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SPEAK NO ILL.

NAY, speak no ill, a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind;  
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,  
Is far beneath a noble mind.  
Full oft a better seed is sown,  
By choosing thus a kinder plan;  
For if but little good we know,  
Let's speak of all the good we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,  
Would fain another's faults efface;  
How can it pleasure human pride  
To prove humanity but base?  
No, let it reach a higher mode,  
A nobler estimate of man;  
Be earnest in the search of good,  
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known.  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lips may tell how brief the span;  
Be earnest in the search of good,  
And speak of all the best we can.

General Articles.

Random Thoughts.

BY THOS. W. DEERING, M. D.

FOOD.—The question is often asked, How are we to determine what is food and what is not? I shall endeavor in this short article to make the matter so plain and clear that all may understand. It is, like all the other problems in science and physics, seemingly difficult when not understood, and extremely

simple when we are conversant with them. All animals understand what their food consists of. Babes understand it thoroughly. Then why are not adults conversant with the subject? Simply because they look in the wrong direction for a solution. They look through colored glasses; or, in other words, a perverted state of society, and a depraved stomach and organs of taste, prevent them from seeing things aright.

Imagine for a moment an unperverted taste and stomach smacking his or her lips over, eulogizing, and calling bread, an article composed of a mixture of corn meal, fine flour, hog's lard, sour milk (milk in a state of fermentation, rottenness, decomposition, on its way back to the inorganic kingdom), saleratus, and salt. Is it any wonder that dyspepsia, consumption, and sexual diseases, are so rampant?

Let us take a look at an ordinary American table for a day, such a one as I have often sat at in various parts of the country, and see what they use as food. On the breakfast table we find fried ham and eggs, or sausage and liver, fried potatoes, pickles, coffee, butter, baker's bread, dripping toast, and the castor.

For dinner: Boiled corned beef, or fish, or some of the multitudinous decoctions of hog; (perhaps about twice a week they have fresh meat on the table; if it be Saturday, we may look out for the inevitable pork and beans, one of the most indigestible dishes that can be prepared,) mashed potato well salted, buttered, and peppered; side dishes served in the same manner; pickles, fine-flour bread, butter, castor. For dessert, mince pie, or some kind of pudding better fitted for a scavenger beast than a human.

For supper, or tea: Hot biscuit, hot brown bread, pie or cake, preserves, butter, tea, smoked beef or cold meats of some kind. Some may be inclined to think that this is the worst phase of American regimen, but I

have eaten time and again at just such a spread. But to the subject proper.

Food is that material or substance that the living system uses in nourishing and building up the several tissues of the body. Any substance or material from which the system cannot take nourishment, is NOT food. All food nourishes. Any substance that is food will support life and nourishment of itself. Any substance or material that will not support life of itself, is *not food*.

All food is derived from the organic kingdom. Inorganic substances or materials are not food. The inorganic kingdom furnishes food for the vegetable kingdom. Any organic material that has commenced to return to its inorganic elements, is not fit for food. All material that is used as food, should be of the highest order of development.

Chemistry does not furnish any test as regards food. It deals entirely with inorganic materials, consequently the term "Organic Chemistry" is a misnomer, and does not exist anywhere but in the minds of those that are not acquainted with the vital principle. Whatever is produced chemically can be reproduced chemically. Chemistry tells us that wheat is composed of albumen, fibrin, salts, &c., consequently is food, as it has a certain proportion of elements and principles. But has any chemist taken, or can he take, those same elements and combine them, and give us the grain of wheat again, endowed with the vital principle of germination and reproduction? No. Chemistry destroys; it does not, and cannot, build up. The action of the vital principle—physiology—builds up. Chemical action and vital action never can co-exist, as they are opposites in nature. As well might you say that vice, crime, licentiousness, and debauchery, can co-exist in the same individual with purity, temperance, chastity, and morality. The organic world is composed of cell structure. The inorganic world is composed of polarized or homogenous structure. *All food must be of cell structure.*

The vital instincts, if unperverted, are the best guide as regards food; but perverted instinct is the worst possible guide. In a future article I shall discuss the superiority of a fruit and farinaceous, over a mixed or animal, diet, bringing the vital instincts, physiology and chemistry, into the consideration of the subject. The subject is one concerning which many are inquiring.

A PENNSYLVANIA farmer writes to his country paper that he cured his daughter of the Grecian bend by pouring water on her, and holding her out in the sun until she warped back again.

## A Baby's Rights.

A BABY'S STORY—BY A BABY.

I AIN'T very old to write—I'm only one! It was my birthday yesterday, and I don't have milk out of the bottle any more—I have bread and milk out of a bowl. Bridget ties my bib under my chin and feeds me very fast—she does n't understand that I ought to have time to swallow. When I shut my lips and sputter, she says, "There, now! take your supper good, like a darlin'!" I can't swallow a whole bowl at a time; and I cry, and she gives me a shake. After that I have the stomach-ache.

Lying awake with it one night, I began to think that I had n't my rights; and I want 'em. How to get 'em I don't know. I cry all I can—but that's no use. I kick, too—but what good comes of it? They only give me drops to make me sleep: then I feel hot, sick, and stupid, all the next day. One of my rights is not to have drops; but there, now, how am I to have 'em? There it comes again!

The most uncomfortable thing that I ever had, was an India-rubber bottle. What are mothers made for if a baby is n't to have one? Who invented nursing bottles? I hate him, whoever he was.

I have a mother, you know—a lady who says she is, comes sometimes and tells other ladies that she is "not contented with Bridget!" Neither am I, for that matter; but you see that my mother is not thinking of my rights, but of hers. She wants to vote, and even wanting to do it takes a great deal of time. She writes, too, for newspapers. When I want to find out whether she really is my mother, and begin to talk to her, she says, "Bridget, you must really take that darlin' child away—he disturbs me dreadfully."

Bridget is big and coarse; her big knobs of knuckles hurt me. She ties strings too tight, and jogs me too hard.

My own mother is soft and fair, and her skin is like silk, and I like to touch her.—I'm a lady's baby, and one of my rights is that a lady should handle and dandle me. No one sees it. I'm put off on Bridget.

Mamma don't like to sit at the table with Bridget, but she lets her feed me. Perhaps I have aristocratic notions, too; who cares for them?

One day Bridget had a big pewter breast-pin with a yellow stone in it, on her collar, and it kept scratching my head; nobody knew it. One day she took me out in my wagon and upset me; and no one knew that, either.

She takes me out to her cousin's shanty, where little Pat has the measles or small-pox, and if I don't catch 'em both, it's because "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," to keep watch for poor, motherless babies.

Sometimes she leaves me alone in the room with a grate fire. I always put my fingers into it, and they always burn. Once mamma found it out, and I had a different Bridget. They are all alike; they come from the intelligence office, and are rough and coarse, and smell of smoke, and take care of me for money, not love. The new one is sleepy, and nods over, and drops me sometimes. One got tipsy and lay on me. Some day one will tumble down stairs with her big feet and slipshod shoes, and break my neck, I dare say.

A father, too. I have a right to a father. Mine is a Wall-street man; he goes out early and comes home to dinner. I should think he might be very nice to know, but I am not acquainted with him. He has nice black whiskers, and he laughs and says, "Hallo, old fellow," when we meet, and I *try* to tell him about Bridget, and my feelings overpower me, and I cry, and he says, "Take the little rascal away, Biddy." One dreadful thing I do have: it's a family doctor. He says I'm a very fine child, and does dreadful things to me. Once he lanced my gums; once he vaccinated me. After that I had a sore arm, and Bridget's blue merino hurt it.

In summer there used to be some comfort in going out in my perambulator, and seeing that after all I was not worse off than other babies all given over to Bridgets, whom I met; but now it's winter, and I have to stay in my nursery, in a flannel shawl, and do nothing but think; and I've decided that I must have my rights. A whole mother ought to belong to every baby; and a Bridget is an imposition. A lady's baby ought to lie sometimes in a lady's arms, and be talked to by a lady.

When I am old enough to speak, I shall say what Bridget says, and with her accent; and then I shall be scolded, as if it were my fault. That's the way with my brother Tom.

Here I lie now, while Bridget talks to the milkman in the area. I'm hungry, and damp, and wretched. I'm tired of being in the cradle, and I shall hurt myself if I roll out. I want the big orange on the mantel-piece, and to sit in somebody's lap and have my feet toasted, and hear "Little pig goes to market;" but mamma is at a political meeting, and papa is in Wall-street, and Bridget in the area, and who cares for what I want?

Rights? I wonder where my rights are? Nobody talks about them. No matter, I'll yell till I get 'em.

P. S. I have yelled, and Bridget has given me drops. No matter, when I'm a man I'll go in for the rights of babies. I'm a going to sleep. Good bye.

### Small Bed-Chambers.

THERE is reason to believe that more cases of fatal and dangerous diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a choleric atmosphere in any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight-by-ten rooms; that is, in rooms the length and breadth multiplied by ten for the height of the chamber would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic feet for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air in a room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over four thousand feet an hour, is required.

Four thousand feet of air every hour! And yet there are multitudes in New York who sleep with closed doors and windows in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand-foot rooms, it is no marvel that thousands perish prematurely in cities, no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone during the hundred days which include the 15th of July in every year.

Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years. Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.

CUSTOM and practice may countenance guilt, but they cannot lessen it.

### How I Was Awakened.

EDS. HEALTH REFORMER: In March, 1859, I left the medical department of Harvard University with a classical sheepskin. Now you must know that this parchment gives a man the liberty to walk out into this world a king among his fellows. It gives him despotic power over the masses. He may, through its magical influence, draw around him crowds of volunteers, that go to swell the ranks of the vast host who walk so surely in the paths of their forefathers and foremothers, that the old road has been worn into deep ruts, and they go jolting on to the doom of the millions. He can give a man calomel or candy, confections or cathartics, placebos or podophyllin; he is bound to take it as a bolus which the old, standard, scientific profession of four thousand years has prepared for his reception, agreeable or otherwise, good or bad in its results.

Now, when I look at that old parchment, it tells of bygone days, when all that I still prize was taught me, and when all that I think little or nothing of, at present, was also taught. Our Professor of *Materia Medica* was a thorough believer in hygienic conditions, as he seemed to delight in dwelling, in his lectures, upon all those curative agents which are in themselves (as the genuine hygienic physician of this day believes) all-sufficient in the cure of disease, while he gave only a cursory attention to the drugs which the janitor placed beside his rostrum, in a mahogany tray. I have often thought that this man—one of the gentleman doctors, a scholarly man, and a first-class lecturer—with his ideas, should have stepped out of the old ranks and stood in the front of hygienists, to preach up, and to fight for, the establishment of correct principles in the treatment and prevention of disease. Just such men are needed in this reform; but, alas! they are married to the old-school style, and an earthquake would not rupture the marriage bond. But here I must tell how it is that I have myself got out of these old ruts, and perhaps in telling my story, I may lead some old-school M. D. (if such ever *soil* (?) their fingers with the HEALTH REFORMER) to think of his present position, which may be a pocket-full position, but which is nearly, if not quite, on a line, in one sense at least, with that tavern whose sign tells of good cheer for an hour, and in the great beyond, everything else. I remember of hearing, while at Harvard, the talk of some ancient ladies of an uncertain age, in the boarding-house where some of those of the romantic

sort, and some of the practical kind, had mingled with a few medical students in the basement, around a winter's fire, where systems of medical science were discussed in a familiar way. One of these, to the extreme disgust of the young drugs, told an instance of a remarkable cure performed upon a friend down East, who had been subjected to the tender mercies of the wet-sheet pack, and who had recovered after Drs. A., B., and C. had stepped out. The folly of the thing was apparent, and of course the facts were questioned.

Well, the idea dropped into the mind by that worthy relict of fading beauty, was left to germinate. The sheepskin was received, as was told in the beginning, and, fully fledged, the young drug soared away over sea and land, to alight for eating, and for being eaten, upon the well-ploughed field of a worthy sire, who, away in the past, flew out of a Glasgow college, to drop upon *his* father's land, to walk, and work, and die. My figure savors too much of the turkey; but having begun with fledged, I had to fly. As successful, perhaps, as most of the old-school doctors, always reading new medical journals, determined to give patients the benefit of all the new methods of treatment, and sometimes wondering that patients died who had the ideas of Sir John Simpson and Dr. Churchill, Dr. Meigs or Dr. Moth, brought to bear upon their respective cases, more or less skillfully applied—the years went on, until a copy of a temperance paper, published in Fredricktown, the capital city of N. B., fell into my hands, in which I read these words, "which, as you perceive, have direct reference to the old, foolish, foundationless doctrine, that inert, inorganic matter, acts. Here is the great mystery—the *action* of alcohol. I propose to solve this mystery before I sit down. Pereira calls alcohol 'a caustic, and irritant poison,' but he cannot explain its *action*, and he calls it a 'stomach restorative,' but he cannot tell how. He says it is employed to 'support the vital powers,' but he does not tell us why." Alcohol has been employed in medicine far more extensively than any other drug, and is the menstruum for more than one hundred and fifty prescriptions of the pharmacopœia, yet medical men confess to a profound ignorance of its *modus operandi*. For three thousand years this problem has baffled the investigations of medical men, and for the reason that they have always looked in the wrong direction for a solution. They have always been seeking an explanation in the actions of dead matter. They should seek it in the laws of vitality."

Your readers will doubtless recognize these words, having the true ring of good common sense and logic in them, as coming from R. T. Trall, M. D., one of the world's men who are brave enough to speak radical truths in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. I rode along in my sleigh, muttering over, "Dead matter cannot act—anything must be organic to act," "vital laws," "actions of drugs,"—yes, these expressions are as familiar to me as household words. Almost every day, at college, I heard about the action of drugs. Who is this Trall? What! not give stimulants to a sinking patient? no brandy in a faint, the collapse of hemorrhage? No, no; brandy is dead; it does not act. Vital powers act. This was the first cut of the lash that started me up out of the rut, and it hurt me. I felt it. It hurt me afterward, when, still in contempt, I stood at the bedside of a pale, pulseless patient—in contempt of Trall and Trall's ideas. I held a spoonful of brandy to the trembling lips, and in my semi-awakened state, I longed for more light upon the subject. And here let me recommend my course, in this respect, to any who are only half enlightened. Study it out! See what there is in it! *If good*, receive and practice it; *if bad*, reject it at once and forever; but investigate, *investigate*, INVESTIGATE! and be convinced or not; use the means to the end. But here I find that I have forgotten the lapse of time and your limited space. Perhaps I may continue in a future number of the REFORMER, and describe some cases treated by hygienic medication.

J. H. BARKER.

Sheffield, N. B.

### Opium Eating among New York Ladies.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Rochester *Chronicle* writes as follows: The use of the pernicious drug is not confined to the men; there are hundreds and thousands of women who are in the daily habit of intoxicating themselves with it, and they are found in all grades of society, but chiefly among those who are not dependent upon their own exertions for their support. Some of the drug stores up town and in Brooklyn sell more opium to women than to men, the latter buying chiefly at the downtown shops. Not long ago a lady of one of the first families was arrested on the street, for drunkenness, and locked up in one of the station-houses. She had all the appearances of being intoxicated, and the police very naturally concluded that she was of the fair but frail class, and the best thing to do with her was to lock her up. It turned out on inves-

tigation that she was wholly innocent of having swallowed fusil oil or anything of the sort, but had only been indulging in opium. The affair was hushed up, and the name of the lady did not appear in print. Two or three cases like this have occurred, and some of the police say that they have made several arrests under the mistaken impression that their subjects were suffering under too heavy stress of whisky. Very few of the ladies who use opium venture into the street while under its influence, and the fact that these arrests occur in public shows that the habit is very widely spread. Many of those addicted to it conceal the fact from their nearest friends, while others are in the habit of meeting in little parties and having a social chew, just as some of the ladies down South used to indulge in social "dips." Opium takes the place of snuff, and the parties generally get up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. As opium does not lead to a head breaking and combative intoxication like whisky or other strong drink, the fair creatures do not, save in rare cases, disturb their neighbors while at these opium seances. An exception is sometimes found; there was one a few months ago, when the female inmates of a house on Fourteenth street fell to pulling each other's hair, and committing other breaches of propriety while under the influence of opium. But then it must be remarked that they were not, at best, the possessors of good characters. Men make less concealment of the opium habit than women; and from their more frequent mingling in business affairs they are more liable to detection.

I know several men in business who are in the habitual use of opium, and generally carry neat little lumps in their pockets. The use of the drug gives them a certain nervousness of manner, which is probably the first sign to be discovered. Any metropolitan reader of this can probably call to mind from one to half a dozen men he has met, whose manner indicates that they are no strangers to opium. I know two editors who use a great deal of the drug; one has not yet impaired his faculties with it, though he will do so before long. The other has taken so much of the narcotic that his brain is stupefied, and his thoughts often wander. Still he writes well and often brilliantly, and none who read his productions would imagine that they came from a head that is frequently more than two-thirds insensible, while the body to which it belongs is in full activity.

Keep thyself pure.

### Tobacco in the Pulpit.

*The Advance* thus satirically touches the tobacco question. It steps rather lightly when treading on clerical corns :

**TOBACCO SOLILOQUY.**—No matter how we overheard it; perhaps we didn't; it may be that the man's wife reported it to us. It was at the close of the Lord's day, when that curious compound, a tobacco Christian, as he lay upon his bed, fell to musing somewhat thus :

"I wonder how it was that our pastor came to read those peculiar passages of Scripture to-day—'Keep thyself pure.' 'What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God; and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are his.' What made me think of tobacco as he read those verses? It is not mentioned in them. Who says that a tobacco-using Christian does not exactly suggest the idea of purity? Who says that if the body of a saint is the temple of the Holy Ghost, tobacco fumes are not the appropriate incense, and that tobacco juice pollutes the courts? Whence came such a strange idea into my mind? Was it a suggestion of Satan, to rob me either of my mental peace or of my physical enjoyment? I would like to think so, only the Devil's own in the world so generally smoke, that such a suggestion could hardly come from that quarter. Probably it was one of those wandering thoughts which often trouble Christians in the sanctuary. I will try to keep my mind upon more spiritual themes next time. Then, shortly after, he read the verse, 'Make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof,' and somehow another wandering thought entered, and I seemed to see those boxes of choice cigars which I bought last week for the winter's supply. What possible connection could there be between the two things? Surely no philosopher would say it was by the law of association of ideas? Probably it came in by the law of contrasts. Still, it made me feel a little uneasy, and I shifted my position in the pew so suddenly, that wife and the children looked up quite astonished. I suppose one's nerves get sensitive by years and care, and I might, perhaps, smoke an additional cigar as a sedative. And then in the evening service, when the pastor read, 'That which I do, I allow not; \* \* \* What I hate, that do I; \* \* \* It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me; \* \* \* How to perform that which is good, I find not; \* \* \* I see another law

in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members,' I caught the eye of Bro. Particular resting on me, as though he thought that was a description of the unsuccessful effort which I made a while since to give up tobacco. It was very uncharitable in him to have such a thought, and he would do better to repent of his own sins. I was just recalling the misery of those weeks during which I disused my cigars, and thinking I would almost as soon lose my right hand as try again, when the minister read, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee,' and it startled and vexed me so, that I determined to protest to him in private against such public personalities. Why should smoking be censured, as though it were unnatural and irreligious? To be sure, Isaiah does not put very high honor upon it, as a figure, at least, when he represents God as expressing his contempt for the two kings who meditated hostilities against Jerusalem, by calling them 'the two tails of these smoking fire-brands,' and as saying of his rebellious people, 'These are a smoke in my nose.' But then Isaiah lived in the darkness of the old dispensation. And, really, I hardly knew what to say when Bro. Quiz came into my office last week while I was smoking, and, on my complaining of feeling wretchedly, remarked, 'Why, yes, you might almost adopt the language of the Psalmist: "I am become like a (skin) bottle in the smoke." Thinking of our minister reminds me of the pastor of another church, Rev. Mr. Sensation, whom I met lately on the street, with a cigar in his mouth, and I must own that I did not quite like it, but I ventured to say pleasantly, 'Ah, Mr. S., do you smoke?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I do not find that the Bible has one rule of ethics for a minister, and another for deacons, and another for ordinary church members, and so I have concluded to keep company with my lay brethren. Besides, I think it brings me into an innocent fellowship with the fast young men of the city, and gives me an influence over them.' I wonder why it was that his answer did not entirely satisfy me, and that I feel so much more respect for my own pastor, and have so much more faith in his doing good to the young men, although he does not smoke. Well, it is a bewildering subject; perhaps because one cannot see clearly through the smoke. But I must go to sleep."

He did go to sleep after awhile, but seemed to be disturbed by bad dreams, muttered considerably, and at one time evidently thought he was leading the weekly conference meet-

ing, and reading from the book of Revelation these words: "And he opened the bottomless pit, and there arose a smoke out of the pit. \* \* \* And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth. \* \* \* And I saw the horses of the vision, \* \* \* and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. \* \* \* And the third part of men was killed by the fire and by the smoke and by the brimstone;" and he said, "Brethren, my mind has been much occupied with smoke of late," and then his voice became unintelligible.

[Now, why not come right out with the truth? Why tamper and compromise with the Devil? Why not say to him of the "cloth," "Thou art a sinner." Nobody ever yet acquired the nasty, stinking habit of smoking, chewing, snuffing, or swabbing the mouth with tobacco, without being made drunk or sick by it; and many continue for years to be made excitable, nervous, and more or less warped, in mind and in morals, by the use of this powerful narcotic. Indeed, so *perverted* is the system made under its influence, that it becomes most difficult to stop it. Tobacco delirium is as common as whisky delirium, and an old toper of one is well nigh as bad as an old toper of the other, and almost as impure, filthy, disagreeable, and repulsive. Tobacco is neither food nor drink. It has no business in the human mouth or stomach. It is an enemy there, and *only* an enemy. No man commences the use of tobacco without a consciousness of guilt, without compunction, feeling intuitively that he is doing some impropriety. If whisky drunkenness is a sin, so is tobacco drunkenness. Young man, don't be tempted. Be clean, pure, self-denying, and BRAVE! Weak and foolish creatures—monkey-like—imitate the bad habits of depraved men, and are too weak to say, No, when the tempter appears. We may not reclaim or reform one steeped in this sin, but those not yet perverted may be saved.]—*Am. Phren. Journal.*

### Milk vs. Flesh.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In Vol. 3, No. 9, of the HEALTH REFORMER, I noticed and read an article entitled, "Random Thoughts," treating on the subject of "milk as an article of diet." I was considerably interested in reference to the view taken by Dr. Deering, and concur in all that he has said on the subject of diet. But I believe there is sufficient reason for a great deal more to be added to his conclusions to the advantage of health reformers.

Undoubtedly milk is the only proper food

for young mammals of their own species. But it is not at all times considered the most healthful for them, they sometimes having to be removed from the mother in order to save life, or prevent them from partaking of the disease of the mother.

It is a plain matter of fact that the body is composed of, and sustained by, whatever is taken into the stomach as an article of food, provided it has nutriment in it. Then it necessarily follows that unless we partake of healthy food, we cannot possess healthy bodies; for the substance of unhealthful articles of food cannot be converted into healthy blood. Hence the whole system becomes diseased by the use of an unhealthful article of diet. And it may be from the use of flesh meats; for it is not always known whether an animal that is prepared for the slaughter is a healthy one, or not. Then let us beware of the "flesh-pots of Egypt;" for those who partake of them are sure to partake more or less of the disease of the animal from which the flesh is taken.

Then by using the milk of the same will they not partake more or less of the disease of the animal from which the milk is taken? What is the difference? I fail to perceive any. All impurities in the living system constitute the sources of disease, and must pass away in order to the restoration of health. If it be a milch cow, the impurities or disease may pass away with the fat in the form of milk, and be made into butter. Then this being true, the impurities of diseased animals are put upon the tables and consumed in the form of milk and butter, which may cause disease and death to the consumer. My friends may call me an extremist, but I cannot help it, if my opinions are correct.

It has been proven to a demonstration, notwithstanding that milk is the natural food for the calf, that it will partake of the disease of the mother by subsisting on her milk. For instance, if the mother has trimbles the calf will partake of the same, and relieve her by drawing the impurities of the system away with the milk. Now if the natural diet of the calf will impart the mother's impurities to it, will it not also impart the impurities of the same to those persons who may partake of her milk and butter? No one acquainted with the nature of imparting disease by partaking of unhealthful diet, will attempt to controvert it. Then is it not inconsistent for reformers to use the cream and butter of an animal, and refuse the flesh of the same?

J. Q. A. HAUGHEY.

Bowersville, O.

## The Health Reformer.

Battle Creek, Mich., June, 1869.

### Gymnastics.

THIS subject, with the comparative value of light and heavy gymnastics, is at the present time attracting much attention, and like all other useful branches of physical culture which are made a "hobby," is open to the attacks of the critics and, perhaps, the misrepresentations of the prejudiced. A correspondent writes:

"DEAR REFORMER: Speaking of the death of a celebrated Oxford boatman, the *Leader* says: 'Our best rowers and athletes almost invariably die of heart disease, and die at the very moment when the bodily system appears in superb order. Athletic science is a very moloch, whose victims, were they told up, would frighten the nervous into the opposite extreme.'

I wish to ask the REFORMER if this is true; if so, why is it that gymnastic exercises are largely practiced at this period? Yet I wonder if it terminates in heart disease."

We do not believe that a reasonable amount of gymnastic exercise tends to heart disease. The "victims" are not those of "athletic science," for that system is not a science which cultivates the muscular alone, at the expense of other portions of the systems; for, be it remembered, muscular vigor is not necessarily an indication of perfect health. A man who can scarcely lift twenty-five pounds may enjoy better health and actually possess better powers of endurance, than one who can lift his hundreds. This, however, is the exception, and not the rule. Muscular vigor is emphatically a concomitant of good health, but not always a sure indication of it.

That some athletes have died of heart disease may be true, but that their death is justly chargeable to any system of gymnastics is by no means certain. Excess is injurious in anything. Even the best of hygienic agencies may be perverted from their legitimate uses by excess. Prof. F. G. Welch, Instructor of Physical Culture in Yale College, comes to the rescue in controverting the statement made in the *Leader* referred to above. He says:

"That injury may arise from the practice of boating and heavy gymnastics, none will deny. Some there are who always use every thing good to excess, and hence receive injury. They exercise neither prudence nor discretion.

"Let us look at the other side. A friend in Boston had heart disease, liver complaint, and dyspepsia, making him unhappy and unfit for bus-

iness. With doctors and medicine he had dealt till he was about gone. As a last resort, he timidly bought a boat and exercised himself therein daily. But a short time was necessary to cure him of all his ailments, and he was soon able to rejoice in excellent health and a splendid physique, permanently cured."

But whatever may be the advantage of boating over other systems of heavy gymnastics, there is a system of "physical culture" which we can heartily recommend as invariably beneficial in its results. It consists in performing the ordinary, unpopular *exercises* of every-day life, such as sawing and splitting wood, shoveling coal or snow, and like operations, whose chief recommendation consists in their combining utility and exercise. To be sure, we cannot present an array of wonderful cures by means of this system, as the prescription is seldom tried by those who most need it. We might, however, cite attention to the cases of some who have become broken down, both in purse and body, and taken to wood-sawing for the former difficulty, with marvelous success in curing the latter.

Do not wait, however, for one or both these calamities to overtake you, but get initiated into some exercise of this sort before it becomes a necessity or an impossibility.

W. C. G.

### Cattle Disease.

WE are in receipt of the Report of the Department of Agriculture, for March and April, a very prominent feature of which is the exhibition of fearful mortality among domestic animals. With pleuro-pneumonia, black tongue, horn ail, foot rot, hog cholera, bloody murrain, a variety of "distempers," and other undefined forms of disease prevailing to such an extent, meat-eaters must find it very difficult to escape the conclusion that, with any precaution short of vegetarianism, there will almost inevitably be "death in the pot."

The report from one county in Maryland shows how they prevented the spread of pleuro-pneumonia. A herd of cattle was attacked with the disease, "and four or five died. *The remainder were sent to Washington for beef*, and the disease did not spread." Doubtless some of these diseased carcasses were converted into roasts and sirloins for the use of the nation's law makers! If "the disease did not spread" among the cattle, a most effectual means was certainly employed to spread disease among the human family.

The report also exhibits a multitudinous variety of new diseases, many of which are fatal to a very large proportion of the flocks



and herds attacked. How many have been killed to save their flesh for market under such circumstances as these, it would be impossible to determine; but with our knowledge of the cupidity of mankind at the present day, we have no hesitancy in saying that the proportion is by no means small, which fact must be very consoling for meat-eaters.

W. C. G.

### The Sin of Coughing.

If any say, There can be no sin in this, I reply, Let us see. There may be none in reeling and falling into the ditch, but there is sin in swallowing the brain poison that causes it. If coughing shall turn out to be a parallel case, then there may be as much sin in its cause as in drinking to intoxication. All Christians now concede that drunkenness is a crime, and all hygienists know that it is simply one kind of gross sickness, less dangerous than some other kinds, brought on by unclean habits. How, then, can the one be sinful, and the other innocent? If it be wicked to poison ourselves with liquor, can it be innocent to do the same thing even more dangerously on solids? Unless sickness come by chance or miracle, it is caused—just as is drunkenness—by bad living. Hence, as the one is not merely a misfortune, but a crime, so is the other.

Should one become intoxicated by drinking bad liquor, and by his disorderly conduct disturb a religious meeting, the law would punish him as he deserves. Should he do the same thing by eating bad food, or too much of it, or refusing to cleanse his skin, or by breathing foul air, or, as is most likely, by falling into all these evil habits, is he not just as guilty? Through one's indolence, ignorance, self-indulgence, and filthiness, nature is forced to set up a remedy in the form of a cough, which the evil-doer brings with him to church, drowning the voice of the speaker, and so confusing the hearers that they lose at least half that is said. Even that part of the singing, the prayer, and the sermon, which is heard, has to come through an annoyed and perplexed mind, totally unfit to nourish the seed sown. Can the parties who cause all this trouble—destroying much, if not all, hope of the gospel's succeeding—be innocent? Is it not an insult to the Saviour thus to frustrate his message. If, indeed, it must needs be that offenses come, wo to him by whom the offense cometh.

In a more direct aspect of the case, disease—the cough, of course, included—is sin. It comes from self-abuse, which none can have

the least right to inflict. "Thou shalt not kill," is the great law of God's kingdom. This is just as applicable, if not more so, to self injuries, as to those inflicted on others. The professed philosophy of the old common law held the suicide to be the chief of sinners, and punished, as far as could be, by confiscating all his goods to the Crown. This crime is none the less great when committed gradually. In some such instances, if not in all, it may be so much the worse. The law always mitigates wrongs done from the force of heated blood. He who kills himself by inches, and destroys by piecemeal, can never plead such an impulse in extenuation. From the slowness and very nature of the work, the victim has ample time to think, to take warning, and to refrain from his evil ways before death ensues. Hence it is clear that if no more than his cough were to admonish him, his persistence were a sad aggravation of his offense; while, in truth, a combination of symptoms usually conspire to the same humane end. All these, and more, the ignorant, obstinate sufferer commonly ignores, and tries to live down, while the result is that they live him down. Then it cannot be mere assumption, but must be actual fact, that coughing in church, as generally practiced, is sinful. Could there be any fault in our argument, so as, in the estimation of some, to exempt the parties bringing the cough on themselves, all will probably consent that the coughers had better stay from church than disturb all in the church. It would seem the veriest nonsense to carry the cough along, that the one with it, and those obliged to listen to it, may neither hear nor enjoy the exercises. In this common-sense view of the case, it must be that church coughers are guilty of disturbing religious congregations. As sermonizers improve their discourses by inferences, so may we.

1. Let none palliate this misdemeanor by the frequency or impunity with which it is committed. All concur in the inexcusable character of the wrong, save those who may be caught as other offenders, and punished. That such should not consent is quite natural, since

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law."

Hence, should the involuntary class of coughers which we have been prosecuting find themselves about to be convicted, and protest, it were still no evidence against the justice of the case.

2. No one has the right to plead ignorance, since this the law never allows. All are

bound to know and observe the law, more especially that law which is sustained by an innate sense of justice on the part of the moral. None can be so obtuse as not to perceive the impropriety of preventing persons from hearing a common speaker, much more one who proclaims the gospel. Besides, if any see not the sin of sickening themselves, they ought to learn. Under the old dispensation, ignorance was a sin; under the new, it can be none the less so. One who may learn, and will not, must, instead of being excused, become the more blameworthy. This is the more clear, since health reform, like all other reforms (and, as Dr. Trall affirms, it is the *basis of all others*), is now being everywhere discussed. Where there is little light, there is the less obligation to see, and by parity of reasoning, much light enhances the guilt of rejecting it.

3. Finally, if there were no other health journal than the one publishing this article, it were enough to put a fearful responsibility on all readers to heed its instructions. Having not one cent of pecuniary interest in its success, I am free to affirm that it is worth ten times its cost to all who, with an eye single to truth, may read it. How, then, can any escape who neglect the great salvation it proffers to bring? Its messages will not only stop the doleful coughing in our churches, but in our homes and all other places.

W. PERKINS, M. D.

### A Case of Drug Murder.

SOME two years ago a young lady died, under very painful circumstances. She was a lovely, intelligent, well-educated girl, and a teacher of music. For a few months previous to her death, she had been rather out of health; so her aunt, residing in Washington, invited her to spend the winter with her, that she might rest.

One evening she complained of feeling more unwell than usual, and retired to bed early. In the morning, it was thought best to call in a physician, who came, and gave her a dose of laudanum, and nothing else. She soon fell into a lethargic sleep, from which nothing could arouse her. The physician, who was considered one of the best in Washington, said he only gave her a common dose; so, of course, he could not be to blame, though his patient was just as surely murdered as though he had pierced her heart with a dagger.

Her uncle, who related the circumstance to me, said, "She died of one doctor and one drug," whereas, if nothing whatever had been

given her, he had no doubt she would have recovered in a few days.

Let this be a warning to all to let drugs alone. M. E. WILLIAMS.

### A MODERN DRINKING SONG.

FILL high the bowl with fusil oil!  
With tannin let your cups be crowned,  
If strychnine gives relief to toil,  
Let strychnine's generous juice abound!  
Let oil of vitriol cool your brains,  
Or, animated atoms brew—  
And fill your arteries, hearts, and veins,  
With glee—and infusorial glue!

Vine! That died out in '58—  
What fool would have it back? And how  
The "cup that will inebriate  
And never cheer," they sell us now.  
"The conscious water saw its God  
And blushed." What of it? Do n't you feel  
That water knows the druggers' rod,  
And blushes now—with cochineal!

Ah-h! Fragrant fume of creosote!  
Bewitching bowl of Prussian blue!  
Who would not soothe his parching throat  
With your mild offspring, "Mountain Dew"?  
Stronger than aught that racked the frame  
And shook the mighty brain of Burns,  
Surely, ye'll set our heads aflame,  
When e'er his festal day returns!

Bring on the beer—fresh copperas foam!  
With alum mixed, in powder fine;  
How could my foolish fancy roam  
In search of whiter froth than thine?  
Thy Indian berry's essence spread  
Through amber wavelets, sparkling clear,  
Benumbs dull care—strikes feeling dead—  
And narcotizes shame and fear!

Far down thy bubbling depths, champagne  
Drown'd honor, love, and beauty lie—  
They fought th' unequal fight in vain—  
Shall we, too, merely drink—and die?  
Sweet acetate of lead, forbid!  
Fill every drink with pangs—and tell  
What tortures could—and always did—  
Anticipate the stings of hell!

Then drink, boys! drink! We never can  
Drink younger! And we never will  
Be men—or aught resembling man,  
While poisoners have the power to kill!  
Amen! From frenzy's screech of mirth  
To maudlin sorrow's driveling flow,  
We'll rave, through scenes unmatched on earth,  
And not to be surpassed below!

—Boston Post.

A scientific gentleman of Portsmouth, N. H., whose lady used tea pretty freely, and who for the last few years had suffered much from a nervous affection, recently made an analysis of the tea she used, and found that the coloring material was gypsum and Prussian blue, one of the most active poisons, and found that the amount in a pound of tea, if administered at once, would produce instant death.

A MAN may have much of the world, and not be much of a man.

## Words from our Friends.

Note from Hon. Wm. A. Bryan.

HAVING been for several months a patient at the Health Reform Institute at Battle Creek, I esteem it a pleasure to say to the readers of the REFORMER that I regard this Institution as one eminently fitted, in its management and facilities, as a home for invalids who wish to recover health by obedience to Nature's laws. The principles of hygiene are here faithfully taught and carried out, both in the employment of remedial agents and the faithful inculcation of the fundamental truths of health reform.

Having been an invalid, and experienced the benefits derived from a stay at this establishment, and having observed the marked success in the treatment of others who have come here broken down and despairing, and returned to their homes greatly benefited, and on the road to recovery, I feel no hesitancy in recommending the Institute and its physicians to the attention of those who are in pursuit of health, and wish and expect to obtain it by implicitly obeying the laws of life.

I regard the Physician-in-Chief among the ablest and most judicious physicians in this country.

I would here express my gratitude to the physicians and helpers for the habitual courtesy extended to me during my stay at this place.

WM. A. BRYAN,

Formerly Chief of Bureau of Inspection, P. O. Department.

### A Word from Rhode Island.

I HAVE been a reader of the HEALTH REFORMER for some time, and have had opportunities of watching the results of the reform as set forth in its columns. Having been taught from infancy the botanic system of medication, I have been slow to believe; but after investigating the hygienic system, have become fully convinced of its value, and of its superiority as a system for the treatment of disease.

I have thought there was nothing like the botanic system, and I must say here, that it was preferable to allopathy. But as light breaks forth upon the pathway of reform, Hygeia must be allowed the throne, while pain-making M. Ds., with their nostrums of death, must fall in the rear, and hide their faces from the onward march of nature's own restoratives, water, air, sunshine, exercise, and food, such as an all-wise Creator provided for

man before he transgressed the law of his Maker and the laws of his being.

The great ignorance that exists as to the causes of disease, the means of prevention, and the best methods of curing, is an ever-fruitful source of quackery of every kind. Teach people to understand the laws of life, and then they are proof against the impositions of the mercenary and villainous quack. Then, and not till then, will the profession attain its true dignity, and then will the labors of the true physician be rightly valued. Those who wish to adopt the better plan, prevention rather than cure, may be assured that in changing habits, mere feelings must not be taken as a guide. If they do, a blind leader of the blind it will prove. The invalid mendicant, while asking alms, declared that as long as God should let him live, he would drink his dram each day, because it gave him strength. The minister of the gospel (not a physiologist), said he would enjoy his tea and coffee, and his pipe, even if they did cut short his life, rather than be deprived of the good things (?) which God gives us.

But when the drunkard reforms, however uncomfortable at first he may feel, we soon find that nature is true to herself. He feels like death; but yet he does not die. Soon, like life from the dead, he is a new and renovated man.

E. MACOMBER.

Ashaway, R. I.

### The Benefits of Reform.

HAVING changed my residence from Polo, Illinois, to Chetopa, Kansas, I miss your valuable pamphlet, THE HEALTH REFORMER, very much. When I was initiated into your mode of living, I was, I thought, one of the poorest wretches on this fair earth. Being dyspeptic for several years, I was reduced in flesh to 80 pounds. I was only a living skeleton; but now, thanks to health reform, I am well and strong, weighing 174 pounds, a gain of 94 pounds since July last. Please send the HEALTH REFORMER to me here, and very much oblige,

Yours most respectfully,

ORRIS MOSHER.

### A Card.

MRS. P. ROBERTSON tenders her sincere thanks to all connected with the Health Reform Institute, for their kindness to, and care of, her dear brother, Dr. F. F. Coleman, during his illness, trusting the blessing of God may be with you withersoever you may go, and bright jewels be added to the crowns you shall wear "up there."

From a Minister's Wife.

DR. LAY: When I left the Health Institute, May 20, 1868, I promised to write you soon after reaching home. I have not seen any time since then when I could not report favorably in regard to my health. I have felt better in every respect than for several years. Yet many a time I could hardly believe myself, and have not dared to write till the lapse of eight months has proved that I am *really* improving healthwise. During this time I have attended to my household duties with considerable ease, and have been enabled to travel quite extensively with my husband, attending meetings in this State, and some in Canada.

I often look back with fond remembrance to my stay at the Institute. True, at first it seemed that I could receive no encouragement of getting any better; but I believe that, in the hands of God, the kind attention manifested by physicians and helpers, and the means that are employed at the Institute to benefit the sick, as they were directed in my case, have proved to be a great blessing to me.

I am thankful for the light of health reform. I eat but two meals a day, as I have done for four years. My diet is composed of vegetables and grains, with plenty of fruit. In short, I try to eat, live, and dress, as I did at the Institute. If I fail anywhere, it is in working. I feel no inconvenience in my side only when I work hard and get weary. Here is the danger with me. But I am resolved to guard against this all I can. Husband joins with me in love to you and yours, and to all the dear friends at the Institute.

From your former patient,

CHARLOTTE BOURDEAU.

Bordoville, Franklin Co., Vt.

From the Golden State.

DEAR HEALTH REFORMER: In January last a letter of mine was published in your columns, giving an account of how we treated an opium eater. When I wrote that letter, we did not know whether the patient would live or die; but now it is with pleasure we can say that he lived, and is to-day a healthier and better man than he has been for twelve years; is rid of his opium and tobacco habits, and can once more say, I am a man.

It was a long and tedious time we had with him, but we were well satisfied before he left us that we, through the effects of water and diet, had been the means of restoring once more to society a member of whom we would not be ashamed.

By the date of this you will see that we have moved from Camptonville. We have located here for the present, and if we can build up a practice, here we shall stay. We already have a number of patients, and if we are as successful as usual, we hope for all we can attend to before many months shall elapse. This city is considered healthy for the valley, but that there is a good deal of fever cannot be denied. We hope to convince the people that fevers, as well as other diseases, can be cured without drugs, and in much less time than the Dr. cures (?) *with* them.

Please send the REFORMER to me in Marysville, now sent to Camptonville. As soon as we get acquainted here, will try to get up a club for the REFORMER.

Yours in the good cause,

J. E. EDDY.

Marysville, Cal.

### The Fate of a Chemical Phosphate.

A CELEBRATED Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself—so to speak—from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair, with chemically-prepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath, and on emerging from it, she was horrified at finding herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete. Not a vestige of the "supreme Caucasian race" was left. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately, and said: "Madame, you are not ill; you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman, but a *sulphuret*. It is not now a question of medicinal treatment, but of simple chemical reaction. I shall analyze you. Come! I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur, the metal will produce a *sulphate*, and we shall find as a *precipitate*, a very pretty woman." The good-natured physician went through with his analysis, and the belle was restored to her membership with all the white race. Young ladies, who are ambitious of snowy complexions, should remember this, and be careful what powders and cosmetics they use—if they use any at all.

WILD OATS.—We once saw a young man bravely turning up the glass. He was a free-hearted, glorious fellow; he was, as he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterward saw the constable hauling a miserable drunkard from the gutter to jail. It occurred to us that the wild oats were being dragged in. A glorious crop! The bar-room and gutter are exhaustless in their fertility.

DR. TRALL'S  
Special Department.

Honesty in Journalism.

Is there such a thing? We still incline to the affirmative. But we can hardly account for the doings of some who make great professions of honesty, fairness, liberality, candor, truthfulness, &c., except on the supposition that they are sometimes so blinded by prejudice, interest, conceit, or fanaticism, as not to see very clearly the distinction between a zeal for an opinion or a theory, and a disposition to deal justly.

The *Revolution*, so far as its women managers are concerned—"E. C. S." and "S. B. A.,"—comes nearer to our ideal of fair and honest dealing, than any journal (our own always excepted) we have to deal with in a controversial way. Its women folk seem willing that those who dissent from their opinions should be heard. But as for the man associated with them—"P. P." we don't know precisely what to think. He writes boldly, bravely, and gives little quarter to those who prevaricate, dissemble, or in any manner deal unfairly with debatable questions. But he has a hobby, and therein, like all riders of hobbies, he will not, does not, and cannot be just, nor fair, nor candid, nor true.

His hobby is the Turkish bath; and he writes it up in the columns of the *Revolution* so extravagantly, and with as little deference to physiological principles, or the laws of life, as Hostetter does his bitters, Brandreth his pills, or Townsend his sarsaparilla, in the daily and weekly newspapers.

Well, this is, perhaps, his business, and not ours. But, as the question has two sides, as the *Revolution* professes to believe in hydropathic and hygienic *vs.* drug medication, and as a majority of hydropathic and hygienic physicians repudiate the Turkish bath as belonging to the drug and not the hygienic system, and, moreover, as many of us have done our part in labor and money, to help the *Revolution* along, we really deemed it both proper and just that the reasons why we did not advocate, employ, nor approve the Turkish bath, should be published in its columns. Accordingly, in a very brief article, we stated why and wherefore we opposed the thing, and offered to reply to any reasons that any one would advance in its favor. This article was sent to the *Revolution* at the time when "E. C. S." and "S. B. A." were in the West, and when "P. P.," who does the Turkish-

bath puffing, reigned supreme in the editorial sanctum.

Our article was not published. Of this we do not complain. He had a perfect right to reject it, with or without giving reasons; and, had he done so, we should not have told our grievances. But, he declined our article on the ground that he had not room for it. This was not true; for he quoted our opinion, leaving our reasons out, and then occupied more space than our article required, in writing up the bath and in quoting the opinions of other persons in its favor.

Now, in quoting our opinion and then arguing against it, without letting his readers see a single one of our reasons, may be shrewd; but if it is fair or decent we have yet to learn the meaning of the word. Such management belongs to the trickery of the politicians and the cunning of the quacks, and has no part nor lot in the dealings of the honest truth-seeker. Does not "P. P." know that any physician, or any charlatan, can get opinions and certificates of cure to any extent he is willing to pay for, in favor of any nostrum or any plan of treatment ever known to medical man or medical empiric? If he can quote the experience of a hundred persons, and the opinions of a dozen physicians, to the effect that Turkish baths are vitalizing, the rum-seller can adduce the testimony of ten thousand physicians, and invoke the experience of four thousand years and many millions of persons, that alcohol is a supporter of vitality. Drake can parade the names of physicians and patrons innumerable in favor of his "Plantation" grog; and a few years ago the enterprising Mr. Wolfe, proprietor of the celebrated "Scheidam Schnapps," had a list of two thousand physicians who endorsed his gin-medicinal beverage. "P. P." delights to publish opinions in any quantity in favor of the Turkish-bath humbug, but when we offer a reason why it is pernicious, he has not room for it.

"P. P." reminds us of a controversy we had once with the *London Temperance Spectator*. At the International Convention in 1862, we gave an exposition of the *modus operandi* of alcohol. Our position was, and is, that alcohol does not act on the living system at all, but, on the contrary, is acted on by the living system. This doctrine was declared an "absurd verbal theory," and half a dozen writers occupied a large amount of space in the *Spectator* in refutation of the theory we had advanced. The argument against us was kept up for two years. Every one of the articles which appeared in the *Spectator* against our theory we republished

in full in our journal, and replied to, thus giving our readers a chance to hear both sides. But the *Spectator* refused to allow a single one of our replies to appear in its columns. It would quote our opinions, and take here and there a fragmentary sentence, and then, *a la* "P. P.," write us down. We thought its course was particularly mean, not to say positively dishonest.

For more than twenty-five years we have been constantly engaged in editorial labor, and as constantly advocating doctrines which were reformatory, hence unpopular; and we have never in a single instance refused to publish any arguments or reasons urged against the positions we advocated. But we have yet to find a cotemporary thus fair on medical questions.

### Things that are to Be.

THE *Boston Journal of Chemistry* prophesies that before A. D. 1900

Vast gas manufactories will be found in all the great cities and towns, in which the invisible agent will be manufactured solely for the purpose of cooking the food and warming the dwellings of the inhabitants. These works will be independent of those established for making illuminating gas. It will not be necessary to purify the fuel gas so fully, and it will, in most places, be made from wood. The cost will be so low, and the convenience so great, other kinds of fuel will, in a large measure, be dispensed with. No ashes, no smoke, no dust—what a glorious realization this will be! At that time the air, the earth, and the sea, will be full of conducting wires, and electric currents will flow constantly in every direction. A new order of things will prevail in our postoffices. The click of the telegraph instrument will be heard, instead of the snap of the lock which closes up the wide mouths of the mail bags. The small sum of ten cents (perhaps less) will place correspondents in instant communication with each other, no matter how widely they may be separated. Although the industrial arts will have enormously increased, less steam power will be employed. Electrical, or some other of the hidden forces of nature will be harnessed to the primary moving wheels of the great manufacturing establishments, and smoke and vapor will no longer mark their location to the distant traveler.

The sick will not be required to swallow disgusting doses of medicine. Remedies will be administered through other avenues than the stomach. Chemistry will have eliminated the vital, active principles from all curative agents; and through the cellular subcutaneous coverings, and by other at-present-closed doors of access, the influence of therapeutic agents will be brought to bear directly upon diseased parts. Light will be let in upon nearly all the organs of the body, so that the physicians can observe the extent and nature of disease, and no longer be compelled to diagnose in the dark.

We venture an improvement on the last

paragraph. Chemistry will then have nothing to do with the healing art, for it will then be known that all curative virtue is inherent in the living organism, and that the employment of "disgusting drugs," or poisons of any kind, has neither science nor common sense to recommend it; that proper therapeutic agents are those things which have normal relations to vital structures, and that the condition of health is, obedience to organic law.

### The Russian Bath and Hydrophobia.

The *Chicago Tribune* gives the following account of the Russian-bath treatment in a case of hydrophobia, which recently occurred in that city:

The physicians unanimously recommended the famous remedy of the French Dr. Bruisson—a Russian steam bath. He was placed in a close carriage and conveyed to the bath-rooms. The moment he entered the vapory atmosphere of the bath-house, his madness increased, and, distending his mouth to its widest reach, he nearly choked himself in vain endeavors to expectorate.

When the bath was ready a pair of handcuffs were placed on his wrists, and he was forcibly thrust into the little air-tight closet called a bath-room. The steam is forced into the chamber from underneath, and as the effects made themselves perceptible, he became furiously frantic. His yells were loud and appalling, and very much resembled the bark of a dog. He stamped his bare feet on the floor, beat the sides with his head and manacled hands, and otherwise behaved himself in a manner that was terrible to hear, and froze the blood of those in waiting. Gradually the heat was increased, and in the course of five minutes 125° Fahrenheit was reached. At this stage a body fell to the floor, and then all was still. The heat was then increased to 136° and shut off. A minute or two after the attendant entered the little chamber, and conveyed the almost inanimate form into an adjoining room. Cold water was thrown on his face, and he began to breathe slowly. Under the application of more water, respiration increased perceptibly, and hopes were expressed that the remedy had proved efficacious. But soon he began to foam at the mouth; his breath came slow and heavily, and about ten minutes after he was taken from the bath-room he expired.

Whether the Russian-bath is a good or a bad "remedy" for this climate, there can be no question that it was most bunglingly and barbarously managed in this case. We are of opinion, however, that neither very hot nor very cold appliances of any kind ought ever to be used in hydrophobia, delirium tremens, or similar diseases. That the extreme heat occasioned fatal congestion of the lungs, or brain, or both, in the case before us, is sufficiently evident from the symptoms.

LET sin have no dominion over thee.

### Lager Beer Again.

A COURT and jury in New York and in Brooklyn, have been unable to agree whether lager beer is intoxicating. A Boston committee has decided that it is a wholesome beverage. A Dr. Clark, of Newark, N. J., has expressed a hope that lager will be exempted from the "prohibitory law," on the ground that it is a very nourishing "stimulant- tonic," and peculiarly adapted to "nursing mothers;" and a competent Dutchman has testified, in a court of justice, that it does not intoxicate in the least, forty or fifty glasses only making him feel "goot and sleeby."

And now, to complicate the lagerous confusion, Prof. J. F. Chandler, of the School of Mines, of Columbia College, has recently concluded a series of chemical tests, in which he claims to prove that it is intoxicating. The preparation of the alcoholic ingredient in the several samples analyzed amounting to above six per cent. In its general comparative and hygienic character, according to Prof. Chandler, lager beer very closely resembles *swill*. But all this is of no sort of consequence to genuine Hygienists who do not use *swill*, and who believe that the only fluid nature has ever provided for man, beast, bird, or plant, either as drink or medicine, is pure water.

### The Medical Recorder vs. the Doctors.

THE *Medical Recorder* of this city, is an allopathic journal; and it charges the regular physicians of the city with being the causes of the wide-spread quackery which prevails among the educated classes, in that they have refused to impart to the people the proper knowledge. But, neighbor *Recorder*, how can the profession impart what it does not possess? The *Recorder* says that in all departments of science, with the single exception of medicine, the public has been educated to discriminate between true and false doctrines; but in regard to medicine, the faculty stands in the same relation to the people that it did a hundred years ago. It might as well have said a thousand. But how can the faculty teach what it does not know? The nature of disease, and the *modus operandi* of medicines, are the fundamental problems in medical science and the healing art. Yet on both of these problems the profession confesses its utter ignorance. How, then, can it give the people any useful instruction on these subjects? Nay, more; it teaches absolute error in relation to each. It teaches a false doctrine of the nature of disease, and

a false doctrine of the action of medicines. Were it to teach the truth on these propositions it would destroy itself. If the people understood the nature of disease, they would not allow any physician to poison them with his drug stuffs. If they understood the rationale of the effects of medicines, they would no more think of having their vital organs wronged by them than they would consent to swallow the miasms of the gutters, the contagion of small-pox, or the infection of hydrophobia. Oh, no! Mr. *Recorder*. Educate your physicians; and when they know what they are talking about, and can give a rational reason for poisoning a person because he is sick, then you may pertinently ask them to educate the people.

### Phosphatic Physiology.

PROF. E. N. HORSFORD asks us to eat our victuals, and take our medicines, through the medium of the phosphates. We respectfully decline. Not that phosphates of every name and nature are not good in their place; but with all proper deference to analytical chemistry and the professors thereof, we still desire to keep the stuff out of our bread and out of our stomach. Professor Horsford has sent us a pair of circulars, one laudatory of his phosphatic "Self-raising Bread Preparation," and other puffatory of his "Acid Phosphate" medicine. The former professes to make our bread light and wholesome, and the latter to be phosphatically therapeutic in most of the maladies (especially the incurable ones) that afflict the human family.

The chemical professor quotes the great chemist Liebig, in commendation of his bread-raising, who says: "It is certain that the nutritive value of flour will be increased ten per cent by your phosphatic bread preparation, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

Estimating the value of the wheat crop in the United States at \$500,000,000 annually, the Professor's powder, if universally adopted, would be worth \$50,000,000, a year to us. Ought we not to appropriate him a few hundreds of millions for his "discovery"? But its value, if any, is only negative. In the process of raising bread by yeast fermentation, about ten per cent of the nutrient material is rotted—destroyed; and when the raising is effected by means of acids and alkalies, this rotting does not occur, but instead, the bread contains the saline matters introduced in order to set free the carbonic acid gas,

which raises the dough. It is only a choice of evils; and neither plan can produce wholesome bread. Our plan of bread-making destroys nothing and adds nothing. The bread is light, delicious, and pure. We are of the opinion that the presence of Professor Horsford's phosphatic salt in the bread, is a greater evil than the loss by fermentation. We discard both plans as intrinsically wrong, and as disease-producing. But the Professor regards his *phosphatics* as good medicine as well as good raising, and professes to supply the hungry, sick, and suffering, public with the articles prepared under his own direction by the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

We cannot class this preparation among the humbugs of the day. It is in accordance with the chemico-physiology of the day, and in harmony with the fundamental errors of the drug system. But we suspect the Professor's sales among the readers of the HEALTH REFORMER will be infinitesimally small. The rationale of the medicine is given in the following words: "So far as experience goes, it seems to act as if it were nutriment to the cerebral and nervous systems, restoring to their normal action secretory organs that have been deranged, giving vigor where there has been debility, and renewed strength where there has been exhaustion."

For four thousand years alcohol has been regarded as "cerebral nutriment;" and even now the majority of physicians so regard it. "According to experience" it acts to "support vitality," "giving renewed strength where there is exhaustion," &c., &c. When will the world learn that chemical physiology and chemical therapeutics are mistakes? That animal organisms are not and cannot be nourished by inorganic substances; that stimulation is not strength, but a waste of vital power, and that food, air and water, just as nature has prepared them, are the only vitalizing, or brain-sustaining, or nerve-strengthening, materials in the universe? Professor Horsford's phosphatics may have a run in the market if skillfully advertised, but if he will condescend to argue the point with us, we will undertake to prove to him that his bread-raising is pernicious stuff, and his medicine ditto. And in conclusion let us contrast and compare Horsford and Hostetter. The latter says of his Bitters, in a late number of the *New York Tribune*, "Science has given to the world, in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a vegetable invigorant, which permanently braces up and sustains the feeble physique, whether the lack of strength and stamina be an inherent defect, or the result of extraneous causes."

So much for the quacks—literate and illiterate. Hostetter beats Horsford in advertising, and so he will in selling.

### Hygieo-Therapy in Missouri.

DR. O. F. KENNEDY, who is doing a good work in lecturing and practicing the hygienic system into the affections of the people of Missouri, gives the following account of one of his many successful achievements:

"I have prejudice, superstition, and misrepresentation, to meet on all sides; but my business is steadily increasing. I have spent some months in lecturing, and have generally had large and intelligent audiences. I might state many cases of remarkable cures, but will only mention one of recent occurrence. It was that of a lady fifty-two years of age, sick of fever. She had endured the usual course of drugging for two weeks prior to the time I was called. She knew little of our system, but became discouraged with druggery, as she was constantly getting worse. A little explanation confirmed her suspicions that most of her alarming symptoms had been caused by the medicine she had taken.

"Soon after my arrival, the physician in attendance called, as he had been requested to meet me; and he listened to my objections to drug poisons with evident surprise. He thought it was possible for the patient to recover by the free use of stimulants, but regarded the idea of her recovery without stimulation as preposterous. An argument then ensued between us on alcoholic medication, and he took the old, exploded position that alcohol is food in a concentrated form. I replied that horse manure might as well be termed concentrated hay; for both manure and alcohol are produced by the same process of fermentation, or decomposition. Is it not worse than ridiculous that one of the most influential classes of men teach and practice such arrant nonsense? But to return to the patient: She persisted in getting better under hygienic treatment very fast, her friends declaring all the while that she would surely die. However, she is now alive and well—'cured without medicine.'"

### Answers to Correspondents.

**TOBACCO AND THROAT-AIL.**—R. N. A.: So far from tobacco's being a remedy for throat-ail, it is one of the most frequent causes of the complaint. The late Prof. Horace Green, M. D., who treated more cases than any other physician ever did (we do not, however, approve his mode of treatment), asserted that "of the great number of cases of throat-ail which had come under his observation, a large proportion of them had taken place in individuals who had been, or were at the time, addicted to the habit of using tobacco."

**RUSSIAN AND TURKISH BATHS.**—L. O.: What is called the Russian bath is simply a



very hot vapor bath followed by a plunge in cold water, or the cold affusion, while the Turkish bath consists essentially in exposing the body to a high temperature in dry, hot air, followed by gradual cooling, shampooing, &c. The assertion by those who advertise these baths that they are not weakening to feeble persons is a falsehood ridiculous on its very face. Those who make such assertions are grossly ignorant or knavishly perverse.

**CHRONIC HEADACHE.**—P. S.: The symptoms you mention indicate that the whole trouble is due to overeating. Partial deafness and obscurity of vision are frequently attributable to the same cause. Try moderation in two meals a day, and total abstinence from the third, and your head will sit more easily on your shoulders.

**FISTULAS.**—J. R. J.: We do not use the knife in treating fistulous ulcers. The practice of cutting them open is still in vogue, but very bad consequences sometimes follow the operation, while the treatment by caustic is much more successful, much less painful, and, if properly managed, never dangerous.

**TORPID LIVER.**—M. A.: The dizziness, palpitation, feeling of "goneness" at the stomach, jaundiced appearance of the eyes, &c., of which you complain, are indications of an inactive state of the liver. Take the wet-sheet pack once a week, a tepid ablution daily, and the hip bath occasionally. Take only two meals a day.

**GRANULATED EYELIDS.**—E. S. M.: Many cases can be cured by hygienic treatment alone, but some require the use of mild caustics. The physician cannot tell what particular caustic preparation is best until he examines the case. Caustics should not be applied by unskillful hands.

**HOWARD ASSOCIATION.**—P. L.: This humbug is so transparent that no one ought to be deceived. All persons and all institutions which offer to send medicines by mail are humbugs and impostors. This rule admits of no exceptions.

**SWELLED LIMBS.**—W. L.: We cannot prescribe for swelled limbs "in a person forty-five years of age," who has taken some medicine, and whose health is otherwise good, without a more definite history of her case and a fuller statement of her symptoms. The swelling may be owing to dropsy, constipated bowels, enlargement of the liver, an affection of the kidneys, drug medicines, or something else; and the treatment must be predicated on the precise morbid condition.

**DROPSY OF THE HEAD.** L. L. O.: The child has doubtless internal hydrocephalus, and it has probably already advanced to the incurable stage.

**BLEEDING PILES.**—A. J. N.: Hip baths and small enemas of cold water are the specialties of treatment. Of course, careful attention must be paid to diet, and such constitutional treatment adopted as the state of the general health requires, if a radical cure is to be expected.

**KLEPTOMANIA.**—P. S. M.: There is no doubt that the organ of acquisitiveness may be so morbidly excited or diseased as to induce a strong, if not uncontrollable desire to steal; just as alimintiveness may be in such a morbid condition as to induce a disposition to eat almost continually.

**A LIVING SKELETON.**—A remarkable instance of human emaciation exists in the family of a German laborer named Charles Schrier, who resides on Talbot street, three doors from the northeast corner of Fullerton. It is that of a girl, aged ten years, who is almost entirely without flesh, and who has subsisted in this condition from earliest infancy. The unfortunate child presents a spectacle to move the deepest sympathy. Without the power to aid herself in any way, or to signify her wants, except by fretfulness, she sits propped in a chair all day long, attended constantly by the other members of the family. Her face gives her the appearance of an ordinary invalid, wasted by disease, but the body and limbs disclose an almost total absence of flesh, the frame exhibiting its ghastly outlines through the skin. Though without the gift of speech, her intellect betrays much acuteness; when pleased, she smiles composedly, and remains perfectly tranquil and happy when rocked in the chair. She is also pleased with the notice of strangers. When unhappy, she struggles for utterance, the only effect of which is a faint cry. Her hearing, however, is said to be perfect. She cannot be moved from one position without considerable pain, and as all such subjects do, suffers from perpetual cold.

Medical men who have examined her, express the opinion that her emaciation has been produced from pre-natal causes.—*London (Ont.) Press Press.*

Two physicians in consultation at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying, "Very well, have it your own way now, but the *post mortem* will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

## Items for the Month.

**CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.**—With the present number, the third volume of the *HEALTH REFORMER* is completed. An existence of three years, accompanied with the most gratifying success, has demonstrated that our journal is established in the hearts of its friends as the accepted champion of their cause. And as we shall enter upon Volume four, it will be with the firm assurance that we shall receive the moral and pecuniary support of those whom we have learned to reckon among the firm friends of health reform. The increasing patronage of the past leads us to expect nothing less than this; and while we hope for it, we have the consciousness of making efforts entitling us, in some degree at least, to the confidence of our patrons.

Of our determinations with regard to the *REFORMER* for the new volume we need not speak at length, trusting that our endeavors in the past have sufficiently demonstrated to our readers that honesty and firmness of purpose, with unswerving fidelity to our glorious cause, will characterize our efforts to make this journal the best health magazine published.

And of our patrons we shall certainly expect promptness and fidelity to pecuniary obligations, and, in addition, shall hope for energetic effort on their part to extend our circulation, and thus enlarge our sphere of usefulness.

We have received several copies of the *Meigs Co. (Ohio) Press*, containing an able discussion of the alcoholic medication question. It appears that the Ohio State Temperance Convention passed a resolution calling upon physicians "to define in what abnormal state of the human system the imbibition of alcohol is useful." Whereupon "M. D." of Newark, O., undertakes the task in an elaborate article which entirely fails to touch the point, and which provokes a reply from an able writer, evidently a practitioner of the hygieo-therapeutic school. A caustic discussion ensues, in which "M. D." gets the worst of it, and by means of which some reformatory ideas are spread out before the public. We thank our unknown friend for the copies of the paper.

"**THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER.**"—The May number of this valuable periodical comes to hand, filled, as usual, with choice articles, illustrations, &c. Its character is indicated by its name, and to the class for which it is especially designed, it must be of great value. It is published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y., at \$1.50 per annum.

W. L.: Dates, figs, raisins, &c., may be procured in New York, in bulk, at much less rates than they can be had of country grocers, and when procured in this way, constitute cheap articles of food. We do not know the address of dealers who can supply you.

**CRAIG MICROSCOPES AS PREMIUMS.**—To place this valuable little instrument within the reach of all, we have concluded to offer it as a premium for subscriptions to the *REFORMER*, on the following favorable terms:

For 7 new subscribers and \$7.00 we will send one of the Microscopes free, by mail, price \$2.75. For 12 new subscribers and \$12.00 we will send the Microscope with 1 doz. mounted objects, free, by mail.

We have received a new supply of "How to Treat the Sick Without Medicine," to which we called attention last month. Upon a careful examination of the work, we are free to pronounce it a valuable hand book for family use. Its popular style, and freedom from professional technicalities, make it emphatically a book for the masses. We are prepared to fill orders at publishers' price, \$3.25 by mail, postpaid. Address *HEALTH REFORMER, Battle Creek, Mich.*

We have just been shown a handsome photograph of a portion of the Health Institute, embracing the main building and bath room, with physicians, patients, &c., in the foreground. The picture is mounted on a card 10x12, and will be mailed free to any address on receipt of \$1.00. Address *JOHN O. CORLISS, Battle Creek, Mich.*

**THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE.**—This is the title of a new monthly, published at Indianapolis, Ind., edited by Mrs. M. Cora Bland. Unlike many so-called ladies' journals, it contains a fund of wholesome common sense and practical information. The number before us contains an excellent article on the dress of women, and a chapter on bread-making, a very good substitute for the dish-water literature which so generally afflicts our popular magazines.

It is published at \$1.50 per year. Address *North Western Farmer Company, Indianapolis, Ind.*

**PHOTOGRAPHS.**—A correspondent for whom we prescribed last month, sent us his photograph to enable us to better judge of his case, and by its help we were able to form a clearer idea of the condition of the patient than we should have been by a long description of his condition. If patients choose to send us a full-length or half-length photograph, it will often be of use to us in determining their cases, and will be returned, if desired, when accompanied by the address, and a stamp for return postage. A recent picture, of course, is desirable.

A large number of subscriptions expire with the present number. Please send in your renewals at once.

[Advertisement.]

**DYSPEPTICS.**—*Hecker's Wheaten Grits*, a highly nutritious, palatable and healthful preparation of wheat grain, invaluable for dyspeptics and persons of sedentary habits. 2-lb. papers, with directions, sold by all grocers.

*HECKER & Bro's, 203 Cherry-st., N.Y.*

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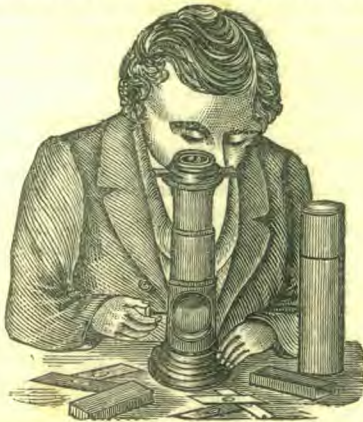
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| LEAVE.           | MAIL.      | DAY EXP.  | EVE. EXP.  | NIGHT EX. |
|------------------|------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Detroit, . . . . | 6:35 A.M.  | 9:00 A.M. | 6:00 P.M.  | 9:30 P.M. |
| Battle Creek, .  | 12:40 P.M. | 1:47 P.M. | 11:33 P.M. | 2:10 A.M. |
| Chicago, Arr.    | 7:40 P.M.  | 8:00 P.M. | 8:30 A.M.  | 9:00 A.M. |

### GOING EAST.

|                  |            |           |            |           |
|------------------|------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Chicago, . . . . | 5:00 A.M.  | 8:00 A.M. | 5:15 P.M.  | 9:00 P.M. |
| Battle Creek, .  | 12:03 P.M. | 1:47 P.M. | 11:33 P.M. | 3:10 A.M. |
| Detroit, Arr.    | 6:05 P.M.  | 6:30 P.M. | 8:45 A.M.  | 8:00 A.M. |

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