cold ablutions in fever: 1. They are specially useful in typhoid and the eruptive fevers, and strongly indicated in malignant cases.

2. They act upon the chief and most constant phenomena of these diseases, and are especially anti-febrile, reducing the temperature 1.5° to 3° Cent.

3. They favor the reëstablishment of a full, profound, regular respiration.

4. They favor the peripheral circulation by the strong rhythmical contractions of the small vessels, which they produce in a reflex manner.

5. They render the secretions more active.

6. They make the skin supple, moist, and fresh.

7. They favor the outcoming of the eruption.

8. They calm cerebral and other nervous excitement, suppressing headache, coma, delirium, restlessness, and causing sleep.

9. They cause the pulse to fall eight to thirty beats.

10. Their action persists from two to eight hours, and they ought to be repeated two to four times in the twenty-four hours.

11. They have great influence upon the length of the sickness, and render it milder.

12. They are not disagreeable; are readily applied, either as cold baths, or by wrapping the patient in a cold wet sheet.

SWIMMING IN SCHOOLS.

V. Is swimming ever taught in schools?

ANS.—Yes. There are swimming-schools in most large cities, and an English paper says that "the Board of Education are not neglecting the question of having swimming taught in the elementary schools. At their last meeting, Mr. Macgregor moved that a committee of the Board be appointed to inquire as to the present bathing accommodation in the school district, and the best means suggested for its systematic extension, and to report thereon, so as to allow due time for the provision of cheap and convenient swimming-baths for the next bathing season. The proposal was so far carried that the matter was referred to the General Purposes Committee, who, we trust, will not let the subject drop. Not only is it a matter of very great importance, that all, rich and poor, should learn swimming, but the School Board will soon find that they must induce a little physical reform among their future schol-

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ars before they can hope for much mental improvement. The *mens sana* is, indeed, the chief thing, but without the *sanum corpus* it is idle to hope for it. With plenty of baths about London, and with the habit once learnt by our poorer classes of personal cleanliness, it will be far easier to elevate them than now, while they remain too often filthy in body and degraded in mind."

CHEAP DISINFECTANTS.

VI. Do you know of any cheap disinfectant?

ANS.—The Industrial Monthly says: "One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water-closet, will effectually destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas, dissolved under the bed in any thing that will hold water, will render a hospital, or other place for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butcher's stalls, fish-markets, slaughter-houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive putrid gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat or mouse dies about the house and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will soon purify the atmosphere."

INTEMPERANCE.

VII. Is it any worse for one man to drink liquor than another?

ANS.—Yes. The higher the position of trust and influence a man occupies, the worse it is for society if he is intemperate. It is worse for a minister or doctor to be guilty of intemperance than for a man whose example for good or bad affects no one, or but few. It would be worse for a conductor or engineer on a railroad to drink than one of the passengers, because if he loses his self-control and judgment by liquor, he jeopardizes many lives. Then again, some men are more easily affected by liquor than others—the Americans, for instance, more than the English—but all are afflicted by it more or less, and the less of it used the better.

WINDS AND STORMS.

VIII. Are high winds and furious storms healthful?

ANS.—Yes. The wildest storms of winter do great good by thoroughly removing any noxious gases that may lurk about our great cities, and carrying them out to the deep, there to "suffer a sea change," and replacing them with purer air. Air and ocean are the two great physical purifiers of the world. So, while we fasten our garments more tightly around us, and hurry alone in the pelting shower flung at us by a boisterous wind, let us think of the health-giving oxygen that comes on the tempest; and while enjoying the shelter of our roof, think of the good work going on above us in the sky, whether we wake or sleep. We love to think of the mighty operations of Nature going on ceaselessly for the good of man and mass of living things on earth, when we are passive and powerless; and this wind movement is one of these.

REPLANTING TEETH.

IX. Can a tooth be replanted after extraction to any advantage?

ANS.—Sometimes it can. We mentioned some months ago that a member of the English Odontological Society had succeeded in replanting teeth which had been extracted in consequence of disease. To the process by which this was accomplished he gave the name *Reimplantation*. Another member of the same Society has now had the operation tried on himself, and with success. The tooth, which had been for some time painfully affected by changes of temperature, was carefully pulled out, to prevent straining or tearing of the gum; the dental canal was cleansed, the decayed part was scraped from the crown, and stopping applied in the usual way, and then the tooth was replaced in its socket. The operation lasted about half an hour; for three or four hours there was a dull, aching pain, which, however, entirely ceased before noon of the following day, though some tenderness remained. This in turn disappeared; and by the end of a fortnight, the replanted tooth did without difficulty all the duty which a tooth is expected to do. From this it will be understood that a tooth slightly diseased at the root need not be thrown away, and that persons who object to an artificial tooth may with proper care retain the teeth which nature gave them.

COW'S FOOD AND THEIR MILK.

X. Is it true, as Harper's Magazine states, that the food given a cow does not affect the milk?

ANS.—It is untrue. The quality of the milk is materially influenced by food. You can increase or diminish the amount of cassein in milk by varying the food.

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LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON X.

TOUCHING, TASTING.

NOW, children, for a lesson on a new subject—one you did not expect, I am sure—one you will be interested in, I know. Let us see, what shall it be about? Touch and taste, I hope you will all say. If any one is not pleased with the subject, he can go out now, we don't care to be disturbed after the lesson begins. I think, however, you had better all stay. I shall tell you of some very curious things; at least, I shall try to.

We will begin with Touch first. Put your hands upon any thing you see near you—the chair, table, a ball, a knife, a glove, a feather. Do you FEEL them? Ah! that is what we call the sense of touch—one of the five senses. You may all shut up your eyes, and yet tell by this sense if you have a knife, a button, a pencil, or a hard, soft, round, rough, or smooth thing in your hand. The sense of sight, hearing, tasting, and smelling are all located in one spot, all in the head; but this sense is located all over the body. You can feel with your toes or ears, or even with the end of your nose. If you like, you can feel as well as taste with the tongue. Let any one prick you with a sharp needle, and you will feel pain, no matter what part of the body it is placed. It is by this sense of feeling that we are enabled to get acquainted with the objects around us better than we could by the eye alone. The eye is a very good servant. It tells us whether a thing is black or blue, or white, whether large or small, round or square, but it does not tell us whether it is hard or soft, rough or smooth, cold or warm. Touch tells us about these things, and it is very important knowledge.

While this sense is located all over the body, it is a great deal better in some places than in others. It is best in the tongue, and worst on the heel. Let me give you some experiments to try. Take a pair of compasses, such as the carpenter always has, and put them one twenty-fourth of an inch apart at the points, and touch their points to your tongue. It feels two points. Touch them anywhere else, and it feels only one. Put the points one sixth of an inch apart, and the lips feel two points, but nowhere else can you tell whether it is one or two, except on the tips of the fingers of delicate-handed people, where this sense is half as sharp as on the tongue. Try it on the foot, say on the bottom of the heel, and—well, I have just tried it, with my eyes shut, and any distance apart less than half an inch seemed like one point. So you see, the end of the tongue and the tips of the fingers have most of the sense of touch in them; and the end of the tongue has a great deal more than any other part of the body. You can find this out for yourselves very easily. Take some rough substance, and feel of it with the ends of your fingers and then the tip of your tongue. The tongue finds it a great deal rougher than the fingers do. If we were to educate this sense of touch in the fingers, we could increase its delicacy. Blind people are taught to read by it. They pass the ends of the fingers over raised letters, and tell by the feel of them what they are. The miller who grinds our flour tells by it when the grain is ground fine enough to suit him, by feeling a little of it between his fingers. If the skin on the fingers is very thick and hard, this sense of touch is not so fine. A man whose business it is to handle stone and brick, would after awhile get such a thick skin on his fingers that he could hardly tell by the touch whether a thing was smooth or rough. A lady, on the other hand, whose business it is to handle silks, will be able to tell the difference between two pieces of silk, so near alike you and I could not see but they were the same.

You must not confound the sense of touch with the sense of pain. A pin-prick will hurt us just as much in the arm as on the end of the fingers, and perhaps a little more. The sense of touch is the faculty of finding out some of the qualities of things by feeling of

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them, as whether they are hard or soft, rough or smooth, round or square.

TASTE.

Now we will have a lesson about the sense of taste. How different it is from the sense of touch, or the sense of sight, or smell, or hearing. You can hear a beautiful sound with your ears, but you can not tell whether sugar is sweet with them. You can see with your eyes a beautiful flower, but can not tell whether it smells sweetly or not. You can feel the shape of any fruit I might give you, but could not by feeling tell whether it has a delicious taste. It is the tongue that tastes. By means of it, we find out what we like to eat and what we do not like. By it we know sweet and sour things, mild or bitter things, tell bread and butter from cake and cream. How quickly a boy can tell a piece of a good apple from a bitter crab. It does not take long for a girl to tell a plate of ice cream from a plate of potatoes, even if her eyes are blind. How very different the taste of lemonade and whisky, yet if you had no tongue you could not tell one from the other. It is in the tongue that this sense lies. The nerve called the fifth pair that comes off from the brain, sends a branch to the tongue called the gustatory nerve, and it is distributed all over the upper part of the tongue, in those little curious elevations that look so much like the seeds on a ripe strawberry. Nearly all the pleasure of eating lies in the sense of taste. If it were not for it, we could perhaps eat one thing as well as another. Pepper would taste as good as peaches.

This sense is easily injured by various means. For instance, if you keep the tongue in a bowl of pretty warm water for a few minutes, the taste of sugar can hardly be perceived. On the other hand, after eating sugar or cake, things that before we liked, taste insipid, or very sour. After drinking alcoholic stimulants, even water tastes very flat. Some people have to load their food with salt, or sugar, or pepper, to taste it at all. This is not a good plan. Highly-seasoned dishes are not half so good as those but little seasoned, after we get in the habit of using them so.

Children sometimes think they must have a great deal of sugar on their pudding, or they can not eat it. Well, some sugar does make it better, but if they put on more sugar than pudding, it is not so good for them. Try and get along with a reasonable amount of it. The sense of taste was given for a wise purpose, that we might enjoy our food and be happy when eating it. It digests a great deal better when we love it than when we don't. If we have injured this sense so we do not love those things that are most healthy, then our reason must tell us to learn and eat what is best; and if we try we shall soon be satisfied. Some people do not enjoy their food at all, and they are generally sickly folks or those who eat too much. Things taste a great deal better when we are real hungry, and are better, too.

I hope all the children who read this lesson will remember and cultivate the sense of touch, and rightly train the sense of taste. Don't learn to love bad things. Brandy, whisky, and gin do not taste good to children, and they had better not taste of them. Don't learn to love the taste of tobacco. It spoils the taste for better things. There are a great many good things to eat. Learn to enjoy them, and not the bad things. In this way will your taste become a healthy one.

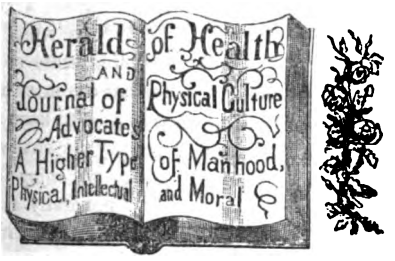
Next month the Lesson will be about the Ears.

THE JAPANESE AND CORSETS.—The Japanese ladies who are visiting this country experience much inconvenience in adapting themselves to American fashions. They have not been accustomed to the tortures of stays, etc., and those articles when donned by them become very painful. The five ladies with the Japanese Embassy, at the suggestion of their American hostess, recently consented to be laced up and tied down, ruffled, paniered, flounced, bowed and trailed up in the "style." Then they were powdered up from an orange peel hue to a delicate lemon, and pronounced perfect, as far as dress goes. Half an hour later, however, their dismayed civilizers found them smiling and happy in their half-petticoat, half-pantaloon dress. "Too *muchee!*" said the gentle Japanese.

We hope the Japanese will adopt all the good lessons they may learn of this country, but be wise enough to let our bad habits alone.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1872.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

SHALL GIRLS STUDY MEDICINE?—If the editor had known how many communications the would have received when he published the article by Mrs. Dudley, last month, on "Why do Girls Study Medicine?" he might not have extended so cordial an invitation to his readers to say their say on the subject. As it is, he has received manuscript enough to make one number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH. So we devote considerable space this month to this subject, promising to make up in variety some other time. As for ourselves, we believe in women physicians, and know personally several who have improved in health by working in this field. Still only those should study who are peculiarly adapted to the profession. And it would be well for those choosing it to do so seriously, and if after going into it they find they have made a mistake, to own it gracefully, and get out of it as soon as they can. Men often do this, and it is no worse for women. But we will let our contributors speak this month, and first we will introduce one who is not sorry she studied medicine:

LETTER FROM ONE WHO IS NOT SORRY.

"Eighteen years ago, by the persuasion, and under the direction of an excellent Allopathic physician, who had learned that the Hygienic is the better way, I began the study of medicine. Not for one moment have I ever regretted that my attention was turned in this direction, and yet there is a part of my nature that responds to most of the propositions in Mrs. Dudley's "Why Do Girls Study Medicine?" in THE HERALD OF HEALTH for August. It is only the LOWER part though that answers to many of her clauses—the selfish part—the part that shrinks from responsibility, and courts ease. But, thank God, there is so little of this about me that it has never led me to feel that girls should not study medicine.

True, I have dissuaded several from it, and shall most likely do similarly with many more but it was because they could never become GOOD PHYSICIANS! and my theory is, better be a first-rate cook than a third-rate physician; better be a first-rate chambermaid than a third-rate seamstress! Every body is capable of being first-rate in some department in life; and there are women capable of being first-class physicians, and such should enter the medical profession. I am proud to-day as

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my mind rests on some whom my advice has led in that direction.

Few, I admit, have attained eminence in the profession, but many are working quietly and faithfully, not looking for much praise, thankful if they get not blame; not expending "ten thousand," nor even "five thousand dollars" in the search for knowledge, nor expecting their coffers to be filled; but hoping for a comfortable living, and, in the end, the blessing of "she hath done what she could."

With Mrs. Dudley, I think there are too many colleges for women. There should be none for women, but all equally free for men and women.

My first medical diploma was received from a college where men and women students were on precisely equal footing. I sat side by side with men, and listened to lectures from lady professors as well as gentlemen, upon the most delicate subjects, and upon the most points of those subjects, and never once did I see a glance, a motion, or an indication of aught but purity of thought, and a desire for truthful knowledge.

But to the point: I contend, that if girls should not study medicine, boys should not. I say the girls have the best of it, in that they are, as a class, born nurses, and in nine cases out of ten, the recovery of the patient depends more upon the nursing than upon the doctor! Woman has got to be the nurse, whether or no, and why should she not have the knowledge to constitute her a skilful physician, and thus enable her to receive the credit and the fees, that are, in reality, her due? Sift out all the incompetent, inefficient, lack-tack and lack-talent men from the profession, and the number of women competent to serve in the ranks would not compare unfavorably with the remaining few; especially when we consider that, through all the ages, men have been gathering means and discovering methods, or getting and giving instructions, while women have been kept in the dark, even as regards their own bodies.

As for the breaking-down and the health-destroying part of the medical practice, the night-work, the anxiety, etc., it is nothing compared with what thousands upon thousands of wives and mothers go through from year's end to year's end, for fifteen or twenty years of their lives, and there is not, nor will there ever be, one broken-down woman-doctor, to ten thousand broken-down house-mothers in this wide world of ours. So far as the breaking-down is concerned these girls might far better study medicine, and practice it, too, than marry even far above the average men of the day.

There is not one broken-down woman-doctor, either, to five hundred broken-down teachers, and would Mrs. Dudley deter every girl from becoming a teacher?

The money-getting, too, hard though it be, is easy compared with the experience in this direction of very many day-laboring and night-watching wives and mothers. The pay of teachers is but a pittance, of authors, save a few, still less. The fact is there is hard work and poor pay in every department in life. There are broken-down people in every department; Mrs. Dudley may be, and no doubt is, better out of, than in, the medical profession, but that is no proof that every girl or woman should refrain from entering it.

I agree perfectly that all girls or women who are better adapted to something else, better adopt that something else; and the same holds good of boys and men. Not one argument does Mrs. Dudley advance in disfavor of women studying medicine that does not equally apply to men. True, men do not have God-ordained periods of weakness and depression, but hundreds and thousands of them have self ordained, and almost constant weakness and inability for either mental or physical exertion.

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Mrs. Dudley's "record book has deterred more than fifty girls from entering the medical profession!" Where is the man-physician whose record for the first three years of practice would not deter as many boys from studying medicine, if presented and enlarged upon with that end in view?

Many a man leaves the medical profession because he is not adapted to it; either his health or his pocket, or his inclination failing to carry him on to the goal; and what if one of these, because he did not win with a three year's trial, should publicly endeavor "to hinder every" boy who contemplates entering the race, from doing so, and show them some better way of earning a living?* The endeavor would simply be poohed at, and the physician who should make it would be considered to have founded his endeavor upon a very superficial observation.

My testimony is, that if only those women will attempt the study of medicine who have a love for it, and a natural tact in the sick-room, and who, when graduated, will not attempt to do, in one year, what men do well if they accomplish in ten, will not either for money, for ambition, or for emulation, go beyond what they know they have strength to endure, and will not do as much or more, in other callings, as most women do, and attend to their practice besides, their health will not suffer, and their profession will be a source of constant satisfaction and thankfulness to them.

It is true that "books and instruments" cost money, but pride and ambition cost more; and the true physician, man or woman, who works for the physical salvation of his fellowmen, without striving to out-do others, or fearing least he be out-done, will surely meet his reward both here and hereafter.

MRS. E. P. MILLER, M. D.

Next comes a letter from one who wants to study medicine.

ABOUT GIRLS STUDYING MEDICINE.

The August HERALD invites a discussion of this subject, and although I think only those who are experienced, who have practiced medicine, and thoroughly understand the "pro and con" of the case, ought to have permission to say any thing about it; yet I do want to make a few remarks myself, and perhaps the fact that though I am not a physician, I am seriously considering the question whether it is best that I should become one, may give me some little claim for a hearing. Now, the Editor of THE HERALD, in speaking on the subject in question, says something that I don't at all like the sound of, yet can not deny the truth of the same: "It is not easy to find a single occupation for women that does not require hard toil, and, perhaps, break down the health—even doing nothing does it." That is what he says, and 'tis all very well about the "hard toil"—we are put into this world to work, I suppose—but the "break down the health" part is what troubles me—"even doing nothing does it." Why, it is just the same as saying that we women are not good for any thing in the world. Another remark is like unto this: "'The struggle for existence,' Darwin teaches us, is a process that weeds out the inferior and preserves the best specimens of the race." Now, if we women are the inferior specimens of the race (I give Dr. Holbrook credit for applying this only in respect of strength), and are all given to be weeded out, and leave our brethren to "inhabit this bleak world alone"—why, 'tis not a pleasant prospect to look forward to. Now, I for one, think we should get along very well in our lives, and do a wonderful amount of hard work, if we didn't pretty nearly all of us

* Truly this might be well for the world, especially if, at the same time, every boy and every girl could be taught *early in life* to preserve the health God has given them, and avoid the rocks and quicksands upon which so many of their predecessors have been wrecked.

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have the back-ache pretty much all of the time. You see the trouble isn't with us, it is with our backs. They ache and ache and ache, until each one of us feels like exclaiming with Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawson, "Lordy, massa, bless your soul and body, ye don't know nothin' what I undergo." This is a correct statement of the case as it stands. "It is all as true as leather; but what can I do about it?" said young Jochen, and if we each and all sit in a corner, as young Jochen sat in his corner, and speak the same speech that he spake, why, how is the case ever going to be bettered? That is the question. Instead of complaining that the professions are so hard, would'nt it be better to complain that the women are so weak? Perhaps you say that we do this also; and, granted that we do, but is it not in a kind of quiet, acquiescent way; an accepting the case as one to be mourned over, but one that nobody is to blame for, and nobody can help. How is it with the English and the German women? Are they, or are they not, strong enough to be physicians? If they are, ought not we American women also to be strong enough to practice medicine? And, if we are not, then why are we not? And if there is a reason, is it not a reason that can be removed—at least one that ought to be fought against; and, if it must be fought against, then who is going to do the fighting? For many years our physicians have been mostly men; and, women, our grand-mothers say, are far more weakly and ailing now than in the olden time. I by no means propose blaming doctors for this, and yet as men-physicians do not seem to be able alone to resist the current of evil, had not we better enroll our names with theirs, and try what the united powers can do to win a battle? Perhaps we will not be able to serve for a long time. We may die before the first ten years are over; but if we serve well while we serve, though it be but three years, may we not hope to do some little good? If each one of us who spends three years in study, and three in practice, can be the means of making ten other women thoroughly understand and appreciate the laws of life and health, then wont it PAY? Now, I don't mean this sentimentally or any thing of the kind; I do, honestly and truly, think it will pay. To be sure, the Hygienists are beginning to be listened to; but how many earnest Hygienic physicians have we in these United States? When a ball of truth is set in motion it will roll, but, won't it take one little ball or one hundred little balls a long time to roll all over this big country? and isn't it true that the more such balls we have, the less time it will take to get it rolled over? I don't advise any body to become a physician, for the sake of "getting a living." I fear we already have too many in the profession that are ruled by no higher motive. And, as to "fame and reputation," is there no real success without these? 'Tis very true that the youth of a physician often speaks against him, and so would it not be as well to commence his work later in life? Some of our physicians are very well-educated, but are there not too many who are deficient in this respect? and, if a few more years were spent in the pursuit of general culture, before the commencement of medical studies, would it not be a benefit to the doctor himself, and to society at large. Certainly, it would be better to have no distinction of sex in colleges—not medical ones alone, but all colleges—and I suppose the admission of women to educational institutions, is—like universal suffrage—only a question of time, and we must be content to wait. I hope those of my sisters who covet fame and money, and long for an easy life and easy living, will take some other path than that a physician treads; but those who have a heart in the work, who are willing to give time and money, and life, if need be, that the "good time coming" may come the faster, let them take courage and work

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faithfully on, and they shall have their reward both here and hereafter.

Sincerely, M. L. C.

ANOTHER LETTER.

To the Editor of THE HERALD OF HEALTH—In the August number of your journal appears an article entitled "Why do Girls Study Medicine?" which, it seems to me, is calculated to unduly discourage them from turning their attention to the medical profession. The writer presents some truths in a clear, forcible manner, but do facts warrant all the statements made? I have studied the same branches and have been in practice eight years, yet I have failed to find so many obstacles as are presented in the article above mentioned. Two years' attendance of lecture courses, previous study of text-books, demonstrators' fees, instruments, etc., with boarding, cost me less than ONE thousand dollars, and I could have added another year's attendance at college, as others have done, without exceeding fourteen hundred dollars. It is very pleasant to have one's surroundings luxurious and artistic, but a woman who feels IMPELLED to be a physician can dispense with much that gives a charm to life, for the sake of the great work she has to accomplish. It is not NECESSARY to spend her five thousand dollars, nor is it absolutely requisite to expend five hundred dollars in furnishing an office and securing an outfit for practice; if a beginner feels herself incompetent to treat a case by reason of paucity of instrumentalities, she can "consult" some older physician who is better equipped, and secure his or her aid, until better established. It would be quite agreeable to commence with a handsome out-fit, but it is by no means essential. Few instruments are needed by the physician who understands the human system and its needs; there is a great deal of meddlesome "doctoring," and those who are most noted for it are empirics; young physicians are said by eminent practitioners and professors to resort to the use of instruments, five times to one, as compared with the experienced.

Women, like men, must be content with small returns during the first year of practice; some are now earning from two to ten thousand dollars a year in Philadelphia and other cities. Many who earn but three thousand a year, spend but a fraction of that for office-rent, books and instruments, and put on interest a large proportion of the same.

Many give their TIME and STRENGTH to charity-patients, but few give MORE. Women, perhaps, give more than men, but not necessarily so; there is no reason why a physician should support others, by virtue of his calling, any more than a merchant or housekeeper. It is a noble trait in a human being that compels him to minister to others less favored than himself, but giving to the poor is no more the DUTY of a physician than of a lawyer. It may yield great pleasure, but such charity is not necessarily connected with the profession.

It is true that there are "regular, frequently recurring periods" when women particularly require opportunities for "rest, quietude of nervous system, and much sleep," but they are no more frequent with women physicians than with the thousands of nurses who devote themselves to the sick, or with the teachers, seamstresses, housekeepers, wearied mothers, and other women among us. I do not see wherein the trial to the women ministering to the sick, as physician, is greater than that of the other women in those households where such ministry is needed. Moreover, in a natural state, there is not so great a difference between the conditions of women, at those and other periods of life. Healthy women feel but little difference in the vigor of the system at those periods and at other times; they do not suffer great diminution of vigor at such periods. Those who approach most nearly to perfect health, do not know any difference; I have known several such women.

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It is also true that the faithful physician belongs to a "body and spirit-exhausting profession," but much may be done to counter-balance the exhaustion by living very temperately in other directions; let the physician avoid stimulation, late hours, over-eating, and other excesses; and she can in large measure recover the energy lost in attendance upon taxing cases, during the intervals that come to all who will to have it so.

Since the world needs the saving labors of women physicians, women will make the sacrifice needed for such a life. Probably mere girls are not generally attracted to the profession, but women of thirty years of age or more are very likely to see the wants of society and to feel a call for their earnest efforts that can not pass unheeded. Sometimes girls of twenty have been so tried and tested by peculiar experiences, that they are fitted to judge of their adaptability to such a work; to those who feel pecular fitness for such labor, I have no word of discouragement. Rather would I exhort them to listen to a "voice within," to prepare themselves thoroughly for their work, and then to remember all in the bonds of disease and suffering, as though bound with them.

MARY H. HEALD, M. D.

FESTIVE OCCASIONS.—The season for Festivities has arrived. Fairs and social gatherings, both denominational and secular, are now occurring in every town and hamlet in the country. These are held for the promotion of social intercourse, or to obtain money for carrying out some laudable design. Therefore, different attractions are presented, that the assembly may be a large and profitable one.

But the most powerful one seems to be, that which ministers to the animal appetites. It has come to pass that no church can have a festival no academy a gathering of pupils at the close of the term, without a profusion of good things to eat and drink. Tea, coffee, oysters, rich cake, confectionery and ice-cream, must be provided or there is no hope of a large attendance.

Young people and those in delicate health, who usually eat a light supper before 7 P. M. now complacently swallow a hearty meal at the late hour of 10 or 11 o'clock. We say nothing of those who have the stomachs of ostriches and can gormandize at any or all hours of the twenty-four with *apparent* impunity. But why shoud such a temptation be placed before the youth and the invalid?

Must we acknowledge the humiliating fact that oysters and coffee are more attractive, will call the mass of people more readily together, than more elevated pleasures could do If so, then let us hasten to educate the people up to a higher position. Let us no longer indulge them in these grosser delights. Five or six leading minds in a community could work a great reform in this respect. Let them, in the place of this late, costly, and wicked because unhealthy supper, substitute dramatic entertainments, concerts or tableaux vivantes. If one or two members of each family participated in them, there would be a sufficient interest in the minds of all to secure a large attendance. Or there might be a pleasant mingling of all these entertainments in one evening.

Thus artistic, musical, and histrionic tastes as well as social ones, would be cultivated, and the audience return to their homes healthier and happier, than if they had pandered to the demon Dyspepsia.

E. ANNIE KINGSBURY.

THE HEALTH OF BAKERS.—Is the baking business a healthy one?

ANS.—Yes or no, according to circumstances. Yes, if the hours of labor are not too great and the food is wholesome. No, if the reverse. In New York city bakers are said to average one hundred and sixteen hours of labor per week. They live with their employers, and their board says a writer in The Witness, is insufficient and deleterious. The diet generally presented to the workmen is composed of rye coffee and hot

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bread. This is served up twice in the twenty-four hours. The result of such food upon the workmen you can readily imagine. Nine-tenths of the journeymen bakers of this city at the present date are suffering from dyspepsia. The beds that are generally furnished for these over-wrought men are filthy, and the bed-rooms are over-heated from their close proximity to the bake-house; the thermometer ranging from 125 to 135°. I could give you the names of some of the would-be-respectable boss-bakers of this city who pretend to have a humane and Christian spirit, who have not changed the linen on their employees' beds for the last two years and six months; others, again, are over-run with vermin, and a great many more have got no beds at all, but have got to lie upon the tops of barrels or on the baking-bench, and when remonstrated with upon this state of affairs they will tell you to suit yourself with better if you can. There is another grievance worthy of the attention of the community, and especially of the Board of Health; that is, our workshops. They are generally in a miserable condition—all of them under ground, with no proper arrangement for ventilation—heated up in a great many cases to 140°. This heated atmosphere, impregnated with carbonic acid gas, is what the workmen have to breathe during their excessive hours of labor above stated. The frequent result is sudden death. As a specimen of the evil effects arising out of those neglected workshops, in one establishment in the months of July and August of last year, six workmen died suddenly through exhaustion and poison.

We should not blame the bakers for striking for less work and more pay.

TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL.—Who are greatest consumers of tobacco and alcoholic drinks, the poor or the rich?

ANS.—The poor. The rich are generally temperate. Gerritt Smith, when in Virginia, four years ago, told the colored people in Richmond that, "If you will not drink a drop of liquor for the next thirty years, I will guarantee that you will own half the land in Virginia.' Applying these same principles to the working-men of this city, Mr. Greeley says that in the forty years he has lived in this city he is sure the poorer classes of the working people have spent for liquor and tobacco money enough to have given them half the property in the city in their hands to-day. The working-men need never complain of poverty if they will leave alcoholic liquors and tobacco alone. This may be called the pith of protection to home industry. Temperance is of far more importance than a high tariff, or any aid the General Government can afford. Intemperance is far more to be dreaded than the Chinese, or the encroachments of capital. When our laboring men throw down their cigars and let liquor alone, they will command the sympathy and support of all classes. Merely to clench this proposition, we will refer to the city of Vineland, N. J., which has a population of ten thousand inhabtants. Last year its police force cost seventy-five dollars, and only one indictment was found. This comes by excluding liquor from the town.

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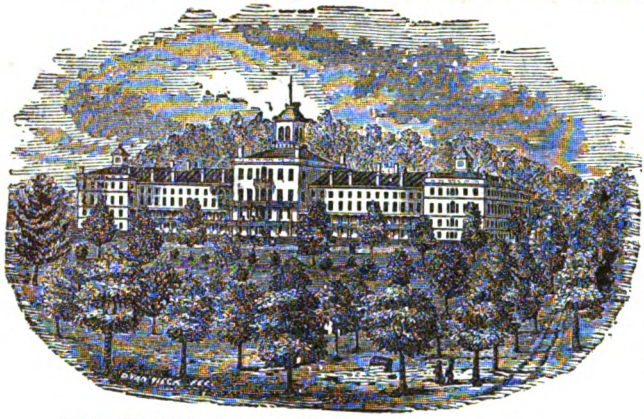
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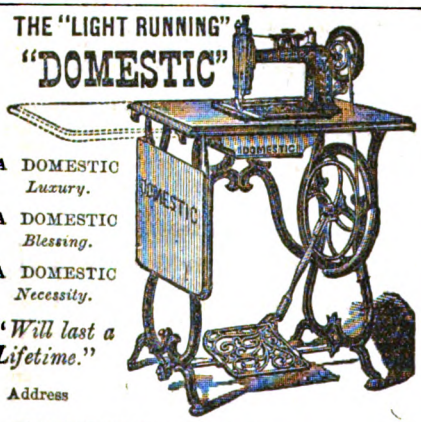
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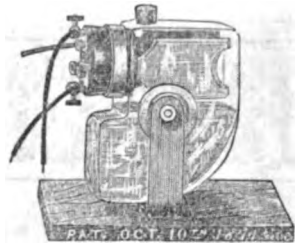
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AND

JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1872.

GENERAL ARTICLES:	Page
A Sober and Temperate Life—*Louis Carnaro*, 1550	145
Health as Related to Preaching—*Henry Ward Beecher*	152
Asylums for Drunkards—*D. Dalrymple*; Introductory, by *D. Haley*	159
Kitty Howard's Journal—*Elizabeth Oakes Smith*	166
A Woman's Thought (A Poem)—*E. Oakes Smith*	167
Alone (A Poem)	169
Healthfulness of Minnesota—*R. W. L.*	170
EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE:	
The Struggle for Existence	172
Hard Water	172
Carrying Weights	172
Grapes and Potatoes	172
Hysteria	173
Eating and Drinking	173
Hearing	174
OUR DESSERT TABLE:	
One Glass More	176
The Naked Truth	176
Foolish, Cowardly, and Wicked	176
Silence	176
TOPICS OF THE MONTH:	
California as a Residence for Invalids	177
Chloralum	181
Oatmeal	181
Excessive Exercise	181
Shaded Towns	182
Extract from a Letter	183
Round the World	183
Scolding Children	183
Invalids Going to Bed	183
Hygienic Societies	184
Gout—Trichina	184

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THE HERALD OF HEALTH

AND

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HEALTH LESSONS FROM OLD WRITERS.

A Sober and Temperate Life.

BY LOUIS CORNARO, AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN.

Written at the age of 83, *in the year* 1550.

THE heavy train of infirmities, which had not only invaded, but even made great inroads in my constitution, were my motives for renouncing intemperance, to which I had been greatly addicted; so that, in consequence of it, and the badness of my constitution, my stomach being exceedingly cold and moist, I was falling into different kinds of disorders, such as pains in my stomach, and often stitches, and a species of the gout; attended by, what was still worse, an almost continual slow fever, a stomach generally out of order, and a perpetual thirst. From these natural and acquired disorders, the best delivery I had to hope for was death, to put an end to the pains and miseries of life; a period very remote in the regular course of nature, though I had hastened it by my irregular manner of living. Finding myself, therefore, in such unhappy circumstances between my thirty-fifth and fortieth year, every thing that could be thought of having been tried to no purpose to relieve me, the physicians gave me to understand, that there was but one method left to get the better of my complaints, provided I would resolve to use it, and patiently persevere in it. This was a sober and regular life, which they assured me would be still of the greatest service to me, and would be as powerful in its effects, as the intemperate and irregular one had been, in reducing me to the present low condition: and that I might be fully satisfied of its salutary effects, for though by my irregularities I was become infirm, I was not reduced so low but that a temperate life, the opposite in every respect to an intemperate one, might still entirely recover me. And besides, it in fact appears, such a regular life, while observed, preserves men of a bad constitution, and far gone in years, just as a contrary course has the power to destroy those of the best constitution, and in their prime; for this plain reason, that different modes of life are attended by different effects; are following, even herein, the steps of nature, with equal power to correct natural vices and imperfections. This is obvious in husbandry and the like. They added, that

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if I did not immediately have recourse to such a regimen, I could receive no benefit from it in a few months, and that in a few more I must resign myself to death.

These solid and convincing arguments made such an impression on me, that, mortified as I was besides, by the thoughts of dying in the prime of life, and at the same time perpetually tormented by various diseases, I immediately concluded, that the foregoing contrary effects could not be produced but by contrary modes of living; and, therefore, full of hopes, I resolved, in order to avoid at once both death and disease, to betake myself to a regular course of life. Having, upon this, inquired of them what rules I should follow, they told me, that I must not use any food, solid or liquid, but such as, being generally prescribed to sick persons, is, for that reason called diet, and both very sparingly. These directions, to say the truth, they had before given me; but it was at a time of life when, impatient of such restraint, and finding myself satiated, as it were, with such food, I could not put up with it, and therefore eat freely of every thing I liked best; and likewise, feeling myself in a manner parched up by the heat of disease, made no scruple of drinking, and in large quantities, the wines that best pleased my palate. This indeed, like all other patients, I kept a secret from my physicians. But, when I had once resolved to live sparingly, and according to the dictates of reason, seeing that it was no difficult matter, nay, that it was my duty as a man to do so, I entered with so much resolution upon this new course of life, that nothing has been since able to divert me from it. The consequence was, that in a few days I began to perceive, that such a course agreed with me very well; and by pursuing it, in less than a year, I found myself (some persons, perhaps, will not believe it) entirely freed from all my complaints.

Having thus recovered my health, I began seriously to consider the power of temperance, and say to myself, that if this virtue had efficacy enough to subdue such grevious disorders as mine, it must have still greater to preserve me in health, to help my bad constitution, and comfort my very weak stomach. I therefore applied myself diligently to discover what kinds of food suited me best. But, first, I resolved to try, whether those, which pleased my palate, agreed or disagreed with my stomach, in order to judge for myself of the truth of that proverb, which I once held for true, and is universally held as such in the highest degree, insomuch that epicures, who give a loose to their appetites, lay it down as a fundamental maxim. This proverb is, that whatever pleases the palate, must agree with the stomach, and nourish the body; or whatever is palatable must be equally wholesome and nourishing. The issue was, that I found it to be false: for, though rough and very cold wines, as likewise melons and other fruits, salad, fish, and pork, tarts, garden-stuff, pastry, and the like, were very pleasing to my palate, they disagreed with me notwithstanding. Having thus convinced myself, that the proverb in question was false, I looked upon it as such; and, taught by experience, I gave over the use of such meats and wines, and likewise of ice; chose wine suited to my stomach, drinking of it but the quantity I knew I could digest. I did the same by my meat, as well in regard to quantity as to quality, accustoming myself never to cloy my stomach with eating or drinking; but constantly rise from table with a disposition to eat and drink still more. In this I conformed to the proverb, which says, that a man, to consult his health, must check his appetite. Having in this manner, and for these reasons, conquered intemperance and irregularity, I betook myself entirely to a temperate and regular life: which effected in me the alteration already mentioned, that is, in less than a year it rid me of all those disorders which had taken so deep a root in me; nay, as I have already observed, had made such a progress, as to be in a manner incurable. It had likewise this other good effect, that I no longer experienced those annual fits of sickness, with which I used to be afflicted, while I followed a different, that is, a sensual course of life; for then I used to be attacked every year with a strange kind of fever, which sometimes brought me to death's door. From this disease then, I also freed myself, and became exceeding healthy, as I have continued from that time forward to this very day; and for no other reason than that I never trespassed against regularity, which by its infinite efficacy has been the cause, that the meat I constantly eat, and the wine I constantly drank, being such as agreed with my constitution, and taken in proper quantities, imparted all their virtues to my body, and then left it without difficulty, and without engendering in it any bad humors.

It is true, indeed, that, besides the two foregoing most important rules relative to eating and drinking, which I have ever been very scrupulous to observe; that is, not to take of any thing but as much as my stomach can easily digest, and to use those things only which agree with me; I have carefully avoided heat, cold, and extraordinary fatigue, interruption of

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my usual hours of rest, excessive venery, making any stay in bad air, and exposing myself to the wind and sun; for these, too, are great disorders. But then, fortunately, there is no great difficulty in avoiding them, the love of life and health having more sway over men of understanding, than any satisfaction they could find in doing what must be extremely hurtful to their constitution. I have likewise done all that lay in my power to avoid those evils, which we do not find so easy to remove; these are melancholy, hatred, and other violent passions, which appear to have the greatest influence over our bodies. However, I have not been able to guard so well against either one or the other kind of those disorders, as not to suffer myself now and then to be hurried away by many, not to say, all of them; but I have reaped the benefit of knowing by experience that these passions have, in the main, no great influence over bodies governed by the two foregoing rules of eating and drinking, and therefore can do them but very little harm; so that it may with great truth be affirmed, that whoever observes these two capital rules, is liable to very little inconvenience from any other excesses. This, Galen, who was an eminent physician, observed before me. He affirms, that so long as he followed those rules relating to eating and drinking, he suffered but little from other disorders, so little, that they never gave him above a day's uneasiness. That what he says is true I am a living witness, and so are many others, who know me, and have seen how often I have been exposed to heats and colds, and such other disagreeable changes of weather; and have, likewise, seen me (owing to various misfortunes, which have more than once befallen me) greatly disturbed in mind. For they can not only say of me, that such disturbance of mind has done me very little harm, but they can aver, of many others, who did not lead a sober and regular life, that it proved very prejudicial to them, among whom was a brother of my own, and others of my family, who trusting to the goodness of their constitution, did not follow my way of living. The consequence hereof was a great misfortune to them, the perturbations of the mind having thereby acquired an extraordinary influence over their bodies. Such, in a word was their grief and dejection at seeing me involved in expensive law suits, commenced against me by great and powerful men, that, fearing I should be cast, they were seized with that melancholy humor, with which intemperate bodies always abound; and these humors had such an influence over them, and increased to such a degree, as to carry them off before their time: whereas I suffered nothing on the occasion, as I had in me no superfluous humors of that kind. Nay, in order to keep up my spirits, I brought myself to think, that God had raised up these suits against me, in order to make me more sensible of my strength of body and mind; and that I should get the better of them with honor and advantage, as it, in fact, came to pass: for, at last, I obtained a degree exceeding favorable to my fortune and my character, which, though it gave me the highest pleasure, had not the power to do me any harm in other respects. Thus it is plain that neither melancholy nor any other affection of the mind can hurt bodies governed with temperance and regularity.

But I must go a step further, and say, that even misfortunes themselves can do but very little mischief, or cause but very little pain to such bodies; and that this is true, I have myself experienced at the age of seventy. I happened, as is often the case, to be in a coach, which, going at a pretty smart rate, was overset, and in that condition drawn a considerable way by the horses, before means could be found to stop them; whence I received so many shocks and bruises, that I was taken out with my head and all the rest of my body terribly battered, and a dislocated leg and arm. When I was brought home, the family immediately sent for the physicians, who, on their arrival, seeing me in so bad a plight, concluded that within three days I should die; nevertheless, they would try what good two things would do me; one was to bleed me, the other was to purge me; and thereby prevent my humors altering, as they every moment expected, to such a degree, as to ferment greatly, and bring on a high fever. But I, on the contrary, who knew that the sober life I had led for many years past, had so well united, harmonized, and disposed my humors, as not to leave it in their power to ferment to such a degree, refused to be either bled or purged. I just caused my leg and arm to be set, and suffered myself to be rubbed with some oils, which they said were proper on the occasion. Thus, without using any other kind of remedy, I recovered, as I thought I should, without feeling the least alteration in myself, or any other bad effects from the accident; a thing which appeared miraculous even in the eyes of the physicians. Hence we are to infer, that whoever leads a sober and regular life, and commits no excess in his diet, can suffer but very little from disorders of any other kind, or external accidents. On the contrary, I conclude, especially from the late trial

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I have had, that excesses in eating and drinking are fatal. Of this I convinced myself four years ago, when, by the advice of my physicians, the instigation of my friends, and the importunity of my own family, I consented to such an excess, which, as it will appear hereafter, was attended with far worse consequences than could naturally be expected. This excess consisted in increasing the quantity of food I generally made use of; which increase alone brought on me a most cruel fit of sickness. And as it is a case so much in point to the subject in hand, and the knowledge of it may be useful to some of my readers, I shall take the trouble to relate it.

I say, then, that my dearest friends and relations, actuated by the warm and laudable affection and regard they have for me, seeing how little I eat, represented to me, in conjunction with my physicians, that the sustenance I took could not be sufficient to support one so far advanced in years, when it was become necessary not only to preserve nature, but to increase its vigor. That, as this could not be done without food, it was absolutely incumbent upon me to eat a little more plentifully. I, on the other hand, produced my reasons for not complying with their desires. These were, that nature is content with little, and that with this little I had preserved myself so many years; and that, to me, the habit of it was become a second nature; and that it was more agreeable to reason that, as I advanced in years and lost my strength, I should rather lessen than increase the quantity of my food. Farther, that it was but natural to think, that the powers of the stomach grew weaker from day to day; on which account I could see no reason to make such an addition. To corroborate my arguments, I alleged those two natural and very true proverbs; one, that he who has a mind to eat a great deal, must eat but little; which is said for no other reason than this, that eating little makes a man live very long; and living very long he must eat a great deal. The other proverb was, that what we leave after making a hearty meal, does us more good than what we have eat. But neither these proverbs, nor any arguments I could think of, were able to prevent their teasing me more than ever. Wherefore, not to appear obstinate, or affect to know more than the physicians themselves; but, above all, to please my family, who very earnestly desired it, from a persuasion that such an addition to my usual allowance would preserve my strength, I consented to increase the quantity of food, but with two ounces only. So that, as before, what with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, I eat as much as weighed in all twelve ounces, neither more nor less, I now increased it to fourteen; and as before I drank but fourteen ounces of wine, I now increased it to sixteen. This increase and irregularity had, in eight day's time, such an effect on me, that, from being cheerful and brisk I began to be peevish and melancholy, so that nothing could please me: and was constantly so strangely disposed that I neither knew what to say to others, nor what to do with myself. On the twelfth day, I was attacked with a most violent pain in my side, which held me twenty-two hours, and was succeeded by a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and as many nights, without giving me a moment's respite; though, to say the truth, it began to abate gradually on the fifteenth. But notwithstanding such abatement, I could not, during the whole time, sleep half a quarter of an hour together, insomuch that every one looked upon me as a dead man. But, God be praised, I recovered merely by my former regular course of life, though then in my seventy-eighth year, and in the coldest season of a very cold year, and reduced to a mere skeleton; and I am positive that it was the great regularity I had observed for so many years, and that only, which rescued me from the jaws of death. In all that time I never knew what sickness was, unless I may call by that name some slight indisposition of a day or two's continuance; the regualr life I had led, as I have already taken notice, for so many years, not having permitted any superfluous or bad humors to breed in me; or, if they did, to acquire such strength and malignity, as they generally acquire in the superannuated bodies of those who live without rule. And as there was not any old malignity in my humors (which is the thing that kills people), but only that, which my new irregularity had occasioned, this fit of sickness, though exceeding violent, had not strength enough to destroy me. This it was, and nothing else, that saved my life; whence may be gathered, how great is the power and efficacy of regularity; and how great, likewise, is that of irregularity, which in a few days could bring on me so terrible a fit of sickness, just as regularity had preserved me in health for so many years.

And it appears to me a no weak argument, that, since the world, consisting of the four elements, is upheld by order; and our life, as to the body, is no other than an harmonious combination of the same four elements, so it should be preserved and maintained by the very same order; and, on the other hand, it must be worn

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out by sickness, or destroyed by death, which are produced by the contrary effects. By order, the arts are more easily learned; by order, armies are rendered victorious; by order, in a word, families, cities, and even States are maintained. Hence I concluded, that orderly living is no other than a most certain cause and foundation of health and long life; nay, I can not help saying, that it is the only and true medicine; and whoever weighs this matter well, must also conclude, that this is really the case. Hence it is, that where a physician comes to visit a patient, the first thing he prescribes, is to live regularly. In like manner, when a physician takes leave of a patient, on his being recovered, he advises him, as he tenders his health, to lead a regular life. And it is not to be doubted, that, were a patient so recovered to live in that manner, he could never be sick again, as it removes every cause of illness; and so, for the future, would never want either physician or physic. Nay, by attending duly to what I have said, he would become his own physician, and, indeed, the best he could have; since, in fact, no man can be a perfect physician to any one but himself. The reason of which is, that any man may, by repeated trials, acquire a perfect knowledge of his own constitution, and the most hidden qualities of his body, and what wine and food agree with his stomach. Now, it is so far from being an easy matter to know these things perfectly of another, that we can not without much trouble discover them in ourselves, since a great deal of time and repeated trials are requisite for that purpose.

These trials are, indeed (if I may say it), more than necessary, as there is greater variety in the natures and constitution of different men, than in their persons. Who could believe, that old wine, wine that had passed its first year, should disagree with my stomach, and new wine agree with it? and that pepper, which is looked upon as a warm spice, should not have warm effect upon me, insomuch that I find myself more warmed and comforted by cinnamon? Where is the physician, that could have informed me of these two latent qualities, since I myself, even by a long course of observation, could scarce discover them? From all these reasons it follows, that it is impossible to be a perfect physician to another. Since, therefore, a man can not have a better physician than himself, nor any physic better than a regular life, a regular life he ought to embrace.

I do not, however, mean, that for the knowledge and cure of such disorders, as often befall those who do not live regularly, there is no occasion for a physician, and that his assistance ought to be slighted. For, if we are apt to receive such great comfort from friends, who come to visit us in our illness, though they do no more than testify their concern for us, and bid us be of good cheer; how much more regard ought we to have for the physician, who is a friend that comes to see us in order to relieve us, and promises us a cure? But for the bare purpose of keeping us in good health, I am of opinion, that we should consider as a physician this regular life, which, as we have seen, is our natural and proper physic, since it preserves men, even those of bad constitution, in health; makes them live sound and hearty to the age of one hundred and upwards; and prevents their dying of sickness, or through a corruption of their humors, but merely by a dissolution of their radical moisture, when quite exhausted; all which effects several wise men have attributed to potable gold, and the elixir, sought for by many, but discovered by few. However, to confess the truth, men, for the most part, are very sensual and intemperate, and love to satisfy their appetites, and to commit every excess; therefore, seeing that they can not avoid being greatly injured by such excess, as often as they are guilty of it, they, by way of apologizing for their conduct, say, that it is better to live ten years less, and enjoy themselves; not considering of what importance are ten years more of life, especially a healthy life, and at a maturer age; when men become sensible of their progress in knowledge and virtue, which can not attain to any degree of perfection before this period of life.

Not to speak, at present, of many other advantages, I shall barely mention that in regard to letters and sciences; far the greatest number of the best and most celebrated books extant, were written during that period of life, and those ten years, which some make it their business to undervalue, in order to give loose to their appetites. Be that as it will, I would not act like them. I rather coveted to live these ten years, and had I not done so, I should never have finished those tracts, which I have composed in consequence of my having been sound and hearty these ten years past; and which I have the pleasure to think will be of service to others. These sensualists add, that a regular life is such as no man can lead. To this I answer, Galen, who was so great a physician, led such a life, and chose it as the best physic. The same did Plato, Cicero, Isocrates, and many other great men of former times; whom, not to tire the reader, I shall forbear naming: and, in our own days, Pope Paul Farnese led it, and Cardinal

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Bembo; and it was for that reason they lived so long; likewise our two doges, Sando and Donato; besides many others of meaner condition, and those who live not only in cities, but also in different parts of the country, who all found great benefit by conforming to this regularity. Therefore, since many have led this life, and many actually lead it, it is not such a life but that every one may conform to it; and the more so, as no great difficulty attends it; nothing, indeed, being requisite but to begin in good earnest, as the above-mentioned Cicero affirms, and all those who now live in this manner. Plato, you will say, though he himself lived very regular, affirms, notwithstanding, that, in republics, men can not do so, being often obliged to expose themselves to heat, cold, and several other kinds of hardships, and other things, which are all so many disorders, and incompatible with a regular life. I answer, as I have already observed, that these are not disorders attended with any bad consequence, or which affect either health or life, when the man, who undergoes them, observes the rules of sobriety, and commits no excess in the two points concerning diet, which a republican may very well avoid, nay it is requisite he should avoid; because, by so doing, he may be sure either to escape those disorders, which, otherwise, it would be no easy matter for him to escape while exposed to these hardships; or, in case he should not escape them, he may more easily and speedily prevent their bad effects.

Here it may be objected, and some actually object, that he, who leads a regular life, having constantly, when well, made use of food fit for the sick, and in small quantities, has no resource left in case of illness. To this I might, in the first place, answer, that nature, desirous to preserve man in good health as long as possible, informs him, herself, how he is to act in time of illness; for she immediately deprives him, when sick, of his appetite, in order that he may eat but little; because nature (as I have said already) is satisfied with little; wherefore, it is requisite, that a man, when sick, whether he has been a regular or irregular liver, should use no meats, but such as are suited to his disorder: and of these even in a much smaller quantity than he was wont to do, when in health. For were he to eat as much as he used to do, he would die by it; because it would be only adding to the burden, with which nature was already oppressed, by giving her a greater quantity of food, than she can, in such circumstances support; and this, I imagine, would be a sufficient caution to any sick person. But, independent of all this, I might answer some others, and still better, that whoever leads a regular life, can not be sick; or, at least, but seldom, and for a short time; because, by living regularly, he extirpates every seed of sickness; and thus, by removing the cause, prevents the effect; so that he, who pursues a regular course of life, need not be apprehensive of illness, as he need not be afraid of the effect, who has guarded against the cause.

Since it therefore appears that a regular life is so profitable and virtuous, so lovely and so holy, it ought to be universally followed and embraced; and the more so, as it does not clash with the means or duties of any station, but is easy to all; because, to lead it, a man need not tie himself down to eat so little as I do, or not to eat fruit, fish, and other things of that kind, from which I abstain, who eat little because it is sufficient for my puny and weak stomach; and fruit, fish, and other things of that kind, disagree with me, which is my reason for not touching them. Those, however, with whom such things agree, may, and ought to eat them; since they are not by any means forbid the use of such sustenance. But, then, both they, and all others, are forbid to eat a greater quantity of any kind of food, even of that which agrees with them, than what their stomach can easily digest; hence it is that those, with whom nothing disagrees, are not bound to observe any rule but that relating to the quantity, and not to the quality, of their food: a rule which they may, without the least difficulty in the world, comply with.

Let nobody tell me, that there are numbers, who, though they live most irregularly, live in health and spirits, to those remote periods of life, attained by the most sober; for, this argument being grounded on a case full of uncertainty and hazard, and which, besides, so seldom occurs, as to look more like a miracle than the work of nature, men should not suffer themselves to be thereby persuaded to live irregularly, nature having been too liberal to those, who did so without suffering by it; a favor, which very few have any right to expect. Whoever, trusting to his youth, or the strength of his constitution, or the goodness of his stomach, slights these observations, must expect to suffer greatly by so doing, and live in constant danger of disease and death. I therefore affirm, that an old man, even of a bad constitution, who leads a regular and sober life, is surer of a long one, than a young man of the best constitution, who leads a disorderly life. It is not to be doubted, however, that a man blessed with a

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good constitution may, by living temperately, expect to live longer than one whose constitution is not so good; and that God and nature can dispose matters so, that a man shall bring into the world with him so sound a constitution, as to live long and healthy, without observing any such strict rules; and then die in a very advanced age, through a mere dissolution of his elementary parts; as was the case in Venice, of the procurator, Thomas Contarini; and, in Padua, of the cavalier Antonio Capo di Vacca. But it is not one man in a thousand, that so much can be said of. If others have a mind to live long and healthy, and die without sickness of body or mind, but by mere dissolution, they must submit to live regularly, since they can not otherwise expect to enjoy the fruits of such a life, which are almost infinite in number, and each of them, in particular, of infinite value. For, as such regularity keeps the humors of the body cleansed and purified, it suffers no vapors to accend from the stomach to the head; hence the brain of him who lives in that manner enjoys such a constant serenity, that he is always perfectly master of himself. He, therefore, easily soars above the low and grovelling concerns of this life, to the exalted and beautiful contemplation of heavenly things, to his exceeding great comfort and satisfaction; because he, by this means comes to consider, know, and understand that, which otherwise he would never have considered, known, or understood; that is, how great is the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity. He then descends to nature, and acknowledges her for the daughter of God; and sees, and even feels with his hands, that which in any other age, or with a perception less clear, he could never have seen or felt. He then truly discerns the brutality of that vice into which they fall, who know not how to subdue their passions, and those three importunate lusts, which, one would imagine, came all together into the world with us, in order to keep us in perpetual anxiety and disturbance. These are, the lust of the flesh, the lust of honors, and the lust of riches; which are apt to increase with years in such old persons as do not lead a regular life; because, in their passage through the stage of manhood, they did not, as they ought, renounce sensuality and their passions, and take up with sobriety and reason, virtues which men of a regular life did not neglect when they passed through the above-mentioned stage. For, knowing such passions and such lusts to be inconsistent with reason, by which they are entirely governed; they, at once, broke loose from all temptations to vice; and, instead of being slaves to their inordinate appetites, they applied themselves to virtue and good works; and by these means, they altered their conduct, and became men of good and sober lives. When, therefore, in process of time, they see themselves brought by a long series of years to their dissolution, conscious that, through the singular mercy of God, they had so sincerely relinquished the paths of vice, as never after to enter them; and moreover hoping, through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to die in his favor, they do not suffer themselves to be cast down at the thoughts of death, knowing that they must die. This is particularly the case, when, loaded with honor, and sated with life, they see themselves arrive at that age, which not one in many thousands of those, who live otherwise, ever attain. They have still the greater reason not to be dejected at the thoughts of death, as it does not attack them violently and by surprise, with a bitter and painful turn of their humors, with feverish sensations, and sharp pains, but steals upon them insensibly, and with the greatest ease and gentleness; such an end, proceeding entirely from exhaustion of the radical moisture, which decays by degrees like the oil of a lamp; so that they pass gently, without any sickness, from this terrestrial and mortal to a celestial and eternal life.

O holy and truly happy regularity! How holy and happy should men, in fact, deem thee, since the opposite habit is the cause of such guilt and misery, as evidently appears to those who consider the opposite effects of both! so that men should know thee by thy voice alone, and thy lovely name; for what a glorious name, what a noble thing, is an orderly and sober life! as, on the contrary, the bare mention of disorder and intemperance is offensive to our ears. Nay, there is the same difference between the mentioning these two things, as between the uttering of the words Angel and Devil.

Thus I have assigned my reasons for abandoning intemperance, and betaking myself entirely to a sober life; with the method I pursued in doing so, and what was the consequence of it; and, finally, the advantages and blessings, which a sober life confer upon those who embrace it. Some sensual, inconsiderate persons affirm that a long life is no blessing; and that the state of man, who has passed his seventy-fifth year, can not really be called life, but death, but this is a great mistake, as I shall fully prove; and it is my sincere wish, that all men would endeavor to attain my age, in order that they too may enjoy that period of life, which of all others is the most desirable.

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Health as Related to Preaching.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[The following is one of the ten lectures recently delivered by Mr. Beecher, before the Theological Department at Yale College. The whole series have been put into a neat book by his Publishers, J. B. Ford & Co., which is well worth purchasing by every person. The book is rich in personal experience, fresh, vigorous, and will do a great deal of good. Price, $1.50.]

THERE has been, in recent times, a great deal more information diffused among the common people on the subject of health than formerly, and men live more wholesomely, and all the processes of society are in better accordance with the laws of life. Men have more intelligent ideas of what to avoid and what to seek.

There is one relation, however, to which I shall more particularly confine myself to-day, which has been largely left out of the popular consideration, and that is the relation of health to brain-work.

If you take a full stem of wheat in harvest-time, and shake out all the kernels of wheat, what is left is chaff and straw. So, if you take from a man his brain-power, all that is left of him is chaff and straw; that is, it is nothing but animal. All there is of a man lies in the nerve and brain-power; and while the business of life is to take care of the bone and muscle, the stomach, the liver, the lungs, and the heart, that is only because this is the way to take care of that which is, after all, the sovereign, and for which all these other things are merely servants and messengers and purveyors. It is the brain-power, or the mental power as expressed through the brain, that causes man to surpass the lower creations around him.

Now, it is not very difficult for a man to live in the enjoyment of good health who is born with a good constitution, which he has not in youth drained and sapped, and who has come into a noble and virtuous manhood, and into a profession that will keep him within proper bonds of exertion. But you must remember that you are going to be under fire. Let a man be in the midst of a desperate naval engagement, where the shot and shell are filling the air, and the splinters flying thick as hail, he will find it is not so easy to pass unscathed. Let a man be in the midst of an awakened community, where all the members of two hundred families have a right to go to his fire and light their torches; where he is obliged to preach Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, and twice on Sunday; where he is visited by all; where he must preside at prayer-meetings and social gatherings; and where he has to be a perpetual fountain, out of which so many different hydrants are drawing their supplies—then to keep one's health is a very different thing.

There are few men in the ministry who live at one-half their competency or power. They do not know how to make their machines work at a high rate of speed, with great executive energy, without damage to themselves. It is an art to be healthy at all; but to be healthy when you are run at the top of your speed all the time is a great art indeed.

WHAT IS HEALTH?

Let me tell you that when I speak of health, I do not mean merely not being sick. I divide people into, first, the sick folk; secondly, the not-sick folk; thirdly, the almost healthy folk; and fourthly—they are the elect—the folk that are healthy. What I mean by "health" is such a feeling or tone in every part of a man's body or system that he has the natural language of health. What is the natural language of health? Look at four-months-old puppies, and see. Look at kittens, and see. Look at children, from the time they are three or four or five years old. Look at young men, when they are at school and at the academy. They can not eat enough, nor holloa enough, nor run enough, nor wrestle enough. They are just *full*. It is buoyancy. It is the insatiable desire of play and of exertion.

The nature of the human constitution, in a state of health, is to be a creative instrument or agent; and the necessity in a man to be creating outside of himself is one of the noblest tokens of health. When one has been kept at work and under the yoke, he has played off his surplus energy in the various channels of his business activities. We do not expect a man to bound and caper about, for the simple reason that he has other legitimate channels to work off his steam in. But let him get a vacation. He goes to the White Mountains. He has three

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or four days of uncaring rest and nights of long sleep, and then he awakes to the stimulus of the mountains. "Well," he says, "I feel like a boy again," which is only another way of saying, "I feel my health." His system is not perverted. He is rested in all his parts, and that vast amount of energy and vitality which he generates, but which in the city was worked off in professional labors and social relations, is now being collected again; the measure of the instrument is filled and it pours over. A man in health is a fountain, and he flows over at the eye, at the lip, and all the time, by every species of action and demonstration.

I have often seen what are called over-shot wheels, where they have a very small and weak stream. They get a wheel of large diameter, and the buckets are made in a peculiar form, sloping from the mouth up. Then comes a little trickling stream which pours down into the big buckets its slow accumulation of water-weight, and it begins to turn the wheel very moderately and gradually, and so it goes. That is about the condition in which men are working, with just enough power to turn an over-shot wheel. But if you have a great, full, strong stream, the mere impact of which on the wheel is enough to turn it, then the wheel is made under-shot, and the water comes dashing against the breast and botton of it, and around it goes, promptly and rapidly. The miller says, "What do I care? I have got the whole stream. There is no use in economizing my water; I will let it flow," and the water runs all the time. There are very few men that can afford to run on an under-shot wheel. Almost all men are economists of their resources, because they have not this real high health.

HEALTH AND THOUGHT.

As to the direct bearing of this bodily condition on your coming duties, let me say, first, men in a high state of health invariably see more sharply the truth that they are after. They see its relations and its fitness. They have a sense of direction, combination, and of the power of relations of truth to emotion. The old-fashioned way of preparing a sermon was where a man sat down with his pipe, and smoked and "thought," as he called it, and after one or two or three hours—his wife saying to every body in the mean time, "Dear man, he is up stairs studying; he has to study so hard!" —in which he has been in a muggy, fumbling state of mind, he at last comes cut with the product of it for the pulpit. It is like unleavened bread, doughy, dumpy, and heavy—hard to eat, and harder to digest. There has been nothing put in it to vitalize it. But when a man is in a perfect state of health, no matter where he goes, he is sensitive to social influence and to social wants. He discovers men's necessities instinctively. He is very quick to choose the instrument by which to minister to those necessities, so that when he goes to his study he has something to do, *and he knows what it is.*

He is accurate in his thinking. Is there no difference in the varying modes of the draughtsman? Take him with a bilious headache. Do you suppose he can make his strokes so that every line of his drawing shall express thought? Some people asy, "Why, there are times when I can do more in a day than in a week at other times," which is true, because at those periods the system is in a perfect condition of health. Suppose you could have that condition always. what workers you would be! How it would sharpen your comprehension of the various relations of truth, and with what ease could you see and handle them! For all things are largely dependent upon health. You can not drudge them out.

Men are said to have genius. What is genius but a condition of fiber, and a condition of health in fiber? It is nothing in the world but automatic thinking. And what is automatic thinking? It is thought that *thinks itself*, instead of being run up or worried up to think. Whoever thinks without thinking is in fact a genius. In music, it is said that it "makes itself." In arithmetic or mechanics, the demonstation "comes" to you. You do not think it out, except automatically. But thinking ought to be automatic action, and almost unconscious. Under such circumstances, your intuitions and your sudden automatic thinking, nine times out of ten, will be true; and when you send slow-footed Logic afterward to measure the footsteps and the way over which your thoughts have traveled, Logic will come back and report, "Well, I did not believe it, but he was right, after all." So, then, for sharpness and accuracy and complexity of thinking, in which much of your life ought to lie, you require the best conditions of health in the system by which you think.

HEALTH IN SPEAKING.

The next step is where you come to speak what you have thought. You know how beautifully some men write, and how poorly they deliver; how well they prepare their materials, and yet their materials when prepared are of no force whatever. They are beautiful arrows—

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arrows of silver; golden-tipped are they, and winged with the feathers of the very bird of paradise. But there is no bow to draw the arrows to the head and shoot them strongly home, and so they all fall out of the sheath down in front of the pulpit or platform. People say, "Those sermons are fit to be printed"—and they are fit for nothing else. They are essays. They are sections of books. But what the preacher wants is the power of having something that is worth saying, and then the power of saying it. He is to hold the light up so that a blind man can not help feeling that it is falling on his orbs. He needs to put the truth in such a way that if a man were asleep it would wake him up; and if he were dead, it would give him resurrection for the hour.

A man that breaks his backbone every time he explodes a vowel—how can he do it?

POPULAR ORATORS.

Who are the speakers that move the crowd—men after the pattern of Whitefield, what are they? They are almost always men of very large physical development, men of very strong digestive powers, and whose lungs have great aërating capacity. They are men of great vitality and recuperative force. They are men who, while they have a sufficient thought-power to create all the material needed, have pre-eminently the explosive power by which they can thrust their materials out of men. They are catapults, and men go down before them. Of course you will find men now and then, thin and shrill-voiced, who are popular speakers. Sometimes men are organized with a compact, nervous temperament and are slender framed, while they have a certain concentrated earnestness, and in narrow lines they move with great intensity. John Randolph was such a man.

THRUST-POWER.

I desire to call your attention to this force-giving power, that which lends impetuosity, that which gives what I might call *lunge* to a man's preaching.

Why should you waste your time every Sunday morning and night, without being conscious of having done any thing? You can afford to do it occasionally, as there is wastage in all systems; but a man who goes on preaching when there is no evidence of accomplishment is like a windmill that the boys put on top of a house; it goes around and around, but it grinds nothing below. Preaching is *business*, young gentlemen. It means the hardest kind of work.

There is nothing else in this world that requires so many resources, so much thought, so much sagacity, so much constant application, so much freshness, such intensity of conception within, and such power of execution without, as genuine preaching. Ministers sometimes think they do their duty by resting chiefly on their pastorial labors, but they do not half bring out the preaching-power, when they rely on the indirect and social influences that are connected with it. One should help the other. You are to bring out the preaching-element, if it is in you; for, in this age, preaching is almost every thing. This is pre-eminently the talking age. A preacher must be a good talker, and must have something in him that is worth talking about. People say, "Show me a man of deeds, and not of words." You might as well say, "Show me a field of corn; I don't care about clouds and rain." Talking makes thought and feeling, and thought and feeling make action. Show me a man of words who knows how to incite noble deeds!

HEALTH AS A CHEERING INFLUENCE.

But, once more, it is impossible for a man who is an invalid to sustain a cheerful and hopeful ministry among his people. An invalid looks with a sad eye upon human life. He may be sympathetic, but it is almost always with the shadows that are in the world. He will give out moaning and drowsy hymns. He will make prayers that are almost all piteous. It may not be a minister's fault if he be afflicted and ill, and administer his duties in mourning and sadness, but it is a vast misfortune for his people.

If there is any thing in this world that is the product of wholesome, healthy souls, it is the hope-giver and joyful comforter. If there was ever a system of joy and hope in the world, prefigured by the prophets, and afterwards characterized by the Sun of Righteousness, it is that ardent and hope-inspiring gospel that you are to preach. You are not sent out to tell of the dungeon and the pit, the shackle and the yoke—except as redeemed by the power of Jesus Christ into rest and peace. And the very product of gospel which you are to carry to mankind is hope and cheer. It is good news.

You find men struggling with cares. They stand where a dozen ways meet, in utter perplexity, and they want the best advice you can give. Your Sunday ought to bring this witness from your flock every single month of your ministry: "If it had not been for the refreshment that I got on Sundays I never could have carried my burdens." The sweetest praises that ministers can have are from the house of trouble,

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from men in bankruptcy, from men hunted by perverse fortune almost to the bonds of suicide. They come to you, and say, "Sir, it was the cheer and comfort of your preaching that helped me through, or I never could have endured it." That will be better than any guerdon and any compliment. We are sent to men that are cheerless, men in distress, men who are burdened; and we have no business to have any other ministry than that which is based on the sweet teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. We must learn ardor and fervor from St. Paul's interpretation of them. We must tell of love, hope, courage, and the cheering prospect of a blessed immortality. What business have you to turn all this into minor symphony? But you can not do otherwise, unless you keep yourself healthy, cheerful, hopeful, and bouyant. You must call to your assistance all the health you can derive from the highest conditions of bodily health.

HEALTHFUL VIEWS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Then there is a relation of this question in another direction. I think the minister of a parish, who has been there for five years, ought to impress upon the young people of his parish the practical idea, that to be a Christian is to be the happiest person in the world. Men say "Let us have our enjoyment here, and have a good time; then, when we have had it, and tasted what there is to be tasted, we had better be pious." That is about the idea of it. It is a gloomy and dismal thing; but, to a certain extent, we are to blame for this false notion.

Now it seems to me that we ought to make known what is unquestionably the truth, namely, that Christianity aims only at a nobler style of manhood, and at a better and happier style of living. Christianity means friendship carried up into a sphere where by the natural man you could never elevate it. It means the purest enjoyments of earth as well as heaven. It means that life shall blossom like Aaron's rod. And every man who is a true Christian is one who has lived up to the measure of his competency, in a bright and joyful life, compared with which all other lives are low and ignoble. The Apostle Paul, after going through a long line of exhortations to virtue, finally wound up by saying, "Whatever is lovely and of good report, think on these things."

A true minister, in order to inspire his congregation with his noble conception of a Christian character and a Christian life, must have something in him. He can not go around with lead in his shoes, nor yet in his head. He can not drudge and complain. A man of God ought to strike men among whom he moves as being more manly than anybody else; certainly, never less. You should bear in mind that you are twice ordained—once, when your mother laid her hand in love upon your just-born head, after giving you your organization and nature; and, again, by the Holy Ghost, later in life, to give you a fuller development. If you are not a man, what business have you in the ministry? You have mistaken your vocation. You may do to make some other things, but you will not be a maker of men. It takes a *man* to refashion men. You can not do it unless you have some sort of vigor, vitality, versatility, moral impulse, and social power in you. And if you have these things, how they will win! How men will want to come to you! They tell me that the pulpit is losing its power, that religion is going under, and that science is to rule. I will put genuine manly religion against all the science in the world.

HEALTH AS A SWEETENER OF WORK.

I have seen a great deal of life, and on all its sides. I have seen the depths of poverty, and I have seen competency. I have seen the extremity of solitariness, and the crowds of a city, both at home and abroad. I have seen what art has done, and whatever is to be seen in the wilderness. I have had youth and middle age, and now I am an old man. I have seen it all, and I bear witness that, while there are single moments of joy in other matters that, perhaps, carry a man up to the summit of feeling, yet for steadfast and repetitious experience there is no pleasure in this world comparable to that which a man has who habitually stands before an audience with an errand of truth, which he feels in every corner of his soul and in every fiber of his body, and to whom the Lord has given liberty of utterance, so that he is pouring out the whole manhood in him upon his congregation. Nothing in the world is comparable to that. It goes echoing on in you after you get through. Once in a while I preach sermons that leave me in such a delightful state of mind that I do not get over it for two days; and I wonder that I am not a better man. I feel it all day Sunday and Monday, and there is not an organ in the world that makes music so grand to me as I feel in such supreme hours and moments. But I am conscious how largely the physical element of healthfulness enters into this experience. When I am depressed in body and heavy in mind I do not get it. You can not expect either these exceptional, higher con-

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summations, or the strong, steady flow of a joyful relish for your work, unless you cultivate a robust and healthful manhood.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

I will now suggest to you some practical directions, which are very largely the results of my personal experience, and which may be profitable to you. You must excuse any egotism I may exhibit. As I understand it, these lectures are nothing but a branch of the regular chair of Pastorial Theology, and I am to explain here in its practical form that which, in its philosophical form, Professor Hopping gives you in his instructions at other times. Experience is always egotism, and that is what I am here to give you.

To begin with, I shall say that I had this advantage, that my father was a dyspeptic. From my earliest childhood I noticed the great watchfulness and skill with which he took care of himself, and now and then he dropped words of advice. When I went into the ministry, I remembered some of his maxims and some of his incidental utterances. They led me to think about caring for my own health; I did not know much about it, but I thought about it. I "watched" it, as the engineers say on the road. A good engineer watches both the engine and the road. And now, as the result of between thirty and forty years of incessant preaching, I give you these hints in regard to the care of your health.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH NOT ENOUGH.

When I first began, I had an impression that if I had good bone and muscle I should be all right. I very soon learned that it was possible for a man to take too much exercise, and that a man could be built up physically at the expense of his brain. You are sufficiently acquainted with aquatic and other sports to know that you may over-train a man, so that he is carried beyond his highest power. Now, if you undertake, as scholars, very violent exercise, according to exaggerated ideas of muscular Christianity, you will very soon use up all the vitality of your system in the bone-and muscle development, and it will leave you, not better, but less fitted for intellectual exertion. Yet there must be enough care given to bone and muscle to furnish a good platform, on which your artillery is to stand.

THE ART OF EATING.

Next comes the stomach. In regard to that, everybody feels that he must not be a glutton nor a gormand, but there is very little discrimination and very little observation as to the quantity and quality and the times and seasons of eating. Preachers may be divided into two great classes: the sanguineous class, who can not eat much if they are going to think or speak; and the class who have the extreme nervous temperament, who can not speak or work unless they do eat. On Sunday morning, when I wake, my first thought is that it is Sunday morning, and the very idea of it takes away my appetite. I go down, drink a cup of coffee, and eat an egg and half a slice of toast. That is all that I can eat. There is just enough to sustain my system. Then I preach, and, if I have not done very well, I am hungry; but if I have done very well, I can not eat much dinner. That is because there is a reaction of the nervous influence of the system. The whole system is working so much by the brain and the nerves that the stomach does not crave any thing. Just as great grief, or fear, or any other extreme passion, takes away appetite, so does active preaching. Ordinarily, I take but a moderate dinner on Sunday. Supper with me is at five o'clock in the afternoon, and I usually take a cup of tea, and a small piece of cracker. That is all I can take. Then I go to my evening work, and when I get through, I sometimes am satisfied to take nothing but an orange, which I eat to give my stomach something to do until morning, and to keep it from craving—for often a fit of craving will give one a nightmare as quickly as over-feeding will. At other times, I feel a strong appetite, and then I eat. Perhaps once out of five Sundays I eat more just after preaching, morning or evening, than I do all the rest of the day put together. The system indicates it, and therefore I am not harmed by it. It does not disturb my sleep, and digestion goes on perfectly.

Now the point I take is, not that you shall follow this, but that you shall find out, accurately, in regard to your own eating, what obstructs and what does not obstruct your mental operations. If you go to your study after a hearty breakfast, and you find it takes you from eight o'clock to eleven before you really get into your work, you may be pretty sure that you have overloaded your stomach, and that the energies of your system have been so busy in the work of digestion that you could not call them off to do brain-work. But if you get up from the table after a comparatively light meal, which requires but little digestion, and when you go into study find that you can apply yourself at once to your labor, it is because you have eaten in due proportion to the needs of your

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system. Eating is to the work of the human body just what the firing up of an engine is to traveling. Eating is a means to an end. It is not a habit nor a social custom merely. It is not a question of luxury. Do men eat stupidly, and simply because they are hungry? You eat to make working force; and as the engineer keeps his eye all the time on the steam-guage to know the number of pounds of pressure, and to regulate it to the various conditions of going up or down grade or on a level, and to the number of passengers he is carrying, so does a man eat, or so ought he to eat, all the time gauging himself. You have, in fact, to eat much or little, according to the work you have to do. When you come back from a journey, you must be careful to not over-work yourself, and not to eat too much. If you are in regular harness and are working, you ought to know what you shall eat. Your business is to eat so that you can think and work, and not for self-indulgence only.

QUANTITY OF SLEEP.

The same holds good in respect to sleep. Many men, going into the ministry, have broken down from want of sleep. I will say a few things on that point. In the first place, sleep, that was reckoned involuntary, like many other involuntary things, can to a certain extent be brought under the dominion of habit and the will. There is no doubt but that the human will is the strongest power in this world, next to death. A man who says, "By the grace of God I WILL," and who feels it in his bones, in his muscles, and in his whole being, can do almost any thing. Now it may seem a little singular, but it is true, that if you are possessed of a very nervous organization you will need less sleep than if you are of a phlegmatic temperament. If a man is dull, lethargic, and slow, eight or nine hours of sleep is necessary for him. But, if he is nervous, lithe, thin, quick, vividly sensitive, so that he is always letting out sparks somewhere, he will require but from five to seven hours' sleep. That seems very strange, but it is just as simple as any thing can be. Sleep is an active operation, during which the process of assimilation goes on. Now, the nervous man eats quickly, works quickly, and sleeps quickly. He does just as much work while he is sleeping six hours as the lethargic man does in seven or eight. A man who is slow and plethoric, who takes a breath before every word, and who never has a quick motion, can never sleep quickly. He will be an hour in doing up as much work in his sleep as another man will do in forty minutes. The temperament acts throughout. Never gauge the duration of your sleep by the time any one else sleeps. Some men will tell you that John Wesley had only so much sleep, Hunter, the great physiologist, so much, and Napoleon so much sleep. When the Lord made you, as a general thing, He did not make Napoleons. Every man carries within himself a Mount Sinai, a revealed law, written for himself separately. You must administer sleep to yourselves according to your temperament, your constitution, and your wants. Something you may know presumptively, but principally you must learn by experience.

Sometimes, when men get into hard work, they are apt to sleep too much. Others, again, are inclined to sleep too little. Let me say to you here, that of all dire mistakes among young gentlemen, night study is the greatest. There may be some of you that can carry that out well. Some men are so tough that nothing will seem to effect them detrimentally. But I think that more than eighty per cent. of ministers who indulge in night study abvreviate their lives, weaken their tone, and take away from themselves the fullness of their power. It is bad to do it.

BADLY REGULATED WORK.

It is especially bad for a preacher to prepare his sermons on Saturday night. It is bad for a man to keep his brain at the top of its power from early on Saturday to late at night, so that he sleeps in a fiery dream of sermon. For then, he preaches on Sunday; and there are two days in which the brain is unintermittingly impleted and stimulated. It is hot and feverish. Then, worse than all, comes what is called "black Monday," a day upon which the minister throws off every thing, and thus completely unstrings the bow.

You must give yourselves intervals of rest and playtime. But never let an excitement have such a rest that you run clear down. The way to cure an excitement is to meet it with another one. If you have preached all the week, and are keyed up very high, and you say to yourself, "Now I must rest," and you rest a day, but still the nervous excitement continues; and Sunday you call again upon your brain, which gives the response, you will, perhaps, be carried over Monday; but by Tuesday you begin to come down, and you think the earth is not so bright as it formerly seemed. You begin to think that you have mistaken your vocation, and that you will turn farmer. Then you have gone down as far as you ought. Some begin to

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see the blue devils at that point. You must meet fire with fire. A new excitement, *brought in from another quarter*, however, and of a different nature, will meet the old one, and on the ashes of the past you will build up a new flame.

I have sometimes had a whole month of undertone, because I let go and ran clear down, not knowing then how to meet one excitement with another, and thus carry myself along healthily.

For the Sabbath day, it seems to me that while it is important that one should train for thought and matter, it is only second in importance that you should train also for *condition*. Now, no man who studies during the last part of the week so that he comes to Sunday with only the refuse of what he has in him, making it his weakest day, can come up to the requirements of his duty. He is kept in a continual state of excitement, passing from one strain to another without interval. No man is wise who does it. Saturday should be a play-day. I make it a day, not of laziness, but of genial, social, pleasurable exhilaration. I go up street and see pleasant people. I go and look at pictures. I have a great many sources of enjoyment that many of you could not enjoy. I love to see horses. I like to go on the street and see the different teams go by. I like to stand on the ferry-boat and see the splendid horses come on with their great loads. I like a Dexter. I like all fine horses, but I like the dray-horses, too. There is such a sense of might and power with them. They are almost as interesting as a locomotive engine—the finest thing man ever created, unless it be a watch. I like to go to Tiffany's. I ask, "What are your men doing today?" "Well," says Tiffany, "we will go down and see." We go down to the *ateliers*, watch the workman silver-plating and engraving, and talk with them. It is a good thing for you to live close to common people, plain folks and working-men. It keeps you near to humanity as distinguished from artificiality and conventionalism. After I get home I enjoy myself quietly in the evening, and when Sunday comes I am impleted. I have fresh blood; and without *training* for condition, I have it. I feel like a race-horse. Sometimes I can not wait for the time to come for me to go into the pulpit. I long to speak. But this result can not be attained by studying yourselves up, and coming into church on Sunday quite dry and desiccated.

SLEEP AFTER WORK.

People have often asked me how I managed to sleep after preaching. Generally, I do not have any difficulty in getting to sleep. I can always sleep after a good sermon, and even bad ones do not keep me awake long! You must remember that the reason why a man can not sleep after excitement is because his brain is gorged with blood. The blood is the stimulus which works the brain, and the brain draws to itself all the blood it can get. I always know whether my brain has been doing its work well or not. If I find my hands and feet warm, I say generally that the product of my thought is not worth much; and I begin to think that there has been a waste of brain-material. But if my hands and feet grow chilly, and I have to wrap up all over, on account of my blood, which is the working force, being drawn away from the extremities to the brain, I know that the thinking power has been busy—has probably worked to some effect. You must deal with yourselves on this theory; whatever will distribute the blood to every part of your system will relieve the brain, and you will be able to go to sleep. In the first place, do not talk after preaching on Sunday nights. Do not go home and have a good time over what you have seen and heard. Many a minister uses himself up more by the after-piece than he does by the main performance. It is sweet to talk when you are in such fine condition! Everybody is there pouring out compliments upon you. But they are wasting you. You are like the cocoon of a silkworm, which they are unwinding, and in so doing they take away the life out of you. You never get through your work. I owe what I know of horticulture to the study I gave it at short intervals, when I was preaching every day for two years, and twice on Sunday, besides doing revival and other work. I got out of the State Library of Indiana four or five volumes of Loudon's works on agriculture and horticulture. I read them. There was a charm in reading even the names of the plants in the catalogues, although there was nothing very stimulating in it. It was like Webster's Dictionary, where the connection is broken at every word, and yet it is intensely interesting to read. In that way I let myself down quietly, and then I could go to sleep.

But suppose I can not go to sleep? I get up from bed, and walk about the room without dressing myself. That is, I take an air-bath, and, if need be, I throw up the window, and keep on walking, not until I am chilled, but until I am pretty nearly chilled. The moment that any part of the human body is attacked, the vital forces rush to that part to repair any loss that may have taken place. If you take

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cold, the vital forces instantly attempt to establish the equilibrium. Bring cold to bear upon your body, and the vital forces instantly send out the blood to the part where the cold is, to restore the warmth, and that relieves the system. The blood ceases to be dammed up in the brain and in the large vessels.

But suppose I can not sleep then; what is to be done then? I say to myself, "Now, you have *got* to go to sleep; and the sooner you give up, the better it will be." So I walk into the bath-room, and turn on a little water, just enough to put my feet and ankles into; and it is very rare indeed that the obstinacy of my system resists that. This operation brings the blood down to the feet, and I can almost always get to sleep. If I can not, I turn on a little more water and sit down in it.

All this is treating one's self physiologically, medically, so to speak, without medicine. It is treating one's self according to correct principles for the sake of procuring sleep. If you do not sleep, first or last, your audience will; and therefore it is necessary that you should sleep for them, that they may keep awake to hear what you may have to say. More than that, when a man has gone through the paroxysm of the week, which is Sunday, it is necessary that he should, as soon as possible, be put into a state to go to work again.

Therefore you should eat as you would fire an engine; and sleep, remembering that out of sleep comes the whole force of wakefulness, with the power you have in it.

There are many other points that I had in mind, but I have already taken so much of your time that I will not detain you any longer, but will merely await your questions.

Asylums for Drunkards.

BY D. DALRYMPLE, M. P., WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY D. HALEY.

THERE is a rapidly growing conviction that, in addition to the work of temperance societies, and besides the restraints of temperance legislation, philanthropy has a field of labor apparently as wide as civilization, and as lasting as human appetites and infirmities, in providing for the care, treatment, and cure of those who are subjects of the *disease* of inebriation, as distinguished from the mere voluptuaries of intemperance. The existence of an hereditary tendency or constitutional susceptibility to the alcoholic impression is by no means a modern discovery, for we find Plutarch uttering the maxim that, "One drunkard begets another," and lest this should be regarded as merely referring to the power of influence and example, Socrates says, in plainer language, that "drunken women bring forth children like themselves." This belief, long cherished, became an extensively accepted theory in the early part of the present century, and grew into an experimental idea in 1858, when the corner-stone of the first public institution for medical and hygienic treatment of inebriates was formally laid at Binghamton. The fundamental principle of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, and all other similar institutions since established, or yet to come into existence, have been formulated in the "Declaration of Principles" set forth by the "American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," as follows: "1. Intemperance is a disease. 2. It is curable in the same sense that other diseases are. 3. Its primary cause is a constitutional susceptibility to the alcoholic impression. 4. This constitutional tendency may be inherited or acquired."

After a remarkable career of fourteen years, during the early stages of which the Asylum fairly staggered under a load of recklessness and incompetency, to use the mildest terms that facts admit of, not only have the fundamental ideas of the establishment vindicated themselves by proof, within the past three years, that forty per cent. of the patients coming under its care have been returned to society cured of their malady and restored to usefulness, but it has

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become the exemplar and inspiration of similar institutions—eight of which are public, to the extent of being bodies corporate. In a very quiet way, so quiet as to have almost escaped the notice of the public and the press, institutions for the treatment of inebriates have sprung up and flourished in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, and other States. Twelve years ago, shortly after the commencement of the movement in this country, at a distance of seventeen thousand miles from its inception, an earnest, far-sighted and untiring philanthropist, Dr. Charles McCarthy began to stir up the people of Australia to the importance of establishing similar institutions in that distant portion of the world, a work to which he has devoted his time, speech and pen until, as we learn by recent advices, the press, the clergy of all denominations, the medical fraternity as a unit, and all classes have become so impressed with the soundness of his views that the Colonial Government has given encouragement to hope that State aid will soon be given to the establishment of an Australian "Retreat for Inebriates."

The abundant practical evidences of the success of the American methods of dealing with the malady of inebriation, and the zeal and pertinacity with which these facts were pressed home to the people of Australia at last penetrated the conservative ear of English philanthropy, and to Dr. Donald Dalrymple, Member of Parliament for Bath, and the author of the following article, belongs the honor of having brought the subject before the House of Commons and the English people. In 1869 he introduced a bill to provide for the establishment of Reformatories or Sanataria for the care and cure of habitual drunkards. In furtherance of this object, a society was formed, embracing the names of leading men of the British nobility and the professions. For reasons deemed sufficient by the friends of the measure, that bill was withdrawn, and during the recess of Parliament in the summer of 1871, Dr. Dalrymple came to the United States and made a personal and thorough examination of all the American institutions for the treatment of inebriates, except that in San Francisco, which, owing to the distance and his limited time he was unable to visit. The results of that investigation he embodied, on his return to England, in an article which was given to the public in Macmillan's Magazine, and is reproduced in the following pages of THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

A brief synopsis of subsequent events growing out of his labors may not be out of place. It was Dr. Dalrymple's intention to have been present at the meeting of "The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," held in New York on the 14th and 15th of November, 1871, but urgent private affairs compelled him to shorten his visit. He sent a written communication, however, in which he requested the Association to select a delegation "of at least two of the most competent and best-informed of those conversant with these [inebriate] institutions, to come to England and give their evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons." He expressed the opinion that "such an act would serve to show to an English House of Commons how deeply those American gentlemen who have embraced this great but difficult question have laid it to heart; and it would prove to them in turn the high appreciation of such testimony from such sources, as well by the Legislature as by the people of England," and that he could "hardly imagine any thing outside of the debatable land of politics which would more tend to promote harmony and union among earnest, thinking men of both nations than such a proceeding." In response to this request, the Association named Dr. Joseph Parrish, of Media, Pa., and Dr. Daniel G. Dodge, Superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, as gentlemen eminently qualified to represent the theory, practice, and accomplishments of the American system of treatment. The formal invitation from the select committee of the House of Commons was received in March last, and in May the gentlemen named proceeded to London and furnished voluminous testimony, the value of which is acknowledged in a draft report of the committee, prepared by Mr. Akroyal, in the following language:

"The clearness and ability with which these gentlemen gave their most important evidence before your Committee fully justify their appointment as delegates. They were not only able to speak from their own knowledge of the treatment of inebriates in asylums and the ultimate results, but they also furnished trustworthy information of the different State laws for dealing with drunkards, and suppressing drunkenness.

Some idea of the thoroughness with which the select committee performed their labors may be gathered from the fact that their sessions commenced on the 29th of February and did not terminate until the 13th of June. During that time twenty-nine witnesses were examined, and answers elicited to nearly four thousand questions. The investigation took

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a wide range, from the pathology of inebriation to the practicability of prohibitive laws. The result of this painstaking inquiry was an unanimous recommendation of legislation to secure the establishment of two classes of institutions, one for those who are able to pay for treatment and the other for persons unable, or only partially able to do so. From the character of the members of the committee, and the completeness with which they have presented the facts, it is probable that at the next session of Parliament the necessary legislation will be secured.

We can not leave the subject without calling attention to the indebtedness of the world to medical science for whatever of good may be accomplished by inebriate asylums. In America the leaders of the movement have been Francis, Carnochan, and Willard Parker, beside such men as Dodge, Parrish, Burr, Ney, and others, who have not only written but worked for the cause. In Australia, Dr. McCarthy has given the prime of his life to the work, and in England its best and most earnest friends number such men as Dalrymple, Forbes, Winslow, and Lyon Playfair.

Having thus, perhaps with unnecessary diffuseness, shown the antecedents and subsequents of Dr. Dalrymple's article on Inebriate Asylums, we will let him tell his own story of what he saw in the United States:

We desire in this paper to show what the work now carried on in America is worth, what is being achieved, how it is effected, and what can be done when rulers rise to a proper sense of their duties, and when the action of philanthropic societies passes into State hands and receives public recognition.

There are at this time in America nine "public," recognized institutions for the treatment of habitual drunkards. There is only one in Canada. The word "public" is applied to those only which have received charters, or are incorporated, or receive subventions from their respective States.

No private establishments, or lunatic asylums which receive inebriates, are included in this survey. Eight of these nine were visited and closely inspected; the ninth, lying at the great distance of San Francisco, was omitted. These institutions are scattered over a tract of country stretching from Quebec to Chicago, from Boston to Baltimore, and present, as may well be supposed, various and marked differences.

It would be unprofitable, perhaps impossible, to give each visit in all its details, and we prefer to group them into—

1. Those mainly destined for the higher classes, and for the upper half of the middle ones (for there are these distinctions even in America).

2. Those which receive the lower half of the middle and the artisan classes.

3. Those to which patients are sent who are committed by judicial action, instead of being sent to a goal.

The first will be best represented by Binghamton, in the State of New York, and by Media, in that of Pennsylvania; the second by the Washingtonian Homes of Boston and Chicago; the last by Ward's Island, in New York, and Shore Sound, for Kings County.

From all these we personally obtained the fullest information; neither failures were concealed, nor success paraded; while much valuable testimony was obtained from the patients themselves in the Reformatories. We have many a time had occasion to analyze reports and check lists of results, and the wisdom of large deductions is familiar to us; but never have we met gentlemen less disposed to overrate their own valuable work, or the products of it; the disposition was in the contrary direction. We took several occasions to test these statements by the judgment of those living among the very classes who furnish the patients to these institutions, by the often hostile criticisms of those whose interests were assailed, or thought to be so, and by the statements of those who had been inmates once, or oftener, in one or more establishments, as well as of former superintendents and managers. Therefore, the results which will be now placed before the public may be regarded as moderate, fair, and reliable.

Binghamton and Media are both admirably placed, and adapted to their purposes; Boston and Chicago, to our judgment, very much the reverse, though, as will be seen later, there are contingent advantages connected with particular classes of inmates.

Wards Island is a Government establishment, and placed, as its name implies, on an island, devoted entirely to reformatory and industrial objects, and inaccessible to the general public without a special order or pass.

At the time of our visit to Binghamton there were eighty patients, all there, we believe, without exception, either voluntarily or at the instance of their friends. There were then no committed patients. The comfort, order and harmony that pervaded the place were remarkable, while the readiness with which the some

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what stringent regulations were obeyed was not less so.

Prayers, morning and evening, are read by the chaplain; hymns sung, music played, and the choir conducted by *patients*. The meals were taken in common, and varied in no respect from those in all the hotels of America. There was an admirable library, billiards, smoking-rooms, and all the comforts of a club, while each individual's room was for the time being his own, and decorated according to his taste or fancy. The most remarkable feature was the absence of all appearance of being patients, while the readiness with which they all combined to help each other was admirable. One of the rules is "that no one goes beyond the grounds, which are very extensive, till he has, by eight weeks' sojourn and obedience, shown to the superintendent his power to restrain his appetite for drink," and then he has leave for certain days and hours. If he comes back, as is sometimes the case, having broken his promise and got liquor, his leave is stopped; and if he goes out in violation of this restriction, he is dismissed. We witnessed a touching instance of the influence brought to bear by one patient on another.

We heard one say, "Come along, we have got our leave to go to the town to-day, let us be away." The other replied, "I wish to go, but I doubt whether I can keep out of the bar if I do." "Well," was the answer, "we will not go to town, but we will be off into the woods, and be back to dinner;" and they were.

During our stay the Literary Club held its weekly meeting, and presented a very remarkable scene. The president was a distinguished Southern officer, who at the battle of Bull Run commanded a battery that kept the Northern hosts in check for hours. He discoursed of the institution, and what it had done for himself and others, in the somewhat florid style of American oratory, but which was good evidence of the calibre of his intellect, and how greatly its preservation was to be desired. Another told us how he had "graduated in drink in every country in the world." how British beer and gin, the French absinthe and eau de vie, Chinese samshoo, Mexican palque, etc., had been swallowed wholesale by him in their respective countries. He also had fought in the tented field, and had passed through the bloody war that ended with the murder of Maximilian.

Of such materials as these were the inmates composed, and it may be well imagined that reason and argument would go far to rule such men; but we had to ask them the question, How far do you who go beyond the grounds, and down to town, refrain from drink? Their answer was, Many break down, and there are the recurring paroxysms of internal craving for drink, against which all arguments, all entreaties are futile, and the most solemn promise as the idle wind. It is for such as these that the talented Dr. Dodge asks for the power to turn the key upon them. Such detentions need not be long; each recurring paroxysm will be shorter and less intense, while medicine and diet will aid in curtailing it. No such power, however, exists at Binghamton, except for committed cases, and if a patient breaks out the only resource is his dismissal. Here let us remark, that not one single superintendent, even those who regard the "parole" system as the best, but asks for the power to lock his patient's door.

At Binghamton, and Media, near Philadelphia, the patients belong to the upper and better middle classes. Like Binghamton, it is charmingly situated, and has for its superintendent one of the most instructed, experienced and cautious of those physicians, who have turned their attention to this subject in America. Dr. Parrish, while giving the parole system every credit, declares his desire to be able to prevent the going out of bounds of those who are driven by the recurring craving for drink to break their most solemn vows. He says that the very fact that the patient knows that such a power exists will, in most instances, suffice.

We will now spend a short time in the Washingtonian Homes of Boston and Chicago, representing, as they do, the institutions located in the heart of a great city.

To our ideas nothing can be less suitable to such an institution than the noisy thoroughfare of a bustling, pushing, commercial city, with grogshops and lager-beer saloons on all sides, so that the inhabitants can witness carts and drays unloading their stores of coveted but fatal drink under their very noses. Yet this defect is only partially admitted by the managers, who fall back on the advantages afforded to those who are sufficiently well to do it, for obtaining work. They argue that such an institution should be in a city, for the reason that many patients, after a comparatively short time, are able to go about on their business partially or wholly, though not in a fit condition to leave the Home altogether. It is better, they say, that they should gain health and strength as much as possible surrounded by old temptations, and among those who feel a

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personal interest in their welfare—who are to give them work or business in the future; that they should become accustomed to new companions, associations, and thus learn to shun drinking-places and all connected therewith.

A similar line of argument was used to us when we visited the Washingtonian Home at Chicago, which is still more unfavorably situated than that at Boston; nevertheless, the superintendents at both were anxious for buildings more in accordance with modern requirements, and with better hospital accommodations. These reasons, given almost in their own words, are a curious contrast to the arguments used by the Permissive Bill advocates, who would shut up every drink-shop, and place no reliance on education, moral principles, or common sense being able to teach men not to abuse drink.

Whether the system of interdiction of drink has anywhere done as much good as the moral restraint system of the Washingtonian Home at Boston may be a debatable point, but as evidence of what the latter has done, we quote from a report made last year by a Commission appointed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to examine into the working of this institution:

"The Washingtonian Home was first organized under the name of the Home for the Fallen, November 5, 1857. It was reorganized under an act of Legislature, and approved March 26, 1859.

Its resources at the commencement were small and scanty, and the effort at its commencement was emphatically an experiment, but the experience of over twelve years proves it a most successful experiment.

Up to the 1st of November, 1870, three thousand four hundred and sixty-two patients had been treated. Of these, one-third to one-half are believed to have been thoroughly reformed, and a large portion of the remaining half benefited.

In this way large numbers have been restored to society as industrious and useful members. A large number also of those who are reformed become active missionaries among their old companions. In this way it is estimated, after careful inquiry, that as many more are restored."

These are weighty facts, if they are such. That they are recorded in the report of a State Commission is, we think, sufficient evidence of their correctness.

We had heard these cures called in question, and therefore we took special pains to ascertain whether they were merely written off the books when they left the Home, and no further heed taken of them, or whether any watch was kept on their future conduct, so as to test the permanence of the reform.

The superintendent, Mr. Lawrence, who has filled the office several years with great credit, stated that he never wrote a man down as cured till he knew (so far at least as he was able to trace him), that he had reëntered life and resumed his position without relapsing into drink.

All this was repeated to us by Dr. A. Day, a former superintendent at Boston and elsewhere, and confirmed by some direct evidence worthy to be recorded.

We visited the Home one evening about 8 o'clock, and found some sixty or seventy people, of both sexes and all ages, assembled in a large room. These were either patients at that time in the Home, or those who had been, with their wives, children, and friends. After a hymn sung and a chapter of the Bible read some of these persons detailed their history—before, during, and after their sojourn in the Home.

Without any parade, without any exhibitions of notorious offenders rescued, such as have affronted and alienated many a sincere social reformer in this country, they gave histories as touching as would furnish forth many a novel.

There were two in particular, whose lives presented true pictures of the downward course of an habitual drunkard. The fall into drink, the endeavor to rise out of it, the virtuous resolve made and broken, the backsliding into vice, another desperate spasmodic effort, and again a fall, until help afforded and prolonged for a sufficient period—help medicinal, moral and social—such help as is designed and actually rendered by these institutions—had rescued them from perdition.

One man stated that he had never been sober for five months at a time for twenty-five years, till he came into an inebriate asylum, since which, for more than five years, he had never touched drink. Another, who was at the time an assistant in an asylum, stated that he had made several fortunes and lost them through drink, but that after a long struggle, in which, unaided, he must have succumbed, he succeeded in mastering the habit, and for nearly seven years had entirely abstained. We learned that this meeting was weekly and public, and that the reports on the progress of patients who had lately left were constantly made at these times and recorded. At Chicago an annual public meeting is held in addition, at which

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many of those who have been rescued and who now hold high positions in the Senate, in the Church, in Law, Medicine, and Commerce, attend and urge forward the efforts of the Institution.

We asked whether there were not relapses. The reply was, "Many. They come in and go out, and come in again and again, but they are never refused admission, nor do I ever despair," said Mr. Lawrence. In a great majority of the relapses, the patient had left too soon. Overconfident in his good intentions, he courted temptation, and quickly fell; or some great trouble or heavy sorrow fell on him, and he fled to drink for consolation.

There yet remains a certain and notable proportion of those who never are cured, and to these we shall advert hereafter, when treating of the several classes of institutions needed. These are found to be either those who have been so long habitual drinkers that their organs are diseased by alcohol, or those who have inherited a mania for drink (as any other form of insanity is inherited), or those whose low brutal type it is impossible to elevate beyond mere animal enjoyment. What is best to be done with these is a problem that society must some day solve, but which we do not here stop to discuss.

The same Commission gives an estimate of the number of habitual drunkards—that is, of those who have lost their power of self-control, to be six hundred thousand in America. In the State of Massachusetts alone there are twenty-three thousand. Of this number, ten per cent., or twenty-three hundred, die yearly a drunkard's death, while an equal number of recruits is yearly found to take their places.

There are also calculations of what is lost in material advantages by maintaining such an army of drunkards, what is lost in the shape of wages, etc., but this would lead us too much into wearisome figures to induce us to reproduce them here.

We will now pass to the third class, or those who are sent by magisterial authority, or by committal to Inebriate Reformatories exclusively belonging to the State.

Of these there are but two—Wards Island nd Shore Sound, Long Island—neither of which indeed is wholly devoted to committed patients, but likewise receives those who pay.

Admirable as is the management at these, yet it does appear to us a great mistake to have both classes under one roof. We can understand the plea that the profits of the paying patients help to defray the cost of the committed ones, but as we were informed at Wards Island and elsewhere that the labor of the committed patients paid, and more than paid their cost, this plea will not avail.

We noticed among the boarders men to whom the very possible contact with a committed patient would be most humiliating, though the same cause brought both there, and the object of both is the same. The feeling may be stronger to us than to an American, whose theory of equality may make it more tolerable, but we believe it to be for the real advantage of both that the treatment of the two should be carried on in different places; and in this we are confirmed by the opinions of many eminent authorities.

To these institutions patients are sent, either by "the committal of the person of an habitual drunkard, or by the warrant of a justice, upon being satisfied, according to their law, that he is an habitual drunkard and incapable for such a term, not exceeding one year, as the justice may deem proper."

Similar enactments are to be found in the Acts of Incorporation of the Chicago, Pennsylvania, and Maryland establishments, but it has been found to work so ill that the clause remains a dead letter. The results of Wards Island have not yet reached us, and we have reason to fear that all the Chicago documents perished in the late conflagration.

Dr. Adams's statement, however, amounted to this, that all the work of all the establishments at Ward's Island, the grounds and gardens included, was done by the patients, and that the value of the labor more than repaid the cost—that many were reformed, and that many more would be but for two reasons—one, that the justices hardly ever sent any but very confirmed cases to Wards Island, it being so much easier to carry out the sentence by a fine, or twenty-one days in the House of Correction; the other, that no provision was made for placing those who were discharged in positions favorable to sober habits, so that they went back to their old haunts to relapse into their old vices—that, nevertheless, while residing in a Reformatory they are profitable to society, which was certainly not the case before, or while in goal; that for a whole year they are kept from crime, during which time they acquired a knowledge of an occupation and habits of industry to which they had long been strangers.

The Brooklyn or Shore Sound Asylum has not been very long at work, but such have been the results that the State has acquired extensive grounds, and is now erecting large build-

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ings, to extend its operations. Since its organization, five hundred and fifty-five admissions, including ninety-four readmissions, have taken place. Of this number, three hundred and fifty had been previously in prison for drunkenness, and eighty-five were transferred by process of law from the prison to the Home. The director, the Rev. Mr. Willet, stated that though unable, from the majority of the patients moving away in search of fresh employment and new associations, to give accurate figures of the cures, yet he fully believes that one-third are permanently cured.

We have now described as fully as our limits will permit, the existing institutions and their work, but there is one feature in the treatment of inebriates which we mention only to reprobate, and we have reason to know the system is not confined to America. It is very common there to place inebriates in ordinary lunatic asylums. This is frequently done during a period of mania (*delirium tremens*), and so far as a ready resource for momentary needs, well and good (in England there is no other resource), but they are often kept there long after their sanity is restored. Now, we hold this to be as intolerable as it is illegal. To keep a man who is on all points sane—his propensity to drink excepted—in company with, or at least in the same building with melancholics, monomaniacs, suicides, or the demented, is cruel to both. In other cases, parties are got to sign an agreement to enter an asylum, and stay there for a fixed period, and thus evade the law which makes proper certificates imperative. Whether the large profits said to result from this practice in America go into the coffers of the asylum or into the pockets of the officers, we do not pretend to say, but we shall never forget the scathing terms in which a venerable and highly honored physician at Baltimore denounced so mischievous, cruel, and dishonest a system.

We have now to look at the reverse of the picture, and to state fairly and frankly what has been urged against these Reformatory Institutions.

The objections are mainly that they are not sufficiently comprehensive, nor the powers sufficiently stringent, that the cures are neither so lasting nor so numerous as reported, that liquor is clandestinely imported by patients or others, and evasions facilitated. No objection has ever been raised from the liberty-of-the-subject point of view, nor that persons have been unkindly treated, or from interested motives improperly placed in a Reformatory. Nor has abuse of power been charged on those who direct the asylums.

The stability and duration of the cures, then, is the main objection; and from all we have met, we could get no more definite statement than that they knew A. B. and C. D. had been in this, that, and the other asylum or Home, and yet continued a helpless drunkard.

If it is borne in mind that one-half or one-third of all the admissions only are claimed as cures, there is plenty of margin to account for these failures. There is no doubt that many who are believed to be cured return again to drink, and are never really restored; but when it is remembered how long many of these had been sots before they came under any treatment, how liquor-soaked their every organ was, how impregnated with the poison of alcohol every tissue and fibre of their frame had become—then add the want of power to retain them longer than they like to stay (except in committed cases), and the wonder will be, not that the permanent reformations are so few, but that they should be so many.

The power to retain for a period adequate to confirm a cure is the key of the whole question, the pivot on which it turns; and so strongly is this felt that, at a meeting of the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, held on the 24th of November, 1871, the following resolution, which has just reached us, was carried:

"That it is desirable to give legal power to institutions for inebriates to retain their patients until, in the judgment of the proper officers of these establishments, such patients are restored to health."

Grant this power, and not only can the man whose craving overmasters his resolution be kept from going out at the wrong moment, but the secret importer of liquor who has leave to go to town can be stopped, if detected in the act, and the gates closed against any who are disreputable enough to supply those inside.

It is impossible to rate too highly the importance of preventing this secret traffic, for not only does it keep certain patients under a chronic state of alcoholism, but it places temptation before those who sought to avoid it.

The whole question of what to do with our habitual drunkards is before a Select Committee, and we hope powers will be taken sufficiently large to make the inquiry complete and exhaustive; that not only papers and records will be produced, but that those who have worked such institutions, whether with success or failure, will be examined.

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Kitty Howard's Journal.—Second Series.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

July 23.

YES, Tom, it is a great mystery, this of which I speak, and if men and women would but consider, they would perceive that life is exceedingly beautiful, that its times and seasons are full of an infinite blessedness; they would see order and design where they now behold only what is fortuitous. Let any one consider what he observes around him, and he will perceive that at middle life a woman develops into what she had previously indicated only in the germ. Her children are grown, or nearly so—she will no more be a mother—the routine of the household may safely be divided with the daughters, or dependents, and she suddenly blooms out with renewed beauty, vivacity, and lucidness of intellect. She who had been simply a good, agreeable woman enough, becomes a brilliant conversor, a delightful companion; enterprising, and wondrously self-poised.

This is the good aspect. If a woman of strong, coarse make, she blossoms out a perfect virago, a Xantippe of the first water, and her kin and neighbors wish heartily the old ducking-stool could be restored, and this fiery-tongued woman cooled down by the wholesome application of an enforced douche. If the woman be weak, mentally and physically, she fills the place of Wordsworth's Cumberland Beggar, by becoming a perpetual prompter to the Christian forbearance, and long-enduring patience of those doomed to minister to a weak, complaining invalid—one of those whom I designate as Forlornities.

Your Forlornity has the corners of the mouth perpetually drawn down. Her brow is rather drawn up, and she has not force enough to contract her eyebrows. Your Forlornity carries the head a little to one side, and the shoulders follow the same direction. The whole person has a sort of let-down look—the arms hang, and the toes incline to turn in. The expression of the face is of gentle deprecation—an exasperating deprecation, for it carries implied reproach to every body and every thing. You wish she would break out, but she never does. She "sits like patience on a monument," wearing out the patience of every body else. The very voice of your Forlornity drives you wild. It has no intonation, it neither rises nor falls, it wanders on a perpetual mediocre cadence, pitched on the side of muggy, east-wind weather. If your own step is quick and elastic, you must abate its measure in her presence, or she stares at you blankly, with a thin quill-veined hand to her side, and seems to wonder what you are made of. A rainy day consigns your Forlornity to her shawl and easy chair—a cloud gives her a chill, a thunder-storm excites her only to doleful tales of the ravages of "chain-thunder." Children dread your Forlornity—they hate her worse than they hate a scold, and in very desperation will sometimes kick up their heels and slam through the doors, threatening by their noise to totally dislocate every joint and convert every fibre of the Forlornity to a jelly. In the process of time your Forlornity disappears—how I am unable to say, but her disappearance is followed by a brisk renovation of the house from cellar to attic; the old easy chair is new vamped, and a bright eye and stirring feet come to create "sunshine in a shady place." It is the second wife.

These are the women of middle life who blossom out into something quite new and unexpected, for better or worse, and the Forlornities who evaporate, having "dwindled, peaked and pined."

Now what I, Kitty Howard, mean is this, that the maternal woman does and will give place to the executive woman, whose sphere of action is outside of the mere household. She may adhere thereto just in proportion to its needs and her own sense of responsibility, but its requirements are apt to become irksome to her, and she covets intellectual pursuits—politics, art and literature, according to her capacity, engage her attention, and she becomes the peer of the professional or official man; or, broom in hand, she is ready to "brush the cobwebs from the sky," in the way of reform; or, with a veritable broom, she scares her husband and children with her doings, or, finally, *is not*, for something has taken her.

Mem.—The woman of middle life must be let alone. She must have her own way, or worse will come of it.

Mem.—I have known more than one man so overcome by this new blooming out of his wife in middle age, that he threatened a divorce;

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another attempted to put his into an insane hospital!

MEM.—Women grow half crazy if they can not have their will. How is it with the men?

MAY.—"I declare, Kitty, the above is quite an essay, and it is the solemn truth, also, although I had never thought of how to account for certain anomalies very perceptible to an observer in my profession. I had never thought that God, by limiting the period of maternity, had prepared the way for a broader and more dignified aspect in a woman's life. I believe, also, in his design to limit sexual passion, and leave both sexes to a more Christlike and spiritual walk."

This from Tom.

MAY 10.—"Kitty," said my husband, putting back my hair and looking tenderly into my eyes: "Kitty, are you quite content?"

"No, my darling. No human being ought to be content."

"Ah! you are mystical, Kitty; I have read your essay again. I am a plain man, darling; perhaps a dull one, but it would break my heart to have you burst out into any of the tantrums you describe in women."

Then Kitty laughed, and smoothed back his beautiful grey hair, and with tears in her eyes told him how weak and poor and unenterprising she was, and that she believed the good Father had given her but one mission, that of love to husband and children, and that all her poetry was subordinate thereto."

"You are a poem, Kitty, a beautiful poem, sweet as the wind-harp, and stirring as the wind amid the cedars. I kiss the hem of your garment, my peerless wife."

How beautiful is praise from beloved lips!

MEM.—People do not praise half enough. They are too crabbed. They have words enough for blame, but none for heartfelt recognition.

MAY.—When I offered the inclosed poem to my husband he shrank back and said:

"Kitty, I am a prose man. Somehow poetry makes me miserable. I am not exalted enough to enter into your poetic moods."

"To me, darling, life without poetry would be the birds without song, the rose without its odor, a kiss without the soul."

And so Tom read my poem and smiled and kissed my brow, and we two walked hand in hand like lovers, as we are.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I gave my love a scarlet rose one day,
And sideways looked, while, leaf by leaf, he tore
Unthinkingly the bloom, and one leaf took
And gathered all the edge into a ball
And snapped it on his hand, as school-boys do:
And careless talked he love that summer day.
As the last petal fell he brushed the seeds
That lay in golden powder on his breast
With dainty fingers carefully away,
And still talked love; whereat, I, more intent
To read his heart, gave him a violet sweet,
Fresh from the dew, which his unconscious hand
Soon seized upon, and twisted all the stem
To shreds, and with white teeth he bit away
The honey bag a bee had loved. I smiled,
But kept an even breath, and listened still;
Nor rose, nor violet may win a thought,
I mentally exclaimed; nor passion wins,
Nor modest guise of the same range of love,
Can lure this man: does he ask more or less?
I gave a rose, white as a white-stoled nun,
Save maiden blush enshrined at the heart,
At which he started, smiled, and kissed the leaves,
And laid it next his heart, and still talked on.
"Oh! he can talk his love despite of flowers,
He has no awe, no reverence at the heart.
He asks a wife, because 'tis well and wise;
It pleases him to take one—nothing more.
Her soul must take its chance, *his* own must grow;
Needs aid and comfort." Thus I grimly thought.
"You do not love me," whispered he so low,
And there was sadness in his eyes; at which
I took my last, most precious bloom, the one
On which I staked my all, and held it forth.
He saw my asphodel all white yclad,
Fresh from the cold, pellucid stream, where she
Had all the night been folded in her robe
Until the rosy-fingered morning came
With her impassioned kiss to lift her lids—
My lover looked; a sad, pale look, that grew
Unto a manly awe. He bent his head
And said no more, and did not touch the gift.
The angels never wore a face more fair
Than his at this one moment, and I saw
A clear, white light upon his brow, which spread
Until my lover all transfigured grew,
And to my raptured vision he became

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The very Christ. I laid my lily down
On his dear brow, and did not kiss it once;
And so we two, since then, have walked with God.

Tom read aloud in his clear voice, and at the close he looked into my eyes most tenderly, and whispered, "Yes, we shall walk with God in the bright, eternal future."

JUNE.—David has just sailed for Europe. He has studied hard, and been admitted to the bar, but does not quite rally from that fatal love episode of his with Blanch Runyon. I saw him go with a sinking of the heart, for somehow it seems as if I shall see him no more in this world.

JUNE 19.—There is nothing in this world more beautiful than the sight of happy lovers.

The way Paul figures about pretty Lily Burns, in his sturdy, awkward manner, playing the agreeable, is a sight to do the heart good. I was reading, and Paul and Lily were so near me that I could hear their talk.

"How you do stare at me, Paul," said the pretty one, with a little pout.

"I am never tired of looking at you. You do not know how handsome you are," said honest Paul.

"Don't I though? I can guess at it, Paul, if you were not always telling me about it."

"I'm afraid such a beautiful girl will get tired of a farm-house, and that worries me sometimes;" and the dear, guileless boy kissed the pretty hand.

"Paul," whispered Lily, "will you not be there? Shall we not sing, and read, and love God always?"

"I am old-fashioned, like my mother. Let those I love be with me, and all places become paradisical."

"You dear old boy! how nice you talk. And your mother! well, she is just the nicest, and handsomest lady in the world! my father says so, and my mother, too."

It must be confessed that poetry is very attent in these two, but their simple affection is full of a living poetry. Paul, in the mean time, held a skein of worsted for Lily to wind, and I heard her ask him,

"Paul (I am glad your name is Paul), did you ever read Paul and Virginia?"

"Yes, indeed, and have shed a thousand tears over it; for boys cry about as quick as girls do, except at a flogging, and that they grin and bear, while girls scream with all their might."

"That they do," ejaculated Lily, "But isn't it a shame that they didn't live to be married, and love and be happy on that beautiful island?"

"You mean Paul and Virginia? Yes, it always seemed when I was a boy that they ought to have lived!" said Paul, with his bright, honest eyes suffused with tears. He seemed startled by some painful association. I observed that Lily smiled when he spoke as if no longer a boy, and the eyes of the two lovers met in beautiful recognition. Lily blushed slightly, and soon came and took her seat at my side. I could not refrain a kiss upon her fair young brow.

Here will be an altogether suitable marriage—in age, position, character, well adapted. Lily is a little too yielding, perhaps, but as Paul is all kndness, all truth and prosaic manhood, her fault is one that Goldsmith so aptly describes as leaning "to virtue's side," and which Paul will never impose upon.

My husband long ago gave Paul a tract of land, which he has been assidiously cultivating. I observe he has planted rows of trees, and has left a suitable place for a house. He has terraced the ground to the river's brink, and thrown a rustic bridge over a trout stream, which he has strown with pebbles and planted with cresses, and, by the aid of art, widened to a pond, and made into miniature water-falls. Here, under the shade of an elm is a chair constructed of roots—there is a wall of stumps, the "fantastic roots" towering in the air, over which the wild grape and clematis and woodbine are made to climb in wild luxuriance; and here is the haunt of the squirrel, the bee and the bird, and from it a cool shadow deepens the trout-pond. Turf seats and mossy dells are found in unexpected glades, and already a barn gives shelter to some fine cattle, and receives the produce of the hay and harvest fields. I have been proud to see my handsome boy stripped to his toil, working with his own hands, with the sweat pouring from his brow; now mounting an eminence to catch the effect of some experiment in the picturesque, and now turning aside to his Latin or French, and then grappling with some geometric problem.

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Here and there are pretty shady walks, with little bower at the close, a pretty descent to the river, where is a Titania-like beach with silver sand, and a granite seat under the old pine tree. It is plain to be seen that Paul has worked with a great love it his heart, a hope, an expectation of luring thither

"Some creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,"

and Lily has been the confident of many a plan, which she aided with as little self-consciousness as a bird that builds its nest.

Mrs. Burns is a perfectly lovely woman, with fine conjugal and maternal instincts, and it is a pleasure for us two mothers to meet together and talk over the prospects of our children; to watch their happy love, their fresh, generous and most beautiful youth; their sweet simple piety. Their attachment seems as natural as sunshine—a thing no more to be questioned than the budding of the rose, as spring-time merges toward summer; or the appearance of the water-lily when all the streams are warm with the sweet breath of the tender south wind.

I have said that Paul is not brilliant; no more is he, but he is very comfortable. I know just where to find him. The very soul of truth and honor is written in his ingenuous face; so uncompromising is he in all things, he goes straight to the mark of all that is right to be done, has such a sturdy endurance of toil, so confronts peril, so grapples with unpalatable realities, that I am learning to see that he has in him those elements that make up the true man always, and when the stress comes make the hero.

My tender Rachel and Lily and Paul live like pretty fairies, or young angels whose wings have not budded, and they talk over their plans with us all listening with the utmost candor. When they part at night it is with innocent kisses, and often a slight shade as each says, "We will pray the dear Father in Heaven to bless David." Ah! yes, my beautiful, gifted boy is learning that those who are worthy to tread the wine-press of suffering must tread it alone, and thus I wrote the following:

ALONE.

Alone, alone in utmost need,
The true soul banning evil deed,
And heart that breaks not though it bleed.

All, all alone to solve the doubt—
To work our life-long problem out—
Casting our feeble hands about

For human help, for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear,
Forgetting God is always near.

The loveliest face hath never brought
Its fairest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought—

And beauty in the highest art
Slips from the painter's hand apart,
And leaves him pining at the heart;

And music borne by echo back
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts cry alas! alack!

Love seeks in vain some answer
To that deep meaning of its own
Known unto God himself alone.

The wine-press must alone be trod—
The burning plowshare pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

MEASURING THE FEET.—In measuring the feet for boots or shoes, should the person stand or sit?

ANS.—If possible stand, especially in getting the length and width of the foot. In walking, the foot expands about one-tenth, and allowance should be made for this. A shoe is usually sized by its length only, but it should be sized by both length and breadth. Considering the great injury that comes from tight, ill-shapen shoes, we can not be too careful to prevent distorting the feet by making the toes over-ride or crowd each other. The compression of children's feet by tight leather shoes is cruel. It is better for the feet for children to go barefooted in warm weather.

STEEL HOOPS.—Do steel hoops worn in ladies' skirts act as conductors of electricity, and in this way injure the health of women?

ANS.—No. They might possibly conduct away the electricity of the body if worn so as to touch the skin, but not touching the body at any point they can do no harm in this way.

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Healthfulness of Minnesota.

I HAVE been nearly a year in the State of Minnesota, and am convinced that this State is a most desirable residence for those threatened with lung and throat diseases. I base this belief upon actual experience, close observation, and the careful employment of every means of amassing information that has come within my reach. I have, in my own case, experienced benefit; I have collected a list of actual cases to base my reasoning upon, and I have buttonholed every man and woman whom I could upon the subject—among them those who have been from ten to sixteen years resident here.

Midway between the great oceans, high in its altitude above the sea, a new country, of a pure, cold, bracing climate, exceedingly dry, as carefully kept accounts of the weather for the last eleven months show, very electrical, the air highly oxygenated—the State is naturally fitted to be a great reservoir of health for all, and particularly adapted to the wants of those suffering from or threatened with lung or throat troubles.

This much for the State at large; now for the best location in the State. I have been in many cities in Minnesota, and I give a unanimous verdict in favor of Faribault, as a residence for the invalid; and I therefore write this article in behalf of this snug little Western city, because in doing so, I believe I am at the same time writing in behalf of sufferers, the East and South over. I believe it to be the point to which persons in search of a pleasant, quiet, economical place of temporary residence may find what they desire.

Faribault is a city of above four thousand population. "They claim" five thousand, but like certain other claims we wot of, and which are just now threatening to create a little disturbance between two nations of the same language and literature, considerable allowance must be made in this matter of "claims," *cum grano salis*, always.

Faribault is situated in the angle formed by the junction of Strait and Cannon Rivers, and is built partly upon the high and beautiful bluffs that overlook the former of these rivers, and partly and mostly on the broad plain that lies between the rivers.

The scenery around is quiet but beautiful. Close by are several lakes of considerable size and of much beauty. Fish abound in these waters, and in season ducks. Streams are near by to tempt the lover of trout. Beautiful drives may be easily reached from almost any direction, and rates of livery place the pleasant and beneficial recreation of driving within the means of all.

There is here pleasant society, something not always to be found in the smaller Western cities. Indeed, in this respect, I think this city ranks next to St. Paul and Minneapolis, second to none in the State, or perhaps the entire West.

The rates of board here are very much lower in hotels and private houses. The trouble with many strangers coming to Minnesota for health is, that they have never heard of any of the middle cities, and so rush right for St. Paul or Minneapolis, where they pay high prices for small comforts, and too often find their means exhausted before they have fully tested the benefits of the climate.

In Faribault the means of the invalids go just twice as far, and so far as healthfulness he is just as well off if not a little better.

A new house—the Fairview—is begun, and will be ready for occupancy in soon, just the time at which the invalid who is going to test the value of Minnesota should be turning his face toward the setting sun.

This house is to be large and commodious, and it is erected for the express entertainment of invalids and tourists, by some New York ladies, who desire to make it a comfortable and attractive home for those who need rest and recreation in the life-giving air of Minnesota.

Fairview is situated a half-mile or less from the city, on the bluff overlooking the city proper. The grounds comprise some seven acres, which are in time to be tastefully laid out with attractive walks and shady resting places. Ample facilities will be provided for those who desire them, for driving, riding and boating; also, for gymnastic and other exercises, when the weather is less favorable for out-door amusement.

For such persons as have children to educate, there are attractions of an unusually high order in Faribault. St. Mary's Hall, an Institute for girls and young ladies, six years established un-

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der the immediate supervision of Bishop Whipple and his family—with a corps of eight resident teachers, and commanding the entire confidence of the community and State—affords a most desirable place for the education of their daughters, at very moderate rates for board and tution. Present number, forty-five boarders and about the same number of day scholars.

Shattuch Hall is a day and boarding school for boys, at present under the charge of Rev. Jas. Dobbin—an Episcopal institution also—about sixty pupils at present. It is a military school, having an army officer lately detached for the purpose of drilling the cadets.

Not far off is the Bishop Seabury Seminary of Theology; there are some twenty young men preparing for the duties of the ministry. These institutions are all endowed—partly or wholly—and are considered to be in thriving condition. The professors and teachers, male and female, of those institutions (some twenty in number) add greatly to the society of this little city, and give a literary atmosphere to the place.

The "Memorial Chapel" is designed for the Students of Shattuch Grammar School and Seabury Hall. It is a beautiful structure of granite—the munificient gift of a lady for the use of the literary institutions of Faribault.

Near the Seminary is the fire-proof Library of the same. There the student will find many rare books. The gentlemanly librarian will take pleasure in showing strangers the curiosities of the building. It has six thousand volumes. Among other rare volumes is a copy of the "Bishop's" Bible: 1572. In the Bible the present division of verses for the first time appeared in an authorized English version. It is, it will be observed, in its three hundredth year. It is printed in old black letter, has illuminated capitals, wood-cuts, etc., and is a venerable relic of the past. Besides this, are the works of Tertullian, 1641; Thomas Aquinas, 1604; Justin Martyr, 1686; and the works of Bellarmine in three volumes—Ingrolstadt, 1590. Also "History of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, 1667—poor Sir Walter! how his eyes would open to live in the nineteenth century and read it over now-a-days! And one more thing I must mention—a description of Egyptian antiquities, engraved and published under the auspices of Napoleon the Great.

Public Schools, of course, abound, and it is the boast of Minnesota, that it has the largest school fund, the finest buildings, and the best public school system in the Union.

The State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, beautifies the bluff with its large handsome French-roofed buildings. This institution is under the efficient management of Prof. J. L. Noyes.

It numbers about eighty pupils. Since its organization, during a period of ten years, there has been *little sickness* and *no deaths*, although its inmates are mostly gathered from that unfortunate class who have lost either sight or hearing from those sicknesses incident to childhood, and that so often leave the physical system permanently impaired. These facts afford additional proof of the great healthfulness of the climate.

As to churches, there is the usual number of rival denominations of course. The Bishop's Cathedral, a costly edifice of stone—Gothic in structure—built at a cost of about sixty thousand dollars—is the handsomest. The Plymouth Congregational Church, ranks next in point of beauty. There are some half-dozen of the other denominations, from which the invalid, if able to attend worship, may choose according to his taste and notions.

A Church Reading-room, a Circulating Library, with the entire Tauchnitz edition, and many other books, perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand, furnish those wishing it with light and other reading.

In fine, I know not where an invalid, outside of the two large cities of the State, will find an equal amount of comfort and convenience. A clergyman, temporarily here, and not an interested dealer in real estate, I have written this brief account of this pleasant little Western city, simply and solely because I know the above facts to be so, and because I know of no other small place equaling it as a place of temporary residence for an invalid, and because I hope in this way to be of some slight service to my kind, by these pages. For the information of the traveler wishing to stop here, I will only add that Faribault is situated directly on the Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, about fifty miles northeast of St. Paul.

R. W. L.

OLD AGE is that twilight or evening of life. If our early years were well spent, this evening, like that of a summer's day, will be calm and serene. Were our views bounded to seventy years, such a calm ending would be worth every wise man's pursuit, and if we carry our ideas beyond this narrow circle, and contemplate a future existence, is it not madness to deviate from a path which leads to a happy eternity!

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EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

I. In the struggle for existence between man and man, who is most likely to succeed?

ANS.—Darwin says that we may naturally conclude that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply. It would be well if the young would bear this in mind, as few can escape during some part of their lives this struggle for existence. It may be a gentle one, but it is quite likely to be severe, and if so, the more vigor and cheerfulness one has the more easily will it be borne.

HARD WATER.

II. OMAHA, July 21, 1872.—Mr. Editor: I am very much interested and instructed in reading your Studies in Hygiene, and would like to know what is the effect on the system of water strongly impregnated with lime.

ANS.—It has long been a popular opinion that drinking lime-water gives rise to calculi, or stone in the bladder. Many medical men hold the same opinion. Prof. Gamgee asserts that sheep are affected in the same way in the lime districts. Where the amount of lime is very small, probably no perceptible effect would be produced. The goitre, it is well known, is caused by lime-water to the amount of seventy-five, or over, grains to the gallon. Twenty-five grains to the gallon will not produce it. Nearly all well or spring-water contains a little lime, but that which contains the least is the best.

STRENGTH OF MAN AND HORSE.

III. How much more muscular work can a horse do in a day than a man?

ANS.—About ten times as much, allowing that both were very strong and healthy.

CARRYING WEIGHTS.

IV. How much weight can a man carry a distance of twenty miles in a day?

ANS.—A pack-pedlar says it is a hard day's work for him to carry twenty-eight pounds twenty miles. Few people could do half so much. He had been trained to it.

INVALID SERVANTS.

V. May an invalid be waited on by an invalid servant?

ANS.—It is far better that the servants in an invalid's house should be healthful. Invalids are greatly benefited by living among robust peop e.

GRAPES.

VI. How many grapes can a family consume with advantage daily?

ANS. A good many, but don't mix them up in the stomach with potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. They may be used with bread and meat freely. Let them be ripe, and in the best condition. The following from Mr. Bateman, a well-known horticulturist of Northern Ohio, will help our querist. He says that "few people as yet, even among those who grow and use grapes, have any correct appreciation of their value as daily food. Last year my family consisted of ten persons—six of them children from four to six years of age—and occasional visitors, perhaps having an average of eleven persons. Having a vineyard of six acres, of a dozen or more varieties of good grapes, and the crop abundant and cheap, I supplied the household without stint, taking care to furnish two or more varieties at each meal, alternating them so as not to pall the appetites, as will soon be the case if only one or two kinds are eaten freely.

POTATOES.

VII. Are potatoes a good article of food for sedentary people?

ANS.—Potatoes are more important than other vegetable as a variety of human food, and on the score of their economy are advantageously used in large quantities by those who work hard out of doors, though their nutritive value is not great. They are, however, easily cultivated, easily kept, easily cooked, and easily digested; but being wanting in fat and nitrogenous matter, they require to be eaten in conjunction with those kinds of

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food which will supply the deficiency. They should be white and mealy. Sedentary people who have weak digestion, had better not eat very largely of potatoes, especially new ones, or those that are very old.

HYSTERIA.

VIII. Should persons with hysteria have a doctor, and take medicine?

Ans.—Dr. Samuel Wilkers, an eminent physician, writes strongly against both doctors and medicine for hysteria. He says: "It sometimes surprises me that medical men declare their utter helplessness while standing by the bedside of an hysterical patient. They will confess that all means have been tried in vain, that there is no real disease to cure, that it is an imaginary or nervous disorder, and nothing can be done, when it is their own presence in the case which constitutes the very root and foundation of the malady. Let us take the case of a girl who goes to her bed with an ideal paralysis of the legs, or some similar disorder. She sinks into a morbid state, and puts on a second nature; she becomes the centre of a world of her own creating; she is the interesting invalid, she receives the sympathies of inquiring friends, the care of nurses, the consolation of the clergymen, and, above all, the daily visit of the medical practitioner, who prescribes appropriate physic. This is her perverted life, this is 'her little game.' Now and then the physician is called in, who gives his opinion that a great deal of the malady is due to hysteria, orders some iron and quinine, and perhaps galvanism, and so the play goes on. The medical man declares that he has tried every means, and failed. Does he not see that the whole affair is a drama of the patient's own creation, and she the central figure of the piece? She is to be ill, she is to have her doctor, and enjoy, in her morbid way, all the interesting surroundings of the invalid. Does he not see that to cure her, he must break into the charmed circle and, to spoil the play, he must get rid of some of the performers? And does he not see that, even if he has no influence over others, he might withdraw himself? Here is a young lady, who says, 'I will be ill, and have a doctor to attend me.' How can she accomplish this if the latter declines to obey her behests? or if he accepts the post, how can he, in the name of common sense, say he cannot break her of her fancy while he is a party to it? If he sees clearly the truth of what I have been saying, his duty is, as professional adviser to the family of the patient, to retire, and use his influence to prevent the calling in of another medical man. I have myself seen, in several instances, where such advice has been given, and the parents have said to their child, 'We will have no more doctors,' that recovery has at once ensued. In one of the worst cases of hysteria I ever saw, where a young lady had been bedridden for three years, and during this time must have swallowed hogsheads of physic, and her body covered with leeches and blisters without number, besides being well rubbed with tartar emetic ointment, the medical attendant suddenly died, when the father declared that his daughter was ruining him, and that he would have no more doctors. From that time she began to recover, and may now be seen walking about quite well. Of course, if the medical man be wise and judicious, he may adopt various plans to break up the scheme of the young lady who has become the presiding genius, not only in the household, but in the whole family circle for miles around. My complaint is against the acts of a medical man who pays a daily visit to his patient, sends her physic, to be taken every four hours, besides sleeping draughts, prescribes a very particular regimen, consisting of all kinds of delicacies, commencing with rum and milk in the morning, and then says he cannot cure her of an imaginary complaint.

EATING AND DRINKING.

IX. Is not eating and drinking a humiliating act, rather than an ennobling, elevating one?

Answer.—No. There are those who pretend that it is humiliating to be afflicted by purely animal needs; others, on the contrary, are of opinion that as feeding is a delectable operation, we ought to be very thankful that we can perform it so frequently; a third class thinks nothing about it either way, while doctors, economists, and historians regard eating as a grave question, as one of the keys to health, and as a serious element in the progress of civilization. And there is another point of view, more interesting still. We meet to eat; our repasts are made in company, they bring families and friends together, they exercise a unifying effect of enormous force. Our dinners may, however, be a source of gluttony and dissipation, if we will make them so. Should not each one determine that they shall minister to good, and not to evil. We should always go to the table with a cheerful spirit and keep cheerful as long as we sit there, and make others so too.

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LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XI.

HEARING.

HEARING is one of the five senses which we are to have a lesson on. The other four we have told you something about. Hearing is all done inside the ears. What we all call the ears are not the organs of hearing, but the ear is really divided into an external part, which we see, and an internal ear, which we cannot see. The external ear likes to be seen better than any thing else,and when well formed it adds very much to the beauty of the head and face. If the ear is too large, it is not as beautiful as when small, but the chief beauty of an ear is in its shape. We rarely look at ears very much, and too often hide them under the hair, which is not wise.

The finest ears are neither very large nor very small. They should be distinctly seen from the front, but they must not stick out too much.

You will ask me what is the use of this external ear which we see, if not to hear with? Well, it does help us to hear—that is, we can hear better with it than without it, but we could hear the loud noises without it. What the external ear does is to catch the sound and turn it into the internal ear, just as the funnel catches the water you try to pour into the jug. You could turn it in without a funnel, but it would take longer, and you would spill some of it over the side. The external is only a funnel, to turn in the sound.

Birds don't have any external ears. Some time when you catch a chicken, duck or goose, or one of your beautiful pigeons, notice this, if you can. You will find only a little opening, or hole. They can hear well enough no doubt, but you and I could not hear so well this way.

The internal ear is a most curious structure, and I will not try to describe it to you. Very few people know much about it. Even the doctors, except a few, cannot give a perfect description of it, unless they read it from a book. You must know, however, that there is in the ear a nerve from the brain, spread out on a membraneous labyrinth, the business of which is to hear. This nerve cannot do any thing else. The nerve of the eye sees; of the nose, smells; of the tongue, tastes; of the fingers and skin, feels; but this particular nerve of the ear hears. How it hears, is yet one of those divine mysteries not yet known to man. We may know the process of hearing and all about the organs, but just how this nerve gets hold of the curious and varied noises in the world and carries a report up to the brain is the most marvelous of all.

Now try a few experiments in hearing. Listen while some one talks, and you hear every word. How does it happen? Listen again. Is it not curious that you can tell whether it is a boy laughing or crying, or singing, or whether it is a cricket on the hearth, or a dog out of doors, or a cat mewing, or a sheep, or horse, or ox calling, or a pig squealing. Hark! do you hear that thunder? and yet you did not see it—could not see it. How is it the thunder comes down from the sky into the room, and into your ears? For a part of the thunder does come down into the very room you are in, right into your ears, and up to your brain, yet you cannot see it come. Now what is it that comes, that you can not see? Noise, that is all; and it is the business of the ear to hear noises, and tell what kind they are. What is an ear good for that can't do this! Suppose the ear could not tell one noise from another, what use would it be to us? You see the ear has to be educated. I don't mean that you have to send it to school, but you have to make it pay attention to all the noises, and learn to tell one from another. A baby could not do this. Now what is a noise? Try and get hold of it try; and examine it. You can find nothing. Your room might be full of horrid noises, and you could not see one of them. Get the dictionary and see what that says. Ah! a *noise* is a *sound*. Yes, that is about the same as saying a dog is a dog. Well, turn over and see what a sound is. There are a good many definitions to the word. A sound man means one not sick; a sound tooth means one not decayed. That will not do. Ah!—here it is, a sound is a noise. Yes, a noise is a sound, and a sound is a noise. A dictionary is a book, and a book is a dictionary. No, that won't do. Well, we will try once more. A sound is a vibration of the air. Now we have got it. Now what is a vibration? We can't see the air, so we must try something else. Get a tuning-fork, or a pitch-fork, and strike one end on something hard.

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Now look. You can see the vibration. Well, when you talk, the air vibrates in the same way, and it is this vibration of the air that we hear. Now stand apart and talk to some one. Your voice makes the air vibrate, and the vibration can go clear across the room to your father's ear, and he can tell whether you said papa or mamma, or something else. You never thought it very wonderful, but this is because you have been accustomed to it all your life. It is to me more wonderful than the sun, moon, and stars. More than this, you can not only hear what is said, but tell which way a sound comes from. Try and see if you can't. Shut your eyes first, then let noises be made in different parts of the room, of different kinds. So also you can, by education, tell all the various noises, what they are, and all about them. The ear can be educated in a great many ways. Some musicians, for instance, can tell, when listening to a hundred instruments all at once, if one single note is not played correctly. You and I could not do this. Perhaps some time you may be able to.

Which do you think is worth most, the eye or the ear—which of the boys and girls will tell me? I think the eye is worth the most, because if we were blind we could not go about and get what we want. Still the ear is worth a great deal. Just think how much you have learned to-day, and how much you have enjoyed from your ears. Persons who cannot see, generally have better hearing than those who can. They are obliged to pay close attention with their ear to every little sound.

Once there was a blind pedlar who went all alone about London, selling lace. He could tell a policeman by the way he walked; he could tell when he was near a lamp-post, or a man, or a cross-street. He could even tell something of the character of people, by hearing their footstep.

Sometimes the ear gets sick, or weak; sometimes the ear-wax stops it up. Then you must wash it out with warm water. This ear-wax is worthy of a passing word. It is useful to keep the parts soft and pliable. If it gets dry and hard the hearing is not so good, but you must not let it do this. The ears, like the teeth, should be kept clean.

Very loud noises injure the ear very much. Men in battle, who fire off cannon, often spoil their ears by it. Men who work in shops where boilers are made are liable to have their ears get out of order too.

When the nerve of hearing gets palsied by age or disease, then you will lose your hearing. Some people are born so, and have to learn to talk with signs made by the hands. Within a few years many teachers of the deaf and dumb have been trying to teach such children to speak, but it takes a long time. It is very hard for a boy or girl who cannot hear to learn to talk plainly. You see the ear helps us in talking, and talking again helps our ears. Take good care of your ears. Don't listen to naughty stories with them or vile words, but only what is good and true; or if you are obliged sometimes to do so, don't learn to use such words yourselves. I hope you will cultivate your ears to listen to beautiful music and the pleasant sweet voices in the world, and not to what is harsh and hard.

Every week the ear-wax should be removed, by a small ivory ear-scoop, and not by a pin, or the finger. If an insect crawls into the ear, which rarely happens, pour in a few drops of sweet oil to smother it, but don't hurt the ear getting it out. Better not wear cotton in the ear very much; it is not good to do so. Don't pull your ears, as it gets them out of shape. Teachers and parents should never pull or box children's ears, as sometimes the hearing is spoiled by it, and more often it spoils the temper. When you go out of doors in very cold weather in winter, be careful and not freeze your ears.

I suppose some of you girls will want your ears pierced by and by, to put rings in them. The more civilized and elevated people become, the less is this done. I hope you will never wear large, coarse, ugly looking things in your ears. If you wear rings at all, choose small and handsome ones. You will notice that the more uncultivated people are, the larger and coarser ornaments they wear. For my part, I think a handsome ear is pretty enough without any ornament, and if the ear is not handsome, you cannot make it so by any thing you can put in it.

This is all I shall tell you to-day. Next month I will tell you about the hands and feet.

QUESTIONS FOR LESSON XI.

1. When do we hear?
2. How many ears have we?
3. Can you see both ears?
4. Which one hears?
5. What is the use of the ear we can see?
6. If this ear was cut off, could you hear?
7. What makes the ears hear?
8. What do we hear?
9. What is a noise, and a sound?
10. When it thunders, does any of the thunder go into your ears?
11. Can all people hear alike?
12. What can a good musician do?
13. Could you do the same?
14. Which is worth the most, eye or ear?

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

One Glass More.—

Stop, foolish man, why hurry thus?
Destruction soon you'll steal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel.

Disease and death are always nigh,
Are standing at the door,
Waiting to hear that doleful cry,
Of give me one glass more.

Go see the prisoner in his cell,
And all his life-time scan,
Then look upon that earthly hell,
Where rum can place a man.

O God, wipe off those children's tears,
Stop sorrow at their door;
And whisper in their youthful ears,
"Your father drinks no more!"

[Dr. J. H. Kurtz.

The Naked Truth.—

A little volume of fables in verse, and in the Spanish language, by Jose Rosas, has met with such favor in Mexico that the city authorities have adopted it as a reading book for schools. The following is a translation of one of the fables:

Beautiful Truth, once in the days of yore,
Put on the brave array
Which then the goddesses of Hellas wore,
And issued to the day
Robed in such sort, with graces so divine,
That men, adoring, built to her a shrine.
The gods, indignant at the sight,
Rose in defense of their invaded right.
"Horror and infamy," they cried,
"And profanation!" and they came and went,
Pacing the ambrosial court from side to side,
Till a wild tumult filled the firmament.

Jove, to appease their fury, left the skies
And quickly stood before
The shrine of Truth, determined to chastise!
The sacrilege; he tore
From her the regal mantle which she wore,
And stripped the robe away,
And flung to Falsehood's hand
Mantle and robe to serve for her array,
And gave to Truth this terrible command:
"Be thou for ever naked from this day."

And therefore, reader, let not Truth be blamed,
If evermore, since then,
She hides in corners, humbled and ashamed,
And rarely seen of men.

[W. C. Bryant, in The N. Y. Ledger.

Foolish, Cowardly, and Wicked.—

FOOLISH.

Never tell lies!
It is unwise
To try to deceive your neighbor;
For, without doubt,
You'll be found out,
And then you'll have lost your labor.

COWARDLY.

Never tell lies!
Always despise
The meanness and cowardice of lying!
Do not evade,
Don't be afraid,
And the truth never think of denying.

WICKED.

Never tell lies!
God will arise
In judgment against the deceiver!
False lips and tongue,
In old or young,
Will be banished his presence for ever.

[Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw.

Silenced.—

"FOR DAISY."

"Child," said the fair lady coldly, "who sought your hand for the dance?
Who smiled upon you, and boldly answered your merriest glance?"

"He is my friend, O my mother, I have known like him not one!
Noble as he, not another! He is the carpenter's son."

Girl! you must know him no better. Friend you can call him no more,
Mark what I bid to the letter, bring me no churl to my door."

Sad drooped the head of the maiden, child-hearts must learn how to ache—
Then with her bright eyes tear-laden, low in her sweet voice she spake:

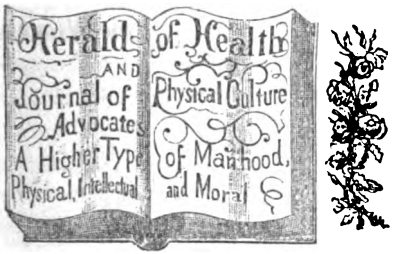
"Tell me, I pray you, my mother, since I'm an ignorant girl
And I have played he's my brother, why did you call him a churl?"

"*You* claim descent from a proud earl, *he* is a carpenter's son!"
"Mother! do you call our LORD churl?" Words spake the lady, not one;

[Caroline E. Lackland.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1872.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

CALIFORNIA AS A RESIDENCE FOR INVALIDES.—*To the Editor of* THE HERALD OF HEALTH —DEAR SIR: If we are not a nation of invalids, we, at least, have a large class of citizens compeled to seek for places of healthful resort. To say nothing of the crowds who flock to Newport, Saratoga, Avon, and elsewhere—not in obedience to fashion but in pursuit of health—great numbers endure the tortures of a semi-annual passage by rail or by sea, for the sake of a few months in Florida. Yet others of our best countrymen and women are driven to more permanent exile in Cuba, Nassau, Italy, and the South of France. To all these or their successors, it is of value to know that we have in the United States a region with a winter as mild and uniform as Florida—without its summer fevers—and a summer as cool as Newport; affording at home, under the national flag, and soon to be within easy access from every part of the country, all the sanitary conditions enjoyed at Marseilles, Genoa, or Nice.

This favored spot is in the southern portion of California, upon the Pacific coast, and near the terminus of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. Probably no part of our vast country is less known than California, especially the southern portion of it. The comparatively recent settlement of the State, and its mining character, have exempted its soil and climate from that minute scrutiny accorded the older and more exclusively agricultural States. Again, the variety of climate found within the borders of the State, the widely different conclusions to which explorers, tourists, and temporary visitors have been led by their varied observations and experiences, have served to confound and mislead even those seeking to know the truth.

The writer does not claim a more extended knowledge than others. He only hopes to be taught by their experiences, and to deduce from the varied opinions, and his own observations and inquiries, a morsel of genuine judgment respecting the southern part of this wonderful State.

One can scarcely commend the northern coast of California to invalids, or those seeking an atmosphere free from damp fogs and chilly winds. There are, it is true, certain places like San Rafael, and Santa Cruz, enjoying so peculiar advantages of location and exposure, as to entirely isolate them from the major portion of the northern coast. But real salubrity of climate and exemption from chilly fog and penetrating wind are only found, south of Point Conception, two hundred and fifty miles below San Francisco. Here the coast tends due east for seventy miles, and thence southeast to the

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Mexican border. This peculiar conformation, together with the mountainous islands near, imparts at once a semi-tropical and healthful character to the adjacent coast region.

The sanitary and climatic conditions of the interior of the State differ widely. The most fertile valleys are often miasmatic, and some of the mountainous regions have rheumatic exposures. The winter climate of all Southern California is mild and equable, but many localities are subject to severe winds, great heat or extremes unfavorable alike to comfort and health. Caution is necessary in choosing a location, if one is susceptible to atmospheric influences. Unfortunately here as elsewhere, it is hardly safe to accept the testimony of interested parties—residents—as to the advantages of a given locality. A few months', or better, a year's residence before purchasing is every way desirable. I heard *one* honest expression from a man who had recently purchased a sand plain in Los Angeles County rich for vineyard, who said he was only waiting for "another as big a fool" to whom to sell.

There are favored spots in Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Los Angeles and San Diego counties, that seem to unite the essentials of a perfect climate for persons subject to bronchial or lung disease. If a very dry air is requisite, points somewhat removed from the coast may be preferred, though upon the Bay of San Diego, the proportion of moisture in the atmosphere is very small. Inland localities are subject to greater extremes of heat; rarely however to as intense a degree in the day-time as New York City, while the nights are invariably cool. Those who during the "heated term" in New York, early in July, sought in vain for rest and sleep in their coolest apartments, where the thermometer recorded ninety-two degrees at midnight, can understand the luxury of a summer-night's temperature always so cool as to render a blanket's covering agreeable. Hot, sultry nights are the rule at Fort Yuma, on the Colorado River, but upon the coast they are *absolutely unknown*.

The objection frequently made to Southern California, that the climate lacks the healthful stimulus afforded by the cold frosty air of the North, has little force as applied to regions like Santa Barbara and San Diego, where the nights are always cool. A sultry summer's heat induces a depression of the system calling for the tonic of frosty air. Hence, Nature's provision of winter. In these favored spots one is saved the prostration of continued heat, and enjoys the diurnal recuperation afforded by a cool, bracing, night air. The beneficial influences of this single feature of the atmosphere of Southern California, has never been fully appreciated. Those whose happy privilege it is to rise each morning inspirited by the life-giving currents inhaled during sleep, enjoy the luxury, yet scarce know the source of their uniform vigor and elasticity. My purpose is to aid in opening up these "regions of hope" to the multitude scattered over our country who wake each day with lassitude and weakness, and retire every night in weariness and despair; and to point out the means whereby the blessings of so glorious a climate may be enjoyed.

One can not live upon air alone. Climate is not the only essential. A residence in any given locality involves other questions. The means of subsistence, the conveniences and comforts, or trials and vexations incident to the locality are of primal interest and importance. Florida with an unexceptionably good climate a portion of the year, has real peril in its malarious swamps, and discomforts in too many of its homes.

Southern California has almost a perfect climate the entire year, and no malaria; but one can not expect to find the face of the country an exact counterpart of this. A change thither from the Northern or Atlantic States is in some respects a transfer to a new world. Our glorious forests are unknown to the coast region; mountains they have, but they are barren in appearance; the summer verdure of our landscape gives place to a brown and sterile looking hill-side and plain; while, instead of the winter's snow, one enjoys a summer green; in place of our limpid streams they have dry and sandy

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river beds; and for cool springs, wells of water too warm for pleasant drinking. For such differences as these one should go well prepared. But the desolate unproductiveness is in appearance only. The beauty of the fairest landscape is there in more than outline. Nature has but to be properly persuaded to afford flower, plant and tree of the most brilliant tropical colors, in a setting of luxuriant green. The dry and barren looking soil waits only "to be inquired of" through root and seed duly planted and watered, to render a thousand-fold return. No where is the earth more bounteous and prolific.

The absence of snow in winter, relieves one of all the preparation and care requisite to resist the frost. Water is readily found below the surface, and at just the temperature for irrigation. A night's exposure fits it for drinking. The range of products and the capacity for successive crops is marvelous to the uninitiated. The olive, almond, walnut, orange, lemon, fig, castor-bean and the choicest hothouse table and raisin-grapes can all be cultivated with large and profitable results. There are besides the pomegranate, apricot, peach, pear and apple, the melon, citron, and every vegetable grown in semi-tropical and temperate zones.

Nine out of ten who go to Southern California, will buy too much land. Ten acres here *is* enough; and no one should own more than forty or eighty, unless he seeks the mountains with cattle or sheep. Farms of ten or twenty acres will in three years begin to yield a certain and large return; while the cost of present subsistence—with beef and mutton ten cents a pound, and fresh vegetables from one's own ground each month in the year—need not be great.

Among the few localities conceded by all to afford the most dry, uniform, and healthful climate, I have chosen two which seem to me most inviting to emigrants by reason of the present condition and future prospects of their social and business interests. National City on the Bay of San Diego and Santa Barbara, are these two places. Santa Barbara lies in a beautiful sheltered valley with a southern exposure and a "rear guard" of grand old mountains—the Santa Inez Range. It has the more humid atmosphere, and the more inviting landscape, since here the live oak abounds. But as the valley is limited in area, and the place is already known over the State as a health resort, prices are high. Land near town brings from one hundred dollars per acre up, and one must go some miles away for lower prices. But a present market is afforded for small fruits, and remunerative enterprises on a small scale could be entered upon without delay.

Here, too, the society is better at present, and promises always to be good; but the future growth can hardly be rapid, and as I have suggested has already been largely discounted by speculators.

The shore of the Bay of San Diego embraces three towns, Old San Diego, New San Diego and National City, within a distance of twelve miles. The central town has the present business, but I have chosen the last named point because much of the real estate at San Diego has already changed hands many times, under titles none too perfect; and, for the limited area susceptible of cultivation, prices are too high for profitable investment, hardly safe purchase. The exact terminus of the Texas Pacific Railroad is veiled in uncertainty. To unprejudiced minds however, there can be little doubt as to the location, since the natural advantages and ease of construction are in favor of the new city, where also by far the largest tract of land is offered the railroad company for depot purposes.

At National City the space for a large town and extended suburbs is ample. Farm lands within three to five miles of the bay can be bought as low as thirty to forty dollars per acre, and choice sites nearer town at slightly increased prices. The extensive "Rancho de la Nacion" secured a few years ago by two enterprising New Hampshire men, W. C. & F. A. Kimball, embraces more than twenty-five thousand acres of tillable land, including as fine a

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site for a city as any on the continent. The location is upon a beautiful bay—an ample harbor—and the soil is admirable for roads and tillage. One can here within three years—the probable time for the completion of the T. & P. R. R.—enjoy all the advantages of a railroad terminus and commercial centre, with an abundant market, and heavy manufacturing and business interests. At present a mere hamlet, there is destined to rise a town of several thousand inhabitants; and that within a very few years. Thus will be afforded employment for every variety of talent, and a field for the display of every department of skill.

The peculiar sanitary advantages of these localities may be summed up as follows:

1. *A dry healthful atmosphere.*—San Diego has ten inches less rain-fall than Marseilles, fourteen less than Genoa, thirty-three less than New York. Although upon the coast, the relative moisture in the atmosphere is small, and the occasional fogs are dry like those of Newport.

2. *An equal temperature.*—The sudden changes so common elsewhere, and so trying to sensitive organizations are here absolutely unknown. The record of an entire month, June, has given a range of only twelve degrees. Between the mean of January and July, there is at San Diego a range of twenty-one degrees, Mentone thirty-three, Marseilles thirty-two, and New York forty-two degrees.

3. *Absence of extremes.*—Neither winter's cold nor summer's heat prevails in this peerless clime. The entire range of the thermometer is but fifty degrees—from thirty-eight to eighty-eight—instead of a variation of ninety or more degrees, as in New York. A similar degree of heat is also far less oppressively felt than at the east.

4. *Salubrious sea breezes.*—South of Point Conception the winds of the Pacific are mild and genial. They prevail from nine in the morning to four in the evening, rendering the air delightfully cool.

5. *Freedom from damp fogs and chilly winds.*—The cold penetrating fogs of the northern coast do not visit this region; and the sea breezes are very rarely chilling in their effect upon the most delicate.

6. *A sunny sky—few cloudy days.*—The "sun cure" is open to patients nearly every day in the year; and one can hardly over estimate the healthful, electrical influence of this upon residents.

7. *Invariably cool nights.*—This delicious feature is a sure preventive of epidemics.

8. *Absolute freedom from miasma.*—The dry atmosphere cures meat before decomposition sets in, and quickly dries up decaying vegetables; and there are no swamps.

9. *A deep fertile soil, with no mud.*—Roots have been known to descend in this unfathomable soil thirty feet. Either surface or sub-soil hardens quickly, making roads equal to the macadamized.

10. *Luxuriant tropical fruitage.*—Affording abundant provision of health-giving food.

A town so entirely new has the advantage of freedom from the mixed population—half Indian, half Mexican—which is an unpleasant feature of Los Angeles, Old San Diego and Santa Barbara. The new comers are chiefly Eastern people of culture and refinement. They are entering in and possessing this second Land of Promise, and like the Israelites of old, digging wells and planting trees. Under their control this vigorous soil and climate will soon restore the forests which were the admiration of the earliest visitors to this delightful bay. Vegetables grow as long as left in the ground; tomatoes and similar productions continue to blossom and bear fruit year after year; while beautiful shade trees, like the pepper, eucalyptus and acacia grow at the rate of ten feet in a single year! The venomous reptiles and insects common to tropical regions, having here no swamps for refuge, rapidly disappear before advancing civilization, and already have ceased to be an element of fear or discomfort.

The scarcity of water proves after all a less formidable obstacle than is supposed. Irrigation by means of wells is inexpensive, and quite as sure as reliance upon uncertain rains can be here. Timber is brought direct from Puget

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Sound, and the little fuel required is readily grown.

Access is at present by way of San Francisco, by daily stage or weekly steamer; fare about twenty-five dollars gold. The cost from New York including meals and berths is about two hundred dollars currency, and occupies ten days. The completion of the Thirty-second Parallel Railroad will bring National City three hundred miles nearer New York than San Francisco, reduce the time to five days, and probably halve the cost of the trip. From all points south of New York, the difference in favor of the southern route will be still greater, and the advantages of this unrivaled location be brought more directly to the notice of those along the Atlantic sea-board who are languishing for a mild and healthful climate.

C. M. PLUMB.

CHLORALUM.—Is chloralum a cheap disinfectant?

ANS.—No; it is very dear, costing fifty cents a quart. Prof. Fleck, says, that ten grains of sulphate of alluminum in a pound of spring water, is worth as much as a bottle of chloralum, and costs without the bottle two and a half cents. He says Chloralum disinfectant is made as follows:

"A calcareous clay, containing but little iron, is dissolved, as far as possible, in fuming hydrochloric acid. The clear concentrated liquid above the undissolved clay is drawn off in bottles and sold as chloralum." The name refers to its containing chloride of aluminum. The residue, with a liquid adhering, is evaporated in leaden pans, dried and sold as "chloralum powder." Cotton or wadding is soaked in the chloralum itself, wrung out and dried, furnishing the "Chloralum wool and wadding."

HOW SHOULD OUR OAT MEALS BE COOKED?—Dr. Hannaford, says, the more usual method of preparing this valuable article of food among us, a sour cooks say, is to soak it in cold water over night, and then pour into boiling water, cooking thoroughly but gradually. Some cook rapidly for about half an hour after the soaked mass is poured into the hot water, and then cook very slowly as long as convenient. If eaten by the sick, it is well to have it thin, like gruel, served with a plain sauce of milk and sugar, while for ordinary food more latitude will be taken. It makes a very simple yet nourishing meal at tea-time, or when desirable to be careful of the diet, for weak stomachs, etc.

Of course, all housekeepers will have some inventive genius in the matter and will be able to vary all dishes. This may be made still more palatable to some by cooking it with the water in which meat has been boiled (cooling and removing the fat, if a simple dish is desired) and thus adding to the relish of the meat. Or a soup may be made, removing the meat from the bones and the fat, chopping it very fine, and then combining with the oat-meal and serving according to the taste.

EXCESSIVE EXERCISE.—In what way does excessive physical culture injure?

ANS.—Those who have gone through the severest training become in the end dull, listless and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, and in many instances the ultimate victims of gluttony and drunkenness. Their unnatural vigor seldom lasts more than five years. It was especially remarked by the Greeks that no one who in boyhood won the prize at the Olympic games ever distinguished himself afterward. The three years immediately preceding seventeen are years of great mental development, and nature can not at the same time endure any severe taxing of the physical constitution. Prudence, therefore, especially at this critical period of life, must ever go hand in hand with vigor, for the evils of excess equal if not outweigh by far the evils of deficiency.

MEASLY FLESH.—Dr. Cobold has demonstrated that both mutton and beef are sometimes measly. The tape-worm derived from these three kinds of meat are slightly different, but agreeing in their general characteristics.

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SHADED TOWNS.—The city of Norwich, Conn, has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful towns in the Eastern States, and one of its chief attractions consists in its noble elms, that form majestic arches, spanning whole streets for miles—the pride of the inhabitants and the wonder of visitors. Comparing it with many of the treeless places of the West, where the rude wind sweeps in its wild fury without hindrance, and the sun pours in his burning rays of light and heat, the contrast is very great. Few people would hesitate to prefer the city of trees for a home, and yet there may be such a thing as too many trees. It has been told us that on a single street, for instance, in this famous Norwich, as many as twelve business men have died in one year, of consumption, that arch destroyer of human life—more to be dreaded than small-pox, or cholera, or pestilence, for it comes so insidiously, taking here and there one, but in the aggregate more than they all. It is also reported that consumption is very common in Norwich, carrying off yearly a great many people, more than it should, more than the average in other places. Now it would not be a very philosophical method of reasoning, to say that this was all caused by the dense shade of the town shutting out the light of the sun more than is good for the people; but inasmuch as sunlight is very essential to health, and its absence promotes disease, it is fair to infer that the excessive shade of the place causes a degeneracy of the constitution, which results in consumption. At any rate, the people had better look into the matter. It would be better to cut down all the trees than to have hundreds of the best lives cut down in the prime of life. But not only do the trees keep out the sunlight, God's best gift to the race, they also prevent the free egress and ingress of air, they also promote dampness of the soil, dampness of the houses and air, and that negative condition of all things, so injurious to health. We read in the Bible that God said "Let there be light, two great lights, the greater light to rule the day." Now how is this light to rule in our homes if it is shut off from them by massive trees?

Now let us glance at a few of the beneficial influences of light.

1. There can be no persistent vitality nor healthfully-developed bodily structure without it. Compare the faces of those who work in light *vs.* dark rooms, and the contrast in cheerfulness is great. The forms of children brought up in dark lanes and places are stunted, and their bodies scrofulous.

2. Those who sleep in the day and labor at night are less healthy than when it is the reverse.

3. Dampness produces worse effects where there is no light than where it is abundant.

4. In the deep sea, where there is little light, animals and vegetables are low in the scale of organization.

5. Light attracts plants. They grow toward it.

6. Light rooms are more cheerful than dark ones. The light and warmth of an open fire are valuable aids to health and happiness.

7. The blood becomes more watery in those who live in the dark and damp.

8. People who live on the shady sides of streets are less healthy than those who live on the sunny side.

9. Children become scrofulous when kept from the light.

10. In short, without the light and heat of the sun, there is no life. The light and heat of the sun are the source of all the energy on our globe. Let us then not cut ourselves off from it too much, but for ever secure for ourselves enough to prevent these forms of premature decay that are occasioned by its absence.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.—"The lady referred to by Miss Peabody in the "Plea for Froebel's Kindergarten, as the Primary Art School,' appended to Wiseman's lecture on The Relations of the Arts of Design with the Arts of Production, and again in the paper on Kindergarten Culture in Commissioner Eaton's Report on National Education for 1870, has been engaged by our eminent fellow-citizen, Miss Haines, 10 Grammercy Park, to come to New York and keep a model Kindergarten, in connection with her school. The arrangements Miss H. has made are so liberal, that at last we may expect a genuine Kindergarten, without dilution or foreign admixture. Miss Boette, in 1871, left a flourishing Kindergarten in Lubrecht, Germany, in her enthusiastic desire to plant Froebel's Tree of Life in the midst of the garden, westward, that God has given to man to dress and to keep, *i. e.* the United States.

As the kindergarten session is but three or four hours of the day, and one teacher can not do justice to more than twenty-five, Miss Boette, at another part of the day, will be able to take a class of ladies, to teach them the philosophy and method of kindergartening, in which she is herself an adept, as well as an expert. And this is most fortunate at this moment, since the absence of Mrs. Kriege and her daughter in Europe for a year, makes a suspension in Boston of the only adequate Normal School for kindergartens that has yet been instituted in America."

ROUND THE WORLD.—Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Professor of Physiological Culture in Amherst College, has started on a voyage around the world. For many years he has been doing a grand work for the health of Amherst students, and we rejoice that he has this opportunity for needed rest and recreation.

SCOLDING CHILDREN.—The practice of scolding children, for trivial offences, is one which the common sense of thoughtful people naturally condemns. There is another method pursued by many, equally injurious. A child receives a little hurt; the mother, anxious to do something for it immediately, and not knowing what to do, takes the little creature in her arms and pets it, saying, "Oh, naughty hurt, poor child, too bad, little thing is hurt,' and such like expressions. Now this is all wrong. The child in this way learns to magnify the little ills of life, and gets into a bad habit that clings to it always. The more philosophical course to pursue is the reverse of this, to attract the child's mind to other things, when, unless the hurt has been severe, it soon forgets it, and is ready to laugh again for joy. The same course may be pursued by older children. If one has trouble, the worst thing in the world to do is to think about it. The next worst thing is to try and force the trouble out of your mind by willing it to be gone. The true course to pursue is to think of something else. It is only the disciplined mind that can do this, and this discipline should be fully exercised in childhood. The most unpleasant part of education is this training of the will. The same rule may be applied to invalids. They should think of their aches and pains as little as possible, otherwise they appear worse than they are. Give an invalid something besides himself to think of, get him interested in something outside of his own trials, and the cure is nearly complete.

INVALIDS, AND GOING TO BED.—The philosophic Sir Isaac Newton said that sickly people should be at home by sunset, that they should dispel the dampness of their rooms by bright fires in the evening, and go to bed early. We think Sir Isaac was right. As the boys say, "his head was level."

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HYGIENIC SOCIETIES.—It is thought by many that the only guardians of public health are the doctors, but this is very far from true. The doctor's business is to *cure* the sick, if he can, for a consideration, and he may incidentally teach many valuable lessons to his patients regarding the care of their bodies, but after all we can not depend upon them to see that our houses are properly ventilated, or decaying matter from our yards and cellars is removed; or that our children are properly fed and clothed. They have a certain amount of capital invested in their profession which is useless, unless there is some demand for it by sick folks. It is their living, and the more they have to do the better they like it. Pay them as well for going about the town and keeping people well, and they would much rather do it than to cure them when sick. Who then is going to look after the interests of hygiene in any town? The people must do it for themselves, and to do it successfully there should be in every town a hygienic society in which every question relating to this subject can be discussed. These discussions should take wide range. The questions of food, drink, sleep, and exercise, etc., are not the only ones to be looked into, but the diseases of a town. Suppose, for instance, that the people of a place suffer much from such diseases as scarlet fever. Well, this subject alone might occupy a great deal of attention, and the people in a whole town should be informed as to its nature and the means by which its ravages are stayed. So of other deseases. This could not be done unless the people are in earnest, and unless they would take pains to read and collect information on any subjects of moment, and present it in an attractive form. Especially should the meetings be social rather than formal, and very important that women take part in them. We suggest the formation of hygienic societies wherever there is sufficient numbers of people interested to carry them on successfully.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—The population of France does not increase as rapidly as of Germany?

M. E. Decaisne made an important communication to the *Académie des Sciences*, June 15, 1872, of which the following is an abstract:

It appears by the figures given by the author for the principal States of Europe that in the triple point of view of the fecundity of marriages, of the number of births and of the excess of births over deaths, France occupies the last place in Europe: In Prussia, for every one hundred marriages there are four hundred and sixty children; in France only three hundred. In Prussia, the number of births annually, in proportion to the population, is 3.68 per cent., in France only 2.55. Lastly, the excess of births over death in every million of inhabitants is, in Prussia, thirteen thousand three hundred, while in France it is only twenty-four hundred. From these figures we learn that the population of France will not double itself in less than one hundred and seventy years, while that of Prussia will double itself in forty-two; that of Great Britain in fifty-two, and that of Russia in sixty-six years.

TRICHINA.—How many trichina worms there are to be found in a patient suffering from them?—It is impossible to tell. Dr. Cobold once had a patient die with trichina, and he estimated the number in his body at forty millions. When these ugly creatures gain admission to the muscles there is no dislodging them.

GOUT.—What is the best remedy for gout? ANS.—Temperance at the table. Dr. Cheyene said nearly two hundred years ago:

"Tree pints of milk and six ounces of bread, daily, are the only certain remedies for gout. Let two people be chosen, as like as possible, both suffering from the same cause. Give the most promising patient the most approved nostrums, etc., and let the other have only the simplest attention, but placed under a strict diet, the lightest and least, milk and seed diet, and I will venture reputation and life that my method cures soonest."

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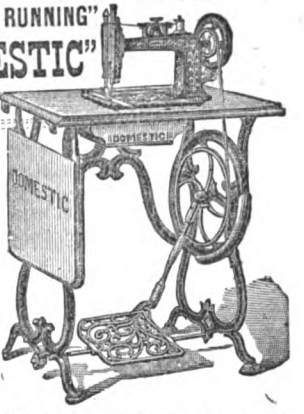


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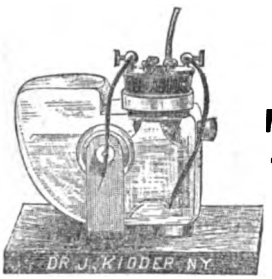
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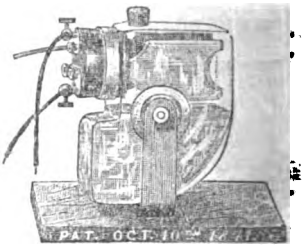
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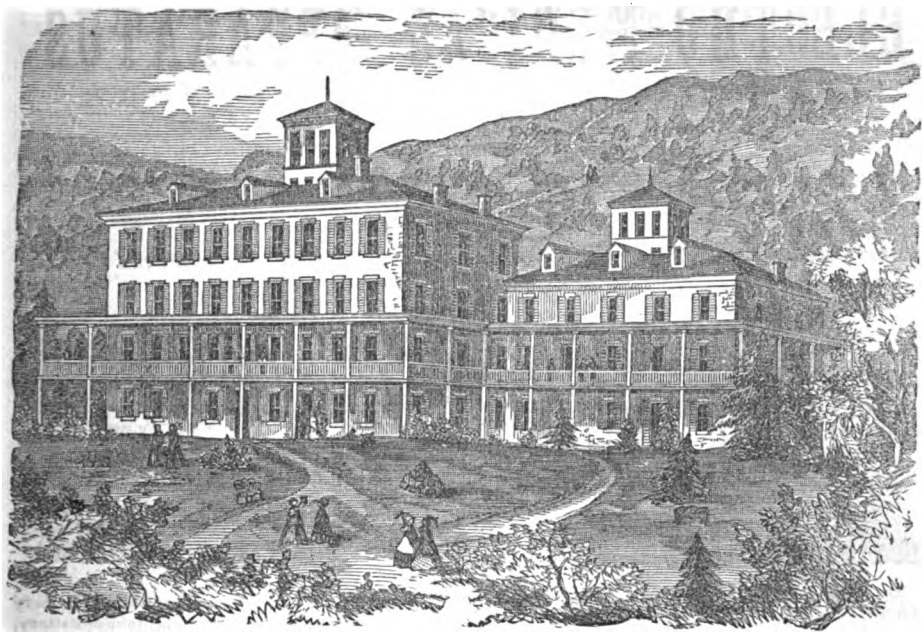
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1ST. Permit us to say to all who are sick and may be disposed to seek relief by the use of Psycho-Hygienic treatment in Our Home, that we want they should make such preparation at home before coming, as to enable them to keep their souls within their bodies while under treatment. To have care, anxiety, trouble of spirit, uneasiness of mind and restlessness of soul while here taking treatment because of their ill relation to their business or their duties at their homes is to place themselves under great disadvantage.

2ND. To be unpleasantly related to their lives here because of their dissatisfaction with our plan of life for them, is also to detract greatly from their progress.

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEM

GENERAL ARTICLES:	Page
Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout.—*Benjamin Franklin*	193
The Workshop.—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham*	198
Imagination-Stricken.—*Jodavjah, M. D.*	202
Inebriate Asylums.—*W. D. Haley*	204
Hints to People going South.—*D. H. Jaques*	209
Perfection of Character.—*Prof. L. N. Fowler*	212
Lessons for the Children—The Hand.—*By the Editor*	217
EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE:	
Florida Water, etc.—Cocoa-nuts	219
Wall Paper—Unwholesome Rooms—The Baby—Should Mothers Labor?	220
Infanticide—Instinct—Healthiness of the Soil—Chyle and Chyme—Magnetic Mineral Springs	221
Deaths amoi	
through th	
Insane Mur	
—A Hous	
Fever, Cere	
OUR P	
The Mate	
Again—	
TOPIC	
An Island	
Letter to th	
tion of Ex	227
A Suggestio	228
Life too Shor ago	229
Winter Schools—Climate of Texas	230
Killing Teachers—Thompson Free Medical College for Women—Married	231
Profit on Patent Medicines—A Good Thing for Philadelphia	232

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VOL. 20, No. 5.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1872. [NEW SERIES.

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HEALTH LESSONS FROM OLD WRITERS.

Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Midnight, October 22d, 1780.

FRANKLIN.—Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout.—Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin.—Who is it that accuses me?

Gout.—It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin.—What! my enemy in person?

Gout.—No, not your enemy.

Franklin.—I repeat it, my enemy, for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout.—The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends, but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any.

Franklin.—I take—eh! oh!—as much exercise as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

Gout.—Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away, your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride, or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast—four dishes of tea, with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which, I fancy, are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one,

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without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapped in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating these humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable, but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women and most agreeable and instructive conversation, all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections, so take that twinge, and that.

Franklin.—Oh! eh! oh! oh-h-h! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches, but pray, madam, a truce with your corrections.

Gout.—No, sir, no, I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good, therefore—

Franklin.—Oh! eh-h-h! It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

Gout.—That, of all imaginable exercise, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting, but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself then no longer that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place? Observe, when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents. When relieved, by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and by a return of this weight this repulsion again succeeds, thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humors attenuated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil, a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honors you with a visit, it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence and its concomitant maladies to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But you, when you go to Auteuil, must have your carriage, though it is no farther from Passy to Auteuil, than from Auteuil to Passy.

Franklin.—Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

Gout.—I stand corrected. I will be silent, and continue my office; take that, and that.

Franklin.—Oh! oh-h! Talk on, I pray you!

Gout.—No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

Franklin—What, with such a fever? I shall go distracted. Oh! eh! Can no one bear it for me?

Gout.—Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

Franklin.—How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

Gout.—Sport? I am very serious. I have here a list of your offences against your own health, distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

Franklin.—Read it then.

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Gout.—It is too long a detail, but I will briefly mention some particulars.

Franklin.—Proceed, I am all attention.

Gout.—Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging at one time it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased; when, in truth, it was too nothing but your insuperable love of ease?

Franklin.—That, I confess, may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

Gout.—Your confession is very far short of the truth, the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

Franklin.—Is it possible?

Gout.—So possible that it is a fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know Mr. B's gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week after dinner, and as it is a maxim of your own that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile up and down stairs as in ten on level ground," what an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it—and how often?

Franklin.—I cannot immediately answer that question.

Gout.—I will do it for you: not once.

Franklin.—Not once?

Gout.—Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you and entertain you with their agreeable conversation, and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace satisfying yourself with the fine prospect and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board, and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that beside two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcileable with health, without my interposition!

Franklin.—I am convinced now of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

Gout.—So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims and fools in your conduct.

Franklin.—But do you charge among my crimes, that I return in a carriage from Mr. B's?

Gout.—Certainly, for having been seated all the while, you cannot complain of the fatigue of the day and cannot want therefore the relief of a carriage.

Franklin.—What then would you have me do with my carriage?

Gout.—Burn it, if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you: observe the poor peasants who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillois, etc., you may find every day among these deserving creatures four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled, by weight of years and too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. That is an act that will be good for your soul; and, at the same time, after your visit to the B's, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

Franklin.—Ah! how tiresome you are!

Gout.—Well then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

Franklin.—Oh-h-h! what a devil of a physician!

Gout.—How ungrateful are you to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

Franklin.—I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future, for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to *you*. I never feed physician, or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if, then, you do not leave me to my repose it may be said you are ungrateful too.

Gout.—I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you, indeed, but cannot injure me. And as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy? But, to our business—there!

Franklin.—Oh! oh! for heaven's sake leave

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me, and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily and live temperately.

Gout.—I know you too well. You promise fair, but after a few months of good health you will return to your old habits, your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place, for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your real friend.

THE ART OF PROCURING PLEASANT DREAMS.

As a great part of our life is spent in sleep, during which we have sometimes pleasing and sometimes painful dreams, it becomes of some consequence to obtain the one kind and avoid the other; for, whether real or imaginary, pain is pain and pleasure is pleasure. If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If, while we sleep, we can have any pleasing dreams, it is, as the French say *tant gagné*, so much added to the pleasure of life.

To this end it is, in the first place, necessary to be careful in preserving the health, by due exercise, and great temperance; for in sickness the imagination is disturbed and disagreeable; sometimes terrible ideas are apt to present themselves. Exercise should precede meals, not immediately follow them; the first promotes, the latter, unless moderate, obstructs digestion. If, after exercise, we feed sparingly, the digestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably. Sleep, when it follows, will be natural and undisturbed; while indolence, with full feeding, occasions nightmares and horrors inexpressible; we fall from precipices, are assaulted by wild beasts, murderers and demons, and experience every variety of distress. Observe, however, that the quantities of food and exercise are relative things; those who move much may, and indeed, ought to eat more, and those who use little exercise should eat little. In general, mankind since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined, but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers than instances of people, who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead a-bed in the morning.

Another means of preserivng health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come into you is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape, so living bodies do not putrefy if the particles, as fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and the lungs, and in a free, open air they are carried off, but in a close room we receive them again and again, though they become more and more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Black Hole at Calcutta. A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamber full; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin. It is recorded of Methuselah, who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air, for when he had lived five hundred years an angel said to him, "Arise, Methuselah, and build thee a house, for thou shalt yet live five hundred years longer." But Methuselah answered and said, "If I am to live but five hundred years longer, it is not worth while to build me a house; I will sleep in the air, as I have been used to do." Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped that they may, in time, discover likewise that it is not hurtful to those who are in health, and that we may be then cured of the aërophobia that at present distresses weak minds, and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned rather leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach.

Confined air when saturated with perspirable matter, will not receive more, and that matter must remain in our bodies and occasion diseases; but it gives some previous notice of its being about to be hurtful by producing certain uneasiness, slight indeed at first, such as, with regard to the lungs, is a trifling sensation, and to the pores of the skin a kind of restlessness, which is difficult to describe, and few that feel it know the cause of it. But we may recollect

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that sometimes, on waking in the night, we have, if warmly covered, found it difficult to get to sleep again. We turn often, without finding repose in any position. This fidgettiness, to use a vulgar expression for want of a better, is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retention of the perspirable matter; the bed clothes having received their quantity, and being saturated, refusing to take any more. To become sensible of this by an experiment, let a person keep his position in the bed, throw off the bed clothes and suffer fresh air to approach the part uncovered of his body, he will then feel that part suddenly refreshed; for the air will immediately relieve the skin, by receiving, licking up and carrying off the load of perspirable matter that incommoded it. For every portion of cool air that approaches the warm skin, in receiving its part of that vapor receives therewith a degree of heat that rarifies and renders it lighter, when it will be pushed away, with its burden, by cooler and, therefore, heavier fresh air, which for a moment supplies its place, and then, being likewise changed and warmed, gives way to a succeeding quantity. This is the order of nature, to prevent animals being infected by their own perspiration. He will now be sensible of the difference between the part exposed to the air and that which, remaining sunk in the bed, denies the air access; for this part now manifests its uneasiness more distinctly by the comparison, and the seat of the uneasiness is more plainly perceived than when the whole surface of the body was affected by it.

Here, then, is one great and general cause of unpleasing dreams, for when the body is uneasy the mind will be disturbed by it, and disagreeable ideas of various kinds will, in sleep, be the natural consequences. The remedies, preventative and curative, follow:

1. By eating moderately (as before advised for health's sake), less perspirable matter is produced in a given time, hence the bed clothes receive it longer before they are saturated, and we may therefore sleep longer before we are made uneasy by their refusing to receive any more.

2. By using thinner and more porous bed clothes, which will suffer the perspirable matter more easily to pass through them, we are less incommoded, such being longer tolerable.

3. When you are awakened by this uneasiness and find you cannot easily sleep again, get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed clothes well, with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool. In the meanwhile, continuing undressed, walk about your chamber till your skin has had time to discharge its load, which it will do sooner as the air may be drier and colder. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant. All the scenes presented to your fancy will be of the pleasing kind. I am often as agreeably entertained with them as by the scenery of an opera. If you happen to be too indolent to get out of bed, you may instead of it, lift up your bed clothes with one arm and leg, so as to draw in a good deal of fresh air, and by letting them fall force it out again. This, repeated twenty times, will so clear them of the perspirable matter they have imbibed as to permit your sleeping well for some time afterward. But this latter method is not equal to the former.

Those who do not love trouble, and can afford to have two beds, will find great luxury in rising when they wake in a hot bed, and going into the cool one. Such shifting of beds would also be of great service to persons ill of fever, as it refreshes and frequently procures sleep. A very large bed, that will admit a removal so distant from the first situation as to be cool and sweet, may, in a degree, answer the same end.

One or two observations more will conclude this little piece. Care must be taken when you lie down to dispose of your pillow so as to suit your manner of placing your head, and to be perfectly easy, then place your limbs so as not to bear inconveniently hard upon one another, as for instance, the joints of your ancles, for though a bad position may at first give but little pain, and be hardly noticed, yet a continuance will render it less tolerable and the uneasiness may come on while you are asleep and disturb your imagination.

These are the rules of the art. But though they will generally prove effectual in producing the end intended, there is a case in which the most punctual observance of them will be totally fruitless. I need not mention the case to you, my dear friend, but my account of the art would be imperfect without it. The case is, when the person who desires to have pleasant dreams has not taken care to preserve, what is necessary above all things, a good conscience.

ENDURANCE OF A BIRD.—A humming bird flew into a court room in Georgia, recently, at 10½ A. M., and continued to fly near the ceiling until 6 P. M., when it lighted. It was on the wing seven and a half hours.

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The Workshop.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

FARM-LIFE has been sung by poets for three thousand years as the most honorable, independent, and manly of human conditions. Life in the workshop has not had so many prophets to tell its dignity. And yet praise of the artizan is not wholly of recent date, not wholly a song of this nineteenth century. In the Middle Ages, Europe had its industrial heroes, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler, could glorify in verse the class of toilers, as well as Jasmin, the barber, in a later age. Nuremberg, quaintest of cities, remains to show the respectability of work with edged tools, and the walled towns of Holland and Germany testify to the power and influence of the flying shuttle. Our practical age is not the first which has made the workshop an ante-chamber of the palace, or has crowned the workers in wool, and cotton and iron. Before Peter of Russia fitted himself in the ship yards of Saardam to build the fleet and capital of an empire, others of gentle blood had found stimulus in the laboratory and at the lathe. Even the lazy monks, keeping their mechanical round of prayers and vigils, could find time for some ingenious mechanical toil. There were carvers of wood and ivory in convent cells. There were printers in the cloisters, perfecting the art which a monk invented. And earlier still, Roger Bacon was the most patient of waiters upon the processes of physical experiment. The thousands of men who copied and illuminated manuscripts, the thousands of women who wrought on altar-cloths and chasubles, were the mechanics of their day, anticipating the printing houses and the factories of our more enlightened age.

But our age undoubtedly has set the workshop in a more conspicuous and influential place than it ever before occupied. Our age has built cities of workshops, whose perpetual roar drowns the voice of the wind, and whose perpetual smoke hides the sun at noonday. Manchester and Sheffield, Lowell and Pittsburg, are proper creations of the nineteenth century, and are not matched by any cities of Italy or Germany, in the thirteenth century. In those cities, the workshops are the wonderful things; not the picture galleries, not the palaces built from the profits of labor, not the lawns or parks and pleasure grounds, but the factories themselves. Men go to these cities to see the looms and the hammers, and to hear the music of rolling wheels and crashing forges. The mill-owners of Rhode Island and New Jersey may have copies of works by the Old Masters on their walls, or of antique Etruscan vases, but visitors go to these states to see how calicoes are printed, and how the electric current in the vat fastens the film of silver upon baser metal. It has been reserved to our age to make mechanism and its products more interesting than any works of fancy or value, than landscape gardening or blooded stock, or even a church with all the American improvements upon the Gothic or Byzantine style. The millionaire of Taunton may own a fast horse, which scours the turf with flying feet, and wins no end of prizes, but his great workshop in which "self-acting mules" are framed and reared, is far more fascinating than any pride of his stable.

As a rule, no doubt, the workshops have no grace or comeliness of form that we should commend them. Most of them are built for use more than for show, and the money is spent upon the machines within, more than upon the outer shell. Yet they will compare favorably, upon the whole, with other buildings, with town halls and college halls, and tabernacles of worship. There is less pretence about them, as they stand in their plain and massive majesty. One feels that the show of these structures is not cheat, and the use dignifies the homeliness. If we should choose to live in a city of workshops, their offence to the eye would not be the chief of hindrances. Nay, there are scores of factory villages in New England in which the buildings and their surroundings heighten the beauty of the landscape, in which the back-ground of wood and the brawling brook have been improved by the dam, with its falling sheet, and the lake thrown back upon the meadow; and in which the hum of the busy looms only harmonizes with the chirp of birds and the whirr of insects on the wing.

All workshops, indeed, are not of this large kind. It is probable that most of the mechanic toil of the land is done in smaller rooms, rough and grimy. The shoemaker, the tailor, and how many more of the most necessary workmen are kept to their low-ceiled hovels or attics of ten feet square. The mills of Fall River and Lowiston are not to be taken as types of

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the average workshops of the Bay State o the Pine Tree State. Yet may we not say that the great mills, with their myriads of spindles, lend dignity to the little shops around them, as they have substantially the same interest and end? The huge rolling mill, reeling out its glowing bars and sheets, comforts the blacksmith who turns the horse-shoe in the charcoal and forms it on his anvil—they are doing the same work. The tailor on his board is happy in the thought that before the fabric of these noisy looms can come to any good it must pass through his hands, and be stitched by his needle. The great factories, after all, are only adjuncts to the humbler workshops, just as the Church of the Gesu in Rome, splendid in mosaics and marbles, is only adjunct to the modest house of Loyola, hidden in the interior of the surrounding mass.

The respectable position which the workshop now occupies ought to make it attractive to those who are choosing their calling in life. In addition to this grand plea, condensed in these great structures of the factory cities, are not a few special pleas, which seem to commend the life of a mechanic. See what immense fortunes mechanics make, and how so many farmers never get rich; clerks never get rich, if they keep to their business and are honest. Only a few doctors get rich, and only a few lawyers, in the legitimate work of their profession; and these break down from hard work. The preacher with a family has no vision before him but the poor house in his latter days. But mechanics, how gains pour in upon them, when their work comes to be known as good work! Who are the millionaires of the country, outside of the commercial cities, where Jews and money-changers congregate? In one place a maker of buttons, in another a maker of shovels, in another a maker of tacks and brads. A rattan-cutter is able to buy churches and build palaces; a bonnet-maker to found a seaside city. Does not a cotton-spinner carry in his pocket the fortunes of a sovereign state, if we may trust the newspapers? Has not the maker of pistols become a ruler in the mart? Of the young rich men of the country, are not the greater number men who have been or who still are master mechanics, who served their time in the shop or at the joiner's bench, or in some good trade?

Perhaps these prizes are only for the fewest, though it can be demonstrated that a larger proportion of mechanics gain great fortunes than of merchants or professional men. Allowing that the great majority of workmen will never get rich by their toil, yet there is the consideration that the position of the mechanic is comparatively secure. As Stephen Girard told the young man whom he aided, after he had made him a skillful artizan, the mechanic is safe, as he has "a good trade to fall back upon." A skilled workman ought always to be able to earn his own living, for at no time will there be a glut of this class. A painter who knows his trade can get along any where in civilized lands. There is always something for the trained hand and eye to do. Even an experienced bootblack is on the high road to fortune, if he will only plant himself by the doorway of a city hotel. The commonest trades have the surest promise. Crispin can always find employment, so long as shoes wear out and the Carmelite rule is not enforced. Even under the vegetarian Gospel, the work of the baker will be in demand. A blacksmith in any village will have no more leisure than is good for him; what can these haughty farmers do without his care for the wheels of their carts and the hoofs of their cattle? No reform in fashions can abolish the industry of the milliner, or leave to neglect one who can shape feathers and flowers and flounces. A good trade is permanent capital, better even in a business community than a college education, so far as material security is concerned. It can not be stolen or lost. If the mechanic who has won his millions, loses them by unfortunate investments or by commercial reverses, he can go back and make scythes or shovels again—h has no fear of coming to want.

And another plea for the toil of the workshop is, that it is less exposed and so less fatiguing. The farmer is compelled to broil in the sun, to brave the rain, to chop wood with the mercury at zero, to be out in all weathers, to work in mud and water. If he escapes chill and stiffness, and chronic pain, it is by a miracle. In the workshop, on the contrary, there is shelter from the weather, the heats of summer are tempered by the shade, and the winter is driven out. The shop and the factory may be made comfortable as the home, which barnyard and marsh, and hillside can not be. There are workshops which might be mistaken for saloons, as they are lighted in the evening, and furnished with every convenience. If the work is not clean, it is, at any rate, protected, in most cases, and does not carry one tramping up and down until the limbs are tired.

And the workshop has the advantage of the farm in the regularity of its work. The artizan knows the hours of his toil, when they are,

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and how many they are. He is not hindered by a rainy day. He has not to do double work in special seasons. The strange frenzy of "strikes," indeed, does much in our time to neutralize this advantage of the workshop, and no doubt in these last years the mechanics have lost more time by their folly than the farmers by accidents of wet or drought. Other things being equal, nevertheless, the mechanic has more regularity in his work than the merchant or farmer, or than any professional man. He knows in every day what he has to do. He can tell with reasonable certainty what he shall do. We say this, in full acknowledgment of the fact that the promises of artizans are so often untrustworthy, that the tailor rarely finishes your coat at the time he agreed to finish it, and that the piano-tuner never is at hand when he is wanted. The mechanic ought to be regular in his work, if a clear view of what he has to do can make him so.

Yet over against these pleas for mechanic-toil other considerations are urged, which go far to neutralize their force in the minds of American youth. The surroundings of such toil are rarely agreeable. Smoke and cinders, and dust, and noise, the smell of oil and leather, the indescribable odour, from which no workshop is absolutely free, the clatter and thump, the sound of files and saws and hammers, deafening and irritating, the lack of all grace in the appliances of labor, are a serious drawback upon its invitation. Any workshop which has been much used, and has lost the freshness of its paint and the glare of its new machinery, must be a rough place to look upon. Tools that are old can not be made picturesque in their arrangement without more trouble than most toilers have time to give. The æsthetic sense has small chance for improvement in any workshop, and the sensitive eye is vexed always by what it has to look upon, even in the room where works of beauty are wrought. The illusion of the picture gallery vanishes when you visit the artist's studio, and see how half-finished sketches are piled upon the spattered floor, and how pallets with clots of paint, and disgusting pipes and defiled dressing-gowns are lying around in confusion. Can any fine landscape come out of this coarse chaos? The workshop is repulsive because it has to deal so much with fragments and materials. It may not be "disgraceful" in our moral use of that epithet, but, at the best, it is "disgraceful" in the more technical French sense.

And then, in most workshops there is the feeling of confinement. The body is not free, and the mind is not free. Many trades compel those who follow them to sit in one position all day long, or to stand in one place, or to use exclusively one set of muscles. What can be more melancholy than the bondage of the watch maker, bent from morning to night over his microscopic pins and pinions, which he must note so intently through his half-closed eyes? How few mechanics are there to whom a crooked back is not inevitable fate! Where there is more freedom of motion, how often the mechanic feels that he is a slave to his machine, that it is his work in life to stand watching a plane or to assist a loom; these are his masters. His regularity of work has this disadvantage, that he can not get away from it. He must stay by his tools, and the chances are that he goes to bed tired every night from the monotony of his toil. Very few visitors to factories or workshops of any kind, envy the lot of those who work in them. You may wonder at the acquired skill, at the excellent knack which these diamond-cutters, these silk-weavers, these lace-makers have learned in their long practice, but the life which these plodders have to lead seems very hard. One would not cut diamonds, in the danger of inhaling diamond dust and in the trial to eye and nerve, for all the gems in Natal or Golconda.

And must not spiritual health equally suffer in the workshop, as work here narrows the mind to a single process? More than one cynic hater of our industrial civilization has triumphantly pointed to the men, made in God's image, compelled to spend their days and years in fashioning for ever the heads of pins. Is this the due function of an immortal soul? Can a cobbler go through life happy in the thought that all his work must be for ignoble trampling under foot? Is it not the painful conviction even of the skilled artizan, that while he knows so much of his own special art, he knows very little of any other. He can set up a steam engine, perhaps, but he can not write a legible or grammatical letter. He can weave a carpet from a Jacquard loom, but he can not understand even the simple, old-fashioned sermon of his orthodox pastor. Perhaps it will be said that many trades allow intellectual discipline along with their toil. It is affirmed that no class of men are more intelligent than shoemakers, who discuss in their shops, to the music of the lapstone, all questions of human life or divine philosophy, all the topics of the exchange, and the school and the church. Yet the fact remains, that, in nearly every trade, the mechanic who will turn out good work must give

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his whole mind to it. A ploughman like Burns may make verses while he guides his ploughshare. But if Alton Locke, tailor and poet, is to cut cloth according to measure, or fasten seams which shall not part at the first strain, he must adjourn his inspiration to a more convenient season.

These considerations, and others of equal weight, tend, no doubt, to fix upon mechanic toil that stigma which it unfortunately bears, in spite of the large wealth which mechanics so often gather, and the praise which waits upon their skill. We have industrial schools and technological schools, where young men are taught at once the science and the practice of mechanics, but, for all that, the majority prefer to be clerks and salesmen, lawyers and doctors. Is it not the perpetual complaint that skilled labor is so rare and hard to find? How mortifying, that here in this land of common schools, where wit and wisdom are not only birthright, but cultivated by statute, the commonest practical arts should be mainly in the hands of aliens, and that we should have to get Germans and Frenchmen and Irishmen to make our shoes and clothes, and to mend our bells and wheels? Has it not been written and printed in a book, in this very season, that our American civilization is a failure, because it fails to train a mechanic class, and leaves us at the mercy and the unchecked extortions of bigoted foreigners? Alas for the common schools, if they can only bring up boys to stand behind hotel counters or gamble in stocks, and can only fit girls to wear raiment which they do not know how to fashion!

It is a lamentable fact that the schools of technology have not yet made mechanic duties attractive to ambitious young men. The risks of commerce are more fascinating than the sure gains of constant job work with tool and trowel. Even engineering, which a few years ago seemed likely to become a rival to the so-called "learned professions," has fallen into disfavor, and young men leave the dust of the street and the mud of the swamp for the drawing schools, in which they learn how to plan useless crockets and finials on cornice and arch, and to garnish roofs and towers with fantastic iron railings. They are not content to be mechanics, unless they can be master mechanics, and escape all the drudgery, all the hard work. That there are so many "scientific" students in our colleges now, gives no assurance that they will turn out more graduates who will learn practical mechanic arts, but only fewer who know the classic tongues.

Yet skilled laborers we must have, and we shall have. Belgians and Swiss and English, if we can not get Americans. There are too many artificial wants in our civilization to suppose that our workshops will be shut for want of workmen. Spotted Tail, and Red Cloud and their tribes may dispense with factories in their hunting grounds, but they too must have rifles from the Christian workshops, blankets from Lawrence, and paint from Jersey City. And in the thought that some who read THE HERALD OF HEALTH may overcome the social prejudice against workshops, and try this kind of occupation, we append a few suggestions of a sanitary kind, very obvious—very ordinary, some might say—but not the less important for that.

1. If you can not make the workshop comely, or turn it into a parlour or a picture gallery, at least make it *sweet* and *clean*. Do not let dust collect in it in masses, or lie any where undisturbed. In a library the dust may be "venerable," but in a workshop it ought all to be driven out at the door or window every day, or many times in the day. The faded hue, the dingy look, make no just apology for leaving impurities to accumulate. And if there are bad smells incident to the trade, they should be corrected by their chemical antidote. No aroma is so offensive that it may not be met by some counter perfume. And no workman ought to have in his shop an odour which he would not have in his house, if he can possibly get rid of it. The nostrils are guardians of health, and any man sins against the Lord, who wantonly disregards or affronts the vigilance of these guardians. The tanner who plants mignonnette around his tannery is wise in his generation. He is not spoiled for polite society. Even the nuisance of soap boiling, which condemns a neighborhood, may be lessened, as we knew in one instance, by the counter fragrance of an acre of cabbages—two negatives here nearly made one affirmative. If the incense wasted in Catholic churches were burned in the workshops where the artizans throng together, it would aid that physical virtue which the Apostle puts so close to godliness.

2. A second counsel is, to be *moderate in work*. The competitive system in the workshop, however it may increase the quantity of work done, is bad for the health of those who do it. The impression of hurry and impatience which is given in the rapid manipulation of so many job workers in our factories, is any thing but pleasant. No thoughtful man likes to hear a delicate girl in a factory boast that she packs so many thousand papers of tacks in a day, or

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cuts so many cards in a minute. In the workshop, matches and rivalries do more harm than good. Any work which strains the muscles or the nerves, or the eye, or any sense, which keeps attention always on the stretch, is physically and spiritually bad. Do no more in a day, or in an hour, than you can do comfortably. Ten hours of moderate work are healthier for the frame than eight or seven hours of urgent work, in which there are no pauses. The "lazy men" in the factories, as they are contemptuously called, hold on longer than the rapid men, if they do not get rich so quickly.

3. A third advice is, *not to work when you are sick*, not to be in the workshop when you ought to be in bed or in the easy chair, not to handle the machine or the tool when the brain aches, and the mind wanders, and there is fever in the veins, and nature rebels against the task. No class of men are so ready to disregard the warnings of incipient disease as artizans who are in "the middle of a job," or are trying to keep up with their fellows. Many who stay away from church when the head aches, where there is no hard demand upon their strength, would never think of staying away from the workshop, where the risk of disease is so much greater, from any cause so slight. We have known a consumptive patient who carefully housed and tended his sick horse, exempting him for months from duty, yet who went every day to his own dangerous task, until death arrested his hand. Even the purest workshop is no place for a sick man.

Imagination-Stricken.

BY JADAVJAH, M. D.

"What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds,
How doth the subtle principle within
Inspire with health, or mine with strange decay,
The passive body."

IT is now many years ago that a Paris correspondent of the English Court Journal gave an account of the departure of the then Empress of France, *incognita*, with the Duchess of Hamilton for Scotland. The reason for this journey was the sad state of mental depression into which the Empress had fallen on account of the death of her sister, the Duchess of Alba. The exercises of religion alone gave her any calmness or consolation. The conviction of the Empress was that she herself must soon die of the same lingering and painful disease as her sister, and, with a delusion characteristic of this state of mind, she began to experience all the symptoms of her sister's malady, as suggested by her imagination unbalanced by reason and tyrannized over by fear. This painful mental condition is known in France as the *imagination frappée*—imagination-stricken.

The Duchess of Hamilton, passing through Paris, repaired to St. Cloud to pay her respects to her illustrious relative, when, perceiving the very serious nature of her mental and bodily suffering, arranged every thing in an hour; and, it is added that the haste and agitation of her departure produced that violent *distraction*, diversion from herself to outward incidents, which, even before she had left Paris, began to dissolve the spell and render her recovery certain.

A writer in the Quarterly Journal of Psycological Medicine says a celebrated French novelist was writing a book, and issuing it in successive instalments. At the same time the daughter of a Marquis was reading this story, wherein the heroine was described as growing ill and passing into a decline. The fair reader, struck by the heroine's malady, imagined herself to have the same disease, and began to grow thin, pale, and hectic. Her father, alarmed for his daughter, called at last upon the writer of novels and besought him that in the story the heroine should be restored to

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health and happiness. And so it was, that as the heroine was recovered in the story, so recovered the daughter of the Marquis.

I stepped out into the bright moonlight, to take a walk with a gentleman who was weak in one knee. Becoming deeply engaged in conversation, we quite forgot every thing else, and continued our walk back and forth upon the street for a long time, when he suddenly exclaimed, "What a long walk I am taking! If I had seen the entire distance before me at once it would have been impossible. My brains would have been all down in my knee."

Through fear of using this knee he had for a long time, and quite unconsciously to himself, mentally withheld from it the normal supply of nerve force, and this was now all there was of disease in this part.

A woman of unusual intelligence used to send for me frequently at night, and when I came to her bedside she would say, "Doctor feel of my pulse, put your hand here;" and she would place my hand upon the impulse of the heart and say, "Doctor *isn't* my heart affected? tell me now truly!" and the strongest reassurance I could give that it was not, and the explanation of the real and sympathetic cause of her palpitations would not last more than a day or two before the same fears would return. Of all the organs which answer promptly to the feelings, the heart is the most sensitive—in it flesh and spirit are closest blended. Fear weakens, while it redoubles its movements.

Macbeth.—Hang those who talk of *fear*; give
me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor.—Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth.—Cure her of that!
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?

Rarely have these timid patients any heart disease at all. Those who have real heart disease are, as a rule, strangely indifferent to it. The old way used to be for the doctor to put his ear to the chest, hear a heart murmur, say "heart disease," and have the poor invalid stricken with the fear that he might die at any moment; whereas, of the many forms of real heart disease, there is but one of which this could be said, and with some of the others a man may live a quarter of a century.

I once knew a young physician who could increase his own heart beats almost to palpitation, by fixing his attention there. *Per contra*, a man's attention may be so powerfully withdrawn from self as not to feel pain at all, even when a powerful cause of pain is applied. Soldiers are sometimes not aware they are wounded until the excitement of battle is over, and it is told of Campanella that he could so forcibly abstract his attention from fear, and from bodily suffering, as to endure the rack itself without much pain.

The stuff of which men are made differs considerably. Professor Blanque tells the story of a strong man literally brought to his bed by his imgination, under the domination of fear. The plot was carried out by three waggish friends. The first one meets him on the street and says, "Why, you are not looking *well* this morning." He declares he never felt better in his life, and goes on, but wonders what that man could have seen in him to make him think he was sick. He soon meets plotter No. two, who, with great surprise and sympathy, says, "I am sorry, sir, to see you looking so *very* ill this morning!" He now begins in earnest to be "worried about himself," his step relaxes, and he soon comes up with No. three, who instantly declares "you are a sick man! why are you on the street? You look *wretchedly!* You ought to be in bed; I will go home with you." And he goes, and the man takes his bed.

It is told of Tom Sheridan that he kept a man, who was afraid of the east wind, in the house for a week by tying up the weather vane. Hypochondriacus would come down in the morning sure the wind had changed, as he was feeling better, take a look at the weather vane, change his mind, dare not venture out, retreat into the corner and wait another day for the wind to "get around."

Catch your dog, hold over him a club and "make believe" you are to give him a beating. Every time you lift the club he jerks himself up in a heap, writhes, trembles and yelps. He does not actually receive a blow, and why does he yelp and cry? Because fear wrought the same pain, along the same nerves, as the blows themselves would have done.

Predicting a disease has a strong tendency to develop it. A school girl told me that, having drank from a brook in the woods, some of the girls told her that in three months she would have frogs in her stomach. She thought she had forgotten it, but it occurred to her one Sabbath morning, while she was in church, that it was the very day for the frogs to appear, and

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immediately, as she imagined, they began to crawl up into her throat, and lose their hold and fall back again. She left the church pale and weak, but before the day was over the delusion had vanished.

An injudicious mother says to her daughter, "it seems to me you are not looking well this morning; you are not thinking of going to church?" When she goes out to walk the mother says it is too wet, or too hot, or too cold, or too early, or too late; and when she wants to go to the sociable, it's too exciting. If she has an errand up stairs, mother says, "let me go for you." Under this *regime*, the daughter takes to the lounge, and the mother becomes "very anxious," and sends for the doctor and says, "Doctor, I don't know what can be the matter with Rose, she hasn't a bit of appetite, she can't sleep, and she has lost all her ambition—Rose is such a delicate girl!"

Suppose a doctor should gravely tell a patient, "You have got a combination of diseases, sir! embolism of the liver, congestion of the portal plexus inflammation of mucus membranes, no vital force in the organic nerves, the magnetic currents are all wrong, and I think a little regurgitation on the left side of the heart!" Would not such a statement as this alone be sufficient to make him sick? I have talked with many chronic invalids—*word-stricken*—sick, in part, at least, on doctor's *Latin;* and this they betrayed while telling me their cases, by mixing in the technical terms which they had learned of their doctor, of the real meaning of which they knew no more than a parrot. Consciousness may tell us of pain, but it can not teach us anatomy or pathology. Said Profesor Blanque to his class one day, "paint the vein along its whole course with iodine. The name of this disease is *Phlegmasia Alba Dolens*, a name not to be repeated in the hearing of your patient while she is weak!"

Inebriate Asylums.

BY W. D. HALEY.

THE pages of the HERALD OF HEALTH have been already graced with exhaustive essays on the leading points of the temperance reform, and it would hardly seem possible to add anything of sufficient moment to warrant the re-opening of the subject. From æsthetic and legal points of view, nothing can be added; but there is one branch of the topic which, so far from being exhausted, has received comparatively little attention from the press, none on the platform, and, outside of the medical profession and some sufferers by inebriation, has been hardly heard of by the public. In what follows we propose to sketch the movement which, in a very unobtrusive way, is growing in strength and favor, not only in the United States and Canada, but also in Great Britain and Australia.

There is no grander record in the whole history of the temperance agitation than that of what was known as the Washingtonian movement, the essential theory of which was the salvation of the drunkard. Leaving to others the argument of science, the pathos of appeal, and the discussion of the best forms of legislation for the suppression of the traffic, the men who became the disciples of the reformed drunkards of Baltimore devoted all their energies to *doing something* towards saving those who were still in the condition from which they had themselves been only saved "as by fire." While these men were moved by sentiment, and the unerring instinct of Christian charity, to extend a helping hand to the drunkard in the mire of his sin and misfortune, science and observation were quietly at work with statistics and deductions classifying inebriation as inherited, original, spasmodic and chronic forms of a physical and mental disease, and devising methods for its treatment and cure. This interesting branch of the subject has no antagonism to any form of temperance action. After everything has been done, there will still be the drunkard, as a positive, hard, social and individual problem. Supplementing their work to all other movements, those who believe that inebriation is a disease—in many instances an inherited disease, as clearly marked as insanity

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or apoplexy—have no controversy with moral suasionists or legal prohibitionists. They point to the fact, written in the saddest of arithmetical sternness, that there exist, and seem likely to continue, vast numbers of men, and women, too, who, from constitutional, inherited, or acquired causes, have within them a peculiar susceptibility to alcoholism. In other words, that as long as intoxication is possible—and no legislation has yet succeeded in erecting an insurmountable barrier against it—some people will become inebriates. They are people, too, such as but for this one overshadowing calamity of their lives, the world has need of. Persons of keen, quick susceptibilities, of ardent temperaments, and frequently of active intellectuality. We all know some one who answers to the description of the person so often spoken of as being "nobody's enemy but his own," whom no considerations of personal welfare or family affection can restrain; who suffers the keenest remorse after every debauch; who vows—and intends to keep his vow—that each surrender to his craving shall be the last, and as regularly breaks his promise. Medical observation and philanthropic faith have long since classed these cases as the results of a diseased organism, an impaired will, which is powerless to resist the demands of appetite. The good accomplished by the Washingtonian movement, of which we have spoken, was transient; but, fortunately, it was supplemented by an extraordinary and unanimous demand on the part of medical science that inebriation should be treated as a disease. Fifteen years ago, a memorial was presented to the New York Legislature, signed by fifteen hundred of the leading physicians of the State of New York, declaring that, in their opinion, a large majority of cases of inebriation were susceptible of cure by medical and hygienic treatment. With less public excitement than usually accompanies such efforts, private philanthropy took the initiative in reducing to practice the theory of the proper method of dealing with inebriation. With the endorsement of the best men of all professions and classes, the foundations of an inebriate asylum were laid at Binghamton, in this State. Subsequently legislative aid was given to the project, and from 1857 until the present time the friends of the inebriate have worked steadily at the appalling problem of how to cure one of the most baffling and widespread of human diseases, until, as recorded in the article on "The Cure of Inebriates," published in the October number of this magazine, institutions of this character have been established in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Maryland, California and Texas. In some of these states there exist more than one institution for inebriates, so that the experiment is not confined to any one class of sufferers. In New York, for instance, beside the State Asylum, at Binghamton, there are the penal establishment at Ward's Island, and the King's County Home, on the Shore road, near Fort Hamilton. Massachusetts has the Washingtonian Home, in Boston, and the Greenwood Institute. From these widely scattered asylums and their experience during fifteen years, it is reasonable to expect some reliable *data* for judging of the correctness of the theory upon which they are all based. That theory has been formulated in the "Declaration of Principles" set forth by the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates—a society composed of the officers and trustees of inebriate asylums, meeting annually in New York—which, in 1870, adopted the following platform:

"*Whereas*, the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates having met and considered important essays on the various relations of inebriety to individuals, to society, and to law, and having seriously determined to use their influence in all suitable ways to create a public sentiment and jurisprudence which shall coöperate with true methods for the recovery of inebriates, do make the following declaration of their principles:

1. Intemperance is a disease.

2. It is curable, in the same sense that other diseases are.

3. Its primary cause is a constitutional susceptibility to the alcoholic impression.

4. This constitutional tendency may be inherited or acquired.

5. Alcohol has its true place in the arts and sciences. It is valuable as a remedy, and like all other remedies, may be abused. In excessive quantity it is a poison, and always acts as such when it produces inebriety.

6. All methods hitherto employed, having proved insufficient for the cure of inebriates, the establishment of asylums for such a purpose is the great demand of the age.

7. Every large city should have its local or temporary home for inebriates, and every state one or more asylums for the treatment and cure of such persons.

8. The law should recognize intemperance as a disease, and provide other means for its management than fines, station houses and jails."

This statement of principles may be termed the ground-work of all the inebriate asylums,

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homes and sanitaria in this country, But as each of the institutions probably differs from all the others, either in some detail in the method of treatment, or in the social rank of the patients, we propose to give a brief synopsis of the results, as far as they are obtainable from published reports and the minutes of very important evidence recently furnished by Dr. Dodge and Dr. Parrish to a select committee of the British House of Commons, charged with the preparation of legislation for the better management and control of habitual drunkenness in that country.

Commencing with the oldest and most extensive institution, the New York State Inebriate Asylum, at Binghamton, we find that the total number of patients that have been treated in that asylum is about 1,100, of whom eleven-twelfths have been voluntary inmates. Of these, judging from the figures of the last three years, the proportion of cures has been thirty-four per cent. A large per centage of the patients received into this institution have had intemperate parents or ancestors, as is shown by the statement that out of 379 admissions in the space of twenty months, 189 had inherited the tendency to intoxication, and nearly all of these cases were of that class known as "periodical drunkards," the least hopeful and most difficult of all the forms of inebriation treated in the asylum. From the report of this asylum for 1871, we find that there were 315 patients under treatment, of which number 244 were admitted during the year. Of these 230 were discharged, of whom 184 gave encouragement to hope that they had been permanently cured, and forty-six showed no evidence of improvement. It is only just to add that the latter class was largely composed of those who only remained a few weeks under treatment. No more striking evidence could be furnished of the fact that the disease of inebriation is most to be dreaded by the intelligent classes, than is contained in the statement that there was not a single illiterate person among the 244 patients; their educational acquirements being thus classified: received common school education, 105; academical, ninety, and collegiate, forty-eight. The temperaments seem to have been pretty evenly balanced, as there were of the nervous, eighty-one; sanguine, seventy-seven; bilious, eighty-six. In regard to their habits and antecedents we learn that 172 were in the habit of drinking before meals; 125 had intemperate ancestors, and eighty-one ascribed their intemperate habits to serious affliction or misfortune in business. The constant or habitual drinkers numbered 147, while ninety-seven were afflicted with periodical attacks. Some very interesting statistics bearing upon the matter of inherited inebriety, are also furnished by the observations recorded at this asylum. Thus we learn that out of 360 patients, forty-two, or one-eighth, described themselves as the offspring of intemperate parents; thirty-six, or one-tenth, had intemperate fathers; six had intemperate mothers, nine had intemperate brothers or sisters, and sixty-six had intemperate ancestors, exclusive of parents. So that out of 360 patients the hereditary taint, more or less remote, was discernible in 159 cases. It further appears to be a settled deduction of careful observation that the period of life at which the patient submits himself to treatment has an influence in deciding the result. Very young persons, as from eighteen to twenty-five years, do not seem to be so deeply impressed with the necessity for reformation, and hence one of the prime elements of cure—the coöperation of the patient and the physician in a *desire* for cure—is lacking. Persons of this age have not generally the conviction that their whole future must be decided by the use they make of the succeeding few years of life, which often adds its impressiveness to the reflections of men between thirty-five and forty-five years of age. On the other hand, after forty-five years, an inebriate has usually so far exhausted his vital powers, that although the desire for a cure may remain with him, the physical results of his previous course of life have so weakened the recuperative powers that while a cure may be possible, it is more reasonable to expect only an amelioration of his malady.

The Pennsylvania Sanatarium is a private institution, at Media, near Philadelphia, chartered by the State, and has been in operation since 1867. Its experience has embraced the treatment of about 250 patients. Of these eighty-two, or about thirty-three per cent., are reported as cured, not merely because of the improvement in their condition when they left the institution, but from subsequent inquiries Sixty-three cases only are classed as "incurable," by which Dr. Parrish explains that he does not mean that they are so hopelessly sunk in drink, or so hopelessly diseased organically, as to have no chance of cure, but that with his present powers and facilities he is obliged to designate them "incurable," but with the belief that many of them could be cured if there was power to retain them for a sufficient length of time.

The King's County Home has treated 675 patients since its opening in October, 1867. Du-

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ring 1871, 149 cases were under treatment, of whom eighty were habitual and sixty-nine periodical drinkers. Of these fifty-four were greatly improved, thirty-three were lost sight of, and only forty-three were regarded as discouraging. Mention is made of one aged woman who had been an inebriate for many years, but was cured by a residence of seven months, and died a sober and religious woman.

The Chicago Washingtonian Home has been in operation since 1864, and has had 684 individuals under its treatment, of whom one-fourth, or twenty-five per cent., have derived permanent benefit, and a larger proportion have been temporarily relieved to such an extent that their ultimate recovery is not hopeless. Other institutions present similar results, and it is not an extravagant estimate to place the number of cures at thirty-three per cent. of the cases that come under treatment. This is a result in itself furnishing a complete answer to the cavils of those who endeavor to belittle the labors of inebriate asylums for no apparent motive except that dogmatism which will not permit humanity to be benefitted in any but the method it prescribes. For it must be borne in mind that this movement, so quiet and unobtrusive, is not without its opponents and defamers—unfortunately they are generally self-appointed apostles of temperance legislation, who forget the parable of the Good Samaritan in their zeal to imitate the righteous indignation that scourged the money changers out of the temple.

Two notable instances of this have recently appeared in a widely circulated religious newspaper, in articles written by a clergyman and a physician. The clergyman, who has been appealed to by some half broken-hearted relatives to tell them of a "home where a victim of intemperance can be cured," assures his correspondents that "there is no such disease" as intemperance; that "intemperance begets disease," but that he rejects "as a delusion and a snare the doctrine that *habit* is a disease, that *crime* is involuntary, and that hospitals are to supplant prisons." He does not stop to discriminate between habit as a result and disease as a cause; he does not draw any distinction between the criminal, who, of his own choice and volition, plunders or murders, and the victim who desires, prays and struggles against the dominion of the habit that he has no strength of will to overcome, but he boldly rushes to the conclusion that because "phrenology stood for a long time between a murderer in Massachusetts and the gallows," therefore "science is now coming in to alleviate the sentence of condemnation which society pronounces against the drunkard. It is a part of the system which is rapidly *undermining prison discipline* and converting criminals into patients instead of honest men. It encourages sympathy with the criminal rather than with the victims of his crime, and, by relieving him of a sense of moral responsibility, weakens his resolutions to reform and renders his reformation hopeless."

One "organ" of the temperance movement considers this utterance such a *prime* argument that it echoes it, applauds it and pats its reverend declaimer on the back. And what is it but the denunciation of all that is humane and Christ-like in the treatment of the intemperate? Assuming the identity of the inebriate and the criminal, this Christian man calls for more manacles, stouter whipping posts, and, with a profound reverence for the purifying force of punishment, can see no potential powers of reformation in the human soul. He would treat the frail and erring sinner as Calvin treated Servetus, and sanctify barbarous cruelty with the hallowed name of the All-Merciful. Then, availing himself of the clerical ægis, a physician of Pittsburg, proud to couple himself with the meek and lowly Irenæus, avers his belief that "the young moderate drinker should know, *by observing the course of those in advance of him*, that his course, if persisted in, will lead to disgrace and bodily discomfort." The plain English of which is that it is desirable to have on hand a sufficient stock of "horrid examples," *pour encourager les autres!* This observant gentleman "ventures to assert that the great mass of the medical profession do not believe that inebriety is a disease," although, paradoxically enough, he thinks that the idea that inebriety is a disease is an error "for which my profession is very much to blame." Can it be that this "medical man" is so young that he has never heard of Esquirol, Lallemand, Rush, Reid, Perrin, Duroy, Prout, Sandras, Boucherdet, Baker, Hammond, Francis, Carnochan, Parker, Forbes, Winslow and a hundred other *authorities*, to say nothing of the fifteen hundred physicians, who, in 1867, memorialized the Legislature of New York? The truth is that if there is any one point upon which the medical fraternity is nearly a unit, it is that inebriation, as it exists, irrespective of the question of morals, is a disease. It may be caused by, or be the cause of intemperance, but there is no pathological fact more clearly established than this, that there are certain constitutions in which there is a peculiar susceptibility to the alcoholic impres-

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sion, and which, under certain unfavorable and exciting causes, develop into drunkeness as naturally as the seeds of consumption in others produce death. It is not enough to say that there are cases of willful, bestial wallowing in drunkenness, for the love of its excitement and torpor; the fact remains, and undeniable statistics prove it, that there are men who become drunkards in spite of their own desire to be sober and good men—unfortunates who hate the devil they are powerless to resist.

The published figures of nine institutions in seven states of the Union show that it is possible to cure one-third of the cases and to benefit a larger number, and this notwithstanding the false standard of cure set up by the public misconception. Statistics of the insane show that, taking the acute and chronic cases, about one-third is the average number of cures in that branch of human suffering, but by far the largest number of cures effected are in cases of recent origin. A case of inebriation of recent origin never comes under treatment. It is not until a man has been a drunkard for years, or long enough to waste his substance and injure his health, that, as a last resource, he enters an inebriate asylum, so that the results are really far in excess of those of the kindred institutions for the insane. Moreover, it is demanded of the inebriate treatment that it shall not only cure its patients, as in cases of rheumatism or fever, with a liability to future attacks, but it must extirpate the disease. An inebriate leaves an asylum and keeps sober for a year or two, and then is prostrated again, and forthwith his case is used as a proof that inebriation cannot be cured. If the same rule were applied to other diseases, we might pronounce every malady a hopeless disease, and beyond the reach of medicine and hygiene.

The experiment in this country has been closely watched by foreign practitioners and philanthropists. In England, where the criminal returns show that more than three-fifths of the police duties are due to drunkenness, it is in contemplation to establish inebriate asylums of various grades, under government control; and in Australia a devoted medical man, Dr. Charles McCarthy, who does believe that inebriation is a disease, has for thirteen years besieged the public attention, until the press and public are heartily enlisted, private subscriptions amounting to several thousand dollars have been obtained, and the aid of the Colonial government has been promised, so that it is probable that in a few months the antipodes will rejoice in the establishment of the Melbourne Retreat for Inebriates. As a testimony of the far-reaching sympathies of philanthropy, we know of no more fitting language with which to close this article than is contained in an extract from a report read by Dr. McCarthy at a meeting in Melbourne last spring—language that to our laic ears sounds in finer accord with the spirit of love and truth than the harsh utterances of those who prescribe bodily torture as the only panacea for mental and moral delinquencies.

"The committee are glad to observe that that sentimental, senseless idea of shame spoken of a few years ago on this subject, does not now exist. This is owing to the enlightened opinion that inebriety is a disease. The committee would desire to point out the advantages to the State, in a social, moral and economical point of view, of the establishment of retreats for the cure of inebriates, but finding that their report is already very extended, they desire to place on record their decided conviction that a great mistake has been committed in regarding indiscriminately as a vicious class, deserving of punishment, many drunkards who are diseased, and as unable to help themselves as the lunatic or paralytic."

In speaking of the projected institution in Australia, Dr. McCarthy uses the following language, which is equally applicable to this hemisphere: "In the management of the institution there shall be no distinction or question as to creed or country; all shall be treated as patients. The spirit of the retreat must be charity, presiding over everything; all harshness and bitterness to be banished, the patients to be made to feel that their welfare is the sole spirit of the institution; in a word, to make it a home, such as they might regret to leave."

These are true and brave words. True, because they echo the merciful teaching of the noblest philosophy—that of the New Testament; brave, because while the doubters and sciolists of our country can be silenced by the logic of facts—the living witnesses that every day go forth from our numerous asylums—in Australia one man has for weary years been pleading and working, until he has lifted a young empire up to his own belief, that "inebriation is a disease, curable in the same sense that other diseases are."

While we claim for the friends of the inebriate in this country and England a high place in the esteem of good men, we yield even a higher to him who has kindled enthusiasm out of apathy, and created faith in advance of its demonstration by works.

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Hints to People Going South.

BY D. H. JACQUES.

FOR many years to come there will inevitably be a constantly increasing current of immigration setting southward. Aside from the advantages of this region as a field for business enterprises of various kinds—and these are many, and not yet fully appreciated—the climate, with its genial, semi-tropical softness and delightful serenity, is irresistibly attractive to many. With others, again, a milder-tempered winter season is felt to be a *necessity*. The first cold blast of November sends them shivering to the shelter of their stove-heated rooms, to breathe carbonic acid gas and muse languidly, but longingly, on the evergreen, flowery, balmy-breathed South.

So, in spite of the disadvantages and drawbacks which exist here as well as everywhere else, thousands will come south, either as permanent settlers or as transient sojourners. Many of these will come with no correct idea of the country or the people, with an inadequate knowledge of the requirements of the climate and other conditions affecting health and comfort, and with a great many extravagant and unreasonable expectations. For the benefit of such persons I offer a few brief and somewhat desultory hints:

I. *Where to go.*—This depends upon your object in going, on what you wish to do here, and your necessities, tastes and means. If you are simply a health-seeker, driven south by the need of milder climate, Florida is "The invalid's paradise" during the winter. Go to Jacksonville, up the St. John's River, to St. Augustine, to Indian River, or to the delightful and less known Gulf Coast and you will find a climate as near perfection as our rude earth is permitted to have. There are portions of Florida where you may remain during the whole year without danger, and if you do not care for society and are satisfied with the converse and caresses of opulent, teeming and ever-loving tropical nature, you need not look further. But if you need social intercourse and wish to feel the pulsations of active human life, you must look elsewhere for a more permanent residence.

Our pleasant town of Aiken and its vicinity cannot be excelled for salubrity, and it has the railway, the telegraph, and pleasant, cultivated society of both Northern and Southern birth. A little further on you come into the Pine Hills region of Georgia, a delightful as well as a healthful rolling country, with the handsome city of Augusta as its commercial, intellectual and social center.

Summerville, only twenty miles from Charleston, should not be overlooked. As a residence, at all seasons of the year, I should prefer it to almost any place within my knowledge. It is literally a forest city, a town nestled among the pines, whose streets are woodland avenues, and whose far-apart dwellings are the homes of culture, refinement and hospitality. Summerville is proverbially healthful; in fact I can hardly conceive the idea of one dying there, except from old age, or even being sick.

One who loves cities, and to whom their advantages for society, intellectual recreation and amusement are essential, and yet who needs quiet and would be injured by excitement, may find in the proud old historic city of Charleston a delightful winter home, though for consumptive people it is not so favorable as the interior. Here the eye, tired of the glare of white paint and red brick, rests with a sense of relief upon the grey dinginess of time-honored mansions which lift themselves proudly, and with the true dignity of age—age which there is no attempt to disguise—above the embowering foliage of the magnolia and the orange. If you have an eye for ruins you may find them here. The place, if you look at it aright, has a thousand charms and is full of poetry and romance, as well as of historic memories, but if you are in love with fresh white paint, red bricks and all the perpetually renewed newness of the busy, bustling towns of the North, don't come here. Be content with less quiet in some more modern town, and miss our beautiful bay, our evergreen, half-tropical islands, kissed so softly by the breezes which the Gulf Stream has robbed of all their wintry chilliness, and our dignified repose as well.

If you "mean business" there are the best openings in the world here in the South. Our people lack the capital to avail themselves of them, but will heartily join you with their skill

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and their advantages of local knowledge and reputation. We especially need manufactories of the fabrics, utensils and implements in use among us, and now brought from the North and from Europe. The materials are here—the cotton, the wood, the iron, and the business man need not be told of the advantages of making his cloth, his shoes, his hoes, axes, ploughs and carts right where the materials can be had and the goods sold at his door. A manufactory of agricultural implements in Charleston, with its excellent lines of communication, by land and water, with all parts of the country, might be made a most decided success.

In what we call the middle country, as well as further up toward the mountains, there is water power enough, now entirely idle, to move all the machinery in the world; and on the banks of the streams which furnish it the fields are white with cotton, or the hills are covered with forests of timber trees and rich with ores for the furnace. Among the desirable locations for manufacturing are Charleston, Columbia, Augusta, Atlanta, Rome and various points on the railways connecting these places.

First class mechanics, to establish themselves in business here, are very much needed, and they can do well. Of bunglers and rough workmen we have already enough. Skillful men, with some capital, will find good openings in healthful regions of country. They will seek our cities, towns and villages, and cannot well go wrong, so far as business is concerned. In regard to social and educational advantages, there is room for choice, as there is in all parts of the country.

If one wishes to try the cultivation of the tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, bananas, etc., he must seek our beautiful Florida. The best points are the St. John's River, Indian River, and the Gulf Coast.

For truck farming or market gardening the vicinity of Charleston offers the greatest advantages, and it can be and is made to pay very handsomely.

To men with large capital, and the business talent and knowledge which should go with it, the Sea Islands and our river rice lands offer a magnificent field for extensive and profitable farming. Improved implements and machinery are needed, with steam power and skilled labor. An agricultural company, with talent, skill, energy and pluck, with capital to back them, could soon show the world such results as no farming operations have ever yet shown.

The small farmer should avoid the coast region and seek the fine, healthful, rolling middle country, or go still further up among the hills where the northern grasses flourish and cattle and sheep can be raised with profit.

For fruit-growing the middle and upper country are to be chosen, and the line of some railway.

II. *What to do.*—The best branches of business to engage in here have already been hinted at in the foregoing paragraphs, but a few words more on this point will not be amiss:

1. First and best, for those who have the necessary qualifications and capital, is manufacturing, especially of articles of prime necessity—implements, housekeeping goods and furniture, boots and shoes, cloth, etc.

2. Next, the mechanical trades, skilled workmen being in demand. For rough work we have, in most places, enough, as already stated.

3. Farming in all its various branches. For this the climate holds out many advantages in the greater diversity of crops—often two or more in a season, on the same land—the absence of snow and frozen ground to prevent operations at any season, the comparatively small expense of keeping cattle and horses, and economies in shelter and fuel which mild winters permit.

4. As a general rule don't come south to go into trade—we have traders enough—nor to practice law or physic, or to preach or to teach. The professions are full. There are men in the professions, of course, who could make room for themselves here or anywhere, but it is not for such that our advice is intended.

III. *What to expect.*—In the first place, you may reasonably expect to find here a much finer climate, all things considered, than you will leave at the North, and one especially suited to those whom northern winters affect disagreeably and unfavorably; and, contrary to a very general impression, the South, with the exception of portions of the coast region and the borders of some large rivers, is exceedingly healthful, as I know from experience and observation.

In regard to soil, you may expect to find some as good as any in the world, but in the main it is rather poor, or at best, moderately fertile. It is capable, however, of a degree of productiveness far above that of similar soils in less genial climates.

If you come to stay (and not merely to fill your carpet bag with "rocks" in some fat office) and bring with you good manners, an honest purpose and a decent respect for

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honestly-held opinions, adverse, perhaps, to your own, you may expect and will receive a hearty welcome and a ready help and hospitality which you would neither expect nor find at home; and your opinions will be respected as you respect those of your neighbors. If there be exceptions to this, they are in benighted regions with which I have no acquaintance and which all decent people will be likely to avoid.

You may expect, when you have learned some good lessons in the expensive school of experience, to find your labors here crowned with as high a degree of success as they would be anywhere else, to say the least, and to enjoy as much comfort under "your own vine and fig tree" as any northern homestead could afford, and, in the case of those to whom the climate is especially suited, a great deal more.

Last, but not least, you may expect, as you certainly will find, numerous drawbacks to offset against our fine climate and varied productions; dreary expanses of worn-out old fields; dilapidated buildings and fences; bad roads; a lack of enterprise and energy in the people; deficiency, in some parts, of schools and churches; customs and habits new and distasteful to you; lazy, thieving negroes; idle, loafing, whisky-drinking, "low-down white men;" sheep-killing dogs, fleas and mosquitoes. Most of these you would find elsewhere, in a greater or less degree, and all of them you can help to remedy.

IV. *How to live.*—You will necessarily live more in the open air than at the North, and at no time need you shut yourself up in stove-heated rooms. You will breathe here at all seasons the pure air of heaven. Here is one fruitful source of disease entirely cut off. You need seldom or never have a cold or develop consumption, but each climate has its peculiar diseases. Bilious fevers and bowel complaints are more prevalent here than at the North, but they are generally avoidable.

Do not, on coming here, adopt the diet of the mass of the Southern people, which is simply *abominable*, consisting, even during the hot summer months, largely of meat (especially bacon), corn bread and hominy; and everything that can be so cooked is fried in and saturated with *lard*. It is not to be wondered at that bilious fevers prevail.

During the summer you should eat but little meat in a hot climate like this, or, better still, avoid it altogether, and especially cherish a more than Jewish abhorrence for pork. Let your diet be of a cooling nature—bread, fruits, and the vegetables of the season. You will be astonished, perhaps, to find fruits scarce and vegetables of most kinds entirely lacking, and this in a country where both can be grown in the greatest profusion and perfection, and in far greater variety than at the North, and where the garden need never, the year round, be without its growing and maturing crops. Luckily the fig and the peach grow without cultivation or care (but better with them, of course), and you will find these and the wild plums and berries on every farm. Sweet potatoes, too, are always plenty and of a degree of excellence in quality of which one who has not eaten them in the South can have no idea. Of the other vegetables and fruits, you can soon have a supply from your own planting.

Bathe daily, avoid exposure in the fields to the night air and dew, and to the noonday sun during the hottest weather, and, especially where there is any danger of chills and fever, make use of filtered cistern water in preference to that from wells and springs. By living rightly you may get through the process of acclimatization not only without sickness but with improved health. In this, as in other matters, I speak from experience.

V. *Additional suggestions.*—Do not come South with any disposition to continue or renew the war, or to nourish and perpetuate its bitterness. Let by-gones be by-gones. Forgiveness, charity and liberality of feeling should govern all your actions, and, depend upon it, you will be met in the same spirit.

Do not expect too much, however, from poor human nature. Remember how much these people have suffered and how much they have lost besides the "Cause" so just and holy in their eyes, and have patience with those who cannot yet "accept the situation" so cheerfully as you could wish.

Set before the people of the South, quietly and unostentatiously, what you may deem better ways of living and doing. They may be slow to adopt even those improvements which they cannot fail to see and acknowledge, but a better spirit in regard to progress is beginning to prevail and your example will not be lost. On the other hand, avoid the error, too common among Northern people who come here, of thinking that you, on your part, have nothing to learn from the Southerners. There can be no greater mistake, and if you will but assume a teachable attitude, you may be as much benefitted by the contact with the better portion of the native population as they can be.

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Believe little that you may read in partizan newspapers, whether favorable or unfavorable, in regard to the South or its people, white or black. Come prepared to see things as they are, with your own naked eyes. They will look more natural and, perhaps, better than through anybody's colored glasses, be their hue Republican or Democratic.

There is a bright side as well as a dark side to everything, and it is foolish to ignore either. If you come south, come here expecting to find a charming climate, varied and not half developed or appreciated resources, and a people in whom there is much to command your admiration and win your love; but looking for perfection in neither climate nor people and ready to accept the drawbacks with the advantages, and to do your part in the great work of "reconstruction" and improvement.

Perfection of Character.

BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

IN order to attain perfection of character the mind has to pass through a process of development, and that person is the nearest to perfection who has had the greatest discipline and the best opportunity for development. Some have the advantages of superior parentage, training and intellectual culture, joined to the natural development of the moral brain. Some individuals are advancing in the right use and direction of particular faculties, while they are retrograding with respect to other powers of the mind. Some men are notedly good in certain directions, but notoriously bad in others; at times are scrupulously honest, and again very dishonest; on one day very benevolent, and, perhaps, on the next mean and selfish, showing that the mind does not work with equal truthfulness in all its departments.

The climax of human organism is the coronal brain. What would a man be without a brain, especially the moral region? Without the moral faculties man might have intelligence, but it would be animalized in its operations by the lower nature, and man in reality would be an animal. But the moral brain elevates him above the animal and the purely intellectual; for, while the animal shows instinct approaching to reason, yet he has no moral perception, and never prays or exercises the moral faculties. The most God-like endowment lies in the moral brain, and parents who bequeath to their children a high-toned moral nature render them more service than when they leave for them large fortunes without this cultivation. In proportion as we live for high purposes, and bring our natures from the physical into their highest relationship, do we accomplish the great end of our existence. Man was not created merely to amass wealth, nor for the purpose of slaying hundreds and thousands of his fellowmen on the battle field, nor only for intellectual greatness. He was born as a moral being, and in proportion as he lives in the atmosphere of his moral nature, does he rise to the true dignity of his character and exert a purifying influence upon society.

There was once a city in which if there had been ten good men the whole city would have been saved. They could not be found within the entire limits and the city was destroyed. Daniel, in olden times, was good and superior to all the wise men of Babylon. He was of more service to the kingdom, and exerted a more controlling influence than the majority of his race.

There are many great orators, authors, thinkers, warriors, etc., but not as many men distinguished for their goodness, or whose peculiar influence is of a moral character; for greatness is not always accompanied by goodness.

THE MORAL FACULTIES.

In the moral brain there are as many moral faculties as fundamental principles in natural religion. In proportion as the head is high and broad in this region there is a consciousness of the right and wrong of actions, a perception of duty, a sense of obligation, a desire to live a consistent life. This faculty does not necessarily tell us what is right and what is wrong; it

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only gives us the feeling of right, the pleasure of well doing, and remorse when we have acted contrary to its dictates. It is the intellectual faculties, especially Causality, that point out the right and wrong path, and declare respecting the course we should pursue. It, however, requires the mental counsel, as a whole, in order to have a correct conscience and an enlightened perception. To *know* or *understand* what is right is an intellectual act. To *feel* or *do* what is right is a conscientious act.

St. Paul thought he was doing right when he persecuted the Christians, but, when his mind became enlightened, his conscience made him feel that he had done wrong. So he pursued the opposite course of conduct.

The faculty of Conscientiousness is generally large in children and in women. It is also large in the majority of those men who raise stock and bring it to market for sale. But those who buy and sell to make profits have frequently less of this organ. For some buy as low as they can and sell as high as they can, taking advantage of their customers whenever there is an opportunity, and, as a general thing, this is unfavorable to the growth of Conscientiousness. There are certain kinds of business where Conscientiousness is not needed; in fact, it is only in the way when developed.

Parents should be very particular in selecting such callings for their children as will allow the action of Conscientiousness.

HOPE.

By the action of this faculty we have a consciousness of a hereafter. When we go to bed at night we expect to awake in the morning, we hope to see the dawning of the new year, to live to old age, to amass wealth, to complete our education, to attain position and influence in society. The young hope to be old, the aged to become still more so. Thus the action of Hope is constantly seen in all that we do, say, or think. When the organ of Hope takes a physical direction, it inclines us to go into business for the purpose of accomplishing physical ends, and we desire riches, office, authority, and influence as connected with physical life.

I will here remark that each faculty of the mind has a two-fold influence—an action connected with material life, and another as refers to the life to come. The physical action of the faculty leads to present enjoyment. Its ultimate or spiritual action is for enjoyment hereafter.

ADHESIVENESS.

Adhesiveness, in its physical signification, desires a friend that we can see, whose presence we can perceive; one by whose side we can sit, whose company we can enjoy. If it is a child, we wish to clasp it in our arms to realize its existence. But in the spiritual exercise of this faculty there can be a fondness and love for those whom we have not seen. In reading a book we sometimes become deeply interested in the author, not because we are acquainted with him, but because his written thoughts are in harmony with our own minds. The physical action of Acquisitiveness wishes property that the person can handle, that the eyes can see. But its spiritual action wants "a treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Those in whom Hope is small are liable to give way to despair. Those whose hopes center on this life are happy in proportion as their worldly prosperity continues. But when our hopes are anchored on things that are eternal we may lose property, position, and friends, yet we may enjoy the contemplation of our future eternal home, and be more happy than those who are blessed in this life. It is the privilege of the human race to exercise their faculties in their highest relations, and thereby to secure the best and most unalloyed enjoyments. Do not stop to recount your pains, troubles and losses, the impediments that have obstructed your way; they belong to the days that are gone, they are like water spilled on the ground. It is only a waste of time to recall them. Some go wandering about to tell over their troubles to their neighbors. They speak of every ache and pain, and whenever you see them coming you know that they will impose this heavy burden upon you. They crave sympathy, and know not how to obtain it, unless they dwell continually on the dark side of the picture and magnify their grievous condition. When Hope is small and Cautiousness is large, persons are not sustained by buoyant anticipations of a bright future, but, being unhappy themselves, they make every one else around them miserable by their gloomy forebodings and prognostications.

If you have small Hope, do all you can to strengthen and encourage its exercise. If misfortunes have been your lot, look at the brighter side. These trials may be the discipline you need to brighten your armor and prepare you for your eternal existence. Life is full of lights and shades, sorrows and enjoyments, but we frequently bring our miseries upon ourselves. Parents often inflict sorrows upon their children that a lifetime of prayer will never remove. Let us live aright, observing the laws

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of our being and the laws of our Creator, and we shall not have as many causes for complaint as at present.

SPIRITUALITY.

The next faculty to which your attention is directed is Spirituality. By the action of this organ we have a consciousness of a spiritual life, spiritual existence and spiritual relationship with the future world. It gives faith, belief and trust in the unseen. A man who has large Causality and small Spirituality is unable to recognize the "hand of Providence;" he cannot comprehend it, and hence belief does not come; he is skeptical in all things that can not be demonstrated and clearly proved. The possession of this faculty enables us to feel that our body is one thing and our spirit another. Like Hope, it gives a consciousness of immortality and makes us feel that man was originally constituted immortal. It is deeply engraven on his organization to hope for immortality, to feel that if he complies with the Divine requirements, and has a spiritual birth, he will be prepared for a higher and better world. This faculty expands the mind, and gives real enjoyment to the religious man. The doubter has not Spirituality, for he goes only as far as he can see, and yet he thinks he has progressed farther than the believer and is in advance of conservative society. But the reverse of this is true. The moral nature of man is superior to his intellectual, and if an individual is enlightened morally and yields to his moral impressions, he advances more rapidly than the one who is governed by his intellectual perceptions. The skeptic is influenced only by his reason, while the believer is led by the higher faculties of the mind, which are satisfied with partial evidence. The skeptic is to be pitied, because he deceives himself and abridges his own enjoyment when he brings everything to the level of his intellect. The human mind is so constructed that it cannot fully comprehend truth at one glance. It gradually opens and enlarges till the child, who at first cannot understand the difference between one letter and an another, by and by is able to put letters together to form words, then to make these words into sentences by which he can express his ideas. These are simple at first, afterward more complex and complete, yet in view of the highest power of the human mind it comprehends but little, because the atmosphere of the world in which we live does not allow us to see very far with the naked physical eye. It is the same in the moral world. Its atmosphere will not permit us to see distant objects clearly in a moral aspect. We have to climb gradually the hill of knowledge and perfection.

Inventors have the element of faith; they perceive that they have a correct principle, and, though they do not see the end at once, they persevere till they accomplish their object. I know a man who has been working on a machine for thirty years, believing all the time that he has discovered a principle which, if he can only work it out, will change the existing order of machinery. Inventions are made because the inventors have faith that they will be able to mature the principles which at first they see with a glimmering light.

Those persons who have this faculty of Spirituality large are impressed spiritually, first, with reference to other minds, and, secondly, with reference to the Divine mind. They have a spiritual eye to see into spiritual things, as a physical eye can perceive the real and tangible objects of sense.

BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence is the last organ to be described to which your attention is directed. It gives fullness to the frontal region of the coronal brain. This faculty was defective in the head of Black Hawk. He took his first scalp when he was thirteen years of age, and was recognized as one of the most bold, cruel and courageous warriors. Father Matthew had very large Benevolence. It was the crowning organ of his head. He was remarkably kind-hearted and benevolent—one of the most useful men who ever lived. Few have done more good than he, or were able to touch the hearts of a whole people as could this man. In the history of the temperance cause he stands preeminently in the front rank as the most efficient worker. He induced thousands to sign the temperance pledge and reform their lives and habits. But he did not abuse the drunkard and rumseller. When I examined his head in New York I asked him "how he reached the hearts of his people so effectually?" "Why, he replied, "the human heart is made up of a thousand strings, and if you only know what string to touch you can play upon the human heart as upon a musical instrument. Some persons do not know how to play upon this harp of a thousand strings, and they only bring discord instead of harmony."

Some, in attempting to reform the race, have zeal, but they do not know how to accomplish their object, and hence drive people away from

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the truth they would inculcate. Father Matthew, by the organ of Benevolence, could sympathize with his people, and he swayed the Irish heart as he liked.

Those who have large and active Benevolence can excite sympathy in the multitude. It is astonishing to see how one man can affect an audience. Some individuals that we meet attract, and some repel us. Some we wish to see again, and others we should be glad never to behold. The natural influence of Benevolence is to enliven the countenance, to give a pleasant smile instead of cross and snappish words, and, joined with Adhesiveness, to cement the bonds of affection.

This quality is a very important one when we look at it as the medium through which humanity is to be regenerated. The way in which progression of the race is to be effected is by the action of one individual upon another, each being the instrument in the hands of the Creator of a vast amount of good or evil. In proportion as we are surrounded by favorable influences are we inclined to yield to them, and the reverse is equally true.

The organ of Benevolence inclines to do deeds of kindness and charity, to relieve the needy and feed the starving. Some pass objects of want without any manifestation of sympathy, while others "go about doing good" wherever they have an opportunity. A man with small Benevolence will pray first for his own family, then for his relations, next for the church to which he belongs, and will not have time for any more; while the one actuated by large Benevolence will pray for blessings to descend upon all mankind, of all sects, creeds and colors. Quite a contrast between such a prayer and one who prays to God "to bless me and my wife, my son and his wife, us four and no more." You can tell how large the soul of a man is by his prayer. It is the best criterion, and really expresses the natural language of his heart. The organ of Benevolence removes prejudice, bigotry, and the spirit of persecution. It enables us to recognize the differences in the human race with a lenient eye, and teaches us that others want the same privilege of thinking for themselves that we require. It inspires charity, and leads us to believe in the sincerity and integrity of those who profess these qualities.

Benevolence is at the foundation of all the real reforms of the day—those which have the good of mankind for their object. It promotes not only blessings for ourselves but for our neighbors.

Many are really anxious to do good, but think that all effort is useless because they have no money. It is possible to do good without a penny, and I will tell you the way.

First, be healthy; the presence of a healthy person is beneficial wherever he goes, especially in the sick room. He carries a healthy breath, an invigorating atmosphere, and every influence that comes from him is calculated for good.

No one, from choice, will come in contact with a diseased person. If he knocks at your door to beg for food you close the door before you go to get it, because you are repulsed by his appearance. If there should be a plague in town the country people would do as in Elam many years since, bring their provisions to the borders of the town and take the money for it after it had been passed through a disinfectant, like vinegar.

We avoid those who have contagious diseases, for they contaminate the atmosphere around them, thus endangering all who associate with them. It costs nothing to be healthy, but it is an expensive thing to be ill.

Learn to be healthy, so that you may not transmit disease to your children.

Do you want to do good without money?—then, secondly, be good to yourselves. A true and virtuous man necessarily exerts a good influence. When he looks, speaks or acts the elements of goodness beam in his countenance, for he develops the natural language of his soul, which can be read by all men. If you cannot be perfect strive to attain as near perfection as possible. This is the noblest struggle in which you can engage, one which will elevate you and make you fulfill the great end of your existence. The clergyman gives two sermons every Sabbath, one in the morning and the other in the evening, but the man who is true to his higher nature preaches every day during the entire week a living sermon, and carries the glad tidings wherever he goes, for actions speak louder than words, and those who see his goodness are stimulated to imitate it.

Let each endeavor to overcome their own excesses, strengthen their weaker faculties and thereby secure a harmonious balance to all their powers.

Whatever may be the besetting sin struggle against it; and, in proportion as we overcome, we are perfecting our organizations, and preparing ourselves for our existence here and hereafter. The philosophy of living and dying may be summed up in a few words. Life, as

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applied to this world, has its beginning, continuation and end. Perfection of life, mentally and physically, is secured by obeying the laws of mind and matter. Infancy and youth are necessary preparations to manhood. We must have, first, the body strong and vigorous, then the supremacy of mind over the physical; lastly, the spirit, which transcends both body and mind.

We exist, first, physically. We receive the breath of life and become a living soul. We struggle in our mother's arms, then creep about the floor, soon run—with many a fall—from room to room, and then commence in earnest the race of life, enduring hardships, manifesting great strength, becoming an individual power on earth. We are satisfied in infancy and childhood with something to eat, a rattle, a ball, a kite, or knife, as a prelude to the accumulation of wealth in lands, stocks, chattels, apparatus, statuary, paintings and libraries. These increase our enjoyment and facilitate the acquisition of positive knowledge, which is a foundation to the study of philosophy, theology, and our spiritual relations.

We first see darkly and only recognize the most brilliant objects; then we notice the difference in persons, voices and actions, afterward desire to go abroad to see the world, to study the natural and positive sciences. This prepares us to think, inquire and philosophize as to the origin and authorship of all these truths, laws and conditions.

We begin to die gradually, as we begin to grow and mature. First, the digestive system becomes weakened, then circulation fails and muscular action ceases. Weakness and debility are soon followed by cold extremities, until inaction, coldness and stiffness pervade the whole system. The brain, being the last to be developed, is the last to become cold and inactive. The same is true of the mind. It ceases to act first where it began to be manifested. We lose our appetite and interest in material things, forgive old grudges and make friends with our enemies, become reconciled, calm and quiet in body and mind, lose our interest in our earthly possessions, which are freely given away, cease to love all earthly objects and bid farewell to friends and family. We are no longer interested in science and positive philosophy, our thoughts tend upward, our fears respecting death are fast subsiding; we let go one by one all earthly interests and tendencies, our prayers and sympathies extend to all mankind. We are on the threshold of death, and feel at peace with man and God. The child that was fractious, impulsive, and selfish, is quiet, mild and peaceful; the man who was passionate, arrogant and thirsted for gain and knowledge has radically changed; a new world and interests have opened to his view. If each die, they will die peacefully; but, suppose the disease of the child from this point is arrested. He begins to rally and recover. His appetite improves, the circulation is more regular, he calls for his playthings, evinces irritability of disposition and a ruffled countenance, while if disease had accomplished its work it would have left a smile and heavenly expression on the face. If the man recovers and regains his wonted vigor of body and mind, he again manifests the same predilections as before his illness—selfishness, temper, arrogance, worldly desires, thirst for knowledge.

But suppose the man has lived the full measure of his days, has observed the laws of his being and of his God, has confessed his shortcomings, has experienced a spiritual birth, and has been introduced to a spiritual life experimentally, it is an easy thing for him to depart; to lay off his mortality and to put on immortality is like laying off his clothing when he prepares to rest for the night. He bids farewell to friends and treasures on earth, in anticipation of enjoying more durable treasures and eternal friendships. Having bid adieu to this world, in other words, the strength of the body having become exhausted, and, as it were, dead, the elements of mind in the base of the brain having become inactive, he manifests more and more interest in subjects of an elevated nature, until the last manifestations of mind this side of death are Spirituality and Veneration. His last thoughts, words and expressions are about God and heaven.

Unnatural and perverted lives, untimely, violent and sudden deaths have their influences and effects, according to the circumstances attending their existence, and such can in no way be compared to a proper life, a natural and peaceful death.

It is the privilege of us all to live the life and die the death of the righteous.

MRS. AGNES BULLOCK, living near Orangeburg, Ky., has lately cut a new set of teeth. She was born Jan. 20, 1776, in Hanover county, Va., landed in Maysville when she was twelve years of age, and removed to Lexington; afterwards removed to Mason county in 1799, where she has resided ever since.

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LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XII.

THE HAND.

LAST month I promised to tell you about the hands and feet in the next lesson. Are you all ready for what I am going to say? I think you are. Now which shall we begin with, the hand or the foot? The hand do you say? Well it shall be the hand. A man might, if he had any one to care for him, live just as long without hands as with them. They are not vital organs like the heart and lungs. When these are injured seriously death soon follows, but both hands might be cut off and you would still live to be very old. Some other person's hand could supply you with all your wants if yours were gone, but no person's heart can be made to circulate your blood, no one's stomach digest your food. How often do we see persons with one hand missing; still it would be very inconvenient to have our hands taken off. They are the executive organs of the upper part of the body. They do the work of the world, or did before horses and machinery were used. They write our letters, set our types, make our tools, hold the plows, dig the potatoes, cut the bread and meat and carry it to our mouths, dress and undress us. Indeed they are so very important organs that we should be very miserable without them, and if everybody was to lose their hands then the world might as well come to an end first as last, so far as we are concerned, for all work would soon cease.

Now take a careful look at the hand. See how you can open and shut it; how bend the fingers; how grasp a stick, pick up a pin, take hold of a stone, write a letter—in short do almost anything. If we had not the power of shutting up the hand it would be worthless. Imagine your fingers and thumb all stiff, and then try to do anything with them. Now why is it that we can bend the hand so curiously? Who can tell? You see the hand is full of joints. Instead of there being only one bone in the hand there are many. Let us see how many. First, in the wrist there are *eight* bones called *carpal* bones. This word carpal is from a Greek word meaning wrist. Now see how you can bend your wrist because of them. Then there are next the wrist bones five others called *metacarpal* bones—metacarpal means next to the wrist, or "with" the wrist. These bones reach up to the fingers, and each finger has three bones called *phalanges*, and there are two in the thumb. You must know what the word *phalanges* means before we go on. It means the same as phalanx, and phalanx means a "row of soldiers." Now look at your fingers. Don't you see they are in a row like soldiers when on the march?

Now let us count how many bones there are in the hand and wrist. The wrist contains eight; the metacarpal bones are five; the phalanges are fourteen. This makes for the hand nineteen, and eight for the wrist—twenty-seven in all. Is it any wonder the hand is very flexible with so many bones in it?

But these bones form only the frame-work of the hand. They are all fitted to one another perfectly, and so strongly bound together by ligaments that they stay in their places unless disease or accident displaces them.

MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND.

The movements of the hand, the power to bend the fingers and open and shut it, come from the muscles and tendons, which you cannot see, but some of which you can feel as they pass over the wrist. The thumb has a different movement from the fingers, as you will see by opening and shutting your hand. This excellent arrangement makes this organ worth a great deal more than if there was no thumb, for it enables us to take hold of things, to grasp them firmly. If we had no thumbs this could not be done so well.

DIFFERENT LENGTH OF FINGERS.

You may wonder why the fingers are not all of the same length, but this would not do so well. Shut up your hand tightly and see how the ends all form a straight line as if they were of the same length. The thumb is larger and stronger than any finger and has more to do. The middle finger is longest and largest, and is a sort of center about which the others move. This finger is more apt to get hurt than the others. See when your fist is doubled how it sticks out. The fore finger can move about better than the others, and is used as an index

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finger. The finger next the middle finger is called the ring finger by many persons. The reason why this is chosen for the wedding ring is because it is more or less protected from injury by the other fingers. So, too, the left hand is chosen for a like reason. The ancients had still another reason, that is because they thought this finger had some mysterious connection with the heart, and consequently with love, but this is not so.

MONKEYS' HANDS.

The monkey, which makes so much sport for all boys and girls, has a hand which looks very much like yours and mine, but it is not quite like ours. It is narrower and straighter; the thumb is shorter and not so strong; the fingers are nearly of a length. A monkey cannot move its hand so well. When he picks up a nut he holds it between his thumb and the side of the fore finger. Notice this next time you see a monkey with a nut. A monkey's hand answers a monkey's purpose, however, better than your hand would. When wild he lives much in trees, and he can climb and hold on to the limbs, or bars in his cage, with such a hand excellently well.

THE HAND AND THE WILL.

The hand would not be worth much if it was not for the mind, for it has no intelligence of its own. It can only do what the will tells it to do. You are sitting by the table and there is an apple on the table which you wish to eat. How will you eat it. The mind tells the hand to pick it up and carry it to the mouth, which it does, and thus you are fed. The hand is more completely under the control of the will than any part of the body. You can educate it to do almost anything, from opening and shutting it to painting a beautiful picture. Our hands are slaves to our minds. The mind alone could not do anything of much worth but for the hand. It could not build houses, supply food, or defend us against our foes. They both go together very beautifully, but either alone would not be worth much. The monkey has, as I told you, a very good hand, but his mind is not so good as yours. A monkey may be taught to love oysters, but it could never be taught how to open an oyster shell with a knife or hammer as you could. It has not mind enough.

EDUCATION OF THE HAND.

A baby's hand cannot do much more than to open and shut, but as it grows older it can grasp firmly on any stick or ball; and, as years go on, can learn to strike heavy blows, play the piano or violin, pick a pocket, tenderly sooth the head, paint a picture, hold a plow, drive a plane, and a thousand other things. Without education the hand is of little account. I hope all of you will learn how to use the hand properly, and to do a great deal of work with it.

SHAKING HANDS.

Boys and girls, I believe, never shake hands; but when you grow up you will learn to do this. There is a great difference in the way people do it. When they meet and are glad to see each other they shake hands heartily; but sometimes people shake hands very coldly, as if they had no heart in it. A warm-hearted man shakes hands in such a way that you know how he feels, and so does a cold-hearted, selfish person. Human beings are the only creatures who shake hands. Horses and oxen manifest their friendship by rubbing their noses together, or by licking one another with the tongues. When we shake hands we intimate that we are on friendly terms. If we wish to intimate more than this we kiss, for this is the token of a more tender feeling.

TELLING FORTUNES BY THE HAND.

There have been people who believed that a fortune-teller could tell the fortunes of a person by the lines of the hand. In olden times many believed it. Even Homer, the greatest of Grecian poets, is said to have written a book about divination in this way; but if he did not, others did, and large ones, too. Here are some of the signs:

1. Equal furrows or lines on the lower joint of the thumb are signs that you will be very rich.

2. A line surrounding the middle joint is a sign you will be hung.

3. Short nails are a sign of goodness.

4. Long, narrow nails are a sign of stupidity.

5. Curved nails are a sign of ugliness.

6. Black spots on the nails show you will be unlucky; white ones are a sign of good fortune.

These signs, however, are not believed in by educated people, and you need put no trust in them.

RIGHT-HANDED VS. LEFT-HANDED.

The hands look alike on both arms, but there is a great difference in them.

Except in rare instances the right hand is superior to the left one, and is used more. We

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write with it, and not the left hand; we carry our drink to our mouths with it; it is larger and stronger in most people. Why is this? There must be some reason for it. Probably most children are born with this tendency, and then education makes it stronger. Some people use the left hand so little that it becomes weak, and the right hand so much that it becomes strong, and they become one-sided and deformed. While it is more convenient to use the right hand than the left for some reason, yet the left hand should be used enough to keep up bodily symmetry and equal vigor on both sides.

Take good care of your hands. Keep them clean. Properly pare the nails. Don't get your fingers out of joint or deformed by straining them. Use them to do honest work. They are worthy of the best of care. Healthy people have better hands than sickly ones, so keep healthy.

This lesson has been so long that our talk about the foot must lie over till next month.

QUESTIONS

1. Could a man live to be old without hands?
2. Could he without a heart and stomach?
3. Why is this?
4. What are the hands for?
5. Could everybody live without hands?
6. If the hands could not be bent would they be worth much?
7. Why can we bend the hand?
8. How many bones in the hand? How many in the wrist?
9. What are the carpal bones?
10. Name the others?
11. What holds the bones together?
12. What moves the hand?
13. What about the length of the fingers?
14. What about the thumb and other fingers?
15. Why is one chosen for the ring?
16. What do you know about monkeys' hands?
17. Would the hand be worth as much without the will?
18. How is the hand educated?
19. Do boys shake hands with each other as men do?
20. Why not?
21. Can the fortune be told by the hand?
22. Which hand is used the most?
23. What about the care of the hand?

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FLORIDA WATER, ETC.

I. Are Florida Water and other similar cosmetics poisonous?

ANSWER.—Yes. The following is a list of some of the poisonous cosmetics and their composition:

Eau de Cythère—4 per cent. chloride of lead, 8 per cent. hyposulphite of soda, 88 per cent. water. (Wittstein.)

Eau de Fées—Hyposulphite of lead 1¼, hyposulphite of soda 3, glycerine 7, water 88 parts. (Hagar and Jacobson.)

Kalydon's and Gowland's Cosmetic Wash—Bitter almonds 1 ounce, bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) 8 grains, rose water one pound. (Dr. Ehrhardt.)

Pommade Tannique—Perfumed lard 65, acetate of lead 25, flowers of sulphur 7 parts.

Damenpulver (Ladies' Powder)—Pulverized talc 4, carbonate of lead 1 part. (J. Pohlmann, in Wien.)

Florida Water—Acetate of lead 50, flowers of sulphur 20, distilled water 1,000 parts. (F. Eymæl.)

Bahama Water, according to Reveil, similar to Florida Water, but perfumed with anisced oil.

We may add, that fresh water, exercise and sunshine are not poisonous, but hygiene cosmetics. On analysis no lead is found in them.

COCOA-NUTS.

II. Are cocoa-nuts healthful food?

ANS.—Yes. The cocoa-palm is of immense importance in the countries where it grows. It yields a delicious food, a nutritious drink, a rich oil, and fibres which are manufactured into thread, twine, ropes and all kinds of strong, useful cordage.

Boiling the pulp breaks open the cells. As the oil is liberated it rises, to be skimmed off. A few years ago the Dutch Government ordered a census of the cocoa-nut trees in Java and Madeira, which footed up twenty millions, being an average of three to every native inhabitant.

Vast quantities of the oil are burned in lamps throughout the whole Indian Archipelago. A tumbler half filled with water has oil poured in

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to the brim. Two lighted sticks are the wicks, which burn bri liantly. Every native glories in a display of lamps in the house and about the grounds at the approach of night.

When first taken out of the boiling pot the oil has a rich flavor, but soon becomes rancid. So copious is the supply, however, it can always be had fresh and sweet for the table. Like olive oil in Syria, it is butter, lard, or oil, according to circumstances, in cookery. Soap is made with it, lamps supplied, leather dressed, and cosmetics are fabricated for beautifying the homely faces of women.

WALL PAPER.

III. Is paper on the walls of rooms objectionable on account of health?

ANS.—There is one objection to it, if no more. In case an infectious disease occurs in a room papered, the germs of the disease are likely to lodge in it and can not be eradicated but by tearing it off and washing the walls with caustic soda and whitewash. For this reason papered walls should be renewed frequently, and before one layer is put on the other should be taken off, and the wall thoroughly cleaned. If this is done there is no objection to papering the walls of rooms.

UNWHOLESOME ROOMS.

IV. In what way do our rooms become unwholesome as our houses grow older?

ANS.—By the walls and furniture absorbing the poisonous gases that are given out by our breaths, perspiration, and other means. To prevent it, ventilation, sunlight, and cleanliness are the great remedies.

THE BABY.

V. How is the best way to take care of a baby?

ANS.—It would take a whole book to answer this question. For full particulars read Mrs. Gleason's Talks to my Patients, and Combe's work on Infancy. To these we may add that three important requisites for babies are plenty of sleep, plenty of food and proper dressing. The saying that man is a bundle of habits is as true of babies as it is of grown children. If an infant is accustomed from its birth to sleep from 6 o'clock at night until daylight, the habit of early sleep will be formed and the mother may have all her evenings to herself.

If the baby sleeps all night, a long morning nap will naturally come about dinner time, after which the child, except when very young, should be kept awake until 6 o'clock. Perseverance in this routine will soon result in securing quiet evenings for both the child and parent.

Some mothers have a long season every morning and every night in getting the baby asleep. They rock them and sing them till Morpheus enfolds them. With most children this is entirely unnecessary. An infant can be accustomed, by a few days' training, to go to sleep itself for a morning nap as well as for the longer rest at night.

A mother has duties to herself as well as to her offspring. While she should exercise a constant care in securing its utmost physical comfort, she should secure rest and recreation for herself. In no other way can she keep fresh in feeling and buoyant in spirit. Nothing is so wearing as the unceasing tending of a fretful baby.

Every means should be employed to aid the child in taking care of itself and giving as little trouble as possible. It may learn in babyhood to amuse itself with toys, or by watching movements going on around it.

Fashion, as well as good sense, requires infants' dresses to be made with long sleeves and high in the neck. Fashion requires children of all ages to be warmly clad. Flannel should encase the whole body, with the exception of the head and hands. The fruitful cause of colic in infants is the nakedness of their necks and arms.

Regularity in feeding is as important as either of the other requisites. Babies cry as often from being overfed too frequently as from hunger. Let the mother obey the dictates of common sense in this matter, and not force food into a baby's stomach for every little complaint it makes.

Children of three or four years of age need much more sleep than they usually have. For irritable and nervous children sleep is a specific, and it can be secured to them only by the force of habit. Many light forms of disease may be cured by keeping a child in a uniform temperature and quiet.

SHOULD MOTHERS LABOR?

VI. Should mothers while bearing and nursing children labor?

ANS.—They should not be foolishly idle, but, on the other hand, they should not be borne down by anxious cares and heavy labors. If they are, the effect on offspring and also upon themselves is disastrous. This is one objection to women following professions. The anxiety of professional life is so great that parentage must be ignored. It is also a reason why dur-

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ing the years when mothers are rearing children, their husbands should be exceedingly thoughtful of all their real wants. The woman who yields up her life to motherhood does the highest work that is done on this planet, and deserves all the tender care and devotion that a noble man can give, and shielding from unfavorable influences.

INFANTCIDE.

VII. Is infanticide as common among savages as among civilized nations?

ANS.—More so. Infanticide is rare among civilized people, but common among the savages. Feticide, or the murder of the unborn child, is more common among the civilized.

INSTINCT.

VIII. What is instinct, and how does it differ from reason?

ANS.—Perhaps the following illustration will make clear our querist's question. There is an insect which inhabits the pine tree which has a very short, active life. Now the female, during its active existence, improves the brief space of time allowed to migrate outward upon the terminal foliage for food for itself and young. This the female invariably seeks to do. The male, however, does not do this, but lodges where it happens, like a vagrant. Now it is instinct that prompts the female to do this, for they are so low in the scale of organization they can not reason. So it must be instinct that prompts wood-borers to gnaw to the surface of the tree before undergoing transformations, so they can escape to the air. So it is instinct that prompts a certain kind of butterfly that houses itself in a rolled-up leaf of a willow tree, to fasten the leaf to the twig, so in winter it will not fall off. Many kinds of wasps exhibit a wonderful provisional instinct. The female wasp burrows into the ground, or sometimes into rotten wood, constructs a cell at the bottom of the cavity, and there deposits her eggs. She then carries in insects which may serve as food for her future progeny. Some species take the additional precaution to disable, but not kill, the insects thus provided, so that the young may find themselves provided with fresh provisions. Having completed her task she closes the hole and never again revisits it, but shortly after perishes.

HEALTHINESS OF THE SOIL.

IX. How does the character of the soil affect the health?

ANS.—In many ways. 1. By its elevation or depression, elevated soils being generally most healthful, because the air does not stagnate there.

2. By the vegetation covering it. In hot climates the trees keep the air cooler than it would be. Vegetation often prevents the circulation of the air. It may prevent the spread of malaria, by breaking up its currents. Herbage growing near the ground is always considered healthy. Brush-wood is thought to be unhealthy, while trees are healthy or not as they are too thick and prevent the circulation of the air, or otherwise.

3. The structure of the soil influences its healthfulness. If it holds water it is bad. If it is too sandy it holds the heat of the sun and debilitates the inhabitants. Damp clay soils, on the other hand, breed rheumatism, colds and catarrhs. White, sandy soils reflect the light and injure the eyes. Soils permeable to water in a high degree are more healthful than those that hold water. Drained soils are more healthy than those not drained. In a town in England, where the soil had been well drained, the deaths from consumption greatly diminished.

4. Dusty soils affect the eyes and the lungs unfavorably, and produce great discomfort. As a rule, people feel best on dry soils and have much better digestion. Some soils are believed to give off poisonous gases that produce diseases.

CHYLE AND CHYME.

X. What is the difference between chyle and chyme?

ANS.—The food we use is converted in the stomach into chyme. It then passes into the duodenum, where the pancreas sends to it its secretion, as also does the gall-bladder the bile. They are all mixed together and converted into chyle. Chyle differs from chyme in this respect, the alkali of the bile neutralizes the acid of the chyme and then the pancreatic juice acts on the fatty matter in the chyme, which the stomach does not digest, and facilitates its subdivision into minute separate particles. So, too, the starch of the chyle is converted into sugar. The soluble part of the chyle is absorbed from the small intestines.

MAGNETIC MINERAL SPRINGS.

XI. Are the magnetic springs of Michigan really magnetic or not?

ANS.—It is now pretty well determined that they are not more magnetic than other waters. They are mineral waters, similar to, but not so strong as those of Saratoga. Most of them are located in healthful regions and are favorite resorts for invalids. Dr. Stiles Kennedy has

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written a book which gives full information about all these springs, which we will send to those desiring it for $2.

DEATHS AMONG NEGROES.

XII. Is the death-rate among negroes at the South greater than among the whites?

ANS.—So far as known, it is. A writer in The Nation thus sums it up for Charleston, S. C., from 1866 to 1871—six years:

The total number of deaths in each year is as follows:

	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871
White	607	462	390	453	539	714
Black	1,164	879	818	918	1,075	956

1871 was a yellow fever or sickly season, and as such years are much more fatal to the whites, it can scarcely be placed on a level with the rest. The relative proportion of deaths thus far in 1872 is the same as in the first five years.

The black people are not much more numerous in Charleston than the whites.

Of the entire number of deaths—9,005 in all,
7,701 are natives of South Carolina,
408 are natives of other states,
836 are natives of foreign countries.

The table below shows the relative mortality of children under five years of age:

	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871
White	212	319	136	181	203	191
Black	392	623	372	461	405	415

In this statement I will merely add one or two facts falling under my own observation. Of all the great contrasts between the past and the present in the South, I can truly say that not one has struck me more forcibly than the seeming dearth of negro children. It is not so noticeable in the cities and towns, but in the country it might be supposed that some new Herod had inaugurated a slaughter of the innocents. Whether this statement holds true with reference to other portions of the South I can not yet say from my own observation, but it is certainly so in this part of Carolina. Formerly, on well-kept plantations, as soon as practicable, the mothers were relieved of the care of their offspring and the master had them properly attended to in regular "nurseries." In fact, to the slave-owner, the actual profit came from the increase, and self-interest compelled a proper amount of attention. Now, however, this care is thrown upon the mother, and the testimony is unanimous that the present mortality among children is due to the persistent neglect of their mothers. There seems to be an absolute indifference—a want of maternal instinct. The result of such conduct, especially where there is no proper medical attendance, may be readily imagined. Few physicians would seriously think of settling down to the practice of their profession in the country at the South, especially under existing circumstances. Here and there perhaps a planter may be found who has acquired a knowledge of medicine, but it is kept subsidary to planting interests.

A gentleman of this character gave me an instance of his experience. A year ago, in one "quarter," there were eleven births about the same time. All these children were under his care, but with two of them he had especial trouble and gave them especial attention. At the end of the year these two out of the eleven were the only ones alive, and they could not live much longer. There had been no epidemic, and yet such instances are of frequent occurrence. No exact statement can be given, however, for no statistics are kept.

POISONING THROUGH THE SKIN.

XIII. Can a poison be taken into the system through the healthy skin?

ANS.—There is no doubt but poisons, and things not poison, may be thus absorbed. In a recent note to the Paris Academy, M. Bernard describes a series of experiments for the purpose of testing the degree of cutaneous absorption which took place in a bath impregnated with the substances to be tested. Every precaution was taken to prevent the possibility of the substances entering the system of the patient by any avenue except the skin. He was then submitted for a short time to steam vapor charged with iodide of potassium, and two or three hours afterward the urine gave unmistakeable evidence that the iodide had been absorbed and was passing through the system.

In these experiments the medicinal agent reached the skin in hot aqueous vapor, and therefore acted more readily than an ordinary cold solution, but the fact of cutaneous absorption was very definitely illustrated.

M. Bernard adds: "M. Colin has described an experiment in which he allowed water charged with cyanide of potassium to fall for five hours on a horse's back. This caused the death of the animal, the sebacious (fatty) matter having been destroyed through percussion, and cutaneous absorption taking place.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

XIV. Is St. Vitus' dance contagious?

ANS.—Not as small pox is, but all nervous children, or indeed all who are weak, irritable, or from any cause very susceptible, should be

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excluded from the society of those laboring under the disease, as many cases are certainly induced by imitation.

INSANE MURDERERS.

XV. Do you think many murderers are insane?

ANS.—No doubt some of them are, but not all, as will be seen from the following:

"The Indians in California are learning the emotional insanity plea in extenuation of their little irregularities. A man in Trinity Centre, California, was recently shot at by a presumed friendly Indian, and upon demanding the cause, the Indian bounded off with the rifle, crying out, "Me heap crazy! me too much crazy! me too much crazy!"

DESPAIR.

XVI. Why are some people always in a state of despair when there is no apparent reafor it?

ANS.—Often from an impoverished state of the blood. The nerves and brain must be well supplied with rich blood, in order to act healthfully. If not thus supplied, the blues and horrors are sure to come.

OLD AGE.

XVII. Will it not be possible some day to prevent old age from coming on, and people live in full vigor for centuries?

ANS.—You might as well stop the sun from setting as a person from growing old. Still, by judicious living its discomforts may be greatly mitigated, and old age become beautiful rather than to be dreaded.

A HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

XVIII. Would it be healthful to live in a house in the woods?

ANS.—A writer in an English exchange remarks on the taste many have to erect their ancestral domicile in the "navel of a wood," with the result of breathing a confined and shut-up air. As one consequence of this, colds and catarrhs are rife after every great and sudden change of temperature. The healthy rays of the sun, too, which have been apostrophized as the automatic bath of nature, obtain little or no entrance upon the scene, save when, at their full power, they shine down upon the roofs and verandahs. Here they could be dispensed with. Now a well-placed mansion will be found to be upon a gentle slope, with no obstruction to the lateral external ventilation. It will, however, be sheltered from the most obnoxious winds. It will also lie almost due north and south, so as to make the most of the morning and evening sun. The breakfast-room will be on the east, not on the north side; for to that aspect will be consigned the stores on the ground floor and basement, and the baths and closets on the bed-room floors. If the maximum of comfort is to rule in the house also, the dormitories will not derive their light from the north. The drawing-room, for a patent reason, will be constructed in the sunny south, with its adjunct, the conservatory; and in the sleepy west the dining-room, with its appendage, the billiard room. There are very few wise departures from the above rules.

SPOTTED FEVER—CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS.

XX. How should cerebro-spinal meningitis be treated?

ANS.—This query comes from many sources. The disease has been dreadfully frequent and fatal in many places. We may answer that those cases treated by the *hot*, wet sheet pack from twenty to thirty minutes have been generally cured, if taken in the early stages of the disease. Hot applications should be applied to the feet and cool to the head. Let a sheet be wrung out in water as hot as can be borne, and the patient enveloped in it from head to foot, and over it a woolen blanket, folded so as to retain the heat and produce free perspiration. Hot fomentation over the abdomen and all along the spine may be added, if necessary. Allow cool or warm drinks, as are preferred. This disease is not analagous to typhoid fever, as some assert, but a different disease, with many different symptoms and more fatal. It is often called spotted fever. Cause of the disease—bad air, food and water. Avoid them and avoid it.

The disease is not like small pox, "catching," or, more properly, infectious, though it often occurs in several members of the same family at a time, probably because they have been exposed to the same morbific causes. What these causes are we are not sure, but it is pretty certain that they come from either the food, the drink or the air. Some *authorities* suspect the water as being the chief source, but others the air. Possibly it is both, as water and air are often contaminated from some source. One physician, the President of the New York Board of Health, thinks he has traced every case in New York to defective drainage, and bad air from water closets, but as the disease often occurs in the country, it is doubtful if his observations are extensive enough to justify this conclusion.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

THE MATELESS SHOE.

This little shoe of red and white,
Brings back a birdling to my sight;
Again the sweeping lash so dark,
The cherry lips that whisper "hark!"
The laugh of winsome, guileless glee
Are here in all their witchery.

The coquetry in babies' eyes,
The "lubby dubby," she replies,
The dimpled hand thrown back to kiss,
Are sweetly memoried in this.
In this we welcomed baby here.
This always makes the darling near.

Five little toes, so dainty white,
Were nestling here away from sight;
Perhaps they spurned our loving kiss,
Perhaps were warmer far in this;
But baby lost its little mate
And left this shoe to its poor fate.

And now I kiss this bit of yarn
That kept the darling's foot from harm.
It may not breathe to other ears
A tale of joy inblent with fears,
For it is *not* to other eyes
A darling baby in disguise.

Mrs. D. H. Prime.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

R. H. Stoddard.

SPEAK NAE ILL.

Other people have their faults
And so have ye as well,
But all ye chance to see or hear
Ye have no right to tell.
If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see and feel;
Earth has all too much o' woe
And not enough o' weal.

Be careful that ye make nae strife
Wi' meddling tongue and brain,
For ye will find enough to do
'If ye but look at hame.
If ye canna speak o' good,
Oh dinna speak at all,
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball.

If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye better go, I ween,
And read the book that tells ye all
About the mote and beam.
If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see and feel,
Earth has all too much o' woe
And not enough o' weal.

Dinna lend a ready ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or, perhaps, 'twill make for ye
Nae funny thing of life.
If ye canna speak o' good
Oh dinna speak at all,
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball.

Oh dinna add to others' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth,
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth.
If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see and feel;
Earth has all too much o' woe
And not enough o' weal.

Anna Linden.

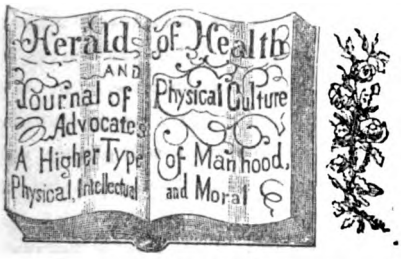
FASTING.

Accustom early in your youth
To lay embargo on your mouth,
And let no rarities invite
To pall and glut your appetite;
But check it always, and give o'er,
With a desire of eating more;
For where one dies by *inanition*,
A thousand perish by *repletion*.
To miss a meal is sometimes good,
It ventilates and cools the blood;
Give Nature time to clean her streets
From filth and crudities of meats.
For too much meat the bowels fur,
And fasting's Nature's scavenger.

Dr. E. Raynard, 1750.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1872.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

AN ISLAND HOME.—Belle Isle is an island in the Detroit River, once known as Isle de Cochon, or Hog Island, so called from the fact that its undergrowth was a favorite resort of rattle-snakes, to destroy which a drove of hogs—their natural enemies—were placed upon it. By their services the island was entirely freed from its dangerous inhabitants. It is distant from the city about two and a quarter miles, and divides the stream into two channels of nearly equal breadth, the Canadian having a width of about half a mile, while the American is five-eighths of a mile wide. There is, however, a great difference in the navigability of the two, the Canadian being deep and open, and the principal thoroughfare of the river, while the American contains a very large shoal, known as the Middle Ground, directly in its center, and several others on its island side; so that the only passage is a narrow and tortuous one, closely hugging the American shore. It is presumed that Belle Isle was once attached to the American mainland. Its length is about three miles, its breadth half a mile, and its circumference about seven. The average height above the level of the water is between six and seven feet. The soil is a rich loam, not less than two feet in depth, admirably adapted to the production of grain and vegetables. Upon almost the whole of the lower half stands a magnificent second growth of oak, hickory and elm; the oaks, beautiful in their huge strength, casting vast shadows over the green glades; the elms, graceful and artistic, with their straight trunks, and curving branches and dark green foliage. On the upper part of the island the woods are almost primeval, having never been cleared or touched. The upper end opens upon Lake St. Clair, with the cultivated Canadian and American shores reaching away upon either side.

The central part of the island, nearly two hundred acres in extent, is occupied by Richard Storrs Willis, Esq. He has cleared, drained and improved the land, until it is by far the most valuable portion of the island. Seven or eight years ago he conceived the plan of making it a summer residence, and since that time has spared neither pains nor expense to make of it an ideal home.

The land has been extensively and completely drained, the undergrowth of the woodland cut away and cleared, until it resembles an English park. Five avenues sixty feet in width have been opened across the island, and two the length of the grounds, beside a natural avenue along the river's edge, making seven miles of ride upon the grounds.

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The buildings are upon the eastern side of the island, commanding a view of the Canadian shore opposite, and of the river, for miles above and below, filled with white sails and busy steamers ploughing the waters. A charming walk from the landing on the Detroit side leads through the woods across the island to the house, and again from the house through the lawn to the opposite shore, where is a wharf boat-house, bath-house and wind-mill for pumping the water from the middle of the channel to the house. Also at the foot of the lawn are two ponds, from twelve to fifteen feet deep, constructed for holding white fish. Heavy piles are driven deep into the river bed, by machinery, some ten feet apart; these are capped, and a lining of three-inch oaken plank, also driven by machinery and fastened by iron spikes to the capping, prevent the fish from escaping, while they allow sufficient water and food to pass through for their sustenance.

There is a great deal that is interesting and exciting about these fisheries, of which I will write another time.

The dwelling-house is built upon the edge of the woodland, with a lawn in front, of three and a half acres, and about fourteen acres more enclosed for gardens, etc. It is a frame house, two stories and a half in height, of Gothic architecture, having upper and lower verandas in front and at the side, and deep bay windows. The outside is a stone color, while the windows and verandas are finished with light brown facings. The flooring throughout is of ash, waxed, and the doors, stair-cases, windows and interior decorations are of pine, oiled and varnished. This gives a beautiful effect to the rooms, heightened by the cool, tasteful Cuban furniture with which they are furnished.

The home life here is delightful. There is the charm of complete seclusion—an atmosphere of such perfect rest and peace as gives the place its name, "Inselruhe," "Island Rest." There are horses so gentle and easy that a babe might be rocked to sleep on their back, or spirited enough for a war charger; boats whose very names give you an idea of their character, as, the Frolic, the Young Ladies' Boat, the Blue Bell, Snow Bird, Petrel, Messenger, Duck Skiff, etc. etc.; a fine croquet ground, walks in the shade of the trees and, best of all for a warm evening, a fine promenade and seats upon the end of the long wharf that extends out into the eastern channel of the river. The waters are all around you, the dark woods against the sunset sky, and the white sails gliding noiselessly, like spirits over the waters, in the gathing twilight.

Within the house there is an endless variety of amusements, games, books and, best of all, music—the quality of which any one knowing Mr. Willis's reputation in musical matters, will not question. There is a charm about the home life here that I cannot put into words. Does it come from the fine taste and culture of the mistress, or the poetic, genial temperament of the master of the house, or the innocent gayety of the young people? I think from all combined, and penetrated through and through by the spirit of love to one another and the tenderest consideration for each other's needs and feelings.

When we gather in the parlor and persuade Mr. Willis to sing for us—out of his abundant store of songs, the family joining in the chorus—and when we sit together upon the veranda, on a moonlight evening and watch the lights upon the river and the shadows on the grass, while the conversation drifts whither the waves of recollection may carry it, we forget time and can almost imagine ourselves—our pilgrimage ended—in the land of Beulah, waiting beside its still waters until the boatman shall come to carry us across into the celestial city.

MRS. L. L. HOLBROOK.

J. MONROE TAYLOR'S CREAM YEAST.—See their advertisement on another page, and write to them for circular and full particulars. They deal only in reliable articles, and their cream yeast is better than anything else in the market.

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To the Editor.—I have just become a subscriber to your HERALD OF HEALTH, and am led to believe that you can advise me on a subject which is of great importance to me. I have consulted physician after physician, many medical books of the very highest order, such as The Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine, and others, and have had advice as to diet, bathing, exercise, etc.; but I have not yet found what I want—it is simply *flesh*. I am a young married lady, have four children, my health is good, but I am very thin. I have weighed 120 pounds, but now I don't weigh over 85 pounds. I am writing confidentially to you, as a patient to a physician, and I trust you will not laugh at me; being so thin is to me a *real misfortune*. If I could once gain admittance to a medical library I could soon find out a remedy for my trouble. I feel that I need some eutrophic (I would even take arsenic) to change a spare habit into a full one. I would far rather be a victim to obesity than to—bones. Cod liver oil I tried, and it does not agree with me. I have been reading, Physical Perfection, which you sent me, a very good book, but not of much use to any one as old as I am. I have a pony, but horseback exercise is too violent for me. Write me of some medicine, mineral water or food that will cure me, and I will accept your terms. If you decline my case, please let me know if there is any medical library where I can pass an hour once in a while.

REPLY.—It is constitutional with many to be lean and bony, and such persons can never become corpulent even if they desired, but much may be done in various ways to increase the size of the body.

1. Thin people should sleep a great deal, and instead of maintaining an active, high-strung, nervous condition, they should try and be quiet, even lazy, so as not to work off their flesh or prevent its forming. They should learn to do things quietly, slowly and easily.

2. They should avoid drinking strong tea or coffee. If they must have warm drinks, cocoa, broma, or chocolate, or milk are more likely to produce flesh than tea or coffee.

3. As regards food, it is now a well-settled fact that, whatever it is, it must be well digested, and this first; so, if there is dyspepsia, it must first be cured. If, however, the digestion is good, then, if it is desirous to form flesh, a reasonable amount of the amylaceous and oily foods are likely to produce this result. These are good potatoes, baked or boiled, butter, cream, milk, sugar, rice, oily nuts and fat meat. It is better, however, to use lean meat and make up the deficiency of fat in the other articles previously mentioned.

4. Fretting and worrying should never be indulged in, but a joyous spirit should be cultivated. The recreations should be with jolly friends, who will help to chase away the blues, and melancholy, and dumps. When one can afford it, traveling in new and strange countries is excellent.

If in all these ways there is no gain, then there is likely to be some defect in the constitution which lies in the way, and which can, perhaps, never be overcome. The latter cases are exceedingly rare.

In conclusion, we beg pardon for publishing our friend's letter. We will only add that she lives, well, if not in the West Indies, at least so far away that none of our readers will ever be likely to meet her.

PREVENTION OF EXCESSIVE INFANT MORTALITY.—In a recent number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH we presented some views on the prevention of infant mortality which we hope will yet be adopted, at least in part, for we have no doubt of their soundness. Those who wish to be reminded what they are will find them in the leading editorial for August. It is a pleasure to find in The Medical Times of recent date, from an eminent physician, Dr. Hartshorne, a letter in which almost the same views are advanced. Here is the part of his letter to which we refer:

"But more can be effected, we believe, in mitigation of the excessive infantile mortality of our cities. If it were practicable to *transport to the country*, at the beginning of hot

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weather, large numbers of infants, with their mothers, (the same class as the excursionists) it is certain that the amount of illness and death would be greatly diminished. Why cannot this be done?

"It would require, first, the use of ground, which the highest parts of the public parks would furnish, although still more remote and elevated sites might be chosen and obtained. Secondly, (as only *summer* accommodations would be wanted), large tents—army *hospital tents*, for example, whose salubrity, as compared with hospital buildings, was so amply proved during the late war. Thirdly, the services of a small number of matrons, stewards, physicians and nurses, or other attendants. Very few of the last named would be required, as the mothers necessarily present with their offspring would be able to render nearly, or quite, all the necessary service. Lastly, of course, there must be furnished wholesome food, at least for the adults of the 'summer camp.' Judicious selection of the recipients of such a charity would be very important. But this would be much more easy than has proved to be the case with the free excursions. Moreover, besides the advantage to the infants rusticating at a critical time (which ought to be fixed as not older than three years, for limitation of the number), there would be a gain of room and air in the crowded parts of the town for those who are left, and also *practical lessons in wholesome living* for a class that needs them much. We doubt whether the expense of several such camps, well administered, would greatly exceed that of the childrens' free excursions, while the permanent benefit afforded must be many times greater. We commend the subject to our philanthropists."

A SUGGESTION.—"They have a delightful custom in the Swiss schools for boys, which might be adopted with great advantage, to all concerned, in this country. During the weeks of the summer vacation it is the habit of the teachers to make, with their pupils, what are called *voyages en zig-zag*; that is, pedestrian tours among the sublime mountains and charming valleys of that 'land of beauty and grandeur.' Squads of little fellows in their blouses, with their tough boots drawn on, and knapsacks on their backs, may be met, during the season, on all the highways, and sometimes in the remotest passes of the Alps, as chirrupy as the birds on the boughs, and as light and bounding as the chamois that leap from crag to crag. They are perfect pictures of health and happiness, and the treasures of fine sights that they lay up in their memories, during these perambulations, it would be difficult to describe. We know of more than one urchin that has thus scaled the summits of the Faulhorn, looked down from the precipices of the Bevont, walked over the frozen oceans of the glaciers and gazed in rapture upon the sunsets on the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc. Their tramps are made without danger and without much expense, and the life is one of incessant enjoyment and rapture. But why could not the same thing be done here, where we have the Catskills, the Adirondacks and the White Mountains, the exquisite lakes of the North, the river St. Lawrence with its rapids, Niagara and the lovely scenery of Western Virginia, which, we are told, is scarcely surpassed on the continent? Over the long intervening stretches the railroad will bridge the distance, while the inns are not expensive, and the country fare wholesome and nutritious."

So says one of our educational exchanges. For boys brought up in our cities the plan is an excellent one. For the country boys we suggest a trip to the city; they have so much country life that a visit to any large town would fill them with food for thought for a long time.

CHILDREN.—If you would rear your child to health, industry and usefulness, let your principal virtue be *patience*. It will clothe a large family with peace and harmony. Labor to bring a child into the world is continued in the unceasing work of patience to bring it to a period of self-protection. Children, in the constituents of their being, come from the bright

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and blooming fields of Nature; hence it is but natural for them to seek, at every risk, to return and enjoy their original, beautiful liberty. They yearn for the open air and for the magnetism of the warm sunshine; they climb fences, wade the streams, jump the ditches, run up hill and down, roam over the fertile fields, because "they find acquaintance there," being one in spirit with the soul of things, all of which they *feel* and a part of which they *are*. To be a mother is a sacred, painful, pleasurable privilege; but to be born, to come into the world, to exist, to grow, to attain the full stature and live forever—this is indeed sacred, wonderful, awful, attractive, beautiful!

All the little nothings about a child interests its loving mother. She accepts the great care and anxiety with a song of praise and thanksgiving. She loves its merry and wild ways, and its laughter she hears

"Ringing out in the air with its innocent gush,
Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft blush;
Floating out on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell."

Many a mother sincerely thinks she sees an angel in the cradle. She has a feeling about her little one that cannot overflow in words. The climax of perfection in love was, she thought, reached when she conceived a never-ending attachment for her lover-husband. But what a wide garment of love is this which covers the expansion of self-existence and conjugal affection into parental devotion to the child just born!

CUNDURANGO—THE END OF IT.—A year or more ago it was widely published that a specific for cancer had been found. It was Cundurango. It gained its great popularity mainly from the reports that the mother of the Vice-President of the United States had been cured by it. Only recently the telegraph tells us she has just died of this disease. So Cundurango has had its day. What will come next?

LIFE TOO SHORT.—A year ago, in conversation with a farmer, he made this observation: "When potatoes sell for fifteen cents a bushel we always heap up the measure as long as it will hold anything; but," he added, "when potatoes are worth $1 a bushel, ten chances to one the farmer will try to make the measure hold as few as possible." The same principle here involved has a wider application. When life on our globe is not worth much, when it dwadles away from year to year and no great end is accomplished, then it is hardly worth preserving and is hardly ever preserved. Among the savage tribes of the world infanticide is common; children are of no more account than so many monkeys, and grown up people are killed off in constant wars and feuds, between tribes, about as fast as they are born. Life is cheap, and a great deal of it is given for a very little. In Africa this is specially so, and an African chief has been known to sacrifice over ten thousand picked men as an offering on the death of a mother, whom he had never loved or cared for. Her grave was filled with beautiful living girls, and his soldiers were ordered to butcher all who attended her funeral; and then, not satisfied, all who didn't attend it.

Among the Caffres in battle every man is watched, and if he proves a coward he is taken out and killed on the spot. In this way the cowards are weeded out and bravery cultivated. In civilized countries, however, and especially in America, life is getting to be worth a great deal more than ever before. Equality before the law, and the opportunity for every person to develop himself to something noble, to build up a name, a family, a reputation; to surround himself with wealth, friends and books; to engage in enterprises that require a lifetime, and a long life at that, to complete, makes every day and hour lost by sickness and premature death a great loss. So we see, while life may be long enough for those who have no use to make of it, it is really too short for useful, busy people to do all they want to do. Rarely can a great work be done by short-lived people. Look at the ages of some of the leading think-

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ers of the world, those who have powerfully impressed themselves on the ages:

Mr. Carlyle, Sir Charles Lyell and Mr. Darwin are all over three score and ten. Sir. Roderick Murchison recently died in full harness at a very advanced age. Of French authors, Michelot, who has just published his thirtieth historical work—History of the Nineteenth Century—is seventy-four; Guizot, at the age of eighty-five, is publishing a history of France in monthly parts; another busy historian, Mignet, is seventy-six; Victor Hugo is in his seventy-first year, and Littre, of the same age, still contributes an occasional book and edits a review. America's older literary gentlemen are all well advanced—Alcott, Emerson, Longfellow, Bancroft, Holmes and numerous others. Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments; Cato, at eighty years of age, commenced to study the Greek language; Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin; Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialects, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

We might name hundreds of others in the same list, if necessary. Our only object is to show the exceeding importance to those who would accomplish any great task in the world, of a sound body, and of taking such care of it that life shall be lengthened out to its greatest span. Let us not think lightly of any effort in this direction, by the spread of scientific and truthful knowledge of the laws of correct living, but help it along in every possible way. By no other means can more real good be accomplished.

WINTER SCHOOLS—BAD AIR.—Now that our winter schools are in full session, let parents, who have children in them, not forget to know whether the air in them is kept pure or not. If the children complain of headache, lassitude, dullness, want of appetite, be sure something is wrong. The following fact regarding a school in Switzerland shows how fearfully at fault teachers are there, and it is not much better in some places in this country:

Dr. Breiteng, in Basel, Switzerland, has examined the air of school-rooms in that city, in order to establish how far the complaints were well founded, which had been so often expressed, with regard to the injurious quality of the air in school-rooms. We give below some of the results of this investigation for a room of 8,542 cubic feet capacity, and a surface of 111 square feet for door and windows. During the trial it contained sixty-four children.

Time.	Amount of Carbonic acid.
8 A. M., at the beginning of test,	2.48 per cent.
9 A. M., at the close of the test,	4.18 per cent.
10 A. M., before recess.....	6.87 per cent.
11 A. M., at the close of recitation,	8.11 per cent.
1.45 P. M., before lecture.....	5.30 per cent.
3 P. M., before recess.....	7.66 per cent.
4 P. M., close of school.....	9.36 per cent.

It must be remembered that ordinary pure air contains only one part in two thousand five hundred, or four one-hundredths of one per cent. of carbonic acid, and that so much as even one per cent. is decidedly injurious.

CLIMATE OF TEXAS.—Many persons from the North have found the climate of Western Texas, for winter, very pleasant and satisfactory. The average temperature for the winter months for 1870 was 52° F., while the temperature for the whole year was only 63°, and for the summer months 83°. They generally have cool nights during the whole season. Snow and ice are rare.

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KILLING TEACHERS. — A friend, from Cleveland, Ohio, tells us that the duties of the teachers in their public schools are so wearing on their energies that they are soon ruined in health. Few are strong enough to last very long, and, to save their lives, they resign in a year or two, broken down. Is this so? Is there no sense in school committees in Cleveland? Let some of them speak. And if it is so with the teachers, how is it with the children? A German physician has just come to the conclusion that children have bodies. The statistics which he has gathered, if they tell the truth, are a terrible warning against the over-stimulating of the minds of the young. One-third of the school children in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and in Darmstadt, he found were subject to the sick headache. Seventeen per cent. of the ten thousand scholars in and near the capital of Silesia were near-sighted. Curved spines, pulmonary diseases, caused by imperfect ventilation and inhaling of dust, were frequent. Here is a lesson for us. The amount of injury done to the child, directly and indirectly to mind and body, in our schools is alarming. Teachers are not always to blame; indeed, rarely are they. But committees, who shape the instruction and apportion the time, are generally the sinners. Ignorant of the philosophy of education, the laws of growth, they gauge the teacher, not by the influence he exerts, but the number of minutes spent in driving knowledge into memories already over-full. Quantity is the thing desired, not quality. Children in the fields till the age of seven, then at their school-tasks but four hours out of the twenty-four—that will be the golden age of childhood. God speed the happy day!

THOMPSON FREE MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—Last April we gave a full account of the college above named, which brought us many letters and will, no doubt, add to the list of students many names. We see by the announcement and catalogue that this institution has moved from its former location to 51 St. Mark's Place. The second term commenced the middle of October, and will continue twenty weeks. In looking over their programme we find they have laid out an excellent course of instruction. Our only criticism is, that they have not as yet adopted the system inaugurated by Harvard Medical College, of having each year divided into separate classes, as is the case in literary institutions. This makes it easier for pupils and permits of greater thoroughness. We suggest that all persons desirous of knowing more of this woman's medical college, where the instruction is good, and absolutely free, to send a two-cent stamp to Dr. F. R. Marvin, 59 East Ninth street, New York, saying they saw the notice in this journal.

MARRIED. — In opening a bundle of papers this morning (Oct. 8th), what should arrest the attention but this:

"WALES—BROOKS.—At the Elmira Water Cure, by Thomas K. Beecher, on Thursday, 26th Sept., T. Augustus Wales and L. Zippie Brooks, all of this city."

Miss Brooks is the sister of Mrs. Dr. Gleason, a frequent contributor to this journal; she has been a most earnest and faithful associate physician with her sister for the large number of sick that gather at the Water Cure. May all that is sweet and lovely attend her steps wherever she goes.

P. S.—We had hardly finished writing the above when, in a letter, came an announcement of the marriage of Dr. Mary Safford to Gorham Blake. Dr. Safford is a very brilliant and promising physician, who has had a wonderful career of travel in all the countries of Europe. A year or two ago she gave an account in THE HERALD OF HEALTH of her successfully performing the difficult and dangerous operation of ovariotomy, while at the medical school in Vienna. She has partly promised to write us, for 1873, interesting accounts of her experiences, especially as a medical student and physician. We hope her marriage will not prevent it.

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PROFIT ON PATENT MEDICINES.—An enterprising man whom we have known for years, who has been engaged in a small way in selling a Balm for the sick, and who barely made a living at his business, met us on the street the other day and said: "Well, how are you getting on?" and then, before waiting for an answer, added, "I have made a ten-strike. Last year I determined to 'make or break.' I got up a new patent medicine, called it Mother Goose's Remedies.' It is an honest medicine. Most that ails people is the accumulation of slime in the intestines, and this clears them out. I put it before the public in a new way. The price per bottle is one dollar. I send it to my agents and order them to distribute it to any one wanting a medicine, to be paid for or not as the receiver sees fit. Sixty per cent. of them refuse to pay for it, but on the forty per cent. who did pay I made $50,000 last year. I have already invested this in real estate, and count myself among the rising rich men in New York. Good morning; I hope you are getting rich."

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A GOOD THING FOR PHILADELPHIA.—C. S. Royce and J. P. Brooks, long known for their devotion to the interests of physical culture, have opened a Health Exercise and Lifting Cure, in Philadelphia, at 108 South Tenth Street. Knowing them to be in every way worthy gentlemen, we commend them to our friends in the City of Brotherly Love.

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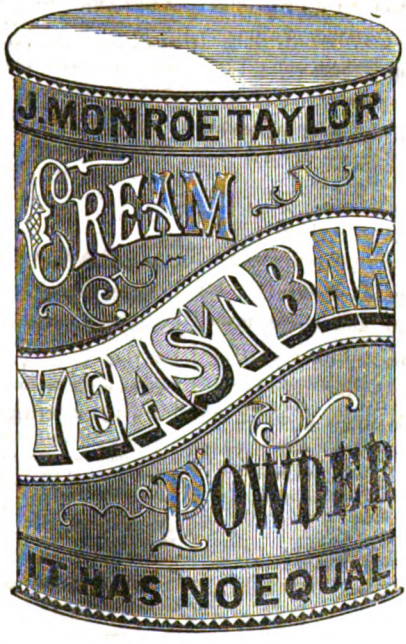
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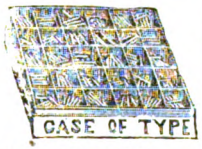
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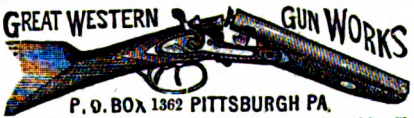
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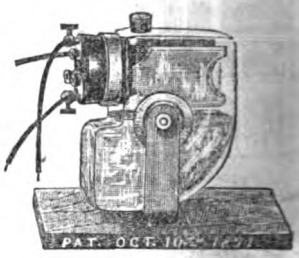
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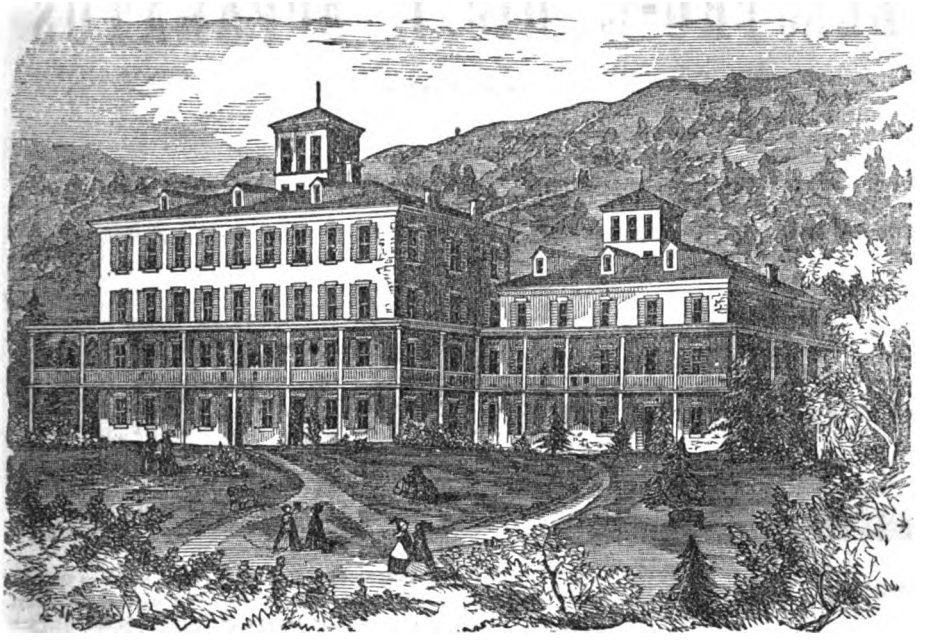
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Fall and Winter Treatment

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THE READERS OF THIS JOURNAL know full well that my thought is that the better season of the year for the treatment of the various diseases of our people, under the methods we employ, is that portion of the year which is the colder. The hot summer months are not so good periods of the year as the autumn, winter and spring. Taking it in the long run we cure a larger percentage of sick folks during the cold months than during the hot. Now those who may read this article and are thinking of coming to Our Home to spend the winter. I earnestly advise to come as soon as possible, and so get adjusted and acclimated before the latter part of autumn. September and October are very valuable months in which to begin treatment. Those who come to us in November have to adjust themselves to our methods under climatic influences that are not so desirable as those are in the early autumn or the early winter. Our winters here are very fine. We seldom have any snow, except in stray flakes after Christmas; often times not until the latter part of February. As soon as the November rain is over and winter sets in, we have bright, beautiful, cool days, stretching on and on sometimes a whole month, not cold but cool; the ground frozen to be sure, but the roads wear down and make it very fine wagoning, while in a warm dress the invalid can ride or walk according to ability, and drink in our fresh mountain air, which serves far better purposes of tonicity to the blood and brain than any medicinal tonic can.

We have two very marked peculiarities which are of service for the restoration of the sick: one, the peculiarity of our atmosphere. Every person who comes to our hillside speaks of the bracing, exhilarating or tonic effect of the air upon him. Many asthmatics cease to have asthma soon after getting to us. A great many persons afflicted with cough have spent the winter with us greatly to their benefit. Dyspeptics and rheumatics thrive like fresh-growing plants in spring time. Persons of congested brain and debilitated nutrition, even when the latter is so bad as to have established decided bowel consumption, find great benefit from our mountain air. We have no miasms and no bogs, and our climate is, on the whole, during the winter, quite admirable. The range of change of temperature is very moderate. Last winter was the most changeable winter we ever had since living here. Many persons living in the South, and several who have spent winters in Italy and the south of France, have been with us during the winter, and have spoken in no measured terms of praise of the healthfulness and beneficial effects of our air upon them.

The other point to which I would call attention is our water. Slowly and steadily has science advanced to the truth which I have proclaimed for twenty-five years, and which is making its way into the minds of physicians and of the people at large, that the curative value of mineral waters is not to be ascribed to the mineral properties but to the freedom with which, being considered therapeutic, they are drunk.

Thousands and thousands of persons have been first and last at Our Home, and have got well of their diseases by the use of the water of the All-Healing spring as a drink, or as a detergent, quite as speedily and as thoroughly as they ever got well at the most celebrated mineral springs. This settles the question as to what constitutes the therapeutic uses of waters, as they are impregnated or unimpregnated with mineral salts. In addition to this, the death rate in our Cure is smaller, I venture to say, than in any other community on earth of the same number of persons where mineral springs abound. The number of persons who die in our Cure in proportion to the whole number, on an average is less than in the general community in which we live, or any other general community of which we have knowledge, and this, too, notwithstanding nine-tenths of all our population are confessed chronic invalids.

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1872.

GENERAL ARTICLES: Page.

Signs of Long Life.—*Christopher William Hufeland*, 1795 241
Stimulants and Literary Workers.—*Howard Glyndon* 244
Clerks and the Counting House.—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham* 247
Musings of a Middle-aged Man 252
The Drinking Question in Europe.—*James Leonard Corning* 255
Kitty Howard's Journal.—*E. Oakes Smith* 257
Medical Study Abroad.—*George H. Fox, M. D* 263
Lessons for the Children—The Foot.—*By the Editor* 266

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE:

Cats and Babies—Alcoholic Drinks .. 268
Longevity—Small-pox and Flies 269
Culture of Grapes—Feeding Cows 270
Carbonic Acid and Respiration 271

OUR DESSERT TABLE:

Sword and Plow—The Praise of Light—Slam the Door Gently—The Sisters—Never say Fail 272

TOPICS OF THE MONTH:

Valedictory 273
Scientific Reform—Example for Youth 275
Never too Late to Mend 276
Vital Statistics—House Drains 277
Quack Advertisements—Underclothing 278
Desire of the Dying for Rest—Prevention of Disease 279
Mortality Statistics—Occupation and Duration of Life 280
Working Power 281
Lifting for Health—Effects of Bad Air—Gastric Juice 283
Reform in New York—A Beam of Light Upon the Lungs 284
Book Notices 285

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..... 187

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BY CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM HUFELAND, 1795.

SIGNS OF LONG LIFE IN INDIVIDUALS. SOUND STOMACH AND ORGANS OF DIGESTION. GOOD TEETH. WELL-ORGANIZED BREAST. HEART NOT TOO IRRITABLE. STRONG NATURAL POWER OF RESTORATION AND HEALING. SUFFICIENT QUANTITY AND DIFFUSION OF THE VITAL POWER. GOOD TEMPERAMENT. FAULTLESS AND WELL-PROPORTIONED MAKE OF BODY. NO PARTICULAR WEAKNESS OF ANY PART. PORTRAIT OF A MAN DESTINED TO LONG LIFE.

AFTER explaining these general principles, I can now proceed to lay down the special nd individual grounds of long life, which must ist in the man himself. I shall here, there- re, describe those grand properties, and that ame, which, according to experience and ob- rvation, must be possessed by every man be- re he can lay claim to a long existence. This etch may, in some measure, serve as a register the signs of longevity.

The properties, which may be called the undations of long life in man, are the follow- g:

I. Above all things, the stomach, and the whole system of digestion, must be sound and well formed. It is incredible of what importance this most powerful of all the rulers in the animal kingdom is, in this respect; and one may justly affirm, that without a good stomach it is impossible to attain to a great age.

The stomach, in two respects, is the foundation of long life. First, as it is the principal and most important organ of the restoration of our nature, the door through which everything that is to form a part of us must enter, and the first vessel on the good or bad condition of which, not only the quantity, but also the quality of the addition made to our bodies must depend. Secondly, because by the state of the stomach, the effect even which the passions, the causes of disease, and other destructive influences have over our bodies, is modified. "He has a good stomach," says the proverb, when one wishes to characterize a person to whom neither grief, care, nor sorrow is prejudicial; and certainly in that expression there is a great

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deal of truth. All these passions must, in a particular manner, affect the stomach, and must be felt by it before they can pass into, or injure, our physical constitution. A strong, robust stomach is not susceptible of any impression from them; on the other hand, a weak, sensitive stomach is every moment subject to some derangement in its whole frame, and, consequently, the important business of restoration is continually interrupted and carried on in an imperfect manner. The case is the same with most of the physical causes of disease. The greater part of them make their first impression on the stomach; and, therefore, a want of digestion is the earliest symptom of illness. It is thus the first vessel by which they insinuate themselves into our bodies, and disturb the whole economy. Besides, it is a principal organ, on which the equilibrium of the nervous motions, and in particular their tendency to the periphery, depends. If it be powerful and active, morbid irritations cannot so easily fix themselves; they are removed and driven off through the skin before they effect a real derangement of the whole system; that is to say, before they bring on disease.

A good stomach may be known in two ways; not merely by an excellent appetite, for that may be the consequence of any stimulus; but, in particular, by an easy and perfect digestion. Whoever feels that he has a stomach, cannot have a good one. One must not be sensible that he has eaten; must not be drowsy, dejected, or uneasy after meals; must have no phlegm in the throat in the morning, and the evacuations must be regular and well concocted.

We are taught by experience that all those who attain to a very great age had a good appetite, which they retained to the last.

For good digestion, good teeth are extremely necessary; and one, therefore, may consider them among the essential properties requisite for long life, and in two points of view. First, good and strong teeth are always a sign of a sound, strong constitution, and good juices. Those who lose their teeth early, have, in a certain measure, taken possession of the other world with a part of their bodies. Secondly, the teeth are a great help to digestion, and consequently to restoration.

II. *A well organized breast and organs of respiration.* These may be known by a broad, full chest, the power of keeping in one's breath for a long time; a strong voice, and by being seldom subject to a cough. Breathing is one of the most incessant and necessary of the vital operations; the means of the most indispensible spiritual restoration; and, at the same time, the cause by which the blood is continually freed from a multitude of corrupted particles. Those in whom these organs are well formed, possess the greatest assurance of longevity; and for this reason, because an important passage, by which death and the causes of destruction might insinuate themselves, is fully secured. The breast is among the principal *atria mortis*, one of those parts of which death first lays hold.

III. *A heart not too irritable.* We have already seen that a principal cause of our internal consumption, or spontaneous wasting, lies in the continual circulation of the blood. He who has a hundred pulsations in a minute, must be wasted far more speedily than he who has only fifty. Those, therefore, whose pulse is always quick, and in whom every trifling agitation of the mind, or every additional drop of wine, increases the motion of the heart, are unfortunate candidates for longevity, since their whole life is a continuous fever; and the prolongation of it is thereby counteracted in a double manner, partly by the speedier wasting connected with it, and partly because restoration is impeded by nothing so much as by an incessantly accelerated circulation. A certain degree of rest is absolutely necessary, that the nourishing particles may settle and be converted into the substances of our bodies. Such people also will never become corpulent.

A slow, uniform pulse is, therefore, a strong sign of long life, and a great means to promote it.

IV. *A sufficient quantity and diffusion of the vital power—A good temperament.* Calmness, order and harmony in all the internal operations and movements, are of the utmost importance for supporting and prolonging life; but these in a particular manner depend on a proper state of the general irritability and sensibility of the body; and the latter qualities must be neither too strong nor too weak, and be uniformly diffused, so that no part may have too great or too small a proportion. A certain degree of insensibility, a small mixture of phlegm, are also ingredients highly necessary for prolonging the duration of life; as they lessen, at the same time, self-consumption, favor a far more perfect restoration, and contribute most effectually to preserve our existence. A good temperament, therefore, may so far be the foundation of a long life. The best is the sanguine, tempered with a little of the phlegmatic. This produces a serene, cheerful mind, moderate passions, undaunted courage, and, in

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short, that state of soul which is most fitted for longevity. The cause of this disposition is generally an abundance of the vital power. And as Kant has already proved that such a mixture of temperament is the properest for attaining to moral perfection, I am of opinion that one may reckon it among the best gifts of heaven.

V. *A strong natural power of restoration and healing*, by which all those losses which we daily sustain are not only repaired, but repaired well. This depends, according to the above principles, on a good digestion, and a calm, uniform circulation of the blood. To those may be also added, a perfect and vigorous activity of the absorbing vessels (the lymphatic system) and the good condition and regular operation of the organs of secretion. The effect of the former is, that the nourishing substances pass easily into our bodies and are enabled to reach the places of their destination; by the latter they are completely freed from all extraneous and pernicious mixture, and enter us perfectly pure. And this properly gives an idea of the most complete restoration.

It is incredible how much this quality contributes to the support of life. In a man who possesses it consumption may be exceedingly strong without his sustaining much loss, as it is again repaired with the utmost speed. We have, therefore, instances of men who, even amidst a life of debauchery and fatigue, became very old; and thus, for example, could a Duke de Richelieu and a Louis XV attain to a great age.

A strong natural power of healing must also be united with that of restoration; or, in other words, that faculty of Nature by which it assists itself easily in cases of derangement and interruption, keeps back and removes the causes of disease, and favors the healing of wounds. There is an astonishing power of this kind in our bodies, as is shown by the example of savages, who are scarcely subject to any diseases, and among whom the most dreadful wounds heal up entirely of themselves.

VI. *A uniform and faultless conformation of the whole body.* Without uniformity of structure there can be no uniformity of powers and motion, and without these it is impossible to become old. Besides, an imperfect structure gives an easy opportunity for the rise of local diseases, which may bring on death. One will not, therefore, find that an overgrown person ever attained to a very great age.

VII. No part, no intestine must have a great degree of weakness, otherwise such a part may serve to give a ready admission to the causes of disease, to the first seeds of some disorder or derangement, and become, as it were, the *atrium mortis*. Even where the organization is very good and perfect, this may be a secret enemy, from which destruction may be afterwards conveyed to the whole body.

VIII. *The texture of the organization* must be of a mean quality; strong and durable, but not too dry or rigid. We have already seen, that, through all the classes of organized beings, too great aridity or hardness is prejudicial to the duration of life. Among men it must be so in the highest degree; because their organization, according to their destination, is the tenderest of all, and, by a superfluity of earthy particles, may be soonest rendered useless. These are injurious two ways, partly by bringing on much sooner old age, the grand enemy of life; and partly by making the finest organs of restoration much sooner unfit for discharging their functions. Hardness of organization, in order to favor long life, must not consist so much in mechanical toughness as in hardness of sensation; and must not be the property so much of a coarser texture as of the powers. The quantity of earth must be exactly so great as to give sufficient elasticity and tone; but neither so large as to prove inflexibility, nor so small as to occasion too much facility of movement; for both these are hurtful to duration of life.

Let me now be permitted to delineate the portrait of a man destined to long life. He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not too rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure

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which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight, attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations, is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honors or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

Stimulants and Literary Workers.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

A PRONENESS to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs seems to be inherent in human nature, but with no class of people is it more common than with those who depend for fame or fortune upon that sort of brain-work which spreads itself out in character, fair or otherwise, upon sheets of writing paper.

The most of them, when they discover that their chief capital lies in their heads, and that their brain tissue may be coined into dollars, instead of taking every means to insure this capital against loss and destruction, so that it will yield them a sure and steady income for a lifetime of reasonable duration, seem, on the contrary, to do all they can to break down their chief resource within a few years. Brain-power is a good deal like bodily power, and can be managed with equal judiciousness. A man who has done a hard day's work at hewing wood or quarrying marble, ceases betimes, for he knows very well that if he prolongs his work into the night he will not be fit for next day's work and that a short period of almost incessant labor will actually kill him. But the brain is a more generous servant than the body. It is more at the mercy of its master, and more depends on his discretion in timing its periods of labor and their duration. Like a courser of finest mettle, it responds to every demand made upon it; and in the hands of one who never knows when to rein up it will go on and on, till its power is completely paralyzed, and imbecility or death ensues.

Every man who has tried it knows what the effect of night work is upon the body. But brain-workers do not seem to get beyond an indefinite idea that an excess of it is hurtful; when they might easily draw the inference that it is as hurtful, nay more hurtful, to the brain than it is to the body. But when we go on a little farther and investigate some of the means which are used for stifling the protests of an over-worked brain by those whose dependence is upon its well-being, our astonishment at their blindness will be still greater.

Stimulants have their uses. They are for emergencies. But when we reflect upon the meaning of the word stimulant we shall find enough in it to make us thoughtful. It means anything which produces a quickly-diffused and *transient* increase of vital energy; and to stimulate is to excite to more vigorous exertion by some pungent means. It is the difference between walking and running—that of mind in a normal state, and when excited to action by a stimulant. You can walk on steadily for a long distance, at a good pace, without greatly fatiguing yourself, but a run of ten minutes requires a pause for breathing and resting; and if you have run very fast you will not be either in good walking or in good running condition for some time to come. You have in reality gained nothing by it, unless your object was to get to a certain place within a given time. If you are not used to running, are not very well trained, or not strong, your little run will compel you to take a rest greatly dispro

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portionate to it in duration. Here we arrive at the effects of stimulants. They are simply, when judiciously used, a draft of our present necessities upon our future resources. We eat our to-day's cake and that of to-morrow as well, both at the same time. To-morrow we must go without, unless we draw on the day after to-morrow, and so on until we are bankrupt and have neither present resources nor any fund of energy in the future to draw on. It is like living upon one's capital, instead of investing it and drawing income from it. It needs but little thought to see how ruinous such a course must be in the case of a brain-worker.

Let us suppose that he begins all right. Day after day he finds his faithful servant responding to his call. But some evening after he has done a fair day's work there is something else which he thinks must be done. He knows that he is tired, and that he ought to leave it till the next day. But he is anxious to get on and economize time, or he has not sufficient self-control to resist his desire to be "extra smart." An effort is made, the additional task is done and he feels as if he had gained a victory. Next day he isn't as fresh as usual for his daily task, so it isn't done so well nor so quickly. Still he spurs on his faithful but unjustly-worked servant, and persuading himself that he may do it with impunity, forms the habit of over-work. It then becomes a common thing with him to feel dull and incapable of effort when it is most important that he should be fresh and vigorous. Perhaps a stimulant is used—at first in some emergency—to waken him out of a strange stupor which he feels creeping upon him, and which is, in reality, Nature's warning and protest. The habit of using stimulants, once formed, is one of the most difficult to break. It is also one of the most frequent methods of deliberate suicide among literary people. In proportion as they use the brain and the nervous system more than any other class, they require to give these fair treatment; to let them rest when they are tired and keep them in good condition for their work. But they don't seem to have as keen an eye to their own interests as the owner of a race-horse. It would be folly to expect that horse to do good work when required, if he were kept continually on the go. And yet this is how scribblers who stimulate serve their brains.

Brain-work is in itself stimulating. It sets the nerves throbbing, the heart to beating faster, and even the muscles partake of the general inspiration. When more fuel is added to this already hot fire, we can imagine that soon it will burn out both brain and body. I do not believe that brain-workers are more liable to diseases of the nerves and brains than other people, if they will give their bodies a chance instead of ignoring them; not stimulate, and not work beyond their strength. But that the wear and tear is very great when the work is incessant, is evident, even in the cases of temperate men of regular habits. Look at Robert Southey, working steadily day after day, and producing volume after volume. Always at it, though in a methodical manner, he was enabled to do an immense amount of work and lived to a good age; but he was imbecile for some time before his death, though well in body. Probably had he been a little more lenient to himself he might have preserved his mental powers to the last and have been a fine proof of the healthfulness of all legitimate brain-labor prolonged through life. But again, had he been intemperate in any degree, or irregular in his habits, he would probably have died about Byron's age. There is such a long list of names of authors and editors of promise among us who have died early and suddenly from the habitual use of stimulants in connection with overwork, that I shall not give any names. The array is too discouraging. A literary man has only to look at it, to be sure that he opens the door to early death the first time he takes a little brandy or a glass of wine to stimulate his flagging brain to some mental task. It is well known that most of our literary workers do not live out half their lives. Stimulants are the most frequent explanation of this. Here is one, for instance, who is just beginning to make himself a name; and while our eyes are upon him he goes down suddenly, and is no more heard of. Over-work and stimulants, either spirits and tobacco, or both, have done it.

If ever an author had cause, above all others, to shun stimulants, even the weakest, that man was Charles Dickens. He was of that sanguine-nervous temperament which makes them especially dangerous. I am not one of those who believe the exaggerated accounts which have reached us concerning him on this score. He was a man who liked to see his friends jolly when they gathered around him. Now, in England, the feeling has been, from time immemorial, that there can't be anything like good fellowship unless people sit around a jug of ale, or a decanter of wine, or some one of the various spirituous compounds known under fancy names and sacred to sociability. Now

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Dickens wanted always to see his friends merry, and having the English idea that glasses and a bottle are inseparable from merriment, and having also a good many friends to entertain, I suppose he had to drink often when he would not otherwise have done so, for the sake of good fellowship. But no matter how it was done, nor where it was done, in connection with his peculiar temperament and the immense amount of brain-work which he did, it was fatal to him. He used to take long walks of many miles to counterbalance, by physical exertion, the mental strain which became intolerable; and I believe if it had not been for what he drank and smoked he might be living and working now. To a man of his constitution, a glass of strong drink is just so much death. But it is useless to talk to those who have formed the habit. They imagine they may walk still upon the brink of the precipice, over which they have so long hovered, without any danger. But we, who view them from afar, know that they are liable at any moment of any day to go over, without warning.

I want to impress it upon the minds of all who determine to adopt literature as a trade, that, if they want to live to succeed and enjoy success, they must not stimulate. Proper habits formed at the outset are half the battle. I have no doubt I shall be laughed at for saying so; but in view of the stimulating nature of brain-work itself, authors, as a rule, have to be more watchful and more self-denying in this matter than most people. We all know it is of the utmost importance to have the brain cool, clear and vigorous, when we sit down to write. Work done under such conditions is a pleasure. To obtain and preserve this condition, a good deal of vigilance is necessary. Plenty of sleep and regular hours are the legitimate substitutes for the stimulants with which people of irregular habits supplant them. You sit down to your work. It must be done. For some cause you do not feel like doing it. You are tired, perhaps, from having overworked yesterday, from having taken your work to bed with you, as it were. Or something has happened to disturb and excite you. Your mind refuses to fix itself on the subject you have selected. Your impulse is to do something—anything to spur the flagging and rebellious brain to its work. It takes only about a minute to get a glass of some drink to stir you up. But, if you only knew it, that glass contains your to-morrow's modicum of mental vitality. It would be just as easy for you to drink that same glass of spirits or wine over again, as it would be for you to replace the abstracted vitality sooner than Nature allows. You have used it. You can't have it again. Now you have left one of two alternatives, pay the penance of having worked a short time when you were not fit for it, by passing a day passively and giving Nature time to recruit, or go on day after day, drawing upon the future. There are no miracles and no chances about these things. Your life is in your hand, to shorten and prolong as you will, and every violation of Nature's laws is a nail driven in your coffin.

Now, instead of compelling Nature, suppose you yield in some degree to her just demands? If your mind is well disciplined you may know that when it refuses to work it has good cause. Suppose you try the compromise of half an hour's walk in the open air? Or, if too tired for that, take a nap for half an hour. "I haven't the time," you cry out. Permit me to ask which you would rather lose, a half an hour to-day, or a month or a year, as the case may be, by and by?

One thing I would like to impress upon those who are exceptionally excitable. The very slightest stimulants, which others may use with impunity, are bad for them. I have known cases of chronic neuralgia, from which torture had been endured for years, cured by ceasing to drink tea and coffee regularly, or by leaving off smoking. The nerves are such delicate affairs that they often make us a great deal of trouble with very little cause, seemingly. Excessive brain-work renders them much more susceptible. This susceptibility must be counteracted by the avoidance of those things which tend to excite. Stimulants excite. What a steady brain-worker wants is to replace (not stimulate) his vitality as fast as he uses it up. To this end he wants everything that is nourishing and soothing. A stimulant crowds out some part of the requisite nourishment, since the system can only receive a certain proportion of matter into it at a time and appropriate it harmoniously. If you set it to work on a stimulant, or set a stimulant to work on it, the action is mutual. It will not assimilate fully the nourishment which may come immediately afterward.

All the diseases to which we are constitutionally liable, are aggravated by the use of stimulants. They assist the development of chronic complaints, and make all sickness harder to cure. It is not necessary to speak of their bad effects on ailments of the brain. But most of these, I believe, are to be traced originally to their

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use. A healthy brain naturally seeks relief in sleep when it is tired. But one that is spurred and driven on by stimulants loses that inclination. From the inability to rest, springs the whole train of nervous and cerebral diseases.

I believe that one working the brain at proper hours, and giving it the requisite rest, relaxation and nourishment, and never stimulating it into unhealthy action, might go on doing the very hardest mental work from youth to extreme old age and never suffer an atom from it—on the contrary, be benefitted.

Clerks and the Counting-house.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

THERE is one kind of labor in our American business life in which the supply is always in excess of the demand, in which there are always more applicants than places. In most other kinds of labor men and women are lacking, and suitable workmen must be sought, often vainly. The farmer in these days cannot find men to help him plough and reap, and must toil harder in his field when his back is bent and his limbs are stiffened than when he was young and strong, because the young men will not come to work by his side. In any mechanical calling a skillful man need not complain that no one has hired him. Does not the wail go up all over the land that there are no suitable servants? Are not thousands of housewives desperate in the thought that they must become drudges in their own homes, in the sheer impossibility of getting maids of all work, or of any work? Even the Church mourns that it cannot choose among many gifted men, but must take pastors and teachers from the scanty material which is brought to its doors. In callings where subsistence and competence are most assured, the laborers are few.

No such complaint comes from the counting-house or the warehouse. Everywhere there are many waiting to come into the vacant places where sales are made or reckoned. Shopkeepers are embarrassed by the multitude of of those who would come to help them, and vexed by their importunity. The name of the "clerk" is Legion—as an unfortunate master who advertises for one will find to his sorrow. In all the large cities there are hundreds of young men, and middle-aged men, too, with wives and children, waiting sadly, or hunting vehemently up and down in the streets for "a situation," which means a chance to keep books or to sell goods, or run upon errands for those who sell. Every morning thousands of anxious eyes scan the column in The New York Herald of "wants" in this kind. No demonstration of the hard life of the store clerk, his poor pay, his mean position, avails to check the zeal for this kind of life. There are those who will work for their board, or for their clothing, or who will work for nothing and find themselves, if they can only come into the establishment of some respectable merchant. Mechanics, farm-hands, house-servants, all want full pay, but clerks will take half pay and be thankful.

What is it that makes this "clerk" life so fascinating, so much more attractive than other kinds of work? It cannot be the name, for the name has lost its dignity and suggests now only poverty and dependence. No clerk who is mature in years likes to say that he is only a clerk, that he has made the clerk's place his permanent choice. Probably very few clerks care for, or know, their ecclesiastical heritage, or think of themselves as cousins to the clergy. In the Middle Ages the clergy were the proper clerks, for they only could read and write, and "clerical" labor was all done in the sacristy or the cloister. Even within a hundred years the Puritan pastors, in recording baptisms and marriages on the church registers, sign themselves "Clerk," as their title of authority, recognized in courts of justice. It would have seemed degrading that this fine old name should be applied to beardless youth, measuring tapes and muslins in a haberdasher's shop, or weighing sugar in a corner grocery; or that the *concio ad clerum*, the grave assembling of divines to hear the elaborate counsel of a father in the ministry, would come to mean a summons to de-

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pendent men and maidens to walk up to the office and draw their pay.

The name "clerk" has nothing to commend it, though it be joined with some grand institution, like the Treasury Department, or the Metropolitan Bank, or the business of A. T. Stewart, or the Erie Railway office. We rather pity a white-haired man who confesses that he is a clerk anywhere, even at a good salary. The salary, no doubt, is balm to souls wounded by the epithet, and a clerk who gets his five thousand or his three thousand dollars in the year, consoles himself that he gets twice as much as the minister, though he has to take the minister's cast-off name. He prefers, nevertheless, to use some more sounding and special name, to call himself a "cashier," or a "book-keeper," or a "salesman." If you look over the city directories you will be surprised to see what numbers of names have these ambitious titles affixed to them, how few simple "clerks" there are, in spite of the eagerness everywhere to get the clerk's place. "Servant" is a good name—Christian too, for Jesus told his followers if they would be heirs of the kingdom they all ought to be servants—yet the most Christian of this class love better to be called "help." And the clerks love better some other name than the honored one that has fallen to them.

And what is there so charming in the occupation of a clerk that so many should covet his office? If his work is at the desk, entering accounts, adding up figures, writing in daybooks and ledgers, copying letters, what can be more monotonous, more wearying, more fatal to mental freshness and spiritual vigor? Even the lowest and simplest form of artisan toil would seem to give more to brain and soul than this dull task-work of the counting-room. Respectable as Tim Linkinwater may be, nice in dress, polite in bearing, regular in his hours, methodical in his arrangements, a model man in his routine, we are surprised if we find him free, witty, genial, or anything but grave and dry. The normal clerk, the older he grows, becomes only a human machine, and the proverb about him is that he is "punctual as a clock," of which all the visible motion is a measured swing, and all the audible sound an unending lick. His highest praise is that he is always in his place, and that his work is all done decently, according to a stereotyped pattern. How much better than St. Simon upon his pillar is the poor man who, year in and year out, bends from morning to night over the same mahogany frame, not noticing, probably, the companions of his task who are working by his side? We know of a counting-room in a flourishing New England city where two clerks stood for a dozen years on opposite sides of the same desk without ever speaking to one another. There was no quarrel or antipathy that kept them apart. Each was true to the genius of his office. Each one minded his own business.

The store clerk, certainly, has more variety. He can move about, can free his limbs, and, to a certain extent, can free his mind. He is not doomed to be an automaton, and may wag his tongue in beguiling a customer, or in the numerous arts of his trade. The clerk in a large warehouse, who is a general salesman, can find in his employment as much use and play for all his muscles as Dr. Dio Lewis with his light gymnastics, or Dr. Winship with his lifting cure. No farmer, no carpenter, no blacksmith even, brings into exercise so many muscles as the busy clerk in a country store, who has to unpack boxes, to do up bundles, to reach high shelves, to flourish the yard-stick, to move briskly around the counter, and be on his feet all day long. The happy man does not need croquet, or base ball, or long walks, or horseback exercise to drive away dyspepsia. And he has, moreover, the privilege of occasional or frequent rests in his toil, longer when a rainy day comes. There is an undeniable freedom of movement in the work of a salesman in the range of our Christian warehouses, that a cobbler, fastened to his bench, may envy. Even a Turkish merchant, sitting cross-legged upon his counter, gets exercise for his upper limbs and the muscles of his body, as he bends and reaches to the shelves around him. The store clerk has usually no reason to complain of his confinement, or his want of exercise.

Yet he, too, is apt to find this business of parceling and sorting and dealing out wares, wearisome and uninspiring. The exhilaration of selling a long "bill of goods" loses after a time its zest, and a clerk who merely fits a shoe to the soles of women and children seems to be losing his own soul in the process. The freedom of motion, after all, is not very noble—only the freedom of a cage, or of the stoker in a steamboat, in which the work is more than the man. It is a sad thought that all that can be said of you after you are dead is that you sold so many thousand dollars' worth of goods, or that you were so adroit in catching customers. And then there is the constant sense of management and deceit, that one is expected to

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use the tricks of trade, to praise one's own wares, to underrate the wares of rival tradesmen, to conceal defects, to set things in false lights, that there is a warfare going on in the bargains, each striving to get the better of the other. Very few clerks are so happily placed that they can keep full self-respect in the use of the arts which seem necessary to their success, that they do not feel guilty when they hear the rebukes of the pulpit upon fraud and hypocrisy and falsehood. Is it not a maxim of traffic that a clerk must not be "too honest," not more honest than the custom of the trade will permit? Must he not assist in the adulterations, the sanded sugar, the watered milk, the mingling of peas with the coffee, the hundred ways in which the materials of common use are falsified, and afterward vouch for them as genuine? To an ingenuous soul apprenticeship in traffic seems to deny all the moral teachings of the church and school, and outrage truth and virtue.

And then, to a prudent soul, the promises of a clerkship are not very bright. The young man who goes into the counting-room and becomes a book-keeper, has no clear chance of even being much more than a book-keeper. That office does not fit one for partnership in the business, or for success in business, if he should venture for himself. A clerk in any of the Departments in Washington has no reasonable hope of being Secretary of State, or of the Treasury, or of the Navy, not half so much hope of reaching these dignities as a ward politician in the cities. His place is precarious always, and his promotion is slow, if he succeeds in keeping it. With a new administration he must probably go out, with the feeling that his disastrous experiment has unfitted him for other duty. In the uncertainties of commerce, too, the situation of a clerk even in what seems to be a "strong house," is uncertain. The crisis may come which breaks the strong house, and the clerks are scattered to shift for themselves. The necessity of retrenchment, too, often curtails the number of these warehouse servants, or reduces their poor stipend if they stay. Some clerks, indeed, are very well paid, and the tale of what the great merchants give to their salesmen warms the souls of many youths to gain and deserve that large compensation. Undoubtedly, there are clerks whose wages exceed the highest sum that a skilled mechanic can earn by his personal labor. But when we make an average, and when we adjust the scale of living and the expense which the cities require, we shall find that the wages of the clerkly class fall far below the wages of mechanics, probably below the wages of farm-laborers. The most economical clerk can save but little from his earnings, even if he lives in a fourth story back room, or in a small house in the suburbs. If he is rash enough to heed the advice of his moral guides, and to marry young, he is kept quite close to the line of starvation. If he is available in a retail store in Broadway he must be abreast of the fashion in his getting up, and must symbolize by his unimpeachable garments the work which he proposes to do by the wares which he dispenses. A mechanic or a farmer may be grimy and rough in raiment, but a clerk cannot be. A shabby clerk is an incumbrance and a nuisance, and no employer wants him upon the premises. Adonis and not Vulcan must lure the customers. Patched shoes and a threadbare coat fatally disqualify the clerk in the better class of shops; and even where there is handling of iron and oil, a measure of decency in dress is expected. At any rate, a clerk cannot hope to lay up much for a rainy day by the lawful wages which he earns, and which the large competition will keep at so low a figure. If by good service he makes himself indispensable to his employer and is allowed a share in the business, it is a junior's share and exposed to all the risks of failure. He must do more of the work, while his senior gets more of the profit.

Yet with all the features which make clerk life unattractive, the poor pay, the small promise, the temptation to dishonesty, the loss of self-respect, the fact remains that this life, beyond any other, has attraction for young men, now even for young women. It is gregarious, and secures society. It is mostly active, and has variety. It gives a knowledge of the world and a sight of what is going on in the world. It keeps one in the current of affairs. If it is sometimes hard work, it is not hard work all the time, it has intervals of leisure and a good deal of ministry to laziness.

Even the lawyers' clerks and the stock-brokers' clerks, held to a straight discipline, find time for their jesting, their beverages, their cold lunches, and can "twig" the visitors through the windows of their closets, after the fashion of the clerks of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg and Wilkins Flasher, Esq. The ten hours of business do not mean what the ten hours of work at the lathe or hammering on the lapstone mean; and clerks in the store have a great

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deal of time to talk politics or criticise actors and preachers, as they sit upon boxes, waiting for customers to come in. The superior charm of clerk life is largely in this, that it seems to be an easy way of getting on, and that it really is easier than the farmer's way or the mechanic's way. It cheats one with the notion that the clerk will be taken by his leisure and his guise for a gentleman, whether he is one or not. There is a magic in the name which seems to bring graces and gifts, and to transform the awkward clod-hopper into an Apollo, to shine in the saloons and astonish the passers by. The youthful clerk, at any rate, fancies that he takes social rank before Hodge or Crispin, and has a right of way against them. For these and other reasons, we may be sure that merchants and shop-keepers will be besieged by applicants for a place, in disregard of the emphatic advice of the farmer of Chappaqua. The dim light of the counting-house, the confusion of the warehouse, with its bales and boxes and barrels, will be preferred to the sunshine of the farm and the broad space of the factory. This is a result of our civilization, in which commerce takes lead of all industry, in which the merchants are the princes, and the traffickers the honorable of the earth. We cannot check this passion for commerce by denouncing it, or by proving that it is mistaken, that there are five times as many clerks as are needed, and that the powers of most who take up the clerk life are wasted. The great houses on the Fifth Avenue, the equipages in the Central Park, plead more persuasively. Every newspaper biography which tells how the poor boy from the country began by sweeping out the store in the morning, and came at the age of fifty to be a millionaire, contradicts the prudent advice which talks of average fortune, and reminds that the successes are few, while the failures are many.

There are many advices which may be pressed upon this large class of men and women in our cities, in view of the temptations by which they are surrounded, and of the rivalries which urge them. In a journal of health, of course, the first suggestion will be of care for the body. And we have to repeat here, what has been said so often in other connections in previous essays, that *physical exercise* is a prime necessity for the clerk, as for the professional man. The salesman, as we have said, usually gets enough of it in his business to keep his system in good order, but this is not true of the desk clerk. He needs to have frequent rests and changes from his toil, to have within easy reach a pair of clubs or dumb bells which he can swing, to use gymnastics as relief from his bending and his manuscript. The morning and evening walk to and from his place of labor is good, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There ought to be exercise at intervals during the day. Some of the larger establishments—the banks and brokers—are now providing restaurants within their buildings, where their clerks can dine conveniently, with no loss of time upon the street. This very convenience makes all the more necessary a gymnasium in the building, where the muscles and the lungs and the tired brain may refresh themselves from their constrained quiet at the desk and table. A bank needs a billiard-room to complete its apparatus, quite as much as an eating-room and kitchen.

2. Next to this is the counsel, *not to be too ambitious*, not to overwork the system in the hope of earning larger wages and rising more rapidly. There is a healthful stimulus, certainly, to the young clerk in the thought that if he sells more goods in a given time his worth will be more highly rated, and that extra energy will give him a better name. But there is such a thing as overdoing this, and clerks frequently lose health, like mechanics, from working too hard. The bustling clerk not only comes into collision with his mate, but is likely to meet with mishaps, to make mistakes. In the end one who makes haste slowly comes out in the front. There is a calmness and self-possession which the merchant, above all men, needs to gain. Enthusiasm is his danger rather than his help.

3. And is there not need of insisting that the clerk should *avoid dissipation*, should shun the saloons and gaming-houses, should look not upon the wine when it is red, (and as little upon the white wine), and should exorcise the Satan who will be always at his side? Where the appliances of sensual indulgence are so numerous, where the dram-shops and beer-shops stand so invitingly open, where the house of the harlot flaunts its shameless invitation, where cheap theatres allure, and "hells" are dazzling with their brilliant lights, no young man is safe, unless he has and keeps the solemn vow to "touch not, taste not, handle not." Let him not cheat himself with the thought that profligacy is healthful recreation or innocent amusement, or that it is the less fatal because so many follow it, and its crime and sin are overlooked. The excesses of the night cannot

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be made good by more zealous labors in the day. The red eyes of debauchery will not lose their baleful fire because they can read still correctly the columns of the ledger, or are quick to detect a customer. And if the head of the house is an epicure and pampers his appetite, it is all the more important that his servants should be sober. A lawyer in one of our cities, taking into his office two young men, very wisely said to them, "Gentlemen, I wish you to remember that I do the drinking of this establishment." He would not have them destroy his business by imitating his habit.

4. Another counsel to this class is to *make good use of the Sunday*. Fortunately now common sense is winning the city rulers to allow the mind a fair opportunity on the day of rest, and libraries are opened on the day of all days when they should be opened, when the class that they would benefit can go to them, and can read in them. Every clerk, indeed, will do well to give some time to reading on the week days, either in the evening hours or in the early morning. But very much time cannot be given to this, while the work takes so much of brain-force, and the clerk goes home tired from his task. Sunday is the day of all others for the clerk to find what the books can teach him, especially in the meagre intellectual fare which churches give him. In every city there ought to be one place, or many places, where clerks can find the latest word of philosophy, or science, or human experience, the word which they will not hear from the pulpit. The best missionary work of our time will not be that which sends, at great cost, messengers to the Hindoos and Chinese, in the vain hope of substituting the scheme of Calvin for the ritual of Krishna or Buddha, but which opens free Sunday reading-rooms in all parts of our cities, where those who deal all the week with material things may get some of the treasures of the Spirit. The Christian Association, in doing this, are more Christian than in convincing earnest men and women that they are miserable sinners, justly victims of the Divine wrath. The sight of a room thronged by quiet readers, who are busy with the works of Muller, or Spencer, or Tyndall, or Martineau, or Robertson, or Macdonald, is much more cheering than the sight of a crowd in a showy church, frescoed tawdrily, listening to the sensational harangue of some self-sufficient pulpit mountebank, who tells of what he knows nothing, and deals out broadcast his dogmatic curses. Let clerks hear by all means the earnest pleading of the wise and honest preachers, but let them not pass by the open doors of the reading-rooms and libraries when the church releases them.

5. An injunction of another kind to the class we are addressing is, to *lay up something for a rainy day*. In view of the meagre stipend which so many get, this may seem a mocking counsel. But a clerk, having no especial skill to secure his fortune, and so much competition to hinder him, needs, more than a mechanic, to have something to fall back upon. However small his salary, he ought to save something from it, certainly, if he has got beyond his years of dependence and is an adult man. Let him eat coarse food, wear plainer clothes, give up indulgences, rather than spend every cent that he earns. If he cannot save the tenth, let him save the hundredth, and have some money at interest, if sickness should take him unawares, or if the mishap of his master should throw him upon the world. Let him get something for the beginning of his own enterprise, if he should be moved to set up for himself. It is easy for the faithful clerk to say in his confident soul that his master will not leave him to want, if he should become disabled, and will do the right thing by him. But do not the wills of millionaires show how careless they are of this obligation to faithful dependents, how much more ready to give their money to found colleges and theological schools than to provide for the old age of those who have worked for them so long? It is more satisfactory to have an account at the savings bank than to trust to the legacy of the lord of the warehouses. And a clerk who has laid up money will more probably realize the force of the Scripture maxim, "Unto him who hath it shall be given." The thrifty, rather than the spendthrift, dependent is more likely to be the successor or heir of the prosperous merchant.

And more we might say, and especially might dwell on the need of *annual vacation* to the drudge in city warehouses. Perhaps the suggestions of this paper may seem to be trivial. Why so much ado over the class of office boys and "counter jumpers," as they are often contemptuously called? Because this class includes so many of our best young men, of the finest spiritual fibre, the noblest promise, the hope of the land.

NEW TEETH AT FORTY.—A lady in Ontario, aged forty, had five teeth extracted, and new ones came instead.

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Musings of a Middle-aged Man.

IN his introduction to The Anatomy of Melancholy, the book-digesting Burton tells us that he was led to his labor by a consideration which more frequently impels men to drunkenness or a savage cynicism. "I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts, which, methinks are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theater or scene."

Knowing something of the human forlornness that wails through this passage, I would fain copy the manly resolve that tempers its sadness; for, like Burton, I have reached the jackdaw stage of life, by which I mean that period of existence when a lonely and thoughtful man becomes "like the jackdaw in the steeple," which the memory of Daniel Webster clung to when all other recollections were fast fading. There is a sort of intellectual metempsychosis, by which at different periods of life we resemble other forms of being. The eagle of youth, that looked unblinkingly on the sun of human contest, becomes, as the hair whitens and the step falters, a meditative, middle-aged jackdaw, setting in the ruined steeple of his hopes and ambitions, and useful only as he can deduce some moral from the "rabble rout," above whose strifes he has retired. Solitary, and yet serene, I find I have arrived at the jackdaw period, when my best usefulness is not in action but in retrospection; and that is why I am tempted to reduce to words the musings that may have little of the amusing elements which seem to be demanded as the price of successful writing. Indeed, a good friend of mine, who sometimes joins me in the mild dissipation of a cup of tea, predicts that my thoughts will be found too somber for popular reading. Perhaps he is right, for the tendency of popular writing for some years past has been toward the flippant; the standard of excellence has been established at the utterance of smart things and the coinage of barbarous terms. It is my misfortune, perhaps, to be under the dominion of my

MOODS.

There are two pictures in existence—as widely different in artistic merit as it is possible for pictures to be—that made a profound impression upon me years ago. One is a cabinet painting by Wallis, exhibited at the Exposition of Art Treasures in England in 1856, and entitled the "Death of Chatterton;" a gem of color and poetry on canvas—to live in a man's memory and haunt his dreams—in which the "wondrous boy" is seen half dressed, pallid, limp, and dead, on a humble couch, while through an open lattice are seen, in the grey light of early morning, the distant spires of that London that had both worshipped and starved him. The other is a miserable daub, representing the agony of a circus clown, who steals a few minutes from his compulsory buffoonry in the ring to sit beside his dying wife. Chatterton could not live a lie, and preferred to snuff out his own brief candle. The wretched clown could shed broken-hearted tears by his gasping wife, and the next moment utter stale jokes and make ludicrous grimaces. That is the difference between mechanical men and men of moods. And what wonderful things are these moods of ours! Men talk with bated breath of the marvels of horn-blowings and drum-beatings in darkened closets, but never think of the hourly recurring and vastly more mysterious "spiritual manifestations" within them. A man may travel the same road on different days, alike as to all externals—yesterday he moved with elastic step, the heavens smiled upon him, the forest conversed with him, and from the hillsides there gushed and rippled springs of suggestion that flowed and expanded into broad streams of thought and inspiration. To-day the clear sky is to him as hard as brass, the forest morose and dumb, and the green hills dry as the rock that yielded no water until smitten by the prophet's rod. All this and more I said to my kindly critic, as preliminary to telling him what I am about to repeat to the reader, that having served my apprenticeship to compulsory writing, like all who are compelled to "coin their brains into drachmas," for bread and clothing "and such small deer," I long now for the rare privilege of writing naturally—of photographing in type the thought of the moment, grave or gay, lively or severe; and, above all, the inexpressible comfort of writing only what is felt. Nor do I believe that the reading world is so surfeited with sweet-cake that it has lost all relish

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for an occasional slice of honest, home-made bread. Indeed, the lighter fare of syllabubs is not to be despised in its season. If I do not laugh much myself, there are times when the echoes of merriment sound like the rustling pinions of the angel of life. I have no respect for your whimperers, who lose all fellowship of martyrdom by their outcries. There is nothing puerile about Prometheus chained, nothing heroic about Horatio Algernon Snips, who, in a *sic transitory* doggerel way, is perpetually burying and digging up his "blighted life" before his beard is grown. A man may be terribly in earnest and yet wear a cheerful countenance while he performs his part in

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

For however much we may surround it with music and banners, life *is* a battle, and neither prose nor poetry has ever furnished a more fitting simile for the lives of most of us. It is a fearful battle, in which the weak and wounded are trodden under the ironed feet of rushing squadrons, and fortune—not Providence—seems to be "always on the side of the heaviest battalions." And the saddest defeats and most successful conquests often depend upon trifles. There is, for instance, a much larger percentage of vice and crime traceable to ill-directed energy, the want of remunerative employment, and the lack of home surroundings, than my prosperous friends, Crœsus and Bullion, are at all aware of. The two prime sources of incalculable sorrow in America are comprised in the social worship of success—however obtained—and the worse than Bedouin Arab fashion of being born, married, and dying in boarding-houses. I am not visionary enough to fancy that the possession of a home can transform a thoroughly bad man into a really good one, or that, to speak algebraically, given a house, and contentment and happiness must follow, but I do believe that in the want of a home or something home-like, may be found the key to much which, to casual observers, seems like wilful sin or perverted moral sense. I say this with a full knowledge of the paltry estimate too generally placed upon the power and blessing of home influence by those who enjoy them, and a painful acquaintance with the twaddle uttered about home, and the mean ambitions that cluster like parasites around it. I am aware that Bridget and Michael are discontented with their shanty because Hans and Katrina live in a frame house, and that Mrs. Bijouterie suffers untold torments of envy because the building in which Mrs. Ormulu eats and drinks and displays her upholstery goods has a larger mansard roof and more windows than the house in which Mrs. B's children were born. I know, too, that, by one of the grand compensations of Providence, the real sentiment of home, the blessed sense of fixity, of peace, security and natural living can never be so fully conceived of by any but those who, having once enjoyed it, by some turn of the wheel find themselves thrust out to join the army of the homeless. I speak not of the vagrant wanderers, although I pity them; but of that vast and increasing multitude who, albeit sufficiently provided with food and raiment, are "mere spectators of other mens' fortunes," those to whom the rippling laughter of children is a requiem of buried hopes, and the gleam of the home fire a mockery. "Well, well," says the friend of my boyhood, who is now in the tallow trade, and growing rich and corpulent withal, "my middle-aged friend is feeding on melancholy, I must ask him to dine with me—he needs cheering up." Well, perhaps some such small ministration might do a lonely man no harm. But what of the host of those who have no rich friends in the tallow trade, and who suffer for companionship and home-likeness as a starving man hungers for bread? They, too, need "cheering up," do they not? I tell all my prosperous friends in the tallow, and every other trade, that of all solitude that is the saddest in which a man finds himself jostled by the crowd. Alone in the forest, there are kindly murmurings in the swaying tree-tops and friendly greetings in the eyes of the wild flowers; even on the sea, "deep calleth unto deep," and the flashing phosphorescence of the heaving waters speaks to the soul of such wonderful things that the universe is not dumb, but marvelously eloquent. But let a man stand alone and friendless where the human tide surges around him in rolling billows of selfishness, and the heart that has been strong and unmoved amid the leaden hail and flashing steel, the rush and glare of fiercest mortal conflicts, shall falter and faint and sink.

But what has all this to do with Bullion or Crœsus? They are not homeless, and can gather their children around them thankfully, as even rich men sometimes do. They are never lonely, even in the market-place or crowded thoroughfare. It has this moral for them: That many as have been the benefactions conferred by wealth upon humanity—and I never pass the Astor Library or Cooper Institute without thanking God that He has given wealth to some men—there is still a wide and undeveloped field for

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which may do a noble work, not alone for individuals, but for Republican nationality. That man who will consecrate some portion of his wealth to creating a Swiss-like love of home in American hearts will deserve a larger fame than the projector of a political platform or the inventor of a torpedo. A dole of bread eaten with shame and tears loses its virtue in a few hours, but give to a man or woman even the germ of a noble sentiment, and you have conferred an everlasting boon. And it may be done, or sought to be done, in other ways than by building model dwelling-houses. The imperative demands of trade and manufactures compel the existence in all large cities of a population of men and women who, as things exist, live as laboring animals, and have no home beyond a temporary shelter. I know of no city, except London, where there is any approach to a substitute for home for those whose days are spent in toil. I have neither Anglo-phobia nor Anglo-mania to bias me in making this statement. I do not believe that the average morality of New York is lower than that of Paris, Pekin, or London. In the latter city there is a full proportion of brawls, drunkenness and murders, as there is wherever the density of population nurtures the tiger part of human character into activity, but there is less of crime and sin there than there would be but for one modest agency which insensibly creates and fosters the home instinct. The London coffee-shop, with its well-filled bookshelves and moderate prices, is the club-house of the artisan and man of moderate means; where he finds companionship and shelter, not only from the elements, but from the bar-room and its woes. I should like to see some of our rich friends try an experiment in this direction, upon purely mercantile principles, for the moment you put the badge of charity upon it, that moment you have closed the doors to those whom it would be most likely to benefit. Herein is the secret of the lack of larger success on the part of many very excellent and philanthropic enterprises: above the classes who desire simple food and raiment at the hands of charity there is a vastly larger multitude who have higher needs, and for whom philanthropy can do its best work by leadership, by becoming the executive hand to mould into form and completeness the longing ideals existing in souls that cannot shape their aspirations into words. People of this kind shrink with a just pride from anything that approaches the appearance of patronage, and yet they need such help as will enable them to help themselves. Not only in one way, but in a thousand, philanthropy might help to create a more home-loving, contented and better humanity. Corporations could earn the praise of patriotism—and not decrease their dividends—by affording the city toilers, at small cost, an occasional glimpse of field and mountain and cataract. Writing, as I do, under the shade of fruit-laden trees, with broad acres of ripe, golden wheat nodding to a gentle breeze that breathes upon me the odorous tribute of flowers, I wish myself the magnate of some great railroad or steamship line, that I might say to my toil-worn brothers and sisters of the metropolis: "Come with me out of the prison-house of labor, away from poisoned air and sweltering streets, and for one or two days, under spreading trees and among avenues of emerald-stalked corn, with its wealth of jeweled ears, let us learn in God's mirror that a true life has nobler things beyond a strife for pay, better recreations than are found in foul cellars, grander problems for the soul to solve than questions of how to wrest the maximum of money from the minimum of labor."

Beautiful at all times, the later summer days invest the groves and fields with a royal splendor that has in it some touch of sadness. The earth that has worked in its silent laboratory through the germinating months, seems to repose with a certain weariness of fruition. In field and orchard are the testimonies of labor faithfully performed, and as the shadows of evening drape the scene with a purple gauze, all nature, animate and inanimate, demands repose. At such a time who can write, or even think aloud? Fall, weary pen. Draw the curtains, but not just yet. One more glimpse outward and upward to where the harvest moon sits serenely in the liquid blue, and the gleaming stars, ever working and ever patient, look down upon our little ambitions, jealousies, strifes and cares, as unmoved as when they witnessed the passing away of Assyria, Babylon and Tyre. Let them roll on in their unvarying orbits, teaching us at once of the greatness and littleness—as we will—of our minor spheres. The sun will no longer stand still for us on Gibeon, nor the moon tarry in the valley of Ajalon, and if we would work, either with head or hands, it must be done while the day lasts. Then, out of the concave of Immensity, voices of the night shall tell us of worthy things to be done for man, and acceptable services to be offered to God, and the

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reader, catching the glow and inspiration of the heavens above him, may find better food for his own musings than can be furnished by a Middle-aged Man.

The Drinking Question in Europe.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

ANY observant man familiar with the evils of intoxication in America, must experience some sense of relief in crossing to this side of the Atlantic. It must certainly be admitted that on the European continent the consequences of the use of ardent spirits do not assert themselves in such pronounced forms as they do with us at home. To many honest and philanthropic minds the condition of things in Europe, as regards this question, presents a pretty satisfactory solution; and in their view American society, considered in its bibulous requisitions and appetites, will have attained its millenium when the brandy bottle and the whisky jug give place to the wine cask and the beer barrel. I am not quite so sanguine in my faith as this school of philosophers seem to be; albeit I have spent three years of my life in different parts of Europe, and have tried during all this period to study the drinking question with candor and impartiality.

Of course it is well known that what is called light wine and malt liquors in Europe, while they do not entirely banish distilled spirits from popular use, yet create for these noxious and infernal agents a comparatively moderate demand. This is certainly something to be thankful for; but, in my opinion, it is very far from representing the ideal condition of humanity, here, or anywhere else.

A man no sooner lands on the European continent than he finds everybody—literally everybody—drinking something which has more or less of the alcoholic element in it. In France, Switzerland and Italy, wine—light wine—is almost the universal beverage. In Germany the beer-barrel comes in for a large share of patronage, although here likewise wine is largely used, especially in the Rhine districts. The Teutons are most successful brewers in their native home, and they have nearly a monopoly of the business in all American cities.

Almost anywhere on the European continent it is a great deal more natural for the people to drink wine or beer than water. That looks droll enough, and one would infer either that inanimate nature or human nature was seriously out of joint. The people themselves have no idea that anything is the matter with them as regards appetite. They charge the state of things all over upon inanimate nature, by telling you that pure water is something nearly impossible to obtain in Europe. This is surely an unfortunate state of things, and when I first stepped my foot on the continent I seriously speculated how I should be able to keep soul and body together on any beverage that the conscience of a temperance man could tolerate.

Now this water question has, to use the phraseology of the philosophers, an *a priori* and an *a posteriori* side. As regards the first, would any rational man have dreamed that a benevolent Creator would call a great continent into being, and people it with millions of men, women and children, without supplying a good article of drink in sufficient abundance? I am rather a heretic in some points of theology, but I have not yet quite descended to the infidelity involved in this postulate. Certainly limestone and sundry other minerals abound in the earth, on the Eastern, as they do on the Western Hemisphere; but, allowing for some delicate stomachs, I have yet to learn that the lime water in all the wells of Europe ever killed a great number of people; and to suppose that any beverage with alcoholic mixtures is an advantageous substitute for water, whether in Europe or anywhere else, is ridiculous in the extreme. I must think, from observation, that neither the Germans nor the Swiss know how to dig wells. They are quite apt to locate these beneficent institutions in such a way as to catch noxious drainage from some quarter. In fact a man must want water before

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he will study the science of getting it; and not many people in this part of the world want water much.

During nearly two years of residence in Switzerland, I have watched with much care the working of popular wine-drinking upon the public character and health. Too credulous on my first advent into the country, I accepted the common notion that, where wine is the universal drink, no great harm could come of it. But I am fully convinced, after two years' observation, that my first impressions were erroneous. In fact the longer I have lived in this beautiful land of the mountains, the more painful have become my convictions upon this subject. Is it not sad in a country where a hundred fountains of pure water gush from every hillside, to find wineshops thicker in every town and city than bakeries? And such is literally the fact. And its correlative fact may legitimately be inferred, to wit, that the Swiss, as a people are underfed and inordinately stimulated with alcholic poison. As a consequence people, here grow old prematurely, especially among the working classes, who will have their pint or quart of wine a day, whether they get enough to eat or not. I have taken not a little pains to get access to the people and obtain their honest views on this subject, and the better class are free to acknowledge the growing evil, although they seem unable to suggest an effectual remedy.

In Germany one sees not much of such sort of intoxication as prevails among the ginshops of America. And yet I should call the beer-swilling of the Germans bestial, if it were not for my respect for the animal kingdom. In Switzerland I have seen drunkenness enough to make the angels weep. I have not heard of many cases of men beating out their wives' brains; but I have seen a great many men reeling in the streets, and heard them making the night hideous over their cups. So much have I seen and heard of this in fair Switzerland that I long ago ceased to look on its vine-clad hillsides with any pleasure. Rather do I love to go up to the mountain slopes, where the flocks graze and gambol, with no complaints about lime water! Yet even here, where I write, between four and five thousand feet above the sea-level, far above the vineyards, the poor peasants send down into the valleys and spend their last cent for that which feeds not, but only fevers, the blood and brain, and makes them old men and women in the midst of their days.

A closing word about wine and beer as remedial agents, and I will relieve the patience of my readers. I do not feel prepared to deny the utility of these drinks in some cases, with all the learned doctors against me; but I have a morsel of experience on this point, which is to me more valuable than the *dictum* of a thousand doctors. Three years ago I came to Europe a broken down invalid, having nearly wrecked my nervous system by study and brain excitement. Arrived in Germany I consulted one of the best physicians in one of its most renowned capitals. He prescribed beer and wine, and promised that in a few months' time I should be as plump as a Teuton. Dear scientific soul! I never analysed beer and wine, as I suppose he had done. All I know is that they almost killed me.

Thence I went to Switzerland and, too credulous, as all invalids are, hunted up another doctor. He left out the beer, but said that red wine straight from Bordeaux was decidedly indicated. Naturally enough I thought that French wine might have some special virtue. But *that* almost killed me again. And just at this writing I am gathering up the fragments which the doctors have left, and gaining a comfortable measure of health on the beverage that everybody warned me against — cold water gushing out of the Alps, fresh from the Creator's bountiful hand.

"A GERMAN chemist says a man would die in twenty-two days if forced to live on bread alone. The foregoing must refer to bread made of bolted flour, for a man can live exclusively on unbolted wheat bread, properly made, better than on any other kind of food as yet known to man. Such bread contains every constituent necessary to build up every part of the human organism."—Oneida Circular.

[That editor's head is level at any rate. Yet this is in strange contrast to the action of the Oneida Community five or six years ago, in banishing brown bread from their table. Do the Communists now eat "*such bread* (as) *contains every constituent necessary to build up every part of the human organism*;", or do they eat of that kind on which a man would starve in twenty-two days?—ED.]

TO AVOID LOW SPIRITS.—The grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turn, are exercise for the body and occupation for the mind.

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Kitty Howard's Journal.—Second Series.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

July 4th.

THE anniversary of the great proclamation, by which a race of men of rare virtue, forecast, and sense of what are the inalienable rights pertaining to our humanity, cut the thread that bound us to England, and laid the corner-stone of a great democratic empire. We had prayers in the church, and the Declaration of our Independence read by our beloved pastor, and Rachel sung the solo to our national hymn. How clear, how sound, how sympathetic was her voice! It is such a privilege to be young. Verily! the young boy and girl should be crowned with flowers, and treated daintily, reverently. Every hand should be held out to keep their feet from slipping, and to give them assurance and a firm tread till they are able to understand what it is to be a denizen of the world—one of its hereafter destinies.

Instead of this protectiveness they encounter gibes and irony and derision. In our country they pay this back with hearty contempt, and swing onward, reckless, heedless, profaning themselves, and unconscious of the mighty perils upon which they rush.

July 5.—I have been thinking. I am more impulsive than thoughtful, leaving many matters entirely for dear, good Tom to think out for me; but others will not be so disposed of, and my own brain will do its own work in spite of Tom or anybody else.

Well, I have been thinking. Tom is five years older than I am, and he is forty years wiser and stronger. How all this wisdom and power came about is not the point just now, but I have an idea that it is one of the designs of God to make men strong and wise, and fit to govern the world, and women intuitive and spiritual, in order that they may incite the world to high and holy, and Christ-like pursuits.

Again, let me say, I have been thinking, and why? Tom is five years older than I am, and that is only a trifle—perhaps better than less—but when our pastor, Rev. Mr. Hartman, read the Declaration of Independence my Rachel turned to me with brilliant eyes, and asked, "Mamma, was there ever such a beautiful voice?"

I replied quickly, "your father's is much finer," whereat she looked disappointed. I began to think. Mr. Hartman is ten years older than Rachel. Ten years! I had never thought of what I now see. That Rachel should be regular at church was to be expected—Tom and I go always, though, I confess, the dear man sometimes does beg off, and tells me to hear for him; and sometimes I have not the heart to insist upon his going, when he tells me what an *indulgent darling* I am, and all that sort of thing, for I must own that Tom flatters me when he has a point to gain. Generally I will not allow him to stay at home, for I have a suspicion that a wife must keep her husband straight in a moral and religious line.

Ha! ha! ha! laughed Tom over my shoulder, when I had written thus far. "'That is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' as we say in law, Kitty. I yield myself entirely to your supervision; what you do not forbid nor caution me not to do I shall feel *is*, all right and proper, and do accordingly!"

Whereat I took a pin and pinned his coat to my gown, and told him I would trust him just as far as I could see him and no further. "Oh you bad boy! you have cost me a world of care to train you in the way you should go, and now you are old I will see that you do not depart therefrom." And we were quite merry, at which Rachel peeped in to enjoy the laugh; but we turned it off as best we could. I suppose we were ashamed of baby talk. Tom had made me look in the glass, and said I grew handsome every day, and I told him ditto, and Rachel said I blushed like a rose.

I am sure I did, and why not? My hair is beautifully white and soft, and I wear a rose, or blue ribbon tied around it, and it—the hair—waves very prettily. I suppose I ought, according to common ideas, to feel old, but I do not. My cheek is smooth and fresh, and my step as light as ever. I haven't a pain or ache in the world, and sleep like a baby. I do not sigh for my youth, because I have never lost it, and I regard songs and poetry like

"I would I were a boy again,"

and all that kind of stuff, as poor and maudlin. Now, to-day, we should be young and happy, whether at twenty or four score; and at the latter age we ought to hear the music from the golden harps stealing outward from the crys-

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tal walls of Paradise. I am sure I felt all this when I wrote the following:

THE DAY DAWNETH.

Up to the mountains of our God,
Oh weary pilgrims hie!
With broken staff, and feet unshod,
And half despairing cry;
Ye only mark the uplifted rod,
Ye only yield the sigh.

Oh faint of heart! lift up your eyes,
Behold how breaks the day!
Oh deafened ears! along the skies
The joyous tabrets play;
Awake ye feeble souls, arise,
The Master calls away.

Stoop down, dear Lord! speak very low,
Lest we amid the noise
Of maddening sin, and weary woe,
May hardly dare rejoice;
May fail thy dulcet tones to know,
Nor hear thy loving voice.

Oh foot-sore pilgrims! heed ye not
The flinty path ye tread;
The Master's feet the path has wrought,
The night dews wet His head;
Your sorrowing tears are not forgot,
For He the like hath shed.

Oh feeble souls! depressed by fear,
Behold how breaks the light!
Trust the dear Lord, and ye shall hear
The songs He gives at night;
Though hang the dark clouds over near,
The lining still is bright.

JULY 6.—I have not yet told my thought, and I will hurry it up now, before I am tempted to digress again. Well, as I before said, we are a regular go-to-church family, and I now recall to mind that Rachel has been exceedingly punctual and very earnest in her responses. Her voice is so clear and round in the choir that her father and I often cease to sing in our pew, that we may listen to her, and when we do, Paul stops also, wondering what is the matter; and then Lily Burns looks up from her pew to see what ails Paul, and there is a little commotion, which I arrest by singing in my loudest voice, and so all is righted.

Rachel is quite handsome, with a lovely tone of look and manner, thoroughly the lady, and yet bright and joyous, as girls in good health should be. Sometimes when I have been playing chess with Mr. Hartman, Rachel will lean upon my shoulder, and I now remember he blunders in his game when she does so.

Another thing that has a little worried me. Tom and I are much older than our pastor, and we have entertained for him a paternal regard. sometimes giving him a hint in his vocation; and when he is perplexed about the conduct of a man or woman of the church, he comes to us for advice, for he is by no means disposed to admit people to the holy rites of the church whose walk is not in accordance with the requirements of worthy membership. This has made him like a son to us, and when we found him staying away, and rather reserved in his intercourse with us, I was somewhat distressed; for any estrangements by those once dear to me is exceedingly painful to me. I, with my natural candor, remonstrated with him. He was agitated, and exclaiming, "Oh, Madam! I am unworthy of your goodness," seized his hat and made his escape. I was grieved, and went to Tom as soon as he returned from his office. and asked what it could mean.

MEM.—It is such a comfort to have a wise, good man to go to when in trouble. I am losing faith in the wisdom of us women, but think both heads ought to go together—one man's and one woman's—and even then the world will not be over wise.

Tom listened in silence, and in turn seized his hat, and, in going out, exclaimed, "I hope the poor young man has not fallen upon any evil practice; I must see, Kitty, and help him out of his difficulty; and so he went, and came back with a mysterious, but right merry face. In the evening Mr. Hartman called and challenged me to a game of chess. I observed his eyes were bright, his cheek flushed and his hand trembled, but he played with even more than his wonted skill, while I, wondering what it all meant, blundered sadly, so that he finally exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Madam! you allow a wretched pawn to take your beautiful queen," and he took the piece triumphantly.

The game was spoiled, and I fell to thinking, and Mr. Hartman, bending his handsome head, asked, "Am I too presumptuous?"

"I will think, I replied. "She is nineteen in years—ten years in character. My baby! my pet lamb! Oh, Mr. Hartman, it is much very much. I will think."

"I am too old, I fear, Madam—an old fashioned religious man, also; one who believes in the sacredness of marriage, one who would not take the most beautiful woman in the world, unless her dear heart went with her hand, unless she felt that her soul would find growth

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and peace in my companionship, unless all that is pure and lovely in her mind would find repose in mine. I must worship my God truly —as truly as a monk of old—but I can love and cherish a wife with singleness and devotion," and he kissed my hand.

At this moment Rachel's beautiful voice came from the piano, singing in mournful recitative the following

SONNET:

Immortal made by Love! The time will be
When men will say, "Ah! she was passing fair,
Her voice lent sweetness to the summer air,
Like murmur of the Halcyon o'er the sea,
With eyes half passion and half reverie
Beneath her wealth of golden shadowed hair;
But ah! she drove her poet to despair;
He who had worshipped her on bended knee;
The gentlest heart that ever beat she broke;
The manliest heart, enshrined in manliest frame,
The love of ladies, and the pride of men.
He loved her, madly loved her, nor awoke
Till all had perished; manhood, hope, life, fame
And she loved *him* as madly, whisper then."

She paused before she gave the last line, which was rendered with infinite pathos. Mr. Hartman started, turned pale. "May I join her?" asked he earnestly.

"Go," I replied, and then I sat thinking. Ten years! when she is thirty he will be forty! So intently did I strive to penetrate the future, and divine if it were wise and well that these two should join their hands, that I did not notice that Tom was standing over the back of my chair, till he said:

"Ten years are nothing, darling, where the parties are intelligent, and generous, and affectionate. I should love you if you were twenty years older than myself."

"Now Tom, don't be foolish. Had I been twenty years older than you, never once would you or I have thought of each other in connection with marriage. Never, Tom. Had I been ten or even five years older, you, who are so young yourself, would have thought me too old."

"You would have been Kitty, and I should have loved you any way."

"Now don't be foolish, Tom. We do love, and that is enough. 'We might have been' is a silly way of viewing things in this world. I hate to see an old woman tying herself to a young man, and not the less do I dislike to see an old man tying a young girl to his bald head and grey hairs. Such things are unnatural and indecent, in many points of view. People should marry for the sake of companionship, for the sake of a home, and for the sake of children. Where none of these conditions suitably exist, marriage ought to be out of the question. You know, Tom, that I speak the truth. Marriage should go with youth, and love, and beauty. Old people do not need it."

"My wise little Judgine! But Hartman is young, and will be young at fourscore. He is a handsome fellow, too. I like to hear a handsome man speak, the sex is then better represented."

"But ten years, Tom! I am trying to think had you been as much older should I have felt toward you as I now do?" and before I thought of it, Tom took me upon his knee, and I kissed him, and felt that "neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any creature," could have separated us two; and when I looked up and saw Rachel in her virgin bloom resting upon the arm of George Hartman, and the moon shining upon their royal heads—shining as if Dion had kissed Endymion through them—I saw it was a destiny, or design, which must work its own way through these two.

While Tom and I gazed after them, Paul and Lily came in, and the former, peering from the lattice, gave a long whistle, and then the four lovers joined hands and the two girls embraced, while Tom whispered, "It seems as if it were you and I, Kitty. I only hope they will be as tender and true."

"Why, Tom, these are fine boys, but nothing equal to what you were when of their age," whereat my husband laughed with tears in his eyes, saying he "didn't know as it was quite right to bedizen a nice little head in that way."

But I am sure there never was a happier household than ours has always been, which is in part, I think, because Tom has always been the head of the house, as a man should be, and I have so honored him, believing by so doing I honored myself; and if I have sometimes been petulant, or have uttered or looked any crossness, I have always been ashamed of it, and have said, brightly and cheerfully, "forgive me, darling," and then he would kiss me, and call me "queeny," and so all was forgotten; and we never, never have had a sulky hour, and never, in the family, little tiffs and broils and sharp words, and ugly repartees; all of which things are ill-bred and uncomfortable.

Sometimes Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones have said that Madam Howard was very precise, and

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so polite they were afraid of her. Polite people are never afraid of each other, and the most Christ-like people are the best bred, because, in all things, they do as they would be done by, and put themselves in the place of another, in order to do the kindly, genial, Christian act.

While I thought over all these things, which I did, leaning my head upon Tom's shoulder—for we two old lovers were too happy to talk—Mr. and Mrs. Burns came in, and they looked out and took a peep at our good, beautiful lovers—pure and innocent as angels—and then Mrs. Burns kissed me and thanked me for giving her daughter such a worthy husband, and then I thanked her for Lily; and we two mothers-in-law to be, talked and made our plans and agreed about the presents to be made to the young couple, just as if mothers-in-law were not the most exacting, cruel, hateful creatures in the world, and just as if Paul was not bound to hate and quarrel with Lily's mother, and Lily to hate and quarrel with me! This has been a day marked with a white stone.

I ought before this to have noted, as I did in my journal, that Paul's house is nearly done. We have given advice as to plans, most especially Mrs. Burns and I, about the store-rooms and cellar, as our experience in house-keeping has resulted in many improvements, which it is too late to make in our own premises, and we both agreed that, to careful housekeepers, the routine becomes like good machinery, that seems to work of its own volition, and we never need be solicitous about it. The truth is we have both been very devoted wives and mothers—though, to be sure, Mr. Burns is by no means a Tom—how could he be?—and now we are quite exempt from care, and are able to ride, and walk, and visit, like young girls.

Mrs. Burns goes with me to the prisons and poor-house, where we carry a bright, or sympathetic thought sometimes, and even Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones, who say we are "stuck up," begin to like us.

Oct.—Mrs. Burns and I have had a pleasant time in fitting up Paul's and Lily's house ready for their marriage and occupancy. So many little comforts we were bent upon furnishing for our darlings, that we decided it was best to act in concert, lest we should cumber the house with duplicates. We have agreed to have a grand house-warming, and a dance for the young people. Subsequently we will have prayers, and dedicate the house to God and the spirit of love and divine peace. After this little ceremony we are all to go to the church, where the Bishop and Rev. Mr. —— will perform the double ceremony, for Mr. Hartman desires to be married at the same time with Paul.

Mrs. Burns aided me in arraying the pretty parsonage for Rachel, and neither bride knows aught of the treasures stored away for their comfort in their new homes. We have prepared the linen and silver, and the unostentatious embellishments of the two houses. They will begin housekeeping moderately, not by any means as handsomely as the homes they leave. Simple furniture, simple ornaments. They have their own fortunes to make, and must not expect to begin where their parents left off. They must, by economy and self-denial, provide for the comforts of coming years, when all endeavor will be more toilsome than in early life. Paul, the darling, works like a Trojan—trujent, the neighbors say, if anybody knows what that means—up in the morning with his men, planting, sowing, gathering in his crops, and going from cellar to attic, in supreme admiration of the home to be, and all the youthful hopes inspired thereby. Then he studies manfully, Latin, and French, and German, etc., and reads history, biography, and works of science. He is thoroughly temperate *in all* things, and helps those who are otherwise, by good words, reproof, or encouragement. In truth, Paul may be winnowed and little chaff found.

Mr. Hartman is even more than ever devoted to his people, and has broken out into sudden cheeriness—sings and walks, and works, and acts as if his own happiness might bless and magnetize the whole parish. Lately he asked me to go with him to visit several old members of the community, men and women not over wise nor provident and, as to that, not over good. I found a great parcel, or rather, several of them, and these I was to help him to distribute. There were petticoats of wool, and warm gowns, and drawers, and trousers; not one a piece, but a change of each, thus providing for cleanliness. How the old, dim eyes ran over at the sight of so much comfort! and how they all promised to read the Bible, and go to church, or to pray to God at home! But Mr. Hartman was the sight to behold—a Saint John, with his Christ-like face. I blessed him with my whole heart, and told him he was worthy to be the son-in-law of the good Judge.

Mem.—When I said this I thought I saw a smile upon his face, not quite evangelical. I told Tom so, at which he laughed terribly, and rather displeased me by so doing.

Oct.—To-morrow morning, Sunday, is to be

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the wedding day, before church, when the brides will go to their own pews, and at noon go to their new homes. All is in readiness to receive them. They go no journey, which I think is an indecency, but like young, modest people, stay at home rationally and comfortably.

Mrs. Burns and I got a little flustered and over busy in getting things ready, as was natural, and Mr. Burns and Tom joked us a bit, and called us "old girls," but we have subsided now. I presented Mrs. Burns with a handsome dress to be worn on the occasion, and, to my amazement, she produced one almost like it, a present to me!

Oct.—It is now Saturday night. Tom is out to a hateful political meeting, for he goes to Congress this year. To-day I had a letter from David, a dear, good letter, such as boys write to a mother, and I took it in my bosom and walked in the woods, and read it again and again, for the comfort it inspired. I was quite alone, for I needed no companionship in this precious comfort. The following is a part of my thought:

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

The green-draped hills and bending sky,
  The water-fall and glen,
With all the melody of earth,
  Are beautiful, as when
With bounding step and throbbings wild,
A part of each I was, a little child.

No tumult now, but o'er me comes
  A sweet, yet sobered pleasure;
It sinks into my inward sense,
  A calm that has no measure,
And now I feel each thing to be
An oracle of peace and love to me.

I mark the blossoms, loving still
  The shadow of green wood;
The lowly trailing vine becomes
  A minister of good;
And gurgling on, the pebbly brook [look.
Smiles upward, with its pure and tranquil

The last year's leaves are grey and old,
  And damp beneath the tread,
But 'mid them golden rods appear,
  And asters lift the head—
The uncouth root is rounded green
With velvet moss and winter's dreary sheen.

And here, beneath the roots, behold!
  The squirrel's store is left,
A heap of mouldered walnut shells,
  Piled in this cosy cleft—
How like the poet's musty rhymes
On musty shelf away, in after times!

David says, "I am quite myself, my precious mother. I have seen Blanche more than once at Baden Baden, where, I regret to say, her husband is a noted gambler. Poor Blanche looked distressed and mortified, and somehow she looked coarse and common to me. The scales have fallen from my eyes. I am a little ashamed of myself, dear mother, but not much, for it was all real, true, and the best of myself at that time. Blanche seemed to me made up of Cleopatra and Aspasia, with a touch of the calm Lady Russell. Such is the glamour of young eyes. I used to thrill under her musical voice, and even now forgive all but her treason. I say this, and drop the subject forever.

"But mother, how like a revelation it comes to me, that the passionate love, of which we dream, fills up but a small portion of the life of a true man. I recall your own beautiful life and that of my father, made up of pure, rational enjoyment, transparent as truth, faithful and loyal as love, if true, must ever be. The less the life is based upon the passions the nobler it becomes.

"So Paul and Rachel are to be married. I like these marriages, suitable in every way, good stock blending with good stock. Blunt, good Paul, the very best fellow in the world, and worth a dozen of me. Mother, Ada Burns is but little younger than Lily, and used to be much more thoughtful and a great deal prettier. Is anybody figuring round her? If so, I should like to wring his neck for him. I am coming home, and I will sit on the bench yet, a solemn, learned judge, and get married if I can, and be a comfort to you all, for I have been but a graceless boy, I feel."

Sunday night—Paul and Rachel have gone home, and Tom and I are quite alone, when Ada Burns slipped in. I kept thinking how lovely, how almost holy the two brides looked this morning, and did not see that Ada was troubled. But Tom, who is never self-involved as we women are, saw it, took her to his side and whispered something as to what is the matter, at which she burst into tears, and laying her pretty head on his shoulder had a good comfortable cry. At length she said:

"Judge Howard, I am so lonesome, and here David sends me a piece of poetry, just as if I was a spirit-rapper, a ghost, or something dreadful. Just hear him. I should think I might think of Paul's brother without wanting him to be rock-crystal, or an Æolian harp screaming in at a window."

Tom is awful at a laugh. When he got his breath he cried out, "Here you have it, Kitty.

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The poets are always playing the mischief. Plato did right to banish them from his republic."

Then I took the paper from Ada's hands, and read the following, which he had sent her from London, and written nothing else. I ought to say that Ada responded to the Judge's remark in this way:

"I am sure Judge, David is twice as handsome as Paul, only it is such a pity that he writes verses!" at which Tom laughed again without mercy, and I said "poor, dear David!" But here is the poem:

LET ME BE A FANTASY.

Like the faint breathing of distant lute,
Heard in the hush of evening, faint and low,
For which we lingering listen, though 'tis mute,
I would be unto thee, and nothing more—
Oh nothing more!

Or like the wind-harp, trembling to its pain
With music joy, half covetous of woe
Ere it shall sing itself to sleep again,
So I would pass to thee and be no more—
A breath no more.

Like luster of a stone which wakens thought
Pure as the cold, far-gleaming mountain snow,
Like water to its crystal beauty wrought,
Like all sweet fancy dreams, but nothing more
A shade, no more.

Like gleams of better worlds, and better truth,
Which our lone hours of aspiration know,
I would renew to thee the dreams of youth,
Touch thy good angel wing, oh, nothing more!
Oh never more!

Ada continued to cry with great enjoyment till her father and mother came, and we had a pleasant chat.

MEM.—Ada will not understand David. Perhaps it does not matter. What a pity men could not pare off half the heart and give it to a woman, which is about as much as she knows what to do with! But what will become of the other half?

OCT.—It is a year since I made my last entry, and now I am grandmother. Dear, beautiful, endearing term, which implies some authority and a wise maternity. It seems such a brief space since I opened my journal and wrote, "My First Baby." Scarce a day, and now it is my first grandchild!

Surely life is full of blessedness. We had begun to feel the need of more to do, more in the house. One can not read law forever, nor write poetry, nor cook and darn stockings; and soon these children of ours, by proxy, will be filling the house with cheer. They must be trained, and loved and cared for; and Kitty Howard has joyous work before her. The child is Paul's and Lily's, strong and smiling, a fair boy, which we call Judge and John, for variety.

David has returned, and there will be another wedding ere long.

Last night I had a curious dream, which I think very significant, but I do not infer thence that I am to lay aside the material and take on the heavenly garment; for I think Tom and I being both young, temperate, and perfect in health ought to live at least a hundred years. This would be undesirable, if we must either of us fall into dotage and decay, but while the capacity of so much enjoyment remains, we are young. People talk too much about years. I once read Cicero on old age, which seemed to me formal and artificial, but good old Cornaro, at a hundred years, fairly sings for joy. But I must tell my dream:

I seemed to be in a large, beautiful country with hillsides and valleys, and a sense of infinite peace. My invisible friend was with me, and we wandered along, filled with content. At length he whispered, "It is time to go back," and we entered my house and chamber, where I saw all things as usual, my books on the table, and garments upon the chair. At first I did not see the bed, but presently my vision became better adjusted, but not till I had read several times, "Where is my body? where is my body?" Then I saw myself lying upon my bed, with one hand under my cheek, and sleeping. I said in a low voice to my companion, "There, I have slipped in, but I liked to have lost the chance."

Tom says he is afraid I shall wander away some time and not come back, and then I tell him, if I do it will not matter, for I shall be still with him; we who have begun our heaven here below can never be separate. We, who are one in spirit, are truly and righteously married, and are eternally united. We are made partakers of a great joy, a great mystery, and whereas others are tossed about with many sorrowful conflicts, we have been able to effect perfect harmonies.

What more can Kitty Howard say? Should she write about her grandchildren it would be but a repetition of the story, without an end, the godliness of love, the holiness of the household; and so Kitty will close the leaves and write no more. Her journal is done.

A PROSPEROUS merchant has for his motto "Early to bed, and early to rise, never go tight, and advertise."

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Medical Study Abroad.

BY GEO. H. FOX, M. D.

IT has been said that one desiring to pursue the study of medicine in Europe, can gain no reliable information on the subject until he has gone there and gained it for himself. True it is that men of experience in the matter deal often in glittering generalities, and from such the information-seeker gains but little that he can fasten upon. It sounds well to squander rhetoric on the *immense* advantages of study abroad, to talk of how *cheap* one can live in France or Germany, and to give assurances of great profit to be derived there; but this is of little worth to one who is seeking to ascertain wherein these advantages consist, to know just *how* cheap one can comfortably live there, and to learn exactly the spot where one must go in order to obtain this prodigious profit.

The object of this letter is merely to throw together a few straggling facts, hints and fancies based upon the experience of the writer, who, two years ago, would have given much for certain little items of information which now seem trivial and scarce worth the mention. Of more or less interest to the general reader, it is hoped that some of these stray items may prove of value to any one harboring the idea of coming abroad for purposes of study.

To begin with, let us for a moment regard the advisability of going to Europe, leaving out the medical aspect of the question. "Will it pay?" asks many a man with a spare thousand in his pocket and three or four months hanging heavily on his hands. "I can't afford it!" says another, who, for the supposed benefit of his health, goes to Long Branch or Saratoga, and in eight or ten weeks spends possibly treble the amount of money requisite for a transatlantic trip. In such plain cases one may justly dispense with argument and simply assert that it will pay the one, and that the other can afford it. As a rule, in short, every man in America, with the time and money at his disposal—and it requires but little of each—should regard it not alone as a pleasure, but as well his duty, to take a trip to Europe. No one will deny the intellectual and often physical benefit which one derives therefrom; and, on the other hand, who can doubt, or even over-estimate the advantages which a nation derives from the roving spirit of certain citizens, and the consequent intermingling of foreign ideas, both scientific, social and political. Thus a gain accruing to the individual is equally a gain to the country.

Some one says triumphantly to the young man who leaves his native state or country for the first time and goes immediately aboard an ocean steamer, "Why don't you travel first in your own country? Why don't you see some of the great sights at home before you follow the foolish fashion and talk of traveling abroad?" Why not? Simply because, in respect to gain, the two cases stand totally apart from one another. Suppose, if you will, that the Rocky Mountains do equal the Alps! Suppose that the Hudson is as beautiful as the Rhine! and suppose that a live Western town is superior in many respects to any century-eaten city of Europe! It may be all very true; but, nevertheless, it does not alter the fact that three or six months' travel in Europe is worth more to an American, infinitely more, than the same amount of time spent in travel at home. When one considers the nearness of cities and objects of interest in Europe, the historical associations which add a charm to so many, the treasures of art, the new languages, the strange customs, and, in fact, the countless opportunities on every hand for developing taste, broadening views and constantly adding to the store-house of general information, the advantages of travel at home diminish rapidly in comparison.

But the reader by this time may regard such talk as foreign to the subject and inappropriate to the pages of a journal of this kind. Still it must be remembered that on the advisability in general of going to Europe, depends one of the chief grounds for medical study abroad. Enough however on that point.

For a course of study in Europe to prove advantageous, it is generally understood that money and time are necessary. Although the requisite amount of each varies between widely separated extremes, and no standard nor strict rule can be laid down applicable to the wants of every case, still a few facts and opinions may be offered which will possibly assist the majority in forming an approximate idea.

In the first place, let us consider the amount of money required. A certain experienced friend once remarked that a student going to Europe for purposes of self-improvement, with the expectation of living comfortably, of buy-

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ing all necessary books and a few instruments, of traveling during the hot summer weather in Switzerland, or passing, perhaps, a couple of spring months in Italy, should calculate on spending five dollars per day in gold as long as he remains. This I believe to be, for the average of students who come here, a fair estimate. Economy, *i. e.*, no unnecessary travel, no investment in pictures, no buying of presents, etc., may reduce this estimate nearly one-half. Dissipation, on the other hand, will assuredly raise it indefinitely. However, the great majority of men with moderate means, and no extravagant tastes nor habits, will find this sum in the end tallying very closely with their cash accounts, provided they have proved exceptions to the rule and perseveringly kept such.

As regards the duration of one's study here, there is a prevailing belief, the correctness of which must be questioned. It is often asserted, for instance, that one living in Europe for several years can, by means of his experience, pass the second and following years at much less expense than the first or green year. Perhaps he can do it, but——does he do it? The majority of young men studying for any length of time here will testify, that after the first year they find that they have acquired certain expensive notions, have become somewhat careless regarding their expenditures, and although they have, indeed, learned many ropes and are less likely to be swindled, they still spend in some way or other just about as much money.

The impression that medical instruction in Europe is gratis is a false one. For every clinic the student is expected to take out his ticket. Private courses are numerous and not particularly cheap, and generally the stranger or Doctor of Medicine must pay double the "honorar" that the resident or student of medicine pays. Courses averaging from six to ten weeks, on "Surgical operations," "Obstetrical operations," "Syphilis," "Laryngoscopy," "the Eye," "the Skin," "the Ear," etc.," costs, as a rule, from five to ten dollars. Other courses on such subjects as "Auscultation and Percussion," the "Obstetrical Touch," etc., where the class must be limited to a few men, are naturally more expensive. Thus, for any one studying general medicine here, and working most of the day, this hourly succession of clinics and practical courses amounts in the end to no inconsiderable item of expense. Books, always published here in paper cover form, are sold very nearly at American prices. On the other hand, instruments of all sorts, and especially microscopes of finest quality, are cheaper by far. For example, a friend recently wrote home to have his American microscope sold at a sacrifice of one-third of the original price. With the proceeds of the sale he found that he could buy a far better European microscope, and still have a slight surplus remaining.

Upon the place of study depends in great degree the necessary expense. Living in London, Paris, Berlin or Vienna, costs naturally about one-half more than the same in one of the small university towns which abound in North and South Germany, Bonn, Heidelberg, Tubingen, Leipsic, Wursburg, Breslau, etc. Moreover, any one pursuing a special study, such as Microscopic Histology or Pathology, Chemical Analysis, or, in short, any branch of medical science where large hospitals and many patients are not essential, can find the finest advantages in any of these above-mentioned smaller and cheaper towns. Upon this point stress must be laid, for, unlike in America, the student here is not required to go to the largest cities for the best medical instruction. Scanzoni, Recklinghausen and Kolliker, for example, are at Wurzburg, and many other men of equal note are to be found in these smaller towns. On the expense of living at Wurzburg a friend writes as follows:

"Exclusive of the lectures, a single man may be as comfortable as possible for $25 a month in gold. The fare from Bremen harbor to Wurzburg—second class—is about $10 in gold."

In the second place, let us turn our attention to the amount of time required. This will naturally depend upon the character of the person, his professional attainments, his acquaintance with the languages, and the particular course of study which he intends to pursue. A practitioner of medicine may take a vacation of two or three months, visit hastily one or two of the principal schools of Europe, and even without a knowledge of French or German derive great profit. By merely keeping his eyes open—and note-book perhaps—he will surely return to America with ideas of European medical men, manners and customs which he must consider worth infinitely more than the slight amount of time and money which it has cost him. One interested, moreover, in any special branch of medicine and possessing a mere smattering of the language, can in a very few months accomplish considerable, particularly here in Vienna, the hotbed of specialties.

But let us speak principally of the time required to pursue a decidedly advantageous course of study. Some men come here at the

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commencement of their medical career, and matriculate for a five years' course in a North German university. This plan, save perhaps in exceptional cases, can hardly be recommended; for despite the acknowledged superior advantages of European medical schools, there is much taught in America that cannot easily be acquired here, and often the young man who has graduated at a German university finds that he is not yet fitted for actual practice in America. Of course the majority of American students here are young men who have left damp diplomas behind them, and in the mysteries of practice, outside perhaps of hospital wards, are entirely uninitiated. It were better perhaps if each of these could have spent five years in private practice at home, and so have ascertained in what respect they were mostly deficient before coming abroad to patch up weak spots in their education. But still the time immediately following graduation, or close of hospital service, is without doubt the most convenient and on the whole the most advisable time for a young medical man to make, if ever, his trip to Europe. He has at this time perhaps six or eight months at his disposal. Good! He should come abroad, travel a little, look at one or two of the schools, and, if he wishes, hear some of the "big men," whether he understands what they say or not. But in such a short time, and with the thousand and one allurements to sight-seeing on every hand, he must not—unless he be an extraordinary exception to the rule of young men—expect to do any studying. Of course whether he stays one month or ten, he has the perfect right of going home with the reputation of having studied abroad, and with such unsubstantial profit he may possibly content himself. Perhaps he has a year at command. If he has at the same time a thorough acquaintance with the French or German language, he can go to France or Germany, and, resisting that inevitable desire to travel a little at first, can begin work immediately. If in this respect, however, he happens to be ignorant, he will in his first year—outside of England—do little worth speaking of, beyond traveling more or less and gaining an imperfect, although in most cases a sufficient, knowledge of one language. His serious intention of "picking up German" in the first few months is highly commendable, but, viewed in the light of experience, simply ridiculous. If he starts ignorant of the language, with the intention of remaining but a year, he is doomed to certain disappointment. The allotted time will go by, and he will prepare for his return just when he is ready to accomplish something in the line of professional work.

I believe that the American, in spite of his keen perceptions and power of practical application, is of all nations one of the slowest in acquiring a foreign language. This may result from the fact of the English being the only language spoken in America, *i. e.*, in our part of America, or from the fact of modern languages being so little studied in the schools. Yet whatever may be the cause, and whether, indeed, my belief in this respect be well grounded or not, it remains certain that the acquisition of the new language is the rock upon which most young medical men split, who come over here to Europe for a short course of study.

The question is sometimes asked, which of the American schools are recognized in Europe, and from which one is a diploma most desirable? Alas! I dislike to state it, but the best of American schools are here apparently but little known or cared for. The graduate coming abroad need bring with him no diploma, for he will never be called upon to show it here, and he may regret the space that it occupies in his traveling bag.

It is believed by some at home that European medical study crams the head with fine spun theories and unfits a man for practical work. I believe this idea is however rapidly losing ground. That valuable scientific knowledge is often of very little worth in the daily routine of practice must be admitted. Much as science has done, and will yet do for medicine, there is still but a limited relation between theory and practice in any individual case. And true it is that, above a certain point, the more theoretical a man becomes the poorer practitioner he is likely to be. The practical physician applies merely the knowledge wrought out by another, and so America turns to practical use the valuable material elaborated in the scientific workshops of Germany.

Nowhere in the world are the sick more skillfully and more successfully treated than in America, but it is time we should cease to depend upon Europe for the raw scientific material which we use to such advantage. There are enough skilled nurses or practitioners in America. There is a paucity of scientific workers.

Supposing the case that a young man has several years to spare at the commencement of active life, the surroundings at home are not conducive to study. Considering the advantages here and there to be the same, there is

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still a scholarly atmosphere here in which the student lives and moves. The unaccustomed excitement and the temptations of the large cities of Europe may demoralize the pleasure-seeker, but they have little or no effect upon the true student. A young man here often plods along steadily, who at home would be inevitably distracted by the allurements of society and friends, hampered by desires to get into practice; or, perhaps, decoyed by that direst of foes to scientific study, the desire of making money.

In conclusion let me mention a highly significant fact. There are at present here Russians, Italians, Japanese, and, doubtless, representatives of other nations studying at the expense of their respective governments. How many men at home of extraordinary ability are forced by lack of means into practice, and out of all systematic study? Will our rich Uncle Sam ever provide for such? Merely out of regard for self-interest, for the advancement of medical science in America, will he not in time enable such to reap the harvest of advantages offered both at home and abroad? Surely it is a consummation to be earnestly hoped for.

Vienna, 1872.

LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XIII.

THE FOOT.

At last, my little friends, we have got to the foot. Were you ever at the foot of the class in spelling? It is not a very desirable place, is it? but if there is a class there must be a foot to it; and so if there is a body, it must have a foot too. There are a great many things in the world without feet. A tree, for example, has none, and so one end of it is stuck into the ground, and it stays in one place all the time. All its food must be near it, and if the soil becomes poor where it stands, we must bring fresh soil or it starves. It cannot go to any new place for its food. But boys and girls have feet, and they go from place to place. If they don't like one spot they can leave it for a better one. If they get tired of sitting still they can jump up and run about. If they get far away from home they can run to it again. How nice it is to have feet, so we can do all this. Did you ever think of it before? Now I am going to tell you something about your feet. Not a single animal of any kind anywhere has such a wonderful foot as you have. Take off your shoes and stockings and study it carefully. You can stand on it perfectly upright. Animals cannot do this. See your dog and your cat—how do they stand? On all-fours, and not upright. The head is stuck out, as it were, on the end of the back bone; but your head is on the top of the back bone, and rests on it. By this arrangement two feet answer the purpose, and the hands are left free to do other work. Suppose you had to walk on "all-fours," you would not be worth so much as a dog or a horse, would you? Try it for a little while if you do not believe me. If our feet were not different from those of the dog we should have to use all-fours to walk and stand on, and then what a sorry time we should all have. There are some animals that have no feet. Can you think of one? The fishes in the water have none, but they have fins which answer the same end. And then there are a great many creatures that have many feet. Worms are of this class, and flies. Then there are some kinds of creatures that have no means at all of walking or standing. There is one called a *polyp*, a sort of jelly-fish, that has neither feet, nor fins, nor head, nor eyes, nor stomach. You might cut such a creature to pieces and each piece would live and grow. Every part of its body is alike, and can do all the work of the body without the help of any other part. It is a great deal better to have one part of the body for one kind of work and another part for another, is it not? And yet you must remember that every part of the body of any creature is best for them. Suppose you were to give a horse feet like yours. They would not answer his purpose at all. He needs a hard hoof of horn to endure the hard work he has to do, when he draws loads, runs, or stamps on the ground. The reason why, however, your feet are better than a horse's, is be-

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cause they have a higher work to perform, as the servants of a larger brain.

Now let us take a look at the foot. What is it made of? There are just twenty-six bones in each foot. The hinder bones are short and thick. There are seven of them. We call them *tarsal* bones. They form the heel and back part of the instep, and next in front of them are five *metatarsal* bones. Then front of these are fourteen bones called phalanges. These are the bones of the toes. Each toe has three bones, except the great toe, which has but two. Why is this? Because the great toe must be very strong, and three bones would make it weaker than it is. The same plan is found in all other animals. The great toe has not more than two bones. Take the seal, lizard, monkey, and there are but two. Sometimes there is less than two, and sometimes none, but never three. You see, in form, all creatures differ; but, after all, in the general plan of things they are very much alike. Did you ever see a long-necked giraffe? Well, it has just seven bones in its neck, and so have you, and so has the little mouse that creeps up to get the crumbs from the table when you are not looking, and the old cat is not near. Why is not the foot made of one strong bone instead of so many? This would not do; first, because it would be stiff, and next, liable to crack and break by the sudden strains upon to it.

The bones of the foot are all held together by strong ligaments and muscles, just as in the hand, and it is these that make it moveable and useful.

Notice now the form of the foot. It is, or should be, beautifully arched. Flat feet are not so strong as arched ones. Sometimes the arch of the foot is pushed down so that it is flat. This is a deformity, and a very serious one. Such people walk with a sort of shuffle, or amble. What makes the foot flat sometimes? It is when the key bone to the foot—the plantar arch, as it is called—gets pushed down too low by injury, or by tight shoes when the feet are small and tender, as in childhood. Boys and girls who wear very stiff, hard boots and shoes, are apt to get the arch destroyed and become flat-footed. The finest feet are formed in children who go barefooted a part of each year, so as to allow the proper shape to form. I wish there were no such things for boys and girls as tight shoes with high heels. Sometimes, too, the foot is made flat by mothers who make their babies stand and walk too soon, and before the foot is strong. Then again, when you get to be fourteen or fifteen years old you begin to grow heavy, and more work comes on the foot to carry this weight. Now sometimes children grow so fast at this age that their weight increases faster than their strength; so they become clumsy and awkward, and the weight of the body pushes down on the foot, and from weakness the arch flattens down. Boys and girls who are made to work very hard at this age, to run on long errands, to stand on the feet much, or carry heavy weights, or dance a long time, or occupy constrained positions, or take very long walks, get flat-footed. Still moderate exercise is beneficial, and promotes health of the body and strength of the foot. Sometimes when the ankle is weak the doctor binds it up by tightly laced boots, but this is injurious. It is like strengthening the waist by stays, or the eyes by living in the dark.

While the foot is rarely seen, if well formed it possesses great beauty, as well as great perfection. How often do we see beauty and use combined? The works of God are beautiful because so full of use and excellence. The foot of a human being is more beautiful than that of any animal. Compare it with a monkey's foot, or a camel's, or elephant's. Man is the most beautiful object in creation, and this is because the purpose of his existence is the highest; because he is made of finer material and in a finer mould.

Now children, a word about the care of your feet. First of all, keep them clean and keep the nails properly cut. Then keep them warm and dry in cold weather; but you will find it a good thing to go barefooted in hot weather. Then have your boots and shoes made for the feet, and never crowd them into those that are hard, or tight, or narrow. While the foot is very beautiful, if well formed, it is very homely if pinched, and the toes instead of straight, crooked and over-lapping one another. Boys and girls take good care of your feet.

And now my lessons for 1872 are ended. Have you enjoyed them? I hope you have, and I hope some of the older ones have too. Judging from the letters I have had I am led to think so. Well, I have enjoyed writing them exceedingly. Nothing I so love as to be with wholesome, happy children. I believe in them thoroughly, love them dearly, and am going to do all I can for their welfare, to make them healthy, and happy, and long-lived and useful. This is the end of the year, and possibly your HERALD OF HEALTH will stop coming unless you see to it at once that your father sends on for it another year. Do you ask if I will write

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anything for you next year? I answer yes. I am going to try and write something very good for you, if I can. So all be on hand for the January number as soon as ready, for there will be something in it for each one of you.

QUESTIONS.

1. Has everything a foot?
2. Could you get on without one?
3. Which has the finest foot, animals or man?
4. Do animals stand upright?
5. Can you?
6. Have all animals feet?
7. Name some without them?
8. Have any animals more than four feet?
9. Are your feet better than a horse's?
10. Would they be better for a horse?
11. How many bones in the foot?
12. Name some of them.
13. Which toe has the least number of bones?
14. Why is this?
15. Why not have the foot made of one bone?
16. What holds the bones of the foot together?
17. What form should a perfect foot be?
18. What about flat feet?
19. What makes the foot flat?
20. Is the foot beautiful if well formed?
21. How if deformed?

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CATS AND BABIES.

I. Is there truth in the belief that cats draw the breath of children while they sleep, and kill them?

ANSWER.—It is not true that they *draw* the breath of children. They may lie by their side and breathe for a time their own poisonous breath into the nostrils of a child, and kill it, if it is very weak. It is by no means a murderous tendency of cats which makes them do this. They don't know what they do. They only try to lie comfortable on something warm, and if they find a baby's breast and face they lie down on it, and in this way sometimes suffocate a weak child. Therefore, knowing this, guardians should watch carefully when babies are in reach of cats.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

II. Is it known how much alcoholic liquor is used every year?

ANS.—Probably, not exactly. The Manufacturer and Builder says: "The amount of spiritous liquors drank in the course of every year is about twenty million gallons distilled liquor, and one hundred million gallons when including fermented liquors, as wine, beer, etc. Half a million deaths may be traced directly to strong drink, and four millions indirectly injure their general health and shorten their lives by its use or abuse. If all the spirituous liquors, that is, those containing alcohol, even the smallest amounts, thus including lager bier and ginger soda-water, drank during a year, were united in a lake it would only fill the Croton reservoir of New York; and if let out by a stream, like the German Rhine, which discharges, on an average, one million gallons every second, it would empty itself in two minutes."

CONSUMPTION.

III. What causes so much consumption in every part of the civilized world?

ANS.—There are many causes, the principal of which is breathing too much confined air.

Dr. Henry MacCormac, of London, in a new book, puts forth the theory that tubercular disease of the lungs is caused solely by breathing air which has already passed through the lungs of either brutes or human beings, or air that is deficient in oxygen. If we assume the quantity of air in the chest at 230 cubic inches, and that from twenty to thirty cubic inches are changed and removed during each respiration, about ten breathings will suffice to renew or exchange the gaseous contents of the chest cavity. At each inspiration from four to five per cent. of the oxygen inhaled is, or should be, replaced by about the same quantity of carbonic acid, an amount which, in a few hours, would be represented by an appreciable weight of solid carbon. If any portion of the inhaled air be pre-breathed air, says Dr. MacCormac, the dead metamorphic carbon will be retained, *pro rata*, unoxidized within the organism. This effete, unoxidized carbon, this "detritus of degradation" being retained, speedily becomes "tubercle."

He says that, without adequate ventilation, we can not possibly get rid of the ten or twelve hundred cubic inches of carbonic acid which

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the lungs eliminate hourly. He has also been at some pains to obtain the average death-rate from consumption in various parts of the world. We learn from him that in the Austrian capital phthisis prevails to such an extent as to have been named *morbus Viennensis;* but he traces the cause readily enough to close stoves in stuffy chambers, to doubly glazed and padded windows, which are never opened, ventilation being never thought of. A similar state of things he finds to exist nearly everywhere, the deaths being from twenty-eight per cent. in some parts of America, to ten per cent. in Paris, while in St. Petersburg, out of 5,000 deaths, 1,900 are from consumption! Double doors and windows, every interstice being carefully closed with wadded cloth or *voilok*, exclude the current and, along with the close stove, or *petch*, render stagnant utterly the stinted, breath-fouled atmosphere, effectively hindering its replacement from without, and, in fine, entailing the direful scourge of tubercle, from which no class or condition of the community finds escape.

THEORY OF LONGEVITY.

IV. What is Flourin's theory as to the age of man?

ANS.—Flourin says the duration of life is to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphyses are united, the body grows no more, and it is at twenty years this union is effected in man.

In the camel it takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termition of life is five times that of the development period. Man being twenty years in growing lives five times twenty years, that is to say, one hundred years; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; the horse is five years in growing and lives twenty-five years, and so with other animals.

The man who does not die from disease lives from eighty to a hundred years. Providence has given man a century of life; but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives license to his passions, and permits vexation to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not die, he kills himself.

Life may be divided into two equal halves, growth and decline, and these into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a long or short time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

This is a very brief synopsis of the theory of Flourin. His little book is exceedingly interesting, and will repay a careful perusal by all interested in this subject.

SMALL-POX AND FLIES.

V. Would it be possible to spread small-pox through the agency of flies?

ANS.—Such a theory has been started by a German professor. Noticing that persons sick with the small-pox were often visited by flies, he placed near an open window of the hospital a saucer filled with glycerine. They soon gathered about it, and were caught like birds with glue. In their endeavors to free themselves, the foreign matter which adhered to them was left in the glycerine, which was at once submitted to the action of the microscope. It was found that this substance, which was chemically pure when offered to the flies, was full of strange cells, very like those seen in the vesicles of the small-pox, but never on flies. This discovery shows that these insects are not only filthy, but can be very dangerous means of spreading contagious diseases.

WATER-TIGHT SHOES.

VI. Now that cold, wet weather is coming on, is there any means of making our boots and shoes waterproof?

ANS.—Always have new boots and shoes at the beginning of winter. Old ones are pretty sure to leak all along the junction of the sole with the upper. A great deal of moisture, however, penetrates through the soles. To prevent this, rubber bottoms are sometimes used, and are excellent, but few shoemakers have them. The next best remedy is a coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeat it as it dries, until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany. It will make them water-proof, and also cause them to last three times as long as ordinary soles.

The importance of keeping the feet dry in cool weather, as well as warm, cannot be overrated, for cold extremities cause congestion of vital organs, colds, coughs and consumption.

PURIFYING SINKS.

VII. How can a sink be purified without the use of carbolic acid or chloride of lime?

ANS.—S. O. J. gives the following method to The Country Gentleman:

"Common greenish copperas, which can be purchased for a few cents per pound, will com-

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pletely destroy all offensive odors, and not be very odoriferous itself. To one pound of the copperas put one gallon of boiling water, and when the crystals are all dissolved pour the liquor into the sink, drain, and all places that require disinfecting. Ground plaster of Paris and powdered charcoal are also good agents to purification. Take four parts of the plaster to one part of charcoal, mix well together, and scatter around the outhouses and all places that are foul. The unusually wet season in many localities has induced much decaying vegetable matter, and unless we endeavor to do away with it, the dearest lamb of the household flock may fall a sacrifice. Typhoid fever can be kept at bay if we will study to remove all deleterious influences."

CULTURE OF GRAPES.

VIII. Do you think an old man or invalid can cultivate grapes successfully?

Ans.—Yes, if he understands how to do it. Read the following, if you don't believe it:

"I have about seven-eighths of an acre in grape vines—to be exact, 143 square rods. From this I gathered last year five and a quarter tons of grapes. This vineyard has averaged something over three tons yearly for the last five years, or all the time since old enough to be called in full bearing. I have realized something over an average of $500 yearly for the crop, except about $20 per year for cultivating the land. I have done all the work myself. I think, with the same proportionate assistance, I could do the work of five acres. In addition to the above it has cost about one cent per pound to pick the grapes and carry them to market, leaving me net, say even $400 for my own labor. I am seventy-three years old. My vineyard is about two and a half miles from Peekskill, and about the same distance from the Hudson River; lot over thirty feet above tide water, surrounded by trees. The soil is coarse gravel to fine loam, filled with small stones. I came near forgetting to say that the vines are all Concord. They are planted in rows nine feet apart and seven feet in the row.

CHARLES SOUTHWORTH."

We should regard the culture of grapes by invalids and old people as exceedingly favorable to health.

FEEDING COWS.

IX. How can I feed my cow in winter so as to have wholesome milk?

Ans.—See that her stable is clean, warm, and well ventilated. Don't forget to have her have pure water, as she desires it, and remember that light and exercise are both essential.

"Regarding food, the most profitable for cows giving milk during winter, and that used in nearly all the best dairies producing milk for the New York market, is a good quality of wheat bran and corn meal, mixed as follows: eight pounds of bran and two of corn meal for each cow daily. If the above can be thoroughly cooked with cut hay it increases its value about one-fifth, by actual experiment. I produced from fifty cows 500 quarts of milk daily on ten pounds of feed, mixed as above and thoroughly cooked. I then changed to dry feed, when it took thirteen pounds of the same mixture to keep up the flow of milk. Brewers' grains produce an inferior quality of milk, and would be very much more expensive than other feed at the prices named. If not so situated as to cook the food used, considerable benefit would arise from soaking it, even in cold water, from six to ten hours before feeding. Let dirty slops and sour food of all kinds be avoided."

TOMATO CUSTARD.

X. How is tomato custard made?

Ans.—It is made by straining finely stewed tomatoes through a coarse sieve, and adding two pints of milk and one pint of tomatoes for four eggs and one teaspoonful of sugar. Bake in small cups quickly. It is a very wholesome and nutritious diet for invalids and feeble persons.

BRUISES.

XI. Can you advise me how to treat a bruise so it will not turn black and blue?

Ans.—Apply first hot cloths to prevent the blood from coagulating, then apply gentle pressure on the parts with the finger to relieve any defect in the circulation, and afterward bandages wet with cold water.

PORT WINE.

XII. In what manner is wine manufactured from other material than grape-juice?

Ans.—London Dock port wine, warranted by any number of certificates, being analyzed by the London Board of Food Commissioners, pans out as follows: cider, fourteen ounces; alcohol, three ounces; logwood, four ounces; alum, forty grains; cream-tartar, twenty grains; white sugar, one and one-fourth ounce. There is but little genuine foreign wine in the New York market, and most of the American article, before it gets to the consumer, is equally bad. It is said, for instance, that the famous St Louis wine-makers can make about fourteen gallons of wine from one gallon of grape-juice, and do it, too.

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CARBONIC ACID AND RESPIRATION.

XIII. Can air that contains ten per cent. of carbonic acid long support respiration?

ANS.—No. If one were to go suddenly into such an atmosphere he would at once suffocate, but if it was to accumulate slowly the system would become accustomed to it, so that life would not at once become extinct. In his recent work on "Air and Rain," Dr. R. Angus Smith makes an important correction of the statement often found in works on physiology, that air can support respiration until it contains ten per cent. of carbonic acid. It is shown by a number of careful experiments that human beings cannot long endure an atmosphere containing more than four per cent., the higher numbers having probably been obtained by experiments of very short duration. But although as much as two or three per cent. of carbonic acid causes but little annoyance, it is shown that this is only true when other impurities are absent. The senses detect the difference between the air of the streets and of the parks of London, where the difference of the carbonic acid is only .004 per cent., the real annoyance arising from organic matter and gases from putrefaction. Hence the quantity of carbonic acid found is significant, "because it almost always comes in bad company."

Breathing through a tube into lime-water is the usual method for proving that carbonic acid is exhaled from the lungs. The small quantity of carbonate of lime thus formed seems disproportionate to the large quantity of carbonic acid known to be given off by the lungs. Dr. Krebs of Wiesbaden has observed that unless the nose is kept closed, a large portion of the carbonic acid escapes by that way. By holding the nose and breathing very deep and full, a single exhalation gives a strong white precipitate.

WHOLESOME BUTTER.

XIV. Do you think butter an unwholesome article of food?

ANS.—In very warm weather very little or no butter should be used. At other seasons it may be used, in moderation, to advantage; but it should always be fresh and free from taint. The best butter is made in the State of Pennsylvania. Many have been the attempts to account for the superior reputation of their butter. Perhaps the most popular notion was that it was due to the prevalence in their pastures and hay-fields of the "sweet vernal grass," which often gives so peculiar a fragrance to meadow hay. But it needed very little reasoning to demolish such a theory as this. This grass is one of the poorest for hay or pasture purposes, and scarcely exists, except on cold clay lands, in partially shaded places, near groves or low woods. They owe much more of the sweetness of their butter to the abundance of springs and spring-houses in that State than to anything peculiar which grows in their pastures. Milk has a particular affinity for any odors in the atmosphere, and water has some; hence whatever impurities may get into the atmosphere of the spring-house are drawn out by running water, and the very best security is provided against their being absorbed by the cream.

IRISH WHISKY.

XV. Is Irish whisky ever adulterated?

ANS.—Dr. Hodges, of Belfast, has recently had occasion to analyze several samples of "whisky," and has published the results of his examination in The Dublin Evening Mail. A bottle of whisky, described as a fair sample of the drink sold in low-class public houses, was, on examination, found to be heavily adulterated with naphtha, cayenne pepper and vitriol. Another sample was composed almost entirely of naphtha, slightly colored with genuine whisky; and a third delectable compound had not even "a coloring" of the genuine spirit, being a pleasing combination of cayenne pepper, oil of vitriol, alcohol and sulphate of copper, which could be produced by any amateur chemist at the rate of one penny per gallon.

CIDER.

XVI. Is cider used as a regular drink wholesome?

ANS.—No. It has come to light that in certain parts of England working people and even little boys, employed to frighten birds away, are compelled to take a considerable part of their wages in cider. Common laborers are required to take three pints per day, carters and shepherds four pints, and boys one pint. Women who work out are required to take one quart daily. Aside from the moral evils of the practice, it is found that the health of the laborers is seriously affected, and that rheumatism is a frequent result, as might be expected on the prevalent theory that that disease is caused by, or is associated with, lactic or uric acid in the blood. The subject has enlisted the attention of the House of Commons, and proceedings have been instituted for the purpose of correcting the evil.

No doubt a very wholesome and palatable drink might be made from the unfermented juice of the apple, but this is a different thing from what is commonly called cider.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

SWORD AND PLOW

There once was a Count —so I've heard it said—
Who felt that his end drew near,
And he called his sons before his bed
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword,
That gallant, good and brave;
They brought him both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessings gave:

"My first-born son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain,
My castle on the lordly height
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well-loved younger boy,
My plow I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en on their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight?
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight?"

Oh ask not of me what the end may be!
Ask of the country round!
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height is but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plow.

Wolfgang Muller.

THE PRAISE OF LIGHT.

Who praiseth thee in fittest mood, O Light?
Perhaps 'tis one who while the city sleeps,
Long time a sick man's dreary vigil keeps,
And wistful counts the signs of waning night,
The dying sound of wheels, the midnight hush,
The according bells of congregated towers,
That chime the round of dusk, slow-footed hours,
Till daylight dawns at last; then with a rush.
Of glad expectancies he weeps and prays,
And half he prays to Light and half to God.
"If now, indeed, I tread the upward road
From unfamiliar Death to Life's fair ways,
O lovely Light! let me no longer shame,
By heart unclean or crooked, thy sweet name!"

Cornhill Magazine.

SLAM THE DOOR GENTLY.

Slam the door gently;
Most people can hear,
By listening intently,
When thunder is near.

And some folks, if earthquakes
Should travel their way,
Would be stirred by the great shakes
To ask "What's to pay?"

And gratuitous thunder,
From closing doors crashed,
Inspires us to wonder
What's suddenly smashed.

An earthquake's commotion
For moving things serves;
But its hardly the lotion
For hinges and nerves.

Let us, consequently,
(Since mercy's a treasure,)
Just slam the door gently,
When we have the leisure.

Lady Elgin.

THE SISTERS.

There be three sisters sweet,
But various in mind—
One darling, yet discreet,
True, humble and resigned;
She standeth where would others fall,
And trusteth God for all and all.

Another bright of mien,
And jubilant of life;
She spyeth the unseen,
Beyond all earthly strife.
Who hath this fair, vivacious maid,
Hath sunshine in the darkest shade.

The last is all divine—
The greatest and the best,
Oh world! were she but thine,
Thou wert supremely blest.
But whoso hath these sisters three,
Hath Faith, and Hope and Charity.

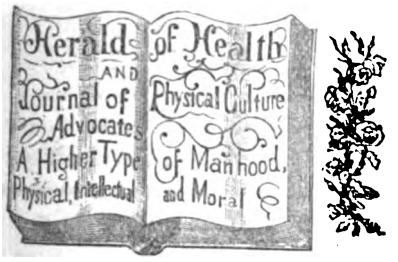
NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than setting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.

In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward
And never say fail,

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1872.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

1872-1873.—Another year has passed. How short seems the time since we took up our pen to greet our thousands of readers with "A Happy New Year," and yet since then twelve months have passed away, and twelve numbers of the HERALD OF HEALTH have carried their monthly messages to all parts of the land. Our work on the volume for 1872 is ended. Now let us for a moment glance backward and see if it has been well done. Of the quantity of material given only a word is necessary. At a glance any reader will see that there is enough matter in the volume just closed, if printed in ordinary book type, to make six or eight dollar-and-a-half books. Considering the price which we charge our subscribers, there is not a Health Journal in the world that gives nearly so much matter for the same money. But quantity is nothing unless it be coupled with quality. Of this our readers ought to be as good judges as we. They certainly know whether they have been pleased and instructed or not. We may, however, recapitulate a little. The series of Health Lessons by the old writers have every one been by the greatest writers of the time in which they were written, including Lord Bacon, Addison, Benjamin Franklin, Prof. Waterhouse, Hufeland, etc., etc., etc. These articles, twelve in all, have been exceedingly rich in wisdom, and many have thought them alone worth many times the price of the volume.

Then comes the incomparable articles of Rev. C. H. Brigham, a writer whose pen has long graced our pages, and who will continue his contributions during 1873.

Notice also the monthly series of Kitty Howard's Journal, by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, full of sound truths, wit and wisdom; the frequent contributions of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular man in America; the exceedingly valuable papers by Howard Glyndon, Susan Everett, Rev. Dr. Todd, Carrie F. Young; the unique discussion on "Shall Girls Study Medicine?" participated in by some of the brightest writers of the day, and single articles on various topics by first class writers too numerous to mention. We must not forget to mention "The Editor's Studies in Hygiene." These studies are the result of an almost endless amount of reading, and embrace the very best thoughts on hundreds of topics, by the most eminent men of the time, boiled down into a brief compass and made readable and easily understood by the reader who has little time for getting at the point of good in long and labored articles. Whoever reads these studies will have nearly all the valuable information on these topics which can be found in the current litera-

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ture of the day. And then there are the "Lessons for the Children," in which the great truths regarding the human body are brought down to the comprehension of the young. Was there ever more needed work to be done?

We might go on to enumerate more completely what we have given to the public, but our space is brief. Look at the index in this number for a complete list of articles. We refer to this number as a sample of what each month has done.

Now for the future. We say in advance that we shall make THE HERALD for 1873 perfectly grand, royal, rich with the very best matter we can obtain. This is no vague, indefinite, uncertain promise. And one thing more, we propose to publish reliable matter on not only health topics, but on those varied subjects related to human progress, in which all are interested. Very much that is printed in the papers, and many health journals, is utterly unreliable. It is the dogmatic theorizing of immature minds, and not the solid truth of experience, and the teaching of sober, earnest people. Among the few things in store for 1873 are these: First, we propose to discuss the question of food, or,

EATING FOR STRENGTH.

What we have to say on this subject will be from the very highest authority, and not the random thoughts of careless thinkers and writers. Next, our Lessons for the Children will embrace the following topics. 1. Fresh Air. 2. Food and Drink. 3. Warmth. 4. Cleanliness. 5. Light. 6. Exercise. 7. Rest. 8. Early Habits. 9. Learning to Work. 10. Learning to Act. 11. What Shall we Do? These papers will run through the year, and be written in the most simple and pleasing language, and be heartily enjoyed by both old and young. Eight of them will be prepared by Mr. J. Berners, a most pleasing English writer for children, and four will be prepared by the Editor.

TO PARENTS

who desire to do all they can for their own children we shall have papers to cheer and aid them. Among other things we have several papers from Mrs. L. N. Fowler, M. D entitled

THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD, AND HOW TO REAR IT,

which are especially adapted to this end. Every father and mother should read them. Then Dr. Mary Safford Blake, a most accomplished and pleasing writer, will write on

ORNAMENT AND DRESS,

and other topics. Dr. J. P. Phillips, who is traveling now in the region of the Rocky Mountains, and who will visit Southern California, will write pleasant letters and hints to the thousands who wish to find a place where they can live in health and increase their fortune. His letters alone will be worth the subscription price. Rev. C. H. Brigham proposes the following subjects to write upon: NERVOUSNESS, PUNCTUALITY, OFFICE-SEEKING, MOURNING, PHILANTHROPY, MISANTHROPY. Howard Glyndon, a most thoughtful and pleasing writer; Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, and ever so many others will aid us in our grand work. If we do not make THE HERALD for 1873

PERFECTLY ROYAL,

it will be because such a thing cannot be done.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

We propose also to print during the year

SEVERAL HUNDRED HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS,

which will be of inestimable value in the family. They will cover a large range of topics, and we are confident will prove of great value. Our friends everywhere are solicited to send in contributions to this department. Women who have by experiment, or otherwise, learned any valuable lessons which they would like to give to the world, are invited, urged to send them to us for publication for the benefit of others. We want to make this a special feature.

Now a word about

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to pay for one or more of them.

A PARTING WORD.

And now our word is said, our journey through the year has been pleasant, and we hope profitable to all concerned. We hope to meet you all again, and continue our journey for another year; and let each one consider THE HERALD his and her own, and work for its success with all their might. Send in your own names immediately, and those of your friends. Clubs, large and small, always in order.

SCIENTIFIC REFORM.—The world is full of reforms and reformers. Thousands of us have pet theories that we believe are of the greatest importance to the world, but the world laughs at us and thinks it can get along without them. A most thoughtful writer declares that the reason why the public do not respond, is because there is an utter lack of unity in the movements of reformers, "and the intellectual confusion which they beget in the minds of thousands who are stunned by this worse than hackman hubbub, are the chief obstacles to the success of the most excellent measures." There is much truth in this, but there are other obstacles to reform greater than a lack of unity. Half our reformers are mere theoretical visionaries. Their ideas have never been tested in the red hot crucible of experience. Take, for instance, one aspect of the social reform, the reform in rearing children, or stirpiculture. This word has hardly yet found its way into the dictionaries, but it means child culture. How much will it yet do for the world? But its most blatant advocates advise the most fearful of all means to promote this great end. They are visionary reformers, to whom the people will not listen. What thoughtful person does not know that stirpiculture depends on two things, wisdom in matrimonial alliances, and perfect integrity in the marriage relation. There must be no weakness here. We believe that the horrible doctrine of free love, in any aspect it can be put, will ever be fatal to child culture. It is going back to the animal, instead of going forward to the perfect man and woman. Reformers, if they want to do good, must step forward, and not backward. They must go in the light, and not in the dark. They must have reason on their side, and not unreason. We plant our feet firmly on the ground of progress, of reasonable reform, founded upon science and religion. Here, reader, let us all stand, and fight our causes, and help the world on to a higher and better life.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH.—There are in the land thousands of young men and women of good abilities, who, nevertheless, let slip precious moments that might be devoted to the acquisition of rare and valuable knowledge The example of *Cleanthes* of antiquity should stimulate such. He was famous for skill in boxing, which would do no harm if used only for exercise; but he gave his whole mind to it, and thus had strength for nothing else. His mind, too, was so gross and heavy that he valued nothing but strength of body. No sooner had he heard Zeno, the philosopher, than he made up his mind to employ his time more profitably, and, if possible, force his genius by dint of hard labor. And he was successful, for he not only got the better of his rough nature, but of his poverty too. His great physical strength enabled him to work night and day, which few should do. In the end he became tutor to King Antigonus, and master to Crysipas, the philosopher. What is so disgraceful to a young man as to shun labor when the reward is so grand?

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NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—'Tis never too late to mend, even if our youth has been spent unprofitably. 'Tis well worth trying, even in old age; for then, if ever, we need the reward of well-doing to help us to bear easily the infirmities that follow the decline of life. Seneca says, "Can there be anything so blameworthy as a man that has no other testimonial of his having lived than barely that of old age. The remembrance of his youth shall render his present state uneasy to him, he shall reflect with envy on those pleasures he can no longer relish; his ailings shall make him impatient; he can no longer walk firmly, but is obliged to creep along; his body is broken and decayed, his mind is in the same condition, through ignorance, insomuch that having become insupportable to himself, he disgusts everybody else."

Happy is he who seeks for a remedy to so many mischiefs in moral and intellectual studies. It is of great service to an old person to know a great deal. 'Tis natural to that age to delight in being asked questions, and talking much. And if they are able to talk wisely and well, with how much delight do the young listen to their words. Age and wisdom should go together. Youth, then, aspire to the best things, and if you are wasting precious hours in sloth and dissipation, repent at once, and seek a higher and nobler life. 'Tis an investment, a treasure laid up in heaven.

WHERE TO GET GOOD GRAHAM FLOUR.—There are thousands of persons who would be glad to use unbolted wheat flour, if they could always get a superior article. There are hundreds of people in New York city alone, who would gladly use it if they could always get the very best of flour. We have determined to tell them two things: First, nearly all the Graham flour to be had at the groceries in New York city is of poor quality. It will not make the best brown, or unleavened bread, but that inferior quality, unpalatable, and no doubt unwholesome. Why this is, we do not know; but we have tested a great deal of it in our institution and know what we say to be true. Under such circumstances, what is to be done? Our plan has been this, to get our flour ground at a good mill and shipped to us monthly. The mills we patronize are the

OAKLAND MILLS,

at Oakland, Livingston county, New York, and owned by Griffith & Gilbert. They are in a region where excellent wheat is grown, it being a branch of the Genesee valley. We order our flour, properly ground, from the very cleanest and best white wheat, and shipped in by railroad about once a month. There is no reason why other people should not do the same. Write to them and tell him you saw this notice in the December HERALD OF HEALTH, and tell them you want the best article; and we are confident they will serve you as they have us, for years, honorably. Proprietors of hotels, boarding-houses and water-cures can get every kind of flour fresh from them on a reasonable notice. Of course, those who live at a long distance from Oakland must know that flour cannot be shipped hundreds of miles except at considerable cost of freight, and that in hot weather it is likely to spoil in a short time; but there are thousands of our readers who live in all the large towns of New York State, and in New York city, who can take advantage of this opportunity, and thank us for informing them of it.

SLAVERY OF CHILDREN.—Philanthropists have agitated the world on the question of slavery, the slavery of the man and woman; but practically the slavery of the child remained a horrible blot upon civilization. The law was very stringent as to offences against the person, but that was in the case of adult persons; whereas the flogging of boys had always been a very common punishment, ordered by magistrates at petty sessions for most trivial offences. No advantage could be derived, either to the child or the parent, from the infliction of bodily pain, and that being so, corporal punishment was wholly indefensible. A child was the most helpless and dependent of living creatures, and the most sensitive of beings, bodily and men-

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tally. The only object sought to be attained by the infliction of bodily pain on a child was to compel him to do, or not to do, certain things from fear of a repetition of the punishment. One of the effects of this treatment on the mind that was to be educated, and the character that was to be formed, was to supply a wrong motive for action at a period of life when it was most essential that right motives should be introduced as the only motives that ought to influence a human being. By exercising a child in fear they developed its fears, as by exercising a child in the contempt of fear they stimulated its courage. How careful ought they, therefore, to be as to what faculties they exercised, and what forces they brought into play when they were doing that which was destined to mould a character for life. The promptings of fear engendered deceit, and if they punished a child, instead of leading it out of temptation, they led it into the strongest temptations to deceive; and of all baneful lessons the first lesson in deceit was the worst. The disposition to deceive, like all mental tendencies, grew with use, and a successful piece of deceit early in life might lay the foundation for the insincere, dishonest, lying scoundrel, who was the pest of society. The object of punishment was to enforce obedience. If it was essential that the child should be obedient, it was much more essential that it should be obedient for a motive that should constitute a permanent habit fit to be established as part of its character. If they taught the child to obey its own will, to put its own inclinations and emotions under the dominion of its will, they would lay the foundation of a strong moral character, and teach it to control itself, its impulses and its passions.—*W. F. Collier.*

House Drains.—A number of cases of typhoid fever in England have been traced to the poisonous gases coming into the houses from house-drains. As nearly all houses have such drains, it is important that they be kept clean by proper disinfection and frequent flushing with water.

Vital Statistics.—A time may arrive when the field of vital statistics, especially as regard domestic economy, may be greatly extended. Consider, for example, what are the effects of particular sorts of food upon longevity. In this country there are classes—especially in the poorer agricultural districts—in which there is scarcely any, and in some case absolutely no consumption of animal food Some hundreds of millions of the human race eat no animal food, and wholly abstain from intoxicating drinks. Few matters are less understood among the laboring classes than the art of cookery; for cookery is in itself a science which is closely connected with the economy and with the comforts of every family; and, as elsewhere, waste is the result of incompetence. The English races are singularly backward in kitchen knowledge, which ought to form a part of the knowledge of every woman. Nor would it be amiss that men should know a little more about kitchen economy than our people. In visiting the camps of our soldiery in foreign countries, I was struck with the greater variety of small enjoyments which the French *militaire* provided for himself, especially in soups and salads, unknown to the English soldier. The French made little gardens in the neighborhood of their tents, the English seldom or never. A time may arrive in which the field of vital statistics, especially as regards domestic economy, may be greatly extended; for example, what are the effects of particular sorts of food upon longevity? The consumption of wheat is confined to a narrow circle; that of maize is probably greater, and assuredly that of rice is far greater indeed. I recollect being asked by a Chinaman what quantity of rice grew in our country, and when I told him "none," "Oh wretched land!" he replied, "you must be under the curse of Heaven." How far the articles of food affect the corporeal powers of human beings it would be interesting to know. I have seen athletes among the rice feeders in India, China, and Japan, whose feats of strength could scarcely be equalled by European rivals; but these exceptional examples have

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been taller and stouter than the average size of the population. I have seen an African seize a fierce wild bull by the horns and fling him on the ground, keeping him there in absolute subjection. And the destruction which has menaced the potato crops may show us that it would be well if we better appreciated the value of maize and rice, as the high price of meat will recommend the use of Australian and South American preserved food. There are few matters less understood among the laboring classes than the art of cookery, for cookery is in itself a science which is closely connected with the economy and with the comforts of every family, and, as elsewhere, waste is the result of incompetence.—*Sir John Bowring.*

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.—There are probably few families in the United Sates but receive every year more or less advertisements and circulars of patent medicines. As they are always written with a view to the sale of nostrums, they rarely or never tell the truth, and do a great deal of harm. If there is one thing of more importance than another, it is that the first knowledge any person receives, on any subject, should be correct, but a quack advertisement never deals in accurate knowledge. Hence those who read them are likely to imbibe opinions, not only worthless, but positively pernicious. The readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH are not much inclined to patronize the quack. This journal has saved them thousands of dollars by its teachings. If everybody read it, the patent medicine men would starve. Now, as ever before, we advise our readers to keep out of their hands.

MOTTO FOR A GYMNASIUM.—James Russell, of Steubenville, Ohio, asks us for a motto for his gymnasium. We deem the following a very good one:

"The wise for cure on exercise depend."—*Dryden.*

See Professor Tyler's Brawnville papers in HERALD OF HEALTH for 1869—since published by J. R. Osgood & Co.—for useful thoughts on physical culture.

UNDER CLOTHING FOR COLD WEATHER.—I have written on this subject before, but there seems to be need of precept upon precept. Of late I have been learning better ways than I knew before.

For children of three years and over there is nothing better, perhaps, than an under-garment clothing the body from the neck and wrists to the heels, much like the night-drawers children wear. They may be made with a plain, easy, high-necked waist, with long, straight sleeves, and with open drawers sewed to the waist. The drawers should be rather full at the top, but small enough at the lower part of the leg to go inside of the stocking, reaching to the heel, or leaving no gap above the shoe. Doctors disagree about the material of this under-garment, some recommending woolen and some cotton. Taking into account the difficulty of washing woolen without shrinking it, and the disagreeable sensation many skins experience in wearing it, probably the best way in most cases is to have this under-garment made either of cotton flannel or of thin cotton cloth, with a similar garment of warm woolen material over it. Buttons at the waist support the other under clothing.—*Faith Rochester.*

EARTH POULTICES.—The value of earth as a disinfectant and deodorizer is well known, and the treatment of ulcerated sores and gangrenous wounds with it is becoming very general. A new application of this system has lately been described, namely, the use of clay as a dressing for the face in two cases of confluent small-pox—dusting it, in fine powder, over the faces of the patients as soon as the pustules become fairly developed. This, it is stated, formed a clean, dry, wholesome scab, absorbing the infectious material, scaling off during convalescence, and leaving the underlying skin in its natural and normal state. The painful and persistent itching, which is well known as one of the worst characteristics of the disease, was by this simple means entirely abated. The earth used was fine pipe clay.

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DESIRE OF THE DYING FOR REST.—A writer in The Galaxy says, "In their last hours men and women want physical rest and ease above aught else; and I have known instances in which the replies of persons near their dissolution were in such sharp contrast to inquiries made of them as to become positively grotesque. I was present when an acquaintance, having been struck down in the street by a falling chimney, was carried home in a dying state. As soon as he had recovered consciousness, his wife, half frantic with terror, leaned over the sofa on which he lay and said, "Oh, my darling, do you really love me?" The response was, "Yes, if you will pull off my boots;" and these were his last words. A gentleman, long ill of a wasting fever, had reached that condition of rest which generally heralds the great transformation. His betrothed, who had devotedly nursed him, said, "Dearest, do you die happy?" "I should," was the answer, "if that infernal fly wouldn't bother me," and spoke no more. "Wouldn't you like to see your father?" inquired a doting mother of her only son, as his life was ebbing fast. "Of course I should, but I'd rather have my face washed." Such words, apparently harsh and unfeeling, come from persons of natural sensibility and tenderness, because in their dying hour the desire for material comfort often crowds out every other consideration.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.—Dr. F. R. Marvin, Professor of Psychological Medicine in the New York Free Medical College for Women, will commence a series of lectures November 9th, and continue them—one each week—for eleven weeks, on the following subjects: Mind and Matter; The Human Brain; Outlines of Disordered Mental Action; Specific Forms of Disordered Mental Action; Moral and Criminal Epidemics; Illusion and Hallucination; Revery and Abstraction; The Opium Habit; The Alcohol Habit; Sleep; Death. These lectures are free to all women, and should be largely attended, at 51 St. Mark's Place.

WHO IS ENTITLED TO A PREMIUM?—Let this be understood, that we do not give any premium to parties who do not pay $2, and send 12 cents extra for postage, directly to us. Those who send their names at club rates, or to agents, or club with other magazines at low rates, are not entitled to them. Our premium picture is a very fine one, and costs more and is handsomer than most of those that are valued at $10 by other publishers who give such premiums, and will be given only where the full price is paid and the 12 cents extra for postage added. We are sure all will be delighted with it.

THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE.—It is the business of medical men to cure, but of their patients to prevent disease. Every one ought to be sufficiently acquainted with human physiology to enable him to prevent disease, which, if not hereditary, must arise from poison absorbed into the blood—*i. e.*, unwholesome food, etc., the inhalation of foul air, the inoculation of virus through the skin, or the possibility of contagion in epidemic disease, which was so much doubted. Mr. Baker considered that by no means sufficient care was taken in regard to the health of animals used as human food. The wonder was not that measles, scarlatina and small-pox, etc., prevailed, but that their intensity was not ten times greater. Want of ventilation was the chief promoter of cholera in 1849. The advantages of sanitary appliances was proved in the late small-pox epidemic, by the model dwellings situate in the "fever nests" of London, which contained a population four times more dense in proportion to the area they occupied than that of the "fever nests" themselves; and yet, whereas the small-pox mortality was during the year (1871) for the whole of London, including Belgravian and suburban districts, 24 per 1,000 of population, the small-pox death rate in these dwellings was only one per 1,000. What was small-pox but an effort of nature to throw off poison from the system? The contagion theory, which assumed that every one was equally liable to be attacked by epidemic disease, was an absurd

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contradiction of universal history. That small-pox ought not to be made the subject of panic, being in truth a less mortal disease, or rather means of eliminating disease, than many others, was proved by the fact that in the first six months of this year, during and following the worst small-pox epidemic of the country, the London general mortality had been greatly below the average of the last ten years.—*T. Baker.*

A MAN WANTED. — Dr. F. Wilson Hurd is about to build a Health Institution at Experiment Mills, in Pennsylvania. The location is said to be a very fine one, and it is in a region where thousands of people go every year from the large cities for health and recreation, and a good institution there cannot fail to be remunerative, and do a great deal of good. Dr. Hurd is desirous of having a partner with a few thousand dollars to join with him in his operations. Any enterprising man, who is in sympathy with Dr. Hurd's views, and is desirous of entering a fine career of usefulness, would do well to investigate the matter. Dr. H. has considerable means of his own, and wants a man or woman with nearly, or quite, an equal amount. See card elsewhere.

MORTALITY STATISTICS OF THE THREE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.—Dr. J. M. Toner, Washington, D. C. (Boston Medical and Surgical Journal), has compiled the following statements of the number of deaths returned from the census of 1870, as occurring among the three learned professions of our country—theology, medicine and law—for the year ending June 30th, 1870. He has been unable to obtain the number returned as engaged in each of these professions for the year 1870. For the year 1850 there were returned 28,842 clergymen, 40,564 physicians and 23,939 lawyers. For the year 1860 there were returned 37,529 clergymen, 54,543 physicians, and 33,193 lawyers. It is fair to presume that each retains about the same proportion to each other in the census of 1870. The number of deaths reported among clergymen in all the States and Territories of the United States for 1870 was 629; among physicians, 947; and among lawyers, 595.

Causes of death assigned.	C.	P.	L.
Unknown	10	15	1
General diseases	242	344	234
Diseases of Nervous System	77	143	234
Diseases of Circulatory System	54	73	54
Diseases of Respiratory System	94	130	58
Diseases of Digestive System	76	165	61
Diseases of Urinary and Generative Organs	32	37	19
Diseases of Organs of L'comot'n.	3	4	—
Diseases of Integ'ment'ry System	1	1	3
Condition not necessarily associated with general or local diseases	39	31	19
Poison	2	18	13
Accidents and injuries	96	46	43

THE INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON THE DURATION OF LIFE.—There is much room for improvement in the vital and other statistics taken in the United States. In many particulars we have not quite reached the highest European standard, and we are glad to see that The Industrial Monthly, appealing as it does to the large industrial classes, has taken up the subject with some zeal. The value of statistical knowledge is not enough appreciated. It is too often thought to be dry and uninteresting, whereas its real value lies under the surface, and often points the way to great social reform.

Dr. Farr, the accomplished Registrar-General of England, to whom we are largely indebted for information in relation to the laws of health and sanitary progress, has, in his Fourteenth Report, given the world the result of his labors. Of the ordinary occupations, he makes twelve classes: viz., tailors, shoemakers, farmers and graziers, carpenters and joiners, butchers, manufacturers of wool, cotton and silk, bakers and confectioners, hotel-keepers, grocers, miners, laborers (agricultural and otherwise), and blacksmiths. Of all these classes, farmers were found to be, on the whole, the longest livers; although, strange as it may seem, the mortality among young farmers was between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five higher than the mortality among laborers at corresponding ages. The classes among which

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the heaviest rate of mortality was experienced were miners, bakers, butchers, inn and beer-shop keepers. Between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five, the annual rate of mortality among the whole population of England was 18 in 1,000. Statistics show that, out of the same number of farmers, twelve died; of shoemakers, fifteen; of weavers and others employed in the manufacture of silk, cotton and wool, fifteen; of grocers, sixteen; of blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors and laborers, seventeen; of miners, twenty; of bakers, twenty-one; of butchers, twenty-three; and of inn and beer-shop keepers, twenty-eight. It is a curious fact that, in the next decade—that is, between fifty-five and sixty-five—the death-rate of the butchers is in excess of that of the inn and beer-shop keepers in the ratio of 41 to 39; the general mortality being thirty. This fact was unexpected, and it shows the necessity of very careful collation and tabulation of statistics, in order to show the exact facts.

Another statistician, M. Lombard, has made extended observations, and has given as his result the following as the duration of life among the classes he names:

Magistrates	69	years.
Clergymen	63	"
Merchants	62	"
Gardeners	60	"
Masons	55	"
Surgeons	54	"
Butchers	53	"
Sawyers	51	"
Joiners and carpenters	49	"
Painters (ordinary)	44	"
Millers and bakers	42	"
Stone-cutters	34	"

Dr. Grey, some years since, published some statistics showing the average age at which the following classes died, after they had attained the age of fifty-one:

Clergymen	74	years.
Lawyers	72¾	"
Medical men	73	"
Learned professions collectively	73½	"

He afterward added the following observations, which embrace only the most eminent of these professions, with the following results:

Clergy (bishops and archbishops)	70¼	years.
Lawyers, judges, etc	67	"
Medical men (baronets, etc.)	74½	"

From his observations he makes the following deductions: 1. That members of the three learned professions occupy, in respect to the duration of their lives, a favorable position among the educated classes. 2. The difference in the duration of life among the three learned professions is not considerable. 3. That the three learned professions occupy the following relative position in respect to the duration of their lives, the longest being placed first: medical men, clergymen, lawyers.

WORKING POWER.—In the case of the horse, the working power is got out of plants; in the case of man it is derived from a mixed animal diet. Yet such a diet is not essential to a man. The miners of Chili, who work like horses, live nearly like them; for two loaves in the morning, boiled beans in the day and roasted grain at night, constitute, according to Darwin, their ordinary food.—*Lyon Playfair.*

It is not generally known that whole flour, that is, flour in which all the qualities of the wheat are blended, is more wholesome than the fine white flour so much run after. Those who wish to see this fact stated and illustrated by a man of science, I will refer to Prof. Johnstone's Chemistry of Common Life. I have made an experiment with a bag of flour costing me 66s., and a boll of wheat ground whole. The wheat thus ground filled exactly the same bin as the fine flour, and I obtained the wheat for 42s., being more than a third less than the fine flour had cost me. I had my whole ground wheat baked into bread, and I am ready, with my household to testify that better bread could not be desired. There is a property in bread so produced which does not exist in the finer quality. In seeking mere whiteness you lose nutrition.

Dr. Johnson defined porridge (oats) to be the food of men in Scotland and of horses in England. "And where," said a Scotch friend to the gruff lexicographer, "where, Doctor, will you find *such* horses and *such* men?" In Amer-

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ica I have met lean, hatchet-faced Yankees, who affect to despise such food, and yet confessed to me that their people were degenerating in their physique. "My father weighed 240 lbs," said one of these cadaverous down-easters; "I weigh only 160." "If you go on at that rate," I remarked, "in a few generations you will be out of sight altogether." There can be no doubt, at least such is my opinion, that to porridge as the general food of our agricultural population we owe that powerful build of men which distinguishes our peasantry; and the abandonment of this diet by the inhabitants of our towns has not a little to do with the decay of muscular energy and robustness which our town population manifest.—*Dr. Begg, Edinburgh.*

J. MONROE TAYLOR'S CREAM YEAST BAKING POWDER.—Over a year ago, the editor wrote the following and published it in the February HERALD OF HEALTH: For numberless years it has been the opprobrium of American cookery that it employed an agent in raising dough that was deleterious to health, and decidedly objectionable to those whose sense of taste is refined and delicate. Saleratus cookery, yellow to the eye and of alkaline taste in the mouth, has long been the target for physicians and hygienists to aim their denunciations at, and deservedly, too. It always takes time, however, to bring about any reform of magnitude, and therefore people have continued to use deleterious alkalies for raising such articles of food as required it, leaving it for the chemist and hygienist to devise something better at their leisure. This has been done by J. Monroe Taylor. His Cream Yeast Baking Powder has been tested by us with great care, and used with much satisfaction for over a year at the Hygienic Institute, where a hundred people are fed daily. Our corn gems and other forms of food, made light with it, are the delight of all. Not a particle of alkaline smell or taste is to be found in them, for the article known as Cream Yeast is made principally from the acids of grapes. It renders shortening almost unnecessary, brittleness and tenderness being secured with half the amount otherwise required. We always intend to use the best and most healthful articles in preparing food for our table, and, unless somebody discovers something better, we shall stick to this. Our kitchen matron says it always produces reliable results. We hope and believe it will speedily take the place of the vile compounds now generally used. We render this tribute freely, as due to a man who has helped to bring about a reform of great magnitude, as affecting the health and happiness of the race.

Since the above was written we have continued to use for our table, with perfectly satisfactory results, the same preparation, and have commended it to others with like results. We should be glad if the readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH would try this article thoroughly, for such uses as it may be desirable, and write us if their experience confirms ours. It can be had at most grocery stores. See their advertisement.

BAKER'S BREAD.—We have at last the pleasure of announcing that one of the best bakers in New York manufactures regularly every morning a most excellent quality of unleavened bread, or gems, as they are called. They are free from all yeast or other material except the best of Graham flour and water, or milk, and are light and delicious as they can be. There is more real nourishment in such bread than twice its weight of ordinary baker's bread, and the enterprising young baker who has introduced them into New York has done a public service. We refer to L. F. J. Anger, of No. 11 Bleecker street, east of Broadway. He makes gems and brown bread a specialty.

HEALD'S HYGIENIC HOME.—It is a pleasure to learn of the prosperity of Dr. Heald's Hygeian Home, at Wilmington, Delaware. His buildings are new, and both Dr. and Mrs. Heald are enthusiastic and earnest workers in a glorious cause. The climate of Wilmington is favorable to those who wish to go south to avoid northern winters, and at this season Dr. Heald should be well patronized.

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LIFTING FOR HEALTH.—At first thought a majority of people are not very favorably impressed with the idea of a Lifting Cure being just the thing for invalids, or others. "Do not most of us who work hard do lifting enough already, over pots and kettles, or over rails and stones, or potatoes and wheat, and such things as have to be lifted on farm or in shop?" Very true, most of us do too much of this kind of work, though a reasonable amount of it is healthful, and promotes great physical vigor. But what is known as the Butler Lifting Cure is an entirely different thing. In the former case the strain is very sure to be unequal on the body, straining one part and not exercising the other at all. In the true Lift Cure the weight is equally distributed on all parts of the body. Then there is another error to be corrected. Most people suppose lifting a severe exercise, and it might be made so, no doubt; but for health purposes it is, if properly given, the simplest and gentlest form of exercise that can be imagined, gentler by far than walking at a moderate gait, much gentler than going up stairs, or down stairs either. Do you think it would be a severe thing to stand on a platform set on rubber cushions and steel springs and gently raise, a few inches, ten pounds of iron? Of course not, even for a very delicate invalid. Well, there are some of our lady patients that begin as low as this, and increase a little every day till the weight is fifty or more pounds, and slowly and gradually the health increases, too, in a great majority of cases. Every person lifting has a careful attendant by him, or her, to see that the attitude is correct, and that the work is perfectly done. There is no straining, no puffing and blowing, no excitement of the circulation, no unpleasant effort; but quite the reverse.

The apparatus used is beautifully constructed of weights, on the most carefully adjusted springs and rubber cushions, combining perfect freedom of oscillation and pivotal action, preventing all strain and securing a safe and invigorating exercise, which may be properly applied in nearly all forms of female diseases, spinal curvatures, hernia, scrofula, diseases of the liver, lungs, neuralgia, rheumatism, weak lungs, bronchitis, loss of voice, affections of the throat, diseases of the nervous system, sleeplessness, incipient apoplexy and paralysis, weakness of the muscles, unequal circulation, dyspepsia, exhaustion from over-work or excessive study, etc. etc. See eminent endorsers in advertising pages.

EFFECTS OF BAD AIR ILLUSTRATED.—A striking example of the effects of vitiated air is detailed by Dr. R. A. Smith, of London, in Nature. It sets in a clear light the fact that no great diminution of the per centage of oxygen in the air is necessary to make an atmosphere almost deadly to human beings, and the fact that we may be about as ignorant of the noxious quality of the air we are breathing, even while we are taking it into our lungs, as we are susceptible of injury from it. In some of his experiments he used an air-tight chamber, the atmosphere of which he vitiated by burning candles in it. On one occasion a young lady, who was anxious to make the experiment, got into this enclosure just as the candles were put out, and at the end of five minutes, during which she made light of the difficulty, it was necessary to help her out, the partial asphyxiation having taken place in an atmosphere in which the percentage of oxygen was about 19 parts in the hundred instead of 22.

GASTRIC JUICE.—This juice differs in different animals according to the food on which they subsist. Thus in birds of prey, as kites, hawks and owls, it only acts upon animal matter, and does not dissolve vegetables. In other birds, and all animals feeding on plants, as oxen, sheep, hares, it dissolves vegetable matter, as grass, and will not touch flesh of any kind. This has been ascertained by making them swallow balls with meat in them, and several holes drilled through to let the gastric juice reach the meat. No effect was produced upon it. We may further observe, that there is a most curious and beautiful correspondence between this juice in the stomach of different

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animals and the parts of their bodies connected with the important operation of eating and digesting their food. The use of the juice is plainly to convert what they eat into a fluid, from which by various other processes all their parts—blood, bones, muscles, etc.—are afterwards formed. Now birds of prey have instruments (their claws and beak) for tearing and devouring their food, *i. e.* flesh—no other birds but those that have instruments for picking and eating seeds have the juice that dissolves seeds and not flesh. Nay, more, it is found that these seeds must be bruised before the juice will dissolve them. This you find by experiment in a vessel with the juice, and accordingly the birds have a gizzard, and animals which graze have flat teeth, which grind and bruise their food before the gastric juice is to act upon it.—*Henry Lord Brougham.*

RIVERSIDE WATER CURE—At Hamilton, Illinois, Drs. Ringland and Hunt have built up a fine water cure establishment, which is well patronized. There cannot be too many of these institutions in the West, and these enterprising men are entitled to the confidence and respect of the public; and more, should be considered public benefactors, for every well-conducted establishment, on broad and comprehensive principles, is worth as much as a school, for it teaches the people who patronize it many valuable lessons in life and health that they have failed to learn elsewhere.

GENEVA HYGIENE INSTITUTION.—It was our good pleasure to make the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, of the Geneva Hygiene Institution, on a late visit to Geneva, and were pleased to find him an enthusiastic worker in the field of health-reform, and a very liberal, scientific and skillful physician. It is but a step from his house to the Seneca Lake, where, in pleasant weather, patients find almost endless amusement. Dr. Smith has made many valuable improvements in house ventilation, and he promises to give some of his experiences for the benefit of our readers. We hope he will not forget it.

REFORM IN NEW YORK.—The Rev. Alvah Wiswell and a few others are at the head of a movement for promoting reform and sanitary improvement among the most degraded and poor in the Fifth and Eighth wards in New York. Many thousand dollars have been raised to help on the work, all of which is to be used for the object for which it is contributed, and not for the salaries of officers. He proposes to stop street begging, find out who are worthy of help, those who want employment, induce the street-cleaners to do their duty, minister to the sick, and as far as possible to induce them to more cleanliness and neatness in their habits. He will also do all he can to find places in the country for poor children without homes, and for others who may wish to leave the city to find homes and work. People in the country who may desire to aid in this work, by adopting children or hiring help, can do so by writing to Rev. Albert Wiswell, care Editor HERALD OF HEALTH, New York city.

A BEAM OF LIGHT DIRECTED UPON THE LUNGS.—Beautiful as well as useful are the inter-relations of the different sciences. For instance, it is a well-known fact in surgery that when air gets into the tissues in consequence of a perforation of the lung by a punctured rib, it does not excite putrefaction or suppuration, as it is apt to do when it acts on an external wound. In a letter to The London Times, Prof. Tyndall has connected with this fact his interesting and valuable observation, by means of a beam of light, that air expelled from the lungs by a forced expiration contains no floating particles, and considers that together these facts afford a complete demonstration that germs in the air, removable by filtration, are the cause of putrefaction and its associated phenomena of animalcular life.

TAKE SPECIAL NOTICE.—We will send THE HERALD OF HEALTH, with its magnificent premium of a Beautiful girl, and the American Agriculturist and its premium, for $3.50, postpaid.

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BOOK NOTICES.

YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING—*By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* New York, J. B. Ford & Co.—In 1871, through the liberality of Mr. Henry W. Sage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who contributed the necessary funds, a lectureship on preaching was founded in the divinity school of Yale College. It was named the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching, in honor of that late eminent divine. In accordance with the design of the founder of this lectureship, and at his request, the theological faculty have secured the services of the greatest preacher of modern times, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as lecturer for the first three years. The first year's course has been already delivered, and is now published, constituting the volume under review.

Here the whole subject of preaching, as a business, is treated of and discussed in a manner thoroughly practical, the different points illustrated by incidents in the experience of the author. "What is preaching?" is asked and answered in the very first lecture. Then follows a consideration of the qualifications of the preacher, the elements of success, instructions as to sermon-making, and as to delivery, oratory, etc. etc.

Mr. Beecher urges the study of human nature as contributing greatly to the success of the preacher. He thinks that preachers, although as well acquainted with human nature as the average of well-informed citizens, are far less so than lawyers, merchants, teachers and politicians. In the study of human nature, Mr. Beecher thinks a knowledge of phrenology is of essential service. Although not regarding phrenology as in any sense a completed system, or a perfected science, yet its fundamental principles are founded in truth, and its nomenclature will be found to be of great convenience. It is in this last respect superior to all other systems of mental science.

Mr. Beecher also discusses the subject of the health of preachers in a lecture which we have already transferred to these columns, having printed it in full in the October number of this magazine. It is entitled, "Health as related to Preaching."

This collection of lectures, with the volumes that are to follow, will, we predict, be in great demand. It would seem to us that every man occupying a pulpit would want to read them. Besides that, for a layman, no more interesting reading can be found; abounding, as does this first volume, in relations of personal incidents.

IDYLS OF BATTLE—*By Howard Glyndon* (Laura C. Redden). Hurd & Houghton.—This is a collection of poems on subjects relating to our last war, and suggested during its progress, such as, "The Story of Sumpter," "Left on the Battle Field," "On the Dead List," etc. etc. From the poem with the last named title we extract—

"Willis Clare is dead, they say!
Mother read it out to-day,
But I met the words half-way."

There are poems, too, paying tribute to some of the noble dead who died on the field of battle—one such to Gen. Baker, one to Gen. Mitchell, etc. etc. Altogether it is a very pretty volume of idyls of the late war.

YOUTH'S SPEAKER—by *George R. Cathcart, A. M.* Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.—This is a selection of pieces for declamation by American youth, taken from the best, the most vigorous speakers and writers of modern times. One merit they have, they are for the most part short, scarcely ever exceeding a page in length; and this is long enough for the intended purpose. About half the selections are poetry. There are also dialogues and acting charades in due proportion.

WE HAVE from Lee & Shepard two juvenile books, the Children's Treasure and the Infant's Delight, filled, the first with stories and poetry for children old enough to read and to have some understanding of what they read; and the latter with nursery rhymes for those of more tender years. The wood cuts, both plain and colored, constitute a feature in both books.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATING HORSES—*By D. Magner.*—This is a complete system of educating the horse, commencing with the animal in its colthood, and continuing the lessons by a progressive series until its education is complete. It has also instructions in the author's mode of dealing with vicious horses, both those which are vicious by nature and those which have been spoiled by improper treatment. Mr. Magner claims to have made great improvements in the treatment of vicious horses, and we believe he is allowed to be the most successful operator in this department now living. The book contains also full instructions for stabling, feeding, shoeing and taking care generally of this noble animal, together with directions for the treatment of the diseases to which he is liable.

THE SEVEN HILLS—*By Prof. James De Mille.* Illustrated. Boston, Lee & Shepard. New York, Lee, Shepard & Dillingham — Which means

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the Seven Hills of Rome. This is one of the Young Dodge Club series, and is the history of a visit by the club to the seven hilled city, and the adventures consequent thereupon. It is in Prof. De Mille's usual style, and contains about the same amount of improbable adventure and other nonsense, as do the other works of that author.

AT LION'S MOUTH—*By Miss Mary Dwinell Chellis.* PACKINGTON PARISH, and THE DIVER'S DAUGHTER, in one volume, both *by M. A. Paull.* THE LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK—*By Margaret E. Wilmer.*—The above are publications of the National Temperance Society, intended for juvenile readers. They are printed with clear type on fine white paper, in the usual style of the Society's publications, and are illustrated. They are handsomely bound, the first in green and gold and the others in blue and gold. They must prove attractive to young readers, and we hope will do good.

Advertisements.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, $12; one column, $22; one page, $40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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The College Courant,

Recently placed under new editorial management, brings to the support of its columns increased aid of material from both English and Foreign resources, considerably more interesting and important to educated readers generally than is contained in any other single publication now accessible to the American public.

Among those who contribute are

President Chadbourne, of Williams College.
Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale.
President F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia.
President A. D. White, of Cornell University,
Prof. Alex. Winchell, Michigan University.
Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of Michigan University.
President Porter, of Yale.
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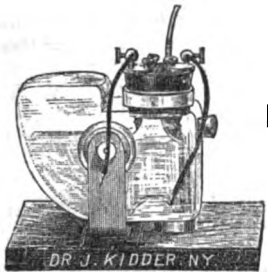
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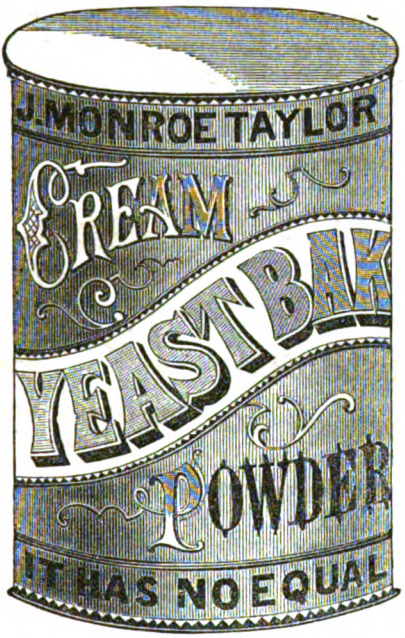
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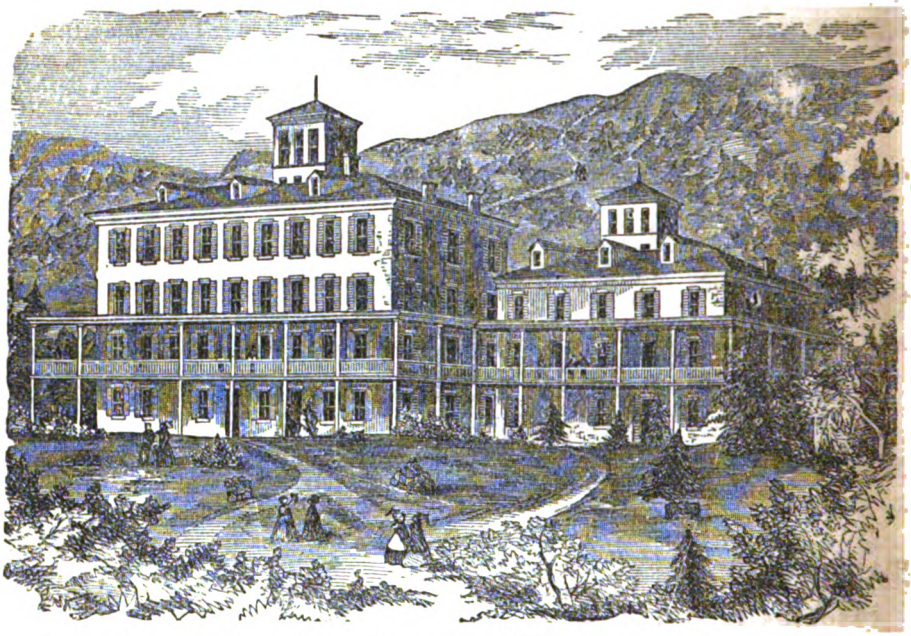
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Fall and Winter Treatment

AT OUR HOME,

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

THE READERS OF THIS JOURNAL know full well that my thought is that the better season of the year for the treatment of the various diseases of our people, under the methods we employ, is that portion of the year which is the colder. The hot summer months are not so good periods of the year as the autumn, winter and spring. Taking it in the long run we cure a larger percentage of sick folks during the cold months than during the hot. Now those who may read this article and are thinking of coming to Our Home to spend the winter, I earnestly advise to come as soon as possible, and so get adjusted and acclimated before the latter part of autumn. September and October are very valuable months in which to begin treatment. Those who come to us in November have to adjust themselves to our methods under climatic influences that are not so desirable as those are in the early autumn or the early winter. Our winters here are very fine. We seldom have any snow, except in stray flakes after Christmas; often times not until the latter part of February. As soon as the November rain is over and winter sets in, we have bright, beautiful, cool days, stretching on and on sometimes a whole month, not cold but cool; the ground frozen to be sure, but the roads wear down and make it very fine wagoning, while in a warm dress the invalid can ride or walk according to ability, and drink in our fresh mountain air, which serves far better purposes of tonicity to the blood and brain than any medicinal tonic can.

We have two very marked peculiarities which are of service for the restoration of the sick: one, the peculiarity of our atmosphere. Every person who comes to our hillside speaks of the bracing, exhilarating or tonic effect of the air upon him. Many asthmatics cease to have asthma soon after getting to us. A great many persons afflicted with cough have spent the winter with us, greatly to their benefit. Dyspeptics and rheumatics thrive like fresh-growing plants in spring time. Persons of congested brain and debilitated nutrition, even when the latter is so bad as to have established decided bowel consumption, find great benefit from our mountain air. We have no miasms and no bogs, and our climate is, on the whole, during the winter, quite admirable. The range of change of temperature is very moderate. Last winter was the most changeable winter we ever had since living here. Many persons living in the South, and several who have spent winters in Italy and the south of France, have been with us during the winter, and have spoken in no measured terms of praise of the healthfulness and beneficial effects of our air upon them.

The other point to which I would call attention is our water. Slowly and steadily has science advanced to the truth which I have proclaimed for twenty-five years, and which is making its way into the minds of physicians and of the people at large, that the curative value of mineral waters is not to be ascribed to the mineral properties but to the freedom with which, being considered therapeutic, they are drunk.

Thousands and thousands of persons have been first and last at Our Home, and have got well of their diseases by the use of the water of the All-Healing spring as a drink, or as a detergent, quite as speedily and as thoroughly as they ever got well at the most celebrated mineral springs. This settles the question as to what constitutes the therapeutic uses of waters, as they are impregnated or unimpregnated with mineral salts. In addition to this, the death rate in our Cure is smaller, I venture to say, than in any other community on earth of the same number of persons where mineral springs abound. The number of persons who die in our Cure in proportion to the whole number, on an average is less than in the general community in which we live, or any other general community which we have knowledge, and this, too, notwithstanding nine-tenths of all our population are confessed chronic invalids.

There is something about the water of the All-Healing spring which, when drunk and bathed in, justly entitles it to the appellative we have given to it. It is so free from mineral substances as to be considered and regarded as very, very soft. It seems to be very effectual in overcoming torpidity of the liver, constipation of the bowels, rheumatism of the joints or muscles, congestion of the kidneys, and debility of the coats of the stomach. Taken in small quantities by invalids frequently during the day, it serves as a most powerful solvent to different solid substances the body may contain, which serve no good or ill purposes from their retention.

Our table will be spread with good, healthful food. Those who do not like us take great pains to call our Cure a Starvation Cure. Never was a greater mistake about us than this. Not a day has there been since we opened our Cure on the hillside that a sick person could not have meat, butter, tea, coffee, or anything else that we could procure, provided the physicians did not object. The hygienic nature of our cookery, for persons who need to be carefully dietetic, has not been changed one particle. All invalids can get good, healthful food, according to their necessities. We, however, are careful not to make our table the place where sensual indulgence shall be prompted. Our bath-rooms are large, and during the winter, as always, will be abundantly supplied with help.

Now if invalids desire to come to our Institution, which is conducted on what I call the Psycho-Hygienic plan of treatment, which includes disuse of drugs and medicines, and, if possible, recover health and be taught how to keep it, Our Home will this winter furnish first rate opportunity. Already a large number of our rooms are taken, and we expect to have from one end of the land to the other invalids come to spend the winter with us. We have always had large families in the winter. This winter we expect a larger one than ever before, inasmuch as we have greatly increased our accommodations. We contemplate making many more improvements, in various ways, to add to the comfort and pleasure of our guests. Whoever comes to us will find the whole Establishment in fine order.

As the Physician-in-chief, I can say that I ask no better medical associates than our Institution furnishes me. The directors of it have been generous in carrying out my plans, and I hope to live to see an Establishment grow up on this hillside where a thousand guests can be taken care of at one time, and that the sick coming from all parts of the world may thus be enabled to get their health by the use of means that are entirely in accordance with the laws of God, as these are implanted in the human constitution or written on the human organization. Come to us, then, O sick ones, from far and near, if you wish to get health by simple methods, and we will do our very best to make you never regret your visit to us.

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