

Doane (W.C.)

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

Homœopathic Medical Society

OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Delivered at Harrisburg, February 1, 1871,

By WILLIAM C. DOANE, M. D.,

OF WILLIAMSPORT.

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BY WILLIAM C. DOZZE, M. D.

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At the meeting of the Society, held at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 1st of February, 1877, the following address was delivered by Dr. W. C. Dozze, M. D., of Philadelphia, Pa. The address was published in the Proceedings of the Society, for the year 1877, and is here reprinted for the convenience of those who are unable to obtain the original. It is published by permission of the Executive Committee of the Society, and is published at the expense of the Society. It is published in the Proceedings of the Society, for the year 1877, and is here reprinted for the convenience of those who are unable to obtain the original. It is published by permission of the Executive Committee of the Society, and is published at the expense of the Society.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

At the meeting of the State Medical Society, which convened at the city of Erie in June last, I had the distinguished honor of being selected to deliver the address at this meeting. I am not in the habit of writing what I have to say; but it being the custom to incorporate the address in the Transactions of the Society, I have taken the few brief moments allowed to me by an exacting and laborious business, to commit some thoughts to paper; and if my remarks are tame and tiresome, I have no apology to offer except perhaps the poor one that my speech is a written one, or the far better excuse that my brethren made a very unwise choice in the appointment of an Orator. If, however, by what I have to offer, I shall be able to fasten upon the public mind a single good and important idea, or if I shall succeed in arousing the attention of any one intrusted with the health or lives of others, to the necessity of research and honest investigation; or if it is my fortune to so present my subject, that any of us may

become more useful physicians or better men, more honor to our exalted calling, or a greater blessing to the afflicted, I will be happy in the discharge of this duty, and rejoice in the consciousness that my poor effort has not been futile.

Here allow me to remark that he who enters the profession of medicine with the head of a miser and the heart of a stoic, may by cunning and artifice accumulate wealth and maintain the position it gives, but the place he holds is evidence of his dishonor, for it is retained without merit, and kept under the protest of real manhood.

The man who, in the midst of suffering and agony, while hearts that love are torn and bleeding and breaking, can deliberately ask himself what that unutterable anguish, or what a glorious deliverance from the impending ruin, would put in his pocket,—in a word, when under such circumstances, he can stoop, as I am sure some are ready to do, to the mean consideration of "Expediency," he is simply unchristian, barbarous, and devilish.

When he will not examine and embrace new things, simply because he is too lazy to study, he can only be denominated as a drone and a sluggard in the profession; and to those who behold real beauty in progress, and who are determined to push forward with sleepless vigilance, he appears like an instructed cormorant hanging on to the commissary department of a business which would be entirely honorable if the diseased growths were only removed.

When he sits down and folds his hands, perfectly satisfied with his own system, or ready like the jaded horse to follow the beaten path or tread in the same old tracks "the fathers trod" in ages past, he is but an imitator, and the forms he would put upon the canvass are only imaginary, for they are painted from the lengthened shadows of Æsculapius and Galen, which have been crowded down through the mists and storm and changes of centuries, and are only seen now by the uncertain glare of a reflected light. The originals survived in an age of ignorance and error, and their palmy days were scarcely more than fictions, and to be content with their teachings, only ranks a man among that numerous class

whom all should commiserate, and concerning whom it is written, "the fool is wise in his own conceit."

When, because of prejudice, he will not investigate anything new, he acknowledges himself to be a bigot, and should without delay study the Koran, for he would make a devoted follower of the Mohammaden faith.

When he wraps around him the mantle of selfishness,—a popular custom now-a-days,—and declares that *he* only is right, and that all who differ with him are intentionally wrong, he stands forth a solemn warning to the toiling searcher for truth, and over his door and upon his forehead, too, should be written, "take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." We should all of us revere the memories of the Fathers, and respect their toil, but it will not do in this age of lightning, steam, and intelligence, when the masses are almost as learned as were the sages of the past, to be satisfied with ancient conquests, and shut our eyes and stop our ears to an importunate and cultivated people, to whom the so-called philosophy of other days is known to be folly now. Old theories have disappeared before the majesty of recently discovered facts, the numerous sects just named answered for their time, but when the new order of things was ushered in, the declaration came with it, that "the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees" would no longer answer; and when Hahnemann uttered the sublime truth that underlies our faith, he sounded the death-knell of ancient heresy and its legitimate offspring—modern empiricism.

When a doctor stands with his mouth open, ready to denounce everything he meets—as his predecessors have done—without trial, although advocated and defended by those who are often superior to himself, then gets more and more enamored with his crude and frequently untenable notions, instead of exhibiting reason, he affords evidence of insanity, as did the "maniac in the farce who fell in love with the picture of his grandmother."

The man who shrinks from an honest investigation of something new, having a fair share of respectable evidence in its favor, shows distrust in his own system, and fears its over-

throw. He excludes the light, acts like a knave, and seeks the congenial fellowship of darkness.

When, like some of our modern "Medical Societies" which promise expulsion for advancement, he forbids those he can control, under threats of pains and penalties, to study, explore, and think for themselves, and act for the good of others as they understand it, he aspires to more enviable position than the one held by the race who occupy managers to their discredit; and of them it has been said, "beware of dogs; beware of evil workers; beware of the CONCISION."

The person who dare not explore new fields from fear, gives an unmistakable proof that he has surrendered himself and assigned his manhood to others keeping. He has laid aside that fearless independence of thought and action, without which no man ever has or ever will become either truly learned, eminent or great. He may be said to be substantially a sort of professional merchandise or intellectual "shoddy," which looks well enough at the first glance, but gives way under the slightest strain. Such a creature of another's caprice, or such a willing tool of a perverse, self-sufficient and exacting organization, should always wear a marked collar upon his neck, and then none but his rightful owners will pick him up, or meddle with him. I am satisfied that a great many wear collars, and they begin to choke; and if the *peerage* do not loosen them soon, the *order* will off with them themselves, rather than endure asphyxia.

Ours is no mean vocation. It is not merely a system of mercenary consideration, where all the stock-in-trade is human calamity; but it is a dignified department of labor, in which all the better elements of our nature should have perfect play, whilst he who follows it, should, like him who preaches, live by it. He ought not to forget that his mission is one of merey, and his work a labor of love; and as he toils on, let him rejoice that God has conferred upon him so much honor; and he must never fail to carry with him that greatest of all the Christian graces—charity; for it is after all this element that enlarges our views, and gives grace the potency to genius, freedom to thought, and vitality to all discovered good.

Without it the arts might have remained stationary, and science unfolded; without it philosophy might have had no defenders, and patriotism no leaders; without it liberty would have no champions, and religion no advocates; without it every grace would deform, and every achievement degrade us; without it our profession is converted into a vile cesspool, in which is fostered and ripened to infernal maturity every abomination of the heart, and its members are only "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

If you would exalt the dignity of our calling, go to the sacred volume, and you will find everywhere in it a special regard manifested for the sick, and an earnest desire shown for their recovery; and when He, who became the "Resurrection and the Life," was announced as the prophetic king, all were filled with consternation, anxiety and doubt. Even those whose faith had long been anchored to the Throne, faltered; but when the news fell upon their ears "He heals the sick," all doubts were swept away, for they knew that prophecy had at last been lost in history, and they instinctively reiterated the song that was heard upon the plains of Bethlehem, when the angelic choir came to herald the advent of the great Physician; and when he had made the deaf hear, the lame walk, the blind see, and the dead live, and was about to carry a world's crimes to Calvary, he called around him his chosen few, and gave them the world as their field of toil, and the human race as the object of their care and commiseration, and with this sacred charge went the Divine injunction "heal the sick." Our profession seems to be one around which Divinity loves to linger; and at its head in peerless majesty stands the Incarnate One, healing the sick and serving God on the Sabbath day.

He who has a proper and just appreciation of the profession, cannot fail to discover in it something higher and better than the simple hope of *gain*, or the gratification of vain ambition, or the foolish tongue of praise, or the sanction of peculiar tenets. The true physician has a head to learn and a heart to feel; and when he has gone down with the suffering one to the soul's gateway, he is always ready to lament and

mourn that his arm is so short and his means so inadequate and impotent.

I would like to pursue this train of thought for the hour that generous consideration has given to me, but I must dismiss it now for the purpose of taking a glance at the two prominent and opposing or conflicting systems of medicine, viz.: Allopathy and Homœopathy, more commonly denominated as the Old School and New, and determine, if possible, their measures of merit, and their respective claims to public confidence and regard.

The old school doctor shall have attention first, for we must respect age, no matter if it be ugly; and besides all that I was an allopathist myself until I learned better, and by diligent search found a more "excellent way." This venerable gentleman assumes an air of wisdom, and ridicules us because, says he, "you only treat symptoms, *I treat causes.*" Let us see how this school of doctors treat causes. I will only refer to a few diseases, for recapitulation would be tedious, and time forbids. Prof. Geo. B. Wood, an eminent and able writer of the old school, tells us in his recent work, that "the most frequent cause of gout is inheritance," and that a "gouty diathesis" may be produced by sedentary habits and too generous living; he further says, that the *symptoms* of this disease are swollen, red and painful joints, attended with more or less fever, &c. Now let me ask which would a man of good sense do here? Would he treat the *cause* or the *symptoms*? Again, I ask would it be gout without the *symptoms*? Then, what are the *symptoms* but the gout? I am certain that my patients are content and happy, and so am I, when the *symptoms* leave, for about that time the doctor leaves. Some might prefer to remain until the *cause* was removed, for gout generally occurs among a class who are able to pay.

This same author tells us that the "most frequent cause of pleurisy" is exposure of the body to cold, especially when previously heated or perspiring, "and he also tells us that the symptoms characteristic of this disease, are pain in the side, cough, short and quick breathing, and fever." Again I put the interrogatory to the attending physician, Will you treat

the cause or the symptoms? You are too late for the cause. The patient has been out in the cold, and if you object to have anything to do with the symptoms, the sufferer will object to you. But, again, would it be pleurisy without the pain, the cough and the rapid breathing? Are not these *symptoms* the pleurisy and all there is of it. When all these symptoms disappear, your patient is well and his pleurisy is gone, but it is maintained that there is some cause operating between the exposure and the symptoms developed. Well, admit the assertion. What of it, then? We grant that there are remote and proximate causes. Of the former we may know something or think we do; but of the latter we may be content to allow, that it is the disease or the symptoms, or both. We know that flowers of every possible tint and hue unfold their leaves and exhale their fragrance in the same soil and under the same sunshine. We may think we know something of the remote cause of the sunshine; but the delicate touch, the magic changes, the infinite skill, the unseen mysterious unfolding, the proximate cause here, as in disease, is buried in the bosom of divinity, and defies the understanding of the finite mind.

Before I leave this part of my subject, I desire to adduce evidence from the old school upon this matter of causes. The great apostle of allopathy, the English Hippocrates, Thomas Sydenham, who was the cotemporary and friend of the illustrious and immortal Locke, says, when speaking of the causes of disease, "I do not desire to be called a philosopher, and as for such as conceive they have a right to this title, and upon this account may possibly censure me for not having attempted to dive into these mysteries, I advise them to try their faculties in accounting for the various works that everywhere surround us before they go about to teach others." "I would fain know," says this learned apostle, "why a horse comes to his full growth in seven years, a man in twenty-one," and then he goes on to say, "A search into efficient or material causes is doubtless one of the most idle and impertinent uses we can make of the powers of our understanding; for as they lie far beyond the reach of the senses, we cannot but fail in the at-

tempt. Would it not then be acting more prudently to resolve them into the will and pleasure of the Creator, without presuming to penetrate into what he should seem to have covered with an impenetrable veil; and rather apply ourselves to mark their effects and operations, so as to draw from thence a set of directions, which being built on so solid a foundation, might, if judiciously applied and varied as particular circumstances may require, serve to conduct us with safety and security on most occasions." We, of the new school, accept the sage-like council of this renowned author, and leave those who deride us, to settle the question with Sydenham and their patients as they choose.

The old school makes strong claims to science and certainty, and yet in fatal diseases they cannot with full assurance say, whether the patient died of the disease or the medicine. I will put to you but one simple illustration, and it is from the best of their own authority, which will enable you to see the dilemma into which they are led by their dangerous and doubtful weapons. The physician is called to a case which he recognizes as Enteritis, or inflammation of the bowels. He follows the treatment laid down by Prof. Wood, and that must be sufficiently orthodox for any one. He administers in connection with other drugs as directed, "calomel, or the blue mass;" or "one of the mercurials in small doses, repeated at short intervals, and continued until the mouth is slightly affected." For the sake of the illustration, we will say that the patient dies,—a result that sometimes occurs. Now, turn with me to the *Materia Medica* of Pereira, a standard and accredited work of the same school, and at page 614, Vol. I., he says, in speaking of calomel, where it was used in the treatment of croup, he has often seen "all the frightful symptoms of the tracheal inflammation, which threatened suffocation, suddenly vanish, and enteritis, or inflammation of the bowels, develop itself, which passed rapidly into gangrene, and destroyed the patient." With the testimony of these writers before us who can tell, who dare make solemn oath of what that human being died? Mother earth conceals the body and the doubt.

The allopaths are unfair in their attacks upon Homœopathy, for they almost invariably select some incurable or fatal case, and then with an air of triumph ask why we did not cure that, just as though it was our duty to cure everything, and drive disease and death out of the world. When they are invited to give us a fair chance in the hospital or the army, side by side with them, so that we can compare results, and stand upon merit, or fall for the want of it, they refuse; and the same spirit that persecuted Harvey when he discovered the circulation of the blood; the same rage and fury that drove Galileo from his professorship in Pisa to seek a new field in Padua, and then hurried him before the inquisition, and forced him to renounce his faith in the idea that the earth moved on its axis; the same hatred that denounced Jenner, who discovered vaccine virus and its power in uprooting or destroying that dreadful scourge of humanity—the small-pox; that same intense but *powerless* animosity that drove Hahnemann from Leipzig, is at once aroused and in full operation,—*powerless!* did I say? Yes, thank heaven, wrong and ignorance are always powerless. Such influences may retard, but they never stop; they may fight, but they never conquer; the *man* may sometimes fall, but the thought rises; the man may perish, but the truth he advocates enjoys the energy of a perpetual resurrection, and forces its way with the light and fire and precision of a sunbeam. This has been eminently true in the history of the expounder of our law of cure, for in spite of persecution and bigotry, he lived to make his power felt, his genius admired, and his attainments acknowledged; and at the home from which he was driven, stands a monument of splendid proportions, attesting his virtues and his toil. When the allopath does not demand of us impossibilities, he will point to some ignorant pretender, who may claim to practice our art, as a sample or test of the whole system, and there his argument and examination ends, and his anathemas begin. The men who are blinded by prejudice, measure everything by the downward scale; they magnify all a man's errors; they judge of any system only by its imperfection, and denounce even religion because

Judas has some friends in the Church; and this same spirit soon becomes willing in its baseness to wrong the poor, oppress the helpless, take advantage of necessity, abuse the deaf, cheat the blind, and trip cripples.

The physicians of the old school have had a new theory of disease in every age, and a new set of causes that produced them, but with remarkable zeal they have clung to the same medicine in treating them. In this respect, they resemble the old *parson* I once knew, who would select different texts, but preach the same sermon; but this is no more strange than the singular unanimity with which they all agree to disagree among themselves, and drive off everybody and everything that enters the field, no matter how important it may be to the health or life of the community. It is enough to know that it did not originate with them to stir up their wrath, and their unrelenting fury does not stop while the innovator is living, but it rushes into the sacred receptacle of the dead, and labors to defame his name and calumniate his memory. They now assail the name of Hahnemann, whose goodness and greatness is held in delightful remembrance by thousands who practice the precepts he taught, and by tens of thousands who, in the fruition of health, devoutly thank heaven and Homœopathy for delivery from disease. It may not be amiss at this point to see what the most renowned and liberal of the old school have said of Hahnemann. The venerable Hufeland says he "entertains for him the highest respect;" Valentine Mott, of New York, the most eminent of American surgeons says, "Hahnemann is one of the most accomplished and scientific physicians of the present age;" Urvinus, of London, said of him, "he is worthy of the thanks of the profession for his unwearied industry in ascertaining the properties of medicines;" Sigmond says, he was "a man of high intellectual attainments, of great sagacity, of inflexible courage, and of unwearied industry;" Sir John Forbes, editor of the British and Foreign Medical Review, says of him, "no careful observer of his actions or reader of his writings can hesitate for a moment to admit that he was an extraordinary man,—one whose name will descend to posterity as the exclusive

excogitator and founder of an original system of medicine, as generous as many that preceded it, and destined probably to be the remote if not the immediate cause of more important fundamental changes in the healing art, than have resulted from any promulgated since the days of Galen himself. Hahnemann was undoubtedly a man of genius and a scholar, a man of indefatigable industry, of undaunted energy. In the history of medicine his name will appear in the same lists with those of the greatest systematists and theorists, unsurpassed by few in the originality and ingenuity of his views, superior to most in having substantiated and carried out his doctrines into actual and most extensive practice." Remember if you please, that this is not testimony partial to Hahnemann, but it is the candid, honest evidence of his cotemporaries and opponents, and for that the more entitled to weight. It is the witness of those who were educated and competent to judge, and whose positions were too dignified and exalted to suppress the truth, and whose manhood would not permit them to deceive. I am confident that but few men have ever received such commendations from those who resist them; and I venture to predict that none of the men who are busy in traducing his fair name ever will.

The gentlemen of the allopathic school do not believe in their own system. I refer of course to the leading minds and the prominent men, to the writers and teachers of the school now, for I would not make any such sweeping charge against the whole fraternity by any means, for it must be unjust and untrue; for I believe and know by experience—the best of teachers—that many, and I have the charity to think that the majority, of these persons are sincere and honest. I know that when I practised in that way, I thought that I was doing the best thing that could be done for the patient; and it would be mean and unmanly in us to denounce them, because they cannot see as we do now. While we are confident that their sincerity and honesty is the result of a want of information and investigation, let us be faithful and fair in our dealings with them, and place the facts before them, and in this way we may benefit them and bless society.

Homœopathy demands that it be judged by its ablest men, and when it judges of its opponents, it must be by the same rule, which no fair man will attempt to dispute. And here I submit that it is a little strange that the men who know and who have had the best chance to know by actual experience the most of our system of medication, love it the best and say the most of its merits, while the most prominent and conspicuous among the other school, its writers and its leaders, after honest, prolonged, extensive trial and close observation, have been the most violent and unmeasured in denouncing it. Now I ask you candidly why this difference of opinion? There can be but one reply, and that is, that the first class were satisfied *with* and the second were disappointed *by* their medicines. But hear Bichat, the celebrated French physician, as he refers to this point, and says, "our *Materia Medica* (allopathic) is an assemblage of incoherent opinions, and is perhaps of all the physiological sciences, that which most exhibits the contradictions of the human mind. In fact it is not science for a methodic spirit; it is a shapeless assemblage of inexact ideas; of observation often puerile; of imaginary remedies strangely conceived and fastidiously arranged. I will go further (says he); no reasonable man can follow it if he studies its principles as set forth in our *Materia Medica*." Listen once more to Bichat, as he exclaims, "to what errors have not mankind been led in the employment and denomination of medicine? They created deobstruents when the theory of obstruction was in fashion, and incisives when that of thickening of the humors prevailed. Those who saw in disease a relaxation or tension of the fibres, the *laxum* and the *strictum* as they call it, (medical jargon) they employed astringents and relaxents. Refrigerants and heating remedies were brought into use by those who had special regard in diseases to an excess or deficiency of caloric. The same identical remedies have been employed under different names, according to the manner in which they were supposed to act. What an idea is here set forth for our consideration, and what can be said of the physician who stands over his suffering patient, and without any regard to the disease, its symptoms

or complications, administers his compound and demands of it obedience to his theory, as if by the flourish of some magic wand, a nod of the head or written orders, it would know which way and just when to go, after arriving at the helpless stomach, which, if it had a voice to articulate, would cry murder at its approach. Faithful compound, it goes on its doubtful mission, and no one has more right to be surprised than he who sent it, provided the patient lives.

Allow me, if you please, to refer once more to Sir John Forbes, who sums up the result of his long experience by saying, "First, that in a large proportion of the cases treated by allopathic physicians, the disease is cured by Nature, not by them; second, that in a lesser, but still not a small proportion the disease is cured by nature in spite of them; in other words, their interference opposing instead of assisting the cure; third, consequently in a considerable proportion of disease, it would fare as well, or better, with patients, in the actual condition of the medical art as more generally practised, if all remedies, especially drugs, were abandoned." Dr. Forbes, that is exactly what we propose to do, and more, what we *are* doing, and crude drugs are going into disuse fast, every day, but it is under the protest of those who cling to the errors you denounce. *Borhaave*, regarded as a great man in the professional ranks, does not hesitate after long years of trial, to say, "If we compare the good which half a dozen true disciples of *Æsculapius* have done since their art begun, with the evil that the immense number of doctors have inflicted on mankind, we must be satisfied that it would have been infinitely better if medical men had never existed." This is a sad commentary from one so eminent, and it admonishes the medical fraternity that they need aid from some quarter, and if it can be found anywhere, they had better throw aside the prejudice which can only spring from ignorance and embrace it, for if any business needs a system or a law, it is "orthodox" medicine, which we are told has done more harm than good, and has rung the changes so often without changing anything but its name, that we are not surprised to behold it as speckled and streaked as the cattle of

the Patriarch which slacked their thirst from the gutters in which he had put the poplar and the hazel rods; and yet these gentlemen defend such a system with the jealousy of a lover and the obstinacy of a Pharisee, and claim for it the respect of a science, while philosophers smile at their folly, and pity their credulity. To hear them denounce quackery, one would suppose they were possessed of some certainty themselves; but the accomplished Dr. Andrew Combe says, "Medicine, as often practised by men of undoubted respectability, is made so much of a mystery, and is so nearly allied, if not identified with quackery, that it would puzzle many a rational on-looker to tell which is the one and which is the other." And he is not alone in this view, for the renowned Adam Smith says that even in England, where we Americans go so often to get finished up, "the great success of quacks has been altogether owing to the real quackery of the regular physicians." In spite of all this, the so-called "regulars" go on, apparently rejoicing, with their mixture and potions called prescriptions, which one would conclude from the number of articles they contain, were evidences of great study and research, and would produce certain results, but Dr. Paris declares that "the file of every apothecary would furnish a volume of instances where the ingredients of the prescription were fighting together in the dark." No one but doctors with their nauseous compounds would ever have invented the idea of converting the human stomach into a battle ground, where drugs were obliged to wage warfare at the risk of the owner's safety or life. In confirmation of the statement of Dr. Paris, Prof. Widekind says, "In our present practice, we may get grey, and if God pleases white hairs, but never experience;" and then he adds, "If Homœopathy induces us to give less medicine, to change it less frequently, and not to mix many drugs together, we may some day with careful observation glory in medical experience, which we unhappily cannot do at present." Hoofland, of Berlin, after many years of a most extensive practice, both public and private, affirms "that more harm than good is done by physicians," and says, "I am convinced that had I left my patients to nature alone,

instead of prescribing drugs to them, more would have been saved." And Dr. James Johnson says, "I declare it to be my most conscientious opinion, that if there were not a single physician or drug in the world, there would be less mortality among mankind than there is now;" and Dr. Frank in his practice insists that "governments should at once either banish medical men and their art, or they should take proper measures that the lives of the people may be safer than at present, when they look far less after the practice of this art, and the murders committed in it, than after the lowest trades." Frank does not stand alone, for Dr. Reid confesses that "more infantile subjects are perhaps annually destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethlehem fell victims in one day to the Herodian massacre." This is awful testimony and a fearful record for men to make against themselves, but terrible as it is, it is written history, and was written by the actors who knew what they said, as well as Sir Astley Cooper did when he stated that the "science of medicine was founded on conjecture, improved by murder;" or Prof. Gregory who declared that "medical doctrines (allopathic) are little better than stark staring absurdities" and then, too, Dr. Dickson announces that "so far as his experience of medical matters went, few people were permitted to die of disease, the orthodox fashion being to die of the doctor." But once more upon this point, and I am done. The editor of the Medical Times says, that "the most profoundly learned members of the profession prefer in the greater number of instances to become silent lookers-on in their attendance on the sick, rather than hazarding the risk of impertinent meddling with the grand and all-efficient workings of the human body."

I could multiply this evidence with ease if it was considered important, but I am satisfied that almost any person will see from what has been said, why doctors of experience refuse to take their own medicine when they are sick. The old system claims antiquity. We give them the honor of having been born in the dark ages. We are not disposed to dispute titles with them, for we cannot go back in our history to a

ime when our system was in the hands of "barbers." We boast of no such illustrious parentage, and are ready to admit that if in *one* age people were satisfied to be doctored by shavers, that in another one they have an undisputed right, and one in which the law will protect them, to be *shaved* by doctors. The old school boasts of a long experience. While we grant it to them, we lament and mourn that it has been so sad and terrible. None but must see the fallacy of this art. Let us then leave this ancient heresy to foster in its own infection, knowing that there is a far better way to mitigate human misery and relieve human suffering.

We, as homœopathic physicians, claim to have a law of cure, or rule of action, by which we are guided in the administration of our medicines, to which our friends should not object, inasmuch as they have none, and are in great want, as we have already seen. We adopt the maxim of Hahnemann, "*Similia similibus curantur*;" in other words, we cure diseases by remedies which produce symptoms similar to those of the disease. Now this is not "the hair of the dog that bit you;" it is not a proposition, as people are told by doctors who desire to cheat and misrepresent us, to "cure disease by giving a remedy that will produce the same disease." A man may in all respects closely resemble another; the two may be very similar; but you allow one to spank the other's babies, and scratching, scolding and hair pulling will soon convince the most stupid of a material difference. "The fellow that looks like me" may be somewhere in the allopathic ranks, but I am certain we are not the same.

We have excellent evidence upon which to base the conclusion that this law is one which admits of universal application. To say that is perfectly understood and comprehended now which is but in its infancy would be foolish and false; but so far as our knowledge and experience has gone, we are prepared to say, and to prove too, that it is the most safe and certain guide in the treatment of disease known to man. But we are told that this doctrine is objectionable; for it will inevitably lead to a system of specifics, of which our opponents manifest great fear and hatred, and for what reason I cannot understand. For my own part I would be glad for human-

ity's sake, if our art was shorn of all doubt, so that medicine could be dispensed with certainty and precision. They tell us that "specifics and quackery" are identical. Well, if this is true, they have now, and have always had, quacks in their ranks and quacks in their schools as well as for their teachers and authors, for they have always supported the doctrine of specifics themselves; and the great Cullen, to whom the old school is indebted more than to any other man who has ever lived, says in his treatise on *Materia Medica* that, although he has a "repugnance for specific medicine, he is perhaps forced to retain many of them still," so that whatever may be said against specifics comes with poor grace from allopathic sources.

The allopath denies our law of cure, and is vociferous in his denunciation of it in every particular. Now, having exhorted you all to be charitable, I must not overstep the bounds myself. But the time has come when the truth should be spoken without fear or favor; and, if it can be clearly demonstrated that the old school gentlemen do follow and practice our law of cure, and at the same time deny its truth, then it must be admitted that we fasten upon them the odious charge they have so long preferred against us, and they cannot take any exceptions to our language, or think us unkind, if we call things by their right names, and, in the future, to distinguish them from physicians, denominate them quacks or mountebanks. Well, then, here and now we will accordingly exchange horses; but, before we enter into particulars, or produce a bill of items against them, we invite your attention to a few facts commonly known and accepted as proof of the homœopathic law of curing upon the principle of similars. The man who labors in the heat of summer, or toils under the burning rays of a July sun, does not dare to quench his thirst with cold water, but chooses either warm drinks or spirits of some kind. The untutored savage thrusts the frozen limb in the snow, and a cure follows,—“like cures like;” the cook plunges the burned hand in warm water or holds it by the fire, or if the surgeon is summoned, he applies iodine or nitrate of silver, and recovery is the result upon the “similar” doc-

trine. We all know that a blister will destroy the skin and produce very often ulceration, which is exceedingly difficult to heal; but the doctor is summoned, and he puts on the obstinate sore a blister, and says the law of similars is a heresy. Pereira tells us that nitrate of silver is a caustic, and will produce, when locally applied, irritation and inflammation; and when the eye is inflamed, the savans of medicine drop the solution of this salt in that delicate organ, and exclaim, "the law of similars is false." Pereira informs us that careful observation has shown that tartar emetic will produce rapid breathing, engorgement and inflammation of the lungs, and will also develop many of the prominent symptoms that are distinctive evidences of cholera, and yet in these diseases this drug is regarded as one of peculiar merit and efficiency, and still they cry out "the idea of similars is nonsense." Pereira informs us that creasote will produce, when swallowed, vomiting, because it irritates that organ, and still to allay vomiting and relieve an irritable stomach the allopath administers this drug; his patient may be benefited if his dose is not too large, and he shouts forth "there is nothing in similars." Hufeland said, when the cholera was raging, just after Hahnemann promulgated his doctrine, that if the principles of homœopathy were true, arsenic would prove a valuable remedy in the treatment of that fearful malady, because those poisoned by it exhibited symptoms identical to those shown in cholera patients; and as a remedy in this disease both the old school and the new attest its value, and, after an investigation of the treatment of cholera with this remedy, the "London Lancet" was forced to concede its merit, and yet declare that the "law of similars is a monstrous delusion." All the writers of the old school agree that colchicum, when taken in sufficient doses, and continued for a proper time, will produce the same symptoms that we find to characterize the gout, and yet they administer colchicum for the very disorder, and, while their patient is relieved, they are anxious to impress upon the mind of others "the fact that 'similars' are only the vague conceptions of a quack." We are told by the best authors that ipecac. will not only produce nausea and vomiting, but

that it will develop all the symptoms of, nay, more, that it will absolutely produce asthma, and yet to allay nausea and check vomiting the "regulars" give it in small doses and with great uniformity and success, and they prescribe ipecac in cases of asthma, and scream out in disgust and 'holy horror' "no sane man can believe in the law of similars." In every materia medica that has been written since the days of Cullen, it has been stated that nux vomica will produce spasms, convulsions, paralysis and death; and there is not any remedy used by the old school gentry with more freedom or certainty in spasmodic diseases than this very one, and as their patient recovers, they emphatically "denounce the doctrine of similars." They do not hesitate to use Cayenne in sore throat, turpentine and Cantharides in affections of the kidney and bladder, Rhubarb in diarrhoea and Potash in stomatitis. These examples could be indefinitely multiplied if it were necessary for the sake of illustration or proof; but I will leave this portion of my subject after the examination of one more medicinal agent. Pereira informs us that mercury will produce, upon the healthy organization, inflammatory fever, dysenteric symptoms, inflammation of the bowels and peritoneum as well as hypertrophy of the liver, and in every one of these diseases the learned authors and the unlearned doctors of the old school recommend or administer this drug.

Pereira further instructs us that some diseases are so perfectly allied to the mercurial disease that it is almost impossible to tell the one from the other. I will name but one, and I will give the words of the author, and that disease is Cancrum Oris, which our author says "consists of ulceration, followed by gangrene, of the inside of the cheek or lips, and is attended with a copious secretion of offensive saliva. Mercurial ptyalism may sometimes be distinguished from Cancrum Oris by the peculiar odor of the breath and the salivation preceding the ulceration, and the sloughing, and by the gums, salivary glands and tongue being tumified and inflamed; but (he continues) these symptoms are by no means to be relied on, as they may also attend Cancrum Oris." At volume i. p. 612 of Prof. Wood's Practice, he tells us that the first thing

to be done in "Cancrum Oris" is to "administer from two to six grains of calomel," etc. The patient recovers, and we are told that "the doctrine of similars is the climax of humbuggery." When we look over the history of medicine, and are confronted by the grave and potent facts as they are when stripped of all their professional deformity, an unprejudiced man cannot tell whether to lament because doctors are insane, or mourn because they are knaves.

I would like to ask, in a way that is becoming and modest, first, If allopaths do not prove conclusively the doctrine of similars? second, If allopaths do not absolutely say that what they demonstrate to be true is entirely false? third, If the most certain statements that a man can make are untrue, can he ever be believed? fourth, If such a man should tell the truth, could any one determine if it was accident or design? fifth, In view of all the facts, do not allopaths cheat and deceive? sixth, Who are the quacks and mountebanks? I am too modest to answer these interrogatories, and therefore leave them for others to guess. A bold honorable man meets his adversary in the daylight, squarely, and on open fair ground; but the coward, conscious of his own inferiority, waits in ambush. Right and reason is cool, quiet, unobtrusive, and can afford to abide its time; but wrong and error is in haste; for what it does must be accomplished at once or never. To stop for reflection is to fail. Conscious right and reason deals with facts and principles, whilst wrong and error, if it win at all, must descend to personal vituperation and misrepresentation, and, with an acknowledgment of want and weakness, the allopath announces the untruth that "Homœopaths are not learned men, and therefore are not competent to deal with the sick and afflicted." We are ready to admit that many who practice in our school are not properly educated and trained for their high responsibilities, and we all know that the same difficulty exists in the old school, and perhaps to a much greater extent, for their numbers are greater. We, of the new school, are toiling to overcome this evil, and making every effort to elevate the standard of medical education, and unfold and develop those wonderful laws that infinite mercy

seems to have linked to so many agencies for the benefit of our unfortunate race. But let us look for a moment at this matter of education and fitness. It is well known that a large proportion of those who practise homœopathy are gentlemen who were educated in the old school, and who, either for the purpose of denouncing the new theory in an intelligent or manly way, or from distrust in their own, have been induced to examine into it, and having, to their surprise, been convinced of its merit, adopted its doctrines. Are not such men properly educated? We read the same authors, sat in the same colleges, accepted the same doctrines, listened to the same teachings, were examined by the same board, hold credentials signed by the same instructors, and were thought to be your equal, my allopathic friend, in every particular. You were satisfied with what you knew, or thought you knew, they were not. You stopped short, and denounced everything you had not learned as not worth knowing. They took this world and the arts and sciences in it to be of a progressive character, and concluded that there was more that they had *not* than that they *had* learned. Since these gentlemen parted with you, they have acquired another system of medicine, and they still retain as much of your system as you know, and, under the circumstances, are better fitted to practice the healing art than you can be. Who is silly enough to believe that such men as I have referred to would leave the faith of the fathers for a way less certain, and for the sake of error choose to endure the defamation and calumny heaped upon them by their former friends? The man who would believe such nonsense has no business out of the lunatic asylum. Who believes that the intelligent masses, which have been cured by our remedies, do not know it or did not know when they were sick or well? Such stupid allegations, from men claiming to be learned, is a sickening exposure of ignorance and an outrage upon the common sense of society. Oh, that the profession of medicine were stripped of all bigotry, and glad to have humanity robbed of its sorrows by any and all the instrumentalities that God has placed within the limits of our understanding.

The allopath discovers that he cannot convince people that the odium of ignorance attaches itself to the new school any more than the old, and he is not so stupid as to fail to see that men of education, experience and talent sustain the new school with a zeal and fervor he never witnessed before. He knows there is a popular distrust of his system, and a growing confidence in ours, and that, too, among those whose opinions are entitled to consideration and respect; he has no argument to oppose to us, and he makes a charge against us too silly to be contradicted, when he affirms that our patients are not sick. How could this be true? We locate by the side of allopaths, and this we like to do, for they often furnish us work. We treat the same class of diseases every day, go where we are called, and very often attend those who have been under the old treatment, and they sometimes recover, even after having been abandoned as hopeless. Were such persons sick? Would such persons recover without medical aid? If they would, why under the sun does not the doctor leave them in the hands of a nurse, and give them a fair chance for their lives, instead of tormenting them with his nauseous compounds and dangerous mixtures every four hours? If extreme cases like these will get well if left alone, then I ask of what use are physicians? The men who make this charge do not believe a word of it, and if they do, they know themselves as villians for inflicting punishment upon the sick, even while they plead for mercy and beg for life. Speak to the allopath of the teachings and doctrines of his school, and with an air of indignation he denies that he is a routine practitioner, but wants all to understand that he follows his own judgment, in which case he must be a charlatan. Medicine is a matter of experience, and if these individuals are determined to build up an experience of their own, and that, too, with crude drugs, I can only say I pity the subjects and envy the undertaker. My medical friend, if your schools are right you should do as you are instructed; if they are wrong you should not sanction and restrain them by your patronage and presence. If your schools are a humbug, why do you go there except to be perfected in that art? If they teach non-

sense, you are unwise to tear yourself away from your friends, and spend your time and squander your means, for you can get a full stock of that article at a cheaper rate and far less trouble. If your teachers do not know anything by a long and accumulated experience, what can you be expected to know without any experience worth knowing? To come to the real facts of the case, you must accept others teachings or follow merely your impressions, and according to your own loved Bichat, if you pursue the former course, you are not a man of sense; if the latter, you are a charlatan. Now, sir, you seem determined to ride, please select for yourself the horn of the dilemma to which you will cling. I discover that I have so extended my remarks, that I will be entirely unable to discuss, as I intended to do at the outset, the doctrines of the new school, and must be content to present our system only in contrast with the old and perhaps spend a moment to glance at the grand principle which underlies the superstructure of the Homœopathic edifice. Our opponents claim that science is the heritage of their school. Let us look at this point a moment. What is science but "knowledge founded in the nature of things, or established by observation and experiment?" And if founded in the nature of things, results of an uniform character must follow, or the relation between cause and effect must end. If the old school of medicine is a science, then the learned observers and experimenters must agree in the general if not the detail of their knowledge.

Just here let us examine a single disease in the broad blazing light of *scientific allopathy!* and we will behold how delightful it is for "brethren to dwell together in harmony." We will select the cholera for our example. Now, if empiricism and quackery reign triumphant in the old school, these mountebanks will follow their own notions, as charlatans have ever done, and their several treatments will be as different and antagonistic as their characters and notions. If, on the other hand, their claims to science be tenable, we will find similarity in their opinions and deductions. We will see what is said by the prominent and best men of their own school; and first among them is Dr. Christoson, who says

that, "when a patient was brought into the Cholera Hospital of Bethnal Green, two drachms of calomel were immediately given, and after that a drachm every one or two hours, etc. Second is Doctor Laycock, a distinguished writer of the "Medical Gazette," who says, "Cholera is in the blood, and, instead of making use of calomel or any other means of depletion, the remedies are quinine and vegetable acid." Third, in the "Medical Times," Dr. Maxwell declares that cholera is dependent upon an epidemic leaven, which operates upon the system like ferment; and the remedy is effervescing soda powders." What a happy trio of medical directors we have here, and all boast of equal success. Dr. Christoson depletes his patients, Dr. Laycock strengthens his, and Dr. Maxwell, disgusted with both, clings to his soda powders, and attempts to convert the stomach he deals with into a laboratory for the manufacture of ginger pop. In the "London Lancet," Dr. C. R. Hall advises "five grains of tartarized antimony dissolved in half a pint of water, and given in doses of an ounce every two hours." Dr. Graves, of Dublin, gives "acetate of lead and opium," while Dr. Hancorn has discovered that "a liniment of olive oil and sulphuric acid" will cure the cholera, but cannot be used from the fact that it is so "destructive to linen." Here again is a splendid triumvirate in scientific medicine. Dr. Hall treats cholera with a relaxant, Dr. Graves with an astringent, and poor old Dr. Hancorn keeps his invaluable lotion in his pocket, and consoles himself when the sufferer dies that he has saved a linen dress, and with one accord, this motley choir sing hosannas to scientific physic. Our friends of the old school may think it rather unfair to discuss their system and make a public exhibition of their errors; but we have no apology to offer either to them or the people, for they have made complaints against us in public, and then again the people support the profession, and generally have the hardest work to do. The people educate the doctor's children, keep them warm, spread their table, and, what is the worst of it all, swallow the medicine, and the "dear people" have a right to know the facts of the case, and, if they please, demand public discussion, and in all honorable

ways obtain information upon a matter of such vital importance as that of medicine. I am glad that the public mind has at last been aroused upon the subject, and the result is a popular verdict, such as the world never before heard, has been pronounced in favor of homœopathy or scientific medicine. About half a century ago, Homœopathy found its way to our land, and its claims were heard only in a faint, low, feeble whisper, which in that brief period has been emboldened into a shout. Fifty years ago, Allopathy, the old tyrant and enemy of progress, stood with his brazen foot upon the infant's neck, and it hardly dared to plead for mercy; but now the giant has undisputed right to live. Less than fifty years ago, Homœopathy stood begging, but now in the majesty of conscious power, it demands its rights, and challenges the intellect and experience of the age to controversy or comparison. Fifty years ago none were brave enough to dispute the sovereign rights of antimony and opium, or the *lancet* and its ubiquitous accomplice, calomel, but now our venerable friends not only seem to have forgotten their historic period of *striped* poles, but they are absolutely obliged to resort to various subterfuges and misnomers to persuade anybody to risk his life so far as to submit to their treatment. We can truly exclaim with one of other days, "Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The "orthodox doctors" failing to show good reasons opposed to the claims of our school, attempt to frighten the timid and deceive the unlearned by asserting that all our "medicines are the most virulent poisons and their administration full of peril." Now all this they know to be false, base and unmanly, or else they exhibit a degree of stupidity that is without precedent or parallel. Among the multitude of remedies used by the new school, it is true we find those sanctioned and adopted by the old. They use corrosive sublimate, arsenic, strychnine, and hydrocyanic acid. Now if we wanted more active poisons, we could not in the domain of Nature obtain them. Do these drugs become more noxious the moment *we* touch them? Not by any means; but if used by us it is only in infinitely diminished doses. And we maintain that the

smaller the quantity of such articles introduced into the system, the better for the patient. The doctors who may entertain doubt upon that point and prefer *large amounts*, have my permission to practice upon themselves, and I have no doubt but what a determination of this kind could obtain the approbation of their patients with very little trouble. Here allow me to mention one of the important differences between the two schools of medicine, and the one that more than any other annoys our patriarchial friends, and that is our doses. All the observations and experiments of the new school have been constantly directed to what men of reason must admit without debate is the real essential of scientific physic, viz.: How small a quantity of a drug is required to produce certain results. On the other hand the old school have only cared for the thousands of years it has lived to ascertain how much of a given drug an individual can take and live. And although they have been tugging at this proposition for ages, it is now and will remain forever unsettled, unless some scale shall be discovered by means of which the life forces can be accurately measured, or else finite wisdom comprehended. Opinions and preferences are made apparent by utterances, and every day we are reminded of this difference to which I have called your attention, when the homoeopathist rejoices that he succeeded with attenuated medicine, whilst the allopath, whose patient has lived, boasts of his heroic practice and affirms that he gave enough medicine in that particular case to kill several ordinary persons. This may be true, and here permit me to ask the doctor how he could have told in case his patient had died, as he should have done to be manly, if the demise came from the disease or the doctor. The charge made against us of administering poisons, for some reason, has been growing more and more feeble ever since the cry of "stop thief!" has been out of fashion.

When the Homoeopathists, as many of them prefer to do, select the low dilutions or make use of tinctures in their treatment of the sick, our dear friends get very much excited and declare, that all there is of the new school is the dose, and in this way they demonstrate that they do not know anything

about the system they condemn. For whatever ideas we may entertain upon the matter of attenuation, we claim the broad ground that the dose has nothing whatever to do with our doctrines; the question paramount to all others is simply: Was the remedy selected in accordance with the law of Similars? In the new as in the old school, the dose is determined by judgment and experience, which if relied upon by one school, should not be denied to the other.

A class of the antiquated, who are too shrewd to charge us with the exclusive use of poisons, go to the foolish extreme of asserting that we do not give any medicine, and therefore should not be trusted. If the class who are more verdant than wise are correct, and we do not use any medicinal agents, as they affirm, how do they account for our success as compared with theirs? It is a little curious that in the allopathic hospitals of Europe, where the patients never complain for want of drugs, their losses are thirteen per cent., and the homœopathic loss only four per cent. In St. Louis, in 1865, the statistics of mortality in allopathic hospitals was fifty-three per cent., whilst in the homœopathic it was only one. Dr. Wilds (allopath), in his book on Austria, is forced to make the startling announcement as the result of his observation, that "while two-thirds of those who were treated for the cholera in homœopathic hospitals were cured, two-thirds of those in the allopathic hospitals died. Statistics that cannot be disputed, show in typhus fever seventy-eight per-cent. in favor of homœopathic treatment, and in yellow fever about forty-two per cent. And in pneumonia while homœopathy loses five and a half per cent., allopathy loses thirty-one and a half; and besides that the mean duration of this disease under the former treatment is twelve, and under the latter twenty-nine days. With these results before us, we have only to say, if it be true that a larger proportion of people recover without medicine, as the allopaths declare is the case, that the persons who die between the two extremes are killed by the dose. It was without doubt this view that forced the sagacious men of the Provident Assurance Company of England, who had invested their money in the enter-

prise, to examine into the matter of medical treatment and its bearings upon their interests; and in this country, as well as in Europe, the most competent actuaries were summoned, and verified statistics put into their hands, and after careful examination they have stated to the world, that those who employ homœopathic physicians only enjoy better health, and consequently live much longer, and that in serious cases the mortality under homœopathy is *small* in comparison with that of allopathy; and the result is, that now those who make use of our remedies, can procure an insurance upon their lives at greatly reduced rates, and the reduction is made every year. We all know that the first talent of the age is found in these organizations, and everything is brought to bear that can in any way promote the interests of those who invest their means. And there can be but one reason why a risk can be taken upon one life cheaper than upon another, and that is, the one has a chance to live longer, and must on that account pay more premiums.

With all these facts standing prominently before us, I affirm that it is the bounden duty of every man who has human life committed to his charge, to study the new system with honesty and care, and not deride and abuse it like a madman or an idiot. Upon such evidence a jury would be ordered by the court to give a verdict for the party which adduced it; and if they refused thus to act, it would be deemed a flagrant outrage upon all interested, and a plain violation of duty worthy of indictment and punishment in any civilized country. Before the allopathic jury, then, we place this testimony; we give them the facts; we put within their reach the experience and observation of their peers; we open to them the volumes of our faith and the doors of our colleges; we tell them that we have no secrets, and we invite fair, open, honorable, manly criticisms; our faith is given to the world, and our principles are public property; if they are right adopt them; if our remedies are productive of more good than yours, for humanity's sake take them; if we are wrong, expose our fallacy and confer a blessing upon the race and honor upon your art. There need be no malice here,—we are

all brethren laboring for the common good; we are all human beings, not monsters; with steady and unceasing step we are all marching to the same wonderful country, and are responsible to the same God; our duty is one of great solemnity, and we entreat our enemies to come with us, and we will do them good; but if they will not they must be left like the dust that drops from the chariot wheels, for we cannot and will not tarry whilst our destiny like a towering fabric of strength and beauty is rising before our enraptured vision. A point that seems to stagger our allopathic friend very much is, that a person in health can take a considerable quantity of homoeopathic medicine without injury. I can easily understand how a man, who has long been accustomed to handle agents that must be kept chained or they would kill the first one they got hold of, feels when he gets in his hand *remedies only*; when he is confronted by agents that will *cure* instead of *destroy*, for I recollect when I saw a cure produced by such articles in a case which had long defied the best skill and doses of the old school, and when I saw this thing over and over again, I came to the conclusion that if quality and quantity were related in *any way*, it was only by an unnatural wedlock, and I was almost as much surprised as the warriors of old, who thought they were able to defy all who could come against them, when their glittering swords fell powerless at their feet, as the rams' horns were sounded, and the walls of old Jericho "fell flat." In my opinion, the seeming mystery to which I have alluded is easily explained. It is a well-known fact, and one upon which all writers and authors in both schools agree, that drugs have peculiar power over and affinities for certain organs. Some drugs affect the brain; some the stomach; some the lungs; some the liver; others the eye; and others the arteries or veins or nerves, and so on. For the purposes of illustrating my position, I will select arsenic, which drug Sir Benjamin Brodie (allopath) says always produces its first effects upon the stomach. No matter how or where it is introduced into the system, its effects are equally rapid and certain. There is a *something* in arsenic that the eye cannot see, that the balances cannot determine, or chemistry find; a sort

of vital force given this drug for some good and wise purpose by Him whose wisdom planned the universe, and whose unbounded love provided agents to mitigate the sufferings of His creatures. Only look a moment at this one drug, (and the same is true of all,) this apparently inert substance possessed of a law (so to speak) within itself, which always directs it with certainty to go to the stomach, and it never fails. It is not the matter of which it is composed, so far as we know; that forces it with steady step upon its unerring mission. Here, allow me to remark, is one of the grand errors of the old school, which has been content to measure quality by quantity, and in this way has done quite as much to establish the doctrine of materialism, as any one system of infidel teaching that has existed since the Christian Era. Quality is not estimated by quantity, and he who is silly enough to affirm any such thing, would attempt to calculate a man's immortality upon the hay scales. We cannot fail to see that between drugs and the various organs of the body, there exists an intimate relation, and their effects are varied in intensity as certain conditions relative to that organ may exist. The stomach in health relishes food; warmth is grateful to the unharmed skin; the ear welcomes sound; and the eye luxuriates in the sunbeam; but let a violent inflammation attack the eye, and the light that brought joy to the soul now brings anguish, and is barred out like an assassin; and all this is because its sensibility is increased by disease a thousand fold. Let a disease attack the brain, and the soft notes of melody—though gentle is lyric accents—or strains of harmony and love that used in health to seem like “footfalls of thought in the halls of the soul,” are as unwelcome as the roaring tornado. The ear cannot endure as much in sickness as in health. The abraded surface cannot tolerate warmth, or the frozen limb cold; and the diseased stomach rejects the mildest food. The same state of things is true in reference to medicinal agents; and the relations that exist between drugs and the various organs are of such a character, that when a certain condition of those organs obtain, a very minute portion

of the drug which has peculiar power over such organs will produce astonishing results.

The theory of Homœopathy, then, is, that he who practices the healing art must learn that God created law of affinity or relationship, that he must become acquainted with the direct action of medicines, and then he will not wonder that a thousand times as much of a given drug can be taken with impunity by a well man as would be tolerated by a sick one, when the affinity or similarity existed; just as the well eye can drink in the golden sunlight with luxury, whilst the sick one cries no! no! a thousand times, at the approach of the most delicate ray that comes stealing from among the violets or the roses.

But finally we are told that our doses cannot be comprehended, or our quantities estimated; and because we deal with imponderable agents, we are not entitled to trust and confidence: and yet the gentlemen of the old school, who make this assertion, cannot tell how the most simple remedies they use operate. They expect certain results from tartar emetic, opium and castor oil; but the manner in which these results are obtained will forever remain a profound secret, known only to that mind and seen only by that eye which looks in upon the hidden springs of human life. I admit that it seems mysterious that attenuated medicines should exert such wonderful power over disease, but then we are surrounded by mystery on every side, and we often find ourselves the most firmly confiding in the greatest mysteries, and when we have put the wings of faith to our reason, we are not a little surprised to find that we exhibit the highest style of perfect manhood. He who doubts the power of imponderable agents used by homœopathists, would do well to ascertain how much virus is necessary to develop the small-pox or the yellow fever. No one is silly enough to doubt the effects produced, but who has estimated Nature's attenuated proportions of these poisons diluted in the world's atmosphere? What chemist has placed upon the balances the miasm which pervades whole sections of country, and gives us intermittent fevers? Who has been able to measure the atoms of light

which pass through a space equal to the circumference of the earth in an eighth of a second, and strike the delicate structure of the eye without harm. Who has had the wisdom to give us the attenuation of the cholera poison which glides across the ocean's bosom, or leaps over hills whose "heads touch heaven," and in sullen silence strike down the strong and the powerful, and hang the sable emblem upon the door-latch, or saddens the head with the heavy tramp of the funeral march?

If we will adopt the wise course and begin to reason by analogy, we will soon cease to doubt the efficiency of attenuated medicines, and when by the use of those appliances, discovery has placed in our hands, we find new races of animals of which it would require billions massed together to be visible to the naked eye; and when the microscope shows us that these minute animals have organizations as complicated and perfect as ours, and circulating systems bearing the same relations to them that ours do to us, we will not only be ready to give credence to attenuated remedies, but we will be ready to say with one of the most profound scholars of the age, that "there is nothing great or small only by comparison, and presented by Nature on the one hand with magnitudes infinitely great, and on the other with as inconceivable minuteness, it only remains for us to bow down before the Omnipotence of Nature's Lord and own our inability to understand Him."

