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THE

**L**AWS OF **L**IFE

AND

Journal of Health.

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Editor.

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THE LAWS OF LIFE AND

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## JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Vol. XVII.

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### ENLIGHTENED FATHERHOOD.

A LECTURE BY JAMES C. JACKSON.

IN THE late Woman's Congress held in New York, among the subjects brought before that body for consideration was that of Enlightened Motherhood. I could not help thinking of how little use it would be to the children and so to the men and women of the Future, were women to come to know much better the duties of motherhood than they now do, so long as men shall remain as ignorant of what belongs to them in the procreative sphere as they now are. Thinking on the matter it seemed to me that it might be opportune if, leaving women and their defects entirely out of the question, I were to say something on enlightened fatherhood.

Till within a few years, the general scientific as well as popular impression has been that fathers decided in the main the constitutional and functional status of offspring. It was supposed that the mother served no other purpose than that of furnishing the simple means of growth or development of the child; that all the qualities which enter essentially into the make-up of a new creature, giving it temperament, tone, predisposition and essential characteristics were derived from the father. Minute and closer investigations of late, however, have modified this view, and have led scientists to conclude that in certain directions the mother has to do with the constituent elements of character which her offspring shall show.

I am disposed myself to think that in this respect science does not accord to her by any means her rightful measure of effectiveness; but as I do not desire on this occasion to argue the question from her side of it, I will call attention to what may be fairly said to be the degree and operation of paternal influence.

First, as a general thing it may be set down as a safe statement that fathers give to girls their locomotive and respiratory structures; to boys their nutritive and bony structures. If then, a father is in the descending scale to his ancestors on the paternal or the maternal side or both, he will carry over to his offspring the physical conditions mentioned above; as for instance, if he be a man of long body and short legs, of small lungs or narrow chest, he will give to his female children short legs and narrow and flat chests or breasts and small lungs. To the boys he may beget, he will give his quality and size of bone and his size and vigor of the nutritive organs.

If he be dyspeptic, the boys will be likely to be predisposed to that disease. If he have coarse-fibred bones, the boys will have them. Mentally and spiritually, he will give to his girls his own characteristics. He will give to his boys his moral and passional qualities. In this direction I think facts are abundant enough to justify generalization and definite conclusions in the matter.

For instance, almost all boys show the appetitive qualities of their fathers while girls lack these. A man who is endowed with large alimentiveness, amativeness, combativeness and destructiveness, will carry these qualities over to his boys. If he has large perceptions of right and wrong his boys will also have them. If he be however also a man of large intellectual and spiritual force, so as in any way to make him a marked personage, giving him, whether for good or ill, high rank in the direction of mental force and intuitive perception, his boys will hardly ever succeed to his intellectual energy and spir-

itual force; but if he have girls, they will.

It is really surprising to see in how many families where men have been or are acknowledged to be decidedly great men, the girls in such families inherit the force of their fathers, while in some instances they are endowed in a very active and sometimes in an intense measure with all the lower and less admirable forces which their fathers possess. It is because of this characteristic gift which men organically possess of communicating to their male children only their lower qualities, that so many more men are found among us having strong and powerful, and under their conditions of living, uncontrollable appetites and passions than women have. There are exceptions to this rule; but all exceptions logically go to prove such rule and therefore cannot be quoted against it but only in its support.

Now, if it be true that the perceptive and reflective qualities which belong to men are more likely than not to be carried over to their girls, and not to be carried over to their boys by reason of the fact that men are more likely to convey to their male children their basilar qualities of character, it becomes a matter of immense importance to offspring that men who desire to be or are seeking to become fathers of families should know how as far as possible to modify this tendency and give to their boys as well as to their girls their best characteristics.

In studying this subject from every point of view which I can consider it under the monogamic marriage institution, I am led to feel that men may do a great deal better in having children than they are in the habit of doing, and that this improved condition may cover the entire organization of offspring.

Doubtless, under conditions of better personal preparation, men might beget better girls than they do; for if it be true that physically considered only, they give to their daughters their locomotive and respiratory structures while they give to their boys their nutritive and bony structures, and that they give to their girls their intellectual and spiritual while they give to their boys their moral and passional structures, it is evident at once to the close observer that their girl children must come into the world and under the present status of civilization grow up with very defective qualities and very imperfectly organized relations to lives of longevity, health and usefulness.

Among the things which I have been led to think may or do have large direction in determining what kind of qualities children should inherit from their parents, I offer the following:

(a) *The way in which the organ of alimentiveness is trained.*

This is a most important faculty in man. He cannot live without eating. This is the divinely ordained method by which he can alone hope to repair waste of tissue used up under his activities in life. It becomes a question of no small im-

portance therefore, what and when he shall eat. If he eats food which when so changed as to become blood, makes it of a quality that affects very sensibly those portions of the brain which have to do with the manifestation of his propensities and passions, then he is more likely to carry over to his offspring those qualities of character which propensity and passion represent, inasmuch as by a law whose operation I do not understand except as I observe it through its peculiarities rather than through any abstract knowledge of the way it operates with a person, he does give to boy children whatever propense force he organically and actively possesses more decidedly than he does to girl children. If his child is a boy, then he comes into the world with his father's constitutional appetitive tendencies and so he is more likely to be under their control than he is to be under the control of his intellectual and spiritual faculties unless his mother has given these to him in larger measure than the father has given the basilar faculties to him. It becomes, therefore, worthy of consideration on the part of the father what kind of food and drink he shall use.

Unhappily in this country, our civilization allows men in the very highest walks of life who themselves are educated and highly cultured, to eat such foods and drink such drinks as do stimulate their lower natures to passional impulsiveness. Take men who think themselves to be, and would be thought by others to be, high-minded, large-hearted, far-sighted, and look at their personal habits. They eat the most exciting flesh meats as staple articles of diet. They drink narcotic or stimulant beverages at ordinary and on extraordinary occasions with great freedom. Great numbers of them, narcotize their systems by the use in some form of tobacco. Still greater numbers are under the constant influence of poisonous drugs and medicines, either administered by medical prescription or taken at their own motion. They thus establish a connection between the base of their brains and their sexual organisms that is unhealthy beyond measure, and so, when they come to the exercise of the most important organic act which they are ever called upon to perform, they give every forcible expression to the worst elements in their natures.

(b) *As begetters they act without any reflection and so without any personal preparation.*

A man in so important an act as is that of co-operating with God, in the making of a new creature which must have a soul, has no more right to act thoughtlessly than he has in the matter of training and properly developing such creature after it has come to inhabit the earth. Every father of sound mind and fair reason feels that he has very important responsibilities resting on him in the way of directing, shaping, and effecting his child's education. He should, therefore, be well informed as to the importance of ante-natal as well as post-natal influences.

If from any cause, therefore, in the whirl and tumult of life he has been called upon to exercise with more than usual energy the blind forces of his own body, while the better and more imperishable qualities of it have been kept in the back ground, under this impulse and these characteristics in him uppermost in their activity, he should sedulously abstain from the procreative act; for if thus conditioned he begets a child, so far as his influence goes, that child is sent into this world with a preponderance of qualities which are passionial and difficult to manage.

Thus born, the child is hard to govern. He holds relations to existence which are sensuous, and it never should be forgotten that sensuous qualities in human nature only need wrong culture to become sensual. The line of distinction between sensuous and sensual life is a delicate one and can be readily passed in the wrong direction, and hard to repass when once the wrong direction has been taken. Men with large natural proclivities to appetitive indulgences and passionial gratifications find it difficult to reform themselves or to be reformed, when these have taken on a decided sensual tone.

That a man can fit himself to become the father of a good child instead of a bad one, there can be, and therefore there ought to be, no longer any doubt. If such man desires that his child whether boy or girl shall have certain qualities of character in strong force and other qualities of character in lesser force, still other qualities in the least force, he can do very much toward bringing about this result by giving personal attention to his own conditions of living. Let him cultivate in himself, if need be, for months preceding the generative occasion just those qualities which he wants his child to have, and repress entirely or hold in disciplinary subjection those qualities in himself which he wishes his child should not have, or possess only in moderate degree. So far as his germinating power affecting his child's organization as a whole, dwells in him, he can fit himself thoroughly for success. True it is, his wife may for want of preparation on her part qualify largely his own effort. Therefore it is necessary that she too should be put in training, and if she possesses qualities that are desirable for the offspring to possess, and others that it should not possess, then her training, if the child's highest good is to be considered, by both parents, should be none the less direct, positive and conclusive, than that of the father.

Science is rapidly coming to recognize as a conclusive truth—and Revelation supports science in the belief—that character is more likely to be dependent upon characteristic elementary qualities than otherwise, and as such qualities in the nature of the case being organic must grow out of and be dependent upon physical organization, it stands to reason that if parents

would have children right-minded, well-disposed, clear-sighted and successful in life, they must start them right. If they do this they must go to the privacies of their bed-chamber as well as to the domesticities of the nursery. To have children grow in truth and in health after they are created, they must have the right disposition, tendencies and temperament. To have them grow into badness, falsehood and hate, is only equal in folly with the poor farmer who locked up his stable door after his horse had been stolen.

(c) *If men desire to have good children they should never beget them on the bodies of women who at the time are unwilling to have them.*

Most children who are born in this country are unwelcome children. They may be described as hap-hazard children. The men who beget them have no desire to do so just at the time they are begotten. The women who conceive them have no sort of wish to enter at that time upon the gestatory state. The whole thing is the gratification of passionial nature, having no higher prompting than that of the lustful. To beget children within the married pale when one of the parents or both are in a state of lust is not the proper way. A mere animal may be justified in doing this, but even in this direction breeders of animals who are of large foresight bring to bear principles of culture.

A breeder of fine horses would on no conditions allow copulation when either the male or female had been excited in the direction of the passions to the obscuration of whatever intellectual force the animal was capable of showing. If a horse had been harnessed to a load which he could not draw, had become discouraged by his successive pulls, had been treated badly by his driver till his temper was aroused and his obstinacy made deeply active, no man, knowing how qualities are transmitted, would immediately thereupon permit him to beget offspring. Inevitably under such circumstances the worst qualities in the animal's nature would be transmitted to his progeny. This rule runs throughout the whole sphere of domestic animals.

If, then, even in their low grade of intelligence they may be said to possess qualities which are good or bad, and these can be transmitted to offspring as these qualities may be sensorially uppermost at the time the procreative act is performed, what language can be too strong or too frank to describe the necessities on the part of the creatures who are so intelligent as human beings are, or ought to be, when they come to this most important of all the personal acts of their lives. There should, therefore, be on the part of the father, as well as of the mother of the child, no lack of preparation. Certainly none in the direction of carelessness, thoughtlessness, nor unwillingness.

(d) *If men would have offspring who shall possess the very best qualities of human nature in the*

*best combinations, they should beget such children only in love.*

Where men do not love their wives, though they may feel called upon by the highest considerations based upon absolute morality or sound expediency to live with them, to keep up the husbandly relation and the family organization, they should not have children by them. Love is a real force. It is not simply an expressed sentiment. Sentiment is the medium by which love is shown. When love does not exist, offspring should not be begotten by human creatures. If love does exist and all the appropriate relations exist and the proper agencies are put in motion to prepare the parties for the procreative act, then, these conditions being observed and being active and of force, the child thus created may fairly be expected to answer God's design in its creation. Otherwise, there will be some such deviation from the Divine plan as will necessitate extraordinary care and effort on the part of its parents or of society at large, to place it and keep it in its orbit, else it will become eccentric, so that it would be better for the world's welfare had it never been born.

It cannot be supposed for a moment that these suggestions of mine will have weight with every man who may read them. But there is a class of men in this country who are thinking whether there are not resources within themselves and the women whose husbands they are, or are to be, for the improvement of their offspring by breeding. Such men may be laughed at just now, be thought finical, fanatical or foolish as I shall be thought by a great many persons to be, for discussing the question. Nevertheless, if they can succeed in having beautiful, healthy, well-behaved, well-disposed, easily-governed, thoroughly-educated and richly-cultured children as the result of heed to the suggestions I have here offered, and to other like suggestions which perhaps may be born within their own thought, they can afford to stand ridicule, laughter and personal contempt. If they can become fathers of children who will live when the children of those who ridicule and laugh at them shall die, of children who shall be healthy when other children shall be sick, who shall be good when other children shall be bad, who shall be capacious in thought and wonderfully sagacious in foresight when other children shall be stupid and dull; they will be amply rewarded, and at length compel their critics to admit, that where law is supreme it is better to obey than to disregard it. If the women of the country will but become so intelligent and conscientious as to be enlightened in their motherhood, and the men shall come to be enlightened in their fatherhood, a generation or two from this will exhibit traits of character so much in advance of what is now representative amongst us, as to make one feel that human nature is worthy the highest regard in the esteem of man and of God.

Health-reformers need to show the value of their principles in the persons of their children. They need to have symmetrically developed boys and girls who shall live during childhood free from serious sickness, grow up to manhood and womanhood with vigorous and beautiful bodies, whose mobility, delicacy, firmness and strength shall take on the slightest and the largest impressions of the souls dwelling within them, making manifest the truth that when God creates a human being after His ideal, such creature legitimately puts on and makes manifest the Divine image.

From Harper's Bazar.

### A Social Custom.

WHEN we find ourselves guests at the full afternoon receptions of women of fashion, what is the feature of these receptions that is forced most strongly on our attention?

In whatever city the receptions are held, we are likely to be in superb rooms, often in historic ones. There are pictures around us on all sides, pictures and bronzes and marbles, into which artists have wrought their lives and their souls, and there are smaller *objets de vertu*, sometimes the very spoil of palaces: but is it concerning them we talk, around them that we linger? No, indeed; we ignore them; they do not exist for us; perhaps insensibly they add to our comfort with the recognition of luxury and ease they bring, but otherwise we do not see them; we talk, instead, a platitude of the weather, we pass a compliment of the season, and we betake ourselves, with all the grace we may, to the dining room. Mr. Tyndall may be building up a science among us, Mr. Froude may be dazzling the truth out of the eyes of a continent, Mr. Phillips may be excoriating Mr. Froude, emperors may be dying, kingdoms falling, and republics rising; but if we made our conversation of such themes we should be stared at with open eyes and answered with silence; and so we say our trivial say and hasten to the dining-room, where we excuse our appetites by reference to the laborious duties of the day, and commence to feast ourselves as if we had had nothing to eat since yesterday, and expected to have nothing more till to-morrow. But the truth is, we breakfasted at ten; we lunched before we came out, at two; it is now between four and five in the afternoon, and we dine between six and seven; and yet our plates are being rapidly changed for chicken-salad, or for crustless sandwiches cut into fantastic forms of hearts and lyres, for croquettes or crabs, for terrapin or oysters; and we begin with sherry and end with rum punch, and go to the next house and repeat it all or in part. And meanwhile we are rolling under our tongues morsels as much to our taste apparently as any sweetmeat of them all—spicy tidbits of scandal—and are considering ourselves virtuously magnanimous because we praise the Parisian dress across the room which is so much richer than our own.

The great end of a certain sort of fashionable life appears to be what is termed "calling," and the great end of calling appears to be eating. Eating only? Eating and drinking! It is not long since very fashionable ladies in a neighboring city rebelled in a body against the use of chocolate at the afternoon receptions; and the delicious Spanish drink, sweet and spiced and foaming, full of its rich Southern associations, Castile and Mexico, and the Havana dis-

illed in every cup of it, had to be banished from the polite reception, or was only countenanced when seen in company with wines and liqueurs. More lately a highly seasoned tea of beef stock has been introduced from European society, and has found so much favor as to be able to establish itself and maintain its ground, being both strengthening and stimulating, and, while it is a novelty and is fresh from the sanction of real courts, being allowed companionship with the aristocratic draughts whose vinous parentage dates back a couple of thousand years.

Elderly ladies, who might reasonably refresh themselves with the punches, often enough are contented with this pleasant bouillon; and it is the younger ladies, who have danced all the night before, who now fly for comfort to these sweet and fiery concoctions that their elders pass by; and nothing can surpass the loud contemptuousness with which these young ladies will speak of what they classify as a lemonade-party. If it were a poison-party they could give it no severer notice; in fact, they prefer a poison-party. They have been fed on strong meats till they despise the simple claret punch as they do lemonade, and they demand something that shall send a bubble through their veins. It can not be absinthe yet, because they are too near their childhood to have lost a relish for the sweet, or to have acquired one for the bitter; and so into the bowl where lemon and strawberries and pine-apple are floating in a mixture of Verzenay or Rœderer and Hyson tea, the whole well saturated with sugar and old French brandy, or where Jamaica and Otard and Bourbon have mingled their fires—into such a mixture these little creatures, who last year just began to see the world, dip their ladies and come again.

They have just begun to see the world; and under these circumstances they must see it and get through with it pretty quickly. When a young lady has called at half a dozen of such receptions, and at every one has tasted again some delicious sort of indigestion served on majolica ware, too tired with dancing and excitement to have relish for any less attractive food, and has spurred her stomach to the task at each of the half dozen houses by a glass of these potent cordials; has dined, perhaps with wines too—in what condition is she for the night's German; how likely to hold herself with the proper restraint and decorum; how likely to dance like a Menad; how well able to maintain modesty and maidenliness, and the charm of her freshness and sweetness!

And after a season of such eating and drinking, to what a state must we fancy our young lady's nervous system reduced! The dancing may have been out of the way only so far as it was in excess; the late hours, balanced by the morning's beauty-sleep, may have been only relatively injurious; but the nerves, fagged out in a perpetual strain, like tired nags on an endless ascent, aggravated, furthermore, by the cruel indigestion of the majolica wares, and then stimulated to desperation by delicious poison, these airy and invisible wretches have gotten her by the head, have thrown her prostrate in slow fevers and shrieking hysterics, till haggard and livid and trembling, no longer with any inviting bloom of the peach on her fruity flesh, no longer with any sparkle in her eyes, but a prey to a thousand petty torments, a burden to her own soul, and ready for apoplexy or paralysis, or for a worse fate than either of the two. For it requires no violent stretch of the fancy to see what winter after winter of this may bring about—to see the desperate stimulant become an hourly need—to see the career that began so brightly, with the flutter of gauze and of hearts, the dazzle of jewels and of eyes, with music and dancing and blushes and bloom, end in delirium and the grave!

## Travels in Europe.—No. 24.

BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

### THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

THE French are the most polite people on the face of the earth. Politeness is not confined to any particular class but is the characteristic of all classes; neither is it put on for particular days and occasions but it is apparent in their every day life and in all their common business transactions. From the Emperor down to the huckster and market-women you observe evidences of suavity of manners, respectful conversation, and graceful actions.

On the streets and boulevards of Paris, in the public gardens, in the street cars and omnibuses, at the railway stations, in the railway coaches and at places of amusements, on fete days and levees, nearly every one seems to be taught that there are certain rules of decorum and respect for the rights of others to which they must, and do, cheerfully conform. If you ask a question of any of the common people they, in replying, bow gracefully, lift their hat and whether their answer be truthful or not it is given with a certain grace of manner that is truly refreshing to see.

In no part of France that I visited did I observe such roughness and rudeness, such boisterousness and vulgarity of action as is witnessed almost every day, especially in the railway cars, in America. To illustrate: Not long ago on a trip from Albany to New York, at one of the local stations, five or six young men, apparently from eighteen to twenty years of age, came into a comparatively quiet car, nearly full of passengers. The young men seemed to be in a state of great hilarity, and immediately began such a strain of loud and low-slang talking interspersed with oaths and boisterous laughter, as would render it exceedingly unpleasant for any person of sensitive nerves or refined taste to remain in their presence. I have observed conduct nearly equally rude in the young ladies of our country.

It is a lamentable fact also in our country that if you ask a civil question of a person about something of which they are supposed to be informed, you will frequently receive a reply which in word and manner makes you feel as though you would sooner risk asking a favor from a gorilla. Somehow the impression obtains among the young people of this country that because they live in a land where the largest political, religious, and social liberty is the characteristic feature of the government, that they also have a right to the most unrestrained personal liberty, regardless of the sensibilities, tastes, or personal rights of others. A more erroneous opinion could not obtain. The true function of a self-governing people is for each individual member thereof to have and to exercise such firm and rigid control over his own

appetites, passions, and desires that he will always guard with fidelity and due respect, the rights and happiness of others.

When the moral and intellectual faculties shall have been properly trained, and the desires and propensities of man brought into proper subjection and the nature of man properly understood, the highest form of government will be one where there will be no need of civil laws, for every man will have as sacred a regard for the rights of others as he has for his own and will be in fact "a law unto himself."

If the French were as moral, pure, and honest as they are polite, they would be a model people. But as a rule they are neither honest nor moral. If you ask a civil question of a citizen about ordinary affairs you cannot be certain whether he tells you the truth or a deliberate lie. If you inquire the way to any street, or number, or public place you will not infrequently be directed in exactly the opposite direction from the right one and this too by persons who know perfectly well that they are telling you wrong. If one attempt to travel in France unacquainted with traits of French character, he will be often led into difficulty. The only safe way, in cities especially, is to have maps with you, and get the advice and direction of friends before leaving your hotel. Their extreme suavity and apparent politeness on such occasions reminds one forcibly of the aphorism of Shakespeare—"A man may smile and smile and be a villain still." An American, with all his rudeness, will generally give you as correct an answer as possible, and an Englishman will frequently, if he thinks you are going wrong, go somewhat out of his way to set you right.

The French are easily excited. They are like gunpowder, needing only a spark to effect an explosion. When in Paris my sensations were similar to those when in the crater of Vesuvius we felt the rumbling and trembling beneath our feet, we did not know how soon we might be overwhelmed by an eruption. The presence of strong military guards constantly parading the streets and quartered in nearly every block induces a sense of good order and security, yet as you study the character of the people you become convinced that if the military restraints were to be removed crime would revel and blood would flow freely in the streets of Paris.

The whole history of France has been written in blood. There is scarcely a foot of soil in Paris that has not been stained with human gore and over which some one has not writhed in the agonies of violent death. You can almost cover with a bed blanket different places in Paris where from two to thirty thousand people have been slaughtered by the guillotine.

The French are more proud of their battle-fields, of their trophies of war and the conquests of their emperors and great generals than of anything else. You see evidence of this everywhere. All their art galleries are full of battle

scenes. The Louvre in the Tuilleries and the picture galleries in the palace of Luxembourg, St. Cloud, and Versailles, are among the largest in the world. At Versailles it takes two and one half hours to walk through the various rooms without stopping—and in almost every room the ceilings, the walls, the casings of the windows and doors are covered with pictures, nearly all of which were painted by men who were contemporaneous with such men as Peter Paul Rubens, Horace Vernet and others of their times.

These paintings are among the finest in the world, yet, strange as it may seem, in all these vast collections you find little but battle scenes, encampments, reviews, coronations, court scenes, marriages of kings and queens, audiences of sovereigns, councils, etc. You find hardly a landscape, a mountain, a lake, a waterfall, a forest, a fruit or flower painting in the entire collection. Neither are there paintings representing peace, goodness, domestic happiness, or the useful arts of agriculture, commerce, or manufactures, or even of fine arts. The works themselves are magnificent specimens of fine art but they represent, as a rule, war and blood, instead of peace and truth. Among the numerous works of statuary that adorn the galleries, gardens, and public walks, three-fourths are representations of such men as Charles Henri, Louis Phillippe, and Napoleon, and the warriors, instead of the scholars, statesmen, and philosophers of France. The gardens and grounds of Versailles embrace hundreds of acres and all through them amid flowers and fountains stand the finest pieces of statuary in white marble and bronze, and the majority of them are of the class named.

The politeness of manners so apparent in the French has grown out of the deference and respect paid to the crowned heads and great men of the nation. The people are well drilled in it from childhood as a soldier is drilled in the manual of arms. Their politeness is more of the head than of the heart.

I do not wonder that infidelity is so widespread in France, that the people live mostly in hotels, that domestic happiness and home comforts are so little known, that one third of the children born are illegitimate, that on the Sabbath there is little cessation of business or respect paid to religion, virtue and purity. The whole history of France and the lives of the rulers have been such as to lead to this state of things. Fine show, splendid equipages, crown jewels, diamonds, gold trimmings and trappings, costly edifices, beautiful streets, magnificent boulevards, out-door life, excitements, stimulants, freedom from domestic care, lack of home enjoyments and comforts, costly jewels, rich apparel, and extreme suavity and politeness seem to be marked traits in the French character.

A Frenchman does not know what it is to

practice self-denial in any department of his nature. Whatever his appetite craves or his passions desire he gets if it is to be had and he is able to obtain it. If he abstains from eating or drinking or gratifying himself in any way it is from necessity, not from choice.

The quantity of wine consumed by the French is simply enormous. It flows through the cellars of Paris as freely as water flows through the croton pipes of New York. It is everywhere present and everybody uses it. At breakfast, dinner, and supper, in the hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, and on private tables it is always present. From my observation I should doubt if there be a strictly temperance man or a temperance society in France. Old and young, men and women, parents and children, priest and layman, saint and sinner, rich and poor all use wine.

The effects of such a free use of alcoholic stimulants upon the people of France made such an impression on my mind while in Paris that in a letter to Mrs. Miller dated Sept. 7, 1869 I used the following words, which the events of the last four years have proved to be a true prediction.

"If the French nation is not at war again either in revolution or with another nation within two years, I shall be greatly mistaken. A people using stimulants so freely and who live so much upon excitement cannot get along without some way to work off the fire and steam that are generated within. The elements of revolution, war, and bloodshed are in this people to-day as much as in the days of Charles IV, Napoleon Bonaparte, or Louis XIV. Let some one produce the necessary friction to ignite this combustible material and off it goes into a raging conflagration that will not be readily subdued. How can it be otherwise with a people whose blood is constantly fired by stimulants and who have never been taught the first elements of self-control in all their lives?"

Much has been said in America about the general introduction of wine as a remedy for intemperance, and the advocates affirm that in countries where wine is in general use, drunkenness is almost unknown. If some form of alcoholic stimulants must be used, I would prefer wine as less injurious than whiskey, rum, gin, and brandy, but I cannot see how its general introduction will cure intemperance. The man who drinks whiskey might perhaps use a gill or half a pint a day while the wine bibber would take from one to three quarts of wine a day, and if you wish to find out whether or not they become intoxicated, you have only to go to the wine cellars at night and you will see plenty of intoxicated men.

For one I should be very willing to help empty out all whiskey, brandy, rum, and gin and fill up the vessels with wine—then I should wish to empty them and fill up with lager beer,

and when that was done I would empty them again and fill up with water, bright water, pure water, clear water which does gladden every home and cheer every heart.

HOME OF HEALTH, 39 and 41 West 26th St., New York.

### Speech of Monsieur J. De Saint Ange.

ONE of our former patients of Dansville coming up by invitation to our anniversary celebration brought along friends who were visiting him for the day, a French gentleman and his wife, from Rochester. The whole thing was new to these people, and the gentleman was moved to a speech which was begun in English, but as he warmed he took his own more fluent tongue and spoke enthusiastically with word and gesture, and those who understood him said with much grace and eloquence. We are able to give the following version:

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I would like to be more acquainted with the magnificent tongue of Shakespeare to express to you my admiration of all I have heard and seen in these few hours during which I have the honor of being in the midst of you. But if I cannot perfectly express myself in the tongue of the poet, permit me to make a few remarks in the language of Racine, Voltaire, Hugo and Dumas and to tell you in that charming French tongue how satisfied I am to visit this establishment situated on the hillside like an Italian villa. Amongst the many mottoes suspended on the walls of your dining hall I remarked especially the following:—"Be polite to Strangers"—"Be kind to Strangers." But truly it was unnecessary to print it on your walls; those sentiments each American conserves engraved on his heart, for if there is another land in the world, after France, so renowned for its hospitality it is incontestably the land of Washington, that is to say the United States of America.

Now permit me to continue my remarks in my native tongue, feeling I have not power to express myself in yours, and to tell you that I have traveled much in the different states of the Union, but I have never visited any establishment so magnificent and so well administered; where utility blends with agreeableness and where thousands of people have found relief at that source of life, that Shiloh, which Dr. Jackson, the same as Moses, has caused to come forth from that second Horeb, giving renown and joy to all Dansville. Here all breathes of calm and harmony and sweet friendship. The embalmed air and clear sky, the surrounding hills so picturesque, like those of Switzerland! The nature and the hygiene produce here wonderful effects; the one gives calmness to the soul and the other by the science and zealous care of Dr. Jackson and his female aids, so gracious and charming, restores the strength of the body.

Gentlemen, I will finish by saying that I have only one regret, that is, not to be sick; I only feel too well to-day to become one of your boarders. But believe me, at all times, wherever I may be, I shall never forget that which I have seen and heard at the water cure, and if ever I am stricken with any infirmity, I will not forget to make of your house my home.

BE SURE to read advertisement on 4th page of cover.

For the Laws of Life.

To Dr. J. C. Jackson.

A LITTLE poem—no effort—no art,  
On a business letter, common and plain;  
But it somehow went to my aching heart,  
And stilled for a moment its throbbing pain.  
A couplet was never so prized before,  
For these were the words it tenderly bore,  
"Please be not discouraged whatever betide,  
Since to each human life there is a bright-side."

To mine could it be? the clouds had hung  
Heavy and dark o'er the ways I trod,  
The bitter shadow that death had flung  
Seemed to me a frown on the face of my God.  
Three little forms in the churchyard lay,  
Could I catch above those graves a ray?  
Yet it came with the words, "whatever betide,  
To each human life there is a bright-side."

May bless thee, friend, for the kindly aid  
That has given health to the drooping form;  
And stayed disease when its hands were laid  
On a dear one's brow, dejected and worn.  
But for me the comfort your words have given  
Is like morning manna dropped from Heaven,  
For all may take heart if "whatever betide  
To each human life there is a bright-side."

DELIA A. PRATT.

For the Laws of Life.

### Hygienic Living, Its Moral Tendency.

BY REV. PETER CONRAD.

ON very high authority we are told that "Each one is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed. Then lust having conceived, brings forth sin, and sin when it is completed brings forth death."—James 1:14, 15. (Revised translation.)

This statement on so high authority and so entirely accordant with the universal experience of mankind, will be received by every one as readily as an axiom in mathematics.

Then it follows that whatever a person does to excite or foster the evil passions here called lusts, will be to increase the probability of being tempted, and of yielding to the power of temptation, when the trial comes.

But the use of intoxicating drinks, opium, tobacco, stimulating table drinks, rich and highly seasoned food, all tend directly to excite and disorder the stomach, and through it the entire nervous system, in which state malignant and impure passions are excited, and hence tend to temptation, sin, death.

Plain facts sustain this position. From that class of persons who habitually yield the reason and the conscience to be led captive by appetite or passion, come the criminals in the penitentiaries, the apostates from the churches, and those whose chosen abodes or resorts are the homes of vice. Here is no ill-designed thrust at church members who live intemperately, and gluttonously; for Paul says "Many walk, (that is, professedly as christians,) of whom I

have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." Phil. 3:18, 19. It seems Paul was wont to dwell on this dark view till moved thereby to tears, and then oft and plainly to speak words of kind and faithful warning. Surely then in the same spirit I have a right to speak earnestly and affectionately on this subject. From what I have seen and know, I am satisfied that the cause of our Lord is exposed to no more adverse power, than that growing out of the intemperate and gluttonous indulgences of many of its professed friends. Hence they mind *earthly things*, and defile their bodies, which else were the temples of the Holy Spirit.

Daniel and his companions furnish a fine example of Hygienic living and its tendency. When offered royal dainties, and wines to subsist upon, they respectfully declined the offer, determining "not to defile themselves with the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." They asked to be fed with pulse, (that is, a vegetable diet,) and to have water to drink, to be proved thus at first for ten days, at the end of which time they appeared so well that their request was granted. At the end of their three years' course of study, in all the royal college, "no others were found to equal these four young men; they surpassed even all the magicians and astrologers that were in all the realm." This showed the tendency of this kind of living upon intellectual attainments, and the subsequent manifestation of their moral stamina, shows its moral tendency.

It may be said that their exalted characters were the result of higher influences than those of hygienic living. I readily grant it. But had they yielded to feast daily upon the king's food, and to drink of his wines, they would not have been the proper subjects of those higher Divine influences, which made them one of the brightest constellations in the moral heavens, shining through all time, an example to all youth.

God's spirit requires *holy living temples* to dwell in, and through which to manifest his holy purposes. These temples darkened and confused through gluttony or any form of intemperance, is a grief to the Spirit. Nor is it to be wondered at that through such defiled temples He will make no striking manifestation of his power.

It is not claimed that this style of living is the fulfilling of the Divine or of human law. But it is bringing persons into a state soberly to weigh and consider their relations and obligations to God, and all domestic and social claims, and to do this without being constantly beset by antagonistic forces too strong to allow the mind to discern truth clearly or the conscience to decide without a selfish bias. Thus Hygienic living is seen to tend to that which is

reasonable and right, and to put heavy brakes upon the evil appetites and passions whenever they would switch us off from the straight track of right on any doubtful course, however great the promised pleasure or profit of such a course.

In families and communities, as in the individual, such a style of living is promotive of love, forbearance, and social harmony, removing as it does some, and holding in check other discordant forces.

Those who adopt this mode of life do much toward liberating themselves from a debasing moral slavery and attaining a true freedom of thought and choice.

The view I have labored to present shows the dignity and importance of this department of the health-reformer's labor, and gives a faint glimpse of what may be hoped for in the triumph of the grand conception.

From James G. Clark in Elmira Gazette.\*

### Why I Preach of Health.

A FEW weeks since I took the stage from Blood's Station, on the Erie road, to Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y. It was a windy, but not cold day, yet cold enough for overcoats. After going some three miles we came to a portion of the road where men were at work shoveling a passage through the snow-drifts, that teams might avoid the necessity of traveling in the orchards. Here one of the workmen left the rest and mounted the open stage by the driver's side, in front of me.

"Put the robe over your lap," said the driver. The young man was in a profuse perspiration, but replied, "No, I am warm enough now."

At this I gave him a gentle nudge in the small of the back, and said to him: "My friend, if you were to drive a horse till he got into a foaming sweat and then hitch him in the cold wind, what would you do for him next?"

"Why, cover him up with a blanket, of course, or he would take cold," was the prompt answer.

"Then why not be equally careful of yourself?" I replied.

He first looked around as though I might be joking, but seeing that I did not smile finally responded, "Well now that's so, but I never thought of it in that way before." So he drew the robe over his lap, and taking the heavy shawl I offered him, threw it around his shoulders.

Now this is a fair illustration of the general distinction between a man's treatment of himself and his horse. A thoughtful man never fails to cover up a heated horse, and never feeds him oats nor waters him until he first cools off. But the same thoughtful man will not hesitate to sit down to a table in a reeking sweat and eat and drink heartily, while the air from an open window blows directly upon his throat and lungs. And if the result is cold, sore throat, or congested lungs he "cannot see when he took cold." And if he die, his friends "don't know why he should be taken away," and we all know what is said at the funeral, and that nobody is made much wiser for the expensive lesson. Well, it is claimed that the order of creation was, first, the mineral, then the vegetable, then the animal, and at last the spiritual,—and our human nature runs very much

in the same way in its pursuit and application of knowledge.

The savage learns to prize silver and gold long before he knows its commercial value, and before he thinks of improving the vegetable products of the soil. And man learns the latter before he improves horses, cattle and sheep; and he works at the development of these before carrying the theory higher, and applying himself systematically to the improvement of the physical man. Yet these are the inevitable steps which must precede the true, well rounded spiritual development that is to supercede our present nervous, halting, jerking, spasmodic humanity. As the weaver's shuttle flies swiftly from one side of the warp to the other till the piece is finished, so the shuttle of divinity—the immortal mind—moves at the bidding of the infinite Weaver, backward and forward from one extreme of human nature to the other, between the lowest and highest forms of human life, developing the fabric slowly but surely and consistently, in its never ceasing motion. By and by the piece will be completed and then will begin the millenium. It sometimes seems hard to wait for the application of knowledge and the final vindication of eternal principles, and yet we can only go at about such a pace, and it remains for us to work as intelligently as possible, and to have patience while we wait.

My friend Mr. White, the gifted architect of Syracuse, who superintends the building of Rev. T. K. Beecher's model church in Elmira, has the whole structure complete in his own artistic mind. Mentally it is finished. He has a distinct vision of the perfect walls, the ingenious interior arrangements which are to make it a new revelation in church architecture, and he sees the beautiful spires arising gracefully over all, while the mass of men who ride and walk past it only see the well laid foundations, around which rough workmen are busy toiling and looking ever downward instead of upward. If Mr. White resembled an impatient or impractical moral reformer, he would say, "All hands leave the foundations and go to work on the roof and spires." Or, if he resembled some people who neither plan nor toil for man, but only find fault with the labor and plans of others, he would discharge the workmen and grumble because the spire does not appear of its own accord. But the builder knows better than to do this, and so he works and waits with the conviction that if the labor goes on, the walls will soon arise and invite the roof and spires to join them in perfect union.

First the animal, then the spiritual. First a strong foundation and then the perfect structure. Unless manhood and womanhood are planted in sound physical conditions, they must topple over into chaos and begin anew.

The lesson of waiting is a hard one to learn, but we must accept of it in the building of character and of society, no less than in the building of churches and of cities. Sometime in the future we shall, perhaps, learn to avoid law-breaking by intuition, (and intuition is only the delicate flower of experience falling upon us from the twigs of a higher life,) but now we are scourged into our education by bitter necessity.

As a rule, people do not seem to care for their health till it first escapes from them and then they fall in love with it in the excitement of trying to catch it again. This has certainly been my own experience. I am never sick now. I did not have a cold nor a sore throat last winter, while the "epizootic" afflicted horse and man alike. In fact, I am living in a new

\*Mr. Clark received his hygienic education at Our Home.—Ed.]

dispensation as regards health and the expression of all my faculties.

Years ago, when I began public life, I was in the habit of muffling up my throat with fur and tinkering it with medicine. Now I avoid both agencies, and when I go into the cold frosty air after singing, I simply throw a shawl around my mouth, neck and shoulders to keep the air from direct contact with my lungs, and to prevent a sudden check of perspiration, and throat and lungs then take care of themselves without the intervention of drugs or extra fuss. Once I was always ready to take some refreshments, (though I never used alcohol nor tobacco in any form,) at any time between sunrise and midnight. Now I never bite even an apple between meals. Once I could—as the doctors advised me—eat anything from a soggy doughnut or a spicy, peppery, porky sausage, or mince pie, to a tough inch-slab of smoked ham. Now I abjure anything boiled in hog's grease. I never linger above a mince pie or sausage, unless it be to execute a pathetic whistle to the unseen ghost of some unhappy dog that may with averted tail be hanging around the fractional remains of its earthly form. And I never look at side pork, nor approach ham except to follow the example of our father Noah and curse the creature. Once when deprived of my rest at night—as all travelers must be at times—it did not occur to me that I might, as I now do, bid nature make repairs while I slept in the day-time. The result was that after a few years of sinning I had dyspepsia and liver complaint. And of course I could not tell why, but supposed it was because I did not take enough medicine. Then I took more medicine but failed to change my habits of life. Then I took the next degree—typhoid fever. And of course I was unable to tell why.

#### An Aged Newspaper.

We have in our possession a well-preserved old newspaper,—a copy of *The Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*,—published in Baltimore-town, Province of Maryland, in August 1773. It is a real curiosity and we have examined it with great interest. Things were so different then. In a list of articles advertised by "Christopher Hughes & Co., goldsmiths and jewellers, at the sign of the Cup and Crown," are mentioned "shoe, knee, stock and breast buckles," and "ladies rose and knot buckles." Barnard Reily offers five Pounds reward to whoever will return a run away Irish Servant man, who had a remarkable scar under his right eye and wore "oznabrigs trowsers patched on both knees." Another man advertises his negro PRINCE,—“a tall, slim fellow, with several hacks in his forehead,”—who had run away, offering Five Pounds if he should be secured in gaol or Ten if brought home.—Among the latest news from Europe, is this announcement: "The King hath appointed Lord William Campbell Governor, etc. of South Carolina," and Geo. Washington inserts a long advertisement, dated "Mt. Vernon in Virginia, July 15th, 1773," and begins thus:

"The subscriber having obtained patents for upwards of twenty thousand acres of land on the Ohio and Great Kanawha, proposes to divide the same into any sized tenements that may be desired, and lease them upon moderate

terms, etc., etc." In order that they might readily receive the Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York papers, the publishers proposed "establishing a rider from Baltimore to Philadelphia to set out from the last mentioned place early on Monday morning, and to arrive in Baltimore on Tuesday evening."

We copy from the paper the following article, leaving our readers to judge whether it is as applicable to the people of the nineteenth century as it was to those of the eighteenth:—

#### ON THE SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—FROM A LATE PUBLICATION.

That a plain dress is the best ornament of a beautiful woman, I had lately a most convincing proof. The neatness of a daughter of that religious sect, called Quakers, in one of the public walks, caught my eye—never was innocence and elegance more sweetly portrayed. But when I had an opportunity of beholding her face, my astonishment and delight were inexpressible. Her complexion so lovely, her eyes sparkling, her teeth and lips such as a Reynolds can imagine, and her smile an emanation of divinity. I contemplated her person with a pleasure till then unknown, and should have pronounced her the most finished work of Heaven, but that it occurred to me, that many of my fair country women appeared inferior to her, from only not being satisfied with what Heaven had made them—tortured hair, a superfluity of ribbons, idle gems, etc., etc., were, though meant for so many additions, only so many disadvantages to them, by preventing the eye from judging readily of their charms, or indeed beholding them through the happiest of all mediums—the medium of simplicity. In short, I am convinced that some deity, in his wrath, suffered them to be betrayed into this dressing folly; from which I most heartily wish that some sensible mortal would endeavor to reclaim them.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

For the Laws of Life.

#### Healthy Children.—No. 1.

BY ROLLA A. LAW.

"CAN our children be reared healthfully?"

Yes; in three cases out of five.

"And not be seriously ill?"

Again, yes; even the measles, scarlet fever, dysentery, and the other diseases of ordinary childhood will be scarcely noticed.

"Then why do so many children die early, and why is there so much sickness in all our families?"

Reasons plentiful enough might be told; but let us notice a few, only.

Children, as a rule, are born sickly, born of weak, or diseased parents; this alone would be a sufficient answer to the last question; but we will leave to the medical practitioner and the professional physiologist the scientific explanation of this important subject—the most important of any which can engage the attention of social reformers.

Defective as most children are, we believe that with proper "bringing up" a vast majority of them would not only live, but would attain a

comfortable old age, comparatively free from every dangerous illness.

What are the causes of the ills to which most of our best-born children are so subject? The child has several natural wants, either of which if denied its tender growing body, will render it weakly, if not sickly, for life. Shall we name some of these leading wants, or needs? Sleep, rest, warmth, air, food, exercise, a home-atmosphere of love.

“Why, every child has these?”

Let us see. What are among the first needs of the child? What are among its most precious God-given rights all along its years of growing childhood? Rest, sleep; the right to sleep and rest to its entire satisfaction. Some physiologists tell us that the bones grow only during sleep; that our food makes tissue only as we sleep. And yet, every child—newly born—has so many “aunties” that the nursery, which should be sacred to parent and child, and private as against all the world beside, is invaded at all hours, and the sensitive little “fledgling of the sky” which feels the very presence of un-lovingness, is disturbed in all its nature, unconsciously it may be to the intruder, but none the less injuriously to the little sufferer to whom God says “sleep.”

If ever man is justified in using the “knotted club of old Valjean,” it is when called to stand guard at the nursery door of mother and child, forbidding within these sacred precincts any and all who do not love the mother too well to think of self, or aught else less sacred than *her* child!

A year or two since, in several communications to the *Laws of Life*, I ventured, for the encouragement of others, to mention some of the children of my own family, and especially a little “hygienic girl!” then some six or seven years of age; and still earlier, mention was made of other children; and there may be those who then doubted if such as were then living would fulfil in their future years the promise made in these columns. Then let me say in reference to all of them in general, that almost perfect health has been theirs in these several years, and all are faithful to the leading truths as taught on the Hillside; and that the younger, who was a “Berry-picker” when last heard from, is now a robust, full-faced, rosy-cheeked girl of nine years, still living, as then, on her two meals a day, and never eating between meals; often for several months not partaking once of fish or meat, never of butter or pastry or condiments of any kind; of which, more hereafter.

And yet, it is my belief, that much as is owing to diet as regards health, sleep and rest in growing childhood cannot be too highly prized, nor too sacredly guaranteed to each and every one of our children, if with proper living, in after years we would see them robust in health

and strength, and exempt from the common ills of life.

This little girl, who this Autumn has visited the “Hillside” and “Brightside” and “Maple Beach,” whose perfect health and overflowing life has been noticed by many who will read this article, is no “myth of the woods” whom some partial parental eye too fondly commends, but is a living example of what sleep and rest and simple food will do to render one strong in body and happy in soul. She has worked in field and garden this summer, side by side with boys and men, and for weeks and months performed more hard labor day after day, in proportion to her years, than either of them! But she sleeps her full ten hours in every twenty-four; it is her right!

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich., Nov. 1873.

For The Laws of Life.

**By the Sea.**

WITH idle brain and listless hands  
We sun ourselves on shining sands,  
Nor note of time nor change take we  
Save the ebbing of the tireless sea.

The past becomes a misty haze,  
The future lost amid the waves,  
The present only seems to be,  
Then slips away into the sea.

Oh, beaches white, so gladly pressed  
By feet that linger here to rest;  
Oh, yellow sands, whose reaches wide  
The “now” from “long ago” divide.

Glad waves that bring in low refrain  
Nepenthe to the weary brain,  
And surf that drowns in ceaseless roar  
A pain that’s past forevermore.

Thou masterful and restful sea,  
How strong and true thy passions be;  
Would that with thee my soul could rest,  
Till gained the mansions of the best.

RUTH E. HULL.

**State Correspondence.**

CONCERNING FLOUR, DIET, ETC.

THE following is entitled to high consideration as being the result of the observations of one of the most accurate scientists of the country,—Richard Owen, L. L. D., President of the Indiana Agricultural College, and also Professor of Material Sciences in the Indiana University:

To the Editor of the (Indianapolis) Journal:

It is probably true, as stated in Eastern periodicals, that there is a great deficiency, especially in Great Britain and France, of bread-stuffs, which deficit other portions of Europe can make up only to a very limited extent. The deficit is estimated at from forty to seventy million bushels, which the Western continent, and especially the United States, will have chiefly to supply.

Under these circumstances it becomes exceedingly important that farmers, particularly any who are in debt and desirous now to avail themselves of the prospective rise in bread-stuffs, should make their

stock of wheat for home consumption go as far as possible, so as to have more for sale than they otherwise would have.

On this point I can furnish a hint which may be of service to the health as well as the pocket. While I was recently for some months in the State of New York I was shown a sample of excellent flour made entirely from shorts by a new process, the machinery however costs several thousand dollars, but the original cost of the machinery is soon repaid in a large establishment. There is another plan within the reach of every farmer by which the same object can be attained. Chemists, after making frequent analyses of the different products obtained under the successive portions of the bolting cloth, namely superfine flour through the finest silk or wire meshes, then seconds, shorts and bran, invariably find that the shorts and bran contain most of the gluten, the only part of the ground wheat which is nitrogenous and histogenetic, or muscle-making, while the starchy part, chiefly found in the superfine flour is mostly carbonaceous and consequently respiratory food, adding more to our warmth by union with the oxygen of the air, than to nourishment and strength. It is evident then that if we use the unbolted flour we obtain the whole of the nourishment contained in the wheat. There is another great advantage gained by using the unbolted flour. Many persons pursuing a sedentary occupation, and using the brain more than the muscles, become very constipated, and thereby lay the foundation for many diseases. This diet is a perfect cure for the above troublesome habit of body, and taken even in moderate quantities, will prevent such a habit.

The unbolted flour wet up with water to form a thin dough or stiff batter without any yeast, soda or other ingredient, and baked in gem-pans or made into puddings by being stirred into boiling water as is often done with Indian meal, makes delicious food. Dyspeptics, who usually suffer so much from eating the inside of fresh bread, can use these gems when warm and crisp with perfect impunity.

But perhaps the best method of using brown flour is to make it into a mush or pudding, just as you would corn meal. Bring the water to the boiling point, then sprinkle in your unbolted flour gradually, stirring it constantly, and adding, if you choose, a little salt. Let the mush or pudding boil from half an hour to three-quarters according to the quantity of materials and the briskness of your fire. It may be eaten either warm or cold with cream and sugar if preferred and thus makes a cheap and very palatable pudding for dessert, much more wholesome than rich pastry.

Another cheap and wholesome material within the reach of almost all, during both winter and summer, and which I formerly thought scarcely worth eating, is valuable and affords a good relish. It is the much despised dried apple. The Shakers of Sonyea, Livingston county, New York, last year supplied the great hygienic institute at Dansville, in the same State, with four tons of dried apples, and the sauce made from these was on the table every meal during the ten weeks I was there. Although there was abundance of other good food, most persons took some of the apple sauce at every meal, and I can say for myself it seemed just as good as that usually made from fine fresh apples. On inquiry I found the secret consisted in the care with which the Shakers dry the apples, keeping the different varieties to themselves. Chemists have decided that a good apple contains a considerable amount of nourishment. We have thus in unbolted flour and apple sauce two cheap and wholesome articles of diet, worthy the attention not only of farmers but of housekeepers generally.

INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY,  
BLOOMINGTON, Ind., October 17, 1873.

For the Laws of Life.

### A Triumph of Hydropathy.

THERE has come under my personal observation a case the results of which are so signal a victory of common-sense treatment over a highly experimental crusade in the interests of medical science, that I cannot forbear to use the liberty of a "chief who has been among 'em takin' notes," and report the matter to the Laws for publication.

A prominent citizen of Elgin, Illinois, was afflicted last August with what he thought was nothing more serious than an ordinary boil, which was treated with the usual simple remedies of bread and milk poultices, slippery elm, &c. But the gathering grew more and more angry and painful, until the patient was obliged to give up his avocation, and finally, on the 28th day of August to call in a surgeon, who decided that the affection was an abscess and must be opened. Incisions deep and long were accordingly made, and the abscess discharged freely and largely and in a short time began to heal. As the healing processes went on, the surface of the back for about eighteen square inches began to break out with small boils which did not show signs of suppuration. The abscess continued to heal, and the boils grew larger and more painful, until they developed into one immense carbuncle, and the knife had to be applied again. The attending surgeon, after suppuration had been going on a few days, washed out the terrible sore and injected into the different orifices a solution of potash, which after a short time produced an intense burning sensation, almost unbearable. The next day the like treatment was given except that the solution was about double the strength of the first injection; of course the burning sensation was greatly increased, driving the helpless victim nearly frantic with pain. The doctor came again but the patient refused to allow him to inject any more potash into the sores, but proposed, regardless of consequences, to take the conduct of his case into his own hands. He then requested his wife to prepare the bed for a wet pack, into which he got, and in less than ten minutes fell fast asleep,—something he had not been able to do for some days. He told his wife to come in and see if he wanted anything but not to awake him if he was asleep, and that he thought about half an hour would be sufficient for the first trial. The instructions were faithfully carried out. She let him sleep on for about an hour and three quarters! He got up, and such a spectacle met the gaze and saluted the nostrils of both as they had had but the very slightest conception of. The sheet in which he had been wrapped was coated with one mass of corruption of the filthiest description; every pore of his body seemed to have yielded up the morbid deposits of a life time. The relieved body was put into a tub and thor-

oughly washed and dried, when he clothed himself and took up his cane and hat and walked out to the street and back again and laid down to rest. In the evening a brother came in to see him as his usual custom was, to whom he told the day's history. He met with hearty and grateful encouragement to persevere in the good way, for health surely lay at the end of that course. They then put him to bed, after washing his sores and laying a wet cloth on his back. He went to sleep at once and slept all night like a child. The doctor came the next day and when told of the adventures of his patient, congratulated him on his improved appearance. The day before he had expressed his sorrow that his patient had refused to allow the injection of potash, as he subsequently said to the patient's wife, "the time might come when he would be obliged to make incisions down both sides of the spinal column and also laterally, and cauterize the exposed surface of the wounds." The patient however did not know of this, but supposed that the potash was given for *cleansing purposes* and not as experimental tactics for the benefit of medical students. The doctor stopped to see the operation of another pack, and then in a few minutes returned in company with two old practitioners, long-time personal friends of the man in the pack,—who told them he was a prisoner bound hand and foot, but was nevertheless glad to see them, and hoped they might never be more uncomfortable than he was at that moment. The three doctors sat down, and the attending one related to the others his whole course of treatment, and they endorsed it of course. Why should they not stand by one another when their craft is assailed and in danger? The patient exonerated his surgeon from any intentional malpractice, but he said he was not willing longer to be the ass for his erudite doctors to ride, and therefore had taken the responsibility himself and was well satisfied with the results as far as he had gone. The doctors left and the patient got up refreshed and improved in spite of the recital of his woes during the whole of the time he ought to have been asleep. A boil had appeared on his shoulder, and had been opened, but the core was too large to come out of the orifice, yet after a second pinch it was brought out, and gangrene had set in apparently; but no further signs of it were visible, and last Monday when I saw him, the patient was in a fair way for getting along speedily, though the first pack had been taken but the Wednesday previous. He was a large, portly man before his affliction, but his portliness has somewhat diminished, much to the improvement of his appearance, and he is now a fine looking old man, and rejoices at his escape from the knives of the doctors, if not from the jaws of death.

H. B. P.

BE SURE to read advertisement on 4th page of cover.

**Asleep in the Sanctum, and other Poems.**

AN attractive looking volume of 184 pages, in neatest type, on finest tinted paper, with the above title and the name of the bright, genial editor of the Rural Home, A. A. Hopkins, on the title page, appearing on our table, we were induced to look into it, and, looking, were allured on through one tender, charming bit of verse to the next and the next, until nearly all were brought under review. We are tempted to give a part of one poem entitled "Regretting and Forgetting" as a taste of it. After a touching allusion to a great loss the poem runs thus:

And yet I know that life is ever better  
Than kindest death can be,—  
That unto life we each and all are debtor  
In more than we can see.

I know, and I am thankful in the knowing,  
That though so much I miss,  
Some day for me is with completeness growing—  
My heart will know its bliss!

Much I have lost—God knows the why of losing;  
I never that may know;  
And could I have of past and future choosing,  
I'd choose the long ago.

And yet—that's gone; what use in the recalling?  
'Tis buried with the dead!  
Better to catch some ripened fruit while falling,  
Than sigh for blossoms fled.

The volume is good to own, or to buy as a holiday gift for a valued friend. It will be sent post-paid to every single (\$2 00) subscriber to The Rural Home, (Rochester, N. Y.,) who remits 25 cents extra, or will be sent as a premium to any one procuring ten trial subscribers for said paper at 30c. each for thirteen weeks.

The Rural Home is one of our exchanges that always gets laid upon our reading table rather than under it.

For the Laws of Life.

**A Letter to Lizzie J. Rice.**

THE September number of the Laws containing a letter from you, has just come to hand, and being quite interested in the statement of your experience, and wishing to add my mite to the general good, I conclude to answer your letter through the columns of the Laws.

I have been a constant reader of this most valuable journal for several years and could not be induced to discontinue it. I had been accustomed all my life to eating hot saleratus biscuit, pork, vegetables highly seasoned with pepper and saturated with grease. I was a teatoper. I thought I could not live without my tea. I wore tight under-waists, long skirts, quilted under-skirts, and for a year or two I wore hoops—one of the abominations of the nineteenth century. During this time I tried to live religiously, but felt that all was not right. My constant prayer was for light. A

copy of the Laws was given me. I read, believed, and obeyed, and thus found out why I was only half a christian—I was daily violating God's laws of health.

I changed my whole mode of living, quit using tea, hot biscuit, &c., began to live on Graham bread, vegetables and fruit simply cooked, drinking water in place of tea, quit working beyond my strength, opened the windows and curtains and let in the blessed sunlight, and put on the American Costume, which I have worn ever since on all occasions at home and abroad. Old ladies looked solemn, and young ladies looked scornful, but my way was clear and I walked in it. My health improved, my spirits grew light—for I was in the path of duty. I lost nearly all consciousness of nerves, could sleep soundly and rise refreshed, and now am healthier, happier and have more faith in God and humanity.

When I first put on the Costume my friends thought I was going to extremes, but I could get such blessed draughts of life-giving air and get about the house with such ease that I had no desire to go back. I praise God for light and grace to walk therein. I devote all, body mind and spirit to His service. I bless the Lord for such a man as Doctor Jackson, for such brave, true, pure, womanly women as the editors of the Laws. I wish that all the slaves to fashion, custom and appetite could realize the blessing which follows obedience to the laws of health. I hope, my friend, that you will go on as you have begun. I should be pleased to correspond with you if agreeable to you.

Mrs. W. H. MCKUNE.

SHERIDAN, Yamhill Co., Oregon.

### A Paris Winter Garden.

**I**MAGINE at the farther end of a long and splendid gallery, a ground-plot of forty feet in length, and thirty in width; a glazed roof of extreme lightness, in the form of an arch, covers the entire of this vast parallelogram at the height of about fifty feet.

The walls paneled with innumerable mirrors, are latticed by the small green diamond-shaped apertures of a delicate trellis of cane-work which, aided by the lights reflected from the mirrors, resembles an open arbor by daylight, and is almost concealed by the intervention of a thick row of orange-trees, luxuriant as those of the Tuilleries, and of gigantic camelias; the former loaded with fruit which shines like golden apples on the lustrous green of the foliage, and the latter enamelled with a profusion of purple, white, and scarlet flowers. This was the border of the garden.

Five or six dense clumps of Indian and tropical shrubs, sunk in deep vessels filled with heath-soil, are surrounded by walks marbled with a beautiful mosaic of shells, and wide enough for three or four persons to walk

abreast. The effect produced by this display of vigorous exotic vegetation in mid-winter, and almost in the midst of a ball-room, was indescribable. Here gigantic bananas soar to the lofty glazing of the roof, mingling their broad green palms with the lanceolated leaves of tall magnolias, several of which are already covered with flowers as odorous as they are magnificent, purple without, and silvered within, stamens of gold darting from their bell-shaped calyces. In the distance, the palms and date-trees of the East, the red-wood and Indian fig, all robust, flourishing and blooming, form a back-ground to these immense marshes of tropical verdure,—a verdure so abundant, so lustrous, so beaming, that, viewed by the splendor of innumerable lights, it flashed with the brilliancy of the emerald!

Along the trellis, between the orange-trees, and among the almonds, an infinite variety of parasitical plants entwined and interlaced themselves; here depending in festoons of foliage and flowers, there mounting in splendid spirals, further on, tangled into an inextricable net-work, they ran, wreathed, trailed along the ground, like floral serpents, or mounted aloft to the crown of the lofty glass-work: the winged passion flower, and passiflora with their large flowers of purple, dotted with azure and crowned with a diadem of deepest violet, redescended from the apex of the roof in colossal garlands, and seemed striving to reascend as they shot up their delicate spikes from the very summit of the lofty aloes.

In another place, a bignonia, with its light foliage and long calyces of bright sulphur color, is encircled by a cape jessamine bearing those white and fleshy flowers which diffuse such delightful fragrance; these two climbers, thus enlaced, festoon with their green fringe and bells of gold and silver, the enormous velvet-like foliage of an Indian fig-tree. Still farther, a countless assemblage of the stems of asclepias, the leaves and clusters of which, bearing fifteen or twenty blooms, were so dense and so polished, that one might have supposed them bouquets of scarlet enamel, encircled by little leaves of green porcelain, threw themselves aloft to return in a variegated vegetable cascade. The borders of these clumps were composed of Cape heaths, Van Thol tulips, oriental daffodils, Persian hyacinths, cyclamens, and orris, which formed a sort of natural carpet, whose every tint and every shade blended in a tissue of splendor.

Chinese lanterns of transparent silk, some of a pale blue, others of a delicate blush color, half hidden among the foliage, threw a soft light upon the scene. A sweet, mysterious light, produced from the mingling of these two tints—a delicate, fantastic gleam, which partook of the azure clearness of a fine summer's night, delicately tinted by the crimson gleams of an Aurora Borealis.

This immense conservatory, sunk two or three feet below the ground level, was approached by a long gallery, glittering with gold, mirrors, crystals and lights. This dazzling glare deepened, if we may be allowed the term, the penumbra whereon the outlines of these gigantic exotics were indistinctly traced, which were perceivable through a wide and lofty opening partially narrowed by two high door-curtains of crimson velvet. One might have imagined it to be a gigantic window opening on some beauteous oriental landscape in the calm serenity of a twilight night.

Seen from the lower ground of this winter-garden, where immense divans stood beneath a canopy of leaves and flowers, the gallery offered an inverted contrast to the soft obscurity of the conservatory. It seemed, in the distance, a sort of luminous golden haze, amidst which gleamed and sparkled, like living embroidery, the dazzling and varied colors of the dresses of the ladies, and the prismatic scintillations of costly jewels.

The notes of the orchestra, subdued and mellowed by the distance, and by the low and joyous hum that proceeded from the gallery, died languidly away among the motionless foliage of the stately exotic trees. The voices of those who meandered in this garden involuntarily became hushed to gentle whispers; the air, at once light, warm and balmy, with the thousand odorous breathings of the perfumed plants, the distant and half-audible music of the orchestra, soothed every sense into a sweet and languid calm.

EUGENE SUE.

#### Hand Mills.

WE receive letters occasionally from our readers asking for information in regard to the Hand Mills which we offer for sale. The Farm Mill will make good Graham flour. It is intended to be run by horse power, but one man may run it. A man can furnish power enough to crack wheat, or make hominy, but a horse is needed to get up enough motion to grind fine Graham flour. This mill is worth twenty-eight dollars, the buyer paying the freight. The smaller mills ranging in price from two dollars and fifty cents to twenty-two dollars and fifty cents are intended to make cracked wheat and coarse Graham flour for puddings.

#### Mrs. F. M. Barclay Felch.

WITH pleasure we announce the return of this lady to the lecturing field—to what she calls her "old and much-loved work," and to which she is most admirably adapted, and in which she has had very gratifying success. The papers of Michigan, in which state she is at present engaged, give her subjects as the causes of the decline of the health of women, and how to train their offspring, and speak very highly of her efforts.

#### European Correspondence—Sixteenth Letter.

BY MRS. CHILION B. ALLEN, M. A., M. D.

#### AMONG THE SEMMERING ALPS.

STYRIA, Aug. 19th, 1873.

A WEDDING occasion is one full of interest in all countries and in all times, but the interest deepens when, to the romantic and poetical ideas connected with the union of two hearts for a life-time and all the rose-colored fancies that cluster around the occasion, is added the charm of novelty; and a Styrian *Bauer Hochzeit*, or Peasant's wedding, once seen, is never to be forgotten. Throughout Germany the preliminary to a wedding is the engagement or *Verlobung* as it is called, which is in reality a family ratification of the engagement, and takes place at the house of the Bride in the presence of the friends of both. Rings are exchanged and then the gentleman introduces the lady to the company as his bride, and they are called Bride and Bridegroom until they are married when they become man and wife.

Among the classes who adhere to etiquette, the young people have not been allowed to be alone together up to this time, the agreement to many being conducted as a matter of business between the young man and the girl's parents, but after the *Verlobung* they may appear in public together without an attendant and they often make a visiting trip among his friends. But among the Peasants such strict notions do not prevail, although among the Bauern themselves, the parents generally claim the right of selecting and deciding for the son or daughter. The Bauern are the farmers and are the upper class in the rural districts, mechanics and laborers being the lower classes, and among these latter great liberty prevails, no shame being attached to the bearing of illegitimate children, and those who think they cannot afford the expense of a wedding live together as man and wife and often rear large families before seeking priestly or legal sanction to their union. And we are assured by good authority that these unions are by the parties as sacredly observed before they are legalized, as afterward, ill usage, drunkenness, sickness or laziness being as patiently endured as if there were no means of escape therefrom; and at last a marriage ceremony legitimizes their children, a large majority of whom stand upon the records as illegitimate, because they must be christened at three months old and the conditions of their birth recorded.

A grand Bauer Hochzeit always takes place on Monday, but when the parties are not very wealthy they consider Sunday good enough for them. The dictionaries translate the word *hochzeit* as wedding but a literal definition of *hoch*—high and *zeit*—time, hightime, really

gives a truer interpretation, and the *hochzeit* we saw was not the *highest* kind of a time, for it was a Sunday wedding. The community for some days previous was fermented with the feeling of prospective conviviality, and early on Sunday morning the road was filled with groups of Bauern in holiday attire, many of the young girls with wreaths on their heads, who were intent, first on attending to their religious duties, and afterwards ready to enjoy to the utmost the hilarity of the day. The arched doors of the church and the gateways leading thereto were decorated with evergreens and flowers and a sentence of welcome was suspended over each. The ceremony in the church occupied the least time and was apparently of the least importance, being only the signal that now all was in readiness for the festivity to begin, and I presume the chief income of the priest for the day was in selling indulgences, which as we saw, he dealt out with a liberal hand and took very willingly the *kreutzers*\* of all who came, even of the children.

The Gast Hauser or inns were all open and thronged with guests more even than usual on Sunday, for every one had come to the Hightime and to eat and drink were the principal means of obtaining the enjoyment for which they came. An arrangement had been made with one Gast Haus to furnish a certain number of courses of fresh meats, vegetables, bread and *mehlspeisen*—i. e. cakes or any food made of flour except bread—and a thin sour wine, for a certain sum, about one dollar and a half per person. The expense of this feast was not borne by the Bridegroom, he paying only for himself and Bride, and perhaps a few specially invited friends, but any one was at liberty to pay the sum demanded and have the full enjoyment of the delicacies prepared.

To each one thus paying, a place at the table was assigned and a plate, knife, fork, spoon and wine glass were given. The plate remained in this place all day and all night and each course as it was brought in was piled promiscuously upon the plate, the owner thereof eating a while and then dancing a while, returning to his plate as often as inclination prompted. Or if generously inclined he could invite any of his friends who were present merely as spectators and had not paid, to make use of his plate and fork, and so we often saw two people eating at one time from the same dish and drinking from the same glass, especially was this the case with Brides and Bridegrooms who enjoyed the occasion the more because they expected soon to have a Hightime of their own. The food was all prepared and brought in before 9 p. m. so that those who did not remain all night could have their share before leaving and every one was expected to take home all that he did not eat.

\*Krentzer is a piece of money worth about half a cent.

During the day and all night the merry company were dancing in an adjoining room about twenty feet square and eight feet high and occasionally the dancers overflowed into the dining room. A squeamish person might fancy that food would not be palatable standing so many hours in such an atmosphere, but I assure you the dust was kept far too active for any of it to settle upon the eatables. Imagine the scene. The low rooms, dimly lighted, filled with the fumes of wines and tobacco, the odors of food, clouds of dust and the exhalations from the perspiring dancers, and *no ventilation*. A brass band brayed discordantly and deafeningly but were almost drowned by the noise of feet and the yells and whoops, similar to the Indian whoop in their war-dances, which every minute emanated from the throat of some individual too happy to contain himself. The expert dancers twisted a moment towards the right then bringing the foot down with a stamp untwisted by turning a moment to the left. Those not equal to this artistic feat kept turning ever in one direction, and must have come out at last in a terribly twisted condition. There is no variation to the dancing only this ever-continuous turning, not like our waltzing, but a jump and a turn repeated *ad infinitum*. So during Sunday and Sunday night the revel continued and even on Monday work throughout the community was almost entirely suspended, and during the day little groups of peasants with lagging footsteps and carrying their little bundles of "wedding delicacies" done up in their handkerchiefs, could be seen returning home from the *Hochzeit*, and whether the tortuous course which not a few of them take is owing to their efforts to disentangle themselves after a night of waltzing, or to their too liberal indulgence in wine is of little importance, the principal fact being that in either case the result is an evidence that they have been to the wedding and have really had a Hightime.

From the Rural New Yorker.  
**Human Culture.**

It seems to me an unfortunate fact that while we are developing so much skill in breeding and rearing domestic animals, and in promoting our material progress we pay so little attention to the breeding and rearing of men and women, *Men and women!* Think of it! Go through the list of your acquaintances, reader, and count up on the fingers of one hand (as you probably can,) the well developed men and women—I mean those who approach your ideal in physical perfection, intellectual ability, moral character and in the nobility and worthiness of their lives! How many can you count? Do not call this an indelicate or inconsequential subject. If you go about among men and women much, and think of the matter at all, you will discover that the same skill and care exercised with a view to the improvement of the human race that is now devoted to the improvement of the different families of domestic animals, would give us a far different race of beings to jostle against, and less cause for shamefacedness (in comparison) that we are creatures with souls—or that the breath of life breathed into our bodies made us to become living souls! This subject is one that concerns the future of the country, and it is utterly foolish, in my judgment, to ignore it.

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# The Laws of Life and Journal of Health.

MISS HARRIET N. AUSTIN, M. D., Editor.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.,

MRS. FANNY B. JOHNSON,

DR. JAMES H. JACKSON,

MRS. KATY J. JACKSON.

## OUR PLATFORM.

God has so created and related Man to Life on Earth that—casualties aside—in order to live free from Sickness and die from Old Age, he needs only to understand and obey the Laws upon which Life and Health depend. Therefore as Christians, as well as advocates of a new Medical Philosophy, we insist

1. That Sickness is no more necessary than Sin.
2. That the Gospel demands that Human Beings should live healthfully as well as righteously.
3. That within the sphere in which they are designed to operate, Physical Laws are as sacred as Moral Laws are, and that mankind are as truly bound to obey them.
4. That obedience to Physical Laws would do away with Disease, and that instead of an uncountable number of ailments, which smite them all along from infancy to mature manhood—casualties aside—persons would die of Old Age.
5. That in order to be cured of any disease—no matter what—one needs simply to be brought within the range of operation of the Laws of his Organism, and to be so related to them that they can work unobstructedly, and he can not fail to get well.
6. That, therefore, the only sound philosophy upon which to proceed to treat the Sick with a view to their restoration to Health, is to employ such means and such only as, had they been properly used, would have kept them from getting sick.
7. That the right to use one's powers and faculties neither originates in nor depends upon sex, but upon the possession of an intellectual and moral nature, and inasmuch as woman possesses this as truly as man does, her right to use whatever powers and faculties belong to her is equal with man's.
8. Hence we advocate such reformation in our Government as will place woman in all respects on an equality with man before the Law.

Such are our Principles, and we respectfully commend them to the consideration of the People, and entreat the Wise and Good to assist us in their promulgation.

## ALL HAIL !

TO MANY, if not to all of you, at the beginning of another year, why should we not say, "All hail?"

Some of you have been readers of The Laws of Life for years. You know our thoughts; our wishes, our purposes, our plans. Though you may not have seen our faces nor we yours, yet you ought to know us and we ought to know you by this time; and between us there should be established a friendship that only a common interest in a great object, and that object the redemption of the people of this country from sickness, can create.

When will people substantially have done with sickness, and with premature death? When the philosophy of life brought to the world's notice eighteen hundred years ago and more, by Jesus shall come to be accepted and adopted as the true principle of life on earth, then it will prove by far the best medicament the world has ever seen; for it contains more curative, more universally restorative constituents than any remedy the schools of medicine have ever offered to mankind.

It is so simple yet so forcible, so easily attainable yet so valuable, that it strikes us who edit this Journal with surprise, and awakens in us constant wonder that human beings of intelligence and culture, and who have real desire to live on earth and have their powers at full command, should so commonly fail to perceive its aptness and completeness.

Christianity is not merely a system of dogma, of doctrine, or of ritualism, teaching and subjecting the human intellect to its sway, adding

thereto the subduement of the human conscience, making the one narrow and illiberal in its decisions, and the other morbid in its sensibilities; cramping the one who believes it in action, and imposing on him very conventional methods of life. It is a magnificent, all-comprehensive and sublime plan of living, contemplating, for those to whom it presents its claims, such ways of working up force as not only to produce large success, but very high and satisfactory happiness as well.

It is so sad a thing for one to have a body and not have it good for use, to have a mind and have it only quick to appreciate forms of life, of truth and of beauty, that are often productive of discontent, and sometimes of deep mental despair. It is dreadful to have Intuitive force whereby things extraordinary and beyond the ordinary perception of the senses can be made clear and apprehensive, and yet, to have this power operate over the whole sphere of one's ideas in such ways as to make him dread the future, feel sure of nothing, talk, think and act as though everything about him were unsubstantial, while he is devoid of all comfort, peace and joy at the heart.

Why should life be thus wrought up, when it is so easy to have it otherwise? Does any one ask the secret of changing life and its relations so that human consciousness when it takes them in shall glow with sympathy and pleasure? The secret, beloved friends, becomes everybody's just so soon as one and all will cheerfully and heartily consent to live as their Maker would have them live on earth. The laws that

are written by the Creator's fingers on human bodies are His express declarations, and are not difficult to understand. They may be difficult to practice because persons have so long violated them, but if you will from this hour begin to live according to their instinctive and impressive teachings, so far as health is concerned, you will begin to have it.

To do this you will not only have to forsake old ways of living largely, but you will have to adopt new and quite different ways. You will have to show thoroughness of purpose, energy of will and heartiness of affection, but herein you will be gainers. It is a mistake, a great mistake, that persons make, in supposing that to live according to law, from regard to and love of it, subjects one to hardship and to suffering. The highest power, accomplishment and glory are made manifest where Law is honored, revered, and loved.

Now, we are teachers of the laws of life and health. We do not propose in this journal to discuss simply the laws of health. We regard the culture of the higher faculties of a human being of more importance than the gratification of his appetites and propensities can be. We therefore desire to work so as to create a new spirit in our readers, teaching them how to live not only from the point of hygienic law, but from the point of intellectual culture and intuitive knowledge, so that they may grow up into better development of nature and character. It is not enough that there are bodily laws which persons should heed; there are laws which involve character also, and our plan therefore is not simply a hygienic but a psycho-hygienic plan. It is our desire to teach folks how to live humanely, truthfully, beautifully and successfully as well as healthfully, and we do not want a single person to become a subscriber to this journal under the impression that our aim is only to teach folks how to live free from the ailments to which flesh is subject.

There is a vast amount of unhappiness in the world. The inside lives of people are not infrequently like the old Jewish sepulchres, full of all uncleanness. We want to go to the depths of all difficulties that lie in the way of individual, social, and public life. As reformers we would be co-workers with Christ, "laying the axe at the root of the tree," and so, we ask you to subscribe for our Journal and to read it, feeling that we tell you the truth when we say, that we are not sectarians, nor bigots, nor dogmatists; that we are not the advocates of any creed nor system of doctrine either physiological or psychological except so far as such doctrine is necessarily involved in the assertion and maintenance of those great fundamental and cardinal truths which Jesus came into this world to proclaim and which by His life He so admirably illustrated and enforced.

Nothing can keep us back from asserting and every way seeking to make it plain to every

one who reads the Laws of Life that we are in hearty sympathy with Christ in all His efforts to help mankind. But, as for yielding ourselves up to the ways, methods, manners, and fashions of applying Christ's great ideas so common with christians, we must ask to be excused. We are not anxious to proselyte persons to any such fashions or methods. We are anxious to induce all with whom we have to do to live sober, righteous, highly-cultivated, richly-cultured, manly and womanly lives, thus insuring them the full use of their powers and faculties, that they may be in sympathy with truth, in love with righteousness, obedient to law, affectionate towards each other, and so glorify God in their bodies as well as in their spirits which are His.

If you desire to be helpers with us, and thus to help yourselves to put away sickness, disorder, disease, and unhappiness from your own houses, from your neighbors' houses, from the communities in which you dwell, and have peace flow down your streets like a river, and health and joy like living streams, subscribe for this Journal, read it, put it into circulation, and thus help us and others to create a sentiment and an action that shall be in accordance with God's designs of life for men on earth, and so assist in redeeming and saving the world.

[Explanation.]

#### Rev. Dr. Nast's Speech.

[WE cheerfully make insertion of the following explanation from Dr. Nast, which we are sure will satisfy every one. We are sorry that he should have been misrepresented, and apologize by saying that our reporter made the best transcript of the speech possible, inasmuch as by Dr. Nast's leaving so soon the report could not be submitted to him for revision.—Ed.]

CINCINNATI, Nov. 19, 1873.

MISS HARRIET N. AUSTIN, M. D.—Editor of the Laws of Life.—Will you be so kind as to let me set myself right with regard to what I am reported in the December number of your inestimable monthly to have said at the Anniversary, to wit: "It puts us ministers to the blush that we have been such great sinners for so many years, preaching the blessed gospel of Jesus and *never hinting* that the body should be the temple of the Holy Ghost. It is remarkable that at this remote period it has not fully come to the consciences of Christians that *they ought to bring their bodies under*, and present them as living sacrifices to God."

I may have expressed myself so awkwardly and so strongly under a sense of my own personal inconsistency with my profession in regard to the habit of smoking, as to have misled the reporter, but I could not have meant to bring so unqualified a charge against myself, my brethren in the ministry and professors of religion in general, as is implied in the above paragraph. *Never to have hinted* that the body should be the temple of the Holy Ghost, would have made me utterly unworthy of the Christian ministry and even of the Christian name; nor could I have meant to make the charge that it has not yet come to the consciences of Christians that they ought to

bring their bodies under. All I meant to say is that ministers and members of the church have not realized to the full extent that the sanctification of the body is not complete without obeying all the laws of health.

I heartily subscribe to all that the Rev. Thomas K. Doty of Cleveland has said in his excellent letter of the December number. He has fully and exactly expressed what I wanted to say in my extempore remarks in Liberty Hall. Very truly yours,

WILLIAM NAST.

## Pilferings

FROM OUR MAIL-BAG.

**What Can We Do?**—Can it be that an earnest worker may never see a vestige of good accomplished? Can it be that ears are deaf and eyes are dimmer in this city than in any other portion of the globe? I shall not think so if I ever convert one person thoroughly and genuinely to our standpoint. At present our western mountain sits no more firmly on its rocky throne than the wills and ideas and prejudices of my own city-women set against the incoming of simple living, simple dressing, and a plain unvarnished christian life. The great portion of mankind are happy in their sins and do not want light and only ask to be left alone.

"Oh," said a fond mother to me a few days since, "my dear little Emma is miserable. I want to take her abroad, but times are hard and we must wait; meantime what I shall do for her I cannot devise. She is awfully dyspeptic and everything she eats distresses her to death."

I was calling there at their tea hour and Emma was with her mamma in the tea-room into which I informally went and sat down near the table for our little chat. "Why," said I, seeing the heavy-eyed child helped by the serving-man to a large piece of hot tea-cake, heavily buttered, "Emma should have her last meal earlier than this, and it should be simple, say Graham bread and milk." "But, my dear, that is out of the question. My darling doesn't love slops and never did, and her appetite is so poor I have to brace it with something cooked decently rich so that the poor child may eat at all. The doctor is going to give her some drops that I hope will take hold and tone up her stomach a little."

How God can ever get hold of honest desire on our part so as to help us, is something of a question. It does no good to talk to ninety-nine out of one hundred fashionable women, and when are they ever going to get their eyes opened? Not till they suffer and die and learn on the other side, or else not until they get in earnest through suffering and are willing to do anything to escape. They now exclaim with contempt at every stroke of the oars of progress, and are ready to stone the women who want to push the reform. "Why, what do you mean by reform in dress?" says one lady, "I think the present styles are very becoming." And when improvements were suggested they were commented upon with bursts like these, "Ugh, horrible! make your waist as big as a Dutch churn!" "spoil the style of your dress skirts," "as well make a Hottentot of yourself and done with it," and yet this lady mourns over the ravages of death in her family and declares she is too debilitated to look after her home.

What can we do? The sturdy lines of the familiar old hymn come to me in reply—

"Then watch and fight and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help Divine implore."

V.

**Graham Flour.**—Once we were an isolated family because of our cold water doctrine and bran-eating habits, but now we are not the only ones that eat brown bread in this neighborhood. Two years ago when we came from Our Home we could not get any Graham flour fit to eat. My husband went to the millers and told them what kind of wheat to get and how to grind it. They only ground about one hundred pounds a week then, but now they grind twice a week six hundred pounds; so you see we have company now in eating "bran-bread." But the hardest thing for the people here to see into is the two-meal system. They think they would starve on two meals a day. We tell them we have tried it for three years and we do not look starved. Our children are never sick any more so as to be treated. I used to have to give some one of them treatment every week or two. My little babe is cutting his teeth without any great disturbance. My other children always had spasms at that time.

MRS. H. A. ELDER.

**My Home Arrival** was hailed with wonted joy and with congratulations and exclamations of surprise. "Why, brother Foote, how changed you are! how you have improved! how well you look! never saw you so handsome before! what a place for sick folks Dansville must be!" And so it is. I went forth a helpless invalid and have returned a new man.

My family are surprised at my elasticity and strength. You will be delighted to know that they wheeled at once into the line of two meals a day, and that my wife can make as fine a gem as ever gladdened an unpurverted taste.

But O the blessed society at Our Home on the Hill-side! where else can it be found, save in heaven? Give love to all the dear souls at Brightside.

Fraternally yours, more than ever,

(Rev.) C. C. FOOTE.

**Good Results.**—Three years ago I had very poor health, induced from long confinement in-doors in mercantile pursuits and ignorance of the laws of health as evidenced in hasty eating, eating improper food, irregularity in eating, &c. Through the solicitations of a lady whose health had been restored by your treatment I subscribed for your Journal, adopted in part your kind of diet, and am to-day happy in the enjoyment of excellent health. My wife and our little daughter have also received benefits health-wise not to be estimated peculiarly. Appreciating the advantages arising from this mode of living, we have been enthusiastic in recommending it to others, and very many of our friends and neighbors have been induced to adopt it, with good results.

L. H. ROBERTS.

**Hygienic Baby.**—We have a fine little child twenty months old that will compare favorably with any of those spoken of in the Laws. He now has fourteen teeth, and although six of them came through during the warm season he had no trouble whatever. He has never eaten salt, sugar, cake nor candy, but lives on Graham pudding, gems, milk, ripe fruit, apple sauce, etc., has but three meals a day, retires at six o'clock, sleeping soundly till half past five the next morning. If all the little children were accustomed to plain and wholesome food, regular habits and to a generous supply of good fresh air and sunshine, I know there would be fewer sorrowing parents mourning the loss of their precious children.

MRS. E. G. GIBSON.

**One More.**—I am trying to live according to the good sense of your laws of health, and though only just beginning, I feel that I am already improving.

MRS. ROBERT MARQUIS.

**Good from Ill.**—O how I thank the Lord that my sickness and my improved health by obedience to Nature's laws have caused the scales to fall from the eyes of some of my friends. I have done more work this summer than I ever did in all my life before and have never enjoyed life better. The value I set on my restored health is beyond an estimate. I value it more than gold, "yea, than much fine gold." I am too thoroughly converted ever to return to the old hap-hazard way of living. I hope at some future day to visit my dear loved ones on the hillside, to see and converse with those who have brought me from darkness to light. I am delighted with your photograph which came in due time.

Ever your sister in the glorious health-reform movement,  
SUE E. MINOR.

**Alma Mater.**—There is an indescribable bond of friendly feeling which unites all who have ever had anything to do with our dear old Home on the Hillside—our beloved alma mater to which our hearts are ever fondly turning. There we learned priceless lessons of life, some of us not only temporal but spiritual lessons, the benefits of which eternity alone can tell. I know I shall never forget nor cease to be thankful for the happy six months spent within its walls. My heart is with you. I am still trying to live up to my hygienic principles and never mean to give them up, having proved to my thorough satisfaction that they are the right principles to live by. I mean to go ahead and hope in time to overcome the ill effects of "the good, old-fashioned style of living," and attain to perfect health. Whenever I get a little discouraged or disheartened by my own failures or the slow progress of health reform ideas, I resort to a number of the Laws which comes to me like a letter from dear home friends, and infuses new hope and courage into my life. FANNIE DUMARS.

**Three Years at Our Home.**—I think of you often and I forget nothing of your goodness in the past, from the Doctor, down. I have often wondered that in my three years' life with you there is not one bitter memory; that is a long time for persons to live together, and it would not have been strange had something occurred which I should not like to remember, but there was nothing. You were all so kind and sweet and did so much to help me bear the pain and weariness. I do not forget any of it, from the Doctor's visits to the sweet little bouquets that used to come up on my tray. They were pleasant then and their memory is still beautiful. This is the way I talk with you. I summon your images all around me in my imagination and then you say the things you used to say. It would be quite satisfactory sometimes if you could only know about it, but I fear it is a little selfish.  
KATE V. DARLING.

**A New Impulse.**—My short stay at your cure was of great value to me. It gave me a way of living exactly adapted to my methods of work, to my temperament and to my profession. It also in connection with other things gave me a new impulse in the Divine life. On this account I look upon my sickness as a great blessing. My health now is very good; no trouble with my throat. I am living strictly upon your theory. Two meals a day is a grand thing for me.  
(Rev.) E. CURTIS.

**Late News from Nannie Taylor.**—I am much fleshier and my health is better in many ways than when you saw me last winter. Some of my old friends hardly know me as I am looking in so much better condition than I used to be. I trust it makes me feel very thankful to our kind Heavenly Father that he has made me so well as I am.  
N. T.

**A New Convert.**—I have been a reader of the Laws only two months but I am a firm convert to your methods of living. I had been in search of such a journal for several years, but have found none which so appealed to my reason and common sense as yours. Some friends of mine had the pleasure of living at your lovely Home for two weeks this summer, and they came home fully convinced that yours is the true way of living. We at home, never having heard of you before, were greatly interested in your simple, natural way of treating both the well and sick, and I at once subscribed for the journal and recommended it so warmly to my friends that many of them have since subscribed.

MISS E. T. EDWARDS.

**Shackles.**—I have lately gained some knowledge respecting the Laws of Life which I understand to be a periodical published by you, advocating the right of women to live in obedience to nature's laws. I am determined to get rid of these annoying bindings, corsets and senseless skirts that are killing me, and I want to know something about the American Costume.  
ANNIE EDWARDS.

**October Laws.**—I am delighted with the October Laws and wish I could put it into the hands of every one I know, for there is a word for all. I do hope you will put the article on two meals a day into tract form for distribution; I would like to sow it broadcast.  
MRS. A. A. SLAUGHTER.

**Kind Remembrance.**—It is a pleasure for me to write you once in a while. I don't like to have you forget me, for I am sure I shall never forget you nor your teachings. How much I think of my Journal. I wait each month impatiently for it to come. It is a high-toned journal.  
M. J. MARSH.

**A New Economy.**—Before we came across the valuable Laws of Life and adopted your advice, it cost me for my family not less than one hundred dollars a year for doctors' bills. For the last two years it has not cost me one dollar.

JOHN A. JOHNSON.

The Laws have benefited me very much. I am getting better and stronger all the while, and please God will never live as those around me do again.

ELLA M. DUTTON.

## Under the Root-Tree.

### The Woods.

**A**N impulse seizes me. These walls however pleasant at other times, cannot shut me in to-day. The Spirit of the woods is wooing me. The voices of waters that ripple and glide and rush and roar and fall and break in spray are calling me from far. The "beloved south-west" is blowing,—I want to feel its breath on my face. The sun is shining warm through the soft Indian summer haze,—I want to go out into it and get my fill of its vitalizing influence. The leaves and the nuts are falling,—I want to be there to see them nestle down into the lap of mother Earth for their winter's sleep. I want to rest there a few minutes myself and lean my head against her magnetic heart and get a renewal of my life from hers, I want to see and hear the rush of the water and feel the cool spray about me.

This air and sky and sunshine belong not to

the work-a-day world; they create another Sabbath for the workers and invite them to rest. So I must away and enter into it,—if I can. "Fay, please ask the printers if I may be spared three hours, and Michael, call my friend who loves the woods as well as I, and get ready a basket and box and trowel and bring the buggy to the steps that we may go without delay when a good word comes." And we go,—out through the village streets, and up the hills among the pines and ledges, catching lovely autumn views from the distant hills, and at last cross the bridge by the old mill. Mike fastens the pony to a sapling, and makes bridges across the swollen stream and helps us up the steep banks and over the great mossy logs, until we come into the very heart of the woods. We find everything just as we heard and saw from far, even to the solitude and the foaming fall, making forty feet at one leap, and we yield ourselves without stint to the sweet influences like children let out from tasks, and revel among the treasures we find stored there.

Lovely mosses in abundance and size and freshness to astonish stay-at-home people, coral wintergreen and scarlet partridge and cornel berries, purple-veined tiarella and oxalis and rich-veined plantain leaves, lycopods and ferns without number or end, pricking up through the varied autumn leaves and making a prettier patterned carpet than can be found on Broadway though Broadway try its best. We help ourselves plentifully, but most of all to the little two-fronded ferns (*Polypodium incanum*), bravest of their valiant tribe, that stand trembling but unflinching and unblanching through all the wintry blasts and snows and frosts, sheltered only by the motherly henlocks. They grow on the moss-covered roots of these trees, as they loop out from the edges of the rocks over the fall, and run a little way up the mossy bark of the trunks looking like children clinging to their mother's skirts, and flirt and flutter and fan each other all adown the rocky brink.

The hour is up. We have had our fill of refreshment, so we gather up the spoils including a basket of mellow mould and bid a loving adieu to the woods and waters and go home to work away, while the girls appropriate our gathered treasures. They restock the fernery, and stock the zinc trays that fit in between the north double windows, they fill vases for the brackets and saucers of moss for the tables as a setting for an occasional winter carnation or oleander, they hang up in sea shells the little ferns which we know to be as brave to stand the heat and light and drought and dust of our sitting-rooms as they are out of doors. "But what shall we do with the surplus?" And straightway we are minded of a sweet friend in the city whose sunny window looks over the tops of the houses to the Bergen heights beyond the Hudson, and consider that her pretty room will not be complete without a fresh bit of nature in it, and so

Mike packs a paper box with the dainty things, just as they were taken with the wood mould about their roots, and that very evening carries them to the post, and this is the reply which the post brought back :

"I hurried home from lecture on Saturday, determined to take a holiday from study and spend it in getting all the little last things settled in our rooms. It was good to have our friend N. here. We immediately set to work, cleaning and dusting and arranging. We hung the ivies in a fruit-can behind our beautiful "Tamborine Girl," which we have had framed in walnut with gilt tracery, and they are lovely against the light wall, being as fresh and green as when gathered. Under it is my motto, "Let not your heart be troubled," and the faces of two dear friends are on each side. We made clusters of the pressed leaves and pinned them on the wall in harmonious relations to the pictures, and you cannot think how pretty they are. N. says they are the finest leaves she ever saw, especially the maples. Next I unboxed the bittersweet berries and arranged them over Beatrice and Red Ridinghood. While we were about this the errand boy brought that box of treasures, fresh from Weidman's falls, all the delicate woody things and the fragrance of them taking us away from house walls and busy, noisy streets to the sweet country. We called in a rather delicate and forlorn young lady who rooms near to enjoy them, and set about arranging them. They were in best condition being only forty-eight hours from the gathering! We filled a little round glass dish and sent down to Mrs. —, then converted a glass finger bowl into a fernery. It has just put the finishing touch to our room and will speak of home all winter, for I mean to keep it fresh and growing as long as we stay. I had enough moss left to fill a round dish into which I shall once in a while put a tuberose or violet, and we also gave some to the lonely girl who is something of an artist and very appreciative. N. says I can't make you see on paper how pretty the little room is, and I don't think another room in the house however fine and large is so attractive.—K. J. J."

F. B. J.

### Flower-Gossip.

#### My Plant Grocery.

THIS month I am getting plant supplies ready for winter, in the way of soil, sand, moss, &c., for there is a closet under the lumber room stairs that I feel just as anxious to have well filled before winter comes, as I do another one where jars and cans in various form abound for the delectation and nourishment of the olive-branches around my table.

Certainly the first closet does not present so attractive an appearance to the unsophisticated eye as the second one, although it is arranged with as much regard to order and neatness.

I can tell you just what each box and barrel contains. Far back in that dark place are rows of flower pots of various sizes, each size by itself, grading down from the largest at the back to the tiny thumb pots at the front. I always sort them as I put them away; it saves time after, as I can see at a glance where to find the

pot required. The row of small barrels or kegs reminds one of a grocery store on a small scale. I keep them covered, it looks neater. The first is full of nice clean silver sand. I could not keep house (plants) without it; the next is old—two or three years old—cow-manure, apparently not so nice but just as necessary, for I could not pot my bulbs without it. Just look at it and lift a little in your fingers, it can do no harm; it is black and fine, and perfectly inodorous; splendid for the hyacinths. This is a barrel of mixed soil, ready for the pots at once; then comes the old hot-bed soil, weeds, worms, and all such impurities removed, it helps to make a better than ordinary mixture. Now we come to the boxes; that long one contains charcoal. When the man filled it I requested him to put the large lumps at the bottom and the smaller ones on top, so I can pick my pieces easily; the square box holds leaf-mould, we gathered it for the hanging baskets and it is always handy to have some over. The old-looking brown box under the mould, is what? It would be hard to tell from the looks I fancy, but it is nothing more than sundry scrapings from under the hen-roost, thoroughly dried and packed between thin layers of sand. A tablespoonful now and then in the water-pot is a stimulus to the plants. Underneath the shelf is a box of tobacco stalks; tea made from them, hot but weak, is indulged in occasionally in my window-garden and produces a good effect. On the shelf are different things; one box is full of labels for putting in the ground where seeds are planted, another of long slender stakes to act as supports to weak flower stalks; here is a weeding fork and there two garden trowels, one long and narrow, the other broad and short; I find both useful. Then there are sundry odds and ends packed away, all necessary at times. I had nearly forgotten to mention my basket of moss. I always have some of that in store; it is wonderful how fresh and green it keeps all winter with a little care.

I have no doubt some people will think, if they take the trouble to read over this inventory "what a dirty, tiresome job to get all that stuff gathered up and stored away," but I found it nothing of the sort. Some of the material of course the man brought in for me, but several of those barrels and boxes suggest very pleasant remembrances every time I look at them. For instance, those boxes at the side contain the spoils of the day we spent in the woods gathering leaf mould and moss, and hunting for ferns—such a scramble as we had over rocks and through woods, losing one another continually, and discovering such wonderful treasures which we felt so proud to exhibit when we found each other again. Of course we grew hot and tired and found more burrs sticking to us than we got rid of in a week, but the remembrance of that day in the woods was enjoyment for a month. Then the keg of sand,—what a merry time we had gathering it up and how the chil-

dren enjoyed it (for you see we always take Saturday afternoon for any excursion of that kind and make it a holiday to all the family). It was a lovely August day, too hot at home but breezy when we got near the water, so that the long drive was delightful; so was the gathering of the sand on the beach, it was so clean and white and fine and "so slippery," as the little ones said, for it would go through their fingers no matter how tightly they grasped it. But at last the load was ready. Then they must "swim" in the water to get rid of superfluous sand that had powdered the busy workers from head to foot, and the two dogs must have their wash, for they always go along and help, too. By that time the lunch basket was called for, because everybody was so hungry, and as it was getting so late the meal had to be finished on the way home, as old Cherry jogged along at a sober pace. How lovely were the shadows in the water, how fresh the air, how beautiful the sunset, and what a pleasant way it seemed to us all of closing the busy, working week, a happy preparation for the day of rest.

SWEET BRIAR.

From The Christian Union.

### Plants in Sleeping Rooms.

THE well-known fact that plants absorb carbonic acid during the day and exhale it during the night is the foundation for the current notion that the presence of growing plants in sleeping apartments is injurious to the health of the occupants. Professor Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has, however, put this idea to the test of experiment, with results not confirmatory of the received opinion. It was desirable to analyze specimens of air from a room where the influence of growing plants would be exhibited in a greatly exaggerated form. The air was therefore taken from the college green-house, where more than 6,000 plants are growing. The room had been closed for twelve hours; and if the plants exhaled carbonic acid to an injurious extent, the analysis of air from such a room would certainly disclose the fact. The average of a number of experiments gave, within the room, 3.94 parts of carbonic acid in 10,000 of air; while the outdoor air contained 4 parts in 10,000. It will thus be seen that the air in the green-house was better than "pure country air." This deficiency of carbonic acid was doubtless due to the absorption of carbonic acid and consequent accumulation of oxygen during the day, since the windows of the greenhouse were closed day and night on account of cool weather.

To ascertain whether the air of the greenhouse had more carbonic acid in the night than in the day, specimens of air were gathered in different parts of the house, at the proper times. An analysis of these proved the amount of carbonic acid during the night to be slightly in excess of the amount during the day. In concluding the account of his experiments Professor Kedzie remarks that, "if a room in which were more than 6,000 plants, while containing more carbonic acid by night than by day, contain less carbonic acid than any sleeping-room on this continent, we may safely conclude that one or two dozen plants in a room will not exhale enough carbonic acid by night to injure the sleepers."

## The Sick Room.

Abstract of Medical Lecture by James C. Jackson.  
**Scarlet Fever.**

**S**CARLET fever is a disease caused by the introduction of poison into the circulation, making its climacteric manifestations upon the skin. It has its period of hatching or incubation as it is termed, which runs from six to twelve days according to temperament, state of body and other conditions of the life of the person affected. The first manifestation of the disease is fever. The child begins to be feverish; there is a red look about the face, a flushed appearance of the countenance, and manifest restlessness. The child is not at ease, does not stay long in one position in the day time when up, and does not rest well at night. There is chilliness on the surface and oftentimes pain in the head.

### COMMENCEMENT AND DURATION OF THE ERUPTION.

On the second day of the fever the eruption begins to appear. It shows itself generally on the face first, then on the neck, then in patches on the arms or the legs, and so continues till the third day when the whole surface is covered with an eruption in patches which have become in the meantime confluent. On the fourth day the eruption is at its height. On the fifth day it begins to decrease. On the sixth day it is scarcely discernible, and on the seventh day it has thoroughly disappeared. When it has thoroughly disappeared, desquamation takes place; that is, the skin having been inflamed, the outside or cuticle, peels off and convalescence has fairly begun. From that time on, in favorable cases, the child gets back its appetite, begins to show recuperative conditions, and in the course of two or three weeks is as well as ever.

### TWO KINDS OF SCARLET FEVER, ONE MILD, THE OTHER MALIGNANT.

The mild kind is readily manageable, but the malignant or more intensely poisonous kind shows itself oftentimes in great and desperate complications, and unless very successful management is had, the subject dies. There are delirium, diarrhoea, cramps, constrictions of the throat, convulsive fits, and a half dozen or a dozen other morbid manifestations, any one of which when it appears would seem to be a foreshadowing of death to the patient.

It is therefore of great importance that this kind of scarlet fever should not attack children, and in order that it may not the most thoroughly preventive measures should be adopted. The best way known for the cure of this kind of scarlet fever is to keep children from having it. It is a great deal better not to have them have it than it is to risk their recovery under the intense morbid influences which it brings to bear on their organisms. Some children

are much more likely than others to have malignant scarlet fever. All children who are scrofulous, thereby excreting waste matters from their systems slowly and so not infrequently allowing portions of such waste matters to be retained in the tissues or in the blood till they have undergone thorough modification and alteration under the influence of the heat of the body, just as vegetable substances undergo chemical transformations when brought in contact with heat in a mass of compost—such children are more likely when attacked by the specific poison of scarlet fever, to have it in malignant, than in mild form.

### PREDISPOSITIONS.

A child built on a plan that enables him to achieve large accomplishments in the field of intellectual culture; a smart, large, bright-eyed, beautiful, taper-fingered girl or boy is disposed to take on scarlet fever. Why? Merely because such one is almost uniformly scrofulous. There are children who, under the common methods of bringing up and training, have far more care and attention on the part of their parents paid to their intellectual and moral progress than to their physical development. Their brains are early permitted to make severe taxation on the nutritive organs; and before they reach puberty they have laid in them a fundamental debility which by the time they reach manhood or womanhood, if they do reach it, leaves them thoroughly bereft of physical health. They are good scholars, they are usually amenable to parental dictation, they give you bright prospects in the higher range of character, but they do not put forth the degree of physical energy which indicates large vital resistance against morbid conditions of living. If then they are taxed in their sympathetic nervous systems, as for the most part such children are, they break down in the department of nutrition and excretion. Much of the waste materials that ought to be carried out of their bodies through the various excretory organs are retained, being carried again and again through the whole domain of the circulation until their presence in the blood creates what may be called a factitious state of it and of the nervous system. The blood retaining this waste matter, which is for the most part highly carbonaceous, under the introduction of oxygen into the lungs and then into the circulation, becomes heated. Under the influence of heat this waste stuff in the system becomes transformed into poison. So the child is all ready to be affected malignantly whenever a new poison, like that of scarlet fever, is introduced into the circulation. He is in the best possible conditions to have this old floating poison become malignant.

So the blood going through the brain poisons it until it becomes incompetent to perform its office well and the child goes into delirium. It poisons all the nerves that it can touch and all

their branches and so you have all the severe manifestations possible.

#### TREATMENT.

How now will you manage to put your children into such relations before hand that when scarlet fever takes hold of them the attack will be mild in its nature, manifesting a functional rather than a constitutional disorder? I fall back on what to me, preventively considered, is a grand panacea: See that your children are brought up on simple food. All flesh meats for children of this sort, are only so many means for making scarlet fever malignant if the child should have it. The pabulum of the blood made out of flesh-meat foods in connection with stimulating condiments, pepper, spices and the like, in their various compounds and preparations is a pabulum that is promotive of any modification of itself when a foreign poison is brought into contact with it. So when the scarlet fever gets into your neighborhood, simplify your children's food always.

When there is any likelihood that children, having scarlet fever, should take on the malignant type, one grand thing which needs to be done is to keep the skin active. The truest way to do this is by water baths. If your children are in the practice of being bathed twice a week and the scarlet fever gets within a quarter of a mile of you, bathe them every day. Do not be afraid no matter if you get the skin so active that under certain circumstances its activity will lessen the activity of the other excretions; for while the kidneys can manage only just about so much and no more without disturbing the general system, and while the bowels can manage only about so much in the way of excretion, and the lungs only just about so much and yet the body at large remain healthy, the activity of the skin can be increased to twice or three times its usual measure and nothing be lost by it, except that thereby tissue is depleted and the person's weight and available strength lessened. If your baths are well tempered, so that you get up what is called a good reaction, you simply increase the activity of the insensible perspiratory gland and so carry off more material than you otherwise would.

When a child is serofulous and is predisposed to impurity of blood making him readily take on sores, or when he bruises his finger making it difficult to heal, if the scarlet fever comes into your neighborhood, do not go to work and purge him. Go to work at the skin. God has made the skin of the human body so that it can excrete on occasion a vast amount of internal impurity. Work then on the outside rather than on the inside skin. The inside skin cannot carry but so much load. If it does more it falls into a disordered state; but one can be covered all over outside with eruptions and nothing happens to him in the long run to harm him.

#### HOW TO TREAT IT.

When children are sick what will one do? I lay down for all diseases of whatever kind that are febrile in their nature, the general principle of giving the patient but very little food. Let the food be liquid, not solid. The best foods under such circumstances are those which are made out of the grains mingled with water, or where the fever is not too high, mingled with good cows' milk. That makes good, sustaining food. Let such food be given in small quantities—just enough to sustain the system.

Then put him into the quietest conditions you can. Do not let him have half a dozen different nurses with as many different methods of nursing. Make your arrangements all comfortable, to give your patient diet and quiet. Keep his head cool, his feet warm, his bowels open. Then you take your chances. When you have done these four or five things, if you were to assemble in conclave all the doctors now living on this earth, the whole of them together could not contrive to put your child into any better relations to life than you have thus established.

#### PACK IN FEVER.

When there is fever as in scarlet fever, pack the child. Bear in mind that just so long as you can keep the heat of the human body to its normal standard which is between 97° and 100° Fahrenheit, it is not possible for waste matters in the system to be transformed into poisons. They are innoxious at that temperature. No disintegrated matters of the body, whatever these may be, whether of bone or muscle, nerve or membrane, can become poisonous if the body is kept at normal temperature.

So when your child begins to show fever and his face breaks out a scarlet red, keep that child so thoroughly cooled off, that the temperature cannot get above 98°. If you have to pack him all the time you need not be afraid. In packing, always keep the patient's head cool and his feet warm. Or to keep down heat you may wash him, put bandages or chest jackets and throat bandages on to him. Let him have ice to eat. Do not be afraid to give him ice. He can live two or three days on ice and not have anything else.

#### CONVALESCENCE.

A word upon convalescence and I will close. You will pardon me if I do not undertake to cover in talks such as I make to-day all the possible conditions a child will show. I can only give you a description of the disease and lay down a general plan of treatment. When a child begins to be convalescent, look out for his diet and his exposure to outside life. We gain very much always with children as with grown persons who have been sick, by slow recovery. Hurried convalescence is always bad. Many a child has been thrown back, not into scarlet fever, but into a slow wasting nervous fever by

being permitted to over-eat when once it had begun to partake of solid food. Take care of all this and your child will get well.

When children are in health feed them twice in twenty-four hours. Where they are sick and have no solid food, you can let them have a spoonful or two every two or three hours. You do not want to feed them much of anything while the fever is on. A child sometimes is made irritable if kept without any food; therefore you must give him something for the mere purpose of keeping up right cerebral conditions, for if he worries it will do him more harm than it would to give him something to eat. But ordinary good sense will enable you to regulate that thing when you come to see what the child's conditions are. While one is excessively febrile he will not have much appetite and therefore you do not have to give him much to eat. Some children can eat more and some less. I could not say just exactly how much food to give a child without you bring him before me so that I can see just what his conditions are. But the general rule is not to let him have much food.

### Quinsy Sore Throat and Rheumatic Fever.

I FEEL so grateful for so many good things I have learned in the Laws of Life, that I am constrained to write respecting some of the effects of its teachings. In June last I had a quinsy sore in my throat. In three days it grew so bad that I could swallow nothing but liquids and those with the greatest difficulty; it seemed at times as if my throat, which was very much swollen even up to my ears, was entirely closed. I determined not to call a physician as heretofore, but to treat myself. I followed the directions in "How to Treat the Sick without Medicine," first applying hot, then cold compresses, every fifteen minutes, and on the sixth day the sore broke, and gradually went away. Then I had a rheumatic fever. Not being able to care for myself longer, my husband very fortunately obtained a nurse who had faith in the water treatment, having once carried herself through a fever without taking any medicine. I took the wet sheet pack for 30 minutes at three different times, which seemed to keep the fever in check; the rheumatism went all over my body, being most of the time in my joints, first in one place then another. For this she used first hot, then cold compresses, covering those with flannel of several thicknesses; these were put on once in fifteen minutes during the day, not so often at night. Suffice it to say that in ten days the nurse was obliged to leave and after that time I did my work.

Of course it took me some time to get as strong as before. Having had three rheumatic fevers before, I can judge a little of the merits

of my latest style of cure. In 1869 I was not able to leave the house from March 8, till May 10. I think I have reason to bless Dr. Jackson for what he has indirectly done for me.

MRS. E. G. GIBSON.

### Something to Wear.

#### The Effects of Dress on Health.

BY HARRIET N. AUSTIN.

[A paper presented to and accepted by the Executive Committee of the Woman's Congress in New York.]

WHATEVER the disabilities and needs of women, every thoughtful observer must acknowledge that, in this country, feebleness of body is one of their greater obstacles to progress, and that good health is one of their sorest needs. Many and complicated are the causes and influences which operate to make them feeble and sickly, but of all no one is more effectual than dress. To the women of this generation raiment is practically of more worth than the body, and the demands of fashion more to be heeded than the claims of health.

What could be said of a class of persons more to their discredit than this? Health! What grand possibilities does it not imply; what power to accomplish, what capability of culture, what opportunity for growth! Have women any just conception of the inestimable value to them of health? They long for opportunity, they pine for the power to carry their share of life's burdens, or enjoy some portion of its comforts, they bear suffering bravely, they ignore their pains heroically, they endure their hardships patiently,—too patiently by far. Could they once be awakened to the idea that submission to hardships is not to be desired above every other noble quality, that simply to endure evils is no virtue when to remove them is within the sufferer's power, they would become impatient with their feebleness and turn from it with dissatisfaction and disgust; they would put it away from them, and reach out after, seize upon and hold with unyielding grasp, strength, energy and health.

For women may have health, if they will have it. Neither in the structure of their bodies nor in their constitutional relations to life is there any insuperable barrier to its attainment and permanent possession. They are so made that they are capable of having it in the highest degree, while they perform every function that pertains to them as women and every work which becomes them as human beings.

The human body, however, is not capable of maintaining full health while subjected to such disabilities as the dress of woman uniformly imposes on it. What is health? It is such a condition of the structures and functions of the body, that every organ and part are in a natural

state, and every function is performed easily and without obstruction. If an organ is hindered in its free action, its health is interfered with; if a part is not rightly related to other parts, a tendency to ill-health and positive disease is established.

Now it so happens, or is so ordered by some Power,—Divine, Human or Demonic,—that the way in which women array themselves, from the tops of their heads to the tips of their toes, in every part and in nearly every particular, is directly calculated to hinder, harm and destroy the natural condition of the structure so covered. As one decides where the Power originates which makes women dress as they do, so must such one hold God, or man, or woman, or the adversary of souls,—and bodies as well,—responsible for their feebleness.

The quality of adaptiveness does not exist between woman's clothing and her body. One or the other is wrong. If her body is made on a true plan, then her fashion of clothing it is faulty and unjustifiable. If on the other hand, her dress is right, proper and becoming, then her body is made after a wrong pattern and its manner of use is altogether faulty. Then when a young woman, corseted and cramped, finds her lungs incompetent to aerate her blood and she dies of consumption, the Maker of her frame is responsible for the ill result. When a young girl having her lower limbs "rightly" clad in thin drawers and stockings, has her circulation checked and croup seizes her and death follows close behind, God is the party responsible for the evil done. When women of delicate organization put tight bands about their abdomens, with pounds of weight upon their backs and numerous folds of heating fabrics about their loins, and trailing, entangling—but not protecting—skirts about their limbs, and as a direct consequence undergo displacement of important organs and suffer weariness, weakness and tormenting pains from the congestions, inflammations and ulcerations thus superimposed, we must look to Heaven as the author of their woes.

If, however, no criticism can justly be passed on the organic fashioning of woman's body, then the needs of the time imperatively demand that something radical be speedily done for her benefit in the reconstruction of her dress. Look at her as she is. Beginning with her head, her poor brain is subjected constantly to unnatural heat and weight on one part or another of it. Yesterday it was the style to wear the hair on the top of the head. So the top brain or cerebrum had a mass of hair done up in braids and coils and curls, with combs and multitudes of pins,—all pressing down on it.

To-day the back brain or cerebellum is the point of attack, and the accumulation of material there, both by its weight and heat, tends strongly to the production and perpetuation of congestion of this brain. To congest the back

brain is like obstructing the channel which conveys the water gushing from a fountain on a hill, to the machinery which it is expected to turn in the valley below. It is this brain which furnishes, largely, power to the muscles; and when from any cause it becomes debilitated, it is physically impossible that they should be strong. Especially, however, does woman suffer derangement of the pelvic organs from any unhealthful condition of the back brain. Between it and her pelvic structures there exists strong sympathy inasmuch that these cannot be healthy if the back brain is disordered.

To-day there are great numbers of women in this city receiving local treatment at the hands of men physicians for difficulties and derangements which having had origin in unhealthful styles of dress, can never be overcome while their back-brains and spinal columns remain congested as they are, and no medical treatment can ever restore these nervous structures to normal condition and action while the patients dress the back of their heads and the small of their backs as they now do.

As to the trunk of the body, notwithstanding for a score of years writers on health have waged a brave war against tight-lacing and corsets, and notwithstanding a goodly number of thoughtful women have undertaken to free themselves from compression of the chest, it is next to impossible to find a woman with a natural sized waist. Corsets may be abandoned and tightness of clothing sought to be avoided, but the dressmaker will not let off her victim short of a "neatness of fit" whose gentle, perpetual embrace causes a slight shrinking of the muscles, a little yielding of the ribs, a very mild resistance to the free expansion of the air cells of the lungs. So the lungs are never fully expanded until the woman unbuttons her dress at night and with a sigh of relief takes one good deep breath. If those women who never dress tight but wear their clothes "respectably snug" would try wearing garments for the day in which they can fill their lungs to the full as easily as they can in their night gowns, every one of them would gain in measurement around the waist from three to six or eight inches in one year. But to do this they must discard their belts. Belts are the bane of women. Not gentle is their clasp, but firm and tenacious. Not the lungs alone but the stomach and the liver suffer from undue pressure whenever a belt is habitually worn. The stomach being one of the most important organs in the body has been endowed with the power to endure great abuse, but under the pressure of the belt it shrinks upon itself, loses its tone, becomes sensitive and incapable of secreting its fluids in proper quantity. Thus digestion is impaired, the appetite fails, and the body is insufficiently nourished. In short, the woman is in "delicate health" and must have a doctor.

Then the bands beneath the belt,—I know not

how fitly to describe them, except as an ever-present misery. Pressing against the kidneys, hanging on the hips, dragging down upon the abdomen, they are a fitting beginning to the burden of skirts which depend from them. Burden, did I say? If belts are woman's bane, her skirts are her curse. Had it been ordained that we should wear three or four or any definite number of skirts, the toughness of our natures might have endured the infliction: but when is added to indefinite underskirts, outer skirts ruffled and flounced, and overskirts and double overskirts and skirted polonaises and skirted basques and skirted redingotes, and jackets with skirts;—all surmounted at the back with puffings and loopings and bunches and humps, is it, or ought it to be surprising that health succumbs; and if all those symptoms gathered up and classified under the term female complaints do not supervene, the constitutional powers are at least put to terrible waste.

The thickness of woman's clothing about her hips constitutes it a reservoir to confine and retain vital heat in much greater amount than in any other part of the body. Unnatural heat always provokes the engorgement of the blood-vessels of a part, and when continued, this fullness establishes congestion. Continued heat also produces weakness of muscles and of the other tissues. As a legitimate effect of the dress usually worn we have then in all the abdominal and pelvic organs, habitual conditions at best bordering on congestion and quite frequently in the organs of the pelvis, actual inflammation and not uncommonly severe ulceration, and, connected with these morbid conditions, such a flabby state of the muscles and ligaments whose office it is to support and keep in place the internal structures, that a greatly prolapsed state of these takes place. Thus originates a large proportion of the ailments which affect married and unmarried women alike.

The length of skirts prevents the natural use of the limbs. No set of muscles employed in locomotion is brought into use in the same manner when one walks in skirts falling to the feet, as when the skirts fall but just below the knee. When the young lady first puts on the long dress she feels that she does not know how to walk in it. It is only by practice—training the muscles to action in new ways,—that she can walk like a woman. The barrier of the skirt, light though it may seem, brings into play new forces to overcome it, and the muscles of the leg, the thigh and the hip are forced to act a new part. Put a woman into a man's clothes and she does not know how to use her legs. Dress a man in a woman's skirts, and you will know him by his walk as far as you can see him. This difference in gait is not owing to difference in sex, for when a woman has once educated the muscles of locomotion to suit man's dress, she can pass for a man anywhere, so far as her gait is concerned. Doubtless if

any man could be found, anywhere on the face of the earth, so devoted to the cause of science as to be willing to test the influence of woman's dress on himself, he would have the happiness of acquiring woman's style of walking.

To the degree that woman's walk is rendered unnatural by her dress, to that degree does she lose in power, and it is certain that some forms of female diseases are greatly aggravated, if they are not induced, by the disadvantageous use of the muscles of the hip and thigh in walking in long and heavy skirts. Because, if the skirts are long, they will be heavy. Women sometimes fancy their skirts are light. One may avoid all trimmings of the dress which add weight, and do away with all weighty devices for making the underskirts stand out, but if all together they weigh only three pounds, by curtailing at the bottom where they are widest, they may readily be reduced in weight to two pounds, and every pound removed from a woman's loins is a large percentage added to her power to walk, and therefore to her capability of maintaining or recovering health.

The duty laid on woman of always having to walk against a skirt, even the lightest, is a serious tax upon the vital forces—an expense too large to be well afforded by any woman who is an invalid or who works for a living or who really desires to make the best use of her powers. It is very difficult for one accommodated to the common dress to appreciate this in her own case, but think of a man going through life in a skirt, and you can imagine what a drawback it would be. Dr. Chas. F. Taylor, who has studied the diseases of women for many years, gives very emphatic testimony on this point. He says in the case of a delicate woman the strain upon the nervous system is incalculable of having her skirts always in her way and of being liable to trip upon them whenever she goes up a flight of stairs or gets into a carriage or steps anywhere off a level.

A very serious physiological objection to long dresses is that they seem to be a protection while they are not. They are the veriest sham. Women walk about in the cold and the wind with lower limbs curtained but not clad till they are chilled to the bone and the blood is checked in its course. So far as securing warmth is concerned, the skirt might nearly as well be altogether dispensed with, and as for protection to the person, how is it that pure-minded, intelligent women can afford to go about this gaping world with nothing between it and them but a curtain—a curtain swayed by a breath of air, displaced by any but the straightest-forward movement, at the mercy of the slightest accident. Some vulgar-minded person once called the American Costume immodest, whereas the greatest recommendation of such costume is that it insures thorough and complete protection of the person, and thus promotes the suffering cause of modesty. True,

women cover themselves beneath long dresses with drawers and other undergarments, but the very fact that these are undergarments, and acknowledged as such, makes it desirable that they be effectually concealed. It is not wholesome for men, at least of this generation, that the underclothes of women should be liable to be exposed to view at every step. It is no more wholesome for women. I have known the purest of women, who, dressing in the common style, never went into the street or any public place without an instinctive shrinking of soul at the consciousness that in case of the slightest emergency they were inadequately clad, but who now in short skirts and pantaloons of good substantial stuff walk abroad self-possessed and self-resourceful as in a new world. If it were so that the undergarments of women must be exposed, one would think they should be as plain and inconspicuous as possible, instead of being elaborately ornamented as if specially designed to attract observation and admiration.

To-day Fashion allows a shoe with broadened sole and lowered heel. To-morrow she will prescribe narrow soles and high, narrow heels. Then willingly will women again pinch their feet, and perched on their high heels, dislocate their ankles and distort their spines.

Ladies, I fear you will believe that I ascribe to woman's dress undue influence in the production of her weakness and sickliness. You would be convinced that I do not would you persuade a dozen of your invalid friends to adopt a costume free from the objections which I have mentioned and wear it habitually for one year. Then you would see such improvements in them that you would grow into the faith which I cherish, that universal womanhood is capable of having good, reliable, permanent health, and in that faith you would become still more enthusiastic in the contemplation of woman's possibilities. By means of the simple adoption of the American Costume, with other physiological conditions, I have seen scores and hundreds of sick women just growing into health and vigor, whose diseases had defied the best medical skill they could obtain while they dressed after the common style.

With my convictions on this subject I can but believe that the highest interest of woman and of humanity would be promoted by such action on the part of this congress as should tend in the largest measure to encourage and induce women to clothe themselves in a manner compatible with the most perfect health.

For the Laws of Life.

#### Woman's Dress.

**T**HE dress question is a larger one than it would seem to a casual observer. Every step of progress for woman is made doubly difficult by her dress and I have little faith in any great advance till this question is fairly met; till there

is such a change in public opinion that the woman who should attempt to use her powers of locomotion in walking or climbing, with a weight of clothing suspended from her hips and long skirts flapping about her feet, would be regarded as wanting in common sense, as much so as the man who should attempt to swim in an over-coat or run a race in a bag. The two women whom I recently saw climbing Pike's Peak in long dresses, preached a sermon on dress-reform so eloquent that no looker on could have failed of being converted. And yet look at the refined and delicate women who trail their silks along the filthy streets of our cities. I walk behind them in a towering rage. I have got beyond the mild despair with which I used to regard them and feel like attacking them wherever I meet them with the question, "Do you think you look well? that you are elegantly and becomingly dressed. Your dress is hideous. You are a sight for the laughter of gods and the loathing of men."

To think of the wonderful mechanism of the human body, that master-piece of creative power so fitted for a grand activity and then see how all its powers are dwarfed and limited by weak compliance with false standards of taste. What we want is not a rigid uniformity but room for individual tastes, freedom to meet the exigencies of different occupations. In a word the dress should be subordinate to the person, not the person to the dress. It is said that the short dress lacks grace and beauty, and to prove this certain persons who do not look well in it are pointed out, but would these ungainly persons look well in any dress? Certainly all do not look equally well in the long any more than in the short dress. Good taste is a rare quality, but an ill-dressed and ungraceful woman in the short dress, is a less exasperating sight than one equally wanting in taste in corsets, pannier and trailing skirts. Every principle of correct taste and good sense declares in favor of the costume that does not cripple the wearer. We hear of people who are color-blind, but do not realize that we are all beauty-blind through the influence of habit. We are so accustomed to a distorted effigy of the human form that we have lost all perception of its intrinsic beauty and the grace and dignity of unrestricted motion.—I know that before I left Our Home a long dress offended my eye. I positively disliked the look of it and if I progressed so far, in so short a time, may I not reasonably hope that the time will come in my experience when a skirt that ends at the knee and even above it, will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." What we want is concerted action among women. We want the eye of that unreasoning monster, the public, made familiar with a costume adapted to the human form, one that will give the needed warmth without weighing it down or restricting its freedom.

LYDIA FULLER.

**Dress Reform Resolutions,**

Adopted at a meeting of the lady patients and other inmates at Our Home on the Hillside, at Dansville, N. Y., Oct. 8th, 1873, and presented before the Woman's Congress in New York, (held Oct. 13-15) by Rev. Celia Burleigh:

*Resolved*, That we, the undersigned, a company of women largely composed of invalids suffering from diseases originating in or greatly aggravated by the present style of dress, enter our protest against that dress. 2nd,

*Resolved*, That in its want of adaptation to the human form, in its compression of vital organs, in the weight it imposes upon the hips, in the difficulties it places in the way of locomotion, it is ruinous to the health of women and an insuperable barrier to the progress demanded of them by the spirit of the age, effectually excluding them from many desirable and lucrative avocations otherwise open to them. 3d,

*Resolved*, That the constantly increasing expensiveness and elaborateness of woman's dress and the frequent changes that fashion imposes, make such demands upon the time and thought of women as seriously to interfere with higher pursuits and render impossible the development of the best womanhood. 4th,

*Resolved*, That the great need of the present time is such an education of public opinion as shall emancipate woman from the tyranny of custom in the matter of dress and leave each individual free to wear without molestation such a costume as her health, avocations or taste may indicate as best suited to her needs. 5th,

*Resolved*, That as a means to this end we call upon the leading women of the country about to convene in a congress in New York to speak so emphatically upon this subject as to make themselves distinctly understood. We call upon them to give moral support to and throw the protection of their influence about those women who are longing to emancipate themselves from this intolerable oppression.

These resolutions were signed by about 125 ladies. Afterward the gentlemen patients, catching the spirit, held a meeting at which they heartily endorsed the action of the ladies.

**An Indispensable Article of Dress.**

SOME weeks ago I received a few copies of the Laws from a friend, and in the few pages they contained I gleaned an abundance of good. I particularly enjoyed a sensible article on woman's dress and health. It reminds me of a little incident that happened here a few weeks ago. I was sitting at my sewing machine, in comfortable dress, when a little woman entered the room, rather unceremoniously, with her hand at her side, and helping herself to a chair began with: "I have a very nice article here that every woman wants, indeed it is highly necessary," and unrolling a package she disclosed a corset. Panting and placing her hand at her side, she said, "I am in very poor health, and the doctors said if I would ride around it would be a great benefit to me. I have purchased two hundred dollars worth of these indispensable articles and have been traveling for a month, but find it very hard on me."

I looked at the little woman and thought, "no wonder!" She did not appear to be able to lift the bundle she carried in her arms. She was in the height of fashion; her dress was of black alpaca, containing about six yards for the dress with ten yards more placed on the outside for ornament. It was piled up with ruffles, from the bottom of the long trail, one above the other, to the very gathers at the waist; there was enough waste (of material in the dress) but not much waist. Then her head ached so. "Perhaps it would feel better if you would not wear so much hair," I suggested. "Oh this is not hair, it is jute, and is quite light. Don't you think you will purchase a corset to-day?" "No, indeed, I have no need of such an article." "You do not know how beneficial they are." "No, but I know how hurtful they can be." At this she started up to leave with, "I wish you were sensible enough to buy one." I watched her out of sight, thinking of her feebleness, (almost knowing that her corset was the main cause) and of the thousands who are killing themselves to look nice, and went to work glad to be content with a large waist, and to feel well.

MRS. F. WILLIAMSON.

**Our Boys and Girls.**

From "Our" Almanac for 1874.

**The Night "After" Christmas.**

A COMPANION POEM TO "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

'T WAS the night after Christmas, when all through the house  
Every soul was a-bed and as still as a mouse.  
The stockings (so lately St. Nicholas' care),  
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.  
The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,  
With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.  
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,  
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,  
When out in the nursery there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter!"  
I flew to each bedside, still half in a dōze,  
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes,  
While the light of a candle served clearly to show  
The piteous plight of the objects below.  
For what to the father's fond eye should appear,  
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,  
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,  
I knew in a moment felt like Old Nick.  
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same;  
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name:  
Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding of course,  
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry Sauce.  
Before outraged Nature all went to the wall,  
Yes, Lollypops, Flapdoodle, dinner and all.  
Like pellets which urchins from pop-guns let fly,  
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jams, jelly and pie,

Till each error of diet was brought to my view,  
To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus too,  
I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped  
back,  
And brought out the vial marked "Pure Ipecac:"

When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings  
shocked her,  
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the  
doctor?"

I ran and was scarcely back under my roof,  
When I heard the sharp clatter of old "Jalap's" hoof;  
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,  
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.  
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,  
And the suit he had on was his very best suit;

He hardly had time to put *that* on his back,  
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.  
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got  
merry?  
His cheeks looked like *Port* and his breath smelt  
like *Sherry*:

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,  
and his beard nor his skin wasn't "white as the  
snow;"

But inspecting their tongues in spite of their teeth,  
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,  
He felt each pulse, saying, "each little belly  
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that  
jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,  
And groaned, when he said so, in spite of myself;  
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He didn't prescribe, but he went straight to his work,  
And dosed all the rest, gave his trowsers a jerk,

And adding directions while blowing his nose,  
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose.

Then jumped in his gig, gave old "Jalap" a whistle,  
And "Jalap" dashed off as though pricked by a this-  
tle;

But the doctor exclaimed as he drove out of sight,  
"They'll be all well to-morrow—Good night, Jones!  
Good night!"

(Better not get sick, though.—Ed.)

### A Peep at Broadway,

THROUGH A LETTER FROM MRS. KATY JACKSON  
TO HER LITTLE JAMIE WHO HAS NEVER  
SEEN A CITY STREET.

I THINK more of you, my darling boy, when  
I take these daily walks up and down  
Broadway than at any other time, for then I see  
so many sights that would be new and entertain-  
ing to you that I wish you with me a dozen  
times a day.

Nearly the whole of my walk to college is on  
Broadway, which is *the* gay, bustling, crowded  
street of New York city.

When I go down in the morning I see for the  
most part clerks, shop girls and some business  
men. When I come home to dinner and re-  
turn, I see quite a number of ladies out shop-

ping at the grand stores (such as Stewart's,  
which opens on four streets, Lord & Taylor's,  
Arnold & Constable's,) and multitudes of busi-  
ness men rushing up and down the street. At  
4 or 5 in the afternoon when I come home for  
the day, Broadway is crowded with elegantly  
dressed ladies—not so many gentlemen. There  
are silk, satin and velvet costumes, and costly  
jewels and laces on young and old. On sunny  
days when the pavements are dry they pass  
and meet you at every moment till you are be-  
wildered with the richness and variety. I am  
glad every time that I am not bothered by hav-  
ing to wear and take care of the "finery" I see  
and that I am content to wear one set of things  
through the week without change, and to curl  
my hair only once a day instead of twice as I  
used to think I must at home. The windows of  
the dry-goods stores and picture, book and fur-  
nishing stores are beautiful to see,—but more  
beautiful still are the windows of the florists.  
These are filled with flowers and vines and  
mosses. Such swelling, creamy rose buds and  
tuberose and violets and pinks and geraniums  
and in such quantities, I never saw any where  
else. All along on the Main streets of the city and  
especially on Broadway and Fifth Avenue,  
there are boys and girls and men with dozens  
of bouquets for sale. For five cents one can get  
a little nosegay or button-hole bouquet, made  
up of a tuberose, a spray of heliotrope, or two  
or three sweet violets and a rose bud with fresh  
geranium leaves. It is very much the fashion  
here both with gentlemen and ladies to wear  
these bouquets in the button-hole or at the  
throat.

### Our Home Doings.

#### The Third Tank.

A SECOND eight hundred barrel tank placed  
on the hillside below the All-healing  
spring to serve as a reservoir of its waters, went  
all to pieces in a hurry one morning, and was  
*non est* in no time. Verdict of coroner's jury—  
"exploded for want of hoops." We told him so  
—the man who persisted in using too few. Dr.  
Jem did order at expense of our Company an  
extra heavy iron hoop for the base, and this held  
so tight that the staves of the tank broke in the  
middle, thus proving a well-nigh dead loss.  
Fortunately no one was hurt this time, except  
the tank-man, and his injuries are only in the  
region of the pocket. A third tank now stands  
as a monument to mark the spot where the  
others went down, and since the leaves are off  
the trees is a conspicuous object seen from the  
streets.

#### A NEW COTTAGE

is rapidly rising from its well-laid foundations  
with a fair prospect of being finished for occu-  
pancy this winter. The plan of it is all laid  
within four walls and includes hall, sitting-

room on north west with front bay window, and three sleeping rooms. Wm. C. Reynolds, Esq., of Chicago, is erecting this for the use of himself and wife and daughter during their stay with us as patients, and it is then to be turned in as stock for the general use of the company. The site is elegant beyond description, overlooking Crown Hill and the Cure and taking into view the beautiful near southern and western hills as well as the town and valley and the far-stretching blue northern horizon. The question is, who can ever be content to settle down on any common level, after dwelling for any length of time in the presence of such transcendent prospects as are afforded from that elevation.

THE "PUBLIC WORKS,"

which have been somewhat delayed by tank failures, etc., are nearing completion; that is, the water pipes are all down and working successfully, the steam cooking room finished, the great house and smaller houses nearly cleaned, the coal stoves set up—no small job in our establishment—the yards raked up, etc., etc., for the winter. Now let it come—if it must.

OUR HELPERS.

One evening Dr. Jackson, as is his frequent custom, called together all the helpers of the Institution to offer them fatherly counsel and to make many needed suggestions. We were quite awed on entering the audience hall by the imposing appearance of the assembly, and, taking occasion to count the persons as they went out, found there were present eighty-six helpers. All were not there, so there must be at least ninety individuals employed in the daily working of Our Home. The Doctor explained to them the financial condition of the country and advised them not to put all they could earn on their backs or let it go for trifles, but to save a good percentage of their wages however small these might be, congratulated them on having good situations while so many are out of employment, and demanded of all their best service that there be little needless waste or friction in any department, and that everything may go harmoniously and for the good of all. Such remarks are always well received and have their effect.

REV. CELIA BURLEIGH'S SPEECH.

By general request Mrs. Burleigh repeated before the household gathered in Liberty Hall, her excellent paper on dress reform which was given to a New York audience at the Woman's Congress. It is to be printed in full in the Woman's Journal (Boston) with the other proceedings of the Congress, and the Journal is offered for the months of November and December—8 copies—for 50c. Thus the thousands who were denied the pleasure of personal attendance, can for a moderate sum, read all that was said at the Congress in the quiet of their own homes.

OUR WINTER FAMILY.

Mrs. Burleigh, receiving the hand-shakes of her friends after her reading, was congratulated

by a partial stranger at the Cure on the quality of her audience, to which she replied that she had never been in a place where she had made the acquaintance of so many delightful persons, particularly ladies, (no disparagement to the gentlemen) as are at present here. Indeed we had never a finer family—nor larger at this season. The tables are full-set to nearly their largest summer extent.

COMFORTABLE DRESSES.

Many of the ladies are interesting themselves in getting up warm, convenient and healthful dress-suits for the winter. It is a matter of general family interest as one new suit after another makes its appearance. There is a great variety of styles and colors though the latter are mostly the warm winter shades of blue or brown. Some of the styles we think must by all the rules of taste in dress—that is as compared with any other styles worn—be pronounced pretty, if not beautiful. We will endeavor in some future numbers to describe individual suits, under the standing head of "Something to Wear."

ALL HEALING SPRING.

A visitor of a day, going up to the spring, paid and left behind him the following tribute:

Here from Mt. Helicon's lofty top,  
I freely lift the sparkling cup,  
And of its waters freely quaff,  
And think old Time will grimly laugh  
To find his work will be delayed,  
As rust shall eat old Sexton's spade,  
While health and life to those he'll bring,  
Who drink from the All-Healing Spring!

J. E. OSTRANDER.

AMUSEMENT CLASS.

On two afternoons in the week at 4 o'clock Mr. Sedgwick meets a class of thirty ladies and gentlemen and children, of whom Jamie Jackson, five and a half years old, is one, to teach them the most approved modes of stepping to the time of music. The happy results of these classes, which from time to time are formed, are often observed in the improved manners of many who attend our weekly entertainments, and in the better style of the performance.

CLASS LECTURES.

The large class which meets every Thursday afternoon to listen to medical lectures by Dr. Jackson are enthusiastic in their comments as to the value of the instruction given, and also of the engaging style of the teaching which holds the attention without weariness from first to last. The subjects chosen are of vital importance. Croup was the theme of the last lecture, its nature and the principles on which it should be treated being explained, and the minutiae of the most successful modes of treatment so plainly given that no one of ordinary sagacity could fail in the application should the trial come.

We say again as we have said many times before, what most sincerely we think, that there is no institution in the country at which one can learn in a given time—say six months or a year—so much that is of the greatest practical value

as at this institution under Dr. Jackson's instructions.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The Rev. Geo. W. Woodruff, D. D., of New Rochelle, N. Y., who with his wife is spending the winter here, conducted religious service in the chapel on the second Sunday after his arrival. He chose for his theme the character of Elijah, portraying so vividly the sublime old prophet as to make him stand out in clear relief from the far, blank past and appear among us as would now a grand, faithful, living servant of the Living God. A quartette performed beautifully as a chant "Thy will be done," led at the instrument by a lady who is said to "play divinely" both on the piano and organ.

The stated religious exercises of the week for the winter are a well-sustained helpers' prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening, and a general prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, a Sunday meeting before dinner, conducted usually by Dr. Jackson if he is at home, or occasionally by some minister who may be present, otherwise a prayer-meeting is held. A short daily morning family service at 9 o'clock, is attended during the cold season in the common parlor,—not to the discomfort of any who do not wish to be present, as the reading and amusement rooms adjoining are always warm and light and pleasant and open to all.

#### Student Items.

THREE of the younger members of the Brightside family are away from home this winter as students in Classical and Medical colleges. Their frequent letters are among the compensations for the loss of their society. We share with our larger family of readers some of their allusions to student life and some occasional descriptions, knowing that a large number will claim some report from them as a family right. We ask all who are interested to read them to make due allowance for the carelessness and familiarity of letters home, written by students whose time is precious.

"We are now fairly settled and started in our regular Student Life. We usually get a little time for study before breakfast 7:15, to which we go promptly when the bell rings. My breakfast each morn is oat-meal pudding, hard crackers and fruit, and J. scarcely ever varies from the same bill of fare. After breakfast I study till quarter past nine and then set out on a brisk walk to college, carrying big books in a strap. I generally 'streak it' down Broadway, passing all the women and most of the men. These walks are a source of delight and of strength and health. At ten each morning we have a recitation in Anatomy. By dint of pretty close application I have been able to hold my own in recitations so far, though most of the class have the advantage of months of previous study. Anatomy is tough and no mistake. Do Father and H. have any recollection of digging away at the hard names when they studied medicine? The skeleton which came to us in good condition I find a vast help. Positively it did look *beautiful* to me when J. un-

packed it from the box,—so clean and dry and white—a pleasant contrast to some of the dark, greasy specimens our class have had to handle. This week we have had to learn all the articulations of the bones with their numerous ligaments and attachments,—not only names but full and very exact descriptions.

In our recitations we have had parboiled backbones, jaws, portions of skull, etc., handed us to 'demonstrate' with. So that kind of discipline begins and I am already considerably hardened. After anatomy if there is no lecture, I rush home to study until dinner time. Then I go to afternoon lectures—sometimes on *Materia Medica*, sometimes on *Physiology* or *Chemistry*. I can assure you J. and I are glad to meet and settle down for the evening. This is the way we do it: After our greetings, J. rakes down the fire, puts on fresh coal, sweeps the hearth, and gets on his dressing gown and house boots, while I fill and light the student lamp, light the gas and roll out the table and get out text books to study or 'quiz' from six to eight. At eight J. reads aloud for a half hour or more something light from Shakespeare while I do the family mending. Then we turn our grand sofa into a nice bed and retire,—I to my cool fresh little bed room. I know this discipline and regularity are good for us.

I am forming some very pleasant acquaintances among classmates at college—among them Mrs. Colton, wife of Mr. Colton, map-publisher, a Mrs. W. from H. F. whose husband is at Bellevue, (she knows about us and the Cure,) a Miss Cary from Boston, a woman of superior acquirements, Miss D. one of the old students who has been very kind and encouraging to me, Dr. Wattles (one of the faculty), sister of my old friend, who is a thorough master of her branch (anatomy), and is one of the best of teachers, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi (daughter of the publisher); she is wonderfully interesting. We all agree that her hour is the shortest in the day. Some of the class pretty nearly worship her. Her department in our first year's course is *Materia Medica*. She quizzes us very critically and demands very precise definitions and says if we do thoroughly know a thing we can find words to tell it. She confines us pretty much to botanical histories and descriptions of medicinal plants, and what I remember of Botany and botanical terms will be a great help to me. K."

"We are enjoying our evening over the delightful cognomens given by wise men to the articulations of the different varieties of joints. It is fun no doubt when you get them all by heart, to hear yourself repeat them, but just now we are unable to see where the laugh comes in. J."

"Room mate and I have walked to town today to attend the services at the German church. The sermon was good and I could follow it nearly all, and the walk of five miles in the bright air was a perfect luxury. How fine the days are. I was out three hours Friday boating, walking, etc.—The fashions this year are quite bewildering, especially the hair-dressing. It makes me sick, or would if I felt I must follow them. L."

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In these days of railroad suspensions, bank defalcations and great disturbance in the commercial and industrial relations of the people at large, safe and profitable investments of money are not easily found. To buy stock at par in Our Home, is, in my opinion, not only to put money out where it is safe, but to insure for it good returns.

Never since the establishment was started were its resources better, nor its pecuniary condition safer, nor its prospects more flattering. At the time I write this we have as large a family of patients and guests as we ever have had during any year previous to this in any month of such year. The Institution is out of debt, or has resources at command where without any trouble it can pay its debts; has its winter business laid out on the safest and most economical basis, and looks forward to that degree of prosperity within the next year, where even without the sale of any stock, it can so improve its external and internal conditions as greatly to add to its present resources and accommodations.

Except for the fact that the Directors are contemplating large improvements the coming spring, for which they mean to pay as they go, no stock would be offered for sale. In truth, pecuniary considerations alone would not prompt them to put any stock in the market, for what is already in the hands of stockholders could not be bought for anything like its par value. They offer it, therefore, for the double purpose of having by its sale, capital to use in the furtherance of their plans of improvement for the Institution, and for the increase of their number of stockholders, and thus to add to the sum total of its friends, who will, wherever they may be located, bring to the notice of invalids its very rare and remarkable capacities for their restoration to health.

The Directors mean not to stop in their laudable and hitherto well-adjusted plans for the improvement of Our Home in its facilities for taking care of the sick and instructing those who, not being sick, may come within its precincts, how to live without sickness, till there has been built up on our Hillside a village of cottages owned and occupied by men and women of pecuniary means and personal culture, to that degree as to establish a society where there shall be given to all its members the highest and noblest opportunities to live on earth simply, truly, humanely and healthfully.

They invite therefore the attention of men and women of means to Our Home as a place in whose vicinity they can purchase land and build houses so as to live conveniently yet esthetically, free from fashion yet in the enjoyment of excellent opportunities for health, growth in knowledge, and culture in goodness, and can also have a physiological education and intellectual cultivation for their children.

The climate of Our Home is magnificent. The water which comes down its hillside is as pure as that which run through Eden. The means of living are simple and very cheap. A good school is close by, but it is in the contemplation of the Directors and the friends of our Institution to establish, next season if possible, a school which shall give to all those who have need of its training and culture all desired facilities, as those who have the Institution in charge mean to make it by all odds, the best Health Establishment in the world. They mean to do this under the influence of broad and liberal christian principles, relying on wisdom from Above, and the assistance of true men and women as co-workers with them to bring the result about.

To every one who may read this who has any desire to invest money, without in any way making the Directors responsible for what I say, I give it as my candid opinion, based upon minute knowledge of the conditions of the Establishment, that in its present state and as far as I can see in its prospective state also, there is no better corporate Institution in America in which to invest money safely with a view to large realization therefrom.

All letters asking for information should be addressed to Dr. James H. Jackson, Secretary of Our Home Hygienic Institute, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., enclosing stamp to prepay answer, when they will receive prompt and careful attention.

Most Respectfully,

**JAMES C. JACKSON.**