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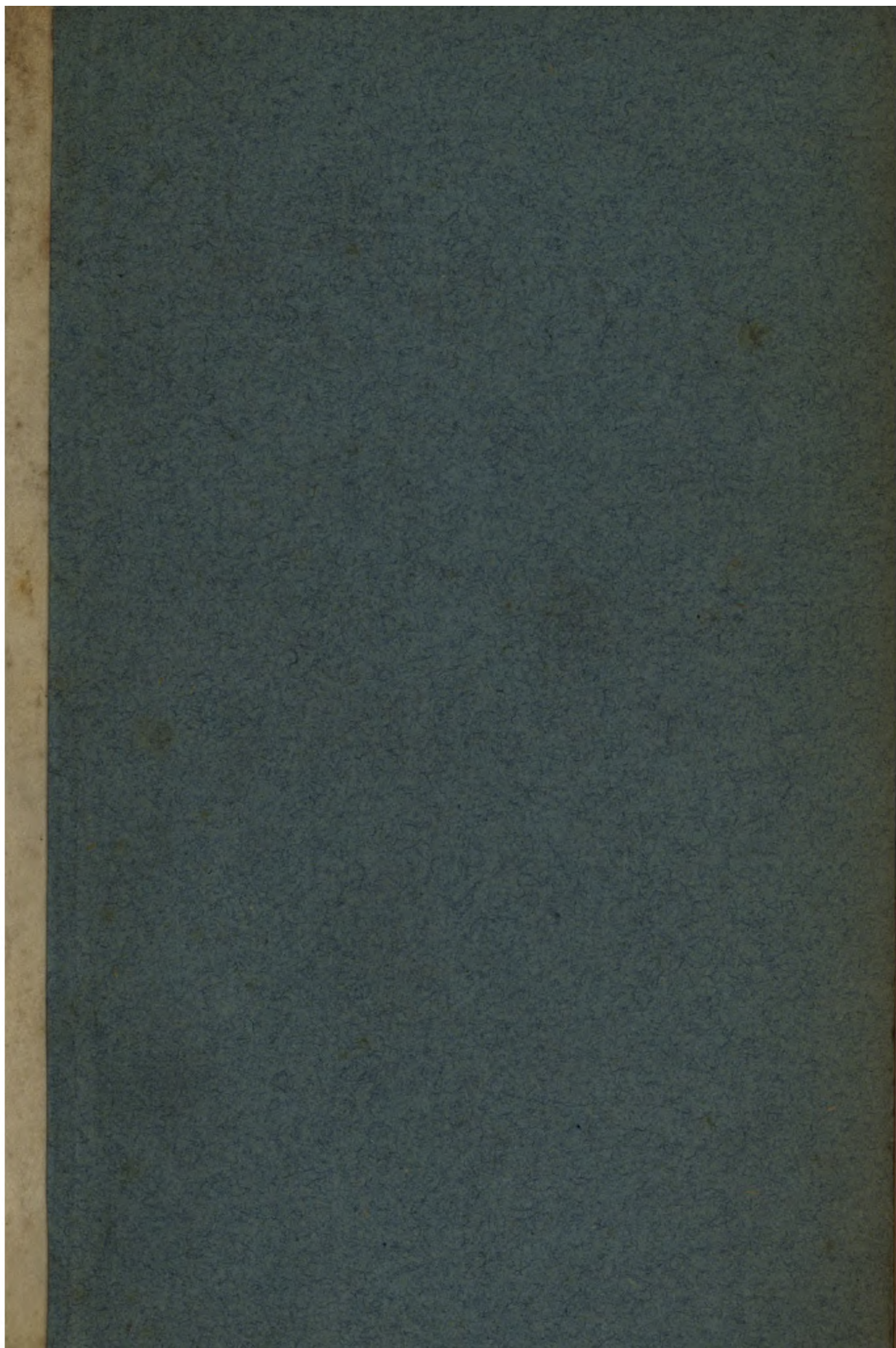
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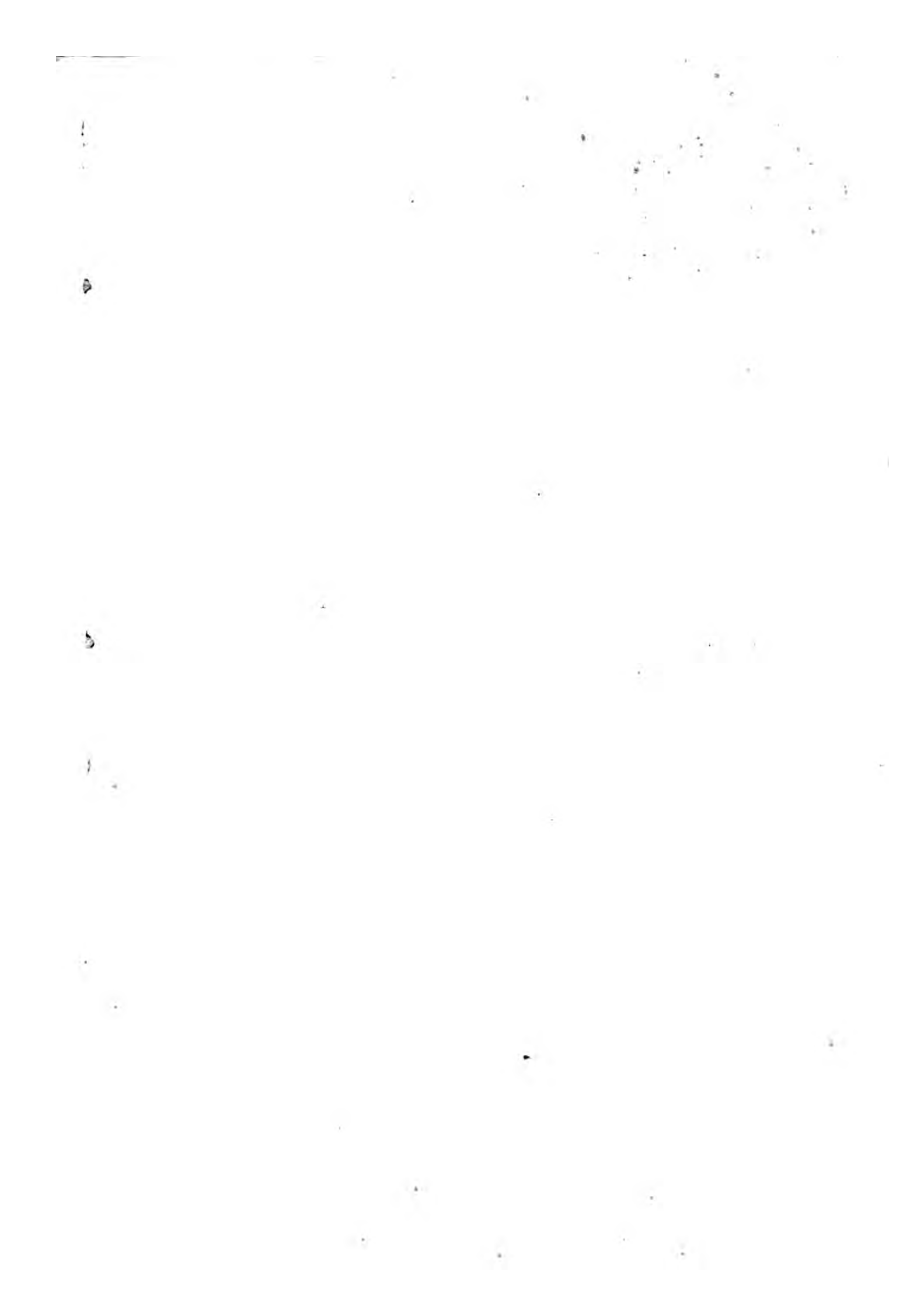






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# THE SAFETY-VALVE OF LIFE.

*How to Prevent Disease and Promote Health  
Vaccination and its Results.*

*Why have Fevers and Smallpox?*

*The Soul and Brain—Startling Ideas.*

*Brain Fever and the Ice-Pad Treatment.*

*Cholera and Hydrophobia.*

*Facts from Personal Experience, showing how Life  
and Health was Restored.*

*Etc., Etc.*

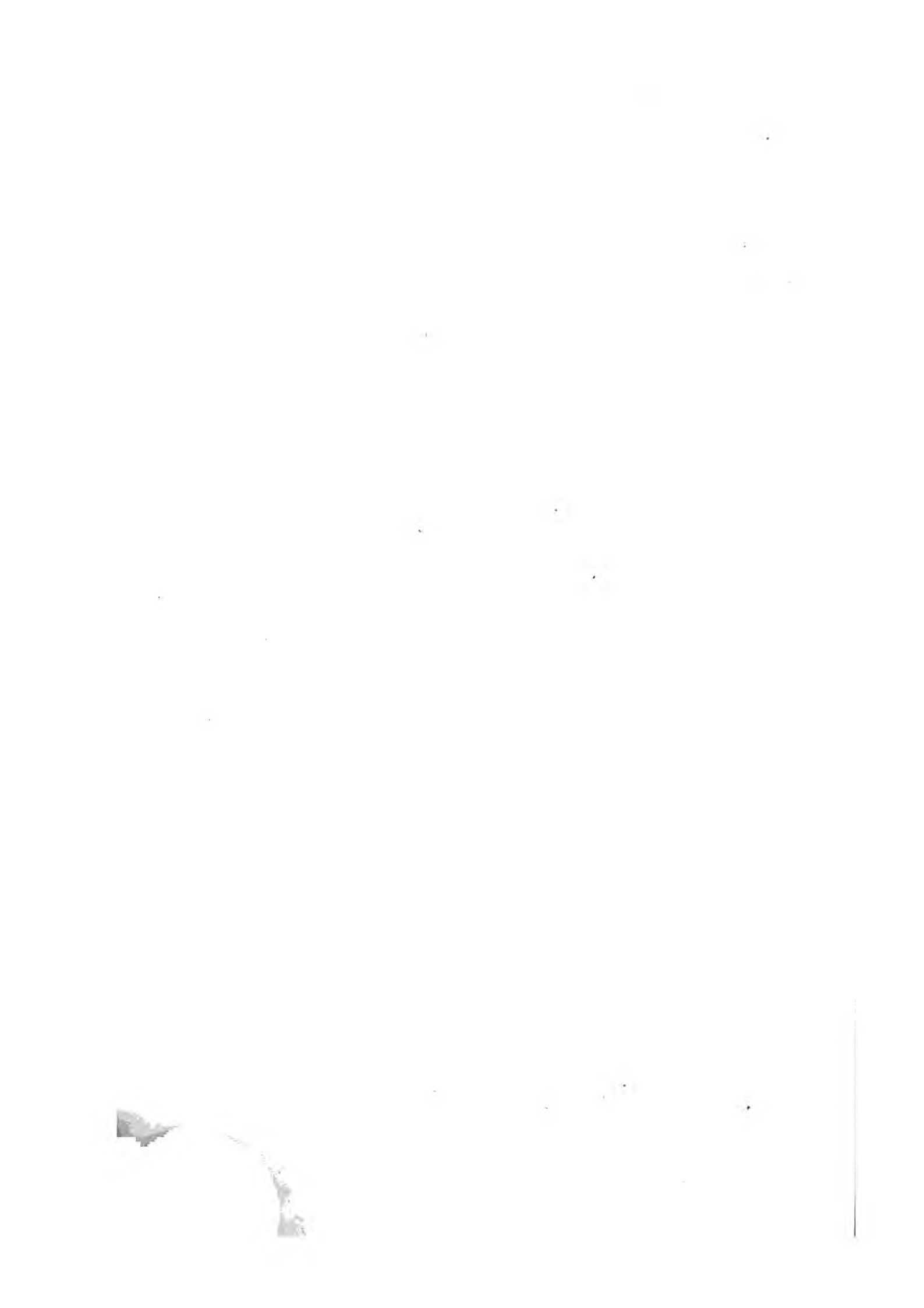
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LIVERPOOL.

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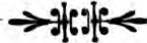
**THE SAFETY-VALVE OF LIFE.**



# THE SAFETY-VALVE

OF

## L I F E.



HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE AND PROMOTE  
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VACCINATION AND ITS RESULTS.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN introducing this essay to the world, the writer feels that there are many of its readers who will not agree with all that is contained therein; but it is considered that the facts cannot be disturbed, and will stand prominently forward to assert their own dignity, however small, in the cause of humanity, and show the miseries resulting from a deficiency of knowledge, such knowledge being necessary to prevent many evils that really *need* not exist. By following up the great principle of the laws of nature; keeping clear the pores of the skin; opening the "safety-valve of life," much mischief may be prevented, and many blessings will follow. It is hoped a thoughtful attention will be paid in its perusal, even by those who may be prejudiced against it, and that some benefits may result to the great human family, and, which is the sincerely earnest desire of the writer, who particularly wishes the kind attention of all mothers and fathers, that they may be benefitted by the knowledge of experiences related

therein, to the advantage of their families and themselves, the result of which, it is hoped, will increase their joy and happiness.

The Author does not prolong the Preface further, considering the Synopsis will recommend and explain itself to all thinking persons, whether rulers, statesmen, or representatives of the medical and scientific world, to whom he humbly dedicates this little book.

W. T.

Liverpool, 1885.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 30, 2nd line from bottom, *for* simple, *read* simply.  
 „ 33, 2nd „ top, „ extacy, „ ecstasy. See also page  
 57, 10th line from top, same correction.  
 „ 70, 4th line from bottom, *for* restoration, *read* restorative.  
 „ 111, 3rd „ „ these rocks, „ there are; also 2nd  
 line from bottom, *delete* are.

## THE SAFETY-VALVE OF LIFE.

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### *Legalised Blood-Poisoning.*

THE safety-valve of life is the greatest sustainer of health, and health is the greatest blessing humanity can possess, whether individually or generally, and, as such, must be guarded with jealous care. It will cause a feeling of surprise and alarm to thinking people, when they read that "twelve hundred persons" are awaiting their trial, and many others are undergoing imprisonment, because they resist the Vaccination Act, as quoted from the *Lancet*. What is the meaning of this? Is it because they have a desire to resist the law for the sake of resistance? This, certainly, cannot be; those who would do such a thing must be insane. Perhaps the majority of mankind would say they certainly are; but let us ask, What do they say for their so doing? Their reply is,—“ We cannot consent to have the blood of our children poisoned, by the introduction of a virus, through the practice of vaccination, which is *known* to have caused terrible diseases and horrible deaths in thousands of cases, and, we think, the love and affection which God has implanted in our breasts towards our dear and helpless offspring should be a protection to them, and that it is a duty, which is paramount toward them, to stand between them and the grim destroyer, Death! or, what

is worse than death, a lingering and continuous disease.” Are they right? Let us inquire, Have they reason for their madness?

*Vaccination a Great Mistake.*

It must be a brave heart that can dare to face the opprobrium of public opinion, and, especially, to oppose the majesty of a nation's law, even from a conscientious feeling and a sense of duty; such heroism demands (though it may not expect a general sympathy from the public and the press) a fair and patient inquiry. If to those men, and thousands of others—thinking persons—who watch carefully the issues of daily life, it will appear to them that there must be some mistake in vaccination, and that it cannot be the “prevent-all,” which its very enforcement would signify, although it has been so much praised and supported by some of the greatest men and the press generally, that it has strongly established itself a dogma; and should an opinion be offered to the contrary, the greater portion of the press of England denounces as silly, and shallow-pated, any one opposing it. Does it follow that, although this is the case, it should be accepted as a fact, and the public be content withal? Let attention be called to the many shocking diseases entailed on poor infants after vaccination, who were spotless before!—children born of healthy parents, who wore the roseate bloom of life on their faces, and enjoyed the best of health, until the poisonous fluid was mixed with their blood, when, from that moment, the mother's darling, and the father's joy, sickened with a loathsome disease, and death ensued. Let inquiry be made of the thousands of such cases now

existing in England, and then ask,—What has vaccination done? Has it no mistakes? Is there no mischievous and fatal results from its practice? Is there no miscarriage of justice in its enforcement, by the law of a great and intelligent country continuing a system that is so cruel, wicked, and fatal in its results? Is vaccination perfect, or is it not? It is proved *not* to be perfect. Let any man or woman, of any experience in life, ask themselves, how many cases have they known, among their own immediate circle, of children who have suffered and died from the effects of vaccination? Reader, ask the medical gentlemen whom you know; they will, perhaps, not reply to you directly, but they will close their eyes, and shrug their shoulders, when they speak in favour of the practice; yet they know well enough that it is not free from reproach; at the same time, though the profession generally hold the dogma most sacredly, there are some exceptions—some who have deeply studied its principles and effects, and conscientiously hold no sympathy with its practice.

The history of the ravages of small pox in the past, no doubt, has been of a terrible character, and when vaccination was introduced to the world, it was considered a great blessing to mankind; but now it has proved itself to be prolific of ghastly horrors beyond conception. Moreover, many of those who have been successfully vaccinated with pure lymph, which “had taken well,” and who had passed for years free from any eruption, yet when attacked with smallpox, have had all the sufferings consequent of an attack in its worst form, and have been permanently disfigured, maimed, blinded, and, alas! who can tell the number of deaths

that have followed the vile practice, although they have had all the so-called benefits vaccination could give them, under the most favoured circumstances.

It would be harrowing to the feelings of any one reading this, to give a description of some of the thousands of cases of the shocking diseases that have been inflicted on the dear little helpless infants, who have had to suffer a cruel and lingering period of existence, till death has relieved the darling sufferer. What pen can describe the agony of parents, who, with their first and, perhaps, only babe God ever blest them with, pure and perfect in health and beauty, sees it sickening and breaking out into sores, just as soon as vaccinated? (Here is a fact, case A.) A foot, being so bad and mortifying, had to be taken off; then, to save this dear victim of the law's compulsion, it had its leg amputated (first the foot and then the leg), and so it lingered on, till this sweet child was happily released.

This case came to the writer's knowledge, years since; yes, and many such are frequent. Who can comfort the hearts of those forlorn parents for the loss of their only hope, their only joy? Their pleasures of life must be for ever shrouded with sorrow and regret. What can exceed a mother's love, and what can satisfy a mother's sorrow? The father—poor man—loves his wife, but their joy is gone. The hope they had in their darling child is gone, and has for ever fled; and this by the law's most pitiless decree! Oh, is it not cruel? Is it not a mistake? Was it ever intended that such misery should be forced upon its people, and by a nation's law? No! for the honour of itself, no! For the honour of England, ten thousand times, no! It is a mistake, and to continue



it is most wicked. That the greatest, the most free, the most generous nation the world ever had, should enforce misery and death upon her infants—grief and lasting sorrow upon the parents of her families—contaminating the blood of all her children with a filthy virus taken from some already diseased body, either human or otherwise,—it's a mistake! Is it not well to ask if there is not "reason in the madness" of opposing the practice of vaccination, and are those not right who resist it?

In this enlightened period, when every one is searching for knowledge, how is it that such a system exists, that such a law abides on the statutes of England? It is a mistake—and a fearful mistake. How many parents who have suffered the loss of one, or perhaps two, or more, of their children—which they are certain was caused through vaccination—now refuse to offer any others of their dear ones to the Moloch of destruction—and those fond and loving parents are to suffer by fine and imprisonment if they do not so risk the lives of the beloved remnant of their family! Is this not clearly a mistake? It is a mistake, and one that should be immediately corrected. Can any blame or punishment be due to those parents who protect their children from the miseries, the horrible miseries, which have followed, and are now known daily to follow, the consequences of vaccination, even at the expense of resisting the law? Certainly not. It's a mistake. What creature is there which has not, in all creation, that love for its offspring, that it would risk all, even its life, for its protection; and man, the noblest of all, is he to sacrifice his affection, his love, his protection to his offspring, because a blind,

stupid, and cruel practice has been accepted by the faculty, and forced on the people by the coercion of the law? What man dares to say the affection of humanity should be less than the affection of the brutes? There is one other incentive which man possesses to impel him to the duty of protecting his child beyond the brute, and that is the foreknowledge of the consequences from facts and experiences of those around him who have suffered. Has he no reason for refusing to give up his child, a sacrifice to such an iniquity, when he *knows its results?*

“*Look at the Good it has done!*”

The advocates of vaccination say,—Look at the good it has done, although it has some failures. See what dreadful ravages smallpox has committed upon humanity before vaccination was discovered, and what good it has effected! We shall see that this is also a mistake before our task is completed. It is hoped a brighter ray may throw a gleam of light upon this *dismal path of misery and death, and show to the world that there is a safer course to pursue that will be more effective, more natural, and more beneficent, than vaccination*, which is totally unnecessary, and fraught with such dreadful evils.

Let us suppose a case (B). Here is a man, born of healthy parents, and has grown up from his childhood in perfect health; he is strong in mental and physical development—fine and perfect in stature, and all that humanity ever excelled in, and, through his mixing up in city life with the foul atmosphere incident thereon, his blood becomes somewhat impure, and the strength of his constitution throws out on his arm a sore containing “pus,” or the poison which had been engendered in his

blood, and which nature—his pure and healthy nature—has thrown out, cast away as filthy poison; nature thus correcting herself, and putting in order the life's stream of blood for enjoying that health which he had been accustomed to.

Now, I would ask, would it be right, would it be reasonable, to take up this exuded and foul poison, and mix it into the blood of a pure infant, even from his own parent? Would any sane man give his consent to such a thing?—to force upon a babe such a wicked thing as poisoned filth, which nature would not have, and had forced out, and thrown away as disease? Such a thing would be preposterous—it would be monstrous—and would be considered by all men, and the faculty themselves, as madness in the extreme. But this would be very mild compared to the system of vaccination, where the poison is sometimes tainted with the most loathsome diseases, as the consequences have shown themselves in every city and every hamlet to that extent that makes the heart sick and faint to think of. Oh, what a blessing to humanity, could this be avoided, and anguish spared to the disconsolate and suffering multitude!

*Pores of the Skin—The Safety-Valves of Life.*

If the medical profession would study nature in its simplest form, upon the basis of natural laws, they would find that nature had its own resources of relief in the pores of the skin, which number themselves by millions, and the length of which is asserted, in one human being, to extend somewhere about twenty-seven miles and a half, taking each pore, the thickness of the skin, from end to end. *These pores are the safety-valves of life, and*

*when in a healthy condition, no smallpox, or similar disorders, can exist, as the creation of humour or pus is exuded through the pores, before it has time to accumulate in the system ; and if the action of the skin is closely watched, most of the ills humanity is heir to, would be avoided, and more especially such as smallpox, fevers, and even cholera ; in these, at the first appearance of symptoms, if the skin be acted on at once, there would be no *locus standi* for the disease, and the medical attendant would have very little difficulty in getting his patient convalescent.*

I will borrow a few extracts from a small work on the skin, published by the very eminent firm, Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh,\* who have done so much to promote the knowledge of the world, and who will, I feel sure, pardon the liberty taken. In speaking of the skin, they say :—

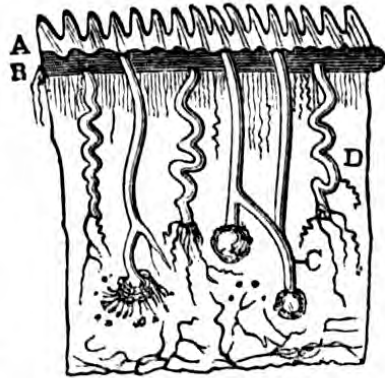
“ An unthinking person would suppose that the surface of the body, from its general smoothness, was so close in texture, that neither air nor liquid could pass readily through it. Such would be a mistake. The whole membrane may be likened to a sieve. Throughout its entire extent, externally and internally, there are a multitude of small holes or outlets, so closely set together, that we could not anywhere puncture ourselves, with point of a needle, without touching one of them. . . .

“ In the annexed cut, we offer the representation of a section of a piece of skin, greatly magnified. The surface is covered with small conical eminences marked

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\* These extracts are taken from Messrs. Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, No. 51, on Cleanliness, Bathing, and Ventilation.

A, called papillæ; in these are the extremities of the nerves of sensation, and also the outlets or pores. B marks the layer containing the colouring matter and the true skin; the ducts, marked C, supply nourishment to the skin; and those of a spiral form, marked D, convey the perspiration to the surface. Intermingled with the whole, are numerous blood-vessels and nerves.



“By the apparatus now described, portions of the fluids no longer required in the system are conveyed to the surface of the body, when they escape into the atmosphere, usually in the form of vapour, but sometimes as perspiration. In the extreme heat of summer, or when engaged in hard work, this liquid exhalation is very apparent. Not being observable in ordinary circumstances, it is styled *insensible perspiration*. In this office of an exhaler, the skin acts as an auxiliary to the lungs, which throw off more copiously the waste liquid of the system, in the form of vapour and deteriorated air. The amount of these two kinds of exhalation—the cutaneous or skin exhalation, and pulmonary or lungs exhalation—has engaged the inquiries of various writers on human physiology, two Frenchmen, Lavoisier and Seguin, having had the honour of presenting the most accurate survey of the subject.

“Dr. Andrew Combe, in his valuable treatise on the physiology of health, alludes as follows to the result of Seguin’s investigation. He found that ‘the largest quantity of insensible perspiration from the lungs and

skin together amounted to thirty-two grains per minute, three ounces and a quarter per hour, or five pounds per day. Of this the cutaneous constituted three-fourths, or sixty ounces in twenty-four hours. The smallest quantity observed amounted to eleven grains per minute, or one pound eleven-and-a-half ounces in twenty-four hours, of which the skin furnished about twenty ounces. The medium, or average amount, was eighteen grains a minute, of which eleven were from the skin, making the cutaneous perspiration in twenty-four hours about thirty-three ounces.' As seventeen ounces of water, at an ordinary temperature are equal to about a pint, it appears that a man in good health, and in general circumstances, exhales, through the skin, nearly two pints of liquid daily. That such a large quantity should escape unnoticed seems indeed strange. But, as Dr. Combe goes on to observe,—'When the extent of surface which the skin presents, calculated at 2,500 square inches, is considered, these results do not seem extravagant. But even,' says he, 'admitting that there may be some unperceived fallacy in the experiments, and that the quantity is not so great as is here stated, still, after making every allowance, enough remains to demonstrate that exhalation is a very important function of the skin; and although the precise amount may be disputed, it is quite certain *that the cutaneous exhalation is more abundant than the united excretions of both bowels and kidneys*; and that, according as the weather becomes warmer or colder, the skin and kidneys alternate in the proportions of work which they severally perform, most passing off by the skin in warm weather, and by the kidneys in cold. The quantity exhaled increases after meals, during sleep,

in dry warm weather, and by friction, or whatever stimulates the skin, and diminishes when digestion is impaired, and in a moist atmosphere.' . . . .

"As *nature does nothing in vain*, we may ask, what has been her design in causing such an exhalation of vapour and liquid from the body? The design has been the purifying of the system. The lungs are a cleansing apparatus; they inhale air in a pure condition, and having absorbed its valuable property, oxygen, they expel it in a vitiated state. This vitiated air, known by the name of carbonic acid gas, when drawn back into the lungs without any mixture of atmospheric air, soon causes suffocation and death; and even when mixed to any extent with pure air, it cannot be drawn into the lungs without injury to health. So, also, are the pores of the skin a cleansing apparatus, and, as mentioned, they are auxiliary to the lungs. The two apparatuses work towards the same important end, of throwing off decomposed and useless matter, and are in such close sympathy with each other, that when one is deranged, the other suffers, and health is, consequently, impaired. Thus, in all the irritations and affections of the external skin, the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal and lungs sympathises directly and powerfully; and, on the other hand, any derangement or affection of the mucous membrane at once acts on the skin and its pores.

"Besides their exhaling functions, the pores and other minute organs in the skin absorb air and moisture from the atmosphere, though less actively than the lungs, and are, therefore, inlets as well as outlets to the system. When the pores are in a state of great openness or relaxation from heat, the power of absorption is materially

increased. Hence, contagious diseases are more readily caught by touch when the body is warm and moist, than when dry and cold. A pure and bracing atmosphere is well known to be more conducive to health than one which is heavy and relaxing. . . .

“When the skin is in a proper condition, and the atmosphere pure, the vital functions suffering no impediment from external circumstances, proceed with the requisite energy, and the feelings enjoy that degree of buoyancy which is the best criterion of a good state of health. . . . We confine ourselves to the injuries likely to ensue from a derangement of the perspiratory organs in the skin. The derangement most to be avoided *is the stopping of the pores*, and consequent suppression of the insensible perspiration. Sudden exposure to cold, after being heated, ordinarily produces this effect. When it occurs, the duty of expelling the excess of matter which would have escaped by the pores is thrown upon the lungs, the bowels, or the kidneys, causing undue irritation and disorder. Very commonly the lungs are the readiest to suffer. They become clogged with phlegm, which produces an irritation, and this irritation causes a cough, and with the cough, expectoration (spitting). In instances of this kind the sufferer is said to have a cold, but, correctly speaking, his pores have been shut by some cold exposure.

“When in a perfectly healthy condition, the skin is soft, warm, and covered with a gentle moisture; the circulation of the blood is also in a state of due activity, giving it a fresh and ruddy colour. The degree of redness, as, for instance, in the cheeks, is usually in proportion to the exposure to the outer atmosphere, such



exposure, when not too severe, causing active circulation of the blood, not only throughout the body, but to the most minute vessels on the surface. Hence the pale and unhealthy hue of persons confined to the house, and close sedentary employment, and the ruddy colour of those who spend much of their lives in the open air.

“When the exposure is too severe, or *more than can be conveniently counterbalanced by the animal heat, a chill, as already stated, is the consequence, and the skin assumes a pale appearance, the forerunner, it may be, of bodily indisposition: the insensible perspiration has been suppressed, and the lungs have got into a state of serious irritation. Warmth and other remedies restore the healthy functions of the pores; but when the cold is neglected, inflammation of the bronchiæ, or air-tubes communicating with the lungs, or some other pulmonary affections, ensue, the lamentable issue of which may be—death.* The danger of suppressing the perspiration is increased by another circumstance. Along with the liquid exhalation, passes off the superabundant heat of the body. If, therefore, we check the insensible perspiration, *this superabundant quantity of heat is unable to make its escape by the surface, and returns upon the vital organs within. Fevers, rheumatism, and other dangerous maladies, are the consequence of this form of derangement, the end of which also is too often—death.* In the greater number of cases, *the skin may be said to be in a condition neither precisely healthy, nor unhealthy, but between the two. The pores, partially clogged, are unable to expel the insensible perspiration with sufficient energy, and the kidneys and lungs are correspondingly charged with an excess of duty—not,*

perhaps, to a degree sensibly inconvenient, yet in some measure detrimental to general health, as well as to the mental functions dependent on it."

These extracts will speak for themselves, and will well repay the reader by a careful and studious perusal.

The following is a poem written by Sir Alfred Power, and published by the National Health Society, which is so good that I cannot omit it:—

“THE SKIN.

- “There’s a skin without and a skin within,  
A covering skin and a lining skin ;  
But the skin within is the skin without,  
Doubled inwards, and carried completely throughout.
- “The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe, and throat,  
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,  
Which through every part is made to extend,  
Lungs, liver, and bowels, from end to end.
- “The outside skin is a marvellous plan  
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man,  
While the inner extracts from the food and the air  
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.
- “Too much brandy, whisky, or gin,  
Is apt to disorder the skin within ;  
While if dirty and dry, the skin without  
Refuses to let the sweat come out.
- “Good people all, have a care of your skin,  
Both that without and that within ;  
To the first give plenty of water and soap,  
To the last, little else but water, we hope.
- “But always be very particular where  
You get your water, your food, and your air,  
For if these be tainted or rendered impure,  
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.
- “The food which will ever for you be the best  
Is that you like most and can soonest digest ;

All unripe fruit and decaying flesh  
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

“Your water, transparent and pure as you think it,  
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it,  
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound  
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

“But all things the most I would have you beware  
Of breathing the poison of once-breathèd air ;  
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,  
Always open the window and let it go free.

“With clothing and exercise keep yourselves warm,  
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm,  
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin  
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

“All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,  
And attend to its wants without and within,  
Need never of cholera feel any fears,  
And your skin may last you a hundred years.”

We will now proceed to consider farther the surface of the human body. We are told that it contains about 2,500 inches (superficial), and each inch containing 3,500 pores ; here is the amazing number of from eight to nine millions of perspiratory canals, and, when in a healthy state, carrying off from the system in every twenty-four hours from three to four pounds weight of deleterious matter ; and if from any cause, with or without contagion, those pores should close, at once this deleterious matter accumulates, and immediately begins its work of diseasing the whole system, while all the incidents of every disease, by any name known, must be the result. The safety-valves, therefore, must be opened, or death ensues. Nature, aided by the free action of the pores, will drive the enemy out, and if, at an early stage, on discovery of their closing, this is done, the worst forms

of disease may be avoided; but if this is not effected, then the consequence is, that in every twenty-four hours, virus is produced sufficient for all the pustules a person suffering from smallpox may have, and which nature inflicts upon man when her laws are disregarded, thus throwing out the accumulated poison in the best possible way. Here is the preventive, and here the cure. To save humanity from disease and death, it is *first* the skin and *last* the skin! for unless the skin is kept in a healthy condition, it is impossible to preserve life. It is, therefore, my humble opinion, that in cases of cholera, it will be found that the normal condition of the skin has ceased, the whole system is vitiated, and, by its being so, and probably increased by fear, this dreadful plague proceeds in its march of suffering and death. Whereas, if the skin was the first object of the doctor's solicitude for a patient, is it not reasonable to suppose that the first obstacle in the way of health and happiness would be removed? When a closing of the pores of the skin is sufficient to cause death without the pains of cholera, it must be obvious to my readers that the best and surest way to secure and preserve health is by getting the skin to act.

*Inaction of the Skin produces Disease.*

The writer has himself suffered from Indian cholera in its worst form, and, consequently, can speak a little from experience. He has seen forty-five funerals in one parish churchyard on a Sunday afternoon, while hundreds were dying all around. A gentleman—a member of the Society of Friends—*who had no fear*, in his mind, and who took every opportunity to visit all cases he heard of to assist those afflicted with cholera, by keeping his

own skin pure and clean, he escaped unscathed, notwithstanding his contact with hundreds! Let this be remembered by every one who reads these pages, that if the skin is not kept in proper order, the patient is in the clutches of death! And although there may be other complaints, and those, perhaps, induced by the skin's inaction, yet, apart from any other, the skin ought to be the subject of immediate attention, or the patient has little chance of recovery. This cannot be too strongly impressed on every one, especially amongst nurses and doctors. As I have before said, the skin when deranged produces the most of our ailments, and whatever may be the complaint from which men suffer (and I have known many remarkable cures by perspiration, even in cases of neuralgia), the skin is the very first thing to attend to, and when this is done, one half of the diseases we are subject to would have no existence.

Perspiration may be produced in the early stages of illness in many ways—by the Turkish bath, the vapour bath, or a hot bath of any description, by hot drinks, by taking a basin of warm gruel, with a little nitre added, and even by drinking cold water, if medical aid cannot be procured. I saw a friend the other day, sitting before a large fire in his parlour, wrapped up in a rug, his feet in hot water and mustard. He was hot and burning, and said he felt a fever just coming on, and he was going to route the enemy! In the afternoon, I saw him out for a walk, quite well. He had perspired, and was thus saved from farther mischief.

Every human being, even when in good health, carries with him the seeds of death! That which nature throws off through the skin, if retained, is death itself. This

waste material, the exhausted portion of our system, and which issues through the many millions of pores in our bodies, both as perceptible and imperceptible perspiration, as long as it continues to exude, we are safe. *This is our safety-valve of life*, and which must be understood and appreciated. What can be more plain and simple, that while the safety-valves are in proper order, and free to throw off the exhausted waste, these maladies can never have an existence? "Easily enough, by infection," say many. Yes, certainly; this is so, but you must immediately open the safety-valves and get the patient into a perspiration, and there will soon be an end to the probability of future trouble. Apart from infection, if any effluvia from a sewer, or any chill from an east wind, or a chilling atmosphere from a cold cave, comes in contact with the body, the skin closes all its pores, and causes a shiver, like an electric shock. It is done; then the work of disease commences. Death has laid his finger to mark his victim, and so sure as those pores continue closed, the victim is doomed! If no more escape of the exhausted and other material occurs, and the safety-valve of life continues closed, life itself will soon close with it. The exhausted material confined within, becomes the source of disease—the very poisoner of our blood—the executioner of our existence. Even without any infection, it soon itself becomes infectious, and carries on from one stage to the next, and so continues on till it passes (if the patient can hold out life long enough) into putrid fever, or something worse, if possible.

Here is an illustration of fact. I have before me an account of the son of a noble lord, who went out, on a

Friday, partridge shooting, on the moors. He got wet, chilled, and died on the Sunday following. Within three days, from the time death first marked his victim, all was past! A dear, loving wife, a fond family, sorrowing parents, and many friends, have all to bow in meek submission to this great and cruel conqueror, but which might have been forced to release his touch, when first discovered, by opening the portals of life—the safety-valves of our existence—and getting the patient immediately into a perspiration. What would this have saved in anguish, besides saving the patient's life! "We have much yet to learn." Let me ask the world to benefit by others' experience, and escape many of the dangers others have suffered.

The death of this gentleman exemplifies exactly the assertion before made, that we carry within ourselves the seeds of death continuously; and should the exuberant matter be checked, it will soon turn into a putrid creation, forming material for smallpox pustules, every sort of fever, etc., etc. Fancy a patient with all the pores closed—the safety-valves clogged. Take any case of fever, and read the result—death!

I have endeavoured to make it as plain as possible. I do not wish to be tiresome by reiteration, but feeling the importance to be so great, that the kind indulgence of the reader is solicited, to consider well the contents of these pages, and try to comprehend the utility of keeping in proper order the great safety-valves of the human body—the pores of the skin. It is surprising what little attention is paid to this subject by many thousands of our population, some who scarcely ever take a bath, or wash their bodies. What comfort they can have, is best

known to themselves; but they must know they are running a great risk to their health. While the poor little children in the back streets, dirty and wretched, scarcely ever get a wash from their lazy and drunken mothers, or any attention from their miserably besotted fathers, it is really a mercy we have not many more cases of fever, and other dreadful complaints. I think all the children at our board schools should be particularly instructed in the knowledge of the wonderful construction of the human skin, its functions, its utility, and its preservation by cleanliness, and its derangement, and the consequences resulting therefrom, which may easily be done by instruction and pleasing diagrams. By so teaching, a foundation of thought would be laid that in after years would develop itself into a usefulness that cannot be calculated. Early impressions generally hold their own through life. When a very little child, I was taught that "it is a bad boy that would pull off the leg or wing of a fly." I feel this little lesson is with me still, and it has prompted me to think that all cruelty is abominable and cowardly.

#### *Medical Treatment of the Past.*

We are happy in living at a time when intelligence is rising higher, education is increasing, and the thinking power of the human intellect is developing itself by further and deeper research, after further and still deeper thought, into the mysteries of nature, and the working of her laws. It is a pleasure to reflect that the ignorance and superstition of the past is fast fading away, and that knowledge, with its power, is progressing, and must continue to progress, to a much higher degree, and



which cannot be kept back, but must still go onward—for ever onward! Let us press on—ever searching for the hidden truths of nature and science. Must we content ourselves with the practice of our great grandfathers (though we may much respect their memories and family pedigrees), because they established such practice, from the knowledge they possessed, fifty or more years since—eschewing all the knowledge gained by experience and advancement of thought?

It was the practice of the medical profession, not fifty years ago, for a surgeon, in going through his hospital practice, to have an attendant (a pupil generally), carrying a small chaffer, containing a fire made of charcoal, and a heated searing iron, to burn their patients in some fleshy part of their bodies, with the intention of drawing away the inflammation from the head, or some other part! What would the profession say if such treatment was practised now? I have known cases, where a medical man has, with a hot iron, practised burning the calf of his patient's leg, to cure rheumatism in some other part! And what shall we say of the cupping torture, when a machine, acting with a spring, would drive a number of lancets, from six to perhaps sixteen, or even more, into the flesh. Just by a very gentle touch on a little knob, the whole set of those sharp cutting knives would startle the poor patient nearly out of the little existence left, then heated glass cups were put over the bleeding parts to draw out the *life's vitality!* It was the fashion of the day to be cupped. You could see cards with the Royal coat of arms on them, and "Cupper to His Majesty," issued by the gentleman appointed, by Royal command.

It was then the system (sixty or more years' since) to bleed for almost every disorder. A patient, however weak or ill, had to be bled. A child of seven years of age (Case C), for fever, had his life's blood taken from him when in an almost dying condition. This child, fourteen years after this occurrence, was again attacked with fever (Case D), and was "helpless and sick, and near unto death." The doctor who attended him was kind, attentive, and good in every sense; he was humane and even affectionate. His constant attention exhibited the deep interest he felt, in the most possible manner. But this was the best treatment known to the best of the faculty, forty-seven years' since: a blister over the region of the stomach, a blister over the chest, a blister on the front of the throat, a blister on the back of the neck; when the blister on the front of the throat was taken off, eight leeches were applied; and when those were taken away, the wounds were kept bleeding by linseed meal poultices; and then, as if to try nature a little further, this poor youth was bled in both arms, taking away still more of the life stream, and the patient so weak. He had not taken for fourteen days and nights one grain of food. Oh, how did he live? says the reader. I will tell you. One morning the doctor paid three visits to his patient, and said to him,—He could not understand how it was, but he never saw, in the whole course of his experience, a patient so ill, suffer so much, and live so long. This was in London. He said, he should like Sir Astley Cooper (an eminent physician then living) to see him. The patient was then lingering at the portals of death. In a little further kind conversation, the doctor said, "I should like you to get over

this illness, and *I think you will live.*" Those words were no sooner said, than the patient felt as if every pore in his body opened at once to receive back that life that had been, and was fast ebbing away. Those words saved the patient, and have in many instances been the means of saving others who never heard who the doctor was. A word or two on brain power further on, will explain this. This patient, who was near unto death, was treated in the best possible manner that kindness and medical science could bestow. What a punishment, mental and physical, had to be endured, and what a narrow escape from death, which might have all been saved, if a proper knowledge of the skin had been known and acted on. Is such treatment of bleeding, etc., which was then considered proper, considered so now? Certainly not; it is only on very rare occasions, such as apoplexy, etc., that bleeding is at all resorted to. To bleed for fever now, is not considered at all necessary. Fevers are now a *little* better, though not sufficiently understood, respecting which a few words further on will be said. The practice, in cases of cholera thirty years ago, was most absurd—repeated doses of calomel, nothing but *hydrargyrum cum creta*. The patient gets worse; still repeat the dose, and the patient dies, and still the doses of calomel continued to other patients, and thus cholera and calomel had its victims. I ask, if this would be the treatment now for cholera? I answer, No. A deadly mineral—a deadly remedy—to cure a deadly and most fatal disease! Death could only result from such treatment, and death, alas! had his victims by hundreds—aye, by thousands.

Treatment like the above, we trust, has now gone

forever into the shades of the past, and is only to be remembered as showing that, however slowly, medical science is advancing to a higher state of efficiency. It has been well said by one of the highest in the profession, "We have yet a great deal to learn," and there can be no doubt that such is a fact beyond contradiction. It is our opinion that medical science must advance much faster than it has done hitherto, and the faculty will soon look back with astonishment at the practice of fifty years ago.

*Brain Fever—Treatment, &c.*

There is still the method of treatment of a most dangerous and fatal disease, on which, I hope, I may be pardoned by the faculty and the general public in offering a few words, feeling it to be a duty, and hoping it may save the lives of some, and be to the injury of none. The disorder I refer to is brain fever. The treatment by the profession of this disease is now an established one, and I feel certain has sorely puzzled them; while their sympathies and exertions to relieve their suffering patients have been exerted to the utmost; and I believe, also, that the strongest feelings of untiring regard and attention have been bestowed on their poor suffering patients, whose citadel of reason has been overthrown, and when nothing but gloom and sad delirium reigned.

The medical treatment, in many cases, that has come under the writer's notice, and which no doubt is the general practice of the present time, is, that the patient's hair is cut, and ice pads put on, and oftentimes followed by whisky pads, which are applied to the head, and

intended for the purpose of cooling the sufferer's brain—a most miserable and fatal mistake!

The idea appears to be, that the heat of the patient being in a very abnormal condition, it must be reduced to a proper temperature, by the application of ice, which really does not cure, but rather increases the disease; while the stoppage of the pores of the skin is more confirmed by this treatment, and the disorder is continued, often with fatal results; whereas, if the pores are opened, the heat flies off, and the patient gets cool under natural conditions, and is soon relieved from all danger. The safety-valve *must* be free, for life to exist: it cannot live without it, and oftentimes this tremendous fact is *not* considered, and no proper attention is paid to nature's laws, which are so simple, so plain, and so perfect.

I ask the medical men of England and the world to accept my observations in a kindly spirit, for I respect and love the profession. I look upon them as the bravest class of men in existence, who are ready at all hours, and in all seasons, to go, with their lives in their hands, through all the dangers of disease, infection, and death, for the sake of suffering humanity. I say this to show them that I do not wish to offend them by any observations I may make in relation to my own peculiar ideas, but which I think it my duty to state in my own way. My opinion, therefore, is, that such treatment is the most unnatural and unscientific, and the most fatal, that could be practised.

In speaking to a medical gentleman—who stands very high in the profession, and who has gained great honours from the Crown for his well deserved merit in the very valuable services he has rendered to suffering humanity

—I said —“ Well, Doctor, will you tell me, if you wished to circulate some fluid through very fine tubes, would you congeal the fluid by the application of ice, or would you not rather apply heat, so as to secure a free passage?” “ Why,” replied the Doctor, “ by heat to be sure.” “ Well, then, Doctor, why is it the practice to chill the brain by ice pads; in pursuing such a course will it not impair the circulation of the blood, which has to pass through tubes as fine, or even finer than the finest of silk thread?” “ Did you ever try the experiment?” was his answer. “ Yes,” I replied. “ My youngest son (Case E), when a lad about ten years of age, was in a high state of delirium from brain fever, and was attended by a medical man, who gave him medicine, and did all he could to relieve him, but to no purpose. He gradually got worse, and was in a very precarious condition. His head was burning hot, and he was unconscious of everything, when his mother hurriedly made a cap of double flannel, and put it on his head. This was at two o’clock in the morning, and it was not on ten minutes before the benefit was apparent. He went off into a gentle sleep, and ere long the perspiration ran over his burning cheeks. He was saved! At seven o’clock, five hours later, he awoke, and, opening his eyes, he said,—‘ Mama!’ ‘ Yes, love,’ replied the fond and anxious mother. ‘ I am better,’ he said. He *was well!* Nature had been assisted to develop her own resources, and, opening her portals through the skin, had driven forth the enemy, and saved the citadel! There was no longer the burning brain; the head was cool; no more delirium; no more fever; a few days restored the patient to his ordinary health and strength. ‘ Mama, I am better!’ Here was joy to a

mother's heart, which none but a mother's heart could feel, and which I cannot trust myself to describe."

I wish particularly to call attention to this disorder and its treatment. The brain, of all parts in the human frame, is the most subtle, and the least understood. Who can understand the human brain—or, who ever will? Who can tell its component parts, its organisations, or its power of thought—its sensibilities, its functions, or its capabilities—its memory, or its reflections—its mechanical power of construction—its poetic faculties of imagination—its comprehension of music and all the finer arts—its noble aspirations—its chivalry—its heroic power, in all that is great and good! It contains more than can be explained or understood! It seems to have an especial faculty of inspiration from the Great Creator, who gives to the human brain the power of approaching toward Himself, in studying the works of His Great Creation. Oh, most noble Faculty! what were our feelings, our joys, our life, our love, our happiness, nay, our everything, without thy power of thought! With it we can weigh the world and the planets. We can also soar away into the vast regions of space, and revel with delight among the suns and stars of the astral heavens! We can trace the comets in their erratic courses, and calculate their approach! We can measure the distances and sizes of suns and moons, and show the metals they are composed of! We can comprehend the ten thousand wonders of earth and sea, from the greatest to the smallest organism of nature—the living life of the atmosphere, that can only be detected by the most powerful microscope, and which is all within the scope of this most wonderful, incomprehensible, and magnificent bless-

ing of our Great Creator! Shall we not enjoy the feast of reason, by endeavouring to put matters right in reference to its care and protection? Shakespeare, that great genius of mind, truly and wisely said, "Oh that man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!" Might he not also say, "Oh that men should put ice on others' heads to freeze, congest, and destroy all the finer functions of this wonderful creation—the brain"?

It is contrary to all the principles of natural and mechanical laws, to produce congestion when circulation is necessary; it is contrary to common sense, and the principles of life. When will it be understood? When will respect be paid to the simple laws of nature? Why cover the head with ice, and destroy the circulation, freezing up the delicate construction of nerves (of which, it is asserted, there are above ten millions), of which the brain is the seat, and which must mean death—sure and certain death—in the majority of cases, while the raging fire of fever is being kept in to burn up the poor brain of the suffering victim, who is past all power of remonstrance, and lies helpless, in agonising suffering, unconscious of all external surroundings, and the sympathy of friends, who are helpless to assist, and dare not suggest, as the patient is under the care of the doctors, "who know best, and no one must interfere"? This is perhaps right to a certain extent. But is this particular treatment right? I say emphatically, No. It is wrong, and very far wrong, and I will maintain it against the opinion of the whole world, who say to the contrary, and it will, at an early day, be confessed a great wrong, as surely as this is written. It is a mistake. It



is death in many, many cases, where death need not be. I have seen it in scores of cases, and when you reflect, how can you think it would be otherwise? Think of congesting the brain to promote recovery, to freeze up the fine blood vessels intended by nature to facilitate the blood's circulation! There is nothing but death even to a healthy brain; and even to a man strong in health, would not such treatment end his existence? I fancy nothing could save him from that dread fiat—Death. How, then, with a poor patient in the pangs of death; feeble and exhausted nature trying to recover itself, and the poor heart, with its feeble pulsations, endeavouring to force on the circulation of life, blocked by the frozen blood in the brain—struggling, still struggling to assist nature to throw off its enemy through nature's safety-valves, and fighting still, with all the power of its dying condition, to perform its own peculiar function, to circulate that life's blood, which from its first throb into existence had continued to do so perfectly? Does not your own heart, dear reader, feel sad and sorry for this poor afflicted human heart, which soon must cease to beat, after all the heroic struggles it has made to succour and relieve the poor brain of the dying patient? Oh brave and noble heart, how cans't thou survive, while all that medical science can do is being done to keep back thy enfeebled powers, and destroy thine existence, in retarding nature's efforts by such means? This is not the intention—certainly not; but still, it is the fact—a most fatal fact.

The writer himself has suffered brain fever of a most serious character, brought on by over-anxiety. The agony of suffering, which is well remembered, when the eyes

seemed to be burning through their sockets, like balls of molten metal, into the brain, and reason had fled with occasional snatches of return; but he escaped the icy treatment, being then protected by a tender and devoted wife. With the blessing of Providence, and natural treatment, he soon recovered.

In all cases of fevers, either brain, scarlatina, gastric, typhus, smallpox, diphtheria, measles, even cholera, or any disorder to which humanity is subject, the first thing is to get the skin to act; open the safety-valves by a gentle perspiration. The enemy is at once disarmed, and a little medical attention, with good, careful nursing, will soon complete a happy victory and grateful recovery.

Think of the anxiety of affectionate hearts and loving friends relieved—what agony prevented! Oh! what suffering hangs around the sick bed of a dying patient. The human heart is wrung with anguish and hope alternately. Day after day passes on, and if no relief can be obtained hope fades away, until at last the desire of friendship and affection is, that the poor sufferer may be removed to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.” But if, on the other hand, proper and natural treatment is pursued, what joy is brought to the household! The patient recovers, to live a few years longer of usefulness to the world, of love, comfort, and protection to husband or wife and family. I have known scores of cases treated through the action of the skin, and with what ease and comfort patients so treated have recovered, is really wonderful. I will presently name a few such, that will show how simple fevers can be prevented, and also cured. Valuable lives may be

spared, and blessings to humanity may follow, by simply carrying out the treatment of diseases, by following the principle of nature's laws. There are some complaints, no doubt, which defy the skill of the most learned, such as tumours, cancers, abnormal growths, and others of like character; but these will in time be understood, and will surely succumb to the power of improved medical knowledge, which must advance, as it has already done, and will continue to do so at a much more rapid rate. It must advance with its surroundings. Science is on the march, and, with careering strides, encircles the world as with a girdle, and like lightning flash, circulates its knowledge to every part of the globe. Knowledge is becoming every man's portion, and ignorance, superstition, and, may I say—yes, I will say it, and with feelings of the greatest joy—persecution, that most horrible of all evils, with its hideous memories, are fast passing away, and will be doomed to the lowest depths of eternal forgetfulness. Oh, God's greatest gift to man—the human mind—how wilt thou enjoy the time when knowledge has filled the earth, when peace and goodwill shall reign, and in the words of that great poet and lover of nature, “when man to man the world o'er, shall brithers be and a' that.” This will be a time of great felicity to human brotherhood. It will be a time of joy to the world, and it must come. The laws of the Great Eternal must be supreme. Who can keep back, or who can withstand the mighty power of knowledge? No one! This is no dream of fancy. Every day some new idea, some new discovery, startles the world, and is garnered up in the bosom of Science as a cherished truth, as a part of herself, never to be refuted

or destroyed, and is fixed as sure and certain as the law of the Eternal.

When Great Britain shook and staggered with the sudden news of the death of Prince Albert—"Albert the Good"—whose memory is honoured by all men, what was the expression of sorrow and deep regret felt for the loss of this good man, this worthy Prince, no one can tell. It was deep indeed, and men said to each other, "What of medical science that cannot save a patient who takes a chill, goes on for a very few days, and all is over?" There must be some mistake that such a noble life should have been lost to the country and to the world. A career of usefulness had been begun, that was the promise of great things hereafter. Everything possible was done; every attention was paid to the suffering patient; but all in vain, from a want of sufficient knowledge to save the Prince's life, and that knowledge so simple to acquire and effect—the opening of the safety-valves—the causing a proper condition of the skin at first. This is the great secret. This would have released the fever—gastric, or any other fever—and would have assisted to have saved the noble patient; and what agony of mind it would have saved our beloved Queen. No one can know the sufferings of a heart, bursting with grief, for the loss of a husband or wife, who loved, and was beloved, but those who have experienced this sad sorrow. We might lose children or friends, and feel our hearts bowed down with grief, and sorrow follow our path wherever we go through life. But in losing the partner of our bosom, our sharer of love, of life, of affection to our family, of our thoughts, our wishes—who has become part of ourselves—to lose this one—this

joy of our existence—is such a calamity, that no words can express, and no extacy of the world's enjoyment can make up for such a bereavement. A void and saddened heart is the only portion in this great affliction. It matters not if it be Queen or subject, peer or peasant, humanity is the same, and the same degree of anguish is felt in the cottage as in the palace.

The sympathy of friends and of the world is something to comfort and soothe, but will not bring back those so sweet to our memories. They are gone from us, and ours is the loss, present and irretrievable, as far as this world is concerned. We have to suffer

Hours of anguish, days of grief,  
Years of sorrow—no relief.

The extraordinary interest and excitement, created during the time H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was lying in that most precarious condition which so alarmed the whole of the British dominions, in the December of 1871, will be long remembered by the thousands whose sympathies were strained to the utmost tension, by love and regard for the life of a nation's Prince, and the son of a beloved Queen, whose late bereavement and sorrows had endeared her more deeply in the hearts and affections of her people. Every one eagerly sought for the last telegram by day and night. Inquiries were made from one to the other,—“How is the Prince?” “Have you heard within the last hour or so?” “Is there any hope?” and so on. The excitement was very great, and the individual interest was intensely felt by almost every one over all the land. And oh! what joy and satisfaction to the nation's heart was felt, on the Prince's

recovery to health, after all the suffering and anxious fears endured.

During the period of the Prince's extreme illness, the writer was, by a very strong feeling, induced to write to General Knollys, the Prince's secretary, upon the subject of the illness of his Royal Highness, as also a letter to the *Times*, the *Standard*, and a local newspaper, upon the cure of fevers, etc., but those letters were not noticed in any way, the apology by one of the editors being that it was not written by a medical authority, and would create a great dissatisfaction among the profession if published. After this the writer felt quite disheartened, and did not, until the present time, venture to offer his opinions and experiences to the public. The feeling of loyalty and love felt by all faithful subjects toward her Majesty, was greatly increased in the writer by a circumstance that occurred at an early age when a schoolboy of twelve years, and which made a lasting impression upon his memory. He had the very high privilege of seeing a charming child, with her fond mother, passing in a carriage, driving slowly along High Street of the city of Bristol on their journey from Clifton to Bath. This little lady put her hand out of the carriage window, and shook hands most cordially with the little schoolboy, who felt exceedingly impressed and proud, in having shaken hands with the tender Princess Victoria. The honour of this event fixed itself into an increasing regard towards the young princess, which has grown deeper and deeper from that time to the present, and will continue to do so.

Victoria, as Queen and Empress, is deservedly beloved by the millions of her subjects over which she reigns,

and is respected and admired by the whole civilised world. Her high, true, womanly feeling and exalted virtues, have endeared her to the hearts of her people; her sorrows are theirs, and their sorrows are hers. A more noble and generous feeling never existed between monarch and people, in past or present history, than in our own country at the present time. Other countries can boast of their monarchies and republics, but where is there a monarchy where a monarch is more beloved, or a republic more free, or more republican in principle, than the government of our own country, although under a monarchial form? There is none, and, what is a stronger fact, there is none to equal it. We make our own laws—we govern ourselves. When our Ministers of State cannot satisfactorily guide the helm, it is constitutionally arranged for others to try their wisdom and guiding power, and if they do not succeed in satisfying the wishes of the people, an appeal is then made to the country, who return their representatives to the nation's House of Commons, the majority being the true power of the nation's will, who proceed to deliberate, arrange, enact, and carry on the government of the country in all its departments. There is no dictatorial interference. The Queen trusts with entire confidence to the enlightened wisdom, love, and devotion of her people for the prosperity and happiness of the nation. Happy is such a Queen and happy such a people; and may that happiness ever increase, and be a pattern and guide to rulers and people of every clime! and may our own and other nations act towards each other upon the divine principle,—“Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

If this spirit was cultivated and acted upon between men and nations, the result would soon be "Peace on earth, good will among men." There would be no more war, with its dreadful consequences, but love and joy would reign supreme.

*Fevers—How to Treat them.*

In the course of his life the writer has asked many doctors the question,—“What is fever?” and it is only within the last few years he could get anything like a reasonable answer. He has suffered much, having lost two dear children before he comprehended the nature and symptoms of fevers, but which he has since studied with the deepest attention, and it is now his opinion, that, if properly cared for, they are not necessarily fatal; that fevers are, in fact, very easily prevented, and are simply and easily cured, and that, certainly, without any mistake!

I will now submit a few cases of fevers treated both ways, leaving the reader to judge.

My first dear child who suffered from fever (Case F), came home from school, shivering as if cold. She had got chilled in the playground, an easterly wind blowing at the time. Her hands were hot, and she complained of headache. *If she had then been put into a perspiration*, the after troubles would *not* have been produced. The doctor came and gave her medicine in the usual way. Still she got worse, burning with high fever, and her throat was attacked, as if with diphtheria. No action of the skin ensued by following the treatment. Linseed meal poultices were then put on the throat of the poor child, who was fast sinking; still no action of the skin,



and when the last poultice was put on her throat, she gave a piteous look, as much as to say, "Pa, is this all you can do for me?" This poultice seemed to take the last remnant of strength from the dying child, and in three hours the work was finished, and she left us to mourn a darling girl, who fell a victim to ignorance. What would I have given, to have been able to save this dear child? to have known what I had to learn at the cost of so much? From the hour of the application of this poultice, I abominate linseed meal poultices, feeling sure they are very weakening, and that a pad of calico, two or three ply, dipped in tepid water, and if needs be, a little mustard added, placed on the part required, and covered over with a piece of oil silk, and then wrapped around with flannel, is really more effective, and considerably less enervating, than a wad of eight or ten, or even more ounces of sickening poultice, tied round the neck of a dying patient. Why were not the safety valves opened, and all this misery spared? To help the mothers of humanity to save their darlings, is the writer's object in explaining his experience in detail, that they might escape the sore afflictions which, from a want of such knowledge, he had to suffer.

The next calamity followed a few months later. Another daughter (Case G) had been, for a change, a few weeks at Bristol with some relations. We went to bring her home, and while there, went with some friends a picnic visit to Cheddar, to see the cliffs, etc. It was a beautiful summer day, and this dear child, seven years of age, skipped like a gazelle, dressed in her light muslin frock, so full of life and joy. We all felt so happy. I had her hand in mine, as the whole party proceeded to

inspect those wonderful caverns, with their extraordinary formations of stalactites and stalagmites, so very interesting to visitors. When in one of the caverns, I felt her shiver. This was the finger of Death! I did not know its consequences then. The temperature inside those caverns is always very low, and the cold atmosphere had closed up every pore, and the light summer dress she wore, was not sufficient protection. She was rather poorly that night, on the return of our party. Next day we travelled home to Liverpool. She continued to get worse. The doctor came, and pronounced her suffering from scarlet fever. She was got into a perspiration, and gradually improved. She was attended day and night by a tender mother and a fond father, who, believing they had learned something from past experience, resolved they should save their child. Sad delusion, they had yet more to learn—another sacrifice to make—another darling to lose. If they had known that by putting a belt of flannel, three or four ply, around the loins, over the kidneys, they could have saved their child, would they not have done it? What would they not have given for such knowledge? But they were ignorant, and no doctor told them. They had again to suffer, and only those who have lost their loved ones can tell! This dear child got so well that she was able to get up and run about the room. She ran out on the landing of the staircase, and got chilled across the loins; the kidneys were now affected. Albuminaria followed, and soon all was over, another darling being sacrificed to ignorance.

It has pained the writer to give these experiences, and to unfold the pent up memories of sorrowful feelings

and agonies endured. I would have felt very thankful, and have given all I possessed, to have had imparted to me the information as given by these examples. I think, however, though it may appear tiresome, some tender-hearted mother may be benefitted; and I think it also wise and proper to help others who may be placed in like circumstances, and thus save them from the dreadful sufferings I have endured. It is pleasing to hope that some one may be benefitted by reading these pages, and this thought induces me to continue what some may consider a miserable rehearsal.

Case H.—This was a case of *extreme danger* which occurred, and was overcome by extraordinary treatment, which I will now submit to my readers. A servant, who had partly attended on my poor child, took fever, and feeling it to be my duty to look after her, I called in the doctor, but failed to produce a change for the better. She got worse, and, at last, hope was given up. No medicine the doctor gave would produce perspiration. At last her throat became completely closed, and I knew from past experience this could not last long. I told the nurse to sponge her all over with a strong solution of cayenne pepper in hot water, and put pads (cloths), dipped in the solution, to her chest and feet, and wrap her up very warm. She was then burning hot, and quite unconscious, and almost dead. The nurse hesitated to do so, as it would take off all the skin from her body; my reply was, Never mind that, it is either that or death; be sharp, or you will be *too late!* The nurse then did as she was told, and, shortly after, the patient broke out into a perspiration within half an hour, and lived, and is living now, though she really did exchange her former skin for a new one.

Whenever any one is ailing a little, then is the opportunity to prevent farther illness. The first thing to do is to look after the action of the skin—"nature's safety-valve;" and in stating a few cases out of many with which the writer has had something to do, he hopes that they will explain themselves in a manner sufficient to be understood.

Case I.—A lady had a daughter that was attacked with scarlet fever. She had other two children, but had wisely sent them off to her sister's, who had an adopted daughter. Aconite and belladonna, in pilules, were given to the stricken one every hour in alternate and regular doses, and a warm flannel belt, three ply, was put round her waist, and kept on for a month after she was better. Her recovery was very rapid. The other three children, who had received small doses as a preventive, yet caught the infection, but in a very slight degree, and were soon all right.

Case K.—A neighbour told me one day that she had a daughter who was dying of gastric fever, and had been given up by two doctors. I asked if she was willing to let her die? In the deepest distress of mind she replied, What can I do? I soon provided her with some aconite and belladonna, which were given to her daughter in alternate doses. Soon an improvement became apparent, and she is living now.

Case L.—An old and respected friend was met by the writer standing at the corner of a street, apparently lost in thought, and looking very dejectedly. "Well, friend, what is the matter? why do you look so dull to-day?" "Oh! I do not know what to do. I am in such deep distress. My only unmarried daughter is dying; she has been given up by the doctors; it's all over!" "What is

her complaint?" "It is fever; she has been raving out of her senses for some time, and is now sinking fast. Oh! it is so sad." "Now, then, my dear friend, listen to me, and cheer up. Your daughter will get better if you will follow my instructions. Go home directly, and give her aconite and belladonna, four pilules of each alternately. First give aconite, then in an hour give belladonna; in the next hour aconite, and continue this alternately till you see a change in her. She will doze off into a natural sleep, and will perspire, and she will be saved; but be careful that you keep her hands under the bedclothes, as this will promote perspiration, and do not leave her, under any circumstances, till you see a change for the better. Cheer up!"

My friend went off on his errand of mercy, doubting, but still hoping. This was at noon. The next morning at nine o'clock, I saw him. He looked quite bright, and with both hands shook mine so heartily, and said—"I am so thankful to you, it all came as you told me; the danger is passed, and she has been talking to us quite sensibly. Oh! it is such a relief." She recovered, to the joy of her parents and friends. She has since married, and is the joyous mother of a happy family.

Case M.—A workman, who had been in the writer's employ for more than thirty-six years, came one day and said he was sorry he had not been to work for the past two days; for his son (twenty-two years of age) had typhus fever, and was dying, and he had come away from the bedside, because he could not bear to see him struggling in death. I told him to take home some aconite and belladonna, and give him four pilules every *half hour* alternately; first of one, and then of the other,

and not to leave him alone, under any circumstances, till he saw a change in him. He refused, and said the doctors told him it was impossible for him to live. It was no use, he would be dead before he got home. Insisting upon his hurrying off as fast as possible, he went. The next day, with a happy and relieved countenance, he told me that he had done what I had told him to do. His son had been in a comatose state for many hours. Shortly the patient dropt into a gentle sleep. He then broke out into a perspiration, and after a few hours awoke, and spoke in a sensible manner, which he had not done for six or seven days before. He was saved, and now lives.

Case N.—A shopkeeper, with whom I am intimately acquainted, had a family of five children. On inquiring one day for the mother, I was told she was with his eldest sister, who was poorly. “What is the matter with your sister?” No reply, but he said, “I will call mamma,” who soon made her appearance. “Is your daughter ill?” “She is a little poorly.” “Is she keeping to her bed?” “Well, she is in bed at present; we have had a doctor.” “Is she hot and burning?” “A little.” “Why, she has a fever!” The mother looked around furtively, as if afraid to speak further on the subject. I then said, “I see how it is. Shall I get you some medicine that will put her all right?” “Oh, yes; and thank you. Oh, yes, do.” I got some aconite and belladonna, and told the distracted mother to give her daughter two pilules of each alternately every hour, and to give the other children the same every four hours as a preventive. I called shortly after to inquire how they were getting on. Then I heard it was a case of extreme

fever. The daughter was delirious, and attempting to get out of bed. At the time I first called, the doctor had given up all hope, and the mother was afraid that the fever van would be brought by the health officers, to take away her first-born child. The whole of the children recovered rapidly.

These cases, chosen out of scores which came under the writer's own observation, were cured by aconite and belladonna, which proves the value of these medicines. They have, with God's blessing, brought back to health those who had been given up, and at the point of passing away.

I never knew a case where these medicines, properly given, ever failed. They are presented both by allopaths and homœopaths, and the pilules are most convenient to administer, especially in extreme cases, or when the patient is so far gone as to be in the state known as "extremis."

It does not signify much, I fancy, what means you employ, or what medicine may be taken, so that a good perspiration may be produced *at once*, but which must not be over-done, or the patient will be very weak. This is when the doctor's care and the nurse's attention is most required. I have seen very great benefits, after the patient has broken out into a perspiration, of giving a half teaspoonful of brandy, in a little water, for a child seven years, up to two teaspoonfuls to a youth of fourteen years, which has had a very good effect in arousing the system; but this must be watched, and depends much on the judgment of the nurse, from a single drop for an infant, to a tablespoonful for an adult.

Case O.—A medical gentleman and his friend were

lately travelling by rail, when the following conversation took place:—

*Friend.*—Good morning, Doctor. What is the matter with your arm? You have got it in a sling, I see.

*Doctor.*—Yes; it is rheumatism.

*F.*—It is a very troublesome and painful complaint. Why don't you cure it? It does not look well to see a doctor suffering from rheumatism, and carrying his arm in a sling. For the honour of the profession, I don't like to see it.

*Dr.*—How can I help it?

*F.*—What is rheumatism, Doctor?

*Dr.*—It is an inflammation of the part affected.

*F.*—Yes, no doubt; but what affects it—what causes the inflammation? I see you do not take my view of it. Shall I explain to you what I think?

*Dr.*—Yes, if you please.

*F.*—Well, you base your knowledge according to certain principles upheld in the profession, which you study, and refuse to go outside these lines. It would be heresy for you to do so, therefore I cannot expect you to hold my view. Now, being a mechanic, I try to test every thing I can by mechanical laws, and look for *causes* rather than *effects*. I look upon man as a great machine, “fearfully and wonderfully made.” His heart, the engine; his blood, the vitality; his stomach, the furnace; his mouth, the stoke-hole, through which the furnace is supplied with food or fuel to keep up the circulation; the brain is the indicator; the skin, the great *safety-valve of life*, and must be well attended to, and carefully watched in connection with all the other parts, which may be described as shaftings, journals, lubricators, and



a thousand other things, many of them incomprehensible, and which must be treated and attended to upon the principles of mechanical and natural laws. I have, myself, suffered much from rheumatism, and, for eighteen months, I could not hold a pen or raise my hand to my head, which you must know, Doctor, was bad enough, and which caused me to study the disease very carefully; and this is my opinion: Rheumatism acts on the muscles in the same way as gout on the bones. There is a sheathing, or fine membrane, covering every muscle and bone in the body; and, when in good health, this membrane is supplied with a very fine substance, which lubricates as with oil, causing all the parts to work smooth and sweet. But if, through any weakness of the system, a deficiency of this lubricant ensues, an adhesion follows, and then you have the inflammation of the parts you speak of, and consequent suffering, which those who have experienced it know full well. Do you understand me, Doctor?

*Dr.*—Yes, perfectly. It is very interesting.

*F.*—Now, doctor, what is to be done? You have rheumatism; the sheathings are dry and sluggish; how would you oil them?

*Dr.*—Well, really, I do not know.

*F.*—You certainly cannot put oil on them with a feather, as a driver oils the axle and wheels of his cart. That is impossible; but it must be done before the patient can recover. How is it to be done? How can you lubricate the inflamed part of the sheathing of the bone or muscle—for both may be affected—but through the stomach? A deficiency occurs through the weakness of the absorbents, caused by want of regular meals; not

taking sufficient food, or even by taking too much; irregular habits; or perhaps through anxiety, the stomach may become weak, for great sympathy exists between the stomach and the brain. There is such a thing known as the poor man's gout, as well as the rich man's gout. And now, Doctor, how should you effect a cure but by strengthening the stomach, by improving the digestion, giving strength to the absorbents, which will gradually, but surely, find the right material, and lubricate the afflicted parts, thus benefitting the whole of the wonderful mechanism of the suffering patient? You must understand that it is necessary, above all things, to keep the pores of the skin in proper condition. When I was so bad with rheumatism, and after discovering the cause, I took Turkish, vapour, and other baths frequently, and took cream, butter, fat meat, salad oil, etc., with my food, as liberally as I could, and soon found myself all right. Now, Doctor, what do you think of the result of my experience with rheumatism?

*Dr.*—It's very remarkable; I am delighted with the conversation.

*F.*—I hope, Doctor, you will now take my view of it, and soon put up that sling, and never require it again. Good bye.

The journey and conversation ended together; very shortly after, so did the use of the sling, to the Doctor's great satisfaction, and the gratification of his friend.

After this conversation, I cannot but think the Doctor must have improved his ideas, respecting his earlier notions of curing rheumatism with the searing iron, and have felt that such a practice was unnatural, cruel, and stupid, and that he had inflicted torture and injury,

without any recompense, to his suffering patient. As it so strangely was, several months after the above conversation, it happened the writer met a gentleman who had been a patient, and had received the particular infliction of the searing iron from the Doctor's own hand. What the Doctor's after-reflections were, the writer knoweth not, but will leave it to the imagination of the humane reader. "We have yet much to learn."

### *Dropsy.*

One of the many fatal complaints flesh is heir to, is dropsy, and there is one fact connected with this disorder that has struck the writer very forcibly, and which he does not think himself singular in remarking. It is this:—That in all cases of dropsy, the skin of the patient has ceased to act; there is no perspiration, perceptible or imperceptible. He has looked into scores of cases that have passed under his notice, and never knew one case to the contrary. Does this not show that dropsy is only the effect, and that the stoppage of the pores is the cause? The inaction of the skin will be acknowledged by-and-by to be the cause of nine-tenths of the maladies of humanity. The *safety-valve of life* not acting properly, is the cause of nearly all the suffering we endure. Where can the exhausted material go to, when the pores are closed, the safety-valve fixed? It cannot get away, but must accumulate within the skin, averaging from three to four pounds per day, and in a week, from twenty to thirty pounds weight, and hourly and daily increasing. No wonder there is an overflow on the heart, bringing death to the patient.

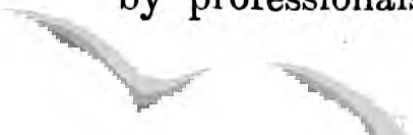
Case P.—It was the practice, not long ago, to treat a

patient suffering from dropsy, which would be creeping up the legs, to burn a ring round the thighs with caustic, and the doctor, acting as foolishly as the flatterers of King Hardicanute, tried to make his patient believe he had the power to say to the rising flood, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Vain presumption! He would also liberally administer calomel, in repeated doses, till the poor suffering patient endured salivation, and the loss of all his teeth. How much better would such treatment leave the patient? Would he be freed from the dropsy? Nay! but rather much worse would he be from such horrible and unnatural treatment. To believe in the rule of thumb-work is absurd. Let us trust such a practice is not continued at the present day.

Although "we have yet much to learn," I would not listen to any argument, or take the opinion of any man, medical or otherwise, if those arguments or opinions were not based on the lines of natural law. Can any man defy the laws of nature, and succeed in defying those laws? Impossible. Those who object to this assertion may as well think it over, and accept it. They must act upon its principles without further wasting their time. Such laws are the only true laws of science, and the nearer we approach them, the more perfect shall we be in knowledge and happiness, and the more able also to assist our fellow-creatures the world all over.

*Singeing the Hair, Unventilated Hats, &c.*

It is very common practice for hairdressers to advertise, "Hair cut and singed;" and many of their customers accept this from a supposition that, as this offer is made by professionals who are supposed to understand the



human hair, and would not venture to act in any way, or prescribe anything injurious to health, the willing customer yields to the tempting offer, and sits very placidly while the singeing operation is proceeding, little dreaming of the mischief the operator is making, and its consequences—never perhaps reflecting that every hair is a tube which passes the exudant from the brain, and so keeping the brain cool, and in proper health. The singeing seals up every hair so singed, and at once stops all relief from the natural action of perspiration through the hair. Nature is thus turned out of her course by this performance, and as no derangement can occur without some inconvenience, a certain amount of mischief must follow—besides which, if constantly practised, the result of losing all the hair must be a necessity from this barbarous treatment.

To the use of the ordinary variety of hats worn, there cannot be a much worse producer of baldness than those which have no ventilation. No hat should be worn without having a hole, or holes, on the top, equal to three-eighths of an inch diameter. This will prevent the head from becoming bald, and will cause the hat to be worn with comfort. I should fancy that nine-tenths of the baldness existing, has been caused by wearing waterproof hats without ventilation. Waterproof clothing and india-rubber boots, or goloshes, though very useful occasionally, should not be constantly worn, as they check the safety-valves of life.

*Pure Air—Baths—Sulphur, etc.*

As has been before observed, the pores of the skin breathe. Have you never, my friend, felt the oxygen of

the atmosphere coursing through your skin when you have been walking in the country, or over a mountain-top during the balmy morning of an early spring day? and have you not felt the invigorating power stirring through your system, and giving you new life and happiness? Has not your very soul seemed to breathe within you, and seemed to drink in the joyous surroundings? This shows how essential pure air is for life.

Persons troubled with asthma and short breathing, as a rule, are generally found not to perspire as they ought, and if the skin was got into proper action, the breathing of the patient would be greatly relieved. There are many persons often met with, who are complaining of some ailment, and who will tell you that they never perspire; this probably being the real cause of their illness, and their illness being the effect of the safety-valves not being in proper condition. One of the causes of nearly all our complaints—if not the one great cause—is the skin's inactivity—the fixing of the safety-valves. This cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind of every one.

The best method of getting the skin to act, is by taking a Turkish or vapour bath, and as an internal remedy, belladonna and aconite, as has been previously shown in case of fevers, etc. There is also a well-known excretive which acts well, as it penetrates through the whole system, and cleanses the pores of the skin wonderfully. It is the *Flour of Sulphur*, and should be taken in small quantities, and which any medical man would prescribe. This very old-fashioned medicine, which used to be given to children at spring and fall, half a century ago, and no doubt would also benefit children of a larger growth,

is what was known to every one, with the treacle added, as brimstone and treacle. The following fact will show the beneficial results flowing from such a medicine.

*Dr. Koch's Wonderful Discovery.*

A wonderful discovery has lately been made by a German physician with the aid of the microscope, extraordinary research, and untiring patience, which will establish his well-merited fame for centuries to come. The most fatal disease to which many thousands become victims, in this and all variable climates, removing the fairest and the best from our home circles, is known as "Phthisis," or consumption. It has been discovered by this great and good man, Dr. E. Koch, the medical officer of public health at Berlin, that this disease is caused by a living organism, known as "Baccilla," that feeds upon, and consumes the lungs of the poor patient! This celebrated doctor has given his opinion that sulphur, taken as a medicine, is a specific to remove and cure this formidable disease, by destroying the living organism. Here is the right principle exemplified, destroy the cause and the effect ceases. What a blessing is the scientific research of this great man to the suffering brotherhood of mankind—and to tens of thousands yet unborn, who no doubt will now be saved from what has been a great scourge to our race! All must honour him for the good he has done; and what feelings of satisfaction must he enjoy, in knowing that he has been so successful in his researches, and has given such a boon to his fellow-men, while at the same time elevating the profession to which he is such a distinguished ornament. What does the world owe to such

men, who give up their lives to the study of science, devoting all the powers of mind they possess for the benefit of mankind? These are the Galileos, the Newtons, the Watts, the Stephenson, the Franklins, the Roscoes, the Livingstones, the Darwins, the Huxleys, the Dallingers, the Tyndalls, the Herschells, the Proctors, of the past and the present, and the thousands of others who have devoted the whole of their lives for the benefit of humanity, and have bestowed incalculable blessings by researches into the mysteries of the world, and all belonging to it. All honour to the memories of the great and the good who are gone, who have done noble service in unfolding the secrets of science, and thus benefitting the sons and daughters of men! Those now living, whose works speak for themselves, and who are inscribing their names on the pages of future history, let all men love and respect them for their works' sake.

There is also a great galaxy of women—angels on earth. Those bright stars of humanity, who proceed so amiably, in their sweet and gentle manner, to benefit and assist the great human family in every possible way—they are the great humanizers of life. I cannot trust myself to speak of them, knowing it impossible to do them justice; their goodness is so great, their influence so strong, their love so untiring, their charity so universal, their sympathies so deep, that I can only say that our fair sisters are the real angels of humanity, and far excel in devotion anything man is capable of. Speed on, dear angels of life, in your noble work of mercy and love! You are making for humanity a heaven of earth, and bringing joy to many a heart, where none would exist. You are smoothing the path of life, where all else would



be rugged indeed, and making life's burden easy to be borne. In sickness and adversity your patience and sympathies are unbounded. Let all men honour your sweetness and love, and show such deep gratitude towards you, that they may elevate themselves by elevating you to all the happiness they can, and which it is possible for noble woman to enjoy.

*Passive Power of the Human Brain.*

The writer cannot venture to submit the following cases, without explaining his ideas to the reader in a simple way; for these facts are so startling and extraordinary that, by many, they will not be credited, but ascribed to my imagination; but my friends may be assured, there is no mistake about them, or any others named in this humble essay: they are the truths as they occurred, stored, and well remembered, and which can, in almost every instance, be verified by living evidence. The greatest puzzle to the writer is, not how he should be the means, under Providence, of taking part in such extraordinary occurrences, but, *what should impel him to set about such work, with such coolness and confidence, resolution and positive power, as if impressed with a knowledge of success—not the least doubt or hesitation, but impelled to go on by some Great Power, unknown—commanded!* He believes it is from the action of the passive power of the brain, which God has, in His goodness, given to His humblest creatures, and which acts as a latent power (if such term is applicable) over the active principle, and exists after this active principle appears to have ceased. The belief extends itself to such a startling degree, that the writer is, at this point, afraid to pen the idea, but will do so before conclusion. It is

considered necessary that these propositions (or, maybe, suppositions) should be given, that it may cause thinking minds, and men of high scientific thought, to take up those ideas, and work them by searching, with minds of larger calibre, into those extraordinary occurrences, which are so difficult to comprehend, if not, indeed, incomprehensible.

*A Remarkable Case of Invigoration.*

Case Q.—The first case shows the power of a vigorous and active mind over one weakened by disease, the strong one encouraging the weak and dying, the bringing back, in fact, to life and usefulness, those who were ready to perish—a powerful illustration of curing by will power. Opposite my own residence there lived a gentleman to whom I had never spoken, but had often seen. He had been ill for some weeks, and was attended daily by his medical attendant, who paid him every attention. One Sunday, within a few minutes, three carriages drove up to the gentleman's door. Immediately thereafter three medical gentlemen held a solemn consultation, and gave out their fiat that the patient was dying, and could not live long. Sad news for the poor afflicted wife! Messengers were at once sent off to his friends, and in a short time they arrived to say farewell to the departing one. It was a melancholy sight to see those sorrowing friends, with red and moistened eyes, leaving the home of the dying man, never expecting to see him again; and though this was sad, it was nothing to be compared to the terrible agony and grief of a fond and loving wife who, through the long midnight hours, waited with sorrowful heart, as she supposed it to be her husband's last night on earth, expecting every hour his

departure. Those only who have experienced the above, can understand the terrible misery of this one night. The morning came, at last, however, and shortly thereafter came the doctor who, on returning to his carriage, was met by a friend, who said—

*F.*—Well, Doctor, how is your patient?

*Dr.*—Oh, he is almost gone! He cannot last till noon.

*F.*—What is the matter with him?

*Dr.*—He has rheumatic fever.

*F.*—What, are you going to let him die of rheumatic fever?

*Dr.*—How can I prevent it? I had two other doctors yesterday in consultation. Everything has been done that I can think of, and I can do nothing more! My patient has been dying since yesterday, and is now fast sinking.

*F.*—Do you think so?

*Dr.*—Yes, certainly. I tell you he cannot possibly last over midday.

*F.*—Now, then, Doctor, let me tell you he is not going to die, this time!

*Dr.*—Nonsense, nonsense! I tell you there is no help for him; he is dying now!

*F.*—You'll see, Doctor, he won't die just yet.

We then shook hands and parted, and I laughed heartily at his astonished look. Immediately after his departure, I took two small bottles of champagne, which I had kept for years, wrapped them in paper, and went to see the patient's wife.

*Friend.*—Good morning, ma'am. I hear your poor husband is very ill.

*Wife.*—Oh, sir, he is dying.

*F.*—So the Doctor has been telling me, but I have been laughing at him, and told him it was too bad to allow your husband to die of such a complaint. [To hear me speaking of laughter when one was dying, and that one her husband, rather shocked the sorrowing wife.] Cheer up, your husband will soon be better! Cheer up! You look as if you were completely exhausted!

*W.*—I am indeed. But do you really think my husband will get better?

*F.*—Yes; he certainly will get better, and I have brought some wine for him.

Handing her the two bottles of champagne, I told her to give him a wine glassful at once, and continue to do so every hour, “and tell him all I have said, every word, remember, and don’t forget to tell him that I have had a good laugh at the Doctor. Tell him, also, that I expect he will soon be able to come across the street and shake hands with me, and that before the end of three weeks. Tell him that he is all right, and that he is to be sure and keep up his heart.” The now hopeful wife went at once to try and raise the spirits of her sinking husband, to inspire him with a hope for life. She tried, and she succeeded. He speedily recovered, and before the three weeks had expired, he came, leaning on the arm of his wife, to shake hands and thank me for my kindness. I meet him frequently, and we have many a warm and friendly inquiry for each other’s welfare.

This is a very interesting and remarkable case, and fully illustrates the active power, or, perhaps, the passive power, of the brain. I fully believe it was the passive power, the latent principle, which was exercised upon by the passive power of another, who felt that his as-

surances would surely benefit the patient. When a youth of twenty-one—when I was supposed to be dying—I well remember, as given in Case D, the doctor saying these encouraging words,—“I think you will live,” which aroused the expiring embers, and rekindled the spark of life into a flame. Hope, heaven-born hope, seemed then to spring into existence, when it had, with life itself, nearly ceased to exist. What a feeling of delight these words gave. They, in fact, raised the dead to life! What an extacy! This knowledge was taken advantage of on the occasion related above with very marked success. Knowing its potency, I acted upon it with the greatest confidence, believing in its power to restore life. I felt no hesitation, but spoke and acted with positive assurance, the result being effected, no doubt, with the aid of Him who is our Father and our Friend.

Here is something for the medical student and the philanthropist to think upon; for such a theory being earnestly studied and acted on, may be useful to many a poor sufferer, and restore a sinking brother or sister to life and usefulness, when despair has well nigh extinguished life and hope. How sweet are the words of hope to the drooping heart, when, perhaps, filled with the feeling that all is lost! What a delightful task to perform, and what an exquisite satisfaction to feel that you have helped, however humbly, to restore some one back to life!

#### *A Peculiar Case of Resuscitation.*

Case R.—The following occurrence, which happened forty-seven years ago, at New Cross, between London and Greenwich, is one also of an extraordinary character, and exhibits several peculiar traits of singular significance.

I happened to be at New Cross, and was surprised at the shrill cries of several women, who were frantic with grief. It appeared a woman had hung herself in the doorway, between the two rooms of her residence. Going towards the scene, I saw a man run out of the house with a knife in his hand. He had cut the woman down, and then left her. As no one would go into the house for some time, I entered and found the woman lying on the floor, her legs tied together, and her arms tied to her waist. I immediately cut off the rope, which was imbedded in her neck, and also the ropes around her legs and waist. By this time a gentleman living near, came in, and I requested him to help me. I called for vinegar and water, and the gentleman assisted me to rub her neck, chest, arms, legs, and feet. Doctors were searched for all around the neighbourhood, and after the lapse of forty minutes, seven doctors arrived, who said we might save ourselves the trouble, as she was dead. I persisted she would recover, and asked them to bleed her; but they all refused, as they said it was no use. I said I would bleed her myself with my penknife, if they would not. The youngest of them said he would humour me. He lanced one arm, but without effect. I asked him to try the other. He did so, and was successful, my friend and myself at the same time rubbing with vinegar and water—bathed in perspiration—but still continuing to rub on, and contending that the woman would live, the doctors all the while looking on, smiling incredulously. I felt a contraction of the muscle of the foot against my hand, and I asserted that life was showing itself, the action of the foot gradually increasing in power. After a little more rubbing and repeated assertions that she would recover, a convulsion of the

whole of the muscles of the face and body set in with increasing rapidity. The first words she uttered was, "Thank God!" The doctors stood looking on in mute astonishment. She lived, and was removed to the hospital.

Now, apart from the great physical exertions used in this case, I fancy that the passive power of the brain must have been sensible to the repeated assurances of myself, that the patient would recover, and that although the active power of the brain had ceased, the passive power was *not* extinct, and acting upon those assurances, promoted a resuscitation of the nervous system, which greatly assisted recovery.

The peculiar traits of singular significance in this case, shows itself, in the first instance, by a youth, impulsively making an attempt to bring a person back to life, under such circumstances, and no appearance of life showing itself for nearly an hour after she was cut down, besides hanging for twenty minutes before being discovered. She was a tall, strong, and muscular woman, about sixty years of age. Her face was livid, and her countenance much distorted. Now what should impel this youth, who was a stranger in the neighbourhood, and to all around, to attempt and persevere so continuously in his exertions, until his efforts were eventually crowned with success, and the woman restored to life? What power could influence this extraordinary exertion, and more particularly the confidence with which the assurances were made with the first attempt to resuscitate, and continuing to do so even against the assertions of the seven medical gentlemen to the contrary, who were then present? The peculiarity in this case, as also in the one following, the writer could never comprehend. It must have been some latent or passive power that actu-

ated him at first to proceed, and gave him the power and energy necessary to continue his exertions, but seemed, as before stated, compelled to proceed with such extraordinary confidence, against which there appeared no power to withstand. This is a wonderful study to the metaphysician, and for the present is beyond my comprehension.

The next singular fact is the re-action of life which, in the writer's opinion, was caused by the action on the passive brain of this unfortunate woman, of the assurances made by the writer, although the *active* power of the brain had ceased to act, and I should suppose, had ceased to exist, excepting, that passive power of the brain, life itself.

I am drawing near a most sublime subject, which has been a delightful, though most difficult study, to many thousands of the human family, and also the most incomprehensible to man's knowledge. I must proceed with facts to illustrate my ideas, and will now relate an instance in which it appears that the passive power of the brain must have recognised its surroundings, and, no doubt, received a *magnetic influence* which increased its action and power, and helped to restore itself back to life.

#### *Singular Magnetic Effect.*

Case S.—A youth, about twelve years of age, ran against a two-wheel drag, was knocked down, the off wheel running over his shoulder and neck. The driver, who was a very heavy man, weighing over twenty-two stone, immediately pulled up. The boy was picked up as dead, and carried into a druggist's shop near at hand. He was placed in a chair, held there, and was surrounded by a crowd, as is common on such occasions. Some five



minutes after, I came upon the scene of the disaster, and, speaking to the driver, inquired if the boy was much hurt. I was told he was dead. Going inside the shop, I saw the poor lad, some one holding him in the chair. I at once stepped forward, and told the people to stand back, and allow the boy to have some fresh air. The people said that fresh air would do him no good, as he was dead. I asked the druggist if he had given him any brandy. "What is the use of wasting brandy upon a dead boy?" he replied. "Then why did you not give him some spirits of ether?" "It would have been useless," he said, "for his heart has ceased to beat, his pulse has stopped, his eyes are fixed, and his jaws have set." I said, "Give me some ether, if you please." "It is of no use, I should not think of it." I insisted upon having it, adding, "I will pay you for it." "Oh, I will give you some ether without pay," the druggist said, "but don't you see the boy is dead?" "Please oblige by adding as much water as there is of ether, and we will soon see whether the boy is dead or not. Now stand back, let us have some fresh air, and leave the lad to me."

The people shook their heads and smiled, as if they were about to see some piece of deception. I commenced by smoothing his forehead and rubbing his hands, telling the people, at the same time, that he would soon be all right. This was taken as a good joke. I then tilted back the chair, placed the boy's face in a horizontal position, and then tried to pour some of the ether into his mouth, but was unsuccessful. "Ah!" exclaimed the druggist, "did I not tell you it was no use?" "You will soon see to the contrary," I said, and the onlookers laughed at my simplicity. I still kept smoothing his forehead, etc., and assured the people that my patient

would soon be better, although at that moment there was not the slightest indication of life. At this point the lad's mother, having heard of the accident to her young son, came running into the shop, crying out in the bitterness of her grief,—“Oh, my poor boy! is he dead—is he dead?” Catching sight of the pale face, the fond mother exclaimed,—“Oh, Willie! my dear Willie!” At once, as if by an electric shock, Willie opened his beautiful eyes, and shouted out,—“Mother! mother!” A change now came over the scene. The smile of incredulity had vanished, as if by magic, from every face, and the people stood back and allowed me to complete my work. “Some more ether, please.” “Yes, sir; here it is.” “Now, my little man, drink this, it will do you good, you are all right now,” still continuing to smooth his forehead for some few minutes longer. “Who will take my patient to the dispensary?” I asked. “I will,” said one in the crowd. “Off you go, then, put him across your shoulders and set off, the *shaking* will do him good.” On arriving at the dispensary, the doctor said,—“Well, what have we got here?” “A boy that was run over,” was the answer, “and it was thought that he was dead.” “Oh, then, take him home,” said the doctor, “and give him some gruel, and put him to bed. He will be right enough to-morrow morning.” Three days after the mother called and thanked the *druggist* for having *saved* her boy's life!

#### *A Wonderful Case of Life-Recovery.*

Here is another extraordinary case, showing the retention of life and memory after all the faculties of existence had apparently ceased.

A railway accident occurred in June, 1867, near to

Warrington, that was attended with very serious and fatal results. Among those injured was a young lady (known to the writer), who was so crushed and maimed that she was laid on the embankment as one of the dead. Many looked upon her with feelings of sympathy, thinking how sad it was for such a young person to be cut off in the bloom of life. Some kind words of pity and sorrow were expressed by those who beheld her; but they passed on. A kind lady, who lived in the neighbourhood, and had been actively engaged in assisting and comforting the wounded, had passed this poor young creature several times, considering she was dead, and beyond all relief. After doing all she could for the other injured ones, she returned to this fair girl, in whom there was no sign of life, and whom the doctors had given over for dead. Kneeling down beside her, the lady was impelled, by some mysterious power, to moisten her lips with brandy. She continued to do this for some time, and she then poured a little of the liquor into her mouth. Two hours had scarcely elapsed after she had done this, when life began to show itself, cheering conversation ensued with those surrounding, and she was removed to the Patten Arms Hotel, where she remained for some weeks, and ultimately recovered. She had been so badly injured, that twenty-seven splinters of bone were taken out of her head.\* There is something very remarkable, in this instance, that does not show itself at the first reading. The *active* portion of the brain had evidently ceased in its action, if not its

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\* It may be satisfactory to know, that this poor creature received a money compensation from the Railway Company sufficient to comfort and console her through life, as far as means are concerned.

existence, as has been shown in the previous cases. The heart's action had stopped; the pulse had ceased to beat; the eyes were fixed, and all seemed as dead. But the passive power of the brain must have been there in full action. This is a parallel case to the two former ones, and shows similar power to resuscitate life in the active portion of the brain and all the nervous centres, and that it had in it the great unknown principle of life. I am startled at the temerity of my own thoughts, but cannot get away from them. This young lady, who was called back from the dead, asserts, that while lying on the ground in that condition, she heard every word that was spoken around her, and these are still retained in her memory.

Here is the passive power of the brain, hearing and comprehending all that was said. This superlative power is found retaining words uttered after the patient was supposed to be dead, and all the functions of life had passed away. This passive power being the sole inhabitant of the body, and this passive power being the great principle of life, the conclusion come to by the writer is one that staggered by his own thoughts, daring scarcely to pen it, he has put off saying till now. It is this:—That this passive power of the brain, this active principle of life, is nothing less than the living Human Soul!—the unknown spirit of life, and what men believe to be the mysterious and immortal essence or spirit—the ethereal essence of all that is great and good!—the fire and life of all the heroes, patriots, and poets of the past and the future—the love and the untiring sacrifices of all the angels of humanity—the Grace Darlings and the Florence Nightingales of the world. The devoted

and great men who have spent their years, and sacrificed their lives for the sake of benefitting humanity, have all been possessed by this unknown power. The spirit of love, the essence of joy, have all been created by its magnificent influence. The hopes of the future are all centred in its everlasting felicity. Oh, what could be said of this delightful treasure; this ethereal essence of life; this incomprehensible faculty—this spirit of goodness and virtue—this spirit of the Creator's power, that gives to humanity all the enjoyments—pleasures, hopes, and felicity—that it can enjoy, here or hereafter, and all are centred in this human soul! This, the human soul—this spirit of life, this life itself, this passive power of the brain—when does it come? and when does it depart? Who can reply to either mystery? I will venture to give an opinion, more for the purpose of eliciting other opinions than to establish my own. It is this:—That the passive power, or the human soul, gradually came into existence with the brain itself, and grew with its growth, and that the brain is the seat of the soul. The soul is the ethereal essence, animating the brain, giving life, vigour, and power to the nervous system, and still holding its own superior power, apart from the active principle of the brain.

When does it leave this citadel of its own? After the heart has ceased to beat, after circulation has ceased to flow, the eyes fixed, and death supposed to reign *supreme!* Yet the living principle of life remains, as if loth to give up to the enemy that fortress which it has enjoyed so long, but must eventually evacuate. It continues to remain there like a faithful and heroic sentinel, until the congestion of the brain is complete. Therefore, the

conclusion of the writer is, that after a patient is supposed dead, and after being laid out, he actually lives for some hours, and probably is acquainted with all that is passing around.

More, much more, could be said, but I must not venture further. This is holy ground, and which all men reverence. When and how the soul wings its way to realms unknown, the writer leaves to abler minds than his own to define. Here is a stupendous subject for the thinking portion of mankind to study—our metaphysicians, our philosophers, the medical student, and every man of scientific research. Let everyone think well upon this particular subject; it will fill him with the deepest interest, wonder, and amazement; it will carry him nearer to his great Creator, by studying the Creator's most magnificent creation—man's most wonderful brain! The soul being its essence, it is a subject that must be treated with tender care and deep reflection, and although men may for centuries devote their utmost energies in its research, it will be impossible ever to give it a perfect solution. Yet humanity will be benefitted by the study. The human brain has been given to man as a source of comfort and intelligence, and as was attempted to be explained in an earlier portion of this essay, it is "the everything" to humanity while humanity exists. But when life has ceased, who can tell its form, its abode, or describe its existence and its beatitudes? It is only those who see by the eye of faith, that can follow the soul, in its flight to "joys beyond, to realms of heavenly bliss."

It is pleasing to know that, at the present hour, there is a spirit of charity and mercy in the pulpit in all that

concerns the soul of man. Fifty years ago *everlasting punishment* was the rule of preaching, and the denunciations were so strong, that the poor soul was filled with terror, and in many cases, dismay and insanity; but now we find it different. Ministers of religion now preach and teach a gospel more in harmony with the character of God and the necessities of man—the spirit of the age and the education of the people. They are beginning now to say, that which is in harmony with nature and the human soul,—“*God is Love.*”

*Spiritualism, Psychology, etc.*

There is a very prevalent belief among many members of the human family, numbering their hundreds of thousands, who firmly and conscientiously believe that the spirit, after it leaves the body, revisits the earth and follows, watches, and protects their beloved ones who are still in the flesh. They also believe that departed spirits can “control” a medium, and communicate words of wisdom and counsel. We are told that the spirits of men and women, who have departed this life, a thousand years ago, can prove their identity by relating historical facts of the time in which they lived, and also that very extraordinary addresses are often given. The Spiritualists, no doubt, are doing a great and good work to mankind, by increasing the power of spiritual thought, and endeavouring to teach their fellow-men that they must live in accordance with higher laws and principles, and thus elevate themselves to higher and still higher degrees of excellency. They say this is the condition of spirit-life in the after-state, and that this should be the chief end of all who dwell on earth. This cannot be

otherwise than a great and noble work, and must eventually cause men to think, and thereby improve their surroundings, and thus benefit mankind, by constantly elevating their ideas, and that by the faith they have of being watched over by the spirits of their departed friends. I do not wish to contradict those ideas, although, at the same time, I cannot reconcile some of them. As a psychological student, I do not think it probable, or even possible, for a spirit to revisit the earth after it has left it. This is stated as the *settled conviction* of one who has studied the human soul, and also the spirits, or so called appearance of ghosts, for more than fifty years. Such a thing, I am convinced, is an impossibility. There are, no doubt, many extraordinary appearances on record, and many of them are facts, which, at the first thought, may be supposed to be from the "spirit world." Those appearances, however, are not facts in reality, as imagined; the appearance is the appearance only, the fact lies in the brain of the person who sees the appearance, reflected on the imagination, and, no doubt, produced by some extraordinary process in the brain caused by a magnetic action from some other mind, through an intensity of feeling which excites a power and influence on the brain of the one intended! This is a subject, also, of wonderful subtlety, that cannot be explained, but that such influence exists, is well known to almost everyone. A friend who did not believe, and who was opposed to such ideas, saw his brother, with whom a great sympathy existed, standing at his parlour door. He, delighted to see him, rose from his chair, and went towards him to welcome him—when lo, he had vanished, and he afterwards found that at



that time his brother had left this mortal life. My friend could only conclude that his brother felt an intense desire to see him, and so accumulated an electric force that struck as a flash his own brain, and produced the appearance of his brother. This is a wonderful, yet most natural conclusion. A thousand such cases are known, and believed to be forced on the imagination of the brain by some outside influence, acting magnetically or electrically.

*His Satanic Majesty! and what he was.*

The writer when a youth, happened to be in a church one day alone, and was walking down an aisle when, turning his head sharply round, saw a figure which, for beauty of finish as a work of art, would have commanded a high price. Being young, I then believed in his Satanic Majesty, and there he was, as perfect in form as imagination could picture!—clean, smart, and perfect, with his cloven feet, piercing eyes, sharp ears, a barbed tail, gracefully curved upwards, and with dark green scales covering his whole body! He might have been pronounced beautiful, had it not been for the character conceived of him; but as it was, I was terrified, and soon parted from my visitor and the church also, but not from the impression, for I see him now while I write. He photographed himself on my brain, and it is there still. This shows the extraordinary faculty of the mind in this particular. In after years, pursuing this circumstance to a discovery, I found out that a crow, flying across a dome skylight overhead, was the cause of all the terror; the shadow produced the material, and the imagination finished the picture like a lightning flash. The

model was perfection, and any city, I am sure, would be proud of it, as an exhibition of pure art and beauty, for their Art Gallery, and all this from a mere shadow! It is with regret I cannot continue upon this theme, there is so much that could be said upon the human brain—its functions, its magnificent powers, its influences, and its eventuality—that in a small essay one is not capable of pursuing its delightful wonders. There is the *magnetic power* of the brain, which has its acknowledgments in the *preception* of coming events, as well as the *perception* of passing circumstance, away from the individuality. This is a subject of immense importance.

*On the Safe Treatment of Chloroform.*

Chloroform and other anæsthetics, often given to relieve the patient during painful operations, sometimes prove fatal, and are really dangerous, if given incautiously, however strong the patient's heart may be. These should be given with the greatest care, and in this way: one breathing of chloroform, then take away the sponge, and allow two breathings of atmospheric air; then another breathing of chloroform, always allowing the patient to breathe the air as well as the anæsthetic. I told this to an old medical friend some years since. He thanked me for the suggestion, and he has never had an accident. If allowed to breathe the chloroform continuously, it lulls the heart to its everlasting rest. A little ether and water is a good restoration for the heart's reaction.

*Faith Healing in a Lesser Degree.*

There is great sympathy with many people at the present time, in what is called "Faith Healing;" but


so much may be said to those who will read these pages, that they will find that the brain has much to do with the health of humanity, even to the resuscitation of the supposed dead, and this apart from any feeling of a religious or supernatural character; at the same time, however, it must be admitted that many persons have died from religious excitement, and also from many other causes produced entirely from the mind.

*The Charming of Warts.*

Enough has been previously said to show the reader how marvellous is the faculty of the human brain, and how incomprehensible it is to itself; it knows this, that it is God's greatest gift, but knows very little of its wondrous powers—comparatively nothing. To show the power of mind over matter, I will state a very common circumstance that occupied my mind, for more than thirty years before I found a satisfactory explanation. I suppose almost every one knows what warts are. They are excrescences of growth on various parts of the body, especially on the hands, and are very troublesome. Now these are cured in various ways. One method is by applying acids and other chemicals; another way is by rubbing the warts with a bit of raw beef, "which one must steal, and *and let nobody know.*" Others rub the warts with the inside shell of a broad bean, and many other similar methods might be mentioned. The above recipes may be considered not only as physical, but also as psychical remedies,—I believe principally psychical. I will now offer a few remarks on the latter, and hundreds of instances could be given where such remedies are repeated daily, sometimes a gentleman, but

more frequently a lady, being the "charmer." A person goes to one of these charmers with his or her hands, as the case may be, covered with warts, and says,—“I have heard you can charm warts away.” “Yes, that is so,” replies the charmer, “how many have you got?” The patient then says I have so many, giving the number. The charmer never touching, not even looking at the warts, says,—“Oh yes, it’s all right, they will be all gone in a few days,” and before a week has elapsed, the warts will have disappeared, to the gratification of the patient and astonishment of friends, not one left to tell him or her that they had ever such a thing on their person.

I hesitate to proceed farther, for I fear I shall break the “charm” to those who will read these pages, for all charms lose their potency whenever their secret is discovered, and it will be so with those who know this one, let the charmer charm ever so sweetly. The spell will be broken, that is, the brain will fortify itself by the knowledge now given. But as I think my readers will feel a disappointment if I do not communicate the secret of the charm, I will, therefore, just give it. As I do not believe in any power outside of Nature, it gives me great pleasure in exposing the so-called power of the charm, and to explain in its place a most wonderful result of Nature’s own law. It is this: Each wart has a nerve that gives it life, vigour, and growth, and these nerves belong to the ten millions that have their centre in the brain; and, by some unknown law, when the brain understands the warts are to go, the brain, exercising this power, the nerve or nerves attached to them are withdrawn, and, as a consequence, the warts die away, which



may be truly called "Faith Healing," though in a lesser degree.

*An Electrical Seance.*

It is somewhere about eighteen years ago since an "Electrical Seance" was held at Albert Gate, London, when telegraphic messages were sent from there to St. Petersburg in an incredibly short time, and replies received so quickly, that perfectly astonished the illustrious visitors who were present. A learned Professor, who was one of the sitters, jokingly said, but I think with some forethought, that in the future, and that at no distant date, it would be possible for an individual to send a message to another person to any part of the earth, without the aid of the ordinary means of communication now in use, and that by the power of the magnetic influence of the brain! "However ridiculous," the Professor said, "this may appear at the present time, I think it exceedingly probable that such a thing will yet come to pass!" These words, no doubt, sounded somewhat strange to those who heard them at the time they were spoken, though some were in sympathy with the Professor's idea, myself among them, and who still think that, when magnetism becomes better understood, its influence, combined with the brain's magnetic power, will, no doubt, be found equal to the occasion, and that, eventually, magnetism and electricity will revolutionize the world of thought!

*Dr. Ferrán's Inoculation as a Preventive of Cholera.*

It is astonishing how quickly mankind will run after a nostrum, or a new idea, and accept it without any reflection or reasoning, and commit themselves to the

risk of extreme suffering, and even death, like a flock of silly sheep. For example, here is a notion prevalent in Spain, and is taken from a local paper:—"The *Lancet* prints a letter from its Special Correspondent in Valencia, devoted chiefly to a description of Dr. Ferrán, and his experiments in inoculation for cholera. At the outset, it may be as well to state that the correspondent 'very much doubts' whether any good will result to medical science; at any rate it will take, he says, a long time, much research, and a careful table of statistics, which, he fears, are not to be obtained in Spain, before anything worth publishing in this country can be had. Up to the present, the one established value of inoculation, is, that among the credulous and ignorant, it has done much to allay panic. In Alcira, especially, the populace have the most absolute faith in Dr. Ferrán, many of these going to be inoculated, will permit the operation to be performed by the Doctor only, having a kind of superstitious faith in him. In opposition to the testimony of Dr. Jelly, an eminent English physician, who avers that sad effects have arisen from inoculation in the shape of phlegmenous ulcers and blood poisoning, the correspondent says,— 'On asking Dr. Ferrán, if in all his inoculations (now some thousands) he had seen or heard of any one having suffered ill effects, either constitutionally or locally,' he declared, most emphatically,—No! In the laboratory of the Doctor were ranged about 100 bottles containing his redoubtable micro-organisms. His system is thus described. He considers the comma bacillus as only one of several stages of the micro-organism, and utilising it as finally developed by himself, he injects it—suspended in chicken-broth or beef-tea—into the human being,

either securing the individual against attack altogether, or ensuring attack in only a very mild form. The *Lancet's* 'Special' found the Doctor, with two assistants, busily engaged in inoculating people of all ages and sexes, the operation being simple and easily performed. About half a cubic centimetre of the fluid containing the micro-organism, is placed in a small hypodermic syringe, and injected into the back of the arm, about four inches above the elbow, both arms being usually operated on. In about six hours subsequently, the constitutional symptoms set in, lasting from four to forty-eight hours, and varying in violence in different individuals. Dr. Ferrán favourably impressed the correspondent, to whom he showed letters he had received from many distinguished men in Europe, encouraging him in his work, and he expressed particular anxiety that the English government should institute a thorough investigation of the matter."

*Trichinæ and its Miseries.*

Now, here is a terrible practice—infusing a living organism into the blood of a healthy human being to produce a disease. How long will this organism exist in the system? Will it not tend to weaken the whole system, and lower the *vis vitæ* of life, if not to destroy the constitution of any human being, who may suffer from such an infection? Who knows the consequence of such a horribly wicked and stupid treatment? We know very little of micro-organisms comparatively. We have heard of trichinæ, an organism which is taken into the system by eating diseased pork, and if so taken, it begins its dreadful work by attacking the muscles of the body, multiplying in extraordinary numbers, and eating up and

destroying the muscles of the human frame till death mercifully intervenes and relieves the miseries of the individual thus attacked, and as far as we know, there is no certain remedy for such a disease.\*

I do not know whether flour or milk of sulphur has been tried, but I should think, by continuously taking it, the system would be so saturated with it, that it would tend to stop the ravages of this formidable parasite, as it is said no such organism can live where sulphur exists. To illustrate the fecundity of the lower order of life, a scientist with whom I am acquainted, in speaking of life in the atmosphere, said—"The air we breathe is so charged with life, and so minute, that if you looked into your hand, you could see nothing, but with an ordinary microscope, you might discover something like dust; by taking a microscope of the largest power, you would see innumerable living creatures, and those little creatures—so small, that the human eye, without the greatest power of microscope, cannot possibly detect—are so prolific, that a pair will produce and multiply in three hours more in number of their species than there are human inhabitants on the face of the earth." This is a most surprising fact, and taking into consideration the little knowledge we possess of baccilla, bacteria, trichinæ, and other such organisms, are we not justly shocked at the idea of such a preposterous practice of injecting into the blood such an organism? It is nothing but sheer folly and wilful madness. It is murderous, in the extreme, to take men and women in perfect health, and inoculate them with a disease, under the impression that it will save them from a heavier form of the same dis-

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\* See Appendix.—"*A Drop of Water Magnified.*"



ease. The fact is, why should they have the disease at all, as has been asked in the case of other diseases? why should humanity court disease and death,

“Which, for ever nigh, stand ready at the door”?

*Dr. Ferrán's Theory Opposed.*

As Dr. Ferrán is desirous for the English Government to investigate the matter, it cannot be considered wrong, in one who takes an interest in the welfare of humanity, to inquire into the subject; and it is only fair to Dr. Ferrán to say, that whatever the verdict of history eventually may be with regard to his system, his character as a medical authority stands high—that he is a laborious student after knowledge, and possesses high scientific attainments. No one can doubt, but that he feels he is but doing his duty to his country, in thus bravely and heroically carrying on his system of inoculation among the many thousands of his afflicted people, in the hope of saving them from the miseries of this terrible scourge. His feelings and his intentions are highly commendable, pure, and right, but is his practice right? Here I throw down the gauntlet, and say—No! decidedly not!! I take my stand within the lines of Nature's law, and defy all comers. A bold attitude, some will say, but I have no fear, for, whatever may be the result, it will affect millions of the human family now living, and yet to live, either for better or for worse. Whatever conclusion may be come to, I hope humanity may be benefitted in the end. In taking up this position, I am sorry I have to come into collision with the opinions of some of our highest scientists, who, for their high attainments, I love and respect, and yet they are the greatest supporters of my cause I could have, though

they mean the contrary. They must forgive me, for we have but one common feeling, and that is, "the good of humanity," and serve only one object, signified in the word—"Truth."

Here are the words of a scientist, mark him carefully: "*Contagia* are living things, which demand certain elements of life, just as inexorably as trees, or wheat, or barley; and it is not difficult to see that a crop of a given parasite may so far use up a constituent existing in small quantities in the body, but essential to the growth of the parasite, so as to render the body unfit for a second crop. The soil is exhausted, and until the lost constituent is restored, the body is protected from any further attack of the same disorder. Such is the explanation of non-recurrent diseases which naturally presents itself to a thorough believer of the germ theory. To exhaust a soil, however, a parasite less vigorous and destructive than the really virulent one may suffice; and if after having, by means of a feebler organism, exhausted the soil without fatal result, the most highly virulent parasite be introduced into the system, it will prove powerless. This, in the language of the germ theory, I hold to be the secret of the immunity which attends vaccination."

#### *Those Inexorable Creatures.*

Now then, to inoculate for procuring disease, you have to put into the blood an organism, which is a living creature, or, from what we know, *many* living creatures, "which demand certain elements of life, inexorably." The person inoculated is in health at the time, and, by this process, it is supposed that this "inexorable creature will feed upon any constituent existing in small quan-

tities in the body," and which is "essential to the growth of the parasite." Now this is a strange idea. But let us accept it, and say, after these parasites have grown as large as they can, and eaten up all the "constituent" they can find, whatever that may be, what becomes of them? They have been eating and feeding upon some unfortunate patient, who was well before these parasites were injected into his blood, but what had the patient for them to feed upon when he was in good health! Was it necessary that he should be made ill because he was well? But where is the parasite? What has become of it? Is it in the blood or the brain? Where is it? Has it died of starvation, as the body is rendered "unfit for a second crop"? A second crop of what—of parasites? This must be so, as "the soil is exhausted, until the lost constituent is restored." It appears past comprehension to suppose that a person in good health should have this "constituent" within him that would feed those creatures, and that after they had eaten up all the food they could find within, he would not be able to support a "second crop."

*What have they Done?*

Why should we have a second crop? Nay, why should we have a first crop? Let it be asked—What has it done for him, and how has that been effected which it has done? This is a curious question that demands a curious reply, to satisfy the powers of reason and common-sense. The patient has been inoculated, while in a healthy state, to give him an attack of cholera in a *mild* form. The injection of this "parasite"—this "germ of disease"—this "comma baccillus," is no sooner

put into his blood, than this healthy patient is diseased, and in about six hours subsequently, the constitutional symptoms set in, lasting from four to forty-eight hours, and varying in violence in different individuals. Now, here comes the question, How has this been effected? This parasite is no sooner in the patient's blood, than they, breeding furiously, set to work to feed upon what they find, "certain elements of life." In six hours they appear to be masters of the situation, and have made the patient very ill. They have made the strong man weak; they have prostrated the powerful man into a helpless creature, suffering all the agonies of cholera, though pretended to be of a "milder form." Pretended? yes, pretended. Seeing that the inoculated and re-inoculated send their quota of victims to the cemetery, I must ask my kind readers to read this patiently, while I pursue the question, How has it been effected? I want to satisfy them that it is a very important and delicate matter to oppose the opinion of men, high in science and deep in research, who may, at the same time, be led away by the appearance of a value and goodness in some new theory which, upon closer investigation, may prove to themselves to be a mistake, and verified by experience, and to be, as many other things have been, *a fatal mistake*, which, instead of benefitting mankind, has been just the contrary, in producing irremedial miseries, and leading the mind away from more valuable and nobler ideas. Now, let us go back to the question. The poor patient has had the full benefit of the "inexorable" parasite. The doctor is delighted, his attention and scientific knowledge, with his germ disease, has done its work successfully, that is, with those who happen to

survive. His inoculation has been a success, and as far as the operation is concerned, he wishes the English Government to investigate the matter. It is already investigated, and history will record its failure, and in a little time men will be staggered in reading of its career, and with amazement wonder how such a thing could be practised at so late a period of scientific knowledge. How did the parasite produce the disease in six hours? The small injection might have multiplied itself by millions in that time, at the rate they have the power of increasing themselves; and what sort of creatures are they?

*A Description of the Parasite.*

Here they are, as taken from a London periodical, of Dr. Farrán's own description—"The germ of the parasite is an organism, and this organism, before its existence becomes perceptible, is of gradual growth. It consists of an exceedingly minute globule, with a spiral elongation, and these spirals, when meeting, unite and contract, forming minute spherical bodies, which are called the *Spores*. But these *spores* are rendered fruitful—and fruitful of evil—by contact with other particles of the same system, and from each spore projects other spiral formations, each with an independent existence. And *the process of multiplication goes on with astounding rapidity, until the innumerable germs, each possessing a strong retractile power, must injuriously or fatally affect any human organism in which they are lodged.*"

Such is Dr. Farrán's theory of choleraic disease. The Doctor has given us his description of parasitical assistants; he has done his work with a little syringe upon

the arm of his healthy patient; but how have they done their work—this few who multiply, with “astounding rapidity,” who must go on increasing in millions, nay in billions, as long as they exist—what do they do for their part of the process? Do they eat up any part of the poor patient, of whose body they have been given possession of? Do they finish up their operations within the forty-eight hours the patient is in agonising suffering? or is his system reconciled by this time, or his power of nerves or brain become insensible to their existence within him, that although he is prostrate from the sufferings he has undergone, yet he feels them not—although he survives, he knows them not? Have they assimilated their nature to his? or by their feeding upon this unfortunate victim, have they changed his nature, and assimilated it to themselves, so as to live in harmony as long as he exists? It must be a curious reply to satisfy this curious and most serious question.

#### *A Strange Proposal.*

To facilitate our ideas upon this extraordinary subject, let us suppose a man of eminence saying to his friend,—You know there is such a disease as scrofula, which is very bad, and when its affliction comes, the consequences are very sad. Now, as I respect you very much, and as you enjoy the best of health, I would like to save you from ever getting a serious attack of this fearful disease, therefore, let me act upon the theory of an eminent physician, and inject into your blood a few germs of scrofula organism, so that you may be preserved against any dangerous attack of scrofula. Would any one so invited accept the kind suggestion, though made from

the strongest feelings of friendship? Would any sane person consent to gratify a friend, however much respected, even should his faith in his friend's theory extend even to a mania? For a further exemplification of the absurdity of this principle, let us suppose that the eminent physician of Berlin, the very distinguished Dr. Koch—may his name be for ever honoured!—who discovered that Phthisis, or consumption, was caused by the living organism, "Baccilla," and that this dear man found out also that this creature could not only be prevented from eating up the lungs of the poor patient, but that the parasite could be entirely destroyed by taking, as a medicine, flour of sulphur : well, suppose that some one believing in the theory of Dr. Ferrán, and one of our own scientists should go forth with all the assurance possible, in perfect good faith, and proclaim to all persons in good health that they should be at once inoculated with the Baccilla, that they may take consumption in a *mild* form, so as to prevent their having a *rapid* consumption. What would such persons say? What would the world think of this enthusiast? Would he not be at once considered a lunatic, and his theory idiotic?

*Proposal for the Prevention of Cholera.*

Why cannot the ingenuity and fertile brain of our eminent men not produce a more natural method of preventing those great plagues? Is there no way of protecting the general health of humanity without poisoning the blood and filling the system with living organisms that are so destructive to life? I hesitate not to say, that there is a very simple and natural way of checking and effectually stamping out such disorders, and

that without increasing the liability to engender and spread any particular epidemic disease that may appear, by an attempt to produce a milder form of any particular disorder. I submit my prescription—if such it may be called—and if tried, I have every confidence that the result will be attended with success :

Let a district where cholera is raging, or its outbreak feared, be selected, and take a hundred or a thousand families, or, better still, the whole population, and let them be placed under the supervision of a staff of officers appointed by a Government board of health, to see that the following regulations are faithfully carried out, and instructions for which will be published in the form of an order or proclamation, and to be strictly enforced in every particular:—That all sewers, cesspools, water-closets, horse, cow, and all such refuse, shall be under sanitary regulations, and that all dirty streets, courts, and alleys shall be kept clean. That all the inhabitants shall be incited to habits of cleanliness, and shall be compelled, if need be, to sponge their bodies once every day, and have a bath once a week at least. Public baths and wash-houses to be open, free. Every person, man, woman, and child, to wear a flannel garment next to their skin, to be changed for a clean one every week, and a fortnight should not be allowed to elapse without a change of this garment. Each person to take, three times a-week, a little milk and flour of sulphur, about as much as would lie on a threepenny piece, and a little less for children; this to be continued for a fortnight, at the end of the fortnight to be taken less frequently, as circumstances may suggest, the object being to keep the skin in a free and active state, not to cause too great



a perspiration, which must be avoided, but to bring about a comfortable softness of the skin, while a dry and harsh surface must be prevented. Particular attention should also be given to the food. No unripe fruit, or badly cooked or stale vegetables, should be taken. Pure or filtered water should be used, or, if there be a suspicion of its not being pure, it should be boiled as well as filtered, and every one should take a glass of water every morning. This cleanses the stomach and the whole of the system. The people, too, should be impressed with the necessity of regular habits; they should go *every day*, at a certain hour, to attend to the calls of nature, whether they feel inclined or not, and this will form a habit which will prove most advantageous to health, and will be a partial preventive of cholera, if not a total one; it will, at all events, help to prevent fatal results. In every house there should be kept, ready for use, some spirits of camphor, and whenever any one is attacked with pains in the stomach or bowels, four or six drops should be given on a piece of sugar, every quarter or half-hour, till a medical man can be got to attend the sufferer.\*

*Cheerfulness Necessary for Health.*

I have seen wonderful effects from this treatment, and am sure if this is attended to, there need be no fear. A

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\* It is a very excellent practice to have always a little camphor about the person. I have carried for years in my waistcoat pocket a small tin box, perforated with holes, which can be bought at any druggist's for a penny; I keep it filled with camphor, and have given many a piece to individuals I have met who were complaining of pains in the stomach, etc. A bit half the size of a pea, taken twice or three times in an hour, has generally relieved the sufferer. It should only be taken when considered necessary.

cheerful state of mind should be kept up ; no desponding conversation, but everything done to enliven and cheer the hearts of the people. The mind should be kept free from the fear of taking the disease ; and above all, means be taken to prevent a panic of fear. Confidence should be created in the public mind by teaching the people to adhere strictly to the laws of health, to pay more attention as regards their clothing, diet, and cleanliness, and by doing so they may care very little about cholera and fever, etc. Providence, as has been said, helps those who help themselves, and if we do our part faithfully, there need be no fear for the rest.

Fifty years ago, as I remember well, cholera was raging in our country, people walked along the streets in terror ; panic had seized them, and they died by hundreds, while those who were fortified by the sense of duty to themselves and their fellow-men, *had no fear*. They went about trying to relieve their neighbours, and escaped unscathed themselves. If a man is ill, and you tell him he will die, it is ten chances to one but you will kill him, or if he has a fear of taking any disorder, it is very likely his fears will produce it. I have seen this many a time, and as will be seen in these pages, when you cheer up a patient, you give him confidence and renewed vigour to live—and he survives. If the regulations I have given above be faithfully carried out, I need say nothing as to what the result will be. The district so conducted will show a perfect immunity from the disease, although surrounded by devastation and death. This treatment applies also to all classes of epidemics which cause such terror and fatality in a district, as none of these diseases can approach a healthy skin without

closing its pores, and which must be watched with the greatest attention, and immediately relieved. The great safety-valve of life must be always free, and, which cannot be too often stated, must be the first attention of medical men and nurses.

*Flannel a Great Protection.*

An illustration of the great advantage of wearing flannel next to the skin is given by a gentleman I know, who is now in his eightieth year, and who stands five feet ten inches in height, and weighs over fourteen stone, and is as upright as any man can be. He never wears a top-coat, and always wears two flannel shirts, winter and summer. When he was in the West Indies and South America, where he resided for several years, under the heat of a tropical sun, he moved freely about in the heat of noonday, while the natives would not venture from beneath the shade. While in this hot climate, he always wore an extra flannel, that is, he wore three at once, and the proof of its utility is supported by the fact that he never had a day's illness in his life, and notwithstanding his advanced age, he is strong and robust, the picture of perfect health, and he is as fine a specimen of humanity as can be found.

This reminds me also of the fevers Europeans are subject to when in warm climates, and the fatal results too often attending such attacks. The suggestion arises, would it not be well for our own Government, and other Governments as well, when sending out soldiers and sailors to tropical climates, to provide them with a good supply of flannel shirts to be worn *next the skin*? The cost would be comparatively small compared to the com-

fort and health that would follow such a wise provision. We are told that it takes a good round sum to produce an efficient soldier or sailor, and looking at the subject from a mere monetary point of view, it would be profitable to the government so doing, and beneficial to their soldiers and sailors. Surely no country would grudge such an outlay, where the life, health, and comfort of her children are concerned, and more especially to those who give themselves to its service at great risk and sacrifice. Every one, man, woman, and child, I am persuaded, would be healthier if flannel were worn next the skin; in the summer months, especially, it would assist to preserve the health by keeping the safety-valve of life in proper order.

*Hydrophobia and Proposed Preventive.*

Among other calamities to which human flesh is heir, there is the dreadful disease of hydrophobia—caused by the bite of a mad dog—which seems to be beyond the skill of our most experienced and skilful physicians. I hope I may be pardoned for stating my views upon this terrible distemper, and, at the same time, submitting a cure, or, more properly speaking, a preventive. The remedy I propose is of a very simple character, but will, I presume, prove effectual in preventing the disease from coming into existence. It will be evident to the reader, that the mechanical elimination of the deadly virus through the pores of the skin would protect the system, and thus prevent the poisoning of the blood. I recommend all those who may be attacked with the distemper, to take frequent Turkish Baths, and, at the same time, for two, three, or four months, small doses of the

flour of sulphur *daily*, until the system is thoroughly cleansed from all impurities. There are other medicines, known as antiseptics, which will assist to throw off any poisonous matter that may be in the blood, but as it is well known that sulphur possesses great power in destroying organic life, it should be taken in preference to any other antidote, and Dr. Koch's treatment of consumption with sulphur—known as the "Sulphur Cure"—fully confirms its wonderful character as a medicine.

The name of M. Pasteur, a very eminent French physician, has been before the public for some time in relation to this disorder. His remedy is to inoculate the patient with a virus intended to bring about a mild attack of hydrophobia, his aim being to protect those thus inoculated from ever having a fatal attack of the disease. Although I consider this an unnatural way of treatment, yet there is one small crumb of comfort in it, that the individual so treated may in reality have been bitten, and may be already under the ban of death, so to speak, and the virus from the bite of the dog all the while carrying on its deadly work, and the doomed one all unconscious of the fact. In such a case the attempt to save the patient is most praiseworthy, but I should prefer a method more in accordance with Nature's laws, if at all practicable. Here is one very curious feature in the dog; we are told that he never perspires through the skin, and if this be so, the question very naturally arises, Will the human being, afflicted with hydrophobia, perspire when suffering from its attack? If not, then my position is strengthened when I say, that the pores of the skin being kept open, will prove an antidote to this fearful distemper. Not being a medical man, and

never having seen a case of hydrophobia, I cannot speak authoritatively upon the point, but infer from deductions that the patient *does not* perspire; if this be so, there is no relief; and here is the secret of the whole matter: keep open the safety-valves of life, under all circumstances and conditions, and the patient is on the sure road to health. Proper attention has never as yet been given to this all-important question, but it is, I firmly believe, the real and true *saviour* of life and health, and, if attended to by all who read these pages, will tend to make them healthy, happy, and wise.

An eminent scientist tells us that "madness in human beings is always referred to the brain, but in rabies, the saliva was considered to be the contagious matter. Pasteur has proved this to be a complete delusion. The saliva is, no doubt, infectious, but its contagium is derived from the brain and the nervous system." This, no doubt, is the fact, and can be verified.\* The question, however, arises,—How does the saliva assimilate itself with the brain and the nervous system? Can it be otherwise than through the blood, or can it be produced from fear alone, or the action of the virus from

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\* Going to a dog dealer's house with a friend who wanted to buy a dog, where there were a large number of dogs, great and small, some mild and gentle, and others looking quite ferocious, I asked the dealer if he was not afraid of being bitten. He said, No, he did not like it, but he did not care much about it; he had been selling dogs for more than twenty years, had been bitten hundreds of times (exhibiting lots of scars on his hands, arms, and legs), and he was none the worse for it. I expressed my surprise at his treating the subject so cavalierly, and asked him if he was not afraid of getting hydrophobia. He said, he had not the least thought about it, if he had had fear he should have been mad and dead years ago. He had been bitten by dogs people said were mad; but they never did him any harm. "What do you do when you get bit?" "I wash the wound with urine, tie a piece of rag round it, and never think of it again. It's fear that makes people go mad." I have often thought this a lesson to consider.

the saliva and fear combined? My theory is, that if you can eliminate virus, through the skin, from the system, *there can be no result from what does not exist*, and the very action taken in pursuing this course would give the patient confidence and relief from all fear. Hence the happy result—no hydrophobia! This, no doubt, is a very simple method, but I feel certain that it will prove a perfect preventive if faithfully carried out, it being on true mechanical lines.

This Essay is now drawing to a close, and the writer trusts that he has placed before his readers facts, as well as suggestions, from which they may be benefitted; and that those who have looked upon vaccination as a great blessing, and who consider the denunciations against it as “sheer nonsense,” are invited to give a more patient inquiry into facts, and they will soon discover for themselves its entire failure as a remedy against smallpox, as well as the lasting injuries and fatal effects produced in our own country, and wherever vaccination is practised. The honest inquirer will be appalled when he finds that many thousands of poor little infants, and also adults, die in this country every year through the effects of vaccination alone! He will be convinced that the mischief it is doing among all classes in the community is far greater than he imagined. This being so, if he will then turn his attention and inquire into the nature and character of the safety-valve of life, he will find that it is equal both to prevent and cure the disease when properly attended to.

As there can be no greater deception possible than when individuals deceive themselves, we would earnestly

recommend every one to study the vaccination laws ; let them honestly face facts, and then draw conclusions. No good can possibly result from winking at facts, and giving credit to mere whims and fancies that have no place but in the imagination. This *is* deception, and is frequently done in the returns of the causes of death among infants! If the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth were told, it would be found that vaccination is the prolific source of painful, loathsome, and, we might almost add, nameless disorders among the people. The doctors, too, in hundreds, nay, might it not be safely said, in thousands of instances, would then have to certify to the fatal effects of this inhuman and vile practice.

But let us suppose that nothing could be said against the promoters of vaccination, or even against vaccination itself, when it is shown that the skin alone, kept in proper condition, is sufficient to prevent, and also to cure, what occasion is there of introducing a virus into the blood of a pure and healthy child, to give it disease, and this disease often resulting in death? What need is there for the disease? Why court death? Why have smallpox at all, or the worst forms of fever, when, as has been shown in this Essay, they can be prevented? It has also been seen, that when a proper treatment has been advised and faithfully carried out, death has had to relinquish his grasp, and that, too, to the great astonishment of medical men, who could not understand how it was that the patient recovered, and disappointed death of his supposed victory! How delightful to every one concerned! What a blessing to snatch the poor victims from the relentless foe, and see them brought



back to life with all its sweet endearments of love and friendship!

I now come back to the original question, and ask,—Are those who know the results of vaccination right in resisting it? After reading these pages, there may be, perhaps, some of its readers inclined to alter their opinion, and say: Yes, I think the anti-vaccinators are right, while others may assert that they are wrong; it is the law, and the law should be obeyed. Well, all true Englishmen desire to obey, support, and respect the law; and who can doubt but those who oppose vaccination are as loyal and true to their country as any in the land, although they feel bound by the love and devotion they have for their children, and also to their consciences, to oppose this most absurd, cruel, and wicked enactment. The thing itself, to any thinking person, is of such an outrageous character, that he cannot help coming to the conclusion, that if vaccination was carried on outside of law, and, perchance, the infant died, as many thousands do, the vaccinator would be charged with manslaughter, if not with murder!

Now, in this great country, the home of liberty; the envy of the world; the shelter for the patriot who cannot find liberty in his own native land; whose civilisation extends to the most distant parts of the earth; whose colours float in every breeze, and upon whose dominions the sun never sets; whose laws are supposed to be founded on the principles of justice and mercy!—here, in this favoured land of ours, for which every Briton's heart throbs with emotions of delight, and especially on his return from a foreign shore, confirming the words of the poet when he says,—

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my *own*, my native land!” —

Here, in this country, dear to every inhabitant, and honoured by all men—in this age of progress, at the end of the enlightened nineteenth century, when knowledge, intelligence, and science are making such rapid strides,—there is a law on the statute book that compels a father to have his children vaccinated—with all its attendant horrors—or be fined or committed to prison. I know a case where a father was summoned four or five times for not having his children vaccinated, and as often paid the fines. The last time he was summoned, he felt so injured and disgusted at the continued persecution, that he resolved not to pay any more fines, and to stand the consequences. He was sent to prison for a month! At the time he was in a very weak state of health, and on his brother making inquiry, he discovered that the sentence carried with it hard labour, and although the prison authorities were told this was illegal, and that the law did not authorise hard labour for such an offence, yet the officials said it would be carried through in spite of all that might be said to the contrary. His brother knowing that hard labour would soon finish him, paid the fine, but he did not long survive the worry of this occurrence, for, shortly after, he was called away, to where the weary rest in peace!

Now, here was a true man, a respectable citizen, a loyal and faithful subject, a man beloved by his wife, family, and friends, a good husband, and a fond father, persecuted continuously, even unto death! And for what, because he loved his children! Oh! favoured land, where is thy justice! where is thy mercy! Is it justice

to fine and imprison a man, because his love for his offspring will not permit him to see them sacrificed—even by law's decree—and when his conscience incites him to resist such an enactment, to be persecuted to the bitter end?

I wonder how many there are in this country, at the present moment, undergoing similar persecution for what cannot morally be called an offence. In their resistance to such a law, parents are only showing their love and devotion to their children.\* I think the time has come when our judges and representatives should look into the question, and put an end to such disgraceful proceedings by a speedy repeal of the unrighteous Act. It is surely their duty to do so, not only to the thousands they represent, but also for the honour and dignity of the country.

May I appeal to the eminent statesmen of this great and mighty realm, and ask them to do justice, and act with mercy towards those who feel this unjust law "too grievous to be borne"? You eminent men who, by your great wisdom and knowledge, have risen to your high position, and who must have also the feelings of parental love and affection, and a keen conscientious feeling of duty to those who are your own dear ones, let me appeal to your tender sympathies for that power to assist in the alteration of this most cruel law, for the

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\* The following is taken from a local paper, dated 11th July, 1884,—  
"A quantity of goods, seized from the houses of defaulters under the Vaccination Acts, were sold by public auction at Leicester yesterday. The Chief Constable and 45 policemen were present to preserve order, and the sale passed off without violence. Great interest was evinced in the proceedings, as there are over 3,000 persons waiting to be summoned, and the administration of the Acts is entirely suspended in the town." It was afterwards asserted that there are upwards of 4,000 awaiting to be summoned in Leicester alone.

benefit of others who, like yourselves, feel that the parental care is far more efficacious than any interference of a law can possibly be, especially when such vital interests are at stake.

It cannot be that men of such high intelligence, chosen as the representatives of a great people, are indifferent to the health and happiness of those who placed them in that high position. This is impossible. Their interests are identical. The blessings of health individually, to every member of a country, must be an advantage and a blessing to the country itself, and must tend to enlarge its greatness. Has this, the true health of the people, ever occurred to our representatives and legislators? Have they ever seriously inquired into this subject? Have they *carefully watched the daily circumstances of life, and the consequences of events, as they should do?* Do they think sufficiently upon this to enlighten their ideas beyond the formula of ordinary routine? This appears to be the deficiency, or else how can it be accounted for, that the appeal made to the House of Commons in the month of June, 1883, and supported by such astounding and irresistible facts, as given by the hon. members for Leicester and Stockport, should meet with such a tardy response, and dismissed as a subject of very little consequence? What can it be that causes a thing of so vital importance to be treated with such ignominy? It is this: that everyone of England's children is to have its pure blood poisoned and diseased by Act of Parliament, and murder committed by the law of the land! This is a fact, or it is not a fact. There is no use in quibbling over the question — it is, or it is not. Which is it? And yet it is

looked upon so unthinkingly by the majority of our representatives. Why is it? It cannot be indifference. It must be from a deficiency of knowledge as to the facts resulting from vaccination—those horrible facts which are constantly occurring daily in our great and noble country. Can this cruel thing continue much longer to disgrace our country? Reason and common-sense will soon decide, if no scientific knowledge hastens to the rescue, to free England from her iniquitous laws.

*The Press.*

How will it be possible to approach the opposing power of the "mighty press," whose influence is so great, whose reflex of public opinion is so strong, who instruct and guide the general sentiments of our people, who circulate knowledge to the farthest ends of the earth, who are the first to denounce injustice, folly, ignorance, superstition, and all and every wrong-doing, who hold out the hand of sympathy for the unfortunate and distressed, in their pleadings for the suffering brotherhood of man—who are the first to herald forth with joy any new idea or problem of science and fact, who seek justice for all men, and proclaim freedom and justice to friend and foe alike? Will they, the press of England—the press of the world—will they not be just? I will answer with a bold affirmative, Yes, justice and truth give to the press its position; it must follow the teachings of its own precepts, and though it has been carried away by other's pleadings, it is yet open to incline in its course to the straight line of duty, not to any individual crotchet, but to the line of fact, truth and justice. And here I make my claim. To you, the humanisers of mankind;

to you, the most powerful; to you, who teach "knowledge is power;" to you, who are the power itself, I ask for justice! You cannot refuse; you must be just; your high position compels you to be just. How long would you be the mighty voice of public opinion if you ceased to be just? How long would you hold the high prestige you now enjoy? This needs no answer. I therefore continue my plea, and say, Cease your denunciations against those men who, though they do not think as you do, yet have an equal right, and a stronger motive than you, to formulate their conduct. They are forced on by fact, by reason, by natural affection. They have seen, by their own families, how much suffering and how much misery have been caused, and how often death has followed vaccination in thousands of cases. They know it is an unnatural process, and they also know that it is an unnecessary infliction. They know that Nature has her own remedy, and by her own *safety-valve* can prevent, as well as cure, not only smallpox, but nine-tenths of all diseases, if not the whole of them. Therefore, I say to you—the press, the mighty press—Be Just! Why should you denounce men who have that holy love, that affection and parental regard for their own dear offspring, and for whom they suffer persecution, the very relationship of whom should touch your noble hearts in tenderness towards them?

Be just! Let the press echo forth the sentiment—be just! and public opinion will soon take up the echo, and suffering humanity will respond with generous feelings of gratitude and delight. Many a mother's heart will beat with joy, and the world will soon acknowledge that the liberty, health, and existence of mankind, is no longer

outraged by a most horrid, wicked, and in many cases, fatal enforcement of a mis-directed and unjust law, which, though not so intended to be, is yet unjust.

To the men and women of England and of the world, little appeal to you is needed. You as parents feel your great responsibilities and your duties. You want no stirring words to excite your loving regard for the protection of your dear infants. Your own innate affection is quite sufficient to prompt you to love and regard your own sweet babes. Some of you have had your feelings lacerated when compelled to yield your dear ones to the hands of the vaccinator. Some have escaped, perhaps, a further infliction of misery; but many thousands have had to suffer untold agony of mind in watching your helpless, suffering infants, pine away in sickness, slow disease, and death, promulgated by this cruel law—this horrid infection of poisoned matter, taken from some already suffering from the disease, to be mixed up in the pure blood of your healthy children. Thus your joy has drooped and fled. I will not harrow up your feelings, or distress my own, by repeating the miseries already told—many of you know them too well.

I will content myself by quoting an extract or two from a speech, made in the House of Commons on Compulsory Vaccination, by Mr. P. A. Taylor, ex-M.P.:—  
“And now, does it not, at the first, strike the House as an astounding theory, to inoculate with disease every human being that comes into the world, in order to protect from a worse form of that disease, especially as it must be borne in mind, that vaccination is no longer regarded as a quite unimportant and harmless affair, which, to quote the words of Dr. Ballard, ‘must, in order to

be effective, be a real and absolute disease;’ and it is now, moreover, admitted by the faculty, that it is perfectly impossible to test, what they call, the purity of the lymph, by either chemical or microscopic test; and the healthiness, as they are pleased to term it, of the lymph employed, can only be determined by the result produced. You see a little coffin, and discover that the lymph was deadly.” And, again, here is another portion from his speech—“Further, I object to compulsion as a flagrant illustration of class legislation. It is a flagrant case of oppression of the poor. The wealthy, and those well to do, don’t suffer from these laws. At the worst, they have to pay a fine, which is nothing to them, and in nine cases out of ten, or in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the courtly medical man does not trouble his client with more than a single remonstrance. That is not the case with the poor. They cannot afford to pay the fine. They are sent to prison. If I could compress into a few sentences the matter contained in the numberless letters I have received in remonstrance, and complaint, and indignation, some of them accompanied with the hideous photographs of their mutilated infants, dying from the infliction, I think I should have the most powerful argument I could produce. Take the case of the poorest of the poor—the inmates of our workhouses. There the surgeons and policemen carry on their campaign unchecked. These are operated upon, by the score and the hundred, new-born infants and mothers, immediately after their confinement. A witness at an inquest, the other day, said he had vaccinated 1,500 women in that condition. It was said that they did not object. They did not object! No, the order is made to a woman,



probably only half conscious of what is going on around her, 'Strip your arm!' and the operation is performed upon a patient who is declared to have given her consent. Does it not make one's blood boil, merely to hear of such things in a civilised country? May I ask what hon. members of this House would say if their wives were to be ordered to be vaccinated on the day of, or the day after, their confinement?"

Well may Mr. Taylor say, "Does it not make one's blood boil?" It is perfectly horrible in a so-called free country, and must be most repugnant to all good people, and most painful to all true lovers of their country, to find such a shocking enactment *at the present day* carried on with such brutality, against all feelings of humanity. Oh that men could be found with the argumentative powers of a Socrates, the wisdom of a Plato, and the powerful speech of a Demosthenes, to give it its proper character, and its invective and its denunciation, and to awaken the world to a knowledge of its disease and death-dealing decimation!

*An Appeal.*

Now to you, the fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers of the world, I ask you to inform yourselves well upon this subject—this very vital subject of health and life, as against disease and death. It immediately concerns you and yours. With very painful feelings I have shown you what my experiences have been with my own dear children in cases of fever, under the old system of treatment, and how other cases, when given up, have been successfully treated by assisting nature to do her work—her own way—by relieving the pores, acting on the

skin, and opening the *safety-valve of life*, which, if you read carefully, and study for yourselves, will save you much anguish, and preserve you many a blossom that will be sweet and dear to you, and will grow up into life, and be a source of joy and comfort in years to come.

*To the Medical Profession.*

Before closing with the last lines, I must ask the medical profession to pardon anything I have said in reference to any treatment they may disagree with. What I have experienced I know; and that experience which has cost so much, is given for other's benefit. Every man is responsible to his fellow-man to the extent of his knowledge, and everyone should do his duty to his fellow-man. The responsibilities of the profession are very great. Every man places his life in your hands, and you make noble efforts to do whatever you can to recover your patient back to health and life. You are marching on with science to promote your knowledge, and to elevate your profession to higher degrees of attainment. The treatment of fifty years since, you look back upon as the practice of ignorance, and in fifty years hence that practice will then be considered as quite incomprehensible, and quite opposite to *advanced* medical knowledge.

It is within the last few years you will remember a Continental monarch being ill, who was bled six or seven times in as many days, and he died. Well, we have got over this idea and this practice, and we shall, I hope, soon see the practice of *all* medical treatment carried out on the true principle, the principle of the *laws of nature*. By considering the *first* process of medical relief, is to look to the skin, and relieve

*"The Safety-Valve of Life."*

## A P P E N D I X .

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### *Magnetic Communication.*

As it may interest the reader, the following, which was cut out of a local paper, published June 20th, 1882, is inserted to show what was thought nearly 2000 years ago upon this subject:—

A correspondent of the London *Echo* writes:—"The following extract from Addison's *Spectator* (No. 241), being an almost exact description of the Wheatstone machine in present use, would tend to show that nearly 2000 years ago correspondents had telegraphic communication with each other without the aid of a connecting wire. I draw attention to this interesting paragraph, not with a desire to make the proverbial sneer at the result of Mr. Willoughby Smith's labours, but rather with the intention of guiding the genius of the inventors of to-day into what would appear to be an old channel. Strada, in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by means of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, one of the needles so touched began to move the other, though at never so great a distance, at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked on the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could be moved round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters.

Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this, their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend in the meanwhile saw his own sympathetic needle moving itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas, or deserts. If ever this invention should be revived, or put in practice, I should propose that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written, not only the four-and-twenty letters, but several entire words that always find a place in passionate epistles, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle."

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*A Drop of Water Magnified.*

More than forty years since, on a visit to the Polytechnic in London (which I am sorry does not now exist), I saw a drop of water magnified three million times the size of its diameter, by an oxyhydrogen microscope. It formed on the sheet a disc thirty feet in diameter, and exhibited an amazing number of living creatures, of many and various sorts. There were some, in shape and size, like small rats, which huddled together in a group, and appeared to be in the greatest terror, within this drop of water. There also appeared a mighty large and powerful creature, whose voracity

was something fearful, and no doubt was the cause of all the fear exhibited. He was something like the shape of a crocodile, and compared with the other creatures, was very large, perhaps twenty times their size. I called him a Dragon, being very like in appearance to the celebrated Dragon which the famed so-called St. George of England was supposed to have conquered; however, here he was, in full health and vigour, and very hungry. When the drop of water was dark, the whole of the population appeared not to know the position they were in; but as soon as the powerful light was thrown through the water, they discovered each other, the greedy Dragon flying furiously after the smaller creatures, with his jaws snapping at each chance he had, to gather in the smaller fry, who did all they could to escape their formidable foe. Among the many of those rat-like creatures, was one of a larger size, which, having caught, he tried to swallow, but it was almost too much for him—it nearly settled him. He was all but choked. He gulped again and again, but there, this poor unfortunate little thing stuck in his throat. There he was, plain enough to be seen, the very powerful light making him quite transparent. The poor little creature being fixed there, the Dragon seemed to use extraordinary exertions of muscle and body to complete the swallowing, which, after much exertion, he managed, to the gratification of the audience, who evinced the interest they felt by repeated plaudits at the scene exhibited in this drop of water! Can we pass this by without reflecting for a moment, and ask the question, Who could dissect an eye of one of those creatures; who could describe the functions of their stomachs, or the muscular action of their hearts; who could describe their nervous system, or the capabilities of their brain power, for they possess all these things, and many others? Stop, shall we ask, Who made them? The same that made the universe, and all things from the smallest creature, of which ten thousand live in a single drop of water, or ten thousand

times ten, in the same space of atmosphere, up to the eternity of the boundless heavens, with its countless suns and systems. Stay, O man, what dost thou know? The more knowledge thou seekest, the more thou knowest of thine own ignorance—yet thou pretendest to know so much! And though thy pretensions are so very great, thy knowledge is still so little—so absurd! “Man know thyself,” and let thine ignorance dominate its power over thyself, still to teach and urge thee further to seek on, and seek forever, that knowledge may give thee power, and that that power may give thee still greater knowledge to teach thee “charity, without which, thou art nothing worth”!

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*Sewage and Health.*

When cholera, fevers, or any other epidemic is marching on in its career of devastation, and slaying its victims by thousands, in any part of the world, it naturally creates an interest to the thinking portion of mankind, who say, “Supposing a wave of this disease should visit us, are we prepared to receive it? are we in a position to meet the enemy so that his visit may be short, and may be soon compelled to leave, with our population unscathed? Have we taken every precaution to have our courts and alleys in proper order—

Where the glorious orb of day  
Never beams his golden ray;  
Where the sunlight never fills,  
To show the cause of many ills?—

To see these places in the poorer districts thoroughly cleansed and kept clean; that there should be no dirt or filth accumulating to interfere with the health of the neighbourhood? Are the sewers free from all unpleasant smells? Are they so constructed that no unwholesome gases can be emitted to poison, so as to breed or invite pestilence among those who breathe it?” These are

questions which arise in the mind, and if seriously put to our health commissioners and sanitary officers, our medical officers and our health committees, of either London, Liverpool, Bristol, or any other city, town, or hamlet, they may reply, "Well, we do all we can to fulfil our duties faithfully, and carry out all the necessary regulations for the benefit of health, according to instructions and rules received from the Board of Health." But does this satisfy the question? I am afraid not, or how is it that we find, taking Bristol for an inquiry, that such a report appears, which has lately been going the rounds of the press, from which I make a selection:—"As the recent report of the Bishop of Gloucester's Commission on the Houses of the Poor showed, its lower classes are herded together, reeking with filth. Added to this, the Bristolians have a bold method of disposing of their sewage. Closed drains are only partially adopted, and the sewage of some 80,000 of the population is permitted to flow in an open stream through some of the most congested sections of the city. This gigantic torrent of filth mingles with the water of the river Avon which, reeking as it flows, wends its way to the sea through heavy populated centres of equally important suburbs." If this is in accordance with sanitary conditions, it certainly cannot be right, and it appears strange that the local authorities have not seen to this before now, and that the citizens themselves have not moved in the matter. If neither are equal to it, the Government Commissioners should see to it for the sake of the good of the general health. The citizens themselves must be careless about it, and it is really time their attention was aroused.

There must be something wrong in the arrangement of our sewers. Almost every town you may be in, you will find very obnoxious smells arising from the sewer gratings, which must be very injurious to health. In Liverpool, for instance, we have, besides the ordinary sewer gratings, large strong gratings in the middle of the streets. These are intended to be ventilators, I suppose,

for the sewers, and when the wind blows from the river (from a westerly direction) towards the city, the stench from those sewers is something sickening. You cannot pass a grating without feeling there is mischief in it, and you are glad to get away. Surely this must be very unwholesome and injurious, not only to those whose shops or residences are near to those gratings, or to the passers by, but to all those who breathe the common air, as this must be vitiated by those obnoxious and deadly gases, and must have a most serious effect upon the general health. My opinion is, that the sewers should be so constructed that, to use a common term, there should be no back draft, no chance of any gases to escape through the gratings to poison the atmosphere; that the common air should be drawn down through the gratings, and carried on with the sewage. This ought to be considered necessary for every sewer. This may be assisted by slanting doors at the exit mouth of the sewer (to hang from the top part), so that the wind could not blow back the sewage or its gas; or if a powerful fan was employed to draw the gases from the sewers, and so pass it on through a high chimney away in the upper strata of atmosphere. This would prevent a great deal of mischief; but the plan which appears to me to be the best, is this, that two very high chimneys should be built, which would form the pillars of a suitable erection\* for carrying a large tank to hold a quantity of fresh sea-water. This tank to be filled by one or two engines of sufficient power, and working pumps, to carry up the water from the incoming tide. Other tanks in various parts of the city could be filled from this large tank while it was being filled: the furnaces to work the engines, and to be so arranged that the whole of the draft necessary for the fires should come from the exit sewers, to be drawn through the street gratings. The fire would *consume and*

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\* This erection should be very high, and would form a clock tower, and with a large lamp, furnished with an electric light, would be a beacon for ships, and a light for the whole surroundings.



*change the deleterious faculty of the gases, and pass them innocuous through the chimneys. The sea water should be used for baths, watering the streets, flushing the sewers, and other purposes that may be considered necessary. This distribution would very much improve the air we breathe. It would distribute iodine, oxygen, phosphorine, and ozone, to the atmosphere, and would be extremely beneficial to the general health of the city. There would be no bad smells, no fever-spreading gases emitted. We should have higher feelings in the enjoyment of life, because the atmosphere would be purer, and our very blood would rejoice and leap within us, compared with what we feel when poisoned with the stench that is most constantly emitting from our sewers through every street grating. Now this particular arrangement would answer completely for all neighbourhoods near the sea.*

The beautiful sea, the ever fresh,  
The ever flowing, the ever free ;  
The beautiful, the beautiful,  
The lovely sea.

To those who are not so favourably situated they have not the means of so completely benefitting themselves ; but if they really wish health, they must attentively look to their sewers.

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*Grimaldi, the Clown Philosopher.*

This little incident of the then celebrated clown is introduced to show his ideas of the wonderful faculty of the human brain, and also the method he had of exciting a curiosity for the search after knowledge, and also that it may interest some who, looking back to their early days, will remember this prince of his profession, the extraordinary clown, "Joe Grimaldi," who some half a century since, amused and instructed the thousands who listened with rapt attention and delight to the "clown's philosophy," as delivered on many a subject in which knowledge and entertain-

ment were combined, in connection with the then celebrated "Ducrow's" equestrian performances, he being painted up and dressed in all the grotesque manner his taste and wardrobe could supply; he, with "Tom," his partner in fun and frolic, on this occasion, came tumbling into the ring of the circus, both making a somersault and shouting "Here we are again," stands up with his hands in his capacious pockets, holding them out to the full width of the calico, and with a very demure countenance, bows most gracefully to the audience, who cheers most lustily; the facial lines change into a grin—such a grin that only Grimaldi could exhibit. He began, "Here Tom, listen to me, I am going to give you a lecture" (Tom grins). "Hold up your head and don't laugh" (Tom takes a tumble). "Why don't you stand still and listen? I have discovered a new way to travel" (there were no railways then). "I have found out a way to go to China in seven or eight hours." "Oh, have you really?" "Yes, I have really." "Well, look here Joe, you are a Prodigal, you are in advance of your time; but tell us how you would do it?" "Well Tom, it is a secret; you must not tell anybody of it, because should it succeed, I will take out a patent, and we will share the profits" (Tom claps his hands, looks delighted, and takes another somersault, and says, "Joe, keep it a secret, whisper it as *loud* as you can.") "Look here, Tom, you called me a prodigal just now; I suppose you meant a prodigy?" "Oh, yes, yes, that's what I meant—go on, I want to go to China." "Well, we will get a great balloon, and we will sail away, right up, straight up into the sky, and enjoy the whole of the afternoon in the sunshine, and then, you know, the world turns round, and when China comes under our feet, we will drop down the balloon, right into Pekin, just in time for a cup of tea." "Oh, Joe, how clever, you are clever; I always said you were a prodigal." "Now, Tom, you are at it again—don't be stupid; why don't you speak English properly like me, and act gracefully? Do you know, Tom, I am a

philosopher." "Ah Joe, I say what is that, that's nothing English?" "Yes it is, Tom, and of a very refined texture; I have been studying the human brain." "Well, Joe, I don't understand it; I have no brains." "Yes, Tom, you have; don't you remember what you had for dinner yesterday?" "Yes, Joe, I do, it was a dumpling." "Well, Tom, that's brains." "Brains, indeed! nothing like it. No, Joe, 'twas a dumpling." "No, no, Tom, the remembrance of your having a dumpling yesterday was memory, stored up in the brain." "Oh, I see, remembering it is from memory, stored up in the brain. How do you store it?" "Well, look here, Tom, I will explain it. You see this head of mine" (holding up his chin, and gently patting his forehead), "this is my knowledge-box, where I keep my memory, in very little drawers; there are thousands of them, and in every drawer there are thousands of little boxes, all nicely fitted, and when I want to remember anything about my early days, or anything that happened when I went to school, or anything else, I have to open the drawer that belongs to it, and take out the particular little box, and there it is, all in detail, so fresh and so nice. Don't you remember, Tom, when you went to school?" "Oh, yes, now I think of it, I remember. Once I went to school late, and the master gave me the stick, and he licked my fingers, and made me cry, it was so bad. I went home and told my mother, and she gave me another stick, and mother cried; and I licked my fingers myself. The stick mother gave me was a sugar-stick. Oh, Joe, she was so fond of me—it was so sweet; it's now nice to think of it, though it's long since. I'm so glad you told me I had memory." "Well, Tom, you see this all from the brain, which is full of all sorts of things you can remember, and you feel astonished at the great quantity of great and little things contained in this little head; these rocks, mountains, valleys, tea gardens, country fairs, penny-peep shows, are all inside, besides palaces, churches, ships, horses, elephants, men, women, and

children, are all in this most curious brain. It would take me years to tell you all. I can't explain it, Tom, but I've got it all inside, and can roll it out like a panorama, in great pictures, as fast as I can think. What do you say to that, Tom? Why, how dull you look; what's the matter? Look up." "Oh, Joe! I'm bothered, it's beyond my poor knowledge, I'm shut up. Your philosophy has made me feel quite stupid; it's past my comprehension."

A crack of the whip is heard; the horses are coming into the ring; Joe and Tom bow most bountifully to the audience, amidst great applause, many of the audience carrying away food for thought, to last them for many years, and to be remembered, as by the writer, up to the present time, with much pleasure, at the clown's philosophy, delivered in the most humorous manner, with all the elocution, grace, and attitude, of superior ability, which Joe possessed, enlivened also with the droll grimace, fun, and frolic, of his attendant, Tom.

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### *A Caution!*

There is a practice common with many persons, such as conductors of tram-cars, and others, when given a silver or gold coin, to put it between their lips or teeth till they have given change. This is a most wrong thing to do; there may be a virus dried upon it from the hand of some diseased person months before. The lips or tongue moistens it, and absorbs the virus, disease follows the inoculation with all its horrors! and often death ensues—all from a thoughtless error. Reader, let everybody you are acquainted with know this, and caution them. A Liverpool tram-car conductor died a few months since from this cause. Many get cancer in the tongue and lips and other diseases, and yet don't know how, from this practice.

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