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OUR PHYSICIAN, NATURE: OBEY AND LIVE.

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General Articles.

A Prevailing Malady.

WE meet pale faces and sunken eyes constantly. This shows an error. The error is in the abuse of the common diet of life; not always, but generally. Too much food is the great evil of the day,* because it is so very common and has its allurements—we gratify, and eat too much. This is the main cause of the pale faces and haggard countenances we meet. The remedy is simple: Eat less. And yet who does it? Few, because it requires moral courage, just the thing which is affected, which is part of the pale face and sunken eye. The dyspeptic is diseased mentally, morally, and physically. Of all beings the most miserable is the confirmed dyspeptic. His mind is disturbed, his moral feeling is blunted and disordered, and his body suffers. For what is he fit? He is fit for nothing, not even for "stratagem and spoils." He drones his time away—years, a score sometimes—and his whole life is a blank. If that were all, it would not be so bad; but it is a most wretched, miserable, blank, full of vapors, gloom and forbodings. The mind is the torment of the man, making appear real what is unreal, and exaggerating evil. The little good that the man gets is also exaggerated, and this puts him all around in a false position. His judgment is not reliable, though once so correct; his imagination plays tricks with him; deceiving him constantly by magnifying its doings. In a word, the man is morbid—

* It is true that people eat too much; but a greater evil exists in the *kind* of food generally eaten, which of itself produces a large amount of disease and an unnatural, craving, appetite, causing them to eat more than they otherwise would.—Ed.

The Tobacco User.

Throw that filthy pipe away,
You can never make it pay;
Ever smoking as you go,
Where's the good? I'd like to know?

Not a decent coat or hat,
Yet you smoke for all of that;
Flour barrel empty, cellar too,
What's the use of living so?

Children ragged, saucy too,
They'll grow up and be like you;
Think they'll pass for something rare,
If they smoke, and learn to swear?

Where you go your filth is feared,
Mouth and clothes are all besmeared;
If one chance to smell your breath,
They are strangled half to death.

One to sit and hear you say,
What you're going to do some day,
Would suppose, to hear you boast,
In yourself you were a host.

But I say, and tis no joke—
Half your plans will turn to smoke;
All you earn from day to day,
You'll chew up, and spit away.

Is there aught that's noble, great,
You attain in such a state?
Are you living out the plan
God at first designed for man?

Break your pipe and be a man,
Cut the chain while yet you can;
Though you doubt it, soon, I think,
If you smoke, you'll want to drink.

If one sin breaks through the door,
It will soon make room for more;
Shut the door against the first,
Then you'll never meet the worst.

C. M. WILLIS.

Charlotte, Mich.

mentally, morally and physically. It took him long to get into this state. He got into it by degrees, almost ere he was aware. Ah, the insinuating habit of alluring the system, which God had made right, but which man is wronging constantly! This great evil is all brought about by littles—a little excess which breaks the back of the camel. Here is the danger. And here is the remedy: Avoid the littles—the little excesses; they seem to be always at the end of our meals. Then cut off that end—that cup of tea or coffee, that dessert or other dainty. This course would generally succeed.

We must guard against the excesses; nobody calls them such. At the time they may give rise only to a little uneasiness, a little headache or sluggishness of feeling. The brain acts less, as it always does when oppressed, over-strained; as it does through the sympathetic channels. After a while these symptoms will cease, and the eyesight seems to be clouded momentarily; the man will soon be prepared to re-enact the same thing. By-and-by in the course of his persistence, there will be more uneasiness after his meal, greater headache and dullness. There will be other symptoms gradually stealing upon him. There will be slight pains here and there; beginning, perhaps, in his chest; felt between his shoulders and in his left side. He will gradually become nervous, lose flesh—though not always at first—his hearing is affected, there is a ringing and other unusual sounds which greatly frighten him. Sometimes he even will get dizzy and almost fall. He is apt now to have bad sleep and worse dreams, so that night becomes a dreaded time to him. Society begins to be distasteful to him; sometimes he seeks it as if to get rid of the evil that follows him. But he cannot shake it off. It follows him because it is himself. These unpleasant accompaniments increase; they increase both in intensity and in number. New symptoms are constantly evolved, new evils attack, until the individual is a walking load of evil. At last it becomes confirmed. And now it is as difficult to remove these evils as it was easy to get them, and it takes as long often to do it. Why does it take so long? It seems to be in the nature of the case, perfecting the work by slow process. But it is the long weakening, the constant sapping, that at last undermines, and establishes, as it

were, a second nature. Those who wish health must look warily here.

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

What, then, is to be done? for this is a great evil and must be met, if possible. The remedy is, put a watch and tie upon the man; he himself is not capable of doing it. Or you must leave himself, to the risk of becoming worse, and perhaps of dying, or if he has self-regard left, to be forced into reformation. He may prefer mending his ways to a worse evil—to dissolution, for death has sometimes horrible pictures for the stomach-ridden invalid. Medicines, the world has long since decided, are of no good in dyspepsia. They may aid in some respects, as time aids, but always at the expense of original power. Time and medicine will kill any man prematurely. The poor afflicted patient must, first of all, remove the cause. He may have been doctoring for years, piling evil upon evil, while the cause, "like a worm in the bud," remained. This is a double abuse of poor nature. Throw aside this incubus, the whole of it; stop aggravating the wound it has made; lessen your food, which a false appetite urges you on to partake, and flatters you that all is right—it is the false "siren song" that accompanies all dyspeptics.

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

down—never so thrifty thereafter, but still having life and being—and infinitely better than the smothered, strangled, thing with the weight upon it.

We have spoken of dyspepsia as it is generally brought on, through the stomach and food. "Strong drink" will sometimes do this, excesses in venery, excesses of many kinds, if not of all, all tending to affect the stomach, the organ of tenderness. But whatever the excess which produced the evil, it must be stopped—the stomach must be favored. There are other things that aid, but the great thing is to remove the cause and keep it removed. This is the all-important point, and it is sufficient. With it a cure can be effected; without it, it can not. Cheerfulness of society, it is said, is a good addition, so is traveling in strange lands; so is exercise. But always make a clean bottom by removing the exciting cause. To do this, self must not be gratified, but mortified; it must be done, however unpalatable. Yet how little it is done, as the million of sufferers testify. *It is so hard* to do, because there is a lack of power; not that the evil is so strong—it is we that are weak, we dyspeptics. Had the man the usual strength which he had in health, he would easily floor his adversary. But this he lacks, and this is the evil; he can hardly cure himself. He does it, however; it is being done daily. Were it not, what would become of us as a nation? of the world? The evil frequently cures itself; it is perhaps hard to say in how many cases. This is fortunate, that it bears its own correction. But it is also unfortunate that it must be strained to such an extent—till the machine is almost ruined. Better begin in time, and save the wreck while its timbers are yet sound.

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

MENTAL VIOLENCE.—Everything which tends to discompose or agitate the mind, whether it be excessive sorrow, rage, or

fear, envy, or revenge, love, or despair—in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure the health.

Theories in Food.

MORE digestions are impaired, and more constitutions ruined in the United States by excesses in eating than in drinking. Yet, although we have our Goughs and Chapins to depict with warning voices the terrors of delirium tremens, we find but few kind prophets who devote themselves to averting the lingering agonies of dyspepsia, or to guarding with timely admonition against the stuffy horrors of surfeit. The subject of food, as adapted to different people and climes, is receiving of late a great deal of attention in Europe. In Paris, the Academy of Sciences is constantly discussing kindred topics, and in England, many writers are devoting themselves almost exclusively to them.

Every one who has been abroad, knows by personal observation—and every one who has not, knows through unanimous reports—that we Americans are not as healthy looking as are most of the European nations. Our men are lank and skinny, usually possessed of considerable nervous strength, but very little sturdiness. Our women are fragile and weakly, and their complexions are gone very early in life. An American girl of twenty-five, is generally not more youthful looking than an English woman ten years her senior. Why should this be? They take more exercise, says one. They are more in the open air, says another. The humidity of the English climate is more favorable to the preservation of the complexion, says the third. No doubt there is truth and force in each of these suggestions, and there are several others that might be advanced, of various degrees in significance; but we believe the grand cause which underlies all minor ones of our physical deterioration, is to be found in that national sin which springs from overabundance—*intemperance in eating.*

It is contended that our climate is an exhausting one; that the extremes of heat and cold enfeeble the constitution, suggesting the necessity for a stimulating diet to sustain the vital forces; and that the desiccating nature of our atmosphere attenuates the tissues. But, even supposing all this to be true, there is surely no reason implied why the stomach should be so terribly punished, as it often is, in

consequence; on the contrary, we are of opinion that there is as radical an unsoundness in any such argument, as though we were to say that, inasmuch as food is cheap and plentiful, we should, therefore, use it to excess. It is not, perhaps, going too far, to say that if, by any possible sumptuary enactment, people were obliged to eat just one half the quantity, and consume in the process just twice the time used at present, there would be a speedy diminution in the bills of mortality. The notion that a climate like ours necessitates a prodigious consumption of what is carbonaceous food, is probably as fallacious as it is general. The English and Irish laborers who taste meat, in the average perhaps once a week, are heartier-looking and longer-lived than ours, who gorge carnivorously three times a day.

It is useless to endeavor to counteract any evil, or to institute any reform, unless we commence at the very root or foundation, and work upwards. The root and foundation of the evil we discuss, lies in the systematic over-feeding of children. Not in respect to quantity; a growing creature usually requires the amount of *plain* food which it has the inclination to take; but the *nature* of food we give to children is too frequently such that we might almost as well give them rank poison. Fat meats, rich gravies, pastries, bon-bons of all manner of unwholesome substances, are among the effective materials American parents employ to insure their offspring the blessing of shattered nerves and diseased stomachs, when they have arrived at maturity. In most civilized countries but this, children, even of the rich, are not permitted to take meat at breakfast, to indulge in tea or coffee, or in any spiced or "made" dishes, until their growth is tolerably completed. We are quite confident that the children of Queen Victoria, up to their fifteenth or sixteenth year, were not allowed to do either of these things. But here, over-indulgent mothers, on the plea of climate necessity, stuff their unfortunate, though willing victims, until they are positively confirmed dyspeptics before they have attained the age of puberty. When, on the other hand, people are so fortunate as to be too poor to cram their young with rich food, the latter know not the pangs of indigestion, and often carry sound livers to an advanced period in life.

If we look into the busy world around us, and remark who are our men and wo-

men of energy, strong writers, deep-thinkers, fortune builders, leaders of society, or what you will, nine cases out of ten they have lived, through the poverty or good sense of their progenitors, a frugal and abstemious childhood. The body is, in this regard, like the mind; if too much petted and pampered, it becomes enervated and worthless, incapable of protracted or healthful exertion. It is, therefore, the worst thing a fond mother can do for her child, when, by making him prematurely, an Apicius, she shackles his powers, and cripples his capacity for future usefulness or distinction. The physical injury arising from such indulgence is not the only one. Stimulating food leads directly to stimulating romances, unwholesome amusements, and the whole train of precocious dissipations, which end in the destruction of moral health.

"Ripe Old Age."

THE man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in that capacity. At the same age dies the factory work-woman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage-man, who is smashed, on an average, at 30.

Milliners and dressmakers live but little longer. The average of the one is 32, and the other 33.

The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35.

The cutler, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, none of them reach the average age of 40.

The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. The editor knocks himself into *pi* at the same age.

Then come trades that are active or in a purer air. The baker lives to the average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the

furnace-man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone-cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the inn-keeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43. The tailor lives to 43, the tailoress to 41.

Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness, and in soap and water?

Those who average over half a century among mechanics, are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise, and are not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 59, the wheelwright till 50, the builder till 52, the shipwright till 56. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of 61. The rope-maker lengthens the thread of life to 54. Merchants, wholesale and retail, till 52.

Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. Clergymen who, it is to be presumed, enjoy a greater mental serenity than others, last till 65.

Seafaring life and its adjuncts seem, instead of dangerous, to be actually conducive of longevity. We have already seen that the shipwright lives till 56. The sailor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 57, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64.—*Rural New Yorker*.

Husk Mattresses.

OUR rural friends are very hospitable; when we visit them they treat us during the day with the greatest kindness, but they are often cruel to us at night, and most always consign us to a feather bed, in the smothering depression of which we pass a sleepless night. That a feather bed is a fit thing to sleep upon, is an idea rapidly disappearing, we are happy to say; yet in many communities feathers still prevail, and they are looked upon as silk dresses are, in some measure an index of the wealth, or competence of the owner. It is quite time that all this was changed, and comfort and health consulted, rather than show. We say comfort,—for no one after having slept for a few weeks on a hard bed, would willingly return to feathers. Curled hair makes the very best mattresses, but is ex-

pensive; the next best thing is corn husks, a cheap material, and accessible to all. The inner husks, or shucks, as they are called in some places, allowed to curl up a little, are often used without any preparation. A softer bed is made by slitting the husks in strips, half an inch or so in width; a fork may be used to facilitate the stripping. The best husk bed we ever saw was made from the husks of green corn, shredded by drawing through a flax hetchel. Husk beds should be opened about once in six months, the husks shaken out from the fine particles and dust, be sprinkled, and allowed to lie in the sun for a while. Treated in this way the husks will be almost as good as new. We give this timely hint, in order that at husking time, those who would enjoy the luxury of a husk bed may take measures to secure the necessary material.—*American Agriculturist*.

Fashionable Women.

FASHION kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washer-woman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ones. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child ex-

hibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong-minded women, who had as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

Good Living.

AN OLD SCOTCHMAN'S TESTIMONY.

THE idea prevails in most minds that meat is the great sustainer of life, and that without it mankind would sustain a great loss. The truth is, *with* its use a great deal of poor health is the result. The following paragraph might be suggestive to those who live in what is called high life:

"Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, and is solidly built on both sides of the Ness river. It derives its importance and business solely from its being the center of the north country. It is almost impossible here to realize that it is the last of July. The air is like our November, a strong wind blows through the streets, and I sit in winter garb before a coal fire. Yet the gardens are full of flowers—geraniums, hardy roses, and a kind of fuschia, growing as a shrub, and brilliant with a wealth of scarlet and purple blossoms. The people, too, call it warm, and go about with summer airs in summer clothing. I said to the chambermaid this morning, 'It seems very cold here.' She looked up surprised. 'And do you think so? Perhaps it's no so warm as usual the day; but we had it scorching hot here in May.' The hotel tables are as well supplied as at Edinburgh; but the poor live almost entirely upon oatmeal porridge, with a little fish and tea, and only very rarely any meat. Yet they look stout and healthy, and many of them have very fair and beautiful complexions. Yesterday, in walking, I came upon an old man, breaking stones by the side of the road, whose cheek was like a rose. I found that he only earned a few shillings a week; but he seemed happy and contented, and to have no desire to change his situation. 'It's a fine, wholesome country this,' said he. 'Once I thought I'd gang doon to London to get wark, and I stayed nigh

upon two years; but they maist killed me there wi' their fat meat, an' I was blithe to get back hame again. I'd rather brak stanes for the road, or tent the sheep on the braes, than to bide there wi' their graund houses an' puir livin'."

A Preventive of Cholera.

D. L. W. LEWIS, of New York, proclaims that fresh air is the best preventive of cholera extant. He says if people will only keep their windows open night and day, giving fresh air a fair chance to fill their lungs, and ventilate their apartments, and purify their clothing, they run little danger from cholera. He writes:

"The great point is to induce people to sleep with their windows open, in cool weather as well as warm. If necessary, put on additional clothing, but above all things have fresh air." Dr. Frank Hamilton, who, when the cholera broke out on Blackwell's Island, kept the people out of doors all day, and the windows of their rooms open all night, and thus in five days checked the ravages of the disease, adds his testimony to that of Dr. Lewis: "The man who can persuade the poor people that with plenty of air they are secure against cholera, will do much." Dr. R. Ogden Doremus also indorses Dr. Lewis by saying: "God's oxygen is essential to life, and one of the best antidotes to disease."

OUR PERSONS.—If our knowledge of the outlines, proportions, and symmetry of the human form, and of natural attitudes and appropriate gestures, were as general as it ought to be, our exercises would be determined by considerations of health, grace, and purity of mind; the subject of clothing would be studied in reference to its true purposes—protection against what is without, and a tasteful adornment of the person; decency would no longer be determined by fashion, nor the approved costumes of the day be at variance with personal comfort and ease of carriage; and in the place of fantastic figures, called fashionably-dressed persons, moving in a constrained and artificial manner, we would be arrayed in vestments adapted to our size, shape, and undulating outline of form, and with drapery flowing in graceful folds, adding to the elasticity of our steps, and to the varied movements of the whole body.

Jefferson's Idea of Medicine.

JEFFERSON had no confidence in *materia medica*. While a resident in Paris, his daughter was seized with typhus fever, and an eminent physician was sent for. He came, examined the patient, gave directions about nursing, and departed without giving or leaving any medicine. The same course was pursued on the second and third day, when Mr. Jefferson said:

"Doctor, you don't appear to be doing anything for my daughter. What is the reason?"

"The reason is, I want her to get well. I had supposed you knew what my system of practice was."

"No; what is it?"

"To have the most careful nursing, leave the disease to wear out, and let nature do the rest; but I never give any medicine."

The result was the daughter recovered with an uninjured constitution, and for thirty years Jefferson followed the system of the French physician.

Children's Arms and Legs.

A DISTINGUISHED physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared:—"I believe that during the twenty years that I have practiced my profession in this city, 20,000 children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked."

On this the editor of the Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter, remarks: "Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to 90 degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to 50 degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from 10 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat or stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities of witnessing the same cure."

Valuable Recipes.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Three teacups of rice washed clean, put into a six-quart pan, fill the pan with milk, sweeten to taste, and bake two and a half hours. Stir occasionally to prevent burning. Raisins, currants, cherries, or other dried fruits, are delicious, and not particularly objectionable. The above is one of the best puddings ever eaten.

BOILED GRAINS.—Wheat, rice, hulled corn, and samp, boiled until the kernels are entirely soft, but not broken nor dissolved, rank next to bread in wholesomeness. They may be eaten with sirup, sauce, sugar, milk or cream, or fruit.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Mix boiled mealy potatoes, one part, with flour, two parts, into a dough; roll it out a little less than one-fourth of an inch in thickness; inclose in each dumpling a medium-sized apple, previously pared and cored, and boil, steam, or bake, about an hour.

RICE APPLE PUDDING WITHOUT MILK. Boil rice till nearly done, then stir in sliced tart apples, and cook about twenty minutes.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Wet coarse corn-meal with boiling water, add a little sugar or molasses, tie the pudding in a bag, leaving room for it to swell, and boil three or four hours.

APPLE JONATHAN.—Fill a baking-dish two-thirds full of sliced tart apples, sweeten to taste; mix wheat-meal with water and milk (a little cream will make the crust more tender) into a batter, and pour over the fruit until the dish is filled; bake until the crust is well browned.

RICH APPLE PUDDING.—Take equal quantities of very tart apples, well stewed and sweetened, and bread-rolls or crackers, previously soaked soft in cold water; mix them and heat them thoroughly for a few minutes. Any tart fruit will answer in the above.

CRISPED POTATOES.—Boil, good, sound, mealy potatoes, till a little more than half cooked; then peel them, and bake in a hot oven till moderately browned.

At a recent railway festival, the following striking sentiment was given: "Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced the switch."

Editorial.

Our Dispositions as Affected by Disease.

THE kind and quality of the food we eat is worthy the consideration of every individual. The strength of both body and mind is derived from our food, and certainly the kind of food on which we subsist most have much to do in forming our characters, as well as supporting our corporeal frame. The mind of mankind seems to be in a feverish state of excitement; crime abounds; the spirit of war and ferocity prevails to an alarming extent, and there is little doubt that the habit of flesh-eating which so universally prevails, has a controlling influence with mankind. A modern writer observes:

“By that truly wonderful process, digestion, food and drink are made to subserve intellect and moral sentiment—converted into thought and emotion. Then must not different *kinds* of food produce different mental and moral traits? A vast variety of facts answer affirmatively. Rollin says that pugilists, while training for the bloody arena, were fed exclusively on raw meat. Does not the food of the lion, tiger, shark, eagle, etc., re-increase their ferocity, and that of the deer, dove, and sheep redouble their docility? Does not this principle explain the ferocity of the Indian, force of the Anglo-Saxon, and the subserviency of the Hindoo? Since alcoholic drinks excite the animal passions more than the intellectual and moral faculties, why not also meat, condiments, and all stimulating food as well? And why not vegetables and the cereals by keeping the system cool, promote mental quiet, intellectual clearness, and moral elevation? At all events, less meats, and more vegetables, grain, and fruits, would render men less sensual, and more talented and good. And those who would become either, must mind *what* and *how* they eat.”

If there is truth in the above remarks, and there certainly can be very little doubt of it, much importance attaches to the kind of nourishment which we receive into our system to sustain body and mind. If we would train up our children with

amiable and kind dispositions, we should not give them food which will keep their young and tender brain in a continual state of excitement; but rather let them have simple, nourishing food, which will nourish their bodies without stimulating the brain.

The question of what is a proper *kind* of food is one of great importance. Let it be duly considered.

J. F. BYINGTON, M. D.

Candies.

THERE is a disposition with many to keep up a perpetual nibbling, or eating. More especially is this the case with young people and children. Much of the time, when not asleep, there is something in their mouths; of course it finds its way into the stomach. Prominent among the selections of palatables are candies. A supply is easily kept on hand, ready to be eaten in season and out of season. Some are even medicated. Lozenges for the throat, peppermint and pepper drops for the stomach, preparations of sorts and varieties too numerous to mention, fixed up in a very attractive manner—pleasing both to the sense of sight and taste.

I do not know of anything to say in favor of these little commodities. Much, however, may be said to condemn the practice of eating them. We fully endorse the sentiment that confectionaries are a public curse; not merely for the reason that they are colored with poisonous ingredients, adulterated with from one to three parts of white earth, and flavored with deleterious substances and poisonous drugs, but their use spoils the relish for simple, healthy food, perverts the taste,—creating an artificial appetite for rich, highly seasoned, unwholesome, articles of diet.

Upon the teeth is the ruinous effect powerfully seen, a sure indication that the stomach has been injured. Candy, besides causing acidity of the stomach, overloads it, being too concentrated for it, thus stupefying the brain, breeding worms, and producing disease. Most respectfully

would we call the attention of those that "love life, and would see good days" for themselves and little ones, to a consideration of these things, that this wide-spread evil may be corrected.

MISS DR. LAMSON.

Health Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.

"Oh, yes, I See it is So."

DR. H. S. LAY:—One night I dreamed I was singing and composing as I sung. My thoughts found utterance in verse as fast as required for singing. At the end of a stanza I raised my voice, as I thought, and chanted the following two lines as a chorus, or coda, with so much energy that I awoke from sleep:

"Oh, yes, I see it is so,
And the clearer it is the farther I go."

I knew the subject in my mind was the Health Reform; but these lines were all I could remember. Taking the hint, however, I had two of the following stanzas matured by the time I rose in the morning. I leave this coda just as I dreamed it, but to clear it from ambiguity, I will say that the meaning is that the further we proceed in the Health Reform, the clearer are our minds, and we perceive more and more the propriety, importance, and benefit of it.

THE HEALTH REFORM.

When men are beginning the work of reform,
Casting off their gross idols, as ships in a storm
Cast off the most cumbersome part of their freight,
They feel the improvement and progress is great.

Oh, yes, I see it is so,
And the clearer it is the farther I go.

First goes the tobacco, most filthy of all,
Then drugs, pork and whiskey, together must fall,
Then coffee and spices, and sweet-meats and tea,
And fine flour and flesh-meats and pickles must flee.

Oh, yes, I see it is so,
And the clearer it is the farther I go.

Things hurtful and poisonous laying aside,
The good and the wholesome alone must abide;
And these with a moderate, temperate use,
At regular seasons, avoiding abuse.

Oh, yes, I see it is so,
And the clearer it is the farther I go.

A proper proportion of labor and rest,
With good air and water, the purest and best,
And clothing constructed to be a defense,
Not following custom, but good common sense.

Oh, yes, I see it is so,
And the clearer it is the farther I go.

Our frames disencumbered, our spirits are free,
Our minds once beclouded now clearly can see;
Brute passions no longer our natures control,
But instead we act worthy a rational soul.

Oh, yes, I see it is so,
And the clearer it is the farther I go.

Faith, patience and meekness, more brightly now
Evinced the human allied to divine; [shine,
And religion, once viewed as a shield against wrath,
Becomes a delightful and glorious path.

Oh, yes, they know it is so, [to go.
Who have chosen this light-giving pathway

R. F. COTTRELL.

Dyspepsy.

WE have received from numerous correspondents requests to give our treatment for dyspepsy through the columns of the Reformer. It would be quite impossible to give, in so limited a space, treatment for so many special cases; but we will try and make some general remarks on this disease.

Dyspepsy prevails to so great an extent at the present time that very few invalids are free from this distressing malady. It is the source of a gloomy mind and great despondency, and they in turn cause the dyspepsy, each helping the other on. It is brought on by the use of alcoholic drinks, tobacco, tea, coffee, stimulating food of various kinds, eating hurriedly after hard labor, or when the mind is in a state of excitement; or allowing the mind to be too soon occupied after a full meal; by eating too fast and too much; by eating at irregular hours; all of which so absorbs the energy of the system that the stomach is left without power to digest what has been so injudiciously taken into it. And instead of digesting, the food undergoes a fermentation, causing inflammation and much distress. As a result, the poor sufferer is either troubled with constipation of the bowels, or diarrhea, in many cases causing the piles to be very troublesome; the liver is often deranged, the lungs also suffer much; the nervous system is in a very feeble condition, the mind is morose and irritable; causing a train of evils quite beyond the power of man to describe.

The first step to be taken in order to be cured is, to have the food of the right

kind. As a usual thing, food manufactured from good graham flour, without saleratus and without yeast, should form the principal part of the diet of a dyspeptic. Fruit and vegetables may also be eaten. But all should be choice articles, and well cooked. The next step of importance is that it be taken at regular hours, and but twice in the twenty-four hours. This will give the stomach time for rest. The habits of mankind are so erroneous in this respect that there is little wonder why the stomach thus rebels. If the appetite is very craving, eat just enough for a moderate meal, and then stop, and absolutely wait for the next meal. When the time comes to eat it, eat it cheerfully, with a will power that you will control your habits of eating. If your appetite is poor, craving but little food, encourage it. Eat a little more than usual, but with strict regularity. If your bowels are constipated, secure a movement every day by enemas of tepid water. If your habits are sedentary take some out-of-door exercise which is agreeable, and not too laborious. Keep the skin in a healthy condition by taking a general bath once or twice a week in water at an agreeable temperature, usually cooling it a little before leaving the bath. Sometimes a fomentation once or twice a week over the stomach and liver will be found very beneficial.

Finally, be cheerful, thorough, energetic and hopeful, and this treatment alone will be sufficient in many cases, to relieve you of this distressing disease; and your stomach will again be left in a condition to digest your food, which will impart nourishment and strength to your body.

J. F. BYINGTON, M. D.

Report of Cases Treated Hygienically.

E. M. of B. C., a little girl nine years of age, was in the latter part of last summer attacked with chills and fever, which after a few days seemed to return at regular intervals, assuming the form of what is called fever and ague. She was a very feeble child, her system filled with scrofula, having inherited this disease from her parents. Her father died of consumption when she was quite small, having this disease lingering about him, and making its slow but steady progress upon his system for years before the birth of this little girl. Her mother had suffered

much from poor health, having been a dyspeptic for years, and also addicted to scrofula. Having inherited a constitution so diseased and so feeble, it had been predicted by the best medical authority that could be obtained that this disease might at almost any time assume some form which would prove fatal to her.

For a few days after she was taken sick her mother gave her such hydropathic treatment as in her judgment was best for her, but not succeeding in arresting the disease, Dr. Lay was called to see her, and very soon after, myself in company with him. We found her with a chill returning every other day, lasting some two hours, followed by a fever for five or six hours, when it partially, or wholly, subsided. But this was not followed by the least perspiration. Her countenance was of a dingy, yellow, cast, with great tenderness over the liver, stomach, and bowels. There was also some swelling of the right side, caused, evidently, by an enlargement of the liver.

In order to assist nature in eliminating the impurities from her system, which were causing her chills and fever, a fomentation was ordered over her stomach and liver during her well day, as it is termed, followed by applications of cool water to the same parts. On the day of her chill, just before it came on, she took a warm or hot bath, her head being kept cool. But notwithstanding this, the chill would come, followed by the fever, but they were so modified by this treatment, that they were comparatively light. Sometimes we ordered cloths wet in hot water placed over the spine, well protected by dry cloths over them. When her fever came on she was sometimes given a wet-sheet pack, and sometimes a sponge-bath, as seemed to us most proper at the time. Her head was always kept cool when necessary, by being wet with cool or cold water. Her diet was of simple, well-cooked, nourishing, food, eaten at regular hours; and she was prohibited to exercise so as to in the least fatigue her. All the treatment she took seemed very agreeable to her, and she zealously endeavored to comply with the wishes of her physicians and friends in all the treatment ordered for her. Notwithstanding this, the disease continued. Her chills would return. Sometimes at the commencement of her fever she would be very delirious. At other times she would appear quite stupid, and she was contin-

ually losing flesh. But still her treatment was continued, varying it from time to time as her symptoms seemed to indicate. Sometimes having a fomentation over a certain part, sometimes a warm or hot sitz-bath or foot-bath. Sometimes she would take a pack when her fever was on, at other times, a sponge-bath was ordered; but none of them were ever given sufficiently long to weaken her, or to become in the least tiresome. Thus the case went on for some weeks, sometimes looking a little discouraging, leaving her friends a chance to doubt whether she had constitution sufficient to endure, while nature was making the effort to free her system from so many impurities. Some of their friends would advise this, and some that, saying they would not let a child die in this way without giving her medicine. But her mother said her only hope was in persevering in her hygienic mode of treatment. She said she was fully aware that to give her poison sufficient to effect the disease, would be certain death to her in a very few weeks. Thus matters went on without much change, except, after a while her chills came every day instead of every other day. But her mother was firm, and would only say, her desire was to pursue such a course, that if possible, her little girl might be spared to her.

In this she was not disappointed. After a while, although some of her chills at the last were full as severe as any previous, they entirely left her, and in a very few days this little patient was blooming with health, apparently perfectly free from disease. It was truly surprising to see how soon the bloom of health was seen in her countenance. From that day to this, she has had no return of this disease. She is now hearty, plump and well, with far less disease in her system than before she had those few weeks' of chills and fever. Had the usual method of treating this disease been pursued, it is quite doubtful whether she would have lived through it, and even if she had, it would have been with a constitution very much enfeebled, and the subject of pain and suffering, caused by powerful poisons, whereas, now she is the picture of health, a lively, cheerful, little girl.

J. F. BYINGTON, M. D.

freshes and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, it deteriorates and destroys.

Brain Spectres.

THE brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man was lying in troubled sleep, when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible apparition to be due to the deadening of his own left hand of a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the sense and the understanding explained.

M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own which is singularly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he fancied he took his brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in his skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it shuffling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if from nightmare.

M. Gratiolet every time he prepared the brain of a man must have felt that his own brain resembled it. This impression awakening in a brain imperfectly asleep, whilst neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation in his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been summarily dismissed very frequently. A pursuit which had at last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explains the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet. A sensation from the grip of a cold hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting without the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts for the ghastly vision of the other sleeper.—*All the Year Round*.

WOMAN AND PLEASURE.—Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it re-

Questions & Answers.

M. C. R., of Ind., writes :

My husband lost his hearing about fifteen years ago, so that at present he is very dull of hearing. About one year since one of our daughters began also to lose her hearing. At present it is quite difficult for her to hear. What would be your advice in their cases ?

Ans. It is quite doubtful whether your husband can ever recover from his deafness. It is of so long standing, and perhaps hereditary, that we should regard his case, to say the least, doubtful.

Your daughter, perhaps, might receive help, if a thorough, energetic course be pursued with her. It would be quite impossible however to give special direction in her case. She should be a thorough health-reformer in every respect—in her clothing, diet, rest, exercise, &c., and if she could have a skillful attendant to advise her from time to time, and have proper help, she could without doubt be much benefited by baths, wet-sheet packs, fomentations, &c.

L. A. B., of Parma, Mich., writes :

Is it more healthful to drink water out of a common cistern, without filtering, than to drink hard well-water ?

Ans. It is; although cistern water is greatly improved by filtering through a good filter. We regard the Kedzie filter, manufactured in Rochester N. Y., the best in use.

H. J. D., of Maine, writes :

DR. LAY: *Dear sir,*—I am a young lady of the nervous bilious temperament. For about five years past have suffered from general debility, caused by diptheria. I am troubled with headache, pain in my right side, and back, with a good deal of inflammation. My lungs are very weak, and my nerves seem to be almost entirely prostrated. If you will please give me some general advice by which I can in some measure regain my health, I shall be very grateful indeed.

Ans. From the description of your case, we should judge that you must have taken powerful medicine when you had the diptheria, which causes your system to be in so prostrated a condition. The steps you take toward the recovery of health should be well directed, as a very few steps in the wrong direction might find your disease so far advanced that consumption would claim you for a victim, with no possible way of escape.

Your diet should be of the most nourishing kind, consisting of grain, fruits and

vegetables. Let your clothing be loose about the waist, and supported by your shoulders. Take plenty of rest. Avoid all exposure to cold or damp weather, maintain a cheerful mind and hope for the best. It would be quite difficult, and not entirely safe, to recommend hydropathic treatment without further knowledge of your case. Such advice should come from a physician competent to give it, who has opportunity to give you a thorough examination, and see you from time to time.

Mrs. E. L. B., of Ills., writes :

Having been afflicted with the sick-headache a number of years, and being a firm believer in the Hygienic mode of treating disease, I would ask, What would be your mode of treating my case ?

Ans. Sick-headache, as it is termed, comes from a variety of causes; but in nearly every case the seat of the trouble is in the stomach. The habit of drinking tea has been a source of much suffering in the form of sick-headache. Eating indigestible, greasy, food, such as pork, cakes fried in grease, lard in cake and pie-crust as shortening, butter, especially if old and frowy, cheese, and a hundred other improper kinds of food, are fruitful causes of this disease. Individuals not only eat such kinds of food as the above, but they eat it at irregular hours, from the time they get out of bed in the morning, till they retire at night, requiring the stomach to dispose of it in some form. Even though an individual should have food of the right kind, eating at irregular hours, and at all hours, will derange the digestive system very much. To the above may be added improper clothing of the limbs, causing cold, damp feet, with too much clothing worn too tightly about the waist, causing a poor circulation, all of which add to the many causes of this affliction. Where the system has to labor to digest food of so pernicious a character, and the blood is so filled with impurities by its use, the liver becomes deranged, the bowels are often constipated, and the whole process of nourishing the system from food, so deranged and enfeebled, that occasional attacks of this distressing malady are provoked. The only sure way to be cured of this disease is to avoid its causes. So long as they remain, in vain may the poor sufferer seek relief. Many tea-drinkers are so confined to their accustomed stimulus that if they are without it beyond their usual time, for a few hours, they are sure to have an

attack of this disease. They are thus led to think they find a remedy in tea, not knowing that what they think is a *cure*, is the very *cause* of their sickness. They have so long depended upon this stimulus, and the habit has become so strong, that a very slight deviation from their accustomed habit, leaves the nervous system in a prostrate condition, and themselves the subjects of severe suffering.

But let the individual leave off the habit of tea-drinking, and be firm in the work of reform, and this severe distress caused by the use of tea, will, in a very short time be relieved, and the last vestige of sick head-ache will disappear. This is the only way to cure this disease. Cease to indulge those habits which cause it, and the work is done. If the bowels are constipated, secure a movement every day by injections of warm water. Take a general bath once a week, and a sitz-bath and foot-bath each twice a week, always cooling the water before leaving the bath. Be careful not to exercise too much, so as to become fatigued and exhausted. Take plenty of rest. Be scrupulously careful to eat at no other times than at meals. Have a cheerful mind. Let temperance, regularity, and perseverance, characterize all your actions, and in a very brief time you will have the pleasure of knowing that your sick-head-ache is "with the things that were."

HASTY MEAL-TAKING.—The lawyer who stuck upon his office door, "Gone to dinner, back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "I am killing myself by bolting my food, and then trying to digest it over my papers; at forty-five I shall probably be either a broken-down invalid, or a lunatic, but in the meantime, I am very much at your service." There is also a ghastly humor about that other story of the host in a New England city who asked his guest at mid-day dinner, if "he would mind eating his pie in the street as they walked along." There is a moral in this which fast business people should heed. Bolting down food an-conda fashion may give one a little more present time for business, but it will take away from life about as many years as the number of days saved for working by the rushing policy of meal-taking.

"THE noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?"

Words from our friends.

Opinion of a Subscriber.

DR. H. S. LAY: *Dear Sir*, I am so much pleased with the Reformer that I esteem it a great privilege to express my thanks to you and others for the light and knowledge its monthly visits bring its readers. I do not wish to indulge in flattery; I speak but the truth when I say it grows better every month. The patrons of the Reformer in this vicinity are highly pleased, at least this is the case so far as I have heard them express their feelings. I only regret that we have not had the good instruction, thus furnished, for years instead of a few short months. But what we have lost in delay must be made up in diligence.

God hasten the time when all who wish to be happy and useful here, will gladly receive and eagerly pursue this bright monitor of love, which brings health, happiness and peace to all who obey its silent teachings.

J. E. FRENCH.

Princeville, Ill.

Eating and Drinking.

How much our habits of diet have to do with our characters, our usefulness, and our destiny!

Once, while yet ignorant of the Health Reform, had I been told how great the injury one's system was daily receiving from bad habits of diet, and how great would be the benefits resulting from a temperate, abstinent habit of life, I would have considered it a fable.

Since adopting the Health Reform, my own health has been so much benefited that I have been at a loss to know whether it was duty to tell others of it, lest they might consider me an enthusiast; but over two years have passed away since we commenced to live out the Health Reform, and it is proving to be even better than I had imagined at first.

I do not pretend that we have carried out this system to perfection; but we are daily aiming to be more and more thorough in living out daily this noble system, which helps us to get victories we had almost despaired of. Permit me to close by quoting the following words of a devoted servant of God, which I can adopt as my own:

"Much of my enjoyment in the Lord I owe to the Health Reform. Few, I presume, have been benefited and blessed by it as I have. Not that I am strong in body; this, probably, I never shall be; I am too far broken. But the most gratifying *victories*, so far as yet given, I owe to it. But the work is not done with me. Much more must be accomplished to fit me for the joys of the heavenly kingdom. I hope I am learning. I know I long for righteousness; to be a perfect overcomer; to have no will of my own at all. But oh, where will it lead? Who knows the crosses it will be necessary to bear to be perfected? May the Lord guide us and help us, is my prayer.

JOS. CLARKE.

Two Meals a Day for Children.

HEALTH-REFORMERS are often met with the objection that we cannot live and labor without meat, and on but two meals a day. And as most people are in the habit of permitting their children to eat several times a day, besides their regular three meals, so of course they think they will need more than two meals, even though two meals were sufficient for their parents.

Some parents also argue that when their children have a poor appetite for breakfast, they need something to eat before dinner; and again, having a poor appetite for dinner, they need to eat before supper; and as but little supper is eaten, they must be fed again before going to bed.

I have been taking care of a little girl about two years of age, whose mother is stopping at the Health Institute, and she requested that her child should have but two meals a day, of hygienic food. This being according to our mode of living, we have strictly followed it up. In the morning she rises cheerful, smiling, and happy, eats a hearty breakfast, without meat, salt, or butter, which she heartily relishes. At noon she goes to bed and sleeps an hour and a half, and at two o'clock eats a hearty dinner, after which she never asks for food till the next morning. She is good-natured, healthy, and yet has but two meals a day.

If parents will pursue this course, their children will have better health, better tempers, greater joys, and a better appreciation of those great blessings of healthful food, and more easily learn to love the Giver, and feel thankful for them. This

may seem hard for some to do, but all will say with me, It is much easier to keep well, than to get well, and much the safest way to keep well, than to run the risk of not getting well.

May the good cause of Health Reform move forward, and sickness, that dreaded visitor, be banished from many, otherwise, happy homes, and health, happiness, and all kindred joys, springing from the inestimable blessings of good health, take its place, is my most earnest desire.

ELVIRA B. STEVENSON.

Battle Creek, Mich.

For the Family Circle.

Those Silver Knee Buckles.

IN the picture of the venerable signers of the Declaration of Independence is seen the peculiar dress of the men of past time. They wore what was then called breeches reaching only to the knees, there meeting their silk stockings, and fastened by silver knee buckles.

This was the dress worn by those who came to this country in the ship, *May Flower*, which landed at old Plymouth. On board that ship was the father of Peregrine White, mentioned in American history as the first male child born upon Columbia's shores. The knee buckles worn by this man were given to his son Peregrine with the special request that they should be handed down to the eldest son in the family for each successive generation, whose name must be called John.

In the year 1861, Miss Adelia P. Patten, now the wife of Eld. I. D. Van Horn, came from the state of N. Y. to spend some time in our family. After two years had elapsed, at a social call at my father's house one evening, she related in substance the following: "My grandmother, whose maiden name was White, said to me, one day before her death, 'There is a pair of silver knee buckles which were worn to this country by the father of Peregrine White, now in possession of some one, but I have lost all trace of them, having heard nothing about them since the year 1826.'" On hearing this our venerable father, Dea. John White, now nearly eighty-two years of age, arose from his seat and exclaimed, "Why, I had those knee buckles for thirty years! I gave them to my eldest son John W. White,

now a Methodist Presiding Elder in the State of Ohio, and he has passed them down to his only son, John, who is a young man of about seventeen years of age."

In my boyhood days these silver buckles were as familiar as the buttons now upon my coat. My eldest sister, now Mrs Mary Chase of Fairfield Maine, used to wear one of these, when a girl, in her belt ribbon.

A little more than two years since, while passing in the cars from Kingston to Providence R. I., a lady of my acquaintance from old Dartmouth, Mass., who had descended by one line of the White family from the "May Flower," asked me if my father's name was John. I answered in the affirmative. "Then," said she, "he probably knew something about the knee buckles which have been handed down from the father of Peregrine White of the May Flower."

The cares of the noon of life had caused me to forget these venerable buckles. And the circumstances which have revived their history make it peculiarly interesting to me. Others may think this brief sketch worth reading.

JAMES WHITE.

A Test of Good Manners.

Good manners are not to be put on and off with one's best clothes. Politeness is an article for every-day wear. If you don't it only on special and rare occasions, it will be sure to sit awkwardly upon you. If you are not well behaved in your own family circle, you will hardly be truly so anywhere, however strictly you may conform to the observances of good breeding, when in society. The true gentleman or lady is a gentleman or lady at all times and in all places—at home as well as abroad—in the field, and in the workshop, or in the kitchen, as well as in the parlor. A snob is—a snob always and everywhere.

If you see a man behave in a rude and uncivil manner to his father or mother, his brothers or sisters, his wife or children; or fail to exercise the common courtesies of life at his own table and around his own fireside, you may at once set him down as a boor, whatever *pretensions* he may make to gentility.

Do not fall into the absurd error of supposing that you may do as you please

at home—that is, unless you please to behave in a perfectly gentlemanly or lady-like manner. The same rights exist there as elsewhere, and the same duties grow out of them, while the natural respect and affection which should be felt by each member of the family for all the other members, add infinitely to their sacredness. Let your good manners, then, begin at home.—*How to Behave.*

The Day of Life.

The morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day, are best;
But, as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour be spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past;
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

CONTENTMENT produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire for them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, toward that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

ANECDOTE. *Doctor-em.*—A physician, having been out gaming, but without success, his servant said, he would go into the next field, and if the birds were there, he would doctor-em. "Doctor-em—what do you mean by that?" inquired his master. "Why, kill 'em, to be sure," replied the servant.

GOOD TEMPER.—Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. The Indian produces fire by rubbing of the driest sticks.

Items for the Month.

☞ We again call the attention of our readers to the Health Institute. By the time this number of the Reformer reaches our readers we shall have nearly, or quite, in readiness, room for the accommodation of about twenty more patients, which will relieve us for a little while. At present we are crowded with patients, and the prospects are that we shall have all we can take care of with our present facilities. Our present embarrassment is to find room for those who wish to come to the Institute.

It is not quite five months now since we commenced receiving patients, and yet all over the country, in every direction, East, West, North and South, we find patrons. Quite a number have already left for their homes, cheerful, happy, and abundantly satisfied with the improvement they made while with us. We shall ever endeavor to make it worthy of the patronage of those who are seeking for health. Our cause is a good one, and will stand on its own merits.

☞ We would again express our thanks to those who have aided us in extending the circulation of the Reformer. At the commencement of the New Year, we trust our friends will still remember us by sending new subscribers to our health journal. We continue our work with new zeal and courage, feeling assured that we have the co-operation of many warm friends. As an inducement to our friends to aid us in this work, we offer the following:

To every individual sending us five new subscribers, with \$5, we will send an extra number of the Reformer, or that excellent little work, entitled, *How to Live*, worth \$1.

For seven subscribers, with \$7, we will send two sets of cast iron bread-pans, worth \$1.60.

For ten subscribers, with \$10, we will send one of Mattson's New Patent Elastic Syringes, worth \$2.50.

For sixteen new subscribers, with \$16, we will send Trall's Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia, worth \$4.50.

To those sending us twenty or more new subscribers, with the money, \$1 each, accompanying the order, we will for each twenty, and in the same ratio for a larger number, send \$6 worth of any articles which we offer for sale, either Books, Syringes, Bread-pans, extra numbers of the Reformer, Thermometers, etc., etc.

Those sending subscriptions for premiums are not required to send them all at one time, or from one place, but should specify when they send their orders that it is for the purpose of obtaining premiums.

☞ We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in our columns of S. D. and H. W. Smith's American Organs, whose agent for this City is our much esteemed friend A. A.

Dodge, of whom we sometime since purchased a Large Sized Organ, of the above manufacture, and have it in our public parlor at the Health Institute, which has given such general and complete satisfaction that we have since purchased another one of him of smaller dimensions for private use in our family. We would recommend to such of our readers as are in want of an Instrument of this kind, to confer with A. A. Dodge, of this City, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is a man that we can heartily recommend for honesty and integrity, and the Instruments that he sells cannot fail to give the best satisfaction.

The same can be had of Bullock and Schefler, Jackson, Mich.

☞ We are having many friendly visits at the Health Institute, from some of our most esteemed friends. They uniformly express satisfaction with the manner in which the sick are cared for here; and seem surprised to see so many sick people together feeling so cheerful, contented and happy.

Among others we have had a very friendly visit from our much-esteemed friends, Ira Abby and family, from the State of New York. They are devoted to the cause of Health Reform, and extended to us the warm hand of sympathy in this noble enterprise.

It is a source of much satisfaction to know that we have true-hearted friends to co-operate with us in this work. Very few, as yet, realize the magnitude of the work; but it is founded on right principles, and those who are faithful and true to the cause will in due time see the fruit of their labor.

☞ A number of very acceptable articles are necessarily left over till next month, for want of room in this number.

ADVERTISEMENTS. The Reformer presents rare opportunities to those who wish to scatter their advertisements widely. None but those of respectability inserted. Our Journal circulates in all the Northern States and in the Provinces.

ONE PAGE, 1 month, \$10.00; 2 months, \$18.00; 3 months, \$25.50; 4 months, \$28.00; 6 months, \$45.00; 12 months, \$84.00.

HALF PAGE, 1 month, \$6.00; 2 months, \$11.00; 3 months, \$15.00; 4 months, \$20.00; 6 months, \$27.00; 12 months, \$48.00.

QUARTER PAGE, 1 month, \$4.00; 2 months, \$7.50; 3 months, \$11.50; 4 months, \$13.00; 6 months, \$18.00; 12 months, \$33.00.

ONE SQUARE, (22 lines), 1 month, \$2.50; 2 months, \$4.50; 3 months, \$6.50; 4 months, \$8.50; 6 months, \$12.50; 12 months, \$24.50.

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