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General Articles.

[For The Herald of Health.]

My Creed.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

As other men have creeds, so I have mine;
 I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
 And in the angels ministrant between.
 I hold to one true church of all true souls;
 Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
 Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,
 But only the anointing of God's-grace.

I hate all kings, and caste, and rank of birth;
 For all the sons of man are sons of God;
 Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born;
 Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
 That makes him less or more than just a man.

I love my country, and her righteous cause;
 So dare I not keep silent of her sin:
 And after Freedom may her bells ring Peace!

I love one woman with a holy fire,
 Whom I revere as priestess of my house;
 I stand with wondering awe before my babes,
 Till they rebuke me to a nobler life.
 I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,
 Whom loyally I serve before myself;
 I lock my lips too close to speak a lie;
 I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;
 I owe no man a debt I can not pay,
 Save only of the love men ought to owe.

Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven,

I open wide the chambers of my soul,
 And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

This reads the fair confession of my faith;
 So crossed with contradictions of my life
 That now may God forgive the written lie!
 Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,
 I face two worlds and fear not life or death.
 O Father, lead me by thy hand! Amen.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Concerning a Muscular Christian..

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

"THE views which Dr. Arnold considered invaluable may not in every case be held by those whom he trained; to hold ideas on conviction only; points which he insisted on as indispensable may appear otherwise to his pupils in their maturity; but they owe to him the power and the conscience to think for themselves, and the earnest habit of mind which makes their conviction a part of their life."—*Harriet Martineau.*

"THE sun never hides his face when the Queen shows hers to her people." This legend, which expresses the devout belief of the humbler classes of England, and implies that the clerk of the weather, with all his faults, is at least a very shrewd courtier as well as a right loyal Briton, was certainly justified by the fact, when, last February, on a charming day sandwiched between two epochs of dreary wet and cold, the Queen came forth in state to meet her faithful Barons and Commons in Parliament assembled. For hours before that which had been set for Her Majesty's arrival at Westminster Palace, the streets and courts of the neighborhood, the highways and byways, the windows, roofs and balconies, were filled with a

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multitude of all lands and tongues to witness the splendors of the regal procession, and more especially to see again the face which sorrow and the dark veil of widowhood had so long concealed. I remember that I had a fine outdoor position by one of the windows of Westminster Hall, and had been watching the carriages of the nobility and foreign ambassadors passing to the door of the Peers' Entrance, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a gentleman on foot, in plain black clothes, advancing rather nervously along the sidewalk, which was being guarded by the police from the encroachments of the multitude. He was walking toward the Peers' Entrance, and yet he half-seemed to have lost his bearings, and not to know precisely whether he was going the way he wanted to. He appeared to be rather under the middle age; of medium height, neither slender nor stout; with a ruddy, genial, earnest face; with lip and chin shaved, but whiskers of sandy hue at the side; and altogether having a look of ample health, vigor, elasticity, kindness, intelligence and success. Who could it be? Evidently he was not a nobody; else the discriminating gentlemen in sham helmets, whose creed seems to be that a nobody is worse than a knave, would have pushed the audacious intruder back among the rabble. But he can hardly be a very great somebody; for, if he had been, he would have emulated the other great somebodies by coming in his carriage. Who can he be? On he goes along the sidewalk beneath us toward the Peers' Entrance, with a quick step, and now a little conscious that many eyes are upon him, and a little anxious to hurry away out of sight. Perhaps it is one of the new members of Parliament, and not being yet thoroughly broken to the intricate courses of statesmanship, it may be that he has already lost his way and is going in by the wrong door. But, hark! Listen to those voices of the crowd across the street and of the crowd on this corner of New Palace Yard. What is it they say? All this time, while you have been letting the man go by in the fog of your own speculations concerning him, you might have used your ears, and you would have instantly found without further trouble who he was. Your last chance! Listen sharply! As the cheer dies away, do you not catch the words of that fellow shouting with delighted enthusiasm, "*It's Tom Hughes, the member for Lambeth!*"

Yes, glorious Tom Hughes; the new member for Lambeth, the trusted favorite of the workmen; because, though their friend not their atterer;—of almost boundless popularity with

them; because, while helping them he can frankly tell them their faults! Tom Hughes, the pupil of Dr. Arnold, the graduate of Oxford, the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, the author of "*Tom Brown's School-days,*" the friend of Maurice and Ruskin and Kingsley, and the Prince of the Muscular Christians!

According to the promise of my letter a month ago, I now proceed to give you a brief sketch of the eminent man whom I have thus introduced to you hastening along the sidewalk near Westminster Hall on that fine February afternoon.

Thomas Hughes is one whose name England will not willingly let die; or, if she were so disposed, America would come to the rescue, and carry it off from the gates of Forgetfulness. There are some men the very sight of whom gives us a better opinion of human nature, rekindling our hopes, rebuilding the fabric of our fortitude and our faith. Thomas Hughes is one of these men. It was said of Swedenborg, so sensitive was his organization to moral influences, that the approach of a hypocrite used to give him the toothache. We may be grateful that we do not possess such a delicate spiritual barometer; for who would like to be continually clapping his hand to his jaw? Yet what in Swedenborg was an abnormal development, is in the rest of us only the common endowment of Nature—a faculty of responding either with pleasure or with trouble to the moral conditions of those who approach us. Hence, an honest man is a joy for ever! Thomas Hughes is not a great scholar, nor a deep philosopher, nor an acute reasoner, nor an orator at all; but he is and he has more than all that—he bears about with him the nameless aroma of moral reality, of downright manly virtue, of eye-bright truth; the frankness, the directness, the simplicity of a child, with the courage of an athlete and the charity of a Christian. In a classification of mankind he would go into the same compartment with Abraham Lincoln. He has the same homely, quaint honesty; the same incapacity for evasion and *finesse*; the same humor; the same uncommon gift of common sense; the same genius for what is right and true. Thomas Hughes presents another example of a man attaining great success in life—fame, position, abounding usefulness—by the sheer force of moral worth. His career is no encouragement to that sort of ambition which aspires to be great while forgetting to be good.

I am not going very minutely into biographical details for several notable reasons; chiefly for the notable reason that I have not the bio-

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graphical details to go into. But, adopting the good old orthodox plan of beginning with a man's life where Nature does—with his birth—I may state that Thomas Hughes was born near Newberry, Berkshire, October 23, 1823. All the world knows that he was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford University. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1848; he gave to the world "Tom Brown's School-days" in 1856, "The Scouring of the White Horse" in 1858, "Tom Brown at Oxford" in 1861. These, so far as I can learn, are the only books he has yet published; but he seems to have been an industrious writer for reviews and newspapers, especially for "Macmillan's Magazine;" and he has edited "Whitmore's Poems" and "The Biglow Papers." The publication of his first book, at the age of thirty-three, made him famous throughout the vast domain of the English-speaking race; and since then, beside being an author who could write nothing which the public could refuse to read, he has been a man of mark in sanitary and educational reforms, in social science, in the volunteer movement and in politics.

Last year the time seemed to have arrived for his noble and useful career to meet with a fitting political recognition. At the General Election, 1865, he was induced to stand as candidate for that populous and important district of London known as Lambeth; and the result of his candidature may be given in two lines of an obscure poem which contained this allusion to him:

"What wonder Lambeth, such a MAN to see,
Gave him her heart and made him her M. P."

Here, then, we have a famous author, a lawyer, a member of Parliament and a rising statesman; one of whose special claims upon our admiration is his distinguished advocacy of that generous and wholesome creed of physiological piety, "Muscular Christianity." Mr. Hughes has both preached and practiced this noble faith. As the child is father to the man, there can be no doubt that the boy Tom Hughes was as fine a specimen of an intrepid, pugnacious and magnanimous little Muscular Christian as ever came out of Berkshire, or handled the gloves, or cricketed on Rugby play-ground, or sent a boat skipping along the top of the Isis. No man could have portrayed the boy "Tom Brown" as he has done, without having been such a boy as "Tom Brown" was. Indeed, the heartiness and muscularity of his juvenile days cling to him still, and often crop out in very amusing forms in his speeches. A few weeks ago, in addressing his constituents on the de-

feat of the Ministry, and charging upon the Tories that they had not waged a fair fight, he excited great mirth by this bit of school-boy reminiscence: "I know what a fair fight is. I was taught at school to fight fair, to fall light; if I got a licking to take it like a man, and hold my tongue when I got my belly full." The celebrity of Thomas Hughes as a Muscular Christian is certainly owing to the celebrity of the books in which he has so magnificently expounded and illustrated Muscular Christianity; but his deeds in private, though less calculated to swell the trump of Fame, have been no less earnest and useful. In connection with a fine group of old University friends, clergymen, barristers, authors and artists, he established several years ago the Workingmen's College in Great Ormond Street, an institution on which every year lays the garland of new triumphs and new hopes. In this college Mr. Hughes has been, of course, the inspirer of the gymnastic department, and with the greatest advantage to the pupils. Once every year the members of the college make an excursion to some pleasant rural spot in the neighborhood of London, and on these occasions they have an opportunity of displaying their progress in muscular development. Only last week the excursion took place for the present year. The party, which numbered two hundred, and consisted of the students, their wives, children, sisters and friends, went to Petersham Park, near Richmond, as sweet a spot for its rich woodland beauty as can be found in England. They had songs and dances and merry games, and finally sat down to tea beneath the spreading roof of a superb cluster of ancient lime trees. But that which it is of immediate interest to us to know, is that in this jubilant festival of liberated Londoners a very important portion of the afternoon was devoted to athletic sports, Mr. Hughes acting as general director and referee. They had a mile flat race, a two hundred yard flat race, a mile walking race, jumping, hopping, cricket, rounders, and a boat race on the Thames. This list of their gymnastic contests will indicate the nature of the muscular discipline which they receive at the college. It will be perceived that it is almost entirely competitive. Mr. Hughes seems to have little respect for any gymnastics but those which involve that principle, and he likes none so well as the rough old athletic games of England. I remember a passage in one of his books which vigorously sets forth his views upon the subject:

"Don't let reformers of any sort think that they are going really to lay hold of the work-

ing boys and young men of England by any educational grapnel whatever which hasn't some *bona fide* equivalent for the games of the Old Country 'veast' in it; something to put in the place of the backwording and wrestling and racing; something to try the muscles of men's bodies and the endurance of their hearts, and to make them rejoice in this strength. In all the new-fangled, comprehensive plans which I see this is all left out."

Mr. Hughes is said to be an ardent admirer of the gloves; and that his admiration reposes on a solid basis of knowledge will be evident from the following amusing story that is told of him: One evening Mr. Hughes being at the college looked in upon the gymnastic class and found them engaged in sparring. It appears that a veteran was on the floor, and, instead of treating the tyros with consideration, was knocking them about in a very ostentatious style, until at last they all declined to practice with him. Mr. Hughes had been looking on in silence, but now stepped forward and said, in his usual quiet way, "I should like to have a turn with you, if you don't mind." "Very happy," said the bully; "have you ever had the gloves on before?" "Oh, yes, two or three times," said Mr. Hughes. They soon stood face to face, and in half a second the bully lay sprawling upon the floor. He got up angry, but Mr. Hughes kept cool and punished him to his heart's content, and then told him that the next time he had to spar with beginners he should remember that evening and be decent, if not generous!

When the cholera smote the metropolis a few years ago, Mr. Hughes, declining to flee from the breath of the pestilence, selected an exposed district of London and personally visited from house to house, to soothe the alarmed, to minister to the sick, and to provide sanitary corrections to the neighborhood. If there be in the world such a thing as chivalry, does not this look like it? No wonder Mr. Hughes is the idol of the workingmen! And to show how his character as a sanitary laborer is appreciated, I shall introduce a paragraph which appeared last year in *The South London Chronicle*. I give it exactly as it stood, lest any should suspect that my own words may be the result of an individual enthusiasm for Mr. Hughes:

"The fear that cholera may come and carry away its thousands of victims before any active steps shall have been taken to check its fatal career, gives considerable anxiety to some of the best and most practical men in the country. In the first rank of unselfish workers in previous visitations was found the member for Lambeth, Mr. Thomas Hughes, B. A., who, with Mr. J.

M. Ludlow, M. A., and Dr. Fraser, manfully stood to his duty, as himself interpreted it, and visited from house to house the population of Golden Square and vicinity. We rejoice in the possession of a Member of Parliament who, while not a resident in the borough for which he has been returned, accepts his position as involving the responsibilities of kinship with the mass of the people; and we have good grounds for the statement that Mr. Hughes is prepared to do this in any thing connected with the health as fully as in any thing affecting the politics of his constituency. Very little has come to our knowledge relative to any measures for preventing cholera incursions contemplated in either Lambeth or Southwark, but Mr. Hughes' wishes are known to the leading members of his election committees and to others beside."

For any American it would be ungrateful, and for me, knowing what I do of Mr. Hughes, it would be impossible to conclude such a sketch as this without some reference to the literary and political sympathies of Thomas Hughes with our own country.

In 1859 Mr. Hughes edited for English readers the "Biglow Papers." I shall cull a few choice sentences from the admirable Preface with which he enriched that immortal book:

"Greece had her Aristophanes; Rome her Juvenal; France her Rabelais, her Moliere, her Voltaire; Germany her Jean Paul, her Heine; England her Swift, her Thackeray; and America has her Lowell. By the side of all these great masters of satire, the author of the 'Biglow Papers' holds his own place, distinct from each and all. The man who reads the book for the first time, and is capable of understanding it, has received a new sensation. In Lowell, the American mind has for the first time flowered out into thoroughly original genius. For real unmistakable genius, for that glorious fullness of power which knocks a man down at a blow for sheer admiration, and then makes him rush into the arms of the knocker-down and swear eternal friendship with him for sheer delight, the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone. . . . It is satisfactory, indeed, to think that Mr. Lowell's shafts have already, in a great measure, ceased to be required, or would have to be aimed now at other bull's eyes. The servility of the Northern States to the South, which twelve years ago so raised his indignation, has well nigh ceased to be. The vital importance of the slavery question is now thoroughly recognized by the great Republican party, which I trust is year by year advancing toward an assured victory."

No American need to be told that the Englishman who wrote these intelligent words twelve months before the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, knew enough of our political condition not to take the wrong side in the mighty strife which was even then rushing on to its settlement in blood and in battle-fury. Who is not aware that one of the first voices raised in England to cheer us was the voice of Thomas Hughes, and that on the platform, in the lec-

ture-desk, in the drawing-room, and through the columns of the magazines, he has steadily, bravely and powerfully sustained our cause? And now that from the overwhelming turmoil; now that, from the slaughter and desolation of war, to save an empire from the death-stabs of treason; we have been led to the task, equally urgent, of saving a whole race from starvation and plunder, the voice of Thomas Hughes is still to be heard in England appealing to his countrymen, and entreating them to seize the "greatest opportunity that will ever be given to them of making stronger the bands which tie them to the American people."

I have already said that Mr. Hughes is no orator, and I was about to add that he is too honest to be one. His style is quiet, simple, colloquial, full of market-words, not a word put in for show. He often hesitates, stumbles, gets into a maze and comes out backward. Yet, speaking only because he has something to say, or if he has nothing to say saying that, he is a man whom the people always welcome upon their platforms and listen to with attention.

I remember hearing him last April, at a meeting convened at the Westminster Palace Hotel under the auspices of the Duke of Argyle, for the purpose of promoting the Freedmen's Aid Society. John Bright was there, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and other celebrities, and among them I saw the bald head of Thomas Hughes, which, like that of Thackeray's Dr. Firman, "glistened like a billiard-ball." He was one of the last speakers, and his speech was one of the best. I shall never forget the sincere emotion with which he gave utterance to these noble words:

"But there is another reason why we should come forward on this occasion heartily and warmly, and that is the extraordinary importance of a cordial alliance between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race to the future of mankind. It does seem to me that two great nations, possessing and glorying in the same traditions and the same history, struggling at this minute with the same trials both political and social, and animated, I trust, by the same hopes—I say it does seem to me that two such peoples as these, enjoying too, as they do the freest institutions that ever have obtained in great nations upon the face of the earth, should go forward, not with jealousy, not with distrust of any kind, but with a cordial and rational wish to advance civilization and Christianity over the whole of this earth, and, as far as peaceful efforts can do it, to impart to all down-trodden people, and to all people who are in need of them, the glorious ideas of freedom, and the glorious hopes, which we who speak the English tongue in all climates of the world possess and enjoy—I do think that we ought to be stirred up to great exertions in this matter.

I do think that when we look at the grand, the magnificent way in which the Americans have met their own great trial, English men's and women's hearts ought to be warmed toward them, and that we should show, as emphatically as we possibly can, our deep respect and reverence for the work which they have done, and the way in which they have done it."

Yes, for the sake of such glorious Englishmen as Thomas Hughes, let us try to forget the words and deeds of those Englishmen who are not like him.

May the tribe of the Muscular Christians increase!

LONDON, September 3, 1866.

A NATURAL APPETITE FOR LIQUOR.—An article recently appeared in the editorial columns of The New York Times, from which we quote the following:

"There is no doubt a universal appetite in mankind for alcoholic excitement; against this no wise reformer or legislator should struggle, as an absolute evil. His great effort should be to lessen the inducements to an over-indulgence of this propensity."

What new discoveries have recently been made in the natural history of man, by which it has been shown that alcohol has the same relation to the human organism that bread, potatoes, water, and air and clothing sustain, we are not informed. The only relation which a true interpretation of nature shows alcohol to have to the stomach is that of poison, and no amount of falsification of nature can make this relation any different. It is natural for man to eat, to drink, to breathe, to sleep, to exercise, and he dies if these universal instincts are not gratified. Surely, if there was the same universal appetite in mankind for alcoholic drinks, the race could no more live without them than they can without air. But human experience shows conclusively that the less it is used the better we are off; and those who do not use it at all not only have no craving for it—as they do for air, food, water, sleep and exercise—but an absolute disgust and loathing of it. The unwise editor who penned the quotation, should study nature from a physiological and not a perverted pathological stand-point.—Ed. H. of H.

BOSTON PUBLIC BATHS.—Statistics show 294,836 persons have availed themselves of the sanitary influences of the Public Baths of the city of Boston within the last two months.

WHEN we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them for ever.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Some of Our Faults.

It is bad enough to have faults—too bad to have them so glaring as to attract the attention of foreigners and give us the odor of a bad name abroad. The other day I met an intelligent and observing Englishman, who did not scruple to speak plainly of our faults. Said he:

"How curiously you dress in this country! Almost every man wears black clothes, and the thronged streets seem as though the entire population was going to a funeral. Now and then I see a suit of gray; some wear coats and pants of a copper color, and I have seen a few men dressed in white—but these are exceptions; the funeral color is the rule; black is the fashion. No wonder one of our authors said you looked like a nation of undertakers."

I said as coolly as possible, that black was a becoming color, suited to all complexions and seasons, and that this was a free country; I also added something about bare feet when shoes are scarce.

He was one of those lights (gas-lights) who would not be snuffed out with my cool extinguisher; so he continued:

"And now look for a moment at your fashions. They are as odious as your taste in colors is repulsive. Look at the short jackets which barely reach to the hips, and are constantly tempting a man who hates the display to lift his foot and kick the wearer. Such coats do well enough for boys who have just reached their teens, but they make full grown men appear very ridiculous. Those who wear such garments should never say a word about the short dresses of the ladies. As for the American ladies, they overdress. I have noticed red, hard hands, that must work for a living, hooped with cheap jewelry; and servant-girls often dress as well as their mistresses, and more gorgeously, showing plainly that they exhaust their income to please their vanity. Now, our English ladies dress richly but plainly. The higher classes seldom show much jewelry; indeed, it is considered vulgar for ladies in polite circles to make a grand exhibition of trinkets, as though their husbands and fathers were all in the jewelry trade. Lady Napier, one of the highest born of the aristocracy, never wears any gold about her person save her wedding-ring."

I could only reply by saying, that our coats were not so short as we desired the visits of fault-finding strangers to be; as for our ladies, they had exquisite taste, and whether their dresses were long or short, masculine or

feminine, they were lovely in our eyes; and servant-girls, who worked hard for their money, had a perfect right to spend it as they pleased, so long as they did no harm to others. In this country we acknowledged no aristocracy, save that of moral and intellectual excellence; that here every man was a king and every woman a queen, whether she played on the piano or the wash-tub, folded newspapers or "flirted" a fan at Saratoga.

"You have no aristocracy, that is evident," said he; "but you would like to have even that distinction. When a live lord makes his appearance on your shores the people turn out *en masse* to see him, and, if he be young and unmarried, scores of families in which there are marriageable young women covet his company and invite him to accept their hospitality. He is sure to turn the heads and hearts of all the silly girls who dance with him. See what fools you made of yourselves when that coffee-colored chap from Japan came here. He received a peck of letters a day. What did the simple darlings care about his habits of eating rat soup and dog cutlet? He had a title; he was almost a 'Black Prince,' and that was enough for them. Then, look at the list of your titled men. Why, you have more men with handles to their names than we have, ten times over. Look at the armies of captains, colonels, generals, squires and majors. Why, if a man crossed the Hudson in a scow he would get the title of captain for life, and his child would be known as the captain's son. I'll wager the price of a new hat that every tenth man you meet on Broadway has a title to his name."

I gave him a piece of my mind, and told him square to his face that our officers were the true nobility, and had won their honors with their swords; that when we honored his master, the Prince of Wales, it was not because the boy had royal blood in his veins, but because he was the son of a good mother. We are a gallant people, and never lose an opportunity to show our respect for woman. Queen Victoria was one of our favorites, not because she sat upon a throne, but because she was a good, true woman.

Now, if he had been a Frenchman, the compliment paid to his sovereign would have softened his criticism, and he would have found some kind word to have said of us; but he was a plain John Bull, and proceeded in the same strain, but with a more provoking personality. He continued:

"Your habits at the table are not always refined. I often see men and women shovel their peas into their mouths with their knives. I

have seen them pick their teeth with the prongs of their forks. At a Western hotel I saw a man take a quid of tobacco from his mouth and put it on the table-cloth alongside of his plate until he had finished his dinner. By-the-by, your habits of chewing and smoking tobacco are shameful. Old and young, rich and poor, the educated and the illiterate, chew and smoke tobacco. Cigar-stumps and tobacco-stains are seen everywhere. The appetite for the nasty weed seems to have grown into a passion; even well-dressed men, who claim to be cleanly in their habits, will roll the quid like a sweet morsel under their tongues, making their breath fetid, discoloring their teeth and soiling their linen. Why, I can smell a tobacco-chewer at the distance of a rod, and his odor never fails to bring a sickening sensation. How delicate and sensitive young ladies can endure the presence of a tobacco-chewer—how they can receive his caresses without utter loathing and disgust, is something unaccountable to me. Then men who pretend to be gentlemen will not hesitate to smoke all about the house. Having smoked their own faces to the color of smoked ham, they convert every room to which they have access into a smoke-house. To the credit of railroad companies be it spoken, they have provided special cars where these human locomotives can puff out twenty miles of smoke an hour; now they should provide disinfectants, so that the smoking and smoked passengers can not sicken tidy men and women who do not indulge in such disgusting habits. I was looking out of a car window the other day, when the wind blew into my face the spray of tobacco-juice from the lips of a fellow-passenger who sat in front of me. My first impulse was to take him by the collar and pitch him out of the window, but he disarmed me with an apology, while the tobacco-tears trickled down from the corners of his mouth and formed a liquid brooch upon his shirt-bosom. I merely said, Never mind, I will spit on you some time when I have something disagreeable in my mouth."

I replied that, although I did not use tobacco myself, I had great respect for many persons who did; yet the respect was not for the habit, but in spite of it.

"Hold!" he said, before I could crowd another word into the conversation; "we drink beer, so do you; but our beer is made of malt and hops, while yours is a poisonous compound not fit for swine to drink; besides, you drink whisky and gin and rum and brandy, and stuff made of logwood and whisky, and other dye-stuffs, and call it wine."

I said, with considerable emphasis, that the United States was the birthplace of the Temperance Reform; that we had four or five millions of signatures to the total abstinence pledge, and that our Temperance literature was scattered like snow-flakes over the land. G. W. B.

SUGAR CANDY.—One of the evil results of perverted tastes is seen in the great demand for sugar candy. We have often pointed out the evils resulting from feeding it to children, but it will be a hundred years or more before all parents will learn that candies are poisonous, and should not be allowed to the dear little ones they love and wish to bring up with fine health and perfect physical systems. To such parents as feed their children on confectionery, the following, by a well posted writer, will be found instructive:

"The adulteration of sugars, candies and spices is a trade largely and regularly carried on in this city. Instead of plaster, which till lately entered so largely into the manufacture of confectionery, in place of sugars, a new article has been discovered called *terra alba*, or white earth. It comes from Ireland, and costs by the barrel about two and a half cents a pound, while loaf sugar costs seventeen cents. The body of candies, the coating of almonds and lozenges are made from this earthy material. It is whiter than plaster, and is much used in the adulteration of flour sold in this market. A glue, paint and oil manufacturer of New York has sent round his annual circular, which I have seen, to the principal confectioners, calling attention to a fresh arrival of this white earth. I have seen an ounce of lozenges dissolved in water, in which two-thirds of an ounce was of *terra alba*, and not a particle of sugar in the lot. The common method of flavoring candies, almonds, sugar plums, etc., is with deleterious substances. The pineapple flavor, the banana and the peach are made from fusil oils, which are very poisonous. Bitter almond flavor is made from prussic acid unadulterated. Pineapple flavor is also obtained from rotten cheese—very rotten—and nitric acid. Gum arabic for pure gum drops is costly. An article has been invented of the most beautiful appearance, that is used instead of the gum. It is very cheap and very poisonous. In pure candy cochineal is used to color red and saffron for yellow. But in the common candies poisonous coloring is put, the same that is used to color wines and liquors. One of the most common is called 'carlot,' into which arsenic largely enters. A few grains of the substance will color a cask of wine. Liquorice drops for the 'trade' are made of poor brown sugar, glue and lamp-black, flavored with liquorice. And for the Western trade much of this vile stuff is packed in barrels, and sent West to be put up in boxes to suit the market, of which from seventy-five to ninety per cent. is *terra alba*. This material also enters largely into the common chocolates and spices. Much of the cream of tartar used for bread is made of *terra alba* and tartaric acid."

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Female Dress.

BY DIO LEWIS, M. D.

This subject is vitally important. Beside it, diet, exercise and baths sink into insignificance. My pale-faced countrywomen are dying for lack of room, freedom; they are being stifled.

Dress Reformers proclaim short skirts as the remedy. This is well. The short skirt is an improvement—a movement upward, but of no consequence compared with the readjustment of the dress about the middle of the body. That part contains the vital organs. Is a man strong? it is because the middle of his body is strong. Is a woman vigorous? it is because the middle of her body is developed and active.

The changes needed in woman's dress are the following, and I believe their importance is in the order named:

1. The dress about the waist is to be very loose, without whalebones or other stiffening, and the skirts carried with suspenders over the shoulders.

2. The arms and legs are to be so warmly dressed as to maintain a healthy circulation.

3. The skirts to fall to the knee.

I have said that the importance of these several changes is in the order named. The lungs, heart, liver and stomach, which together make up the fountain of life, must have room, or the vital forces must halt. With the corset and tight-lacing, these organs are reduced one-third in size and two-thirds in motion.

Health and equilibrium of circulation are interchangeable terms. Whoever, whatever living thing, either animal or vegetable, has a perfect circulation has perfect health. Whoever, whatever living thing has defective circulation has defective health. Flannels, cotton padding, thick shawls, cloaks and furs piled upon the chest, while the legs are covered with a single thickness of cotton cloth surrounded by a balloon in the shape of a hoop, steams the chest and freezes the legs. The legs and arms, separated so far from the center of the body, surrounded by the cold air, need, to say the least, as much clothing as the body, and ought to have one or, in cold weather in this climate, two thicknesses of knit woolen. Women complain to me of headache, tell me their blood is all in their head and chest, while their feet are as cold as ice. With the fashionable dress how can it be otherwise? Let them cover the limbs with one or two thicknesses of warm flannel, and the feet with a warm dress, and the head and chest will be immediately relieved.

The short skirts, although in importance to health the least vital of these three changes, is nevertheless very important. The skirt should fall a little below the knee. The pants should be the large Turkish pants, which, made long enough to fall to the ankle, and fastened at the bottom by being drawn close about the ankle with a slight elastic cord, should then be drawn up to the place usually occupied by the garter, and pulled down to the middle, or a little below the middle of the calf of the leg. When going out into the cold air the exposed part of the leg should be covered with a patent-leather ankle, and during the cold season of the year that part of the leg should be covered with two thicknesses of woolen. While all this peculiar arrangement is, in point of convenience and protection, less satisfactory than the straight pants, such as gentlemen wear, I nevertheless advise it, because it is very easy to introduce the short dress with these pants, and very difficult to introduce what is known as the Bloomer costume. For example: In my school at Lexington, Mass., I had more than a hundred fashionable young ladies last winter, all of whom wore constantly during the school year the short dress, the gymnastic costume, while all the fashionable ladies of the village outside of the institution adopted the same dress. Indeed, it is almost rare to see in Lexington a lady with a long dress. An attempt to introduce the Bloomer costume, I am sure, would have proved a failure, not in our own house, perhaps, but in its influence outside. All through our part of the country, when we go out to ride, we see ladies in the short dress. Indeed, some of the clergymen, who observed that our young ladies changed for the long dress on going to church, came to me to say that they hoped I would allow them to come in their short dresses, for they liked very much to see them. A single lady appearing in the streets of Boston in the regular Bloomer costume attracts a crowd of boys, while twenty of our young ladies can go into Boston without remark or notice. The fact is, we men and boys are very jealous of our breeches, but the gymnastic costume does not involve that garment, and so we lords of creation give our consent to its adoption by our sisters.

MODESTY depends upon good manners; happiness on security; good society on good education; wisdom on experience; and, for the safety or protection of a country, a tried man is often much more valuable than a renowned warrior.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

October Woods and Flowers.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

DEDICATED TO MRS. MARY TREAT.

BENEATH my feet the grass looks up
 To greet the cloud. Long had it prayed
 For rain, till heaven held out the cup
 To every parched and fainting blade.
 The thistle, with its head upraised,
 Like genius bearing noble deeds,
 Though coarsely clad and seldom praised,
 Sends on white wings afar its seeds.

The modest daisy, in its bloom,
 Here gaily wore its satin frill;
 A lonely mourner at its tomb,
 The gentian, bows upon the hill.
 Sad thoughts flit through my restless mind,
 And die unspoken and unsung,
 As leaves, touched by the autumn wind,
 Fall from the twigs to which they clung.

The wood-birds nest upon the bough
 Is like my stricken heart, which grieves;
 'T was full of music once, but now
 Deserted hangs and filled with leaves.
 But why should I, alas! be sad,
 Amid the light of such a scene—
 Up to the hills the clouds are clad
 In gayest hues of gold and green.

Here, like the patriarch in his dream,
 I see the ladder angels trod;
 These mountains to my vision seem
 To lift earth's sacrifice to God.
 Alas! I'm seeking for the flowers
 Which sleep beneath the leaves that fell;
 They're kindred to the friends of ours
 Who rest in peace where all is well.

The tint upon the maple tree,
 So soft, is like the crimson hue
 Upon my darling's cheek. I see
 In her soft eyes the heavenly blue,
 On her pure face Hope's blossomings.
 The sky stoops near the earth to-day,
 And we can hear the sweep of wings
 Of angels on their upward way.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Patient Waiting.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE love of exertion is a sign of health and manliness. Languor, the love of ease, the various forms of indolence, mark a kind of physical degeneration—a want of circulation; a want of nerve; lowness of organization; imperfection of sensibility. It is sometimes the preliminary stage of disintegration and precedes utter waste.

Work indicates a preparation for working. The love of work indicates a high state of health. This love of work arises partly from the pleasure inherent in the healthful exercise of our powers; partly it arises from the excitements which spring up during the plannings and excitements of enterprise; and it arises partly from a natural and proper pride and satisfaction in the results which we secure by intelligent activity. We can scarcely conceive of happiness in one who is not generously active. We can hardly imagine unhappiness when one has congenial occupation, vigorous health and daily activity. For, appropriate work which we love covers up sensibility, takes away temptation, withdraws the mind from morbid cares and fears, and gives it wholesome employment. It is a good thing to work because you *love* to. If you do not love to work, it is a good thing to work because you *have* to.

While people are young, or strong, or prosperous, they think little of that great army with muffled banners that is silently walking amid troubles and disappointments day by day, unable to do or achieve.

There is peculiar grace required to maintain patience and contentment where one is placed socially in such a position that all the stronger and most natural activities are kept useless, as is the case not unfrequently; for men are not always, by any means, matched to their appropriate work nor joined to their appropriate place in society. There is neither principle, nor law, nor experience, by which we can always sort our children and connect them with the thing for which they are best adapted in their outward nature. Beside all that, however well a man may be placed, and however well adapted his education and faculties may be to his position, there are these upheavings, these ruptures of society, and these sweepings of Providence, that dislocate men, and scatter them up and down in the community, so that there are in society at large thousands and thousands of per-

VOLTAIRE related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, said to Swift: "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England, for if you do they will certainly tax it."

sons who are admirably adapted to some things, but unable to reach them. They are not well adapted to other things, but they are put to doing them.

Thus, a man may be eloquent in the French language; but if by stress of weather he is thrown upon our shores, what does all his eloquence in his mother tongue avail him here, where he is obliged to gain his livelihood from day to day by stammering bad English? A man may have potency in his mother tongue; but let him travel in Europe, where he passes from the English to the French, from the French to the Spanish, and from the Spanish to the German, and see how his power of language is shut up in his mouth. If a man feels proud at home, I would advise him to go abroad a month or two and learn how insignificant he is. A man traveling in a land of whose language he is ignorant, is like a man swimming in the Atlantic. He is shorn of those ten thousand comprehensive ways which at home made him vital, sympathetic and useful, but which, being taken from him, leave him almost as a dead man.

These are strong instances projected out of the ordinary course of things; but our houses, our streets, our villages, our cities, are filled with persons who are dislocated and out of place in society. As there are multitudes of men that are attempting poorly to discharge functions a great deal higher than their powers fit them for, in every branch of public service; so in lower departments there are many persons who are competent to discharge higher trusts, but can not get up to them. We can not see how one and another person got there, but society is full of persons who are below their appropriate level. Where this occurs in youth it is right, because young persons can press their way up. They are like young and vigorous plants that draw an abundant supply of food for growth through the roots below; but when men pass the climax of life, and with discouraged spirit are thrown down below their level, it is not so easy for them to obtain nourishment, since the root itself is impaired; and when they are transplanted they can scarcely get hold again to grow. And they are obliged to wait, holding their best faculties inactive, doing work which requires but little thought, and to which they are not adapted, and remitting intellectual labors for which they are conscious of being well qualified.

This is more the case with women, I think, than with men, for the simple reason that, for the largest part, woman's happiness in life is made to depend upon her social connections and

family estate. Largely, women do not enter into the social state; but when they are once in it, it is built of glass, and some side-long blow may shiver it in a moment. And such is the uncivilized condition of society that there are but few alternatives for a woman. Women that are broken off from their relations to the domestic circle, find but few channels in which they can employ thought, and taste, and fidelity, and affection, and stand independently in the community. So that you see on every hand among women instances the most marked of persons who are fitted for higher places than they occupy. And there are not a few of these instances in which patient waiting for a better day is rendered more beautiful than in almost any others.

Are there not multitudes of persons whose minds are stored with valuable information, who have fineness of taste that indicates much of the artist nature, and who have been trained to nice moral distinctions—are there not multitudes of such persons that ply the needle; that teach in the lowest schools; that spend their energies in the meaner walks of life? Are there not multitudes of such persons that are conscious that the greatest part of their inward nature is buried and has no function? Are there not multitudes of such persons who, although there are a few things on which they can bring the power of their mind to bear in its higher ranges, are conscious that they are carrying the great orb of their being in obscurity, veiled and darkling?

Out of this, which in some sense is unnatural, and which springs largely from the infelicities of society, but somewhat, also, from peculiarities of individual history and disposition, there may and there do break forth morbid tendencies. Much of vice and crime springs from morbidity, which springs from minds not properly joined to their functions. And among the mischiefs of want of liberty to use that which is strong in us is this: that it disorganizes many and many a nature. There are nurses and teachers of little children who are capable of rising to higher positions than they occupy. Not that teaching little children is to be despised; not that it is not itself a noble work; but there are many doing this work under restrictions and circumstances which keep them far below that for which they are fitted by their capacity. Many persons, by change of fortune, have fallen from position in society. They are not adorning the circles that they might. I think some of the noblest natures walk mostly in disguise. In a society like ours, where there

is so much enterprise, where there is such rapid growth, and where the tides of speculation so frequently rise and fall, in the course of ten years there are hundreds and thousands that are overtaken by such a change of fortune, and such a change of position in consequence, that they are quite out of their place, and are obliged to say that they find little use for that part of themselves which is most to them. And so we find men strangely situated. We find men, for instance, in factories, that are competent to plead at the bar.

I remember that I once found breaking stone near Cincinnati a University man from Germany, who had held one of the very highest positions under the Government in the management of schools. He came to this country by emigration, and, finding little to do, accepted it, whatever it was. Being able to get his bread and beer by breaking stone, he was willing to engage in that humble calling, though the strongest part of him was his head, and not his hands.

When the Hungarians came here they scorned charity, and as a means of maintaining themselves resorted to various physical occupations. One that I knew learned the carpenter's trade. Another that I knew learned saddle-and-harness making. And another that I knew turned to making soap and candles, as Garibaldi did in this land. Others went to farming. And men of the highest culture and refinement, men of the best intellectual education, men that were leaders of the people in their own country, when in the providence of God they were thrown on these shores, and they found that they could not use that which they possessed of talent, accepted lower positions than many which they were qualified to fill. And one could not but feel that the most that was in those men had to wait. They ought to have labored as they did; it was noble in them; but, after all, they had no sphere for their stores of knowledge. The power that they had in their own country was gone from them, and they were buried alive while they lived, in some respects.

God deliver me from being an exile—from being a stranger in a strange land, out of the reach of my mother tongue. Send me to prison; give me quicker dismissal by the halter; let the bullet do its work on me; but of all that God could send me of misfortune and trouble, that would be the worst which should place me among a strange people, speaking a strange tongue, to walk up and down without a position, a function, a home, a country, or friends.

The condition of thousands who have been

disrupted and broken down, brings their case within the sphere of waiting of which I have spoken. There are multitudes to-day that see the world going by them conscious that they have powers equal to any that are in exercise.

There are many who are deriving their pittance of bread from men whom they greatly surpass. I remember that once, on going into my father's kitchen, in Ohio, to speak to Charles, our hostler and gardener, I found him reading a book in which I thought I perceived mathematical diagrams. On examining it, I found it to be a scientific treatise on geography, in which all the astronomical problems were wrought out; and as I had seen him from night to night with his tallow candle poring over this book as though it were the last new novel in the hand of beauty (though he was not beautiful), I asked him if he understood what he read. "Certainly," said he, "most certainly." I saw that there was some Latin in the book, and I asked him if he could read that. Oh, yes, he could read Latin, and he talked it. It put my college honors somewhat in peril, and I feared that he might be talking to me in Latin! "Do you understand Greek?" I said. "Oh, no; I can only read it—I can not *spea*k it."

There was that man deriving his small monthly wages from my hand, and he was my master, probably, in every walk of science and literature. I was rising and prospering. He was faithfully and humbly occupying the position of hostler and gardener. And do you not suppose he had thoughts about me as well as I about him? Do you not suppose there are men that have in some strange way been thrown out of the counting-office, the bank, the professor's chair, places of honor and trust, who can not get back, and who are walking day by day where they are denied the opportunity of engaging in affairs that they see carried on by men that are far less competent than themselves? Do you not suppose there are such men that are obliged to stand down low and see men that are pigmies compared with them getting upward and onward? It may be very easy, if you are prosperous, to say that such men ought to wait; that they ought to clothe themselves with patience; that they ought to substitute large-mindedness for a narrow, complaining disposition; but did you ever walk where they are called to walk? Will you change places with them, and see how easy their lot is to bear?

Nevertheless, your advice is good. I, too, think that men who are thrown into circumstances where they are obliged to derive their very life, not from outward success, not from

attritions and collisions with their fellow-men, not from the remunerations of pride, but from deeper sources—from faith, and hope, and trust in God, and the resplendent horizon of the future life, which shall never be marred by circumstances—I, too, think that they should have royalty of disposition, and should wait patiently. But it is not easy to give them advice, nor to blame them when our advice is not readily taken by them.

There is also a sphere of waiting by reason of sickness, weakness, age, and the remission of labor in consequence. Where idleness is of a transient nature, we look hopefully forward to being restored again to vigor; but where weakness becomes our daily attendant, our hope dies away. Moreover, long-continued sickness ceases to excite sympathy, because it has not alarm in it. For we sympathize with our friends in proportion as we think they are in danger. Our sympathy for a man that has the toothache is *nil*. If a man has the cholera, or a fever, or any disease that imperils his life, then we sympathize with him. We sympathize with men, not according to the measure of their suffering, but according to the measure of their danger; and yet a man may suffer more, a thousand-fold, every day, than it takes to kill scores of other men.

Where men have sickness in the form of weariness; where men do not suffer from violent pains, but where they are so fragile that they break down under almost every stress, and find it impossible to plan, or, at any rate, to achieve in life; where men are obliged, day by day, to ask leave of their brain to think, and to ask leave of their foot to walk; where men are prisoners, and every member of their body is a jailor, and they feel that this condition is to continue, not for a week, or a day, or a month, or a year, but as long as they live, and that their life is to be shortened by it; where men are obliged to carry their body of death with all its infirmities, and to walk in obscurity, and to be for ever pensioners upon the doctor—under such circumstances it is not easy for them to patiently wait. And yet here is a sphere of waiting—that kind of moral waiting in which a man measures his condition, and then clothes himself with a manly grace which enables him to accept the lot to which in the providence of God he is appointed, and lift up his head inwardly, if not outwardly.

There are many men that we turn rudely from our door with censure whom God does not blame. There are many men that we call shiftless who are like a bag that stands up when it

is full and collapses when it is empty. There are many men that, as long as you are helping them, get along very well, but that the moment you leave them to themselves do not get along at all, and we get tired of them and say that they are lazy. But, in many cases, the trouble is not that they are lazy, but that they are physically incapacitated. It is not that their will is not good, but that they lack strength of bone and muscle. Do you sleep well? There is many a man that dozes more hours than he rests. Have you a good appetite and thorough digestion? There is many a man that has slender digestion, and can not eat enough to keep his body in repair and health. Are you vigorous? There is many a man that is almost entirely wanting in vigor. Many a man inherits a good constitution, and comes out in life with a broad prospect [in himself; while many others inherit such feebleness that they are liable, under almost any pressure, to break down. And these last ought not to be blamed. They were made feeble; and let us hope that there is a better chance awaiting them in the other world.

It might, perhaps, not do any of us harm if we were to suffer some from sickness. I think we grow more humane, more compassionate, more considerate for others, when they are brought into a condition of suffering like that which we are in, or have been in. And let us not forget to have forbearance with those who are obliged to walk through life in perpetual sickness, that impairs courage and cripples every exertion. For it requires rare grace to endure and piously wait on God under such circumstances.

This may be applied to mothers who are rearing families. It is often the case that those who grow up amiable, sweet and obliging women, when they are brought into family relations are, by sickness, by necessary suffering in child-bearing, and by their household cares, greatly taxed and tasked in their nervous system, so that they become acutely sensitive and irritable, as well as more feeble and less hopeful. So great is the strain upon them, that they even lose self-respect, in some cases. And frequently they are blamed by their parents, wondered at by their friends, and harshly dealt with by their husbands and their children. And much consideration is to be accorded to mothers whose sharpness and impatience are often in the ratio of that which they have suffered for others.

We are to remember, too, that upon the woman comes the greatest weight of sorrow in

all afflictions. It is rare that a man suffers as much as a woman from death in the household. Upon her comes the duty of patient waiting with the sick. She it is that has hand-to-hand conflicts with Death. And at last, in the charge by which the feeble structure is overthrown, she is found confronting the dread enemy face to face. And after the struggle is over, in which Death has been victorious, she is the greatest mourner. At the Cross last, and at the Sepulchre first, were the women; and by them more tears were shed and more sufferings were felt than by all the other disciples. And that is typical of woman's lot in the household the world over. And women need, perhaps, more than any others, the love of patient Christian waiting.

At the same time, there are many men who are obliged to fight a battle through life, *for* life, and who need this love. Indeed, it is that which we all need in some of our earthly relations and experiences, and which we shall all do well diligently to seek and cultivate.

WHAT THEY EAT AT XENIA.—The "Fat Contributor" gives the following experience of endeavoring to get dinner at Xenia on the Little Miami Railroad:

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakeman as we approached Xenia.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of a waiter,

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him that I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties, garnished with postage stamps and ten cent script. Also, a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on "draft."

He said they were out of every thing but the bank notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and "draw" some.—*Ex.*

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Overwork and Underwork.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

It is a law of Nature that all living things possess within themselves the power of motion, upon the exercise of which their existence, as living entities, depends. Their life commences with action, action constitutes their life, and when action ceases their life has departed for ever. Everywhere we find that action is life and inaction death. In thus speaking of action I do not mean mechanical action or chemical action, but vital action—that which is inherent in all organized, living things.

Look at that blade of grass, that flower, that tree. The elements of which they are composed are drawn from air, earth and water, and transformed, by a power existing within themselves, into the substance of their own beings. When this force ceases to act death ensues. As it is in the vegetable world so it is in the animal kingdom, in man—only to a far greater extent in the latter. As we progress upward in the scale of life the operation of this power becomes more extended and diversified. In the plant its action is limited to formation and growth. The plant has no power of moving itself from place to place. In the animal it not only produces development, growth and constant change, but gives the power of external, voluntary motion, which is indispensable to the proper performance of the vital functions of animal life.

A large proportion of the solids of the body are composed of simple tubes, as the arteries, veins, capillaries, lymphatics, etc., which are filled with fluids of various kinds, through the agency of which all the vital processes are performed. These fluids constitute, by weight, more than four-fifths of the body, and they, as well as the solids, require to be undergoing constant change. This change can only be effected by having them kept in constant motion. This motion can only be fully secured by exercise or voluntary action of the entire muscular system. The muscles constitute more than one-half of the bulk of the body, and upon their healthful condition the health of the whole system depends.

It is a law of our nature that if any organ or faculty is kept from the exercise of its

proper function, that organ or faculty becomes weak, withers away and dies. Each and every part of the body requires to be used in its proper and legitimate manner in order to maintain its integrity. The natural action of the muscular system is to contract. By this contraction motion is produced. Proper muscular contraction directly secures the health and development of the entire muscular system, and indirectly aids in securing the normal and healthful action of every organ of the body. It greatly promotes the circulation of the blood, thus facilitating the vital processes of digestion, absorption, assimilation, secretion and depuration, and increasing the health and strength of the organs engaged in the performance of these functions. It largely promotes respiration, causing full and deep inspirations of air and a vigorous action of the lungs, thus strengthening these important organs and imparting vigor and activity to all the others. It gives strength, endurance, agility, elasticity and grace to the body, and energy and activity to the mind. In short, it develops every organ, strengthens every function, and aids in securing the healthful and harmonious development of the entire man.

While a certain amount of exercise is necessary to maintain the health and secure a proper development of the different organs of the body and faculties of the mind, an excessive amount as surely produces weakness, disease and undue vital exhaustion. The following remarks of Dr. Tyler of Boston, in his Report of the McLean Insane Asylum, presents the subject in its true light :

"With the opportunities of observation which my position gives me, I shall scarcely be faithful to duty without briefly referring to one 'error of the times,' which is shortening many a life, and bringing many to our hospitals in a state of incurable brain disease. I refer to the intense and unceasing activity, displayed chiefly in business, but extending to almost every other pursuit. Every hour of every day is given up to an unflinching and persistent devotion to whatever interests the individual. Nights and Sundays can scarcely be spared from labor, and are compressed into such small periods as shall just suffice to appease a weary frame and a very moderate conscience. No time is taken for recreation and little for meals, and that little in a very irregular way. Every moment not spent in the keen drive of business is looked upon as lost. Every nerve is strained to accomplish just as much as is possible to unremitting exertion.

Every thing is done rapidly, or, in the language of the day, 'with a rush.' Every man has a given amount of vital force to live with and work with. His capacity for any kind of labor, whatever it may be and however it may compare with that of another, has its limit. It never can be over-drawn upon without serious damage. So much of this force as he wastes, or so much as he turns in any one direction, so much less has he for any other. If he overworks his brain, his body will suffer. If he overworks his body, his brain will suffer. He may overwork one set of organs, or invigorate them, as *he* says, at the expense of another set. An illustration of this is evident in those who give their chief attention to the development of muscle, as boxers and members of boat-clubs do. Their regimen and diet tend to keep the digestive organs in good order and develop the muscular system. This is frequently carried to an excess, and when it is, the individual for a time can show an athletic figure, great strength, and an external appearance of high health; but in a little while it is plain that he has diverted his vital force from other organs—say the lungs—which have been insufficiently nourished: they fail him and he dies of consumption. To keep one in the best working order, this vital force must be properly distributed to every organ, and to the digestive and respiratory organs in full share, to keep them active, else its supply will be diminished. What is lost by use and waste must be regained by regular bodily nourishment and refreshment, that is, by food and repose. Its use must be regular, must never be excessive, and must alternate with rest. Each person will accomplish the greatest amount that is possible for *him* by working regularly for a given number of hours, and by taking time at regularly returning periods sufficient for food, rest and recreation. The consequences of overwork may not appear at once, but they are inevitable and destructive. Overworkers deceive themselves by the belief that they can bear more than others, or that they can bear what they are doing because they have so long borne it without breaking down."

The *intelligent* stock-grower, who is accustomed to raising horses, knows very well that if he puts a young colt at long-continued hard work it will not attain the strength and size which it would acquire were it left to gambol in the pastures at its own free will. He knows that if the vitality of the animal is expended in hard labor it can not be used to form nerve and bone and muscle, and that the colt can never become the perfect horse which it otherwise might, but will always be small, weak and inferior.

The stock-grower knows all this and lets his colts roam the pasture free, or only re-

quires of them the lightest labors, while his growing sons he sends into the field at early morn, and through all the day requires them to perform the hardest labor their strength will allow. The effects are the same with the boy as with the colt, only in a more marked degree, for the higher in the scale of life and the more refined the violater of Nature's laws the greater the suffering.

The stock-grower perceives the operation of this law upon his colts but not upon his sons, and the result is that he raises beautiful, symmetrical and finely-developed horses, and small, deformed, weak and unhealthy men. When men learn to bestow as much care and attention upon the raising of fine and healthy specimens of their own species as they do to raising fine horses and cattle, humanity will have taken a long stride forward upon the road of progression.

The same law that applies to overwork of the young body applies with still greater force to overwork of the young brain, for the brain is higher and more refined than the body. Knowing this, what can we expect from the present forced, hot-bed system of mental education for the young and growing brain? The child of three or four summers is sent to school, and then commences the process of cramming, of urging the weak and immature brain to perform tasks beyond its strength to accomplish, without the expenditure of vitality which should be used in strengthening and developing it, together with its servant, the body. This process is continued through the growing period of youth, and, unless the young student rebels, fails to perform the tasks assigned him, and obeys the instincts of his nature and plays and frolics with his companions under the greenwood tree or by the running stream, the chances are that, if he survives the ordeal, he will graduate with due academic honors; a small, weakly body; loose, flabby muscles; a dyspeptic stomach; feeble lungs; a small stock of vitality; and a contracted, nervously active and excitable mind, which can plod along very well for a time in the well-worn ruts of custom, but which is utterly incapable of bold, vigorous and manly thought upon any great, new and important subject. Such are the results of the present system of education of the young, which constantly overworks the brain and neglects the body.

But a new era in education is dawning upon the land, and there are a few that have learned the lesson that children have *bodies* as well as minds; that the one requires care and culture as much as the other, and that forced culture of either produces weakness and injury to both.

While overwork is a great evil from which one class of society suffers, another class suffers still more from underwork or idleness. Better wear out than rust out, if it is done in a good cause; for then some good will be accomplished, and humanity will be "the better for it." But the true course is to avoid both extremes and pursue the even tenor of a happy medium. By so doing a far greater amount of labor can be accomplished, at less expense of health, strength and vitality.

An idle man! What is he? Of what use is he to himself or to the world? He is an imperfect, undeveloped being, a drone, a burden to himself and a disgrace to humanity. Shakspeare says:

"What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more!"

The great poet wrongs the beast by degrading it to the level of a *lazy man*. The animal was created lower than man, it is true, but it accomplishes the object of its existence. What more can be expected of it? How is it with the idle man? He has higher powers and more exalted faculties, but what do they avail him? He makes no use of them except, it may be, to plot mischief and practice vices which the most degraded animal on earth would never be guilty of. It is said, and truly, that "An idle man's brain is the Devil's workshop." The old philosopher, Burton, says:

"Idleness is the badge of gentry; the bane of body and mind; the nurse of naughtiness; the chief author of all mischief; one of the seven deadly sins; the cushion upon which the Devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases."

"THE last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic."

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

A True Life.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THERE is, even on this side of the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters—an oasis, not in the desert, but beyond it; a rest, profound and blissful as that of the soldier returned for ever from the hardships, the dangers and the turmoils of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle whose blessings he never prized at half their worth until he lost them.

This haven, this rest, this oasis, is a serene old age. The tired traveler has abandoned the dusty, crowded and jostling highway of life for one of its shadiest and least-noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear; the myriad foot-fall on the city's stony walk is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil, or trade, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come home to enjoy, tranquil and unharassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves upon his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve? What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has at the last moment been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies or the poverty of the bankrupt; whether his couch be of down or of rushes; his dwelling a hut or a mansion. He has lived to little purpose, indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are the true ends of exertion, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close, if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful, should ask not for broad acres, nor towering edifices, nor laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity, but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask rather: Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions? Has he lived a true life?

A true life! Of how many lives does each hour knell the conclusion, and how few of them are true ones. The poor child of sin and shame

and crime, who terminates her clouded being in the early morning of her scarce budded yet blighted existence; the desperate felon, whose blood is shed by the community as the dread penalty of its violated laws; the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in the spring-time of his years, but the fullness of his feasting iniquities—these the world valiantly affirms have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world, how profound and how discriminating are thy judgments! But the base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage; the grasper of gold and lands and tenements; the devotee of pleasure; the man of ignoble and sinister ambition; the woman of frivolity, extravagance and fashion; the idler; the gambler; the voluptuary—on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world! Nay, does it not pick its way daintily, cautiously and inoffensively through the midst of drunkard-making and national faith-breaking?

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience; simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort but a law of Nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable, monstrous, almost miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain. A true life must be calm. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. How sloth is jostled by gluttony, and pride wrestled by avarice, and ostentation bearded by meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment and scope and arena for a hundred vices; but their warfare can not be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, has chosen amiss.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

The Study of Physiology—No. III.

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HEART—CIRCULATION—LUNGS—RESPIRATION.

We have already seen that the blood is the source from which all the materials which sustain the tissues and replenish the waste is derived.

We have next to understand that upon the regularity of the *circulation* of this fluid depends all the phenomena of a systemic character in our bodies, so that all these phenomena *pre-suppose* the existence of both this fluid and an apparatus by means of which it is incessantly kept in motion from the center to the periphery of the body.

This apparatus, called the circulatory apparatus or the "vascular system," consists of three sets of continuous muscular and fibrous tubes, and a central organ of impulsion, the heart.

Now, although this latter does not constitute the sole means of propelling the blood through the vascular system or blood channels, it is by far the most important of all; for, although the circulation in limited points of the system may be arrested, if the heart suspends its incessant action for a single moment the animal organism can never again be re-animated.

The heart is nothing more than a hollow, muscular organ, the hollows of which are continuous with those of the arteries, capillaries and veins. Its motions are the pulsations, and it differs from the other organs of the circulatory apparatus in being provided with valves to regulate the flow of blood, and to give it the proper direction. It has been aptly likened to a double forcing pump, situated between the veins, on the one hand, and the arteries on the other, these valves being so arranged as to open in a forward and shut in a backward *direction*.

The capillaries are the minute tubes which extend from the arteries to the veins, and it is they from which the blood issues whenever the surface of the flesh anywhere is pierced or broken.

In the mammalia, the heart is divided into four cavities, which are continuous on the one side with the veins and on the other with the arteries.

It consists, therefore, of the two cavities constituting the right side—namely, the right auricle and ventricle, and on the left side, the left auricle and ventricle.

The former receive and propel the venous blood to the lungs, and the latter receive and transmit the arterial blood *from* the lungs.

The lungs are therefore the compound or double organ, in which the blood, being transmitted through their capillaries, is converted, during the passage, from venous into arterial.

They, therefore, have a distinct circulatory apparatus, different from that which is common to the whole of the other parts of the circulation; because, while passing through by a short route to and from the heart, the blood, which is dark or venous on reaching them, becomes arterialized on its return to the heart.

The auricles are that part of the heart which is uppermost, and are the receiving cavities, while the ventricles are the lower part of the organ and are the discharging cavities.

Now, it has been only recently understood what the exact character of the phenomena involved in the passage of the blood through these cavities is.

Both the smaller muscular chambers of the heart, the auricles, are receptacles—the one right and the other left.

These are, therefore, first occupied by the blood coming from the veins. The blood then passes on the right side from the auricle into the ventricle in a *downward* direction, but on reaching the bottom of the right ventricle it changes its course. It makes a turn upon itself, and instead of passing from above downward, continues to pass from below upward, but from right to left.

This is the change in the course of the *venous* blood. This is the character of the passage, through the *right side* of the heart, of the dark or venous blood.

On the other hand and simultaneously, the blood as it comes from the lungs passes into the left auricle downward into the left ventricle. Arriving at the bottom of the ventricle this stream changes its course, and passes from below upward, and from left to right. This course is the reverse of the change of direction on the left side of the heart.

This, then, is the course of the arterial blood.

There is accordingly, simultaneously and at given moments during life, in the heart, two streams of blood, both of them making their way, in the right and left sets of cavities, first from above downward and next from below upward.

Between these cavities and the streams occupying them we must remember there is a thick muscular wall.

These two streams, the one red or arterial and the other dark or venous, separated by a thick wall of muscular tissue, which partitions the heart into right and left halves, take a crossed direction in the cavities, and emerge from it at different orifices and in different directions.

The valves are those fleshy curtains situated at the line of junction of the right auricle and ventricle on one side, and left auricle and ventricle on the other side.

They interrupt from moment to moment the continued current of the blood from the one to the other; when the latter has become filled and is about contracting to discharge.

Both these, then, alternately relax and contract, but while the auricles of either side contract simultaneously, the ventricles contract instantly afterward, and it is precisely at the moment between the two contractions that the valves previously dependent as festoons, raise and form a momentary partition in the auriculo-ventricular cavity.

Then comes the contraction of the ventricles, which react instantly from their relaxile state after the contraction of the auricle. This closure of the valve prevents the blood from returning into the auricle, when the ventricle contracts upon its contents and forces it in a side direction.

Now, as the two auricles contract simultaneously, so the two ventricles at one contraction instantly follow (contract simultaneously), and the volume of blood which occupies the latter is thrown out at separate orifices, each of which is provided with valves.

And as the blood passes the first set of valves, which are relaxed and open until the ventricles are filled, so the blood from the latter passes out through these two orifices, when the latter set of valves also contract and close them, to prevent the blood returning into the cavities of the heart.

We have thus briefly but plainly described the *circulation of the heart*, but, to repeat, the course of the phenomena is as follows:

The blood flows from the veins into the auricles and into the wide-open orifice between that and the ventricles (these two, on either side, being only apartments of the heart, each two chambers, having a continuous hollow); immediately the auricle contracts completes the filling of the corresponding ventricle, and at the same instant the valves close and thus shut the blood into their ventricles.

Then comes the contraction of the ventricles, which instantly follows the shutting of the valves.

The latter force the blood in a different direction, through the orifices leading to the lungs and the general system, and past the valves at those orifices, which immediately contract upon the just emptied ventricles.

As the contraction of the two *first* valves is simultaneous, so that of the two last is simultaneous, but they are *successive* to each other's contraction.

Let us now direct our attention to the important changes which take place in the blood during its passage through the lungs, from one side of the heart back to the other.

The right auricle contains the blood just arriving from the general system by the veins, which terminate in it. This is venous blood. If the auricle be looked at it plainly shows the dark color of the venous blood. On the opposite side of the heart, in a corresponding situation, is the left auricle, which contains the blood arriving from the lungs.

The color of this blood, as seen through the walls of the auricle, is of a brilliant scarlet, strongly contrasting with that on the opposite side.

We see, then, the change of color which characterizes the arterial and venous bloods, and at the same time we are enabled to distinguish the exact point in the circulatory system where this change takes place.

The blood before its entrance into the lungs is bluish. Immediately after leaving them it is red, and this change is incessantly continued as fresh portions of the blood arrive at the right auricle and ventricle, pass through the pulmonary circulation, and return to the left cavities of the heart.

We see, therefore, that the blood in different parts of the system, although a continuous volume, is *not precisely the same blood*.

Let us now consider the course of the blood as it leaves the heart and is distributed to other parts of the body.

It enters the arteries, whose pulsations are but an extension of the pulsatile movements of the heart.

It is transmitted in an unbroken stream through these into the capillaries, and through those into the veins. In the first, the blood is red from the lungs and the stream is rapid. In the last, it is again dark and the stream sluggish.

In the arteries it is carried forward by their propulsive movements, but in the veins it moves slowly, and is pushed forward by the current from behind.

Between these are the minute tubes called the

capillaries. These have extremely attenuate walls, and it is through them that certain elements of the blood transude to replenish the constantly occurring waste of the tissues they penetrate.

These capillaries are found in every district of the human system, and they are the channels through which all the waste of the body is supplied.

They contain the blood in its proper state of distribution for nutrition.

They supply the material by which all the products of the various organs of secretion are elaborated.

From their contents is formed all the various substances which take part in the phenomena of digestion and digestive absorption.

Forming in their ramifications by far the greater part of the substance of every organ, and containing in their hollows by far the most active elements taking part in the function of every organ, they are really the nutrifying organs, supplying the pabulum which sustains the body and from which its products are evolved. From their contents are replenished all the fluids and the solids.

If the pancreas is to produce its characteristic secretion, it is the capillaries of the organ which supply the needed material for the work of elaboration.

If the bile is to be produced, it is the capillaries of its structure which furnish the substance which the liver transforms into bile.

If the gastric juice is needed for the digestion of the food in the stomach, it is the capillaries which transude the materials composing it.

But, further than this, the capillaries not only furnish these materials to be elaborated, but they perform the equally important service of reabsorbing the materials they had already supplied, together with those parts of the food that have been changed by the gastric juice and are fitted for assimilation.

Thus the capillaries furnish the materials which have transformed the food, and again possess themselves of the resulting combination of the food and their own previous substances.

They are not, therefore, the mere channels of the nutrient substances, but are also the seat of the great changes which occur in the blood itself.

The study of the capillaries, and what occurs within and immediately without them, is in fact the study of nutrition in its several phases.

Without these delicate, blood-holding tubes permeating everywhere the tissue of the lungs, no possibility would exist of supplying the

blood with oxygen, nor of ridding the system of the products of physiological combustion in the form of carbonic acid and animal vapor.

We have now taken a sufficiently lengthy survey of the great field or realm of phenomena, the study of which we remarked awhile ago was of truly surpassing interest to the welfare of man.

The experience of history teaches us that the relatively most important studies which have engaged the attention of the human mind are always the latest in the order of development to be pursued.

Thus the study of physiology, from being so comparatively difficult, and because its results did not immediately reward us with any direct addition to our material wealth, as the various other branches which are now so assiduously cultivated, will eventually become the most important of all these.

Nor is the time far distant when institutions of learning will be constrained to devote to it quite as much attention as any of the other branches of learning.

The *kind* of knowledge it confers has a far more direct and fruitful bearing upon man's interests, both present and eventual, both temporal and eternal, than all the others, which but strive at present to satisfy and stimulate our cupidity or our natural pride.

And at length it will be found that all these have preceded it and reached their fullest development in order that they may furnish an indispensable basis for this STUDY OF STUDIES.

WELCOME.—“Papa will soon be here,” said mamma to her two-year old boy. “What can Gregory do to welcome him?” And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

“Make the room neat,” replied the bright little one, understanding the look and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

“What more can we do to welcome papa?” asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

“Be happy to him when he comes!” cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now, as all the dictionary-makers will testify, it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not little Gregory give the substance of a welcome? “Be happy to him when he comes.”

FASHIONABLE young lady, detaching her hair before retiring: “What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil.”

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Botany for Invalids—No. IV.

BY MRS. MARY TREAT.

NEARLY all invalids love flowers. What a quick flush of joy overspreads the patient's face at the sight of a beautiful bouquet arranged by some loving hand! Those who scarcely ever notice flowers while strong and well, pre-occupied, as they think, with weightier matters, yet, if stricken down with disease, show this instinctive love as if it were a part of their very being. Yes, we all have love for the beautiful interwoven in our natures, although it may seem to lie dormant in some rude specimens of humanity. Young children especially show this love, but differing greatly in degree and intensity according to temperament and organization.

A frequent visitor of our flower-garden is a neighbor's delicate little son, only in his third summer. I first noticed this child's passionate devotion to flowers when our Tulips were in bloom. Looking from the window I saw him on his knees before these bright flowers, his face radiant, his little hands partly clasping but not touching, the flowers—a perfect picture of love and devotion. And what a picture it was for an artist! Many times a day these Tulips are visited, and as they began to wither and fade he seemed to look sad; but other bright flowers soon attracted his attention, and now the *Phlox Drummondii*, with its many brilliant colors, seems to be his special favorite. Never touching the flowers himself, he seems to think the bees and butterflies have no business to be robbing them of their sweets, his hands waving gently over the flowers to frighten these insects away. No doubt this child was born a botanist, but his future training may warp these fine sensibilities; he may be sent to school too young, and thus, coming in contact with minds cast in a rougher mold, will naturally influence his after career. "Like begets like." The companionship of the great and good has a direct influence upon the forming mind. 'Tis true, now and then a brilliant light emerges from darkness and obscurity, dazzling both continents, but these are exceptions; it is the surroundings, the culture while young, that gives us these master minds. Never was I more struck with the force of the truth of this than in reading a sketch by Mrs. Fletcher in *The Atlantic Monthly*, where she relates the following incident as occurring in Geneva, Switzerland, illustrative of my position:

"We do not remember who said that 'in Geneva every child is born an artist,' but the

statement would bear investigation. Talent as well as taste for drawing and painting is almost universal, and belongs as well to the poor as to the rich. It may not be well known that De Candolle, the celebrated and untiring Genevese botanist, made use, in a course of lectures, of a valuable collection of tropical American plants, intrusted to his care by a Spanish botanist. Unfortunately, the herbarium was needed by its owner sooner than expected, and Professor De Candolle was requested to send it back. This he stated to his audience, with many a regret for so irreparable a loss. But some of the ladies present at once offered to copy the whole collection in one week. This was done. The drawings, filling thirteen folio volumes, and amounting in number to eight hundred and sixty, were accurately executed by one hundred and fourteen women artists in the time specified. In most cases the principal parts of the plants alone were colored, the rest was only pencilled with great accuracy. Where is there another city of the same size in which such a number of lady artists could be found? One of these very drawings, having been accidentally dropped in the street, was picked up by a little girl ten years old, and returned to De Candolle, copied by the child, and it is no blemish to the collection."

It is well known that Geneva has been the home of literature and the fine arts for centuries, so we do not so much wonder at the number of lady artists found there.

But the civilization or culture of the human family, or of the animal kingdom in general, has no more marked effect than the change man has made in plants. Our fruits, grains and vegetables have all sprung from plants that would hardly be recognized as the same species. The almost innumerable varieties of the apple have all originated from a hard, sour, unpalatable forest fruit. The same may be said of all our fruits, though the change is not so great as in the apple. Some of our wild small fruits are delicious. The flavor of the strawberry in its natural state is superior to the monsters produced in cultivation. Horticulturists may think me semi-barbarous in taste when I say I have eaten wild grapes at the West that I preferred to any cultivated variety ever tasted; and may-be my roving life in those Western wilds did affect my taste, for I have eaten wild plums there that I pronounced equal to the horticulturist's best. They were large, juicy and firm-meated, and if a little bitter in taste next the skin, it could be easily obviated by paring, which I invariably did, when nothing could be more delicious. Of course, these fruits could be improved as regards size, but it is doubtful if a finer flavor could be imparted. And this is the fruit for invalids—the tree of life—if they will hunt and pluck for themselves.

A wealthy gentleman of New England, given up by his physicians to die with consumption, as a last resort started for the West. On arriving at the prairies—Nature's great flower-gardens—he shunned doctors and men, camping out and living on wild fruits and simple bread. The result was that in three years' time he was a healthy, robust man, and could not be induced to give up his roving life; but he hunted and trapped, and would endure all kinds of exposure, never taking cold nor scarcely knowing fatigue. 'Tis true, good health is the first and greatest blessing we can enjoy, and second to this is congenial society—society of man. We have no sympathy with one who isolates himself from his fellows out of disregard for their fellowship. However much we may admire Thoreau, yet we have a secret feeling of chagrin that he should prefer the society of woodchucks to man. The remarks of the critic in *The North American Review* were to the point, when, in reviewing Thoreau, he said: "The natural man, like the singing birds, comes out of the forest as inevitably as the natural bear and wild-cat stick there."

Cultivation, too, has given us many varieties of grain. Almost innumerable varieties of maize or Indian corn have been produced since the landing of Columbus on these shores. We have early six weeks' corn, and later varieties that take a long summer to perfect, originally from the same species. These early varieties were brought about by taking corn as far north as it would grow, where in the course of time it learned to ripen in the short summers, and is sent back to us for early garden varieties. It is a very easy matter to hybridize corn, as every farmer knows, for the staminate or male flowers are at the summit of the stalk, and the pollen, at the mercy of the winds, may be carried to a distant cornfield, where, falling upon the silk or pistillate flowers, it produces a mixture often differing in color from either parent.

So the change in our vegetables is no less marked. The potato in its native wilds has scarcely a tuber upon its roots, but cultivation has produced untold varieties. The parsnip in its native state has a slender, poisonous root, but is made wholesome and nutritious by the abundance of saccharine matter deposited after years of care and cultivation. But this plant, almost more than any other, has a tendency to go back to its original or former worthlessness. If left to itself for only two or three years, about the garden fence or some other out-of-the-way place, the root dwindles in size, becomes hard, acrid and poisonous. Frequent cases of

poisoning have occurred in families unacquainted with this fact. The cabbage is another illustration, which has no appearance of a head in its natural state.

But perhaps there is no more marked change in plants cultivated for use than in those for ornament. By cultivation the internal organs of flowers—stamens and pistils—are gradually made to pass into petals and thus become double. This is frequently carried to such an extent that all traces of sexual organs disappear—they have all become petals, and of course no seed can be produced. If civilization and high culture can thus affect plants, may it not affect the human family in the same way? May this not be the reason why so few children, comparatively speaking, are born among highly intellectual and cultivated people, while in the cabins and log huts of the poor we see swarms of children, the same as we do seeds among uncultivated plants?

The great natural order or family *Compositæ*, to which we are indebted for most of our autumnal flowers, is by far the most extensive of all the natural orders, embracing about nine thousand species, and always known by its heads of flowers and united anthers. They are distributed over all parts of the globe, but very unequally. According to Humboldt, in some of the countries of Europe and Asia they constitute but a very small proportion, while in tropical America and in some of the tropical islands they are full one-half of all the flowering plants, and on the Island of Sicily, according to some botanists, they are one-half. They give us but very few useful species, unless we call the horrid bitter herbs with which we were dosed in childhood useful, and which we never see without a sort of dread and nauseating sensation—as, for instance, thoroughwort, tansey, wormwood, camomile, and many others, whose medicinal virtues were formerly supposed to be very great. Latterly, most of these supposed medicinal plants are very much out of favor, and we do not see the great bundles of dried herbs in every well-regulated household as formerly. But some of our most brilliant and highly ornamental plants are found in this order. Our autumnal gardens would look dreary enough did not this family give us the splendid Dahlias, Crysanthemums, Asters, Zinias, Helianthus, and many others too numerous to mention.

The fields and waste places are no less indebted to this order for their autumnal decorations than our gardens. Especially the graceful Goldenrod, whose beauty and gracefulness has been the theme of poets in all ages. Over thirty

species of Goldenrod decorate our roadsides and fields. The most pleasant species is *Solidago odora* or Sweet-scented Goldenrod. The crushed leaves of this species have a fine fragrance, similar to anise, and are frequently distilled for the fragrant volatile oil which they yield in abundance, and they have been used as a substitute for tea, and even been exported to China. As every body is supposed to know the Goldenrod, it is hardly necessary to speak of the flowers, for the divisions of calyx and corolla, stamens, pistils, fruit and seeds, are what we depend upon to determine the family and genus, but as we all know this belongs to the *Compositae* family, and genus *Solidago*, we have only to look carefully that we do not mistake the species, which is determined by the leaves. The stem is from two to three feet high, the leaves linear-lanceolate, smooth and entire, with a strong, yellowish mid-vein, veinlets scarcely perceptible; but, above all, the fragrance of this species is so distinct from the others it can hardly be mistaken. It takes its generic name from the Latin *solido*, to make whole, in allusion to its then supposed medicinal properties; its specific name, *odora*, from its sweet-scented leaves.

But soon the frost will crisp and blacken these flowers, and we can only turn to our books and dried collections, of which I hope we have all secured a good supply, to study during our leisure in the long winter months.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

A Homily for Ministers and Christians.

BY REV. DR. JOHN MARSH.

THERE is, it is believed, no portion of the Christian world in which religion has a higher and purer type than America. England, our fatherland, has, we know, ever been identified with extreme formalism, amid much true devotion. Scottish piety has been in another extreme—piety of the head more than the heart. America has placed her religion more in the affections—is more decidedly spiritual, seeks an abstraction from all that is visible and tangible. But is there not danger of an extreme, even here? May not we Americans become, even in our piety, so wholly spiritual as almost entirely to neglect the animal constitution, and bring injury upon ourselves and disgrace the very religion in which we glory? By what law is that minister of the Gospel or that professing Christian governed whose conversation is daily and literally in heaven, but whose mouth is filled with tobacco? who indulges two or three times

a day in his cigar? or who, without any regard to the admonitions of those who understand their poisonous qualities, will be seen using in social and friendly circles alcoholic beverages? Paul tells us: "The body is for the Lord," and therefore it is as much a part of true religion to take care of the body as it is to take care of the soul—a strange doctrine; however, it is believed by not a few professing Christians. Temperance sermons were at one time viewed as an outrage in Christian pulpits. And the clergyman who should now deliver a discourse upon the Laws of Health, severely remarking upon a daily violation of those laws in Christian families—in their food, their dress, their labors, their parties and pleasures—would be considered in most congregations as forfeiting his ministerial standing.

In caring for the body there is, even among many good people, little or no conscience. They do not feel that they are responsible for what they eat or drink, or for what dress they wear or what pleasures they engage in; if the heart be right, if they have saving faith and make a good profession before many witnesses and give liberally of their substance, that is enough. But it is not so. We are to be temperate in all things and keep in subjection our appetites and passions. The body is for the Lord, and our bodies are to become temples of the Holy Ghost; and until ministers and Christians understand this better than they do, and care more for health and less for appetite, in vain shall we look for the suppression of intemperance and the reformation of inebriates; in vain shall we look for the disuse of tobacco and narcotics among our young men; in vain shall we expect a converting and sanctifying power in the pulpit and the Church, and in vain look for the coming of the glorious millennium. Let all, then, remember, "The body is for the Lord;" is to be subject to His law and trained for His glory. In neglect of this not a few good men live out not half their days. In our attention to it there is an increase of days, an increase of animal and spiritual enjoyment, a vastly increased usefulness, and an honor put on Him who has formed us, placed us in this beautiful world and fitted us for His glory.

GARMENTS of beauty may cover, but they can never impart worth to abandoned character.

WHY is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never underrates any body.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

Health of Girls—No. V.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE compression of the chest is still another cause of disease and debility. The chest contains the heart and lungs, two organs demanding special space for exercise. Indeed, by nature there is just room enough for all of the internal organs and none to spare. If any are crowded, their usefulness, so to speak, is impaired, and none more than the lungs and heart. These, in the form given to the chest, are amply protected, bounded by firm bones, the ribs, breast-bone, spinal column, etc.—at least firm when fully matured. This chest, at birth, is large, ample to accommodate and protect its contents, the shape being adapted to its design. But that shape is wonderfully and sadly changed from its original conical form, with the larger portion down, inverting Nature's plan. Those who doubt this will please observe the chest of the infant at birth, notice the ample expanse of the ribs, particularly at the base, relatively larger in the female than in the male, for reasons that need not be specified. But, between the ages of ten and fifteen years, though some have supposed that the days of corsets, etc., have passed away, mark the wasp-like forms, so beautiful, and notice that this change occurs very soon after the miss begins to have some idea of "taste," diminishing in size, particularly at the base, at a very rapid rate just when the dawn of womanhood appears, when the chest naturally enlarges. Facts justify the assertion that the chest is relatively the smallest where it should be the largest, diminishing from birth. Now, this is not without a cause. A part of this is referable, it may be, to the tight bandages of infancy, worn sufficiently tight to cause discomfort, if not pain, and at a time when the bones—if such they may be called—are very yielding. At this time a slight pressure is sufficient to materially diminish the size of the chest; still, all of the mischief is not done at this time. A system of "tight lacing" is commenced in girlhood and continued systematically, though the pressure may be slight, so slight as to be regarded as of no importance. Yet such pressure, commenced when the bones are yielding and continued for a few years, is sufficient to produce the result—a sad result.

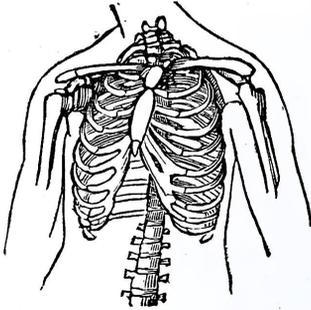
But the causes are of less importance than the results. Observation teaches us that the chests and waists of females are relatively smaller than

those of males, while at birth they are larger, and ought to be, for sufficient reasons. If the chest is thus contracted, adequate room for the lungs, etc., is utterly impossible. If the lungs are in any respect compressed, the minute air-cells and passages—estimated by millions—become closed and adhere for ever, rendering a full inflation of the lungs, and a consequent full supply of air, utterly impossible. To understand the extent of the evils of such compression, it should be remembered that one object of breathing is to purify the blood by a contact with the air—or its oxygen—in the lungs, one of the most important means of purifying the blood. Indeed, this method is much more efficacious than the use of all of the sarsaparilla "blood-purifiers" that ignorant quacks have ever cursed society with, since this is Nature's own purifier, leaving no "dregs of impurity" introduced in the very process of purification. (Young lady, if you would purify your blood, use less salt, less "grease," less pork—the most abominable of all grease; less diseased animal food, etc.; it is difficult to use too little of such articles—and breathe as much as possible of pure, cool air, day and night, exercising sufficiently to throw off the waste of the body, and you will not only find an economical but also an effectual method.)

Again, this compression of the lungs is among the many causes of pulmonary consumption, so alarmingly prevalent at the present day particularly among females—a disease that is consigning thousands of the fair buds of mortality, frail young ladies, to a premature grave annually, even in our own favored country. It is not necessary to state the physiological reasons for this result; yet, it is a fact that such pressure, closing the air-cells, etc., resulting in facilitating unhealthful deposits or preventing their escape, preventing the ordinary supply of air, etc. etc., is making sad inroads into the health of the future mothers, those now in the bloom of life. Indeed, this is a disease comparatively unknown in savage society—a kind of crowning glory (?) of civilization? It may be remarked in this connection that we are breathing an insufficient amount of pure air, even under the most favorable circumstances. We have too little fresh air at night in our sleeping-rooms, often almost hermetically sealed as a means of excluding the supposed "poisonous night air." Still others are breathing only about half the necessary quantity at each inspiration, partly from habit and partly from a compression of the chest that admits of only a limited supply. Nature has provided for and demands full, deep and copious

inspirations of this grand invigorator and purifier—life-imparting, pure air, inviting full measure, "pressed down," enough to expand the cells, enabling them to eject irritating and poisonous deposits.

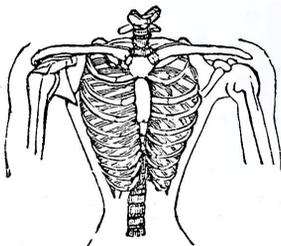
It has not escaped the notice of observers that there is a close connection between a large and well-developed chest and lungs and physical



A NATURAL WAIST.

power and endurance. If about to exert our strength to the best advantage we instinctively inhale a generous supply of air as one of the necessary means of preparation. The fleet animals, the most hardy, those enduring the most fatigue, etc., are those well developed in the chest, possessing ample lung-power. Human beings having such lungs are seldom the victims of diseases of this character, unless the result of accidental causes, such as breathing poisonous air and the fumes generated in some chemical works, or causes of a similar nature.

To be safe in this matter, to be sure that the lungs are in no danger of being too much compressed, it is absolutely necessary that clothing should be so loose that no inconvenience shall be felt by taking a free inspiration, full and deep. But very few, if any, fashionable young ladies can be found who are thus free to breathe



AN UNNATURAL WAIST.

the air of heaven without restraint. Most are so deformed, have chests so compressed, that the lungs contain only about one-half of the air necessary to meet the wants of the system.

Many, far too many seek, by a daily compression of the chest and waist, to imitate the forms of the "fashion plates," which generally are mere caricatures of the human form as it came from the Great Architect.

Still another evil resulting from this insufficient supply of air—the food of the lungs—is connected with the heat of the body, or what is generally termed animal heat. A process is constantly going on in the system, an action connected with the relations of the air and waste parts of the body, by which warmth is evolved. Now, if there is an insufficient supply of air—and only large lungs can receive the necessary supply—if the blood is only partially purified, it is utterly impossible to develop a sufficient amount of heat to meet the wants of the system. Hence the "chills" of so many delicate young ladies, the purple cheeks, the bloodless lips, the shrivelled appearance, etc., are all indicative of an insufficient supply of natural heat. Hence the necessity of artificial warmth, the extra clothing, the hot soap-stones, etc., while the extremities are cold and pale, like lifeless remains, the blood having retired to the internal organs—almost congesting them—and the head, but from the same cause.

The remedy for such difficulties consists principally in removing the cause, enlarging the lungs by systematic full-breathing, throwing the shoulders back, standing erect, allowing full motion to the muscles of the chest, with such gymnastic exercises as are calculated to bring these muscles into action, enlarging the chest; or, still better, by useful labors, such as one of ordinary capacity may suggest, constantly bearing in mind that the object is to expand the chest and lungs, strengthening the muscles connected with them by appropriate exercise, breathing as much pure air as possible. Such a course would diminish doctor's bills and those of a similar character, benefiting young ladies more than those whose success depends upon the misfortunes and sickness of society.

REPRODUCTION.—A single grain of barley was planted by an agriculturist in the Isle of Man in 1862, and the same year produced 300 grains. These were sown, and the second year's produce was about half a pint. These were again sown, and the third year's produce was 14 pounds, which being again sown, have realized this year about seven bushels, covering a space of one hundred yards by five. Thus there have been produced in four years seven bushels of barley from a single grain.



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1866.

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.

DEATH OF REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

OUR friend and contributor, Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, died at his home in Medford, August 26, 1866, at the ripe age of 81 years. Unlike most who live so long, he retained his health, vigor and usefulness up to the very day of his death. He was found dead in his bed on Monday morning, August 27, although he attended church the day before, and retired at night in usual health and strength.

Mr. Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785. He graduated at Yale College at the age of 19. Of his life, it may be said, it was a most useful one. He had that rare combination of talents which, while it made him reformatory, precluded the possibility of his being a "man of one idea." His tastes led him to occupy himself at different times with law, trade, teaching, mechanics, poetry, medicine, politics and divinity. His mind was "hospitable to new ideas;" hence, whatever in any branch of human life appeared to claim a candid hearing was sure to find in him a reasonable and ready listener. While pastor of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston, he made himself quite noted as a fearless advocate of the then unpopular Temperance cause. The following account of the feeling at the time is from the pen of one who is familiar with the facts:

"It chanced that several of the wealthiest and

weightiest people in his church were distillers and spirit-dealers. To these persons the zeal and activity of Mr. Pierpont in the Temperance Reform, from its very commencement, were highly distasteful, and they led a party strong enough to prevent, for a long series of years, the payment of his salary, after they had vainly tried other means of getting rid of him. A majority of the pew-owners took this position, and held it, though a decided majority of the congregation were in favor of the pastor and his ideas. Since among these earnest friends were some who were able to advance him money, so that want of the means of subsistence should not oblige him to quit the field, Mr. Pierpont remained and carried on the war with vigor. Reduced to extremity, the rumsellers of Hollis Street made public complaint of their minister as neglecting his pastoral duties, and brought in evidence certain ingenious mechanical inventions devised and patented by him and publicly sold in connection with his name. The time and thought bestowed upon the invention of these articles, they averred, was so much unjustifiably withdrawn from their service, in violation of his contract as their minister; while the advertisement and sale of these articles, publicly connecting the name of a reverend clergyman with mechanical and commercial transactions, was a grievous derogation from his professional dignity!

"The published reply of Mr. Pierpont to the published charge above described, was one of the keenest specimens of sarcastic wit I ever saw. In regard to the charge of fraudulent withdrawal of time from the services of the parish, he said that it came with a very ill grace from those particular persons, who were very slack in their attendance on his preaching, and still more so in reducing to practice the truths he taught. But in fact there had been no neglect on his part, either of public duties or pastoral attendance. He had never failed them in either particular. But he had chosen to employ those hours and weeks of recreation which are admitted by all to be essential to bodily and mental health, in employments that combined use with recreation. He did not understand true dignity, either that of a man or that of a minister, to be infringed by any sort of useful activity. And he had the pleasure to find, by the commercial demand for those articles in use for daily household comfort which his care and skill had improved, that he had enlarged the sum of human happiness, and aided the material as well as the spiritual welfare of his generation. He then wittily described each of the articles in question, enumerated the advantages which his improvement had added to it, and mentioned the place where the improved article was for sale, assuring his critics that a fair trial of these things could not fail to convince them. His wit, and the soundness of his argument, turned the laugh of the whole city upon his assailants, who could revenge themselves only by withholding his salary for a time. The law ultimately compelled them to pay up the whole of it."

Mr. Pierpont's patriotism will long be remembered by all. At the age of 75, when the war for the destruction of the Union began, he im-

mediately offered his services to Gov. Andrew as chaplain of one of the Massachusetts regiments, was accepted, and marched with the Twenty-second Regiment to the seat of war. The exposures of camp life, however, proved too severe a tax upon his powers, and he resigned. He was subsequently appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington, which post he held at the time of his death.

The following anecdote illustrates Mr. Pierpont's honesty—it is almost unexampled:

"The Rev. Mr. Stetson, in his address on the death of the Rev. John Pierpont, narrated the circumstances connected with Mr. Pierpont's business failure in 1861. Not daring to make use of money to which he had not a perfect right, he left his well-furnished and well-provided house in Baltimore, and, with his wife and children, rented a single apartment in an obscure portion of the city. His partner found him with much difficulty, and reminded him that there were funds in the possession of the firm which the creditors would expect them to live upon until the affairs of the firm could be settled. Mr. Pierpont promptly replied: 'No, not a dollar will I touch.' For three days he was almost without food, and during this time he wrote his famous 'Airs of Palestine,' which he carried to a publisher, who purchased it for the sum of five hundred dollars. This poem had great popularity, two editions being soon called for. Mr. Stetson stated that Mr. Pierpont was induced to use his inventive powers and to compile school-books to obtain extra funds for the payment of his business obligations. From these he was legally exempt; but the honorable and high-minded man regarded himself as morally bound to discharge them."

In his will, Mr. Pierpont gives a valuable lesson to professional men in regard to the habit of regular exercise as a means of relaxation and to preserve and educate the body. His turning-lathe, with all its fittings and equipments, chisels, files, etc., together with his tool-chest, he bequeathed to his step-son, Mr. Fowler, in consideration of the fact that he is skilled in the use of mechanical tools, trusting that they will be to him, as they have been to the testator, "a means of educating the physical organs and powers, of relaxation from mental labors, of general bodily health, and of amusement, both innocent and salutary."

As a poet Mr. Pierpont will ever be held in grateful remembrance by his countrymen. Many of his poems are familiar to every school-boy and school-girl, as they have been largely copied into the school-books of the age. They were always full of pathos and imagination, and rarely failed to convey a very important lesson of life. Several of these have been published in THE HERALD OF HEALTH, among the most recent of which is the one entitled "Nothing but

Water to Drink." There is something in his verses that always touches the popular heart, and they are constantly being republished in the newspapers of the day.

The following religious poem from his pen was written to be sung at the dedication of the Congregational Church in Plymouth, which was built on the ground occupied by the first Congregational church erected in America, and gives a good example of his style:

"The winds and waves were roaring,
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, their God adoring,
They stood in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

"Not thus, O God, to praise thee,
Do we, their children, throng;
The temple's arch we raise thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet, on the winds that bore thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before thee
From hearts as true as theirs!

"What have we, Lord, to bind us,
To this, the Pilgrims' shore!
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before,
The wintry surge, that dashes
Against the rocks they trod,
Their memory and their ashes—
Be thou their guard, O God!

"We would not, Holy Father,
Forsake this hallowed spot,
Till on that shore we gather
Where graves and griefs are not;
The shore where true devotion
Shall rear no pillared shrine,
And see no other ocean
Than that of love divine."

Probably the last writing he did for the press was the letter written for and published in THE HERALD OF HEALTH for August concerning his personal habits.

While his memory will gladden the hearts of thousands, who only knew him to love, his bright spirit has gone to the summer land to be for ever at rest.

EXHAUSTED COAL FIELDS.—The English people fear the destruction of their nation by an exhaustion of her coal fields. They had better fear its destruction by physical vices such as knowledge would remedy. If coal gives out, they will find abundance of it in America for generations to come; but if their habits of dissipation should ever become so bad as to ruin the race, there will be no remedy.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera has now nearly disappeared from New York; indeed, it has not raged here with great violence during the past season. The number of deaths has been considerably less than one thousand. There is much to learn from its visitation, which, if people were wise, they would put in practice. There is no more necessity of these occasional visits of cholera to our shores, than there is of the regular visits of alligators and the fierce serpents of the torrid climes. They only come because we have such depraved ways of living; so many foul basements and tenement-houses; eat so much constipating and obstructing food; breathe so much foul air, drink so much liquor, and bathe so infrequently. The very habits of life which render one liable to this disease, are those which, when cholera-poison is not present, produce other diseases, or such debility and weakness as render life very imperfect and uncertain. The lesson people can never learn is that these visitations come in consequence of violated organic law; and that it is infinitely better so to eat, drink, sleep and exercise, and to so construct our houses and clean and drain our cities, that they shall be proof against pestilence.

Sordid people think money is made by grinding down the poor and giving them little chance to live cleanly, comfortable lives; but there is no surer way to depreciate property in any part of a city than to debase its inhabitants by poverty or sickness; nor any surer way to increase its value than to improve the health and home surroundings of the population.

We owe much to the Board of Health for their earnest efforts to put the city in a better sanitary condition. They seem to have taken hold of the tail end of the Hygienic system of treatment, so far as preventive measures are concerned. For this let them have due credit. As regards treatment, they have little to boast of. Under the regular treatment about sixty per cent. have died. This is not a very creditable record to maintain by the physicians of that medical school which boasts of its origin and its antiquity, its respectability, its facilities for medical culture, and that, too, in New York, where the talent of the profession reside. Homeopaths, on the other hand, whom the regular profession will not allow to control even one ward of a cholera hospital, get, perhaps, their proportion of cases to treat, and, if we may trust the reports, they lose less than the regular profession. Indeed, a leading New York weekly declares that nearly all patients treated Homeo-

pathically recover. It can hardly be said that the Hygienic physicians treat many cases, but they do some, and the results have been more favorable than by any other practice; and so it ever will be. Cholera is a disease pre-eminently of filth and unbalanced circulation and action. And the Hygienic system has for its chief end and aim cleanliness, a regulation of irregular and unbalanced action, and good nursing. The day has not quite come for the full realization of the benefits of this system to the people; but just as soon as the car of progress advances and people become educated, and understand the relation which drug-poisons have to the human system, just so sure will they cease to take them or employ physicians who give them. The signs of the times plainly show that this day is coming more rapidly than we are aware. Let those who are interested in human growth and progress, and particularly in medical reform, which lies close to all other reforms, do all they can to help on this golden day.

GRAPES.—Horace Greeley, in writing from Vermont about the destruction of the apple-trees by insects, multiplied because of the destruction of birds by cold winds, and augmented by the destruction of forests, says:

"We must try to change this; but, for the present, I ask attention to the multiplication and diffusion of choice vines. The grape, under skillful culture, is a surer crop to-day than almost any other delicate fruit, the strawberry only excepted. Experienced growers say that grapes may be grown, wherever they thrive at all, for the price of wheat, pound for pound; yet, while wheat scarcely averages four cents per pound to growers, grapes can almost always be sold at double that price. We can start the vine and enjoy its fruit within three years; whereas at least thrice that time is required to bring an orchard from infancy to maturity. Our farmers and mechanics, their wives and children, but especially our farm-laborers and day-laborers generally, ought to eat far more good fruit and far less salt meat—and they can not until fruit becomes far cheaper and more abundant."

INFLUENCE OF MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS ON PLANT-LIFE.—"Competing for a prize in Experimental Physiology, a French observer has recently ascertained that plants are far more sensitive than animals to poisons. Even citric and tartaric acids, in very dilute solution, kill the plants that absorb them. So do many substances, as very dilute mixtures of alcohol and ether. Quinine and anchomine will stop the growth of a plant and often kill it."

Probably plants have not got so used to being poisoned as men. Let poisoning be practiced on plants for a few generations, and perhaps they could endure it better.

FEVER AND AGUE.—During the autumn, in malarious districts, this disease is always prevalent in a greater or less degree. Whether the recent discoveries by the microscope have disclosed the true cause of it has not yet been decided with certainty; suffice it to say, its cause is in some way connected with those changes in vegetable matter which are produced in low, wet regions, near marshy swamps and ponds, where vegetation is vigorous and its decay rapid under a hot sun. It is not our purpose now to go into a minute history of the disease, or the various remedies which have been vainly tried to prevent and cure it. Its history is written indelibly in the shattered frames of ten thousand pioneers and their families, who too early emigrated to the Far West, and placed too much dependence upon drugs for a cure. It has never been considered a dangerous disease, as it rarely terminates in death; but if it does not kill outright, it is a disease which produces very great suffering, more so than many others of a fatal character. It has been described as a monster seizing his victim, chilling and shaking him with a cold no fire can warm, burning him with heat to the other extreme, and finally melting and sweating him into a temporary relief, lasting for one, two or four days. Really, the disease is not a monster at all, but a peculiar kind of remedial effort on the part of the system to rid itself of the poison that has been introduced into the body, either through the lungs or by means of the water and food taken into the stomach.

In speaking of this disease we shall discuss, firstly, its prevention, and, secondly, its cure.

PREVENTION OF FEVER AND AGUE.

As it is caused by a poison which, taken into the body, is acted on by the vital energies, the question is, How can we avoid it? We can not prepare for it as we do for visible danger, but, if people would be more careful in selecting their homes, and to avoid such as are known to be malarious, they would succeed quite effectually in preventing the disease. We are never so careful as we should be in choosing our homes that they may be healthful. There is great recklessness of life and future happiness manifested by nearly everybody in choosing the place where all their joys and happiness should culminate, where their children are to be born and reared. Many of our largest cities are located on low, wet ground, which can never be healthful. So serious is this matter becoming, that the eminent Dr. Bowditch of Boston says in an essay read before the Massachusetts Medi-

cal Society, "Now, the track of a railway, or the wit or reckless energy of the owner of some swamp may be the sole reason for erecting a station-house, and thereby promoting the erection of dwelling-houses near by, in localities totally unfit for human habitation." He thinks the Government should not allow the health of its inhabitants to be tampered with in this way, but should prevent it by suitable legislation. There is much force in his argument. A home should be chosen with even more care than in buying a horse or building a railroad. Above all things, it should be sunny, dry, airy, away from swamps, and furnish pure water. Another way to prevent ague is to keep the standard of health high. Whenever men gormandize on constipating food, pork, grease and all the abominations which are generally found on our tables, they are, if exposed to miasma, more likely to contract ague than where proper care is taken to have only healthful food to eat and pure water to drink. Many a case of ague is cured by proper attention to diet and bathing. If the bowels do not become torpid, the liver obstructed, and the skin inactive and feeble, there is less danger from exposure to ague-miasma than where all these conditions are combined. A system obstructed by imperfect depuration seems to furnish a very suitable place for planting the seeds of fever and ague, while a clean, healthy system, on the other hand, is rarely liable to an attack. This is certainly a very strong argument in favor of cleanliness, internal as well as external.

There is one point regarding our habits that, in regions where miasma abounds, we ought to guard against—it is night-exposure. Then, more than at any other time, are the atmospheric causes of this disease present. There should be no needless exposure to night air in fever and ague localities. We by no means mean by this that persons should sleep with closed windows, but that they should keep from places where the poison exists. It is much better to sleep on the side of a house where the sun shines, and an upper room will be more free than a lower one from bad air. The practice of sleeping in rooms on the ground floor, in either city or country, is bad; the higher up the room the better the air. It is also a most excellent plan to have an open fire in our sleeping-rooms in malarious districts, not so much for heat as for dryness. With fire, ventilation can be made more perfect. If it be true that malaria is only microscopic fungi, as has lately been argued by scientific men, it will be very plainly seen that a fire in a room may entirely or partially destroy the germs, or pre-

vent their development so as to render them harmless.

THE CURE OF AGUE.

Of course, it is very desirable in treating this disease to get the patient away from its immediate cause to where the air is pure and the water wholesome. The special treatment is quite simple and generally very efficacious—balance the circulation and counteract the leading symptoms. The chill should be treated by warm applications, and the fever by cooling ones. Hot foot-baths, fomentations to the abdomen, bottles of hot water to the sides, arm-pits and down the limbs, will be found excellent. When it is possible to put the patient, at the beginning of the chill, into a hot bath—as hot as he can comfortably bear, and have active friction applied to the entire surface until the skin is red and in a glow—the chill will generally be very much lighter, and probably not be felt at all.

The hot stage should be treated by tepid ablu-tion, the wet-sheet pack, or, if the patient is strong, the cold effusion. Give only such cooling drinks as water, lemonade, the juice of fresh oranges or ripe grapes.

The intermission of the paroxysm should be treated with quiet, rest and good nursing.

The diet should be rather abstemious and principally of mild acid fruits. Fresh, ripe grapes will themselves, if used in moderation, often without other treatment, cure ague. It is possible that other fruits might prove equally beneficial. All greasy food, or that which is hard to digest, or constipating to the bowels, or obstructing to the liver, should be scrupulously avoided.

We might in this connection speak of the use of the Turkish Bath as a means of curing ague, if it was more commonly adopted in our houses. It will probably be found, when tested on a large scale, as it has already been proved in a number of cases, to be the most complete and perfect bath for this disease. This bath might be constructed in every house in the country, at small expense, for family use; and, when rightly appreciated, we have no doubt it will be as necessary to every well-regulated house as a pantry or kitchen.

In regard to the drug treatment of the ague, we only need say it is producing thousands of chronic invalids all over the West; the children of whom, as we have hundreds of times had occasion to observe, are feeble in constitution, dwarfed in stature, and likely to prove much less perfect men and women than they otherwise would be. We are thoroughly satisfied

that a wise Hygienic treatment of ague will more perfectly cure the disease than drugs, and without danger to any person's future health.

"LOOK TO THY MOUTH."—A friend sends us the following poem, which is slightly altered from one written by that good and Christian philosopher, George Herbert, who was co-temporary with Lord Bacon. It was our good fortune to be presented with Herbert's Poems by the first patient we ever treated. They are full of rich sayings, some of which we shall, perhaps, some time give to our readers. The idea inculcated in the following poem is that sociality at the table is a preventive, in part, of over-eating; also, that men, like the planets, ought to live by rule, and that it is necessary to keep a guard on our passions. The style is quaint, but none the worse for that:

LOOK TO THY MOUTH.

Look to thy mouth, diseases enter there;

Thou hast two sconces: if thy stomach call,
Carve or discourse; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on food, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
Then say withal, "Earth to earth I commit."

Slight those who say amid their sickly healths,

"Thou livest by rule." Who does not so but
man?

Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.

Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,

From his elliptic line; beckon the sky;

Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

Man is a shop of rules; a well-trussed pack,

Whose every parcel underwrites a law.

Love not thyself nor give thy humors sway,

God gave them to thee under lock and key.

GOITER IN AMERICA.—Dr. J. Green, referring to our note on Goiter in the July HERALD, mentions several cases that came under his observation which he thinks were caused by bad water. He says:

"I then ascribed the complaint to the use of water extensively saturated with lime, as snow-water was not drunk there. It was frequently melted for washing purposes, as the water in the brooks was so saturated with lime that it could not be used to advantage. Or did any other cause exist that I could discover to produce that diseased action, as in Switzerland and Savoy, where the absence of light may engender idiots, mind being dependent on light? I then considered it peculiar to that section of the country, and not at all prevalent in any other part of the country."

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.—Nature, having furnished every human being with two hands and one mouth, plainly teaches the lesson that we should work twice as much as we eat—that it is our bounden duty to earn our dinner before we eat it. No man is so rich that he can afford to be idle, because indolence is a violation of the physical laws, and one which is sure to be followed by severe punishment. The circulation of the blood will not be changed to suit the convenience of the millionaire, and there is not wealth enough in all the world to purchase a new digestive apparatus for the diseased stomach. Sickness indicates a transgression of the laws of health, “and a foul stomach, as well as a wicked heart, is an abomination to the Lord.” We believe in the gospel of health. We have faith in muscular Christianity. We do not hesitate to ask our parish of readers to row, ride, sail, walk, run, leap, swim, climb, shout, sing, box, and perform feats of ground and lofty tumbling; even if by doing so they can banish the blues, aid digestion, sharpen appetites, and promote health and longevity. Pull an oar on the river; take a turn in the gymnasium; leap into the saddle and shake up the juices of the body; spread a sail to the wind, and let the air fan you with its invisible wings. When you knock down the nine-pins they must remind you of the ills that flesh is heir to; the ball is a mere pill, which you take outwardly for the removal of disease. There is not a shadow of truth in the old notion that a pale face is the sign of piety, or that a long one is a guarantee of a good heart. It is no sin to be muscular, to have a broad chest, to wear a healthy countenance, to have a good appetite and good digestion, and to be able to sleep soundly. The slave who prayed with his feet found freedom, for which he returned thanks upon his knees. There is physical salvation in air and light and sunshine and exercise. There is religion in labor, and the devils will be cast out of the stomach and the blood of the invalid if he follows the example of Christ, who *went about* doing good. A clear head, well poised over a clean stomach; a warm heart, with a vigorous circulation; a stout arm, with a strong fist at the end of it, are certificates of obedience to law. Away with the idea that white lips, and weak eyes, and narrow chests, and feeble lungs, and aching backs, and dizzy brains and attenuated limbs are favorable to the growth of piety. We are to love God with all our heart and soul and strength, and the more heart and soul and strength we have the more we can love God.

When a man carries in his face a certificate of gluttony or drunkenness or lechery we read his character without an interpreter, and know that he tramples upon the laws of Nature. Let us beware—there are other methods of breaking the laws of our being. It is a sin to sleep in an unventilated room, when you have strength enough in your fist to break a pane of glass or knock a hole through the wall. The atmosphere is forty miles deep, and he who shuts it out from his lungs need not envy the donkey its redundancy of ear. It is a sin to cram the stomach with indigestible food, make it a nest for breeding sickness and disease. Instinct, which is the reason of brutes, teaches the cattle to do better than those human beings do who make their systems the receptacles of whatever can be pulverized or melted or torn to pieces, risking digestion, as a client does a bad case, in the court of chancery.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.—We recently asked Gerrit Smith to write us an article on the effects of bad habits, such as smoking, chewing, drinking, night-sessions of Congress and dissipation upon legislation. We did not get the article we desired, but we received the following epistle, which we share with our readers:

“PETERBORO’, August 29, 1866.

“MILLER, Wood & Co.—*Dear Sirs:* I thank you for the July and August numbers of your very useful periodical, and for the honor you have done me in inviting me to write for it. I regret that I can not accept your invitation. My excuse for not accepting it is, that I am an old man (in my 70th year) and am hurried with labor.

“But you do not lack writers. Some of our very ablest writers are at your service. How sad that the pen of dear John Pierpont has fallen from his hand! I read with great pleasure his article on Personal Habits!

“Please continue to send me your periodical. Inclosed are two dollars to pay for a year’s subscription.

“Respectfully yours,
“GERRIT SMITH.”

SCIENTIFIC NONSENSE.—The scientific column of an exchange contains the following bit of scientific nonsense:

“**PRODUCTION OF QUININE IN THE BODY.**—It has recently been ascertained beyond a doubt that there exists in the bodies of man and animals a fluorescent substance nearly precisely identical with vegetable quinine. This newly discovered substance of the animal body is called animal quinoidine. The discover suggests that the injurious effects which sometimes follow the taking of a dose of quinine may arise from its doubling the quantity already in the system.”

WOMAN'S DRESS.—The New York Tribune, which is not afraid to speak favorably on any subject it thinks right, has the following on Woman's Dress :

"The Quaker who wears a broad-brimmed hat, the Sister of Charity, with her white hood, have conscientious rights which fashionable men and women are bound to respect. The man who works in his shirt-sleeves on a warm day is to be excused on account of the weather. There is a cool plea for all the fashions of Saratoga and the breeziest watering-places; but the woman who intended to protect her modesty by wearing a dress not quite in fashion, shocked the fine nerves of a Metropolitan policeman, and would have done a very wrong thing had not Commissioner Acton decided in fact that a woman has a right to dress as modestly as she can. No one doubts that the garb worn by Dr. Mary Walker is more modest and comfortable than the one in vogue, though not, perhaps, so handsome. But, if ladies can not go to the sea-shore, can not fully enjoy a country ramble in vacation time, or ride on horseback, or go up into high places without suffering exposure and entanglement from a dress which can be worn safely only in the house or on promenade, who should complain if women rebel against the dressmaker, just as Nature itself protests against the dress? 'Norah Creina's gown' might have been very poetical; but, as we infer from the poet's language, it was a very bad one for mountain breezes. It is almost idle to talk of hygiene, and dumb-bells, and gymnasia for girls, when woman herself has so little liberty for out-door exercise, enjoyment and travel.

"In short, we respect the present Woman's Dress Reform as a protest from the modest. So long as the prevailing fashion is condemned by every lady physician who has worn it, what shall men say? We observe, too, that the strong-minded are not the greatest sufferers by it—it is the signal and shroud of the weakness of the weakest. How does it suit the daily task and slender purse of a woman who must work like a man for less wages, and pass through crowds of man loungers on her way home? Why should not these things be said and discussed? It seems to us that the future is not far off, when, if the plea of toiling and sorrowing woman be heard, new opportunities must be given her; and, accordingly, she must dress herself for more earnest tasks, and, for her own sake and man's, bear him more constant company."

COOKING VEGETABLES.—Professor Blot speaks, in one of his articles on the art of dining, on cooking vegetables as follows:

"Dry vegetables, like beans, peas, etc., should be put over the fire in cold, soft water, after having been soaked in lukewarm water—beans for twenty-four hours. Potatoes should be steamed but never boiled. Steam with the skin on. Bear in mind that a potato must never be peeled; the part immediately under the skin contains the most nutriment. Cut out the germs or eyes, if any; if young and tender the skin can be taken off with a scrubbing-brush; if old,

scrape the skin off and then roast them. In selecting potatoes, remember the smaller the eye the better the potato. By cutting a piece from the thickest end, you can tell whether they are sound. They must be either white or pink, according to the kind. Always select beans without spots. Mushrooms should be selected with great care. It is better and safer never to use them when they are old; this can be told by the blackness of the comb underneath, before picking; when young it is of a pink color."

In regard to the use of vegetables he has the following, together with a savage hit at Vegetarianism:

"Although I am strongly in favor of much vegetable food in the spring and summer, I am by no means an apostle of the Vegetarian creed—Graham bread and like eccentricities. I pity persons of that persuasion, but have no wish to imitate them in spite of the proverb:

" 'First learn to pity, then embrace.'

"The mind has its diseases as well as the body, and I think Vegetarianism is one of them."

We presume Vegetarians will not object to allow Prof. Blot to have his fling at them, although it is founded in ignorance. There are many arguments in favor of an almost or quite exclusive vegetable diet as the best food for man, which it is more easy to get over by such assertions than by argument.

LETTER FROM AN OLD MAN.—We have in our drawer several letters from men nearly one hundred years old waiting for publication. We give in this number the following from Austin Johnson of Rupert, Vt.:

"PUBLISHERS OF THE HERALD OF HEALTH—You, in your last, speak of my communicating what I might have that was interesting. In this, there perhaps was reference to my bodily state and habits. As to that, I have only to say I have been a good deal infirm through life; yet it has providentially been so ordered that I have taken but little drug medicine to poison the system. I never used alcoholic beverages habitually, and have long since discontinued their use entirely. Tobacco I have had no fellowship with. Hot drinks were never much of an object, and for years have been rejected. Flesh food is but little used—pork never. But ter has been set aside. My bread is made of unbolted grain—the object is to subsist by means of plain, wholesome food. Thus living, my stay on earth is protracted (I am now in my 80th year), and I think dieting has a connection with longevity.

"Yours truly,

AUSTIN JOHNSON."

SKIN DISEASES.—Skin diseases have often enough been attributed to parasites. A medical authority, however, more rationally declares they are caused by filth and bad habits, the parasites taking up their abode in the filthy person as soon as the egg has been deposited.

"The observations by means of the microscope of Mr. Hogg afford proof that vegetable parasites do not, as hitherto supposed, produce disease of the skin, but that when certain diseases already exist, germs of those floating about in the atmosphere, finding it a suitable soil, greatly aggravate or even change the type of disease. These diseases have long been believed to be associated with neglect of person and bad air; but Mr. Erasmus Wilson, who has written several books upon skin diseases, states that in an unhealthy state of the body the renewed epidermis is unhealthy. Therefore, the cutaneous diseases are never caused by parasites."

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.—If the effects of alcohol could be confined solely to the person who uses it, its use might be tolerated; but as it is not, we can not wage too fierce a war against it and tobacco, its elder brother. Both, when used, are enemies to the race, and their effects are visited too often upon the children of those who use them. Dr. Jolly rightly pictures it:

"In every country the statistics of the amount of alcohol imbibed precisely correspond with the number of judicial sentences recorded in law reports of the year, as well as with the number of poor, of beggars, of vagabonds, of divorced husbands and wives, of idiot children, of suicides, murders, and of epileptics and lunatics inscribed on State registers."

SALT.—Our friend and subscriber, S. Howe, writes that he is 70 years old, and that he abandoned the use of salt thirty-five years ago; that he enjoys life now as well as in his younger days; that there are few boys who can go through more vigorous gymnastic exercises or dances than he. He concludes his letter with the following:

"I am fully convinced that had I continued using stimulants and condiments with my diet, I should have been in my grave years ago."

A PROMISE WE HOPE WILL BE KEPT.—

"HANCOCK SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS., }
"September 3, 1866. }

"Dear Sir—On my return from a pleasant vacation among the mountains and valleys of New Hampshire on Saturday, I found among my letters yours of August 11. You allude to my notions on school punishment. I am a radical, and conduct a large school (having nearly twelve hundred pupils) without the ferule or its equivalent, or the common scold or its spirit in any form. In October or November I may find time to place my views on paper. If they would be of any service, I know of no better organ for their dissemination than your valuable journal. As Editor of The Massachusetts Teacher for years, I have read THE HERALD OF HEALTH, and think it one of the most sensible and useful magazines in the United States. You are doing good, and may God bless you.

"Very sincerely,

W. E. SHELDON."

Miscellaneous.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

The "Mild Hunger Cure" for Cancer.

BY REV. H. N. STRONG.

It was in the latter part of August, 1864, when Mrs. Strong and myself were making a short excursion into Crawford County, that I noticed an uneasy sensation near my left ear and in close proximity to the point of the jaw. There seemed to be a slight swelling and a little pimple. It increased in size as rapidly as a boil, but soon had an appearance reminding one of an acorn, having a rim around it on the outside, then a depression, and a rising again in the middle. I kept on it most of the time a salve prepared by Mrs. L****, who is known to be a woman of medical skill and experience. As far as any external application effected any thing toward a cure, let that have the credit. I changed twice to other external applications, but can not say that I perceived any difference in the effect, but the application first spoken of was most convenient, and I thought it had a softening effect. It was also necessary to keep it covered, as it soon had an offensive smell when uncovered, and discharged matter, apparently, from different points in the ulcer. It was also necessary to keep a handkerchief or other bandage under my chin and over my head, as the discharging matter would otherwise loosen the patch that was on the cheek. As the autumn months passed away it was noticed by several persons, and was spoken of as a cancer. Cancer doctors were recommended by some. I was told of some that effected a sure cure for fifty dollars. I once showed it to Dr. Hyde of Lancaster, who is known to be an educated and skillful surgeon and physician. He exclaimed, "That is a bad thing!" I replied: "I suppose so, but not the worst thing in the world." He answered, "I don't know."

A little after I was in Hazel Green, at the house of Mr. York. Mr. York's physician then saw it and gave the same decision. Mr. York, a druggist, furnished me with a vial of iodide of potassa, which I was to take as an alterative preparatory to eradicating it, either by the knife or a caustic application. This was by Dr. Jenekes's prescription.

On my way home I called with Mr. John Jenkyn, who read to me in the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia" (I think) concerning cancer. What most arrested my attention was "The

Hunger Cure." A work of Dr. Lamb on "pure water and vegetable diet" in case of cancer was referred to. I read two other medical works on cancers. I took the alterative—I abstained from meat and butter, and tea and coffee. I sent for Dr. Lamb's work and read it attentively, but must say the additions by the American Editor were the most satisfactory to me.

In December I took the charge of a small school a few miles from home. In January the appearance of the cancer was worse than ever before. The lancinating pains were more severe. I was advised to make no more delay. One says: "You had better sell your little property, if it is necessary, to raise the money. What," says he, "is fifty or sixty dollars in the case of such a thing as a cancer." But it was fixed in my mind that a cancer doctor was, to say the least, about as much to be dreaded as a cancer itself. Now I thought I had a right to be my own doctor, and I reasoned thus: This ulcer is an enemy; Nature is a friend that is fighting the enemy. How shall I best aid Nature in the contest? The answer seemed plain: Only cut off the supplies which the enemy gets and notice the result. But, I am told, Nature calls for nourishing food, and enough of it; yet, in that case, the enemy appropriates so much as to gain strength and give increased trouble. I have taken the alterative; I have been abstemious, but the enemy gains strength. I wash it twice a day and keep on a salve, yet the prospect is gloomy as ever. One man in this place had died with a cancer near his ear. I now resolved I would adopt the "hunger cure." Accordingly, I had my wife bake corn-bread for me; at first it was about one-fifth flour and four-fifths corn-meal. This was my food and cold water was my drink. I took rations for five days when I left home for my school, which was sometimes on Sunday evening and sometimes on Monday morning. As to the bread, it was once made entirely of corn-meal, but generally a small amount of flour was mixed with it. It was baked so as to make as much crust as convenient. I warmed it on the stove at the house where I stayed or at the school-house, as might happen, and so it was harder and harder as it became older. Fortunately, I have twenty-eight pretty good teeth given me by Nature. The first week Nature seemed to say: I can appropriate all of this, and the enemy can not get any. Every night and morning I washed the sore carefully with soft water and castile soap. I could not see it, but I had a feeling of encouragement, and when I reached home on Friday night one of my daughters soon came to wash

and dress it. She made an exclamation of surprise and joy at its altered appearance, which was so much for the better. In short, by thus withholding supplies from the enemy, and taking no more than Nature could appropriate, possibly not near so much, and persevering about seven weeks, the cancer was all removed and a perfect cure effected. I used to go as often as I could to visit a friend who always furnished me mush-and-milk for supper. At first I took less than half a pint of milk and but little mush. This I did not more than three or four times in the seven weeks. My wife also put up, two or three times, a little dried beef and two or three crackers. This was not my choice, but I took what was provided. But the corn crust relished better than any thing else. If I had been supplied with good Graham crackers I should have been satisfied; but I knew that crackers or bread made of fine flour would not answer. My stomach and bowels appeared to be in good order; I was hungry all the time, and evidently became weaker. My school was not very laborious, and I did not lose a day. "But," says one, "why call it the 'Mild Hunger Cure?'" Because I took so much good food and drank just as much cold water as I wanted. Had I not been engaged as I was, and had determined on the "Strong Hunger Cure," I might have taken two or three crackers, three times a day, and drank nothing for some hours after eating. As it was, I suppose I averaged about as much as four large crackers three times a day, and drank water from the spring whenever I felt like it. I am sure that in my case the "Mild Hunger Cure" proved to be effective.

It seems to me that I ought not to close this communication without mentioning the cost of cure, though there are those who would prefer one that cost a hundred dollars to a cure that required hunger and saved the money. The man with whom I lodged and boarded till I determined on the corn-bread rations, in consequence of my course, threw off ten dollars from his bill. But, to be particular, I can not say that ten dollars was saved, for what I took from home cost something. It need not be estimated at more than five cents a day. Twenty-five cents a week for seven weeks would be one dollar and seventy-five cents.

The book (Dr. Lamb's, above referred to)
 cost me \$1 50
 Cost of the seven weeks, 1 75
 Total amount, \$3 25
 Which, deducted from the ten dollars thrown off from my board-bill, leaves six dollars and

seventy-five cents actually gained by the "Mild Hunger Cure," not to speak of the fifty dollars' fee to a cancer doctor saved by being my own physician, I was at the time in my sixtieth year.

LANCASTER, Wis., July 25, 1866.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

A Prevailing Malady.

BY F. G.

WE meet pale faces and sunken eyes constantly. This shows an error. The error is in the abuse of the common diet of life; not always, but generally. Too much food is the great evil of the day, because it is so very common and has its allurements—we gratify and eat too much. This is the main cause of the pale faces and haggard countenances we meet. The remedy is simple: Eat less. And yet who does it? Few, because it requires moral courage, just the thing which is affected, which is part of the pale face and sunken eye. The dyspeptic is diseased mentally, morally and physically. Of all beings the most miserable is the confirmed dyspeptic. His mind is disturbed, his moral feeling is blunted and disordered, and his body suffers. For what is he fit? He is fit for nothing, not even for "stratagem and spoils." He drones his time away—years, a score sometimes—and his whole life is a blank. If that were all, it would not be so bad; but it is a most wretched, miserable blank, full of vapors, gloom and forebodings. The mind is the torment of the man, making appear real what is unreal, and exaggerating evil. The little good that the man gets is also exaggerated, and this puts him all around in a false position. His judgment is not reliable, though once so correct; his imagination plays tricks with him, deceiving him constantly by magnifying its doings. In a word, the man is morbid—mentally, morally and physically. It took him long to get into this state. He got into it by degrees, almost ere he was aware. Ah, the insinuating habit of alluring the system, which God had made right, but which man is wronging constantly! This great evil is all brought about by littles—a little excess which breaks the back of the camel. Here is the danger. And here is the remedy: Avoid the littles—the little excesses; they seem to be always at the end of our meals. Then cut off that end—that cup of tea or coffee, that dessert or other dainty. This course would generally succeed.

We *must* guard against the excesses; nobody calls them such. At the time they may give

rise only to a little uneasiness, a little headache or sluggishness of feeling. The brain acts less, as it always does when oppressed, overstrained; as it does through the sympathetic channels. After awhile these symptoms will cease, and the eyesight seems to be clouded momentarily; the man will soon be prepared to re-enact the same thing. By-and-by, in the course of his persistence, there will be more uneasiness after his meal, greater headache and dullness. There will be other symptoms gradually stealing upon him. There will be slight pains here and there; beginning, perhaps, in his chest; felt between his shoulders and in his left side. He will gradually become nervous, lose flesh—though not always at first—his hearing is affected, there is a ringing and other unusual sounds, which sometimes greatly frighten him. Sometimes he even will get dizzy and almost fall. He is apt now to have bad sleep and worse dreams, so that night becomes a dreaded time to him. Society begins to be distasteful to him; sometimes he seeks it as if to get rid of the evil that follows him. But he can not shake it off. It follows him because it is himself. These unpleasant accompaniments increase; they increase both in intensity and in number. New symptoms are constantly evolved, new evils attack, until the individual is a walking load of evils. At last he becomes confirmed. And now it is as difficult to remove these evils as it was easy to get them, and it takes as long often to do it. Why does it take so long? It seems to be in the nature of the case, perfecting the work by slow process. But it is the long weakening, the constant sapping, that at last undermines, and establishes, as it were, a second nature.

The difficulty in removing this evil is in the moral courage of the man; he has it not. Though he may resolve a thousand times, a thousand times he breaks his resolve, or rather it breaks itself. It is so difficult to resist, when you have nothing to resist with, no courage or a momentary thing, only seeming strong at the time (when the resolve takes place), but impotent when the trial comes. So the drunkard, he has no strength of will left, and the dyspeptic is but a drunkard in another sense.

What, then, is to be done? for this is a great evil and must be met, if possible. The remedy is, put a watch and tie upon the man; he himself is not capable of doing it. Or you must leave him to himself, to the risk of becoming worse, and perhaps of dying, or, if he has self-regard left, to be forced into reformation. He may prefer mending his ways to a worse evil—to dissolution, for death has sometimes horrible

pictures for the stomach-ridden invalid. Medicines, the world has long since decided, are of no good in dyspepsia. They may aid in some respects, as time aids, but always at the expense of original power. Time and medicine will kill any man prematurely. The poor afflicted patient must, first of all, remove the cause. He may have been doctoring for years, piling evil upon evil, while the cause, "like a worm in the bud," remained. This is a double abuse of poor nature. Throw aside this incubus, the whole of it; stop aggravating the wound it has made; lessen your food, which a false appetite urges you on to partake, and flatters you that all is right—it is the false "siren song" that accompanies all dyspeptics.

Break off, then, what should never have been indulged in—the little excesses of the table. If you are a laboring man, more food will be required; less if a man of sedentary habits, and especially of literary habits, which weaken the stomach additionally through sympathy. This is the absolute, indispensable condition of all cures. Without it, aggravation can only make the matter worse, and the patient continue as he has—a wretched, suffering man, the "iron in his heart" wherever he goes. Resolutely, then, stop this excess. And this is enough. If any nature is left, any strength, it will develop; it will grow up as a plant long kept down—never so thrifty thereafter, but still having life and being—and infinitely better than the smothered, strangled thing with the weight upon it.

We have spoken of dyspepsia as it is generally brought on, through the stomach and the food. "Strong drink" will sometimes do this, excesses in venery, excesses of many kinds, if not of all, all tending to affect the stomach, the organ of tenderness. But whatever the excess which produced the evil, it must be stopped—the stomach must be favored. There are other things that aid, but the great thing is to remove the cause and keep it removed. This is the all-important point, and it is sufficient. With it a cure can be effected; without it, it can not. Cheerfulness of society, it is said, is a good addition; so is traveling in strange lands; so is exercise. But always make a clean bottom by removing the exciting cause. To do this, self must not be gratified, but mortified; it must be done, however unpalatable. Yet, how little it is done, as the million of sufferers testify. It is so hard to do, because there is a lack of power; not that the evil is so strong—it is we that are weak, we dyspeptics. Had the man the usual strength which he had in health he would easily floor his adversary. But this he lacks, and this

is the evil; he can hardly cure himself. He does it, however; it is being done daily. Were it not, what would become of us as a nation? of the world? The evil frequently cures itself; it is perhaps hard to say in how many cases. This is fortunate, that it bears its own correction. But it is also unfortunate that it must be strained to such an extent—till the machine is almost ruined. Better begin in time, and save the wreck while its timbers are yet sound.

The friends of these sufferers have a responsibility. It becomes them to see that they are aided, forced, if need be—and it generally needs to be. Aid them, then; be a will to them in place of theirs, which is impotent. It will not do to leave a man unaided in his "vapors;" he is not himself; he must be taken care of; he suffers more than you are aware of. Leave him not rudderless at the mercy of the winds.

[Written for The Herald of Health.]

How to Bathe.

BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

Who does not know the great luxury of a good, a refreshing, inspiriting bath? How light and joyous it makes one feel! I bless God every day for water, for the pure, soft, sparkling water! I love it everywhere! I love to see it falling from the clouds, dripping from the eaves, or showering from the green leaves; or, I love it as it comes bubbling from the crystal spring or rippling in the rivulet, dashing down the mountain brook or rushing in the rapid river, foaming and gushing in the cataract, spreading out clear and glassy in the silver lake, or raising and falling in the majesty of the boundless and illimitable sea.

It is an emblem of beauty, purity and virtue. It is abundant everywhere; more than three-quarters of our entire being is water. Life can be longer sustained without food than without water. It is necessary to our life, health and enjoyment now, and to our future and eternal happiness. "Except ye be born of water and of the spirit, ye can not enter heaven." Bathing may mean something more than simple sprinkling or pouring or immersion. It may have been but a type of the grand use of water for the future physical, mental and moral regeneration of the race. "I say unto you the kingdom of heaven is within you." Many of our sins have a physical origin, which a right application of water helps to wash away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Those persons who bathe and keep themselves cleanly in all their habits, are apt to be moral and virtuous. Thieves, liars,

pickpockets, drunkards and gluttons, seldom bathe. Health, cleanliness, temperance, goodness and virtue are associates. Disease, filth, gluttony, vice and crime seek the same haunts. That man is not a very good Christian who never takes a bath, and he who takes a daily bath is not a very great sinner.

Being born of water is necessary to regeneration, and regeneration necessary to salvation from sin. Bathing ought to constitute a part of every Church creed in Christendom. Water is a great cleanser and purifier. It will remove the dirt and filth when applied externally, and carry away impurities when taken internally.

The seven millions of little pores and the twenty-eight miles of little sewers that are constantly carrying off the waste and useless material of the body, will perform their tasks much more easily if plenty of water passes through them to wash away their accumulations.

There are a great variety of ways of taking baths. There is a right way and a wrong way. A certain bath may be taken so as to do good, or it may be so taken as to do harm. The effect produced by any bath depends very much upon how the bath is administered. There is much harm done by injudicious bathing. Some persons are soaking themselves in water all the time. They get an idea that bathing is good, and that the more they bathe the better.

No person should take a bath without securing a comfortable reaction after it. If they feel cold, have chilly sensations or unpleasant feelings, the probabilities are they have not derived much benefit from the bath. It may be necessary for sick and feeble persons to be covered warm in bed, in order to produce the desired effect. There are very few people so feeble but that a bath of some form will be beneficial, if administered judiciously. All things considered, one of the mildest and best home baths is the

Sponge or Towel Bath.

This is a universal bath, and is within the reach of all. It can be given to those who are too feeble to take any other form of bath. A pint of water and a couple of towels or a sponge and one towel, will answer to give it, although it is better to use a gallon or more of water when it is convenient to do so. It is an excellent bath for any one to take in the absence of other more thorough baths. It will cleanse the skin quite thoroughly and will equalize the circulation, relieve local congestion, subdue fever and give a general feeling of freshness and comfort. It can be taken in the sleeping-room, in the parlor, library, or even in a closet, if no

larger accommodations are to be had. For persons who are able to stand and take their own baths, and like to use water quite freely, it is well to spread a rubber or oil cloth a yard square or more upon the floor, set your bucket of cool or cold water in the center, dip the sponge or towel in the water, and, when in readiness, squeeze the water from the towel or sponge, so that it will not drip too much, and begin by washing the face, head, neck and arms first, rubbing vigorously till the skin looks red; then wipe them dry with a dry towel; the chest, abdomen and back can be washed and wiped in the same manner; lastly, the lower extremities. If you rub vigorously with the wet towel or sponge and the same with the dry one, you will secure a fine reaction and will feel warm and refreshed. It should be given quickly and vigorously, and the clothing should be put on at once; then go out for a good sprightly walk or for some light gymnastic exercise.

This bath can be given to very feeble persons while in bed by using a soft towel or sponge just moistened in tepid water, washing, drying, and covering each part of the body as you progress.

In all forms of fever, or in any disease where there is difficulty in moving the patient or in administering more vigorous baths, this is the safest and best bath to use. In a fever where there is much heat of skin, it may be given every hour or two, and if properly applied will always be beneficial.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as man is under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the former of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an over-loaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline taught him how to bend it.

Home Treatment of Disease.

BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

In this department we shall give, from month to month, plain, practical directions for the home-treatment of various diseases.

Bilious Colic.—This disease prevails most in malarious districts in the summer and autumn months. It is generally preceded by loss of appetite, by bad taste in the mouth, by furred tongue, by nausea, by constipation of the bowels, and by other evidences of derangement of the digestive organs. There is often tenderness in the region of the liver; and, after the disease is well established, there will be a yellowish color of the skin and of the white of the eye. It sometimes commences with a chill, and is attended with more or less fever. The paroxysms of pain are referable to the epigastric region, are very severe, and are usually accompanied by vomiting—first of the contents of the stomach, then of mucus and bile. The bowels, though generally constipated, sometimes discharge their contents freely, accompanied with a liberal admixture of bilious matter. The jaundice, associated with pain in the region of the liver, and nausea and vomiting, are the characteristic symptoms of this disorder. Derangement of the digestive functions and obstruction to the action of the liver are the causes of this variety of bilious colic.

There is one form of bilious colic that is due to the passage of the gall-stones through the cystic or common duct, along which the gall passes on its course from the gall-bladder to the intestines. The passage of gall-stones (or biliary calculi, as they are sometimes called) of large size, occasions the most aggravating cases of bilious colic. The severity of the attack depends upon the size and irregularity of shape of the gall-stones. These gall-stones are usually formed in the gall-bladder, though sometimes they originate in the hepatic duct, or even in the cells of the body of the liver. They are formed from cholestrine, a substance which enters into the composition of the bile, and which, in a healthy condition of that excreta, is in a state of solution. In certain morbid conditions of the bile this substance is released from its solvent state, and readily crystallizes into masses of various sizes which soon become as hard as stone. These calculi vary in size, from a millet seed to that of a large walnut, and are generally quite irregular in shape. The duct through which they pass from the gall-bladder to the intestines

is not larger than a goose-quill; the reader may well imagine the pain and agony a person has to endure when calculi of large size and of irregular shape are forced through so small a tube. I think I have seen as intense suffering from the passage of large calculi as from almost any other cause.

They are often found in large numbers. Dr. Watson of Edinburgh reports one case in which thirteen hundred gall-stones were taken from the gall-bladder of a man after death had occurred. I have in my possession five, which I obtained from a *post-mortem* examination, which are the size of large cherries, flattened to a three-sided figure, and which completely filled the gall-bladder from which they were taken.

Persons who have once passed gall-stones are quite liable to repeat the process. In some cases several will pass in the same day; in other cases weeks, months or even years will intervene between the attacks. When one of large size has passed, it is liable to so dilate the duct that, if there are others remaining behind, they follow in the wake of the first one till they are all out. If the patient passes a single round, smooth stone, it is an indication that there are no more left behind; but if they are flattened and irregular, it is an evidence that they were made so by being in contact with others. These gall-stones, when they are forced through the duct, go into the intestines and are passed out with the feces, where they can be found by a careful examination.

Sometimes a calculus of large size becomes impacted in the duct, and remains there till inflammation is set up, ulceration takes place, and a fistulous, artificial passage is formed for its exodus. This fistulous passage may be formed through into the intestines, or into the cavity of the abdomen, or out through the abdominal walls, discharging them externally through the abdomen. After the false passage has formed and the gall stones worked out through them, either into the intestines or externally through the walls of the abdomen, the inflammation may subside, the parts heal and the patient get well; but if it works through into the cavity of the abdomen it causes a peritonitis that generally proves fatal. Happily, such cases are seldom seen, for in the great majority of cases they pass through the natural course of the duct and pass out of the intestines.

The paroxysms of pain in this disease generally commence suddenly, and end as suddenly as it began. It may last only for a few minutes, or it may continue for several hours. There is usually some tenderness on pressure

over the seat of pain, but generally firm pressure affords some relief, and the patient often places the palm of the hand over the place, or leans the body against some hard substance to find ease. There is no fever; the pulse is not quickened, but is irritable; the skin is cold and generally tinged with yellow; there will be nausea and vomiting, with obstinate constipation, together with a dark-colored urine which contains bile.

The passage of these gall-stones through the duct is mainly due to the pressure of bile, which accumulates behind them in the gall-bladder, forcing them along. When considerable time is required for the passage the bile can not pass out, and is retained in the blood and carried the rounds of the circulation, giving a jaundiced hue to the skin and eyes.

TREATMENT.—In a case of bilious colic unconnected with gall-stones, we should first try to move the bowels by copious enemata, and if there is nausea give a warm-water emetic to free the stomach of its contents also; then apply hot fomentations to the liver and stomach for an hour or more to relieve the pain. Follow this by a full tepid bath or rubbing-sheet. A hip-bath at one hundred and five or one hundred and ten degrees, with a foot-bath of the same temperature, for twenty or thirty minutes, accompanied with vigorous friction of the hips, back and abdomen, will do good, and answer in place of the fomentations when the bath is not convenient. The fomentations and hot hip-baths will generally relieve the pain very soon. In some cases, however, the cold compress or cool hip-bath may be used to advantage instead of hot appliances. The tepid compress should be applied for some time after the fomentations and baths have been used. After the pain is relieved the vapor bath, the Turkish bath or the wet-sheet pack should be given daily (if the patient be not too feeble) for several days, till the secretions become healthy and the bile is removed from the blood. These applications should be followed by either a thorough towel-bath, a rubbing wet-sheet, or, what is perhaps better, a pail-douche or full bath. The feet must be kept warm by foot-baths or hot bottles applied to them.

No food should be given till the paroxysms of pain subside, and after that only the blandest kind of food should be given for a few days. The treatment should be followed up assiduously till the pain is relieved.

During the passage of gall-stones it is generally impossible to entirely relieve the pain till the stone has passed out of the duct, unless we

resort to opiates or something that will produce entire insensibility to pain, and even these often fail to relieve till they are given in quantities that endanger life. The pain can be greatly mitigated, however, by the full hot bath, say one hundred and five or one hundred and ten degrees, prolonged for several minutes, or by the hot hip-bath or by fomentations. These applications not only mitigate the pain, but they relax the tissues, so that the calculi pass more readily through the duct. In all cases of this kind the bowels should be relieved of their contents by injections, and, if there is much nausea, an emetic of warm water given. After the pain is relieved the tepid compress should be kept applied to the part for several days, and a daily pack given in the forenoon, with a hip-bath at eighty degrees for ten or fifteen minutes in the evening.

After being cured the patient should try to live in such a manner as to avoid the formation of gall-stones. I have had several patients who were subject to repeated spasms from gall-stones, who subsequently escaped for years by adopting the Hygienic style of living.

Injurious Effects of Sugar.—Mr. Tanner, Professor of Rural Economy in Queen's College, is inclined to believe that by the use of sugar as food any animal can be rendered incompetent to propagate its species. He observes that stock which had been fattened upon molasses mixed with dry food were rendered barren, and that heifers fed in that way escaped the periodical excitement of the breeding season; and it was doubtful whether the power of reproduction was ever regained. The effect of eating sugar, in females, was a fatty augmentation of the ovaries, from which recovery might be rather difficult.

CAUSE OF THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.
Tyndall has shown, by a remarkable series of experiments, not only that aqueous vapor absorbs the obscure heat rays of solar radiation, but that the oxygen and nitrogen gases which constitute the great mass of our atmosphere exert but little or no action on them. Cooke, after a long continued examination of the solar spectrum, concludes that a very large number of the fainter dark lines of the spectrum, hitherto known as air-lines, are due solely to the aqueous vapors of our air. The distribution of these aqueous lines, and the variation in them, marked by a remarkable increase, with the increase of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere, point to the cause of the blue color of the sky.

Answers to Correspondents.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

The readers of THE HERALD are invited to ask such questions as will be of general interest for this department, where they will be briefly but comprehensively answered.

How we Escaped a Pestilence.—

"It was generally thought, last spring, that, on account of the filthy condition of the city, New York would suffer from cholera during the summer as it never had suffered before; but still it has escaped with a comparatively slight visitation. By what means has it thus escaped a pestilence?"

Cholera is a disease which is pre-eminently the offspring of filth. It feeds, so to speak, upon it, and when deprived of its aliment it disappears. When the Metropolitan Board of Health commenced its labors the city was ripe for pestilence. The streets were in a most filthy condition, the inmates of the crowded tenement houses and underground habitations were wallowing in their own filth, and breathing the fetid emanations from their own excretions, and the slaughter-houses, fat-boiling establishments, and other nuisances were sending forth streams of disease-engendering gasses to poison the surrounding atmosphere. In the face of every obstacle that could be thrown in its way, the Board has labored energetically and faithfully to cleanse and disinfect the city, and to remove all nuisances.

It has only partially succeeded, it is true, but its partial success has prevented the cholera from becoming a pestilence and destroying thousands instead of hundreds.

The success which has attended the efforts of the Board in preventing the further spread of the cholera shows the effects of hygienic conditions in preventing disease. The labors of the Board have but just commenced. Cholera is not the only nor, indeed, the most fatal disease which the Board of Health possesses the power to "stamp out" by the enforcement of hygienic regulations. During the months of July and August there were 871 deaths from cholera, and 2303 deaths from other diarrheal diseases alone, to say nothing of the large number of deaths from fevers, and other easily preventible diseases. People are beginning to learn that disease is not a "merciful dispensation of Providence," but a penalty inflicted for the violation of the laws of health.

Flatulence.—Flatulence is merely a symptom of indigestion. To effect a cure, the digestive organs must be strengthened and the digestive powers perfected.

Cold Feet.—"What do cold feet indicate? what is the cause, and what the remedy? What is the best method of warming them upon retiring at night?"

Cold feet indicate an unbalanced state of the circulation and more or less congestion of the head or some of the internal organs. Coldness of the extremities may be caused by any thing that tends to depress the powers of life, or derange the circulation. The remedy is to remove the cause, whatever it may be, and restore the health. The feet should always be made warm, in some way, before retiring to rest. If the person is able to do so, the best way to warm them is by exercise. I will mention a few of the best exercises for this purpose which can be practiced singly or in succession until the feet glow with warmth. Walking in various ways, as with the toes turned in as far as possible; walking with them turned far out; walking on the tips of the toes; hopping on one foot and then on the other, then alternately, and then on both together; hopping and crossing the feet; stamping the feet; standing on one foot and kicking forcibly downward and forward with the other; swinging the legs forward and backward and in a circle; sit in a chair or on a sofa, and slowly but forcibly bend the ankle, drawing the toes far up and then slowly extending them downward as far as possible; twist the feet alternately outward and inward in the same manner; rotate the feet, making a large circle with the toes. There are but few who will be unable to thoroughly warm their feet in from five to fifteen minutes by practicing the above exercises. The continued practice of such exercises will do much toward permanently equalizing the circulation and restoring health. For the few who are not strong enough to warm their feet by exercise, the best thing is to soak the feet in hot water until they are red, then turn a little cold water over them or dip them in cold water, after which wipe dry and rub briskly with the hands or a dry, coarse towel.

Breathing through the Mouth.—

"In the culture of the lungs, should we not breathe through the mouth, making the aperture very small? I admit that generally we should breathe through the nose, but the nasal chambers are so large, that we can not fill the lungs perfectly through the nose. I think that in a complete inflation of the lungs we should breathe through the mouth, as we can breathe so much slower."

Any person, with a little practice, can breathe as slow through the nose as through the mouth, but no one should occupy more than from five to ten seconds in inhaling. They can expand

the lungs to as great an extent in that time as they can if they are from one to two minutes in doing it, and if a person only breathes once in two or three minutes, as some do not while practicing, the lungs can not receive a sufficient quantity of air to purify the blood, and the individual must suffer. In striving to cultivate the lungs by breathing exercises, endeavor to fill them to their utmost capacity, but *do not* try to see how long you can be in doing it, or how long you can hold your breath. Remember that you must *breathe* while cultivating the lungs, as well as at other times.

Dyspepsia and Cook Books.—A subscriber, while ordering "The New Hygienic Cook Book," states that he is troubled with dyspepsia, and wishes to know if there is any other cook book wherein he can find a good recipe for his case. There are plenty of cook books in which "subscriber" can find recipes for dyspepsia, as, for instance, the following recipe for "Imperial Cake," which is but a fair sample:

"Two pounds flour, two pounds sugar, two pounds butter, two pounds raisins, stoned and chopped, one pound blanched almonds, one half pound citron, sixteen eggs, four wine-glasses wine, mace."

If the eating of food prepared from such recipes as the above will not give a man the dyspepsia, he might as well give up all hopes of ever having it. A fashionable cook book is just the place to find recipes for *producing* dyspepsia but not for *curing* it.

Difficult Breathing and Gaping.—"I am troubled about breathing, and have a strong desire to gape, but can not always make out. What is the cause and cure?"

Gaping is an instinctive effort to secure the introduction of a greater amount of air to the lungs. It is generally caused by a want of sufficient physical exercise. The curative measures consist of occupation, fresh air and exercise. For information about breathing, see article in September HERALD OF HEALTH, entitled "Culture of the Lungs."

Man's Best Drink.—"What constitutes man's best and most natural drink under all circumstances and conditions, and what rules should be observed in regard to its use?"

Water, pure and unmixed, is beyond all question, the *best* and only *natural* drink of man, as it is the *only* drink of every other living being. It should be drunk only when nature calls for it by the feeling of thirst, and then, slowly and temperately, until the thirst is quenched. Follow the example of the animal creation, and do

not stop eating to wash the food down with water. If man would live entirely upon fruits, which make the purest and best food, he would feel no thirst, and need no drink. The juices of the fruits would supply a sufficient quantity of water in its purest possible form.

Morning Walks.—"Is a walk in the morning before breakfast good for persons in moderate health, or is some other time better? What distance should they walk?"

About the middle of the forenoon is the *best* time for walking or exercise of any kind. The system is then in its best condition. A short walk or other moderate exercise before breakfast is beneficial, but it is not the best time for severe exertion. The distance which persons in moderate health should walk depends upon their strength, endurance and other bodily conditions. It should never be continued so as to produce pain, soreness of the muscles, or fatigue from which the system can not fully recover by an hour's rest.

Nervous Headache.—"What is the cause of nervous headache, and the remedy?"

One of the principal causes, is the use of tea, coffee, spirituous liquors and tobacco. Undue mental exertion, loss of sleep, constipation of the bowels, torpidity of the liver, skin, etc., are also prominent among the causes of this disease. The remedy consists in removing the cause, whatever it may be. If habituated to the use of tea, coffee, alcohol or tobacco, quit them at once. Avoid much mental exertion, take an abundance of out-door exercise, bathe frequently but not in very cold water, eat temperately of plain, healthful food, avoiding spices, condiments, rich cake, pastry, etc., and obey all the laws of health.

Weak Lungs.—"What is the best work on the lungs?"

If by this question is meant the best work on the care, culture and treatment of weak or diseased lungs, I should unhesitatingly recommend "Weak Lungs, and How to Make them Strong," by Dr. Dio Lewis. Price, \$2 00. It may be ordered from the office of THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

Private Queries.—A number of communications containing questions of a private character and of no interest except to the inquirer have been received. Only *questions of general interest to the readers of THE HERALD* will be answered in this department. Prescriptions for the home treatment of special cases of disease, etc., will be sent by letter on receipt of \$5 00.

Healthy Spices and Condiments.

THE ONLY ADMISSIBLE HYGIENIC SEASONINGS.

THE loudest *wail* on record—Jonah's.

SABBATH BREAKERS—The waves at Newport.

WHAT perfume is most injurious to female beauty? The essence of thyme (time).

A BACHELOR discovering his clothes full of holes, exclaimed, "Mend I can't."

THEY say that coal oil cures fevers. We think that it has been creating fevers.

BOARD OF HEALTH—A farmer's cupboard.

WHY is the early grass like a penknife? Because the *spring* brings out the *blades*.

EATING ground glass is sure death. It gives one a permanent pane in the stomach.

ADAM and Eve, after finding the apple, discovered they were a pair.

A TOAST.—Woman: she requires no eulogy—*she speaks for herself*.

WHAT ailments are policemen most afflicted with? With felons on their hands.

THE gayest smilers are often the saddest weepers.

AFFECTIONATE TIMES—When every thing is about as dear as it can be.

WHEN is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

A PIN has as much head as a great many authors, and a great deal more point.

"THIS is the last rose of summer!" exclaimed a wag as he rose from his bed on the 31st of August.

WHY is the milkman like the whale that swallowed Jonah? Because he took the "profit" out of the water.

"UGH! Him great man! Big Brave! Take many scalps!" said an Indian, seeing a window full of wigs.

IT has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does—in dew time.

"WE see," said Swift in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people whom he gives them to."

MANKIND should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the smaller her horns become.

THE age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying, "eighteen springs have passed over her head."

WHAT is the difference between a spider and a duck. One has its feet perpetually on a web, and the other a web perpetually on its feet.

A YOUNG lady, whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a beau window put in for her benefit.

A CELEBRATED wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, except the great regard we have for each other."

WHAT is the difference between accepted and rejected lovers? The accepted kisses the misses, and the rejected misses the kisses.

"How do you like Shakspeare?" said a blue stocking young lady to an old river captain. "Don't like her at all madam; she burns too much wood and carries too little freight."

PRENTICE, in a wicked lunge at the very underpinning of society, says, "tilting hoops, enable the common people, to see a great deal more of good society than they ever saw before."

AN honest Hibernian, trundling along a handcart containing all his valuables, was accosted thus: "Well Patrick, you are moving again I see." "Faith, I am," he replied, "for the times are so hard it's a dale cheaper hiring handcarts, than paying rints."

A FELLOW out West being asked whether the liquor he was drinking was a good article, replied: "Waal, I don't know; I guess so. There is only one queer thing about it: whenever I wipe my mouth, I burn a hole in my shirt."

A BOY down East is accustomed to go out on a railroad track, and imitate the steam whistle so perfectly, as to deceive the officer at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful; the depot master came out and "switched him off."

AN artist invited a gentleman to criticize on a portrait he had painted of Mr. Smith, who was given to drink. Putting his hand toward it, the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it, it is not dry." "Then," said he, "it can not be like my friend Smith."

DRUNK vs. MEDICAL PROFESSION.—A good story is in circulation of a certain doctor, who sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered, "Drunk, by Jove." Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter was put into his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he had visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter a secret, in consideration of the inclosed"—a \$100 bill.

THERE is an old proverb which declares that none can tell where the shoe pinches save he who wears it. The maxim has a thousand applications. A husband who appears to have found his wife a good deal less an angel than he had imagined in the days of his courtship, lets out some domestic secrets, in the following graphic manner:

"I own that she has charming locks
That on her shoulders fall;
What would you say to see *the box*
In which she keeps them all?"

"Her taper fingers, it is true,
Are difficult to match;
I wish, my friend, you only knew,
How terribly they *scratch*."

THERE is no sin we can be tempted to commit but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing.—*Mason*.

Literary Notices.

NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

—We earnestly believe in a medical education for women. The day is soon coming when all women will be required to have a thorough education in this direction, not so much, perhaps, with the view of curing the sick as to keep well themselves, keep their families well without dosing and drugging, and that they may rear their children in health and beauty. There is to-day no college that comes up to the needed requirements in this respect. The one mentioned above is one of the best, where much can be learned. We think it is doing good, and though we do not indorse its mode of practice, we commend it as worthy of patronage.

OLIVET COLLEGE.—We have received a pamphlet containing the history of Olivet College, Michigan. It is from the pen of its President, Rev. N. J. Morrison, and gives a graphic account of the rise and progress of the College. Olivet is a town in which there is not a grog-shop nor a gambling-den, and the moral, intellectual and social influences are such as parents and guardians desire for the youth under their care. Mr. Philo Parsons of Detroit, a banker and a hearty friend of education, recently contributed \$5000 to support this excellent institution of learning.

Publishers' Department.

Our Past and Future.—During the last four months we have exerted our utmost endeavors to increase the usefulness of THE HERALD OF HEALTH. We have added to the number of its pages, and filled them with original contributions from the pens of writers of national reputation. There is not another magazine on this continent that can show such a list of illustrious writers on matters pertaining to Physical Culture and the science of Health. We have the indorsement of many of the best scholars and thinkers in America, and we are grateful to them for their efforts to extend our circulation. A great work is before us, and we strip to the task with faith in God and hope in man that the truth will

penetrate society and spread through all its varied phases, as the sun fills the atmosphere with light. We ask the countenance and aid of all who have faith in the holy laws of life and the gospel of health. The sick and the infirm must be cured, and their lives be prolonged; children must be taught to observe the rules of physical health, so that they shall not build up a tottering and miserable existence on the foundation of dyspepsia and consumption. Darkness which may be felt must be displaced by the light and beauty of truth. Physically speaking, society is badly in need of reconstruction. The constitution and the laws of health are trampled under foot. We shun the bath and goblet brimming with water as, though we were afflicted with hydrophobia; we pour nostrums down our throats and aggravate the ills that flesh is heir to. Now, we have given you and yours the opinions of the most scholarly and scientific men in the world of Hygiene in relation to these matters. In addition to the views of eminent surgeons and physicians, we have given the opinions of our best thinkers in the world of letters and reform.

Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Theodore Tilton, Prof. Rufus King Browne, William H. Burleigh, F. B. Perkins, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Alfred B. Street, Moses Coit Tyler, P. T. Barnum, G. W. Bungay, Drs. Miller, Wood, Holbrook, Webster and others. We have still richer treats in reserve, and most cordially invite all who have faith in the laws of life and the gospel of good health to enjoy with us the refreshing viands spread for the entertainment of our friends, and to bring the hundreds of their friends with them for another year. A great work is before us in the redemption of our race from sickness and premature death. Let us work earnestly in it while we can, and so hasten the day of perfect human health and happiness.

Important and Liberal Offer.—

The Publishers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, with a view to extend the usefulness of their magazine, and at the same time give their patrons the opportunity to introduce it, at a comparatively low sum, to a large circle of readers, have concluded to offer it, in Clubs of 50 or more, at One Dollar per year, provided the list is made up previous to the first of February, 1867. We wish it distinctly understood, however, that we will not for a smaller Club deviate from our regular rates. The names and money must be sent all at one time. Persons who request us to send THE HERALD for one dollar to smaller clubs will not be accommodated. This is a special offer, and those who do not meet its requirements will be credited according to regular rates. THE HERALD is richly worth two dollars a year to any family, but as there are thousands of families who are not acquainted with it, we make this offer as an inducement to those interested in the Health Movement to do a great deal of good at a very small expense of time and money. Let those who wish to profit by it make a move at once.

This Number.—This number will speak for itself. The article by Mr. Tyler, giving a sketch of the life of Thomas Hughes, is in the author's happy vein, and will be found exceedingly interesting. "Overwork and Underwork" discusses a subject of great interest, and can not fail to be read with profit. "The Study of Physiology," by Dr. Browne; "A True Life," by Horace Greeley; Beecher on "Patient Waiting;" Bungay on "Some of Our Faults;" "A Homily for Ministers and Christians," by Rev. Dr. John Marsh; Notes for the Month; Poetry, Miscellany, Answers to Correspondents, Home Treatment of Disease, etc., are all very interesting. Mr. Tilton's poem, entitled "My Creed," which appears

on the first page, and Mr. Bungay's "October Woods and Flowers," can not fail to please. We are giving our subscribers more and better matter than we promised, and we thank them for the numerous commendations constantly received. We ask their special attention to the subject of adding largely to our subscription list for the year 1867. By the circulation of no magazine can so much good be done in building up a nation of strong-bodied and pure-minded men and women.

Lectures and Lecturers.—The following gentlemen are familiar with the great question of Physical Culture, and we suggest to our friends in the country that they form clubs and raise funds to secure, if possible, their lecture service: Horace Greeley, George W. Bungay, Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Dr. A. L. Wood, Dr. E. P. Miller, F. B. Perkins, Dr. Snodgrass, Dr. Dio Lewis, Moses Coit Tyler, S. R. Wells, Nelson Sizer.

Applications for the services of these gentlemen may be sent to us (stamp inclosed for the payment of postage) and we will endeavor to secure an engagement from them. Persons applying will please name two, three or more of the gentlemen whom they would prefer, so that, if the first person of their choice can not be obtained, the second or third may. Address MILLER, WOOD & Co., 15 Laight Street, New York. Any lyceum or school near New York city, and convenient of access, which will give us a club of fifty subscribers for THE HERALD OF HEALTH, shall have a gratuitous lecture from some one of our lecturers.

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Special Request.—Our friends will oblige us, and benefit others, by sending us the names and post-office address of all invalids with whom they are acquainted; also, all friends of Temperance, Health Reform and Physical Culture. Any one who will send us a list of 25 bona fide names of such persons shall receive free by mail a copy of Prof. Wilson's work of 75 pages on the "Turkish Bath."

Circulars.—Those of our subscribers who wish to aid us in extending the circulation of THE HERALD, should obtain our circular to exhibit to their friends. Every invalid who will send a stamped envelope shall receive in it one of each of our circulars for THE HERALD, Books and Baths.

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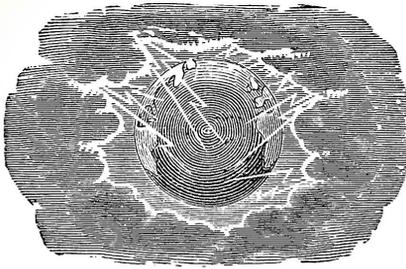
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