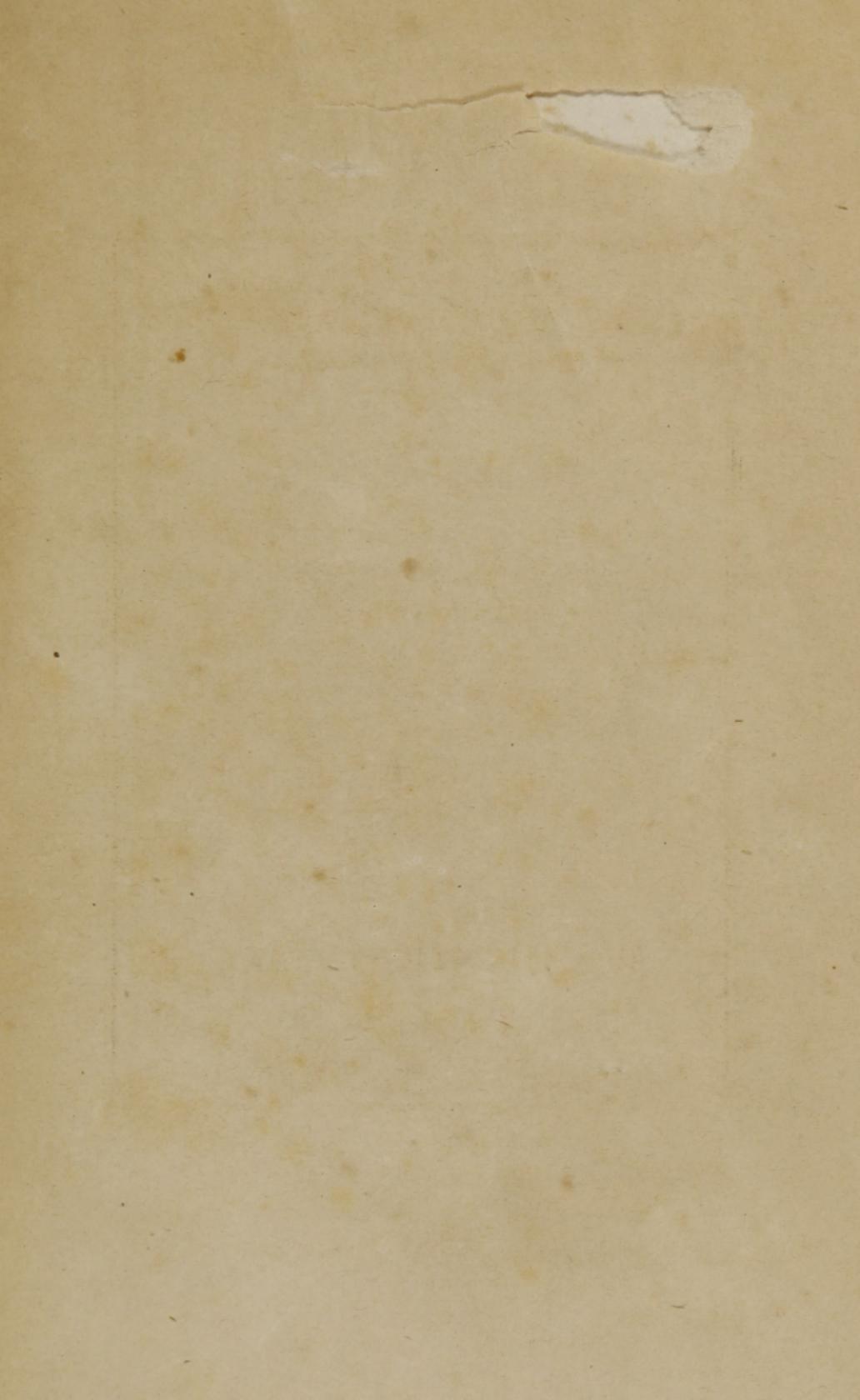


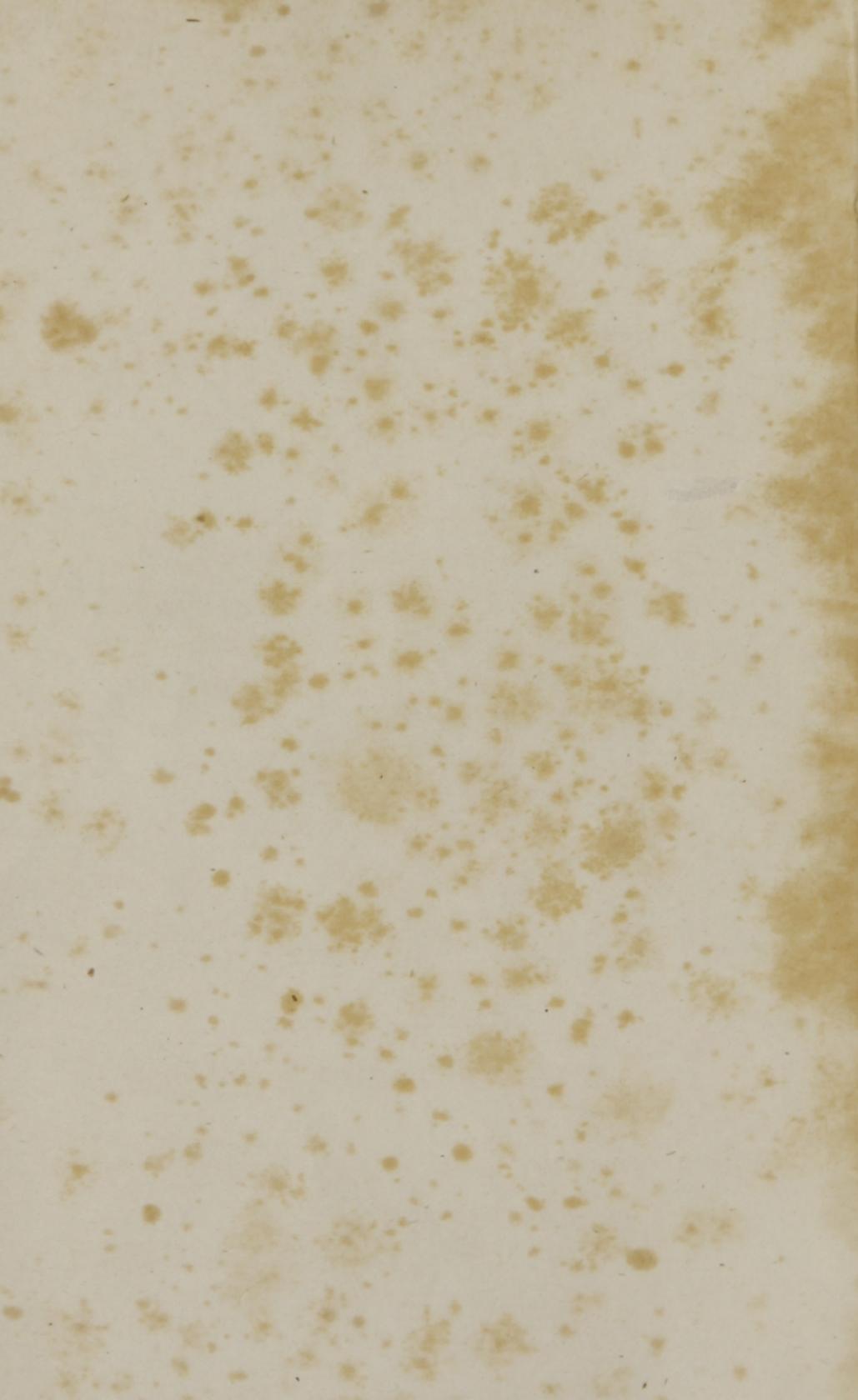
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A
BRIEF NARRATIVE
AND
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

COMPRISING

HIS VIEWS OF MEDICINE AND THE THEORY OF
DISEASES; SHOWING WHAT IS MAN, AND HOW
HE MAY RETAIN HIS HEALTH; PERFECTLY
RENOUNCING THE OLD THEORY THAT
HEAT OR FEVER, PAIN, ACHE, AND
SWELLING, IS A DISEASE, BUT
MAINTAINING THE POSITION
THAT IT IS NO MORE OR
LESS THAN THE
EFFECT
OF A
DIFFICULTY.

BY DOCT. CYRUS THOMSON.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.:

J. G. K. TRUIR & CO., STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS.
1860.



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1860

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED,

THIS BOOK IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Film no. 92-1#4

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by
CYRUS THOMSON,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Northern District of
New York.

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NOTE TO THE READER.

In preparing this work for publication, it has been the principal object of the author to present plain and unvarnished facts, to strengthen, and if possible make more steadfast, that which was immovable before, the system of medical practice discovered and introduced by my father, which has acquired a standing and reputation, for the time, unparalleled in the annals of the world. All previous systems of medicine, like the morning dew, when investigated beneath the sunlight of science, have vanished and given place to another theory, yet to be overthrown in its turn, by some future ambitious aspirant after medical fame.

The more such theories have been investigated, and compared with truth and reason, the more rapidly they have gone to decay.

Where are the theories of Paracelsus, of Cullen, Rush, Brown and others? Alas, for the instability of the inventions of men, they were not founded upon truth and experience! They, with other theories which have shared a similar fate, are among the things that were! A calm investigation and scrutiny of their merits, by an unpreju-

diced and thinking mind, was a certain prelude to their downfall. Not so, however, with the system of medical practice by Samuel Thomson. The closer the criticism, the more confidence in its utility, or, like silver, the more it is burnished the brighter it shines.

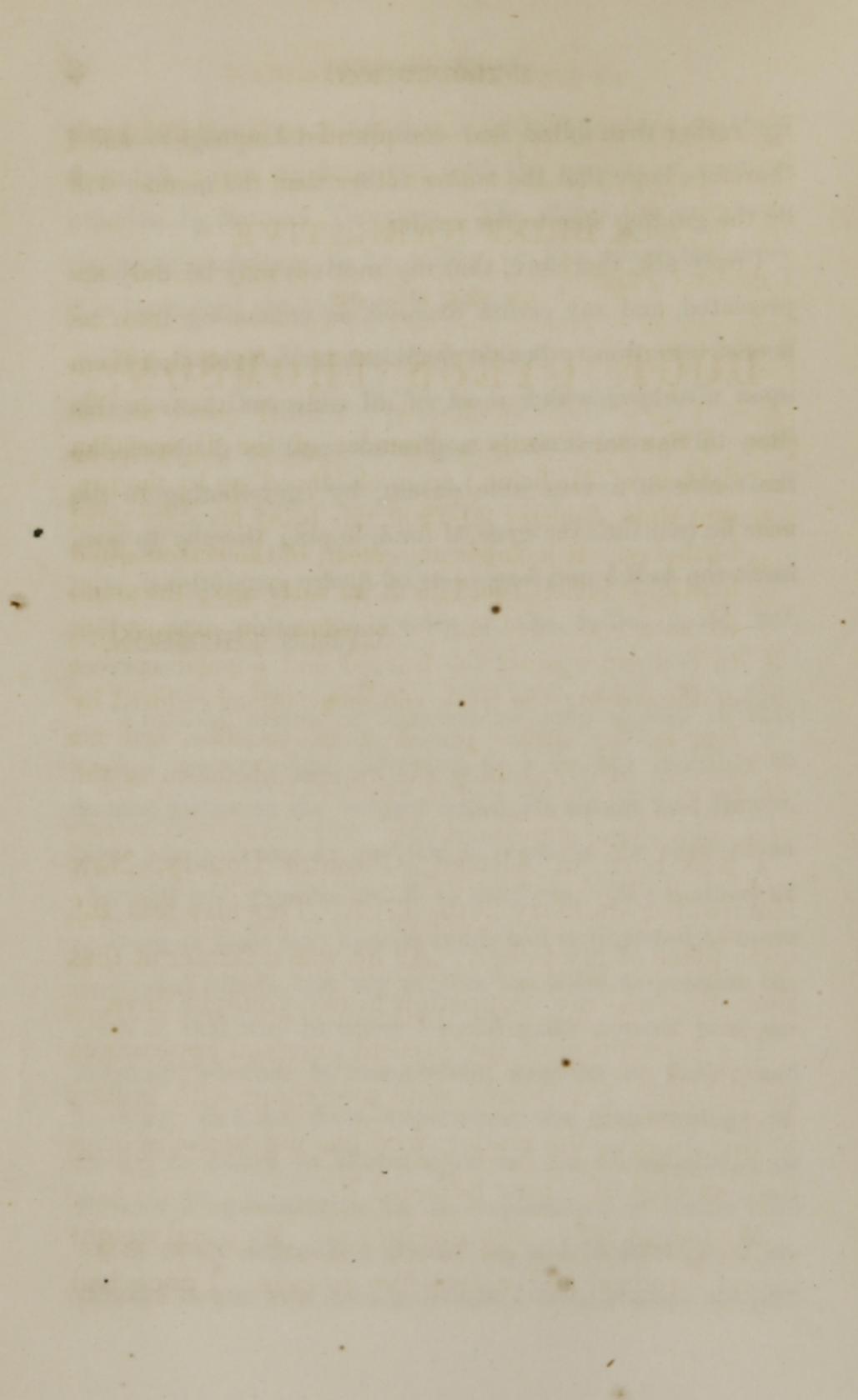
Doct. Samuel Thomson died with the solid satisfaction of knowing, that while in life he had established for himself, by his practice, a monument in the hearts of the people, more enduring than marble, and more valuable than precious metals. He also left to the world a legacy, whose price is far above rubies, more to be desired than precious stones, and which the wealth of the Indies could not purchase.

Whatever errors or inaccuracies may appear in this work, I acknowledge; knowing, as I do, my inability to do that justice to the subject which its nature and importance justly demands, and which requires the skill of an educated and gigantic mind to perform. My method of arriving at facts may appear crude and undigested to more cultivated minds, but my motive has been to present the truth in that way in which I could make myself best understood, whether by *comparison*, *anecdote* or *fable*; and knowing, as I do, from experience, the disadvantage of having to resort to Webster, or to the Greek, Latin or Botanic Dispensatories for an explanation of terms with which every school-boy should be, and is familiar, if expressed in our own simple dialect, I have studied simplic-

ity rather than blind and complicated language:—and I therefore hope that the *matter* rather than the manner will be the guiding star to the reader.

I only ask, therefore, that my motives may be duly appreciated, and my errors excused, as emanating from an honest intention to benefit mankind, by enlightening them upon a subject which most of all concerns them in this life—though most sadly neglected—and to do justice to the name of a venerable parent, by contributing to the *mite* he cast into the general fund, hoping thereby to promote the *health* and *happiness* of future generations.

CYRUS THOMSON.



A BRIEF NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

DOCT. CYRUS THOMSON,

(Son of Samuel Thomson, Founder of the Thomsonian System of Medicine,) from childhood up to the present time, January 20, 1860, this being his sixty-third birth-day. It includes an account of the customs, and hardships inflicted on him at an early age; the small advantage afforded him for an education, to assist him to contend against the learned and popular current of the world; the trials and persecutions endured by him in the earlier period of his practice, and his success in overcoming the various obstacles in the way of his profession.

I was born in Alstead, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, January 20th, 1797. This also was the birth-place of my father. As he was a farmer at that time, this was my occupation in my younger days.

If a description of my present personal appearance be desirable, I will here state something with regard to this, to give the reader, who has not seen the original, an idea of "how he looks."

My height is five feet nine inches. My usual weight is one hundred and ninety-five pounds. I once had

the misfortune to break one of my legs, which renders it a little shorter than the other, so that a close observer will notice that I walk a little lame. I possess comparatively strong physical powers, though I am often reminded of the fact that age is creeping upon me, for I am not so sprightly as I once was, and cannot jump from my wagon as nimbly as I could when I was younger. My hair, which has endured the frosts of more than sixty winters, is becoming whitened, and the once youthful features now bear visible traces that they have been touched by the withering breath of passing Time; yet my powers of *apprehension* have suffered but little, while those of *comprehension* are strengthening with my years.

My perceptive faculties I still retain to a great degree as perfect as ever. My hearing is perfectly good; my sight may be slightly dimmed, though I have never had occasion to use glasses, but in consequence of once having the catarrh in my head, my sense of smell is somewhat impaired. My taste is very acute and this I attribute in a great degree to my habits of temperance. I have always abstained almost entirely from the use of intoxicating drinks, and have never used tobacco in any form.

I am aware that in view of my age, and the limited advantages which in my earlier years were afford-

ed me, I have undertaken a very arduous task; for, as the lives of all have been marked by "change," so it is with mine; and at times the change has been so strange and sudden that to look back into Memory's Treasury, and bring them up in review, is not an easy task for me to perform.

I was not, like the favored sons of the present day, educated in the schools and colleges of the learned. I never knew the luxury of searching the hidden stores of knowledge, or of gleaning the bright gems of science beneath the academic shades. The path marked out for me to tread was rough and rugged. I was trained in the school of adversity. I had many obstacles to surmount, many difficulties to overcome, yet I was but destined to be a pioneer in the path trod and beaten by my father before me. He struggled on through opposition and persecution, of almost every character, and but for that persevering spirit of which I have inherited a part, he must have yielded and perished beneath the fierce ordeals through which he was compelled to pass. But he at length came out elevated and purified, and made his mark in Nature's Temple, which time only will obliterate.

I do not seek for *fame*, though we all instinctively love it. I have never been willing to sacrifice the cause of humanity and truth, for popularity and the

applause of men, much as I regard the approbation of the wise and good. The study of Nature was my chief delight, and I ever took greater pleasure in exploring and investigating the beauties and utility of this, than in the study of Philosophy and Art.

I say I had few advantages for an education, except those drawn from the book of Nature. This I was ever searching and researching, and in this I found ample scope for speculation and improvement.

I favor every laudable means used for the advancement of literature, and commend the ambitious scholar, who, by persevering industry, has succeeded in ascending the rugged mount of Science, and reached the acme of literary fame. He is truly worthy of praise who, as he views with an eager gaze the laurels won and worn by others, grasps for them, and with a steady aim pushes his course onward and upward, till he reaches high and writes his name in living capitals upon the tablet of earthly glory. Yet this was not *my* aim, and I can boast of no such attainments. No worldly honors do I covet; no earthly aggrandizement do I ever expect to win; but enough is it for me, that though I was born and reared in obscurity and comparative ignorance, I have nurtured the little seeds of genius implanted in my nature, and now instead of turning for instruction to

the pages of ancient and modern lore, I am thrown upon my own resources, and left to discriminate and judge for myself: and it may be well for others as well as myself, that such is my condition; else the little light I do possess might be obscured, and to-day, instead of trying to enlighten the world by any discoveries which I have made, my mind might have lain dormant, and my life have resulted in no good to myself or to the world.

I ever have, and still expect to meet and combat with contumely and opposition; yet I naturally possess a firm, unyielding disposition; and it has ever been the height of my ambition to soar above that abyss into which popular prejudice would hurl me, and do all in my power to erect a firm fortress between Truth and Error; and if, in the work before me, I shall succeed in enlightening the world in any degree, with regard to their best interests in this life, and the highest good which they are capable of enjoying here, the object of the author will be fully accomplished, his hopes more than realized, and a lasting good conferred upon mankind.

As this narrative commences with my earliest recollections, there are of course many little circumstances connected with my childhood which may appear trivial and useless, to be read by those who

are "older and more wise," yet at the time they occurred they appeared large and very important to my childish fancy, and I will therefore insert some of them for the entertainment of the "Little Folks."

Of a family of eight children, I had two sisters and one brother older than myself, and three brothers and one sister younger; so I was the fourth child and second son.

The first impression made upon my mind, of which I have any recollection, was that of learning to talk. I was early taught not to use any bad language. My mother learned me this, and she would often tell me that swearing was very naughty and wicked; and that to say *God* was a great sin, and the worst word that could be spoken.

I recollect when I was very young, as my sisters older attended meeting, they wished to take me with them. The meeting was held at the house of my maternal Grandfather. So one Sunday morning, mother dressed me up in my clean suit, and I went with my sisters a distance of three miles on foot to meeting. It was very warm weather, and as I was quite fleshy, and so young, I got very tired, and soon after we got there I fell asleep and slept till they were ready to go home. So I was not much interested in my visit at this time.

Not long after this they built a meeting-house in that town, and then the girls took me to church with them again. On getting there the house was so large, and seeing so many people together, this attracted my attention ; and as the house was new, the sounds would echo, and the singing greatly animated me, so I did not go to sleep. When the man in the pulpit commenced talking, I watched every word and motion, and presently he spoke out with a loud voice the word "God." This shocked me greatly, for I thought from what my mother had told me, that no one had a right to use that word on any occasion ; and I thought that whoever said it, whether young or old, they were very wicked.

He talked along for a few moments, in what I considered an unknown tongue, for I could not comprehend much that he said, till he proclaimed loudly and with great earnestness—" *If you spare the rod, you will spoil the child.*" This gave me a very unfavorable opinion of preachers, for I thought they were wicked men, and no friends to children, and I had no inclination to go to meeting for a long time after.

My parents always told us the truth, and instilled the same principle into the minds of their children ; and whenever I would relate any little story to my playmates, if I thought they did not exactly credit

what I was saying, to confirm the truth of it and place it beyond all doubt, I would say father or mother said so, and that, I thought, would settle the question. Sometimes they would laugh at me because I had so much confidence in my parents; and this I considered a great insult—for them even to intimate that they thought my father or mother would not always tell the truth.

In the government of their children, my parents were rigid, though not as severe as in those days was customary. They in all cases enforced strict and entire obedience. They did not stop to reason with us, and explain to us the propriety of their requirements, but each, and particularly my mother, “commanded as one having authority,” and we had but to obey, no matter what the task might be.

The kitchen was the place for the children. Here were our exclusive privileges; and we were not allowed to eat at the table with our parents.

Spoon victuals was our principle diet. Beef broth, bean porridge, and pudding, or bread and molasses, in the winter; sap or milk porridge in the spring, and pudding, or bread and milk, in the summer, constituted our principal food. Our parents had a separate table and different fare, and after they were done eating, if there were any crusts or crumbs left,

we could have them. This would be considered very hard fare for children in these days, but we were always treated in this way, and were perfectly satisfied, and on this coarse diet we grew up strong and healthy.

Our clothing consisted of home-made linen in summer, and woolen in winter. My sisters did the spinning and weaving, and the cloth was taken to the fulling mill and fullled, and colored butternut or some other cheap color, that would not rot the cloth;—black was objected to, because it was such a tender color. We had some black sheep, and they used to mix the white and black wool together, and have it carded, spun and woven, which made grey cloth, and with a little fulling it would be heavy and strong, and would wear until the one it was made up for would outgrow their suits, and then the next smaller would have to take it.

I think our food did not cost more than a penny a meal, and our clothing not over ten or twelve cents per week. One pair of shoes had to last two years. In the spring they had to be well greased, and laid up for the next winter. In the summer our feet would get tough and hard, and I have seen boys whose feet had become so hard and smooth, that they would slide on the ice barefooted. Cotton cloth

in those days was very high ; common shirting being worth from twenty to thirty-five cents per yard, and calico, such as can now be bought for six cents, was then worth forty to sixty cents per yard.

Again ; when I was very young—perhaps three or four years old—I was set to work doing light work in the fields, such as driving the cows, watching the geese, and many such easy chores, which kept me nearly all day in the fields, and at the age of five or six years I was set to picking stones. My father owned three hundred acres of land in that rough, stony country, and as soon as I could lift a stone that would weigh eight or ten pounds, I had to pick them up and throw them into heaps, and this furnished me with employment a great part of the time for a number of years.

I chose to be out on the farm with my father as much as I could, for though I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of my mother, it seemed to me that she rather disliked me, for she was never willing to see me idle a moment ; and as soon as I entered the house she would invariably have about a dozen jobs for me to do. The basket must be filled with chips, water brought, chickens fed, cows slopped and pigs fed, and in this way she would keep me on a keen run as long as I was in her sight or hearing ; and

after I had got all the chores done about the house, if it was in winter and I could not be out in the lot, she would fill a little basket with apples and send me a distance of about two hundred rods to the tavern to sell them. The travellers would be going to Boston, to sell what little produce their farms had yielded, which they could spare, to pay taxes, interest, &c., for others were compelled to be saving and prudent as well as *my parents*.

They used to carry a box or bucket of provisions with them, which would often be frozen. They would buy a mug of cider, and sit down to eat their meal of cold victuals. I would offer them my apples, and as they were not frozen, they were glad to get them; so I always sold all I carried there. One day after I had sold all my apples, I looked over my pennies and found I had got one *white* penny, as I called it. I was very young and had never seen much money, and did not know any except pennies, and I was afraid I had got cheated. So I crept slyly along into the bar, and asked the landlord if a white penny was as good as any. "Yes," said he, "it is better; run home and come again to-morrow night." When I got home I was told it was a twenty-five cent piece, which they through a mistake had given me.

At that time I lisped some, and should probably not have remembered this circumstance, if the landlord had not, when I became older, often repeated the question in my lisping style, "*Mithter Wilcoxth, isth a white penny asth good as any penny?*"

Again; time passed along, and after a while my parents began to talk about sending me to school; but in the summer they had so much to do I could not be spared, and in the winter the snow was so deep and we lived so far from school, that this prevented me, and when I did go it would be time I was there before I could get started, and I had to go home before school was out to do my chores; so on the whole my schooling amounted to but very little.

In a short time my task was so great it required all my time and energies to perform what was allotted me to do.

My mother was an uncommon smart woman to plan work for the children to do, especially for me. As the old saying is, she and work had a falling out, and she thought if she planned the work and made the children do it, that was enough for her. If she told me to do anything, and I did not start at the first bid, (which I acknowledge I should have done,) she would take me by the ears or hair, or cuff me, so I would not forget it for a long time.

I soon learned to watch her, and if she told me to do anything when I was busy and not quite ready to obey, I had to be on my guard, and when she started for me I had to run to get out of her way. I have often told her that my head is flat by cuffing, my hair is thin by pulling, and my ears are long by stretching.

My mother was sometimes very crafty. She once told me that if I would strip the cows after the girls had milked, she would buy me a knife. I was strong, and very soon learned so that I could milk a cow as quick as any one; but now I was enlisted, for after this I had to do all the milking, and when she gave me the *barlow* knife she said it was for *learning* to milk, and not for milking.

Again; as soon as I was old enough to be of any service to my father when digging roots, he used to take me into the woods to carry the basket and help him. This afforded me ample amusement—to see the different articles which he dug, and the variety of herbs and flowers which could be obtained in the woods. He was a man of few words with his children, but if we asked him a question with regard to the roots, or anything else, he would answer pleasantly and correctly; so I did not fear to ask him.

One day we were out digging roots, and I often

enquired the name of whatever we dug, and he would tell me, and the information thus obtained at this early age has since been of great advantage to me. In the course of the day we came across a straight ash staddle the size of a rake stale. This, father began to twist around another tree, and kept twisting and fixing it until it suited him. I asked him what he did that for? He told me that in three or four years it would be fit for a scythe snathe. This was an idea so new and strange that it made a lasting impression upon my mind, and I have often thought of it since I became older, and have seen it verified, not only with the young staddle, but in its application to the minds of children, and I think the maxim will ever be proved true, that "*Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.*"

Many do not think it is wrong to deceive or frighten their children by impressing ideas strange or false upon their young minds, such as the story of Santa Claus, and many other frivolous fancies. When the holidays arrive, the children are told to hang up their stockings and Santa Claus will come down the chimney, or in at the key-hole, or through some other crevice, and fill them. Perhaps this does not frighten them, but it misleads the mind; though they think very well of Santa Claus, because, as they suppose,

he gives them some nice things. They see the effect, but are left ignorant of the cause; and this is the way many great men of the present day have been learned, and their practice now is to observe the effect, while they have little or no idea of the cause. I think parents ought to be careful to impress on the minds of their children correct ideas of things, and not mislead their understandings by telling them falsehoods; for when they arrive at years of discretion and find that all those stories are false, they will naturally form very unfavorable opinions of their parents, whose duty it is to set them better examples.

I was always taught not to be afraid; and when anything occurred that appeared to be a little mysterious, I was learned to search into the cause of it, and in this way I overcame all childish fear, and was not easily frightened, and whether light or dark I was never afraid to go where I was told. Nothing would excite my father more than to hear people tell frightful stories to their children, about bears, ghosts and witches, horrible noises, or anything which would have a tendency to terrify or cause alarm. This he had too often seen, and its effects he had felt, as it was a common trait and practice with his father.

I have heard him tell that, while very young, he and his sister were left at home alone Sunday, while

his father and mother went to meeting, for they professed to be very pious. They told the children that they must not make a bit of noise, if they did the knockers would come and carry them off. This frightened them so much that they hardly dared to breathe; and they kept so very still that the woodpeckers came on to the old log-house to search for worms. They began to peck on an old hollow log, and father said it seemed to him the noise was as loud and heavy as if it had been made by a colt or larger animal. It frightened them exceedingly; and it was not till years afterwards, when their reason taught them, that they knew what that noise was; but supposed it to be the knockers their parents had told them of; and at the time they dare not tell them what had happened, for fear of getting punished, for his father's practice was always to scold, whip or scare his children, every time he could work it in, and this he thought was doing God service. He after a while changed his religious views, or "fell from grace," as they called it, and my father said that from that time he was altogether a better man.

Again: One night, after we had got our chores all done, my brother and I got permission to go to one of the neighbors and spend the evening with their boys. After we had been there a little while one of

the younger boys fell asleep, and sat for some time nodding in his chair. Bye and bye he cried out, saying, "Mother, I wish you would lick me, and put me to bed, if you 're going to."

Presently the mother took him up, undressed him, gave him a good "spanking," and put him to bed.— This did not appear to be anything new or unexpected to the boy. He seemed to understand it perfectly well; but it made my "hair stand up," though I soon solved the mystery, as I thought of what the minister said whom I heard preach, and I concluded she had been to meeting and taken lessons of him.

She had no occasion for whipping the boy, and no reasons for so doing, only her teacher, or preacher, had told her, if she spared the rod she would spoil the child; and I am not sure but all cruelties have originated with our (so-called) wise rulers, or teachers; but I am glad the day has come when such cruel treatment to children is being done away.

Again: About this time my father one day sent me to a lot across the creek to spread hay. When I got to the creek, I found it nearly dried up, and there were some low places of water and full of trout, and I could not resist the temptation to stop and play with them, and catch some; but I played a little too long, for my father came along and saw me there, and he

picked up a thistle, and when he got close up to me he hallooed out and scared me. I started to run, and he after me. He hit me two or three cuts across my bare feet with the thistle, but my feet were tough, so it did not hurt much, but I thought if that was what I got for playing with the fish, I would be careful never to play with them so long again. I think this was the only time my father ever punished me.

Again; we lived at the foot of Surry hills, and people would often be going up the hills with a heavier load than their teams could draw, and I was often called out in the night or whenever occasion required, to go with the oxen and help them up the hills and drive the oxen back. On such excursions there were many things occurred which excited my curiosity, but perhaps it is not worth noticing here.

One man by the name of Underwood had the sleeping lethargy, and he would often ride and sleep for some distance; though I never knew him to get asleep while going up the hills. He would often whip his oxen and some of his horses severely; so I was told to watch and see that our oxen were not abused. I once asked him why he whipped those that were working the hardest? To which he replied, with great earnestness,—What is the use of whipping those that *will not* work?

Again ; I recollect very well the first time I ever attended a General Training. There was to be one in our town, and I had a great desire to go and see the soldiers. My father was willing I should go, so I asked my mother, and after some hesitation she reluctantly consented ; and now I was all animation and excitement thinking about this.

It was now nearly noon, and the training was to come off the next day ; and the anticipation of the holiday I was going to have, took away my appetite so that I could not eat my dinner, and at night I ate a very light supper. I asked my father if he would give me some pennies to spend at the training. He gave me six pennies, which I thought was a gift worth while.

I had to go in the night to see them wake up the officers, and in the morning I had no appetite for breakfast ; but on getting to the training, I found that the anticipation was greater than the real enjoyment, and then my appetite for my lost meals returned, and I went and bought two cents worth of gingerbread. But this did very little toward satisfying my hunger, and I soon bought another two cents worth, and by noon my six cents were all spent for gingerbread, and I was still hungry.

So I found my father and told him how it was,

and asked him if he would give me two or three pennies more. He then took out three cents and gave them to me. I envied no one their happiness on that day, for I thought there was not a boy on that parade-ground who had so good a father as I had. This, I think, was all the money my father ever gave me. I had no way of getting money then, only by catching and selling trout, or braiding whiplashes and making whip-stalks, and selling these.—In this way I picked up a little money, but it was so hard to be got, it was spent very prudently.

They had a sham fight on the day of the training. One company blacked up and went to a mountain and hid in the bushes, and whooped and halloed like Indians. They had a great time, and many thought it was a splendid affair. Most of the spectators were greatly delighted at viewing such a scene.

I stood, silent and sad, to think how they were imitating or making a mock of the way in which so many of our fellow-beings are lawfully murdered. This gave me a dread of training which I have never overcome; and I could not bear to think that when I became old enough, I too must shoulder my musket, and go into the fields and be taught in that school of cruelty; must labor hard all day to learn to take life lawfully, and to satisfy the cruel designs

of some evil-minded men;—and even now, since I have become older, I can see no real propriety in it; and I never see a company of soldiers out on a parade, however grand their appearance may be, (and I acknowledge that a company of well-trained soldiers do make a fine appearance,) yet I say I never see them, without feeling a sensation of horror and contempt at the idea that they are being subjected to a mode of discipline which has for its object no higher motive than that of war.

Though I had such a horror for training and war, when I was ten or twelve years old I was very fond of hunting small game—squirrels, pigeons, and the like,—whenever I had any time to spare. The first thing for me to learn was to know how to take care of a gun. I had heard the old maxim which the woman told her sons, that “it was a dangerous thing, and might go off without lock, stock or barrel.” So I concluded if I allowed no one to go before my gun, there would not be any one killed by it, and I always took great care when I had it around, that I did not point it towards any person.

We had an old gun to strike fire with, for in those days matches were not in use as they are now.—When the fire went out, we would take the gun and snap the lock; this would set the powder on fire;

the powder would set the tow on fire; and the tow would set the punk on fire; and in this way we kindled our fires when I was a boy. We could not start a fire in less than half an hour.

On one occasion I was kindling the fire, and I was very sure the gun was not loaded. I thought I knew it was not. There was a little girl there who seemed intent on standing before it, but I told her she must go on the other side if she wanted to see the fire fly, for it might make a terrible noise.

I snapped it, and it was loaded with peas to shoot squirrels. It blowed a hole through the plastering as large as my hand. If I had not known how to use a gun, and had been as careless as some I have seen, I should surely have killed the child. On one occasion the flint got poor, and I had become so used to it that I could kill game by touching it with a coal of fire. Once my sister touched it off and I killed a hawk; afterwards my brother touched it off and I shot a crane.

I had one brother who never ought to have anything to do with either gun or powder. I once knew him, after I had filled my powder-horn, to attend a little squirrel hunt, get up in the morning to make a fire, and as there was but little fire, he took it and put it down to the coal and let the powder run

on to the fire. It took fire and blowed the horn all to pieces—knocked him over, and blistered his hand, wrist and arm to his elbow.

Again; when I was about twelve years of age, I was set to waiting on patients, and preparing medicine when it was needed, and the knowledge then acquired I carefully treasured up in my memory, and it has proved of great advantage to me in my practice. I could see the operation of the medicine on the sick, and the effects it produced, which gave me the most implicit confidence in its utility.

We were all learned to eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, add clothing when cold, and take medicine when sick. When we were thoroughly learned this, there was no more mystery connected with one than the other. I have always prescribed for myself ever since I was twelve years old, and have never failed yet; and, if rightly taught, no more skill or license is necessary to know how to use medicine, than for the cook to know how to prepare our food, or the tailor to fit our clothes.

While young, we all had the contagious diseases of the country, such as measles, whooping cough, canker rash, &c., and our parents attended us, and we got along well. They would bathe the surface with spir-

its, keep the stomach clear, give canker medicines, and they had no trouble.

Again: My father had a great deal of practice among the sick at home, but he got nothing for his services, so he concluded to go to the sea-shore to practice. He was like the prophets of old, "Not without honor, save in his own country;" and his skill as a physician had become quite extensively known. He was gone from home a greater part of the time for a number of years, only coming home once in two or three months.

This left a great responsibility on me, for though I had one brother older than myself, he was not as healthy as I, and had but little care of business.

At one time my father came home in the month of January, and I asked him if I could buy some colts and calves, so that I could have some growing for myself, for it was my delight to take care of them. I could buy colts for five dollars, and calves for one dollar and a half. He told me that an addition of three or four might starve the whole stock: if the hay should be all gone, and they did not get enough to eat, five days would nearly use all the stock up.

He soon went off, and I had such a desire to have some colts and calves growing, that I disobeyed him for the second time in my life. I bought two colts

and two calves. Hay was worth thirty dollars per ton. I soon found that there was more stock than hay, and I became alarmed at what I had done. We had a young orchard near by, containing about four acres of very thrifty growth, which needed trimming.

This I began to trim, and throw the brush over the wall; the cattle would eat the limbs as large around as my thumb, and the sheep would eat the bark. As soon as the orchard was well trimmed we went into the woods where we had a nice young growth of maples. There were also hemlocks, two feet through and about thirty feet high, and, I might say, all limbs. I would climb the tree and cut the tops off, and then trim off the limbs along down, and I could get a good load off from one tree.

I drew them into the yard, and the cattle would eat the boughs and the sheep would eat the bark. Our neighbors told me the hemlocks were so weakening that all the calves and lambs would die, and I would not raise any. I paid no attention to them, but concluded that if I could keep the old stock alive it would be better than nothing, so I persevered until spring. We never wintered our stock better, and the calves and lambs were uncommon smart. When we went into the yard their breath would smell like a bed of hemlocks.

Whoever thinks that green stuff is not good for cattle and sheep in winter as well as in summer, is much mistaken. It preserves everything for the animal that is natural; it tightens the wool, and it wards off disease, and does what cannot be done by dry fodder. They often get sick on dry feed, and this is the only thing that will cure them. So much for farmers.

Again: Father usually came home in the summer to assist about the haying. He got me a scythe, with which I was much pleased, and I made it my first business to learn to grind it and keep it in order. I recollect that on one occasion father noticed that my scythe did not cut well. Said he, "Sharpen your scythe, or let me do it for you." He watched me closely, and saw that I made it cut, and this was the last time that he offered to sharpen my scythe. This was worth a great deal to me, and I was never afraid to work with anyone who did not keep his scythe sharp while mowing.

Again: There was, in the town of Dublin, about twenty miles distant, a great many idiots. It was said that nearly one-half the inhabitants of that town were underwitted, though they could be learned to work.

My uncle was a tanner, and carried on a large business. His apprentices did not like to grind bark, as

it was very dusty work. They ground it with a stone which rolled around on its edge. The horse went round like the horses in a cider-mill. There was a perpendicular shaft in the centre, and a horizontal shaft axletree went through that; the stone was about two feet from the end. The stone would roll within the curb, which was twenty feet across—this ground the bark within the curb.

So he sent to Dublin, and got one of these foolish men to come and grind bark. They learned him to grind, and he was of great service to them. He would get very angry if he did not have enough to do; and grinding bark was his principal business. He lived in a small house by himself. They cooked his victuals, which he would get and take to his room to eat. I have seen a number from that town, and they all appeared to be of the same grade.

Their *priest* was not much smarter. His parents were very wealthy, and they gave him a liberal education, but his natural talent was so small that he did not know enough to apply his acquired knowledge to any good use, without exposing his weakness.—He occasionally came to our town to preach, and then the young people would all *turn out*, for he made so many curious expressions while he was preaching, that

it was very amusing to hear him, though he was not aware that he was making sport.

He attempted, at one time, to illustrate to his audience how bold the righteous were. Said he, "they are bold—as bold as a *Lion*; ah, yes," said he, "bolder too,—they are as bold as a *Lamb*."

Expressions and comparisons, similar to this, were very common with him, and he was not smart enough to know that it made a great deal of sport for his hearers. He had one of the same stamp as himself to tend his horse. They could be learned to do *one kind* of work, and they did not like to change their employment, or learn any thing new. Mr. Sprague had one to tend his barn, his horse and cow.

Mr. Sprague was a great eater. He might well be called a glutton. About a quarter of a lamb, or two or three chickens, and other things in proportion, was his allowance for a meal. Some one told him it would be better for him to exercise more, and advised him to take regular exercise each day, and proposed to him to adopt the practice of watering his own horse. So he told his hostler that he must not water his horse any more, he would do that himself. At this the servant was greatly enraged, and declared to himself that he would drown the priest.

So he went down to the pond, or lake, and cut a

hole in the ice where the water was three feet deep, and then threw the ice back, and threw on snow as long as it would melt; then went on a little further and cut another hole; so when the priest went down to water his horses,—*in he went*. This frightened the horse, and he twitched away, and off he ran to the barn. The neighbors turned out and rescued the man, and this ended his watering the horse, and he gave up the business to his hostler again.

On one occasion the cook ate one of the chicken's legs, and he found he was falling short of his rations; and he observed that two or three of his chicken's legs were missing;—these the cook had kept back for herself. He called on her and wished to know what had become of his chicken's legs. She asked him if he did not know that they shed one leg in winter. "No," said he, "I did not know it—that is news to me." She presently saw a chicken fly upon the fence, and curl one leg up under its feathers. She called Mr. Sprague's attention to this, and thus the whole matter was proved to his satisfaction.

He was told, one time, that he had better work in the garden some, as it would be for his health to do a little light work. He went out and found the beans which were planted a few days before, began to push themselves up out of the ground. He took hold

with a great deal of energy, and pulled them all up, and sat them down *right*, as he thought, and then went in and told his family that he believed the Lord was against him, for the beans were crowding themselves all out of the ground ; but he had turned them the other end down, so they were *right now*. He did not know what almost any child could have told him, that beans, when they take root, are crowded out of the ground by the sprout.

Again ; I recollect of once going with my father to Portsmouth, then the capital of New Hampshire, a distance of about one hundred miles, to get a load of salt, fish, and some other articles for the family's use. The road went near Manadnic mountain and through the town of Dublin, where there were so many people who were underwitted. I saw the priest's situation, which was very elegant, and the pond where his hostler got him in.

This was the first time I was ever so far from home. I saw many things which looked curious and interesting to me, although perhaps not worth mentioning here. I went down to the Fort, where the magazine got on fire and exploded, and killed about a dozen men. It racked all the buildings and did much damage. Nothing of importance occurred while going home.

Again; My father used to come home occasionally to dig roots. Nerve root was very scarce, and hard to be got in that country. He hunted all over Vermont and New Hampshire to find it, and found none; it was considered worth one dollar per ounce, on account of its scarcity. I thought I would go on to Fall Mountain, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and see what was there. I went, and there, near a pond, I found and dug two or three pounds of the valuable root. I also gathered Golden Rod and Sweet Fern, and made out a load.

One curiosity I saw on my way, which may be amusing to the reader. I went to Mrs. Gilmore's, in Rockingham, Vermont. This lady had nine children in five years. She first had one, and in the same year she had two more, and for the next three years she had two a year. I saw them all: they all went alone. When I saw them, they were marching to a chestnut tree for chestnuts. The oldest went first, and the four pair of twins followed on two by two. Such a sight I never saw before nor since. They all appeared to be well and hearty.

About this time I began to distil all kinds of herbs, such as Peppermint, Pennyroyal, Tansy, Hemlock, and many other herbs; and this was very beneficial to me, as I learned the worth of them for medicine.

Again; when I was sixteen or seventeen years old, my father as usual came home to help do the haying. After we got this done, he and mother went to Jericho, Vermont, to see his father, my grandfather.—

While there, they asked him if he would not like to take a boy. He said he would. So I was the one singled out of the flock to go and live with my grandfather, though they knew that he was a perfect tyrant; and they knew also that he tied his hired man up in the barn and whipped him, only a few days before they went there.

When they got home, mother told me that I had got to go and live with my grandfather. So I got ready to go by the first of October, though I was not at all pleased with the arrangement. I took some clothes, some bread and meat, a piece of cheese, and an assortment of medicines, put them into a frock and made a pack,—then I was ready to start.

My sister took the horse and wagon, and went with me to Charleston Bridge, I think about sixteen miles from my father's, and then left me to perform the remainder of my journey on foot; and that night I found myself at my uncle's, in the town of Pomfret, Vermont, fifty miles from home.

I had travelled so fast it made me nearly sick. I staid there one day, and then went on and arrived at

my grandfather's on the morning of the third day, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. It snowed the day before I got there, and my shoes were so poor my feet got wet and blistered.

I went in, and asked the old gentleman in the house if his name was Thomson. He said, "Yes." I told him I had been sent to live with him. Said he, "Are you Sam's boy?" I told him I was. "Well," said he, "take off your pack and lay it down." This I did. He then asked me if I had been to breakfast. I told him I had taken a bite out of my pack, "away back here." "Well," said he, "then we will go and get the sheep." Said he, "I'll take the old mare and ride on to the pasture, and you can follow on by the track." So on he went, and I followed on like a frozen-toed hen; my feet all blistered. It was about two miles to the pasture, but it seemed to me it was four. Into the lot I went and got the sheep, and got back to the house at noon.

I took dinner, and then he said I might go out to chopping wood, which made it much better. I chopped all the afternoon, and after supper, when I could not see to work out of doors, he said I might go to the barn and husk corn till nine o'clock. This was my first day with my grandfather.

The second day he discharged his hired men, fear-

ing if he kept them he would not have enough for me to do. So I continued on, working early and late, and doing the work of two.

After a while I became acquainted with some of the neighbors, and they told me that the old man would tie me up and whip me, the first I would know. I rather scorned this. I told them that my mother used to whip me, but I should not be whipped by a man unless he was the stoutest, and I should not give up till we had had a thorough trial. They were glad to find I had so much spunk. I told them I should give him no occasion to abuse me; if he did, it would be without a cause. I did the best I could to please him, working very hard—I might say day and night.

He was the most ingenious man I ever knew to plan work, and I must do it all. I worked on the farm, sawed in the saw-mill, ground in the grist-mill, headed nails, made shingles, planed and laid clapboards, laid wall, made bricks and laid them, lathed and plastered, hewed timber, and in fact I was "Jack at all trades." I never sat down in the house till I had been there over a year, except when I was eating; and when, one day after I had been out to work in the rain and snow and got so wet the water poured off from me, I came in and sat down by the fire to

warm me and dry my clothes, the girl was surprised, and asked what was the matter, saying it was the first time she had ever seen me sit down by the fire. This was the next fall after I went there.

In the spring my grandfather planted a large field of corn, near the woods, and the squirrels dug into it, and were likely to destroy so much of it, that he wished me to watch it on Sundays. To this request I made no reply, and he soon thought he had asked me to do what was a little out of the way; then, as if to throw out an inducement to me, and make it appear more plausible on his part, said he, "I will give you a penny apiece for all the squirrels you will kill on Sundays."

At this, I went to work and made me a cross-gun, and went and killed ten or twelve squirrels that day. The next Sunday I killed over thirty. He began to be alarmed at my success, saying he was afraid I would break him down if I kept on in that way. He was a hard currency man, and I think he had more than a peck of gold and silver in his house at that time. I killed over a hundred squirrels, though he very much regretted that there were so many, because they cost him a penny apiece. I think that was all the money he ever gave me.

I was living there at the time of the War of 1812,

and saw the battle on Lake Champlain. I saw the Express men who were sent to notify the Governor, and have him turn out the militia: but the Governor told them he did not think there was any immediate danger,—when at the same time the cannonading at Plattsburgh was so heavy, it made the broken glass rattle, and jarred the earth like a heavy clap of thunder.

My uncle was the captain. The Express-man asked if there were any officers there. The captain came forward, and he asked him if he would turn out, and encourage the soldiers to go, saying, “If they conquer us at Plattsburgh, their next attack will be at Burlington, and we had better conquer them at first.” He said he would go. So he took his team and carried the soldiers to Burlington, and from there they crossed the Lake to Plattsburgh, and in two hours the town was cleared of all the men that could be spared. The main roads were thronged with soldiers, with sprigs of cedar in their hats, denoting that they were Green Mountain boys, going to Burlington. My grandfather’s miller went, and I stayed and tended the mill, as grandfather was not able to handle bags, and nobody but women and boys came to the mill.

General Provost’s army was in Plattsburgh. They kept up a constant cannonading. Their army consis-

ted of about fifteen thousand men, and ours of but a few hundreds. They tore up the planks on the bridge which kept them apart, built up some breastworks, and placed some cannon to rake off the string-pieces. When they attempted to come across, as soon as they got the string-pieces full our men would fire and rake them off into the water.

In a few days they got discouraged, and gave up until, as they said, they would "lick" our men on the Lake; but in this, also, they were defeated and disappointed, for they got nicely "licked," as they called it. General Provost and his men took flight and ran back to Canada.

They had the best ships, men, cannon, and powder. If they had played off, and given long shots, they might have cut our vessels all to pieces. Instead of that, they sallied up too near, and at the first shot we disabled their best ship, tore away the mainmast, and killed the commodore, leaving the ship a perfect wreck. Our vessels laid along in a row, and a spring cable.

They wheeled and took the next ship; the battle was won, and nearly all their crafts taken in two hours. Theirs were the best trained troops, their cannons were brass, the best of double battle powder, and smooth balls. Our men were untrained militia, can-

nons were pot metal, coarse powder, and rough balls, but would take effect when close by. I went on to a mountain which commanded a fine view of the lake, and saw the battle fought. It was on Sunday. I was highly pleased with the success of the battle. It was admirably fought, and the victory gained, but the wrong ones had to suffer. I had one uncle and two cousins in Plattsburgh ready to give the alarm if Provost had got across the river.

The militia got there so rapidly they guarded a number of miles up the river; but before the enemy got half way across, a ball from the opposite side would take them, and down they would go into deep water. So they soon gave that up. They were so often taken by surprise that they said every stone, log, or stump had a Green Mountain boy behind it.

I went to Burlington the day Commodore McDonough dined there, after the battle. There was a general good-feeling existing there on that occasion; but it was not very gratifying to me to see them celebrate the untimely death of those crimeless, inoffensive men. If the right ones had got killed, I should have felt better about it,—but they were not there.

Again: I continued along with my grandfather until the next June, working very hard and faithfully. They then opened a new tub of pork, and commenced

using it. I think it must have stood two or three years. The brine had leaked off, and the meat had become stale and rusty. I ate one meal out of it, and my throat closed against it. I could not eat that, nor anything on the table where it was: it scented everything. But I was not allowed to find fault with anything set before me to eat; so I was obliged to make the best of it I could.

I fasted three days, and on the fourth day I complained of being sick, and could not work. This was the first time I had made this complaint while there, and I did not take any medicine. I struck a yard full of brick the day before, and that day my grandfather said he must go out and try to turn them. When he started I told him I would go too. As I walked, my knees knocked together, and, to all appearance, I was hardly able to go about.

When we got nearly to the yard I asked him what he was going to give me for working for him, as, said I, boys are sometimes notional, and if they know what they are going to get for their work they feel more contented, and it sometimes stimulates them to do better than they do when they do n't know what their reward is to be. He said if I stayed my time out he would give me the Pond farm or the Proctor farm.—One was covered with black alder, and very wet; the

other was under Mansfield mountain, where it was so cold nothing would grow there but coarse hay or oats.

I told him I did not think I should want a farm, and asked him how much he would give, and pay me the money. He replied with much earnestness, "*Not a dollar.*"

This whirled me suddenly around and gave me strength. I started off, and walked nearly half a mile before my knees knocked together again. I went about two miles to my uncle's, and stopped and told my aunt that if she would give me a little bite of something to eat I would chop her some wood. She did so, and I shall never forget the meal she cooked for me. She fried some pork, turned out the fat, cut the meat up fine, and added a cup of cream, and this, with warm potatoes and other eatables, afforded me a delicious repast. This was about ten o'clock, and I had been so long without eating that I dared not eat all my appetite craved; so I ate sparingly, and thought I would finish my meal at noon.

When my uncle came in to his dinner, he looked at me rather sharply. He had never seen me there before, unless it was at night or on Sunday. Said he to me: "Cyrus, I guess you have left father." I told him, that was just what I thought. "Well,

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and did not hit within two feet of the mark. The Buckeye was sure of winning, and told the old man to get the liquor. I told my friends that I could control my gun, and the one could beat that I said. They thought it was ungenerous for him to take advantage of an old drunken man, and told me if I had any power over my gun to use it and let the old man beat.

The Buckeye stood by, and saw me load my gun. He took it; they fired, and the old man beat. This caused much sport, but I pretended not to like it. I loaded it again, when there was no wager, and told the Buckeye that he must shoot deliberately, and he must not have the "*buck fever*;"—that was the word when they did not hit or kill the game. So he took the gun, and hit the mark the bigness of my hand twenty rods off. This restored the credit of my gun. This convinced them that he could not shoot on a wager, or that he had the *buck fever*. He felt very much mortified to think he had stumped a drunken man to shoot with an old musket, and then got beat. The Buckeye rather wanted revenge on me, and said he did not care—I had got as much as I could attend to. I told him I knew that, but I could attend to it. So I loaded my gun for the bet. I tied a string to pull it off with. The guard was back of my shoul-

ders. I was to take a dead rest. After I had got all things right, I told the Buckeye if he would pay five gallons, I would not shoot. He said he would not do it. I told him the shots would amount to sixty dollars, and the drawbacks would only come to seven dollars and fifty cents. Fifty-three dollars and fifty cents would be my due. I told him I did not wish him to think hard of me, because I should hit every time, and if I shot once I wanted to shoot the one hundred and twenty times. I did not wish to stop till I got done; but if he would give three gallons I would give up. He said he would not give anything; then I told him I would shoot. I took a looking-glass out of my pocket about the size of a dollar, sat it on the breech of my gun, and leaned my head and looked cross-eyed into it. I could see my mark.

I fetched my fore sight and mark in range, then worked myself and brought my hind sight, fore sight and mark in range, then pulled the string,—away went the ball into the centre of the mark. Then the mystery of shooting backwards was fully explained, and the Buckeye felt cheap. He found he was beat, and wanted to compromise. I did, and he paid five gallons of whiskey. This made eight gallons I got out of the close old settlers, or Buckeyes. This gave

them all a good drink, and learned them how to shoot backwards, which art I presume they never forgot, and we all parted in good cheer.

I was told that I could not kill the first deer I shot at. As soon as they got fit to kill, I went out and started one. It ran behind two trees and stopped. I could only see its fore shoulders. I had to take a fine sight, between the trees, for fear of hitting them. I fired—the deer made two or three jumps and fell. I took him, partially dressed him, strung him up, and then shouldered him as I would a pack, and started for home. Soon after I started, I saw another. I had not time to put this down, but drew up my gun and shot that. This made me more than a load. I went about half a mile home, took a horse and stone-boat, and with this drew both home. I found it required more skill for strangers to shoot large game than I had previously supposed. When the game is large, they think they can hit without any trouble, and hardly level the gun before they fire, and the game is not touched.

Again; after I had concluded not to work out any more, but take jobs, I soon had an application for one. I took of Mr. Beacher eight acres to plant to corn, four to potatoes, and five acres to chop and clear off at twenty dollars per acre. The neighbors

told me that Mr. Beacher never paid his men.—“What is the reason?” said I. “Because,” said they, “he would give them so large a job that they could not possibly get it done, and then he would not pay them because it was not done at the time.” I told them his men were more to blame than he was; and I should not try to get my pay till I had finished my job and fulfilled my contract; then, if he was worth it, I should collect it. They thought I was very cool on the subject. I told them Mr. Beacher was good, and I thought when I had fulfilled on my part, he would on his. He soon saw, however, that I would do my job, and wished me to take more, which I did. I took another four acres. Then they told me he had got me *tight*. One said he could do as much as any other man, and he had a son who could do as much as he could, and another who could do half as much, and they three together could not get my job done at the time appointed to have it finished. I drove it along, and did my planting and hoeing, and I thought I would work out some in haying.

So I took some jobs, to mow and pitch the hay on and off the load, for one dollar per acre. In four weeks I carried home forty dollars that I had earned in this way. I found my job had not progressed very much during my absence. It was now the first

what will he do"? said he, "you have done the work of two men, ever since you have been there, and now he is left alone." I told him I did not know what he would do, but I had stayed as long as I thought I could afford to and work for nothing but my board, and poor fare at that.

Dinner was now ready, and I sat down and ate the remainder of my morning meal, then went with my uncle into the field to work. I stayed there a few days—then a man came to hire me to work for him. He carried on Governor Chittenden's farm. He had over a hundred acres to mow. I asked him what wages he paid. He said from eight to twelve dollars a month: "But," said he, "I will give you eight dollars for half a month."

I was surprised at this, and asked him what he meant. "Well," said he, "I suppose you will work for me as you did for your grandfather." This was the first knowledge I had that the people knew how hard I worked, only the remark my uncle made, that I did the work of two men. I made a bargain with him, and the day I commenced work I walked two or three miles and got into the field as soon as any of his men.

They sat in and mowed, and as soon as there was a chance for me, I also sat in. There were ten or twelve

men in the field; we mowed out, and I whet my scythe and sat in again. After I had mowed along a few rods one of the men cried out, saying, "You have got my through." Well, said I, if there is no more grass behind, you can have it; if there is, you had better mow it. At this, he sat in, and mowed along with great fury, and we came out nearly together.

I sharpened my scythe again, for I was early learned to keep this in order; then I sat in again, and told him to come on. At this he went back to the company, and they concluded they would club together and *lick* me. The boss soon came into the field, and they made bitter complaints to him, and told him their plan. Said he, "do you know Thomson?" They said no. "Well," said he, "you *will* know him before you get him *half licked*." He gave them my history, and that saved me or them one *licking*.

I was the first in the field and the last one out, all the time I was there. When my half month was out, I told my boss I had concluded to go home. He said he could not spare me, but said he, "I will give you twelve dollars for the next half month." So I staid. His other men got from eight to twelve dollars a month, while I got twenty. This, I thought, strangely contrasted with the reward my grandfather

would bestow upon me, for he said he would not give me a dollar for working for him nearly four years;—here I got twenty dollars for the first month.

I then started for home. I spent but little money going home. When I got there, I found my colts and calves were gone. I was left to carry on that large farm alone, and again, as formerly, I spent every leisure moment I could get working at my old trade, making whips and selling them, until I was *twenty-one*, when I had in this way collected forty dollars together.

Now I concluded to try my fortune in what we then considered the “far west.” I took some clothing, some provisions and medicines, put them into a pack, shouldered it, and started for the State of Ohio, a distance of six hundred miles, on foot. My father did not like to have me go, but he thought if I would go, he would make me a nice present, as a reward for my last work on the farm. So he presented me with an old silver watch, worth perhaps three or four dollars. I was thankful for small gifts, for I never got any other. Some have so much given them they cannot keep it, but I had so little it did not trouble me to take care of it, and I always chose to keep my presents to remember the giver by.

I started the last of January, 1818, now more than

forty years ago, to seek my fortune in a new country. It was a very cold winter. There were five of us in company. We found many places in York State where the woods were not cleared on the main roads for some distance, especially along the Holland purchase. There was occasionally a little clearing, interspersed with log cabins or huts.

Buffalo was then a small town, containing perhaps seventy-five or one hundred inhabitants. Up the lake there were clearings every three or four miles, and at nearly all these places was a tavern-stand. If they were good houses they were noted, and had plenty of travelling custom. The emigrants travelled with wagons and sleighs.

Pennsylvania had a hard name abroad, and all the eastern people looked upon this as being an uncivilized, if not a barbarous State. The inhabitants were principally Dutch, and thought they were not smart unless they could bite off each other's ears, or nose, or gouge out their eyes; this put them ahead in that State. At the east a man to be smart must have a good intellect; in Ohio, the Buckeye, as they are called, must be good choppers, shooters, and wrestlers, and then *they* were considered smart.

When we got to the line of Pennsylvania we all halted. There was a great display of signs and

names cut in the barks of the trees in the woods, by people who had been through there, stating when they were there, where they were from, and whither they were going. We stopped about an hour, reading these, and considering whether we dare enter the State; and we soon became convinced that the stories reported of them were true, for the first man we saw had but one eye; but we thought if they would let us alone, we certainly would not molest them, and at length we ventured to cross the line.

I think we staid but one night in that State. We put up at a large tavern, as they then called it. I think it was thirty by fifty, and contained but one room. In the back part of the room there were a number of tiers of beds;—I think there were twenty or twenty-five beds in the room. The fire was built in one end of the house. They drew in their wood with a horse at one door, and out at another, on the opposite side of the house. The fire-place was eight or ten feet long, and I think there was over half a cord of wood on the fire.

That evening the tavern was full of townspeople, who had collected there for a "spree." They drank freely, and their tongues ran nimbly, but I could not understand anything they said. Their language was as unintelligible to me as the croaking of a swarm of

frogs in Spring, and I thought it must be so to each other. We kept back out of their way, and went to bed early, taking the back tier of beds, for we did not feel at home, nor hardly safe, in their company, and we chose to get as far from them as we could. Their tongues went still faster, and their noise grew louder, until at length they began to keep time with their fists, and we then ventured to peep out and see the performance. They flew around, and clinched one of their number, and threw him on the fire—another clinched him and pulled him off. His clothes were half burned off from him, and the house smelled like a woolen factory on fire. It was now about ten o'clock, and they gradually sobered down and started for home.

This exhibition more than ever convinced us that the rumors which we had heard were true. We tried to be civil, and made no words with any one, and the next day following we got out of the State, and soon arrived at Cleveland, Ohio.

This was a small village, containing fifteen or twenty buildings. I went up the river to the town of Boston, to my uncle's. They had a small clearing around their house. When I got up the next morning after I went there, I looked out and saw three deer browsing within six rods of the house. This

was a strange sight to me, as I had never seen anything of the kind where I came from.

I next went on to Shalersville, where my brother went one year before; though at the time I left New Hampshire he had come home to get him a wife. Father had bought a farm for him, and he was going to remove there in September following. He married Mr. Holbrook's only daughter, and I thought her rather stiff-necked.

He had no house to move into, and while he was gone, I went to work and built one for him. It was like most houses of that day, built of logs, and I thought in a good place, about thirty feet below a good spring of water. But his wife found fault because I had built the house so near the spring. She thought if it had been further off, she could have had the water brought for her; now she would not like to ask for it. I told her if she was able to ask for water to be brought for her to use, she was able to get it when it was so near; "and," said I, "if you get sick, and are able to be up and walk, you need not go thirsty for want of water, which they often have to do in a new country.

I boarded there some on Sundays. Provisions were very scarce on account of the emigration being so great. My brother's wife was very pious, and

must attend meeting every Sunday, and my brother had to do the same. One would think by her talk that she considered herself accountable for the sins committed by all in the house. I attended the little meeting at the school-house a number of times.—Some old man would read a sermon, and sing and pray; then at noon they would talk over all the affairs of the town, then go home and eat their scanty allowance.

One Sunday morning I went to my brother's, and that morning his wife was uncommon smart, and said I must put on a ruffled shirt and attend the collection at the school-house. This I refused to do. I told her she was not responsible for my actions, that I had been controlled by my mother twenty-one years, and I believed I should not submit to bondage again, and I had no idea that she would have to answer for my sins; and if she would not cross my track, I would certainly be careful not to obstruct hers. Said I, "I shall not tell you how you shall dress, where you shall go, nor dictate you in what you shall do; and in my personal affairs, if you will leave me to do as I please, you will very much oblige me." So I was left to take my own course.

I knew the scarcity of meat, and there were no hunters in that part of the town. So after they had

gone to meeting, I took my gun and went out and killed a deer. I dressed it, and when the people were coming home from meeting I called a crowd around me, and gave each one a piece of a fine fat deer, for which I received a great many thanks, and I felt assured it was gratefully received by all.

I presume there were some there who had not had any meat in their house for a number of weeks. The next Sunday I shot another deer, and found a swarm of bees, and got a pail full of honey. This I dealt out in the same manner; and occasionally, through the week, after I had done my day's work, I would hunt down the river in the night, and in this way I furnished the neighborhood with meat till pork was ready to kill.

In the course of two weeks my brother came to me and asked me if I could not let him have some venison. I told him I could, though it was killed on Sunday. He said it made no difference—hunger would break through a stone wall. I never had any more trouble with his wife. If I carried them venison, or honey, or turkies, she did not ask when it was killed, but was glad to get it at any time.

I would not recommend the practice of hunting on the Sabbath, when it is done merely for amusement; but I think necessity may sometimes drive us to such

measures as might look inconsistent and wrong to a casual observer, and I think many are so superstitious and rigid in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, that they do not allow the mind to take care of the body and see that it is furnished with food, drink, and raiment.

I next went to work for one Mr. Singleterry. He made about three tons of maple sugar that spring. I stayed there and worked for him a while, and worked at different places until some time the next winter,—then I told my friends I had worked out all I ever should. I took jobs, and worked every way I could make it pay, but I did not like the idea of working under a master; yet I enjoyed myself very well in that new country.

When the inhabitants of the town met on Sunday at the school house, they would first attend to the form of public worship, then at noon they would talk over all the business of the town, what had taken place, who had come to that or the adjoining towns, &c. When anyone arrived in the vicinity, we were soon informed of it, and, if they had not a house previously prepared, we would all turn in and put one up for them and have it ready to move into in two days.

I was extremely fond of hunting, and would take

my canoe and hunt down the river in the night. I would set up a board in front of the canoe, then light a candle and place it in front of the board, then row down the river. As the deer were not afraid of the light, we could row close up to them. They looked white in the night. They would come into the river to feed on the brackish grass that grew in the water.

Again: The young people who had lived there a number of years thought themselves smarter than the emigrants who had been there but a short time, and our dexterity was often tried to see how our skill would compare with theirs.

For a while I was engaged in chopping wood for the distillery, and one evening a number of these self-conceited Buckeyes came where I was and commenced telling their great exploits and wonderful skill in hunting. I had a good gun, so I thought I would boast a little too. I told them I could run balls and they would go into the flesh any way; and I could shoot backwards and hit a mark six rods off.

One of the oldest of the company asked me what I meant. I told him I meant as I said; I could shoot backwards and hit the mark. He wished me to make my statement. I told him I would shoot backwards at a nine-inch ring, and I would give sixpence a shot, and every time I hit he should give me fifty cents.—

He wished to know how many times I would shoot. One hundred and twenty was the number fixed upon. He said he would put up the mark.

The men turned out and we had a great hunt. We surrounded a piece of woods five miles square. We killed one hundred and thirty deer, twenty-eight bears, and eighteen wolves. This game we set up and sold at auction. I bought one bear for thirty-eight cents. Deer were sold for eighteen cents. They afterwards had another hunt, but broke the ring, and lost all the game.

The Buckeye before mentioned told the crowd that if they would come to the distillery, I should shoot backwards. I think there were about one hundred and fifty men and boys in the company, and all I wanted was to get them treated by the Buckeye. So, as we gathered around, there was an old man there who had been all day in the distillery. He never refused a drink, and was rather inclined to take a little too much,—and one of the Buckeyes told him that he was no gunner, and he could beat him shooting, and he might shoot six rods and rest his gun, and he would take my gun and shoot twenty rods at arms' end, and beat him. The old man said he would not take a "stump" from any one. The bet was three gallons of whiskey. The old man made the first shot,

of August, and on the first of September five acres were to be done. I asked Mr. Beacher what the consequence would be if I did not get it done on the day appointed. He said it would not make any difference;—he told me this privately. I thought he was very clever, and I would be sure to finish it on the day. So I went to work, night and day, and on the second day of September I asked him to go out and accept of the job.

Now he did not manifest half so much cleverness as he did when I expressed to him some doubt about getting it done. He went out and examined my work, and found a great deal of fault because I did not chop the large stumps square across; and upon searching the fence he found one soft wood rail. I took that off and replaced it by a better one; then the job was done.

The other four acres were done the first day of the agreement. When we settled, he said it was not finished on the day agreed upon. I told him to show the damage, and I would pay it. He could show none. My job came to one hundred and eighty dollars, and the half of the twelve acres was worth one hundred and twenty dollars, which yielded me three hundred dollars in nine months. I enjoyed myself very well while at work at this job.

Mr. Beacher had other jobbers; they used an axe which weighed about four pounds; four and one-half inches across the bit; and the helve twenty-two inches long. Before I commenced work, I went to the axe maker and got one six inches across the bit; helve twenty-six inches long, and the whole weighed seven pounds. I soon got used to it, and could chop into the log, and it cut so smooth, it looked as if it had been planed. The other two jobbers wished me to change works with them, which I did. I was cutting what was called Pearling-wood, for making Pearlash; the sticks were cut four feet long. Their chopping was underbrush and girdling, and much lighter work than mine. They soon found that I could chop much faster than they could; my axe, being wide on the bit and helve long, gave me a great advantage over them.

They were fond of liquor; and when I was chopping for them, I saw Mr. Beacher coming into the woods. I told them to be careful what they said, and I would get them some liquor. So when he came up to where we were, he made great inquiries about how *long handle* and *broad bit* came on. I told him not very well—it required a *man* to use it. He thought he was a great chopper, and he told me he could chop as fast again as I could, and he said he

could chop off twenty logs more in half a day than I could. I told him I did not call that bragging, "for," said I, "you know I am no chopper, and don't profess to be; but if you will give me a chance I will chop with you."

The best he then proposed to do was to chop off five logs the most in half a day. I told him I did not know but I would chop, but I wanted to think of it a few days, and I asked him what should be the forfeiture if I did not chop. He said five gallons of whiskey. He was a great *sucker* himself, so he made the bet in that way, thinking to get the whiskey: if either wished to recant, he could do so by paying the five gallons. This was as I wanted it.—The next Monday was the day appointed for us to chop.

I took hold and showed him how I could handle my axe. He asked the other jobbers if I could chop fast. "You have seen him," said they. On Monday he told me if I would give three gallons I need not chop. I told him the same. He said he would not give it. Then I told him he might chop or pay the five gallons. This he paid, which afforded the men liquor for some weeks, and paid them in part for working so hard for me while changing works.

This bet rang all over the town, and there was one

rattle-headed fellow went and told the best chopper or Buckeye in town that I could chop as fast as he could. He considered this a great insult. "Well, more than that," said he, "I'll bet ten dollars that he will beat you." At this he started to see me. He was a long-armed, raw-boned man and felt very indignant towards me, and thought he had been very much insulted.

Mr. Beacher (the man I was to have chopped with) told him if I would chop, and the bet of ten dollars was not enough, he would bet ten more; but I declined, on the ground that he was a Buckeye, or old settler, and if I should beat him chopping, I should have to *lick* him when we got through. I showed him my axe, and let him see how I could use it, and thus ended our trouble at this time.

Not long after this I cut my fallow, and did not cut the rail timber till after the fallow was burned; for if we did, it would burn into each cut so far that each length would not measure over eleven feet. So one day the great chief heard that I was cutting my rail-timber, and sent his hired man to see me chop.— I did not know him. I was chopping into a large chesnut which chipped very freely. He stayed and saw me chop off a number of cuts, and then went home. I afterwards heard that he told his boss that

he saw me chop, and I made the chips fly, as large as an old-fashioned ovenlid, and as fast as three men could load them into a cart.

So I continued along, until October, 1819, when I prepared to go back to Boston. I had a large swarm of bees, which I "took up," and thought I would give my friends a treat before I left. So I invited them all in to eat honey—but it caused them some trouble, for they were so greedy that about one-third of them had an attack of colic. Those who were taken before they started for home I cured by giving them the Hot Drops.

This honey was gathered from wild flowers. These contain a kind of oil which, when eaten in the honey, produced the colic. If it had been heated boiling hot, it would have taken the oil out, and the honey would not have produced this effect.

Again: I worked all of my corn into whiskey and pork, and was preparing to go up to Green Bay the next summer. Before I started for the east, I shot the largest deer that was ever killed in that country. It had been seen and talked of for four years, not only in that but in adjoining towns. All the hunters had seen him, and on account of his great size he was known by all.

At one time he was seen by a man, coming out of

the woods and going to a cornfield near by to eat pumpkins. He told me where he saw him. I cut across, on the back side of the field, where the corn was about fourteen feet high, and very thick. I looked between the rows, and passed slowly along, until I saw him, at some distance from me, eating pumpkins. There was a stump between me and him. I snapped my gun, and it missed fire. He heard it, and raised his head or horns, I should judge, over twelve feet high. I shot him in his neck, and the ball followed down his backbone near to the fore shoulder. The men came along and stopped in the road until there were eight or ten there. They knew that if I got sight at him I would take him, and as soon as they heard the report of the gun they all started. I cut his throat, and it took four men to draw him in, a distance of about two hundred rods. I dressed him and distributed him out in pieces to the neighbors. I think he weighed over three hundred pounds. His skin was as large as that of a yearling.

I afterwards shot a turkey and some venison, had it cooked, procured a wagon and two horses, and three of us in company started for the east by the old method of traveling—taking our own provisions, and oats for our horses, and having our own beds and sleeping in the wagon. We spent very little money

on our journey. Every dollar then was worth as much as five now. I have forgotten what our expenses were, and if I had not I should hardly dare tell our young people now, for fear they would not believe my report.

Some of our party wished to go to the north part of Vermont—so we went to Burlington, then to New Hampshire, and next to Maine. Here I met with my father, and in this State I saw one curiosity which I will mention. Where I had lived, the people always thought a great deal of their cows: they must be well cared for, and have the best of feed. There they milked their cows, then yoked them up as they would oxen, and drew wood five or six miles to Kittery to market. I think this town was on the river, opposite Portsmouth, New Hampshire. At Portsmouth my father had many warm friends. One, in particular, was Judge Rice. We had to stay there a number of days, but we were made very welcome by the Judge, who said he owed my father his board as long as he lived.

He told us about a settlement down on the Cape, or neck of land near there, where the people did not know much about law, and their information on other matters, also, was very limited. He said there was a man down there who got drowned, and washed

up to the shore, and they did not know what to do with him. So they sent a messenger to the judge to know what should be done with the body of the drowned man. He told them the Coroner must summon twelve men to sit on him. The messenger returned and informed them what must be done.

So they got the jury, and stretched out the dead body, and as many as could, sat down on him; but as they could not all sit on him, they sent the messenger back to the judge and inquired what was to be done in such a case: thus exposing their ignorance.— Then he had to explain to them, that they must sit as a jury to examine the case and ascertain whether his death came by accident or by violence.

I went on with my father to Boston. The first night we put up at a minister's house. Father and the minister had a great visit that evening, and entertained each other and the family very pleasantly until late. Then father thought he would let me know the secret of traveling, and the knowledge gained by experience. He asked the minister if he was ever at Salem. "Why, no," said he. Well, were you ever at Newburyport? He answered "Yes." This town was some two or three miles distant. Said he, "I believe I have taken the longest journey, up the Merrimac river, that any person ever took. I took the

old mare and my saddlebags, put some oats in one side and some dinner in the other, and started up the river, and went nearly *thirty* miles; and I believe that was the longest journey that any person ever took."

I was surprised, and told him that when in Maine I was about one thousand miles from home. He was astonished, and asked me if I ever expected to get back. I told him yes, and that I would go it in less than thirty-five days. At this, also, he manifested great surprise, and said it did not seem to him that any man could live to go that distance. I talked with him until I found out when they first settled that country, and that he then owned the land that was occupied by his great grandfather's father, or generations still further back, more than two hundred years before, and it seemed that they dared not go away themselves, nor let their children leave, and go up into the woods, to be eaten up by the *bears*, as they expressed it. It appeared that all they knew of domestic affairs was a little farming, and their knowledge of traveling consisted in knowing the road to mill and to meeting, to the barn and to bed.

The next day we proceeded on our journey, and soon arrived in Boston, Massachusetts. There I got some medicine and some goods, and went on to Surry, New Hampshire. When I arrived in that State I

stopped at a hotel, and I noticed there was a great excitement about there. Men were running to the woods in great haste. I inquired of the landlord the cause of the commotion. He said that Mr. Atherton, in felling a tree, had got killed. I knew this man.—I went out to the woods, and there he lay under the log. I asked why they had not cut the log and got it off from him.

They told me they had sent sixteen miles for the coroner, and the body must not be removed till he arrived. I asked them if they professed to be human—if they did, I advised them to display a little humanity, and remove that dead body. I asked one young man if he would cut off the log. He did so, and I took hold and helped him lift it off. Then I asked him to take hold with me, and raise the man up and put him on the sleigh, which he did. I then enquired of them if there was one there who did not know how he came to his death, and if the coroner could not call witnesses to show the facts of the case; “and don’t you know,” said I, “that to let him lie there with his head down in the snow, his face would soon be as black as tar, and his friends would not recognize him? Keep his head up, and the blood will run back into his body.” This they saw was true, and also that it was of no use to have a coroner; and

in one hour they started him for home, to Alstead, N. H., a distance of forty or fifty miles.

From there I went to Surry, the adjoining town, and prepared to start back to Ohio, which I did in a few days. I had but one horse, and my sleigh was loaded heavily. I travelled until I got to Manlius, Onondaga Co., where I was detained in consequence of a thaw which took off all the snow. When I got there, my mind seemed to be perfectly inactive, and for a time I cared not to proceed farther.

There were teamsters who left their loads, and would have taken mine and carried it to Buffalo for a mere trifle, but my mind had become so stupid and my feelings so paralyzed, that I could not consent to start. But as soon as they were gone, and it was too late, my feelings returned, and I realized what I had been doing; and now it seemed to me I could hardly contain myself. I always thought I had a persevering spirit, and ready to go ahead; but this time I had not energy to start till it was too late, and then I could not go—my load was so heavy for one horse, and the sleighing was gone.

This was in the month of January. The weather was warm, and the snow all gone. In a few days my feelings became so dejected, I hardly knew what I was about. Three hundred miles from home, in the

mud, and no way to go without buying a wagon,—and when I got it home it would be worth nothing to me, and I thought I had no money to spend in that way. So I staid there nearly a week, perfectly dejected, and depressed in spirits. Such a circumstance now would seem but a trifling affair, but at that time it bore with weight upon my mind.

I held a note against a man in Fabius. That town I supposed was forty or fifty miles from where I was stopping; but was happily disappointed when upon enquiring of the landlord, I was told it was about six or eight miles.

The next morning, "bright and early," I started for that place. There I found Ephraim Rue, who, when he found who I was, was highly gratified. He had been practicing after my father's system over three years. He wished me to give him some information, and try to enlighten him on the subject of our practice; and he desired me to go with him to visit his patients. His ride extended nearly twenty miles around.

We started for Bridgeport, calling a number of times on the way to see his patients. He had effected a number of cures in that place, and when we got there we found two patients very sick. These were Mrs. Peasely and Miss Boutwell. One had been giv-

en over by *seven* licensed men,—the other by *thirteen*.

Mr. Rue had so many patients he could not come around only once in two or three weeks. He had never lost a patient, and he began to think he could cure all he undertook. I examined his patients, and told him I thought he was rather risky in taking those who were so low as these. He said he thought he had cured them after they were apparently as far gone as either of these. I told him perhaps he might, but it was risky business; “for,” said I, “we are not allowed to lose patients. My father lost one, and the licensed men took him for murder and tried him for his life; and they have all the advantage over us. They have license, and can let them die with impunity, while we have none—only a patent from the United States.” He said he thought that was sufficient.

I examined his patients, and we concluded to try the medicine again, which they had been out of for more than a week. On one it operated—on the other it did not. Upon making further inquiries, I ascertained that Mrs. Peaseley had an ulcer break some days before, discharging nearly a pint. I told Rue there were more ulcers breaking, or mortification had taken place, which drowned the medicine.

We regarded her case as extremely dangerous, and

the neighbors thought her recovery extremely doubtful. She continued to fail until the next day, when she expired. Then the licensed men flew into a great rage. They told Rue to stop practice. At the best of his cures they appeared to be the most excited. His cases were mostly among old lingering complaints, where the patient had been drugged or filled with poison by the licensed men.

There was one case which came under my observation, where they had filled the body so full of mercury that it had settled in his legs, and he was in so much pain that the licensed men said the marrow in his bones was matterated, and they must bore into the bones to give vent to the matter. This case was cured in two weeks by Rue.

There were many such cases which I might mention, but I will omit them here. The more cures he effected, the more they were exasperated and alarmed at their danger, but they did not like to commence a war on him boldly and barefaced, while he cured his patients; but as soon as he lost one, no matter what the case was nor how bad, they considered that they had an undoubted right, and it was their duty, to arrest and try us for murder; and they claimed the privilege of being their own witnesses in the case.

I ask the reader to look again at our situation, and

judge if it was not unpleasant and precarious; when, by our means, such men's wealth, credit and popularity were at stake; and that was not all,—their skill was going to be put to the test—their practice investigated, and their poison and quackery exposed. Now their whole aim was for our extermination, and they commenced their war upon us. Time, money and perjury were abundant, and at their command. Fraud, deception and tricks, played upon us, was the hobby of the day, and they meant to continue it until we were destroyed both root and branch.

I was at that time young, and knew little about law; and did not know that if I opposed a class of men honestly and boldly, I had got to guard myself and contend against their tricks, perjury, and wicked schemes for revenge.

Immediately after the death of Mrs. Peasely, every licensed man in the vicinity was on horse-back, and all sorts of ridiculous reports were put in circulation by them. They stated that when Rue took her to doctor, *she was well*; although thirteen of those licensed men had given her over to die with Consumption; and when they found that people knew how false that statement was, they were the more enraged. They said that she was literally murdered; that she was steamed, roasted, baked and boiled to-

death; and if we had been in a country where the Lynch-law prevailed, and there were men of good sense and uprightness there, we would have been *lynched*, and then would not have received our just deserts. Their mis-statements startled the ladies. They knew that the whole of these stories were false, and it helped to repulse them; although they hired, bought, begged, and lied, until the night following her death, they got out a warrant for misdemeanor, and sent for us and brought us forward in the night.

The licensed men made a *post mortem* examination. She was reduced to a mere skeleton. Her lungs were a perfect mass of ulceration; but they did not choose to examine the lungs, to expose the dreadful ravages of disease.

We were held in custody till the next day, when we were taken to Chittenango (about ten miles distant), to a justice who was a licensed man. There a warrant was taken out for manslaughter. Then they had us where they wanted us. We were to be tried by one of their own prejudiced men, who would convict us at any rate. We were brought forward for trial, February 8th, 1821. Then and there it was pronounced that we had wilfully, feloniously, and unskillfully killed Mrs. Peasely, *after thirteen licensed men had given her over to die!*

The next thing after we arrived there and were brought into the presence of this august tribunal, they attempted to make us criminate ourselves. Their plan was to put us separately upon our oaths. I told Rue to tell the facts. So they ordered me away, and Rue was sworn and examined, after which they called on me. The appearance I made here was somewhat comical, owing to my ignorance of the mode of swearing witnesses in this State—having been accustomed in the State I came from to see witnesses sworn by the uplifted hand. This was the first time I was ever sworn. I was ordered to put my hand on the Bible, the constable holding it. After the oath was administered, he poked the book, rather unceremoniously, into my face. As I did not understand the purport of this, and as we were not very good friends, I told him if he did not keep the book out of my face he would *catch some!* This caused considerable merriment for some, and made others stare on account of my oddities. The justice told me I must kiss the Book. “What,” said I, “such a criminal?” “Yes,” said he,—so I kissed it for the first time.

I went on and told my story. The licensed men did not feel satisfied with what I said, and kept asking questions over and over, but I answered calmly and correctly. After they had all got through, I asked

the justice to read Rue's testimony. He refused. I asked him again, when he inquired if I could not stand it without knowing what Rue had sworn to.— I told him, Not very well.

Then he read the testimony. There was no clashing in the stories. The licensed men had gained nothing by what had been said or done: no proof of misdemeanor nor manslaughter—no wrong that had been committed—only this: we had no license to kill or lose patients, and this was a great wrong.

So the mittimus was made out, and we were delivered to the constable, who took us home with him—having a number of men to guard us till morning, when he started with us for the jail at Morris Flats, taking only two men with him to guard us on the way. The constable, whose name was Shaver, was very austere in exercising his "brief authority." He procured a poor old horse, a shackling wagon, and a whip of the fishpole variety. We preferred to go on foot, but he said we should ride, for there were three to follow on horseback. The horse would not move without much urging, and we consequently went slow, frequently dropping the fishpole overboard, the picking it up again affording employment to our mounted custodians. We dragged along after this fashion for three or four miles, when they conde-

scended to let us go on foot, and we walked the rest of the way, arriving at the prison on the evening of the same day.

Such a day I never before experienced—but my persecutors were none the wiser for my feelings. A comparative stranger to all around me and far from home—an abiding consciousness of my innocence of the malicious charges preferred against me could alone have buoyed me up against the fearful combination of *prejudice* and *malice*.

Mr. Rue's brother came and bailed him under \$1,000 bonds, before we got to prison. I asked him to bail me, but he said he could not. I told him I had money, and he said if I would secure him he would bail me. I told him I had but two hundred dollars with me, and the rest was gold and silver, in my sleigh at Manlius. He went and found the horse, sleigh, and money, as I had directed, and returned and bailed me under \$1600 bonds.

This was the first trouble of the kind I had ever experienced. Three days confined in that cold, loathsome, solitary prison—all my worldly affairs passed through my mind. Totally unaware of any thing I had done meriting such treatment, and knowing there were as many licensed men to swear me to state-prison or the gallows as there had been to swear

me to jail—having little to hope from the equity of *law* (shielding, as it does, the abuses of the licensed men), and less from the clemency of those who administered it—my feelings can easier be imagined than described. But in the midst of my own tribulation, it was easy to see that the licensed men were not a little alarmed. They seemed to have forebodings their system could not long withstand the test of enlightened reason and examination, which my imprisonment would naturally invite.

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again:
Th’ eternal years of God are hers;—
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.”

My father came to see me in my trouble, which gave me great consolation. He had been through such trials himself, and knew how to counsel me.—His advice to me was to go to the seat of persecution and commence practice, which I did.

Mr. Peaseley was the first to call on me after my return, and my business increased very fast, until I got a greater part of the practice. My enemies had great fear of me because I treated them as they did me—rather sharply—and gave them to understand that they had better not trifle with me. They were

principally intemperate people. I would often hear from the distillery and grog-shops of their lying around like hogs in a sty, and the doctor, who was their leader, would think he neglected his duty, if he did not get drunk once or twice each day. These were my enemies—and when they got to the distillery it was “hale fellow well met”: all would drink, and inquire about Thomson.

Usually I passed these persons without noticing them. They attacked me twice in debate: it was too severe to mention here, but it served to keep them at a distance thereafter.

While imprisoned, I was forcibly reminded of the sufferings of my father under like circumstances, and I could fully realize his feelings as expressed in the following lines. Part of this poem was written by my father in the jail at Salem, after being removed from Newburyport jail. He was bound with irons, and carried in the Sheriff's chaise about twenty-five miles, on the 10th of December, 1809; the weather being cold, and the irons so tight that it caused the blood to settle under his nails. He was again thrust into prison, without any fire. Thus were the tender mercies of his enemies displayed for the term of forty days.

This world to me doth sorrow bring,
Though time is swiftly on the wing;
I hope the day may shortly come,
When I shall see my native home.
This prison, filled with black and white,
And through the grates they yield their light;
These gloomy walls to me appear
Like tombs of death or dark despair.
I've done no crime for which I'm here;
My conscience tells me I am clear
Of murder, malice, or of spite,
Which gives me comfort and delight.
My wife and children, dear to me,
This news to them must heavy be;
Will God of Nature be their friend,
'Till my imprisonment shall end?
I pity all, both small and great,
Who are compelled to share my fate,
Unless 'tis those who sent us here—
For they are cruel and severe.
"Vengeance is mine," all nature says,
And will repay it in his ways;
If this be so, then why should I
Attempt his laws to satisfy?
They've had their punishment, or more,
My enemies have felt it sore;
Some had the palsy night and day,
Others compelled to run away.
At the bar where I was cleared,
My adversary soon appeared;
To his indictment guilty plead,
Who stole and carried off the dead.
Now, Dr. French, your rage is o'er,
You here will trouble me no more;
I shall for damage no more call,
Death pays your debts—that's due to all.

Old Haman's gallows has been tried—
And the old maxim not denied :—
The measures met for other's pain,
Is measured back to you again.
Through all my years, about two-score,
Was to acknowledge to my store,
And keep this precept fair in view—
Do as you'd have others do to you.

ACROSTIC ON SAMUEL THOMSON.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Since I have studied nature's laws,
And firmly followed up my plan,
Madly have raged my enemies,
Unjust and cruel have they been.
Each one and all—how prejudiced—
Like Og of Bashan, all are bent,—
They'd make me to their size conform,
How much their malice thus they vent.
O, what a selfish set they are,—
My life, it seems, they e'en would take ;
Sharp scythes they did for me prepare—
On me the instrument they dare,
Nor did they bad aim take.

ANOTHER WICKED LAW-SUIT.

MR. ADAMS' CHILD.

About the first of October, I was called to see a child whom they thought was dying, being given over by Dr. Streeter. I gave it some medicine, and it soon revived; I staid and attended it till morning, and it appeared quite smart.

The next day it took a relapse; I called the same night, and relieved it the second time. In a few days it took another relapse; I went and gave it some medicine, but it did not operate to suit me. I was obliged to give it over, and it died in about eighteen hours after. Dr. Streeter attended it after I had given it up, until it died. A prosecution was forthwith determined upon.

My enemies appeared to think at this time that I had the strength of *Sampson*. The constable called out his troops (amounting to about twenty) to go and take me.

I had been across the Oneida Lake that day, to see some patients in Oswego county; and as it happened, the river divided Madison from Onondaga county.

At this time I knew but little about law, particularly the laws of New York. So leaving the lake

and coming up the river, I stopped on the Onondaga side.

At 11 o'clock at night the constable came to the house where I lived and found I was not there. He left the county to search for me, crossing the river. Dr. Streeter told the constable and his gang that I was at the first house, and said that he would take me to the river, where the constable would then have jurisdiction over me.

By this time they had some of my friends with them, among whom was a Methodist preacher, who asked Dr. Streeter if he knew me. "Yes," said the Doctor. "Well," replied the preacher, "*you will know him better before you get him half way to the creek.*" This remark more than ever terrified the constable and his company. The Doctor said,— "Well, I guess we can all handle him when he is bound." "But," says one, "we must not think we can play with him."

Nothing more was said by the terrified company for a short time; then one of them inquired if they did not think there were "enough of them to arrest Thomson with safety?" They all expressed their doubts and fears, but came to the house where I lodged. About 11 o'clock at night the constable came up to the door, knocked, and asked if Thomson

was there? The man of the house said "Yes." (I slept close to the door, and could hear all their plans. They had got two bed-cords to bind me with.) The constable stepped back and told the company I was there, and they must surround the house to prevent escape. In two minutes he came back, and said he wanted to see me. I went to the door and asked what he wanted.

By this time they stood around the door more than four deep to keep me in. I asked him what he wanted. He said, "I want you to go across the creek." "What for?" "'Cause," said he. Their calling me up between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, when very tired, not a little vexed me, and sharpened my voice; and I told him if he could get no better business than coming in the dead of night and calling on me with no other errand than "'cause," he would get that which he could not buy—that this kind of treatment I should not bear.

The constable resumed again, and said, "I want you to go with me." "What for?" "I have a warrant against you." "In whose name?" "Doctor Streeter's." "For what?" "That child." I told him I should not go—that I had been across the lake that day and was tired. Said he, "I want to subpoena some witnesses to-night, and go on to trial.

This told me the whole story. Thinking I could not get my friends, they could go and call it wilful murder, or anything they pleased. "Then," said the constable, "if you will go, I will befriend you." I recollected him to be the one who took me to jail first, and the zeal he displayed on that occasion, and told him I should not go that night, and went to bed, not knowing why they did not take me; and I concluded they had gone on illegally, or that they were fearful their strength was not sufficient to take me.

They then consulted together, and told my friends they must act with my enemies, and go at me like bloodhounds, to put me where they wanted me, or they would imprison *them*. I heard one of them say, "He is an ugly fellow to handle, and if he gets the advantage he will kill us all." I felt sorry to hear this, knowing that if they got hold of me, using all the rope they had, and handled me as roughly as they talked, my life would be endangered.

In a few moments they sent one of my best friends to persuade me to cross the river. He said, "You had better go; the constable says he will assist you; he can't take you here; it is out of the county." This was news to me.

I told him that as quick as he got me across the river he would say, "Now I've got you in my custo-

dy, and you must be bound and submit to my terms.”

I told him I should not go, and I did not thank the constable for the friendship he offered to bestow.

He then told me their plans, saying I must tell no one; if I did, they would take *him*. I said I had heard it all, and that he must be my friend, or they would destroy both me and my practice in this country; he said he would, and asked me if I meant to come to trial, or run away. I told him I should come to trial—that I was innocent, and should gain my point, or suffer gross injustice from the prejudice of the community and court.

So he returned and told the constable he could not prevail on me to go. The constable came to the door, and asked me if I would go across the creek in the morning. I told him I would. He then discharged all the men except the Doctor and one other, the most prejudiced of the whole. It being the first of October, the fog raised on the river and it was very cold; they sent one man after their overcoats, and before morning he came in and sat down by the fire and soon fell asleep. They talked some outside respecting their plans, which I overheard, sleep having departed from my eyes.

As soon as light, the man and woman of the house got up; for they, knowing the feeling of my enemies,

could not sleep any more than myself. They both went out, when the two men came in and awoke the one in the chair, asking, "Where is Thomson?" He said, "I guess he has gone out of the window." "Well," says the Doctor, "I hope he has." The constable said, "I want to take him to the Flats once more, and then I should be satisfied." The other said, "Anything to get him out of the way; he is a dreadful fellow, and we don't want him to bother the Doctors."

By this time the man of the house came in, and of him they asked, "Where is Thompson?" "In bed, I suppose," was the reply. They requested, then, that he should call me. So he called me two or three times, and I pretended to wake up, asking what was wanted. Says he, "A man wants to see you." The constable at the same time stepped along and said, "We want to have you get up and go with us." I told him I should not get up yet. "Why not?" says he. I told him that he had kept up such a row all night that I could not rest, and should lie and make up lost sleep. At this they all flew into a great rage, and said they would go and be authorized to take me wherever they could find me. They accordingly departed.

I shortly after arose, and went with my friends

into the great swamp to find some roots, but told no one where I was going. About two o'clock we came back, and found that they had searched the house and barn all over, looking high and low—they ran the pitchforks into the hay, saying, "I wish Thomson's head was under here—I would pitch his vitals out *if* I could come at him."

They could not find out where I had gone, and, in spite, began abusing the family—threatening, if they did not tell where I was, to imprison them: but they could not give the required information, as I had not told them where I was going. These blood-hounds had just gone when I got back to the village.

I then crossed the river, and stopped where I had been practicing, and effected some cures. I was told of my enemies' plans, and at night I started to see my lawyer, at Fabius,—a distance of twenty miles.

By this time the constables had raised twenty-five or thirty men to search for me: they would go to my friends' houses, tear down the fences to put against the barn-doors to keep me in; about half would remain outside—the rest would enter, armed with clubs and pitchforks, while one would follow, carrying the two bedcords wherewith to bind me!

My health was at this time very good, and I told my friends, before I left, that I was right and my ene-

mies were wrong, and that twelve men could not take me; and that I might as well fight for my liberty as go to law among my enemies for my rights. My enemies said (not knowing that I heard them) that all they wanted was that I should run away. This showed that they considered me guilty of no crime, but what troubled them was this: **I** was in the way of the doctors!—and if I did not clear out they would send me to state-prison or hang me. They had said too much in my hearing. Some one had told them that blood would fly if they came within my reach—that I had a cane six feet long. At this the constable doubled his men to hunt me down and bind me.

I did not tell my calculations to my best friends—for they had been threatened so hard that I was afraid they would betray me. This search was kept up “three days and three nights.” They would go to the houses and barns of my friends, and ransack them, by day and by night. They went slow, fearing I would come across them and take an advantage of them. When I came back, and heard what they had done and the trouble they had been at, my friends were much pleased, for they expected every hour to hear that I had been taken: but the constable and his army had concluded that they could not find me in a week. After they had made up their minds that

they could not find me, and given up the search, they reported that I had run away and gone to Ohio.— While this report was at its highest point of popularity and belief, I appeared in the village among them. Then there was a great outcry of “There’s Thomson!” “There he goes!” and so forth. But those who were deputed did not dare to arrest me.

The next day I went to see the constable, who lived about ten miles off. He having offered ten dollars as a reward for my apprehension, I sent my lawyer to get it, but the constable told him that although he had offered the reward he would not give it now. So I went myself to see him, and asked him if he had anything against me. He said he had. “What is it?” “A warrant for murder!” I told him I was ready to answer to any paper he had against me. He said he could not attend to it then as he must go to a funeral. “Who is dead?” said I. “A man,” was the reply. “Did he get drowned?” “No.” “How did he come to his death?” “He died with a fever.” “Did the Doctor attend him?” “Yes.” “Well,” said I, “that is news: down where I live they take them up and try them for murder. Did he die according to law?” He did not know, but presumed that he did. “I will go,” said I, “and see how a man looks who has died according to law.” So I followed

the constable to the funeral, and behold! I had found a man who had died according to law! His head was very much swollen, while his tongue was swollen out of his mouth, and as black as tar. "Well," said I to the constable, "if that man died according to law all have been killed down to the lake—for none have died there whose faces were so much mutilated as this man's, and God forbid that I should ever have one die according to law, if this is a sample"! I stayed with him about two hours, when he told me I must consider myself under arrest. He let me go down to the lake—a distance of about ten miles—hoping I would run away, but the next day I came to trial.

I was arraigned for murder: the Doctor said it was murder, without fail, because I had no license to take life (or lose patients), as they had.

When I got ready for trial, they offered the *licensed man* as testimony against me: he swore too roundly for the Faculty to make his evidence admissible here. The next witness was the mother: she swore that the child had not lost one meal while sick, and that she did not consider it more dangerously ill than any of the rest of her children.

I was then ordered to be committed by the opposite counsel. My counsel said, on the same ground that you commit him, I set him free. My counsel then

commenced cross-examination, and soon destroyed the licensed man's testimony. He then commenced with Mrs. Adams, the mother of the child; he asked her what she thought of her child when I was first called upon; "Did you, or did you not think the child was dying?" She paused awhile, and said she did. He then asked her if I did not take the child in my arms and tend it all night. She said, Yes. This, you can see, is a plain contradiction. After all that was said and done, they could prove nothing against me, more than that I had attended the child and relieved it twice when they thought it was dying, and the third time could not, and gave it over; and the suit was closed by binding me over under five hundred dollar bonds.

This woman, I think, had less regard for her children than any of the lower animals have for their young. If she had not been so imprudent and careless with it, it need not have taken cold and died. I was told that she would bring in a vessel from out of doors, cold and frosty, take the child out of a warm bed, and without wrapping anything around it, sit it over the vessel; and this, together with many other inconsistencies, was the cause of its taking relapses and dying.

When I got ready to leave, after staying with the

child all night, I told Mrs. Adams that I would not lose her boy for the whole State of New York; and if she had not as much regard and anxiety for him as I had, I was sorry. Still she neglected him, and I was punished for her carelessness. She only lost her child, which she did not seem to mourn for any more than a brute would; and if misrepresentation and perjury would have convicted me, she meant to do it. But she at length told the truth, and that cleared me.

I had little idea of having to guard against false swearing, until these two trials; here my overthrow appeared to be their whole aim, and the truth was laid entirely aside.

After this my business went on with double rapidity, and my enemies fast became friends, or remained in some degree inactive. So it continued until about court time.

I mentioned to some of my neighbors that if Mrs. Adams went to Court and swore as she did before, it might cause her trouble. She heard of it, and when they came to subpoena her she declared she would not go, if it cost them all they were worth, and did not. The other suit was adjourned, and before the next Court set, Dr. Streeter ran away;—both suits were dropped, and I was once more free from law.

MY MARRIAGE.

While in Madison county, I stopped at Bridgeport, in the town of Sullivan. I boarded at Mr. Lathrop's. A girl by the name of Maria Mayo came there to live, and did the work of the family. Her mother was a poor widow, and the mother of eight children, who were obliged to support themselves as best they could.

The licensed men had made the young people believe that I was a murderer, and that they ought to treat me as such; and this kept me from that friendship and sociability which is common in society, and deprived me of participating with them in their amusements and recreations. I never entered into conversation with any one, young or old, unless they spoke first, so I never spoke to the hired girl for nearly two months; but I observed that whenever I asked Mrs. Lathrop for any clothes, she would tell the girl to get them for me, and I found she did all my work, and did it well. She was poor, as well as I, and I thought I ought to reward her for working for me. I had a large trunk of goods, which I was going to take to the west for the girls there, for there was at that time no conveyance by rail-road or canal.

After two or three months I opened my trunk, and showed the contents of it to the family.

I found out by the girl which of the articles she liked best, and laid them out for her,—a dress, a handkerchief, and a hair-comb. At that time six yards was a pattern for a dress, and it cost from four to six shillings per yard.

These articles dressed her up better than any other girl in that place, and this caused some jealousy among the young people.

My brother and his wife came to see me, and they took a great fancy to her, and wished me to go to Utica with them—a distance of about fifty miles. After I had concluded to go, they got her consent to go, and then I had to take her or slight her, which I did not like to do. I went, and took her with me, and thus our acquaintance commenced.

After our return, I was most shamefully censured and misrepresented in whatever I did, and the girl was treated contemptibly by the young people because she could dress better than any of them, and they did not happen to know all the particulars. We soon learned to defend each other, and at length, on the 27th day of March, 1823, we were married. She was ever faithful, and we lived happily together for thirteen years. Then, the day after her confinement,

one of the hired girls gave her some veal soup to eat; and shortly after, another brought her some more. As it relished well, she thoughtlessly took too much of it, and it set her into the cholera. This was about 11 o'clock, A. M., and I had gone from home, and did not return till 7 in the evening. Nothing had been done for her during this interval that did any good, and when I did come, she was beyond my reach. She died the next morning, March 23d, 1836, leaving two sons, now alive.

One year after her death, I was married to Emeline Morse—lived with her twenty years—when she died, leaving one daughter, now alive. She at first came to my Infirmary as a patient. She had been in poor health for a number of years, and had taken so much poison that her health was never good after it. About five years before her death, the effects of the poison she had taken made its appearance in the form of *Fungus Haematodes*—a disease of the jaw. The bone became like gristle, the flesh was spongy and filled with blood, and by the slightest impression made upon it, would bleed. No surgeon in this section knew anything about it. I took her to Albany, and consulted the best physicians there, but no one could enlighten me upon the nature of the disease, or give any encouragement of curing it. We were recom-

mended to Dr. Marsh as being a very skillful surgeon, and told that if any one could tell us anything about her case, it would be him. He said he could operate on it, but gave no encouragement of a cure.

I took her home and cured her jaw, and after a while it made its appearance in her shoulder-blade.— I cured that. It next affected her thigh near her hip, and then I had no hopes that she could be cured. The bone between her hip and upper part of her thigh broke or decayed, and perished, and became shorter. She lived in this condition more than two years, suffering very much—a great part of the time nearly helpless—till on the 29th of January, 1856, she died, all wasted away, as if by consumption—a mere skeleton. This again confirmed the truth of the acknowledgment of the licensed men, that their poisonous medicines will lie concealed in the system for years, and then produce the most fatal effects.

MY TRIP FROM BOSTON TO NANTUCKET.

This was my first adventure on the salt water. I went on board a sloop, accompanied by my father. The sloop was large and stout, and father told me it

night roll and pitch so that I could not stand on deck without holding on by something. This, I thought, was not possible. Shortly after I went on board, they hoisted sail, and away we went out of Boston Harbor.

As soon as we struck the dead swells, coming in from the sea, the sloop began to pitch and toss about, and squeak, as if every joint was loose, and needed greasing. The wind was fresh from land. I was in the cabin, holding on by the berths. It took all of my strength with my hands and feet, to keep myself and chair right side up, and on one side of the cabin. The chairs and table would slide from one side to the other. Soon over they went, and everything that was not fastened went tumbling about the cabin. The lamp got loose, and down it came and broke. The oil got on me; it was rank and strong, and at the same time the bilge water had got well stirred up, and the fumes of it soon reached the cabin. This set me to heaving, and soon the contents of my stomach were all thrown off. This, I think, was the hardest emetic I ever took. I had rather take four of herb drink, than one of the fumes of lamp oil and bilge water. Then I thought if it was not natural for every one to vomit, what would become of me? If I could not have thrown off what was on my

stomach, it seems to me I should have been racked all to pieces. This more than ever convinced me that when the stomach gets out of order, the best thing to clean it and make it right is an emetic.

When I got to Nantucket, I was so hungry I could not eat enough to satisfy me. I ate very hearty at the table, and when I went into the streets I would buy everything I saw that was eatable. I was there six or eight days, and never ate as much as I wanted during that time.

When I was coming back, there came a dead calm. I took a hook and line, and fished in forty feet of water, and caught a number of codfish that weighed five or six pounds each. As soon as one struck the deck, the cook caught it and fried it for dinner. This, I think, was the best meal I ever ate, except the one I ate with my aunt after I left my grandfather.

If a man has a poor appetite, let him go to sea about a week, and get as sick as I was, and it will soon be restored to him.

There were many people on the island that were forty years old, who had never been off, and they seemed to regard this as a little world. There were some rich Quakers there, who obtained their wealth by whale ships. The island was so barren that but very little would grow upon it. The inhabitants

were very healthy. I told my brother, who was then practicing there, that he would never make any more than a bare living in such a place, and I advised him to leave the island. He had been there four or five years, and had become attached to the people, as well as they to him. All their education consisted in what they read. They had no experience, and no advantages of observation. I urged the impropriety of my brother staying there, and he at length came to Boston on a visit, and through the influence of my father and myself, he was prevailed upon not to go back. He came to Albany, and thinking if he visited the island again, his friends would not let him go, he sent for his effects, and never went there again.

I left Madison, and came to Geddes, Onondaga county. Here my ride was fifty miles around. At this time my cases were principally lingering complaints, and given over by the licensed men. I was soon called to see a woman near Auburn, in the last stages of consumption. She died in about three or four weeks after, and to my astonishment I was not taken up for murder—I was only accused by the doctors of killing her.

After this I lost two children—the one with consumption, the other with the rattles ; they being very small, I was only censured, and not prosecuted.

Some time after this, in the month of March, Comfret Carpenter sent for me to come and see his son. I asked the man what his complaint was ; he told me consumption. I asked him how long he had been sick ; he said ever since last August. I enquired who attended him ; he said Drs. Osborne and Magoon. I enquired if they could not help him ; he said no—they gave him up last December. I asked him how he was then ; he told me he had a dreadful cough, and raised a great deal ; had a cold sweat ; very thin in flesh ; no appetite ; pain in the side ; could lie only on one side ; had chills and fever ; could sit up but little.

I told him he had mentioned troubles enough to kill any man, and I could not attend him—that he would die, and if I should attend him and not cure him, I should be prosecuted, as I had been in Madison county. He observed, “he cannot live ; but you would not be prosecuted.” I told him he did not know the feelings of the doctors as well as I did ;—that if I should attend him and he should die, I would, in all probability, have a lawsuit to attend to ; and also that my business was so urgent I could not

go, if ever so much inclined to. In three or four days after, the same man came again, and told me I *must* go. Said I, "I have made up my mind not to go; my enemies are numerous at the Creek, and I should most surely be prosecuted if he should die."

Carpenter, on hearing my objection, came himself, and said I must go. I again made the objection; he said it would not do—it was his darling child. I replied that I could not go—my business was so urgent at home. He declared he would not take *no* for an answer. I told him if that was the case, I would start next morning by daylight.

It being about six miles, I did not get there till the family were all up, excepting the young man who was sick. They told him I was there, and he got up, apparently in an ague chill; his shirt and bed were as wet as water, from his night sweats; his countenance pallid as death, and he had a very bad cough.

I examined him, left some medicine, and started for home. Mr. Carpenter followed me out of the house, and asked me what I thought of him. Said I, "he will die, and all I can do is to make him more comfortable while he lives;" and observed that medicine would not make an old man young, nor always save life, but would sometimes make us enjoy ourselves better while we do live.

I then returned home. Six days after, I went again. All were pleased; his cough was loosened, his sweating stopped, and his appetite had gained. This was the first of April. I told them to make him a syrup. They said they could not get the materials I had mentioned. So I made him one of spikenard, comfrey, sarsaparilla, elecampane, and hoarhound, and kept him in syrups while he lived.

About the first of May, a friend of mine asked Mr. Carpenter how his son was. Carpenter replied, "a great deal better; he will get well." "No," said my friend, "he cannot, and Thomson thinks so, too; and if he dies, you or the doctors will prosecute." "No," he replied, "if I should go home and find him dead at this moment, I should not blame Thomson *one hair*. I know he says he'll die, but he will not; he gains as fast as could be expected, considering how low he was when Thomson was first called." "Well," replied my friend, "Thomson has been prosecuted twice, and thinks if your son dies, he shall be again." "Well," said Carpenter, "he need not be afraid of that; I have taken his medicine, and think it is the best I ever took, and nothing ever helped my son until he began to use it."

All went on well until the 20th of May. The weather then coming on so hot, and the vital action

or warmth of the system was so much lost, that it almost balanced the circulation, and he grew faint and feeble. His voice became hoarser, and he continued to grow worse until the latter part of this month. I then went to see him, and found him very sick—told the family if he could take an emetic, it would relieve his voice and lungs; he had taken a number, and they always helped him. I then gave him a little warm tea to get him moist; he began to cough, and raised and strangled. I told them it appeared like ulcerated matter. In a few moments he began to cough and strangle again. I told them he would live but a short time. The neighbors came in, and seeing what he had raised, said they were convinced it was the breaking of ulcers, for it was ulcerated matter.

He soon after died. They were all satisfied with my treatment from beginning to end, in this case. Mr. Carpenter went to the Creek that day, and my enemies—the licensed men—told him I had killed his son, and that he must be opened to see what poison I had given him. They then treated him, and he consented to have his son opened.

As soon as I heard of it, which was the next morning, I started for Carpenter's to see what poison they would find; and when they came to open him there was, I thought, poison enough! His lungs had grown

to his ribs, almost half way around, and on cutting them off, the ulcerated matter run in every direction. One lobe was half consumed; the other was full of ulcerated matter, and as heavy as the liver; they took them out, and then Carpenter was called. He looked at them, and said, "I am satisfied no human power could have saved him;" and requested the doctors to counsel together and relate their opinion to the whole congregation, and then returned.

Dr. Adams, a very fine man, on seeing his lungs, said he was astonished that a man could live when his lungs were so much affected. He was shortly missing, and on enquiry I found he had been sent off by the doctors—fearing he was too willing that justice should take place. The rest took a different course;—they consulted together, and then took Carpenter aside. I followed. They said, "We are satisfied that nothing could have saved your son's life, but Thomson's medicine killed him."

Then their plan was brought more fully to my view—which was, that prosecution was their sole design. I told them I saw their plan, and I should have a lawsuit to attend to. "When I lived in Madison county," said I, "I found the doctors were determined that the county should become responsible for my maintenance." I told them I had supposed I

did not need charity, "but think," said I, "I am just getting in the way of it, as it appears. When I was in Madison they gave me a house to live in, which I suppose is like yours, and built by the county—then I was happy to think myself safe. The windows were guarded with bars of iron as large as my arm; the doors were solid and well spiked together; the side walls were in proportion." I told them I was happy in one sense of the word—I was not afraid of rattlesnakes nor mad dogs biting me, or that the doctors would poison me, if I could keep them out of the way; but out of two evils I should choose the least—I would prefer the two rather than the one.

Then they started up, and said, "You need not undertake to make us think you have been in prison." I said, "If you do not believe it, follow your hand, and if I don't understand it, I must be a dull scholar; and if you begin, you must commence between now and next Tuesday, for I shall then start for Boston; (this was on Thursday.) On Friday they made out the warrant, and Carpenter agreed to answer to it in behalf of the people, (as he was hired by the licensed men.) He was the hardest case I ever saw—had been whipped and cropped in Connecticut—and has since been in the State Prison in this State—was about seventy or eighty years of age.

The warrant was sent to the constable in Geddes on Saturday morning. I went that day across the Oneida Lake, to prepare for my journey to Boston, and returned on Monday. The constable went to Manlius, and on Tuesday morning, according to my promise, I started for Boston. Then the report sounded far and wide, that I had killed a man and run away.

When I arrived at Boston, I told my father the licensed men were trying to make me more trouble. I had lost my sixth patient in six years, and these the hardest of cases. Nearly all of my patients were given over to die, or were so poor they could not pay, and out of them all I had lost six, they having been given over by the licensed men. I related the circumstances to him as near as I could. He said, "Attend to your business, and if you want help I will help you. After I got through with my business there, I came to Fabius to see my counsel, and told him I should be ready for trial on Tuesday. I then started for Geddes, where I arrived on Sunday. I went to see the constable who arrested me. I told him my intention was to go to trial on Tuesday. He told me I might go home.

Carpenter, on hearing I had got home, said if the constable did not bring me to trial on Monday, he

would send the sheriff after him. This frightened the constable. I told him not to be alarmed; I would clear him if the sheriff did come; that I should be ready. So it passed on until the next day, when I went forward for trial.

When I got there, I found ten or fifteen stage-drivers there, and the village was filled with townspeople. I enquired what was the cause of the collection. They told me that Thomson had killed Carpenter's son, and he was going to be tried; and the doctors said it was a most outrageous case of murder. I quizzed them closely, and found out by them that no one except the licensed men had a right to kill people; this was their exclusive privilege; *they* could take life with impunity. I told them that I had heard he was given over to die before Thomson was called. They said it was no such thing. I enquired if they thought Thomson would be hung. They said they thought he would either be hung, or imprisoned for life. I asked them why they did not hang Carpenter for employing such a quack or fool. To this they made no reply. While there, we were in sight of the burial ground, and I noticed that there were a great many monuments in that cemetery. I asked if Thomson had killed all that were buried there. They answered no. "Who killed them?"

said I. "O, they died." "Did not Thompson kill any of them?" "No," said they, "but people will die." "Then," said I, "all in that cemetery have died except one." I told them I thought Thomson was not very smart if he could kill but *one*, while the licensed men killed hundreds. This remark made them stare. Said I, "Bonaparte killed his thousands, and that made him a hero; whereas, if he had killed but one, he would have been hung, and I think Thomson ought to be hung if he could not do better than that."

At this point of our conversation, my lawyer and about twenty of my witnesses arrived, and rushed into the crowd, shook hands with me and called me by name, and here the lecture ceased. Such gazing and looks of astonishment I think I never saw, as was manifested when they found they had been all this time talking with Thomson. After being thus introduced to my audience, I told them I could not pay them by the day for their attendance, but I would treat them to something to drink. So I went to the hotel, and told the landlord to set on whatever they called for, and I would foot the bill. They all took a drink, and then they thought I was the best fellow out. They then commenced telling me my enemies' plans, which was no damage to me. They talked

very freely, and the Justice soon began to think my friends were not all dead yet. The landlord's bill, I think, was five dollars.

The court was soon called; the Justice found that I had more friends than he was aware of. He said, "I find there is a great excitement about this suit, and I do not consider myself competent to investigate it. I want one more Justice to sit with me;" and so the court was adjourned till next day.

So it is to be seen, that all the officers of the country were after me, as well as the licensed men. Equity and justice had no claim where licensed men were opposed in their career, and not fully sustained in all their wicked acts and rascality.

This Justice had stated, in my absence, that I ought to be put down and he would do it. So it appeared his mind was made up some time previous to the trial. The next day court was called, they then having two Justices.

Mrs. Carpenter being sworn, said I told them I could not cure their son, but could make him more comfortable while he lived; could loosen his cough; stop his night sweats, and create some appetite, which she said I did.

The doctors were called, and testified very mildly; the lawyers said but very little—they, as well as the

people, said that there was nothing wrong in the transaction. The Justices counselled together, then called for the parties, and said it was misdemeanor.

“How can that be”? said my counsel. “The man is dead, and it is either murder or manslaughter: if he undertook to extract a tooth and broke the jaw, or to set a joint and broke a limb, it would be misdemeanor.” The Justice replied, “It is our judgment.” My counsel said, “What do you ask for bail”? “Five hundred dollars,” said the Justice. “Two hundred and fifty is all the law requires,” said my lawyer.—“Well,” said the Justice, “that will do”; and I entered bail. They proved nothing against me, any more than they could against any man in the streets, but I was obliged to submit to their slander and abuse.—The *sharks* were after me, and have been ever since I opposed their use of poison, blistering and bleeding in the practice of medicine.

This answered till court set; then the Grand Jury found a bill against me, and I entered bail in one thousand dollar bonds. Thus it stood till the next session, and at that court Carpenter was taken sick with a fit. I could not be tried that term: I told my bail to give me up to the Court, which they did. I told the Court I was ready for trial: the Court said they could not try me—having discharged one jury

and the jury then on, being impannelled—and it was Saturday in the afternoon. I said, “I want to be tried: the crime charged upon me is one of the most heinous: it is taking the life of a fellow being; if I am guilty the public ought to know it, and if I am innocent I want that to be known.” The Judge replied, “I do not know what to do with you: I cannot clear you, and it is hard to hold you to bail. I will take your personal cognizance (under a three hundred dollar bond) to appear at the next term.”

By this I found I had worked off seven hundred dollars' worth of prejudice in three months—leaving but one hundred dollars a month to get rid of for three months to come.

So matters rested until Court week. I went to Court on Tuesday, and asked the District Attorney when my trial would come on. Says he, “Who are you?” “Thomson,” said I. He answered, “I will tell you to-day noon.” So it passed on till night, when the suit was called. I answered. Said the District Attorney, “Are you ready for trial?” I said, “No.” “When will you be?” “Friday, in the afternoon.” “Can't you get ready to-morrow?” “I think not: I was here all through the last term of Court, ready for trial, and all I want now is a fair investigation. I did not expect that you would give me less

than two days' notice; if you had told me, as you promised, to-day noon, I might have been ready to-morrow." Said he, "That is not so: you did not ask me anything about it." This left me in the lie. Said I, "I met you in the hall below, and asked you when my suit would come on, and you said to-day noon." He then acknowledged that I was correct. My counsel then said to me, "You are ready: tell the Court so." I then told them that all I wanted was a fair investigation. The next day, at 2 o'clock, was then appointed. My witnesses were all to be ready at twelve hours' notice. I went that night and notified all I could, and the next day notified the rest, and got to Court at 2 o'clock: at 4 o'clock they were ready for trial.

The suit being called, Mrs. Carpenter was the first witness sworn, and, on being questioned, I found she had forgotten her testimony at the examination.

She swore I told them I *could* cure their son, but that I did him no good; that he continued to grow worse until she made him a syrup of comfrey, spike-nard, sarsaparilla, elecampane, and hoarhound; and said I gave him a powder of *lobelia*. This story she she had learned from the licensed men, and on this, I understood, they said I would be convicted.

The next one sworn was a doctor: he said that

half a teaspoonful of that powder would kill any man, and that it was very dangerous at best.

They all appeared to take their stand upon Mrs. Carpenter's testimony, as you will perceive, and it seemed that this manufactured evidence would surely convict me.

Another Doctor swore that the right lobe of the lungs was very much ulcerated, and that the left was half consumed.

Five more Doctors were sworn: they said the young man's lungs were very much ulcerated and consumed, and the medicine was pronounced very bad by those who opened him—indeed, they all called it poison.

The next witness called was the *famous surgeon*: *He swore that a man could live and get well when two lobes of his lungs were entirely consumed!* This was so palpably ridiculous that it injured the other testimony: it revealed as much prejudice as ignorance.

On cross-examination, the Doctors were asked what they thought of Mrs. Carpenter's syrup, which she had made for her son. They said it was the best that could have been made—all praised it very much.

Mrs. Carpenter was called by my counsel. He said, "Your syrup was very much extolled by the Doctors: I think it must be good. Who gave you directions

for making it"? She replied, "Thomson"! My counsel then observed, now we just begin to get at Thomson's skill; observe what the Doctors said respecting his syrup—thinking it was not his medicine nor preparation. She replied, "I knew how to make it before ever I saw Thomson": but this was put in too late for her credit or the Doctors' good.

My counsel then asked her if she had ever seen any lobelia. She said she believed she had once.— "When and where did you see it?" "In the fields, when I was a little girl." "Then that made you think this powder which Thomson gave your boy was lobelia—because you saw some lobelia growing in the fields forty years ago?" At this she appeared somewhat frightened, and did not reply. "How did these powders look?" "They were so *mixed up* I cannot tell how they did look." "Then they were so *mixed up* they had no color?" At this my lawyer whispered to me, and asked me if I had witnesses to impeach her. I told him I had; but he thought it would be better to let her impeach herself. So he began: "I think," said he, "by the testimony of the doctors, that the powders which Thomson left to be given to your boy, were a very powerful poison. When was your boy taken sick?" "In August." "Who attended him?" "Drs. Magoon and Os-

borne." (They were present.) "When did they give him up to die?" "In December." "When did you call Thomson?" "In March. He was at that time very low; nothing but skin and bones; he had pain in his side; chills and fever; night sweats; hard cough; raised a great deal; had no appetite."—"Yes," said he, "this must be very poisonous medicine to have given to your poor, sick boy, in the frail situation he was in at that time." He then requested her to turn around and tell the jury how much of that powerful, poisonous medicine Thomson ordered her to give that poor sick boy at a time. She turned facing the jury, threw her head back, and told them that Thomson ordered her to give him a "*heapin'*" *teaspoonful*. "How many times a day, good woman." "Seven or eight times a day." "For how long?" "About two months."

Her testimony blew the suit higher than Gilderoy's kite ever went; for they had just before proved that one-half teaspoonful of lobelia would kill any man, but this powder which I left for him was only a little composition, and one-quarter of a teaspoonful at a time was all I ordered, but to be taken often—not to cure, only to ease him.

"Now then," said my lawyer, "see what they have sworn to. Half a teaspoonful would kill any man;

and this powder, which they have tried to make out so poisonous, has been given a heaping teaspoonful at a time, seven or eight times a day for the last two months—if what she states is correct.”

Perjury was no crime with them in my trials.

My opponent replied, “We rest;” and my counsel arose and addressed the court a few moments, when the Judge arose and said he would charge the jury. My lawyer said he had thirty witnesses to call. The Judge replied, “The declaration is not sufficiently made out to put this suit upon its defence.” The lawyer said, “If that is the opinion of the jury, you may charge them.”

He charged the jury, and they replied, without leaving their seats,—“*No cause of action.*”

When we left the court, I met Carpenter in a full crowd. He begged me to treat him at the tavern, which I did, where he got drunk the first drink, and thus ended our suit. At that time drinking was very fashionable.

TRIAL IN WAYNE COUNTY.

Another serious trial took place in Lyons, Wayne county. Mr. Lamphier was a Thomsonian doctor; had practiced there eighteen months, and had not lost a patient in that time; but the licensed doctors threatened to prosecute him, and told the people he could not collect his pay.

One man in whose family he had practiced considerable, and cured his wife of consumption, and whose bill was about twenty dollars, was put up by the licensed men not to pay. Lamphier tried to settle, but he was determined he would not. Lamphier threatened to sue him, but before he could do so the man sued him. He sent for me, requesting I would come out and assist him. He adjourned his trial, and when it came on, I went out, accompanied by a lawyer I had engaged, and Dr. Lamphier gained his suit. This very much enraged the licensed men.

They then told the Poormaster it was their duty to prosecute Lamphier before the same Justice, for practicing without license—telling them that the fine would go to support the poor of the town; and reading some law, and telling them some, they made them think it was their duty to complain. They

prosecuted in behalf of the town. I went out again, and we beat them. Then the doctors urged them to appeal to the County Court, which was done. I now found we had the whole town to contend with, and they would not be likely to break down when defeated. I then considered I had a strong team to work against.

The trial came on—I went—presented my credentials;—the Judge said he should not admit the patent to be read as testimony. He said the United States had no business to give out patents. I then acknowledged beat, telling my lawyer to appeal to the Supreme Court at Albany. I then went out.

The people followed me out, and asked me what I thought. “I think,” said I, “that I am in the kingdom of Wayne, where they deny the United States’ laws, but one thing I have got in my favor,—I can appeal unto the United States for trial. When I came here, I thought I was in the county of Wayne, State of New York, and within the jurisdiction of the United States; but now I begin to learn my mistake.” My enemies laughed at my observations, but my friends felt dejected for my sake. I told them time would show whether Wayne was county or kingdom.

When the court sat at Albany, I attended and beat

them. My cost was only \$300. I understood theirs was \$800! I sent word to the Poormaster not to keep their *paupers* too high on *Doctor Thomson's money!*—although the county was involved in building a court-house and jail, and had to resort to direct taxation to defray the expense; and if they would take up two more Thomsonian doctors, it might cause them to sell the whole *kingdom* of Wayne—court-house, jail and all.

This suit put a stop to all the prosecutions of the Thomsonian doctors throughout the western part of this State.

WATERTOWN TRIAL.

Doctor Towsley had been a Thomsonian doctor for many years;—he came and purchased a right of me. He continued to practice with very good success, and was drove with business almost day and night;—he charged but little for his services and remained poor. By this time the licensed doctors became so much alarmed about the poor Thomsonian doctor's practice, that they thought to put a stop to it by prosecuting, thus thinking to prop up their rotten fabric;

and the law only amounted to this—a woman could not give her child balm-tea, without license from the Medical Society. As soon as they found out that Towsley had been doctoring the High Sheriff's child, they got his bill receipted, and went before the Grand Jury, and caused them to find a bill of indictment against him for violating their law. He was held to bail till the next court as a criminal, for curing the High Sheriff's child.

In the interval he came to see me. I directed him how to proceed, and sent a man to assist him at Court if he should need assistance. The licensed Doctors turned out *en masse*: they employed two lawyers to aid the District Attorney in pressing the poor Thomsonian Doctor to prison for curing the Sheriff's child after it had been given over by them—as will be seen. But they were disappointed, for he had truth, innocence and justice on his side, and came off triumphant, after a closely contested trial of three days.

This was the Sheriff's testimony: He was asked if he ever before saw the prisoner at the bar. He replied in the affirmative. "Where did you first become acquainted with him?" "At my house." "How came he there?" "I sent for him to come and see my child which had been sick about eighteen months,

and had been given over to die by the other Doctors. Dr. Towsley came and gave it a few syrups and other medicines: in three weeks its health was perfectly restored. "What was his bill?" "Three dollars."

It was argued in behalf of the people, or rather in behalf of the *medical society*, that Thomson's medicine was dangerous when given in too large quantities by unskillful hands.

On cross-examination, it was proved that the materials from which they were compounded were useful and harmless medicines; and it was also argued on the part of the defendant that these medicines were no more dangerous than *mineral poisons*, and that pudding and milk would be dangerous if taken in too large quantities. Thus it ended.

This was very troublesome for Dr. Towsley at first, but as his practice and success continued to increase, it proved an essential benefit to him.

This suit vetoed all prosecution of the Thomsonian Doctors in the northern part of the State.

ANTICIPATED LAW-SUIT IN SALINA.

About two years after Carpenter's son died, I lost a patient named Mitchell, in Salina. He was a hard

drinker. He was at work laying logs to convey salt water from Salina to Liverpool. It was in winter—the weather was very cold, and he worked on the beach of the lake. The colder the weather the more whiskey he would drink. In March he was taken sick and sent for me. I found him very sick, and the medicine I administered worked sluggishly on him: all the action in his system appeared to be destroyed by liquor. All that I could do for him afforded but momentary relief: the medicines would seem to help him for the time, but he soon ran down and died. The licensed men, who were so vigilant and watchful lest anyone but themselves should lose patients, got their eyes on me. This was the first patient I had lost in that town. Doctor Ball had just moved there, and he published an article in the newspapers about it. I expected to be prosecuted again, but, as it happened, I was not.

The brother and half brother of the deceased were at my house as patients when the article appeared in the papers. They took the disease from the one who had died, but they soon recovered. One of my friends met me in Salina, and told me that Doctor B. intended to prosecute. I told him I was both sorry and glad. He replied, "It makes a great deal of trouble for your friends; but what makes you both

sorry and glad"? I told him a prosecution always benefited me at least five hundred dollars, but the county had to bear the expense. "So," said I, "I am glad for myself, but sorry for the county."

By this time quite a number had collected to see me—they having heard what Dr. B. had said. I told them I did not know what I should do with the money. Said I, "This will make four times I have been prosecuted: I have built across my lot one hundred feet in length and twenty-eight feet in width, and I have promised to lay out all the money I gain by these prosecutions in building in the place where I reside." I reflected, to know what I should do with the money, and happened to think of painting and carpeting my house; so I told them to go on: I had found a use for the money—it would not be a burden to me.

One of the company having related these humorous remarks to Dr. Ball, the Doctor observed that he believed there was more truth than poetry in them, and he finally concluded not to prosecute.

This was the seventh patient I had lost in seven years and five months, and during that period was prosecuted only three times.

BLOOD AND WARMTH.

About two hundred years ago, Dr. Harvey discovered that the blood circulated in the veins, and did not (as all before him had supposed) lie inactive, like a dead pond, in the body. This was an idea so new and strange that it was looked upon by the licensed men as altogether absurd and ridiculous, and the author of such a theory was treated by them with the utmost contempt and derision. Yet, firm in his convictions of right, he sustained his position, and at length triumphed over his adversaries.

Seventy years ago, Samuel Thomson discovered that Heat was Life and Cold was Death. This he announced publicly and fearlessly, though, as he anticipated, he met with opposition, censure, and even persecution, from his antagonists, the *licensed men*.— He was charged with everything cruel and abusive, accused of murder, arrested, and confined in prison in the coldest weather, to suffer, and, as they hoped, to die. But “truth will triumph.” He raised an especial Court to try his cause, and in forty days was honorably discharged.

Nearly forty years ago, I (Cyrus Thomson) told the

people that the Blood was the Life of the body, and in proportion as they take the Blood they take the Life. If they take all Death follows, and a part is in proportion to the whole. This announcement was made in the old bleeding times. When the licensed men were employed, their course was well understood: the lancet was unsheathed, and the red gore was drawn.

If I had robbed them of their property they would not have been more enraged. They commenced a war on me, and continued it, without mercy, for seven years. I was imprisoned and most shamefully used. I was driven into many corners by my enemies.—Still I urged the impropriety of bleeding, blistering, and poisoning, to cure disease. I made rhymes and pictures (which are shown in this work) to convince sober and thinking minds of the great slaughter the licensed men were making among those who neither thought nor acted for themselves.

They were determined to compel me to shut my mouth, and neither think, speak, nor act for myself. But they made a mistake in attempting this, as I felt sure that I was in a free country, and had a right to use my liberty in my own way—provided, always, that I did not infringe upon the rights of others.

Nearly fifty years ago, my business was to wait

upon patients, and in this way I learned the effects and operation of medicine. So, when I got the practice, I had both theory and practice. This was before my father had written a book upon his new system or practice of medicine. I was like the man who studied the art of navigation on land, or the cabin boy who acquired his knowledge at sea. He spent no time only to learn the practice, but when he had learned this he had the theory also.

If the licensed men were put to nursing and using medicines (as I was)—and using only such as were harmless—their patients would all live, unless the obstruction had gained a great advantage before they commenced the use of medicine—which is sometimes the case.

In this day, when people know that much which is called medicine is poison, they ought also to know that the longer they wait before they take it, the better for them. I should never send for a licensed man until I wanted to die; because, though good medicine is for the promotion of life and health, poison is detrimental to both; and I would sooner trust to Nature to restore me, unaided by medicine, than run the risk of being poisoned. Nature is the best physician—no one will deny this;—then aid and assist Nature, and you will be always right.

Again ; if what is called medicine was not poison, and was innocent and harmless, there would be no necessity of having license to use it, any more than to be a repairer of a clock or watch, or to work at any other trade. If the mechanic injures the clock or watch, or performs imperfectly whatever piece of work he may undertake to do, it is said he is a quack or imposter, or does not understand his business.

Where is the person who has been in the hands of the licensed men, who is not injured, if not dead, by the use of his implements or drugs? He boasts that his license secures to him a right to lose patients, and as the medicine or poison makes them very sick, he tells the friends it is a complication of diseases, or some new complaint has set in. This they dare not doubt, because the licensed man says so. Perhaps he tells you it is inflammation of the bowels, or congestion of the lungs or brain, or some other dreadful disease, and to hide his quackery he calls in another of the same order for counsel. They talk together, and make up a story to humbug the friends. They say all has been done that human power can do.— This decides the contest. They have had counsel, and the disease has killed the patient—is the report ; when in truth it was the *poison*, or what they designate *medicine*.

In this way they play into each other's hands, and humbug and rob the people of money, health, and even life. This deception is practiced at a most astonishing rate. It may be seen to a greater or less extent in every family or neighborhood.

If any person who is an ingenious nurse or herb doctor should attempt to lend a hand, and assist their neighbor in sickness, the licensed men would treat him as a murderer and accuse him as such, while all they feared was that he would enlighten the people—show them how they were being humbugged, and thus stop their business.

I speak from observation and experience. When they come in council, let any man be where he can see and hear their black-hearted, detestable plans, to hide their poison practice, and rob the victim at the same time of money, and even life, and see if it would not arouse his just indignation, and cause him to rebel against and expose such high-handed baseness.

Again; one of these licensed men was simple enough to ask me if I did not think Fever, or Warmth, was disease. I replied no;—that it never was, nor never would be. He said I could not prove that *Yellow Fever* was not a disease. I never before was told that warmth had color, and I was surprised

at his ignorance. I asked him,—if the warmth was *yellow* in Yellow Fever, then what was the color in Bilious or Typhoid Fever? Or what is the color of *cold*? If heat had color, according to the same logic *cold* must have color also. He could not tell me, and thus ended our debate.

I think this man was as smart and intelligent as that class of men will average. They do not expect to have their knowledge or skill questioned, especially by the *unlearned*. They imagine that their license places them beyond the reach of suspicion or censure, and no *ordinary* man has any business to doubt their success or call their skill in question. They destroy the people with their instruments of death, as if their lives were worth no more than a brute's; but leave the friends the consolation of thinking that it was done by a scientific man, and according to law.

In our debates at the present day, they do not succeed as well as they did formerly, when there was no one to doubt their skill. When I first began to oppose them, they would often get greatly excited and enraged with me, saying I ought to be turned out of the house, and and even cow-hided. This would rather amuse me, and I would tell them that if they could not subdue me, and make me comply with their wishes by talking, it was useless to try harsher

means, for I was not easy to drive. So they never resorted to violence and my strength was spared.

HEAT AND ELECTRICITY ARE LIFE ;

AND

COLD AND THE OPPOSITE ARE DEATH.

A great deal of quibbling has been indulged in with regard to this expression of Thomson, and a profusion of language has been employed by his enemies to show its absurdity.

But if those who profess to be searchers after truth would inquire into what was meant by the expression —“Heat is life, and Cold is death,” we should not find so many frivolous and flimsy arguments brought against this part of our Medical Creed. We should not then even meet with licensed men, and false pretenders to science, ridiculing the idea sustained by common sense in regard to these important elements in the maintenance of life and motion. I do not say or mean that heat in the abstract is life, that it is the vital principle, or that it is independent for its existence of any other elements or agents ; I do not say that there is nothing else essential to life ; nor do

I even admit it; neither do I say but that heat may be so intense as to destroy life, for this I must admit. If Heat alone was life, it could not destroy it, and if such was the fact, all that would be necessary to revive a dead man would be to place him in a heated place, and forthwith he would come to life.

Our enemies are particularly anxious to make it appear that we deal in absurdities, when they in fact are ignorant of our principles, and their application to illustrate the laws which govern the animal economy.

I assert that heat is essential to the manifestation of the phenomena of life, but at the same time, we allow that food and air are absolutely necessary to vital existence.

Dr. Rush, in his luminous lecture on Animal Life, says, that heat is an uniform and active stimulus in promoting life. It is derived in certain seasons and countries from the Sun, but its principle source is from the lungs, in which it appears to be generated by the decomposition of pure air, and from whence it is conveyed by means of the circulation to every part of the body; the food keeps up vitality, and the lungs vital magnetism or electricity.

The extensive influence of Heat upon animal life is evident from its decay and suspension during the

winter, in certain animals, and from its revival upon the approach and action of the vernal Sun.

I presume that there are but few who would have the temerity or daring presumption to say, in spite of all common sense and experience, that heat was not necessary to the support and continuance of life.—But the question may arise, What is life?

On this point we must confess our ignorance, for all that we can know of life is by its properties as displayed in living beings; and one of the principal of these is irritability, or that power of the body by which it has a capacity to be acted on by external stimulants. This is inherent and essential to vitality, —pervades alike the animal and the vegetable kingdom. It is possessed by the acorn and the oak, by the humble shrub of the valley, and the majestic tree of the forest; the infant at the breast, and the full-grown man; and its operations are manifested wherever living organized matter is found. That which is called the *vital principle*, warmth and electricity, are those agents by which in its effects upon the senses we are enabled to distinguish living from dead matter. It cannot originate of itself, agreeably to the received opinion that “life only cometh from life,” and in all philological inquiries our attention should be directed to its phenomena, as presented in

the performance of the functions of living existences. As to the essence of vitality, as before stated, we are ignorant, and probably shall ever remain so.

The utmost limits to which we are permitted to extend our knowledge, are those arriving at a correct appreciation of the properties, qualities, or attributes of matter, or the material substances by which we are surrounded. Convinced of this truth, the mind will reject all the specious allusions of an excited fancy, and the plausible creations of an ardent imagination; adopting nothing but that which is fully established by multiplied and careful observation, concurrent testimony, and for the establishment of a positive and sure medical philosophy; preserving entirely the inductive mode of philosophy which admits of no other but reasoning from facts, and proceeding from things known to things unknown.

It is a matter of deep regret that so much doubt exists in regular Medical Science; and the cause of true and useful science, and the loud calls of suffering humanity, appeal to the medical philosopher to use his best and most energetic endeavors to dispel the clouds which have for ages been accumulating around the sacred temple of truth, by the dreamy speculations of philosophers, and the unsubstantial creations of visionary enthusiasts.

It would be perfectly vain, and useless as vain, to attempt to solve the mysterious question of—What is Life?

We shall, therefore, instead of dealing in metaphysical abstractions, endeavor to look into known truths and acknowledged facts. Were we asked what constitutes a living fibre, we might as well be asked what constitutes any other property of living matter. What constitutes that in which the life of a leaf or stem of a living tree consists? What can we reason but from what we know?

Every living thing has something peculiar in its nature, or life, with which it is endowed in the living state, whether vegetable or animal; but a living being possesses heat, electricity, and motion;—without this heat and motion, the animal becomes dead.

Without a due proportion of heat—outward and inward, or inward and outward—there is no animal motion, no animal life. We know not of any vital principle, except a degree of warmth and action constituting animalization or the sensitive living state of animal bodies. Warmth and motion do not constitute life, in inorganic matter; they do not constitute animal life without an organized animal structure, to which heat and vital magnetism give the impulse applied to and connected with the animal structure.

Warmth and motion constitute animal life only when applied to, connected with, and exercised in, an organic body, possessing a capacity inherent in its nature to be put in operation, in which state or condition of being, sensation, perception, and consciousness of identity or individual existence are gradually developed. But these circumstances of life are not life itself.

Heat does not act alone, independent of its fraternal elements, (water, air, and light,) but in harmony and accordance with the whole family. In animal bodies, the constituents or component parts are essentially the same in man and beast.

Animal bodies are composed of earth and water the solids, warmth and electricity the fluids; these constitute the substances, dimensions, shape and size of bodies, &c. The fact that these elements are composed of various and still more simple elementary principles which may be subdivided again and again, does not militate more against our position than does the infinite divisibility of numbers.

Waiving all the minutiae of chemical divisions and subdivisions in simplifying the elementary combinations that constitute bodies, living or dead,—the five great original elements, Earth, Water, Fire, Air, and Electricity, contain and comprise all the more

simple elements of which they may be respectively composed.

A specific association, due proportion, mixture or combination of these five great elements in an organized animal body, constitutes the living state, and prolongs life; an improper or disproportionate combination and modification destroys life.

“Breathing is a demonstration of the existence of animal life,” but if the heat of the body was abstracted or taken away, there could be no breathing, and life would cease to exist.

Vital principle, or electricity, diffused through the whole organic structure of the animal machine, induces an elementary mode of union of the component elements, differing in its nature from all chemical unions and affinities, and from all the laws of physical union with which we are acquainted. This subject has employed the minds and pens of many talented writers, who have, after all, cast but little valuable light on the intrinsic theme.

Suppose a man in all the vigor of life falls into the water, and sinks: in a few minutes he is taken out apparently dead: the warmth and motions of life, if not extinct, are at a low ebb. Remove the water from the lungs, and as soon as you can kindle up the decayed spark and restore vital magnetism, by medi-

cine, friction, or any appropriate means, if the capacity for the action of life is not utterly extinct, an energy is given to the system; the air in the lungs, becoming warm, rarifies, expands, and heaves them into action; the machinery begins to move; the wheels of life no longer wallow in back water; the proper state and proportion of heat, outward and inward, is recovered, and nature rises to its wonted vigor and strength.

Again: I would remark that the *cause* of vegetable and animal life is the same—namely, one common principle produces similar effects. Vegetables, like animals, are constituted of the five great cardinal elements, Earth, Water, Fire, Electricity, and Air, without which nothing like vegetation could exist.

The winter season is a state of death to vegetables, just in proportion to the loss of heat, in the degree of the suspension of life, we mean a loss of heat in that peculiar combination that constitutes the living state of a vegetable.

In many cases the suspension is total. This is manifest, and we see it clearly as the Autumnal season approaches; the leaves of the trees change their color and are given to the northern blasts, as cold and icy Winter comes on; the green grass fades and withers, and the rich and variegated hues of the forest give

way to the sickly coloring of November's cold; all Nature appears to recede from the influence of cold, and man is taught to protect himself against its influence by proper clothing.

Abstract the element of Fire from all the other elements, and stillness and silence would be universal: the life of all that breathes and moves would be swallowed up in the stillness of eternal death.

Earth and sea would be and remain an unmoving and immovable mass: the fluid air would be consolidated to the flinty hardness of the diamond on its native rock: in a word—"Creation would be a blank."

As I have never been a man of extensive reading, and make no pretensions to school learning and book knowledge, medical or philosophical writers may have announced the same doctrine before me, but if such is the case, I am not apprised of it.

It is for the truth of the doctrine, and not for any claims to reputation as an original writer, that I would more strenuously contend.

I have thus far endeavored to sustain the principle that Heat is essential to Life, and that this doctrine is not incompatible with science, reason, or common sense.

On the contrary, it is supported by all these, and common observation testifies to the truth of our prin-

ciple, that heat or warmth is not an enemy but favorable and essential to life.

This doctrine is of great importance in the treatment of diseases, and we pay great attention to the preservation of vital heat throughout the body, for when this becomes extinct, death is present. To sustain the vital heat and equalize it throughout the system, are operations of primary importance in the treatment of all maladies. It is on this fundamental doctrine that we erect our temple of medicine, for, although we may have food, air, and water, if there is not present the principle of heat and electricity, death must necessarily ensue.

But, as before stated, for the full development of all the powers, functions, and attributes of life, in addition to heat, we must have food, air, and water, without which no animal can exist. Our opponents sneer at the idea of keeping up the internal heat or taking care of the vital forces, but what is a patient without this internal heat? He is dead.

Why is it that in the last stages of disease the *systematic* Doctors recommend wine whey, carbonate of ammonia, opium, nutritious food, and brandy? Why, to keep up the vital heat and repair the wasted energies of the system. Yes, when by bleeding, purging, and the use of depressing agents, they find that the

vital powers are failing, they recommend stimulants, to raise and sustain this despised internal heat.

But alas! the melancholy history of their practice tells of frequent failures, for the powers of the system are often so reduced below their capacity for regeneration that the stimulants come too late. Their success would be far greater if at the very onset of disease they would pay more attention to the important maxim of keeping up the vital heat or electricity.

The general course of the *faculty*, in nearly all acute forms of disease, is "depletion": by active purging, thin diet, and the employment of depressing agencies, the patient is reduced.

If all the citizens of this State who are now in perfect health should commence to-day to be bled, blistered, calomelized, and dosed with narcotics, according to the most approved modes of the faculty, I have not a single doubt but that a multitude would meet an untimely grave in a few days, and that thousands would be left in a deplorable condition.

This is an appalling reflection. How preposterous is it, then, to pursue measures for the recovery of sick people, which, if applied to our hardiest citizens, would swell at once the frightful catalogue of the dead. We say again, and repeat it emphatically, take care of the *internal* heat, *vital* heat, animal heat, en-

ergies of the system, or whatever name you may choose to call it.

Whatever may be said of our doctrine, it has its foundation in nature, reason, and truth. Although not ushered into the world by any time-honored University,—although not paraded before the world with professional honors, nor graced with the patronage of the noble and chivalrous faculty, yet it is destined to live as long as mountains and seas shall endure.

“Keep up the *Internal Heat*,” is the motto of the American School of Modern Medicine; and we will endeavor to defend it as long as we have a brain to think, a hand to write, or a tongue to speak.

LECTURE ON THE ORGANS OF THE BODY.

In writing my Lectures, or Theory of Practice, my first step will be to show mechanically the organs of the body, or the organization of the human system, as I understand it; though I may differ in my opinion from other people, this will be nothing new or strange;—it has long been the case, and will be as long as that system of practice, founded on a false and groundless theory, shall exist.

Every year or two comes out some new theory, but all are found to be based on the same platform, with little or no variation;—all take the same stand practically, saying that Nature is no physician;—that is to say, pain, bloating, or shrinkage of any part of the body, heat or warmth, internal or external, is the *disease*,—and not the natural effects of obstruction, and must, therefore, be headed at every corner.

There would be no chance for controversy if the science and practice of medicine had arrived at a true theory; there would be but one theory and one course of practice; all would be taught while young to observe the laws of Nature as the true means of preserving health, and thus all would live to a good old age. Fowls, fish, and animals, may be considered like vegetables; if they mature early, they decline early. Man is the longest maturing, being from eighteen to twenty-one years under the control of his parents, and it is often the case that the mind is not fully developed until he is thirty-five or forty years of age. There is nothing so weak as the infant child, nothing so long in getting its growth, and nothing so strong in every respect when well matured.

I shall speak of the organs and powers of the body by considering, first:—the Head as the Court House. I shall consider the Heart as the Fort, and

the Blood the Soldiers and Sentrymen. The Stomach is the Commissary. The Lungs are as the sails of a ship, which give speed and motion, and fill the body with Electricity. The bowels are designed to carry off the excrement or dross, after all is taken up for the support of the body; and the kidneys are to carry off the thinner part, or water.

The component parts of man I find to be, earth, water, electricity, fire, and air; these different elements combined form bones, cords, sinews, muscles, flesh, nails and hair, and together constitute the solids and fluids of the human body, or man.

As I said before, I regard the Head as the Court House, where all knowledge is received and all trials of the body, of any magnitude, are tried. This contains the Brain, the great fountain of feeling, which imparts knowledge and understanding to the body. The common way of expressing ourselves with regard to the sensations of the different organs is wrong; as for instance, we say, our eyes see, ears hear, nose smells, mouth tastes, flesh feels, &c. This is a mistaken idea. The nerves which connect these organs with the brain, are only so many inroads to the court house, and through them all sensation is conveyed thereto. If you were looking through a spy-glass, at a distant mountain, it would appear to

be near ;—now did the spy-glass see, or did it magnify the object or improve the eye, so the brain could comprehend it, and bring it close by? It is well understood that our senses can be improved by right management, or retarded by art, to suit our liking.—If we close our eyes we cannot see, or if we stop our ears we cannot hear; or if we fill up our nose or shut our mouth, we cannot smell nor taste; neither can we feel, if by chloroform or otherwise our nerves become paralyzed. All these inroads may be cut off except one, (which is the sense of feeling,) and yet the individual may live,—that is, he may not see, hear, smell, nor taste, and still live.

The nerves have been discovered to be hollow thread—like tubes, and transmit sensation with a velocity which, like electricity, seems instantaneous.—To become satisfied of this fact, we need only consider that when any part of the body, even though it be the very extremity, comes in contact with any substance which produces pain, the knowledge of the presence of this substance which produces pain, is transmitted through one set of nerves to the brain, and the brain sends out the will through another set of nerves, which communicates motion to the muscles, and the exposed part is snatched away in the very instant it comes in contact. It is thus that all

sensations which produce pleasure or pain, are transmitted to the Brain, and so affect the principle of mind, that ideas which constitute its attributes are formed.

THE HEART AND BLOOD.

In order clearly to illustrate my views of the Heart and Blood, I shall necessarily make use of many arguments, and shall perhaps dwell upon the subject at some length; yet I shall endeavor to express my ideas so plainly, that it may not seem tedious to the reader, while it may reward him to some extent for its perusal.

It has been for centuries taught that the Heart was the seat of the affections;—our sympathies and feelings, whether good or evil, all were supposed to have their origin in the Heart, and the Blood is by many considered the life of the body; as if nothing could die unless the blood was first drawn out of the body, and with the blood all sense of feeling must depart. Thus we see, if this be true, that no one can die while the blood remains in the body, and no one can feel after it is taken from the body. This, I contend,

is a great error, and it is none the less so because it is a theory which has been taught for centuries. I acknowledge that the blood is the life, inasmuch as it ebbs and flows through the system, and carries warmth to every part of the system and support to the flesh; but it is not the sensitive part;—there is no feeling in it; therefore knowledge is conveyed through the nerves to the brain, even after the blood has been nearly all drawn out of the body. I regard this as one evidence that the heart is not the seat of the affections; for as the heart is the fountain for blood, and the nerves can feel and have motion when there is little or no blood remaining in it, this shows that there must be other organs through which sensation is produced.

But to overcome the popular prejudice—to break down these long established errors, and turn the current of Ignorance toward the fountain of Reason, Light, Knowledge and Truth, is a great work, and one which I expect will never be fully accomplished by me. If every person should be instructed while young to think for himself—to exercise reason and judgment, and to compare error with truth, the world would be far more enlightened and all things better understood. But there are a few idle, evil-minded men, to whom the people have been looking as to a

superior order of intelligence. They bear some title, and are therefore supposed to know all that was ever designed for man to know ; and their opinion is taken as the criterion from which the minds of all should be formed.

But to return to the subject of the Heart and Blood. As a comparison, I state that the heart is the fort of the body, and the blood the soldiers to guard and protect the body. To illustrate this point, suppose you are called on to go out and ride in the cold against the wind for some distance. General Frost immediately makes his attack upon the exposed part—the nose, cheeks and ears. The nerves carry the news to the brain, and the mind orders the heart to send out his men, the blood, with the greatest force, to meet the enemy, or General Frost. The nose, cheeks and ears become red, almost to crimson. The contest between heat and cold, or between the blood and frost, is severe. Sometimes one conquers, and sometimes the other. I have known General Frost to drive back the soldiers, or blood, and still did not conquer:—the face and limbs all white—every soldier had fled, and yet he had not gained complete victory : the body was taken out of the element of frost, put in a warm room and again restored to warmth.

Again ; The soldiers of the heart are very jealous of any invasion of the body. If any obstruction occurs in the circulating organs,—the head, stomach, or bowels,—the blood is watching to see that no invasion is made which shall endanger life or health ;—if so, it flies like a faithful soldier, and carries the heat or fever, removes the obstruction, gives a free circulation, and orders life and health to bear the sway. It is the sentryman of the body, and as it carries the heat or warmth to the surface, we must assist to clear the system internally, and cleanse the surface by perspiration, and we cannot be far from right.

If a boil appears, it is not a boil because it is red, hot, swelled or painful ;—it is a boil because the morbid matter is in the juices of the body, and it has collected and formed an ulcer ; when it breaks and discharges, the heat, the redness, the swelling and the pain, all ceases—the cavity becomes healed, and all is right.

Again ; If the stomach or bowels get coated like the tongue, the soldiers or blood finds the juices thickened, and the circulation invaded. The fort, or heart, now turns out all the soldiers to resist the obstruction. The nerves sympathize with the blood ; pains, aches, and all sorts of unpleasant feelings, are

the result. The perspiring vessels get charged with thick, glutinous matter; the blood, or soldiers, press hard to work at the obstruction, which causes an intense heat on the surface. This heat, in the old way of practice, is called *disease*, or *fever*. How unreasonable—to say that the *effect* of a difficulty is the *cause*; or to suppose that nature, or that which is *natural*, is a difficulty. If *fever* or *heat* is a disease, why are we not always sick? I have lived more than sixty years, and have always had more or less heat or fever in my system. Why am I not dead, then? Simply because nature, or that which is natural, is not disease. If any one should tell me that *what caused unnatural heat*, pains and swellings, was the difficulty, that would be more satisfactory and rational; but when I am told that the *effect* is the *cause*, I am not willing to acknowledge it. No one can perform a cure by working upon the effect, while the cause remains unmolested. This experiment is too often tried, but with fatal effect.

Suppose you are taken sick, and, as is the usual practice, send for the *licensed man*. He says the fever, the pain, the distress, are the *cause* of your disease.— In this case the *effects* are taken for the *cause*, and the real object is lost sight of.

For example: if you burn your finger, it will smart

some; but if you burn your whole arm, it will smart more: now did the smart make the burn, or the burn make the smart?

Suppose your house should get on fire: the engine company is sent for to come and extinguish the flames. They insist upon getting up three hundred feet above the fire and fighting the smoke! What would you think of that? Did the smoke make the fire, or the fire make the smoke?

Or, if you should go out on a bright day and find a tree which you wished to cut down throwing a strong shadow, and you should go to work cutting at the shadow, when would the tree fall?

You see a long strip of lightning, followed by a heavy clap of thunder: now did the report make the lightning, or the lightning make the report?

If the licensed man should take you by the hand to-day and find it warm, he would say, You are full of nature or warmth, which gives you life, strength, and vigor.

Suppose you then take cold, and lose electricity.—All circulation in the body is impeded; the juices become thick; pains and aches pervade the whole system.

The licensed man comes again: he takes you by

the hand, finds it warm, and the tongue coated: he exclaims, You have got the *fever!*

So you see one day that the warmth is nature and natural, giving life, strength, and vigor; the next day it is pain, disease, and death.

The cause of this fever, as it is called, is not looked after; its effects only are experimented upon, at the hazard of the health, and even the life, of the patient.

No wonder, in view of this, that our cemeteries are filled with the young and middle-aged, and that so many are daily falling victims to the most fatal diseases, under the treatment of the *licensed man*, with his combination of drugs and poisons.

Again: *On the Blood.* It is considered, upon investigation, that a healthy man has two gallons of blood in his body. This I consider equal to eight hundred men, allowing one quart to be equal to one hundred men. This is a powerful army to be stationed at so small a fort. This army is very sensitive. Let their territory be invaded and you will soon see the excitement in the nation.

The nerves or brain sympathize or counsel with the soldiers as soon as an attack is made.

There is clog all through the system; pain in the head, side, stomach, and bones; pain in the joints,

cramps in the flesh, the whole body is writhing, the entire nation is in a state of perfect excitement.

The soldiers do not succeed in removing the difficulty, hence a reinforcement is called for. Who are to supply this reinforcement? That class of men who are licensed to destroy the lives of their subjects, without any advantage being taken of them.

The licensed man who is the general of the reinforcement comes, and with great gravity and dignity of demeanor takes his seat by the patient, looks at the tongue, feels the pulse (which flies with lightning speed), finds every soldier at his post: the contest is severe. He tells the patient that he has too many soldiers at work; and, as his generalship must not be denied nor his opinion questioned, he is suffered to tap the arm, and draw out one hundred men, or one quart of that crimson gore so necessary for the protection of the body and the support of life.

The surface is dry and pressed: no perspiration appears. Blisters must now be laid upon the chest and limbs, until nearly one-half the body is literally skinned, in order to create an action on the surface. Next, calomel must be given till the mouth, stomach, and bowels are skinned, and the teeth are destroyed. Morphine, also, is given for the purpose of paralyzing the nerves, thus depriving the patient of the sense of

feeling while he is undergoing this process of being bled, and skinned inside and out.

This powerful course of high-handed scientific manslaughter has been pursued ever since the opinion has prevailed that blood and heat were enemies and opposed to life, and bleeding and poisons were forced into use by licensed men, and laws were made giving them the exclusive right and privilege to impose upon community with their ruinous drugs, the effects of which are as intolerable as wilful murder—for if a patient does survive it is more of a miracle than if he had recovered from some fatal plague or epidemic. He is left the merest skeleton of his former self, his system all reduced by drugs, his constitution all destroyed,—a fit subject for consumption, which soon terminates his sufferings.

If we were at war with England, and should fight a battle every three months, it would not make greater havoc among the people. The hearse is kept in motion almost continually in every town throughout the land. And yet this loss of life is attributed to *fever*. It is said that it is *fever* which kills them, though at first they took cold, and after death they were cold, and yet the fever killed them.

What logic! as reasonable as to say that you have just been eating and are starving to death, or have

just been drinking and are dying with thirst, or you got cold and the heat is burning you up. If any person who has not a license to lose patients should reason in this way he would with propriety be considered a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, and sent there to stay until he became sane.

Again: When I came into this country, about forty years ago, I took a patient (or my brother Doctor did) whom the licensed men had given over to die, and as we could not effect a cure and had no license to lose patients, we were arrested for murder and tried for our lives. We had no patients except those whom the licensed men had given over or those who were too poor to pay. Of these two classes we had plenty. In seven years and five months I lost seven patients, and was arraigned for murder and shut up in jail but three times.

I am not a person who thinks it wise to let accounts stand very long without being settled, but I must acknowledge that in this instance I have been very negligent, and have never half paid those licensed men for giving me a home at that time, and making a county charge on my account. Although the debt was contracted nearly forty years ago, and is long since outlawed, yet it is their just due, and ought to

be paid, the same as if it had been contracted yesterday.

I hope the reward that I bestow upon them will remunerate them in their feelings as well as the cause of it did mine with regard to truth and justice, though I do not expect to recompense them in full for the censure and falsehood which were lavished upon me.

I hope I shall be able to open the eyes of the public to the imposition practiced upon mankind: to convince them that bleeding, blistering, and poisoning are at war with all the combined powers of life.—They war against all that is nature and natural. They war against the warmth of the body, without looking at the cause of this warmth, and not understanding whether it is natural or not. They war against the heart because it beats too fast or too slow—they war against the blood because the pulse is too high or too low, without investigating to know whether it is struggling for life or for death. They war against the nerves, as if they had no right to sympathize or be alarmed at the danger of the body when invaded.—They war against a swelling or perishing of any part of the body, as if it came on without a cause. They war against the mind (although it is the lifeguard of the body) if by some mishap it does not become diseased. If, unfortunately, this does happen, and the

services of the licensed man are employed, instead of restoring the mind again to reason, nature or life is driven out of the body as rapidly as a fanning-mill would drive the chaff from wheat: forever separated, to be united no more.

It was the design of the Creator, that man should live to be one hundred years old, if no fatal accident befel him, or he did not employ licensed men to bleed and poison, and then take his life. If we get sick, *nature* is the great physician; aid, assist and guide this, and you will be always right.

Never destroy one organ of the body to repair another. Do not bleed the heart, nor skin the body,—internally or externally. Take nothing when sick, that you would be afraid to take when well. When sick, the body wants that which will restore vitality, and vital magnetism or electricity. Clear the blood and internal organs of all impurities; then restore these, and all is right. This can all be done in a short time, if the system has not been drugged,—almost as readily as hunger can be satisfied by eating, or thirst by drinking. If this be neglected for a long time, it takes longer in proportion to recruit the body. So, also, the longer a person is sick, the more difficult and the longer it takes to cure. I have taken those who had been sick but one day, and cleared the sys-

tem, and cured them in a half-day. Much depends upon the time of the year. July and August are hard months in which to effect cures. The air is then light and contains no electricity. This leaves the patient faint and weary for want of it.

THE STOMACH.

As I before stated, the Stomach is the receiver or commissary of the body; and I regard this as the most important organ in the human system;—the one which we could least of all dispense with, since through this the body is supplied with nutriment for the support of the blood; and yet it is the organ which is most of all neglected and abused, even by ourselves.

The great Provider and Manager of all things, has prepared and placed within our reach more than three thousand differently flavored articles of food and drink; and all these were designed for our good if prepared properly, and used temperately; but there are very many who indulge to excess in whatever gratifies the taste, paying no regard to the manner in which it is prepared, or its adaptation to the wants of the body.

After the food is taken, the electric or magnetic spring of the stomach is employed to digest it. It rolls it about, and turns it over, something as a fulling mill does the cloth which is being fullled. This is done in order to get the gastric juice, or sourness, well mixed with the food, and thus the strength or nutriment is extracted from it, and it is sent out to support the body. The stomach is often filled too full, and thus the digestive process is retarded.

Care should be taken never to overload this organ, especially at night; for the digestive organs, like all other powers of the body, then require rest. Yet there are many who habitually fill the stomach just before retiring, with something not easily digested; and thus these faithful organs are kept hard at work almost incessantly;—this practice is not only taxing the digestive organs too much, but it produces the most disagreeable results. The sleep is disturbed by unpleasant dreams; the nerves carry horrid news to the brain; the mouth in the morning tastes bad, and the fumes of the breath are anything but agreeable.

When we abuse this faithful organ, we infringe on one of nature's laws, and the penalty must be paid; pains, aches, and many bad feelings will be the punishment for such guilt. If we call on a licensed man to apply remedies for these ills, and relieve us of our

distress, his first application is a powder, to stupify and dry up the stomach, when, to use a homely expression, it is already as foul as an old stove and pipe in which pine wood has been burned all winter, and which will not do good service again until it has been cleaned out—then it is as good as new.

No one can have a good gun when it is foul and cankered, but wash clean, and oil it, and it is again good as ever; neither can you have a good watch when the oil is mixed with dust, so the wheels travel in mud; but it can be cleaned and oiled properly, and all is right. Then how can you be well, while your system is comparatively as much clogged as the stove, gun or watch;—if left alone they will soon corrode and canker, till they are good for nothing.

Let the man who cleans the stove take out the rods and plates, and you will soon have no stove at all;—let the man who cleans the gun wash it with brine, or oil it with salt oil;—or let him who cleans the watch use oil of vitriol, and clammy oil, and you will soon have no gun nor watch. And yet, the licensed man, when he attempts to repair the stomach, treats it as unreasonably as this. He gives Vitriol, Croton Oil, and Calomel, to clean with;—Blisters, Setons, and Corroding Plasters, to oil up with; and Morphine to deaden and keep the patient

still, while the last job is being done for the stomach, —then death steps in, and the licensed man gets great credit that his patient passed away so easily.— He was stupified, clogged and choked down, and died insensible to all pain—perfectly ignorant of his condition ; therefore no preparation made for the change, either for himself or those he leaves behind.

THE HUMAN FORM.

We find Man placed at the head of the visible creation. He differs in his form, features, faculties and affections, from all other animals, according to the laws of his own nature, in degrees of perfection exactly calculated to make him just what he is. In some faculties and affections, different animals may excel him. But while this is the case, man as a whole infinitely surpasses every other animal. He is an educated being. The human race profit by all the experience, discoveries and inventions of the past. In written language, and in the sciences and arts, he rises infinitely superior to each and all of the inferior orders of beings. For this his form, features, faculties, and affections, pre-eminently prepare him. His

form is of surpassing excellence. It is erect, open, graceful. His head is beautifully rounded, and turned in every line of grace and dignity. It gives a large capacity for the brain—the centre of all the reasoning faculties, sentiments and affections. Every member of this important part of the body, is beautifully adjusted in its form, position, size and color, to add to its perfection. His neck, as finished pillar, sustains it in lines of beauty and strength, retaining a due medium in length, size and position, so as to adjust his form to that upright position, in which he is either prepared to survey the heavens and admire their beauties, or else to cultivate the earth, and do good to the creatures dependent on his providence and care.

The extremities of his body, his limbs, hands and feet, are duly proportioned, and prepared by bones, sinews, and muscles, to turn in every possible direction—to defend, provide for, adorn or cherish his body; and are most beautifully and surprisingly fashioned to all the purposes of action, in which it is possible to conceive them to be employed.

His breast and body are erect, expansive, firm, yet flexible, answering in all respects to become the seat of utility and sustenance. Taken in connection, and constituting his body, there is nothing in the whole

compass of animal life and animal existence, to be compared with him. The one gives expansion, to compass the enlarged heart and the other sphericity, as if to guide to every point of the compass the sympathies of his common nature. But it is the *countenance* in which, above everything else, man surpasses inferior animals. We have here, as it were, a moral, intellectual and spiritual firmament thrown over a world of life. Not a thought, passion or affection, but what here reveals itself in stronger or softer lines of intellectual strength and beauty. We have only to look upon it, to cause us to admire, wonder and love. There is no line of grace which nature can exhibit, or art imitate, or mind invent, which is not here drawn in lines of light and life. To attempt a contrast is infinitely to sink the subject.

In one word,—the form, faculties and affections of the man—the moral, sentimental, and intellectual constitution of man, exactly adjust him to his station, duty and privilege. We have only to enquire what he has done to become impressed with a bright, clear, and overwhelming view of his pre-eminence over all inferior creatures. He has fashioned a written and printed language of most wonderful combination, beauty and strength. He with it unbosoms himself and subdues his enemy. He spreads his own

thoughts, views and feelings, upon the pages of the volume to be read by all time. He forms charts of the ocean and the land, and, though confined to a world, our earth—which is flying more than a million and a half miles a day, and at the same time in his diurnal roll causing him to sweep with his head the whole circuit of the heavens,—he has measured the sun, and every planet connected with our system, with as much mathematical certainty as if he stood firm and unchanged in position, and had them in a fixed array before him—nay, with as much certainty as if he had designed, placed them there, and moved them.

In mechanical invention, he subjects crude matter to every possible form and motion which can be conceived. It is moulded, fashioned, adjusted, and perfected for him at his will.

He takes his own likeness in embodied light, and so adjusts the energies of fire and water that he almost outstrips the wind, and defies the rage both of the ocean and of the tempest.

“The genius of man, from the record of story,
Has awoke to things present, 'mid the fire of its glory,
And grasping the power by which planets do roll,
Converts them to self, and is winged to the pole;
Indenture it makes in the wood-stock and stone,
Weaves the robe which the monarch now wears on his throne,
Directing, pervading, effecting to spread
Its life-moving power to all things but the dead.”

Such is the labor, the creation of man. The granite of mountains is moulded into temples, and by him fountains of living water are, in pillars of light, made to spring up before them. If this is a strong and graphic exhibition, the future may show that I have not done justice to the subject. The field of his operations is as vast as the world, and the result will be no doubt as wonderful and varied as are the agencies and laws by which he operates.

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.

As I have before hinted upon *life*, and acknowledged my ignorance of its philosophy, I shall now speak briefly of some of the circumstances of animal life and animal existence. I conceive them to be originated and perfected in the same manner in man as in the lower animals, only as there are circumstances connected with his more elevated sphere of action. Life may be considered only as the result of electric action, under the laws which Deity has indelibly impressed on organized matter. It is originated wherever there are the circumstances necessary to produce it, and continued as long as the circumstances neces-

sary to prolong life remain. This is evident, both in vegetable and in animal life, from innumerable facts. The earth, according to the climate and the richness or poverty of the soil, brings forth and sustains a greater or less variety of plants and trees; and this also will be found true in the number and variety of animals. In the language of another, "Life exists wherever it can exist," both in the animal and the vegetable creation. We assert that animal life and animal existence depend upon the electric power of the medium in which they exist, and that in number and variety they exist, are produced, caused and created, according to their electric condition.

Animal life, in some classes of beings, progress as in one way into animal existence, and some in another; life and existence being united or separated, as the case may be. Animal life exists in the egg, but not animal existence; the life is in existence in the egg, but it is not *the animal*, nor *in* the animal, until the animal is formed.

We thus discriminate between animal life and animal existence. The form itself is evidently not dependent on the life, nor the life on the form. In most classes of animals "like begets like," but still life and existence, animal life and animal existence, are distinct. The animal cannot exist without the

life, but the life existed without and before the animal.

A full, clear and permanent conviction of the laws of animal life and animal existence, will do much toward effecting the great change which is now going on in medical science, and laying a permanent foundation for the true philosophy of medicine; and in regard to everything used to nourish, support and adorn the body. In short, it regards the body as an electric formation, and as such, under all its circumstances of origin, formation and adornment, dependent to a great extent on exterior agencies for support.

It is a fact that this subject has never been regarded in its true light;—it has never been traced to first principles. The human body has been considered almost as a mere machine, consisting of its different parts, and kept in play mechanically by man, and divinely by God; when, in fact, it is as a whole, and in all its parts and atoms, an electric formation, and influenced under all its circumstances of existence the same as that of any other animal. Instinct and reason are the same, only reason in man is in higher, more perfect and active exercise. All the instincts, sentiments and affections in man are exercised by some one animal in some particular instinct, sentiment or affection; but man is the perfect educated

being, in which we find them all fully developed. Animals reason, reflect, judge, compare, choose, reject, love, hate, hope, fear, forgive, avenge. The time has come when we have to regard things as they are, and to treat them as their nature and the fullness of things require, and not according to authority, system, and theory. We have to accept a system, but it must coincide with the laws of nature. We should reject authority and theory, and attend to fact, proof, experiment, demonstration; and this we have spread out before us every day,—that animal life and animal existence are one and the same in man, and the beings beneath him, originated and perfected, or destroyed by the same agencies and circumstances. Having investigated the animal formation, and discovered the action and reaction in the human system, we may with as much certainty decide as to the means employed to nourish, or, if injured, to repair it so as to prepare it for efficient and successful action; and the spirit and design should ever be to assist nature.

PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

Such being the constitution of man, it is evident that his food should be accommodated to his nature, in its original and acquired state. It is remarkable that all animals have, from feeling the electric influence which the substance has upon their eyes, smell, and taste, an almost perfect conviction of what is congenial to their nature, health and happiness; and we find no vegetable upon which some animal may not live and find its sustenance.

Now it is evident that in the selection of food, there must be a something seen, smelled, or tasted, to lead it to make the choice; and that there must be a something wanting to constitute hunger.

It is equally manifest that as that food is invariably reduced to one homogeneous mass, and that connected with the nourishment of the body there must be a something to effect that change, and a vacuum which this mass supplies. This something is the electric circulation or vitality in the food, and the thing wanted to fill or cause, as the case may be, a vacuum. The circulation, or process of digestion, effects the change of the materials eaten, and converts them, as they pass through the various parts of the system and

its ten thousand centres, to bones, muscles, nerves, tendons, ligaments, arteries, veins, blood, &c.; and removes at the same time from each and every centre whatever of the old animalized matter is necessary to have thrown off, out of the system.

Thus the work of life through the instrumentality of food, is continually progressing, sustained and made to advance. The demand is imperiously made and as cheerfully supplied. Man may, as an individual, with a view of self-destruction, voluntarily abstain from food until death ensues; but this is an extreme case, and rarely occurs. It is a deviation from the laws of nature, under a mental derangement, from which we shrink with horror.

All animals, then, having an instructive faculty to choose their food, and such being the process by which it is converted to nourishment, such the imperious demand that is made by nature, and such her correctness (except in extreme cases), it follows, as a necessary consequence, that much depends upon the nature and qualities of the food which is set before us—upon the habits of life to which we are accustomed—and upon the quantity which at particular times or in the course of life, from day to day, we receive.

The whole is spread before us in the line of cause and effect, antecedent and consequent. We may il-

illustrate this by comparisons plain and rough in idea, or by those more smooth and elegant.

We may compare the human system to a mill which must be duly fed by the regular supply of a stream of grain, and kept in motion by a sufficient force of water or steam—all of whose wheels must be kept in repair, adjusted, and oiled, that it may be fitted for use and action; or we may illustrate by a stove, which must be filled and fed with appropriate fuel, be kept cleansed and well ventilated, in order to burn freely and send out a regular supply of heat to the room; or we may say that the human system is a delicate flower which must have light, air, and water, the dew, and the rain of heaven, in order to its full and perfect development and beauty—and there is no flower on earth more delicate, beautiful, or fascinating,—and none, alas! more easily and hopelessly destroyed.

Such, then, being the philosophy of food, that it may be carried into active life requires every individual to adjust himself by habit to his food or else have just such food as his habits require.

If his constitution is vigorous, and his exercise regular, there is no fear that he will injure his present health or his future constitution by a free use of substantial diet.

If his health is delicate and his habits sedentary, he must adjust the quantity, and in some measure the quality, to his habits of body and life.

Those who would be delicate must live on delicate food. The humming-bird drinks only the dew, and sips only the honey of the sweetest flowers—but this is of small moment and little consequence.

The analysis of different kinds of food has done but little, either in a scientific or practical point of view, to ascertain the amount of nourishment it contains. Food itself contains a great quantity of electricity (vitality), and is seized upon by the electric fluids in the system; these reduce it to a homogeneous mass; the consequence is, that the article of food which in itself has the least of this or that constituent may produce at times the most active and permanent effect.

Graduating, however, by the different proportions of nourishment found in our most important articles, we may form, in some good degree, a rule for judging in regard to the strength or mildness of the particular articles of food.

Another important consideration is, that with regard to diet, much depends upon the manner in which it is prepared by cooking. This has, of itself, in all instances,—by the application of heat in a more or less

rapid manner, and in the exclusion of or exposure to atmospheric air, together with the articles used in seasoning,—a permanent and determinate effect upon it. The whole of the science (or, rather, philosophy) of food may be summed up in a single sentence: It must be found, on experiment, to nourish and strengthen, and must be received in amounts barely sufficient to invigorate and promote the general health of the body. But it scarcely falls within the design of this work to treat on domestic economy.

Most people will continue to live as they have been educated to do, and as habit, pride, and vanity dictate. It would be well for the common people, and especially for the poor, to reflect a little before laying out their money. It may be so expended as to go three times as far in nourishment, with the same amount of satisfaction in eating. I knew an Englishman who had to borrow a dollar on Saturday night, to buy seven pounds of beef at ten cents a pound, one pound of butter at twenty-five cents, and run in debt for three loaves of bread at the baker's. He had a wife and five children to provide for, and before the breakfast was finished on Monday morning, plates were empty. At the same time, he might have bought twenty-five pounds of buckwheat flour for fifty-six cents, six pounds of salt pork for thirty-six cents, and had

enough left to purchase one-third of a pound of butter. This would have lasted his family three times as long, answered the same purpose, and kept him out of debt; or he could have purchased a soup bone for twenty-five cents, two pounds of rice for ten cents, and had surplus money to buy butter and potatoes or whatever else he might choose.

This solitary estimate is sufficient to show how entirely destitute of economy we may be in making provision for the wants of life. To those who have ample means it is of less consequence, but it is lamentable to see poor children suffer for food, and, finally, for a home, in consequence of the want of a little economy in purchasing the daily food. As a general rule, food should be thoroughly cooked by a brisk fire. To those habituated to such nourishment the reverse will be crude and unhealthy. Plain food, well cooked, thankfully received, and cheerfully eaten, is exactly what is conducive—and the most conducive—to health, happiness, and life.

HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

The medical profession has existed from the earliest ages, and it is probable that as a profession it will

continue unchanged in its name for ages to come; yet in its nature and aspect great changes have been and still are being effected. It springs from the necessities, the hopes and fears, the ignorance and superstition of mankind, and until the people become instructed, confident, rational, and self-dependent, the practice of medicine must in a greater or less degree be in the hands of a profession—because just so long will the individuals composing society remain both disqualified and indisposed to act for themselves.—But we are glad that the time has come when people have begun to think and to awake to the subject, and we hope a new era in the science of medicine may soon dawn upon the world, and to this end will we direct our noblest energies.

The use of medicine had its origin with savage life. In the history of all nations, it is evident that the humblest tribes among them have a pharmacy of their own. The discovery of the medical virtues of certain plants, no doubt resulted from accident and casual observation. Driven by necessity, the sick or wounded savage has been led to take of the herbs of the field, or to apply them to his wounds. Out of many, in one instance, one has been successful, and then another; and these have prescribed to others, and in a short time the history becomes traditional,

and with the discovery of writing, communicated it in written language. One individual communicates the knowledge of fortunate discoveries; the more intelligent tribe collects the largest amount of vegetable remedies; the more energetic and talented and beneyolent, become acknowledged teachers and practitioners; they adopt rules and regulations, and are soon recognized as a distinct class of professional men, and are dignified by such honors and privileges as the people are pleased to confer. As the arts and sciences flourish, new discoveries are made, as to the active properties of minerals to operate on the system. By mistake, one has taken this and another that, and certain effects, as emetic or cathartic, have followed. Powerful extracts are discovered and their effects tried on animals and criminals, and their nature and efficiency determined. Thus on, till finally, in an age of discovery and experiment, all that has been ascertained by the hand of the chemist is brought to bear on the human system; and thus, after a few centuries, each civilized nation has a vast amount of different medicines, both vegetable and mineral, and professors, in number, dignity and privileges, just in proportion to the intellectual refinement of the age and nation in which they flourish. Thus the science of medicine, though far in the rear of other sciences,

mechanics and the fine arts, language, civil polity or religion, yet it has been slowly advancing; and we trust the day is dawning when it shall have arrived at a comparative degree of perfection.

The same may be said of the science of anatomy, or that practice of medicine connected with wounds, dislocations, and fractures. It was chance, which, under imperious necessity, led to the application of specifics to wounds inflicted by accident and in battles. Frequent experiments resulted in the replacing of fractured and dislocated limbs and being enabled to arrest the blood by closing up the arteries and in some extreme cases tying them;—the more daring determined to save life in mortification, by the amputation of the affected limb, or the extraction of the tumor.

This led to an examination of the system, to see what loss of section did or did not endanger life; how the severing of arteries, nerves, and tissues might be avoided, and how the dislocated limb could be the most easily reduced to its natural position. Frequent and bloody battles opened before the experimenter a vast field for operation. Criminals and prisoners, whose lives were regarded as forfeited, fell into his hands; his discoveries and operations were made known; others adopted the same mode, and

after a long time a system of anatomy and surgery became more or less perfectly formed and universally adopted. Comparative anatomy aided the experimenter. The natural inquisitiveness of men ambitious of distinction and pre-eminence, and the tangibility of the work, were all calculated to facilitate the rapid acquisition of the science, and the consequence has been that anatomy among all civilized nations has attained higher perfection, and at a far earlier period than the practice of medicine.

In the more enlightened parts of Europe and in the United States, anatomy and surgery have been carried to the highest perfection. Every nerve, muscle, artery, vein, tissue and gland, has been perfectly designated;—the keenness and fineness of the most perfect instruments, the powers of the strongest glasses, the steadiness of the most skillful hands, and the penetration of the wisest heads, have all been exerted to penetrate, if possible, even beyond visible and tangible existence the wonderful formation of the human body.

During the whole course of the history of medicine, we find the same causes of opposition to any improvement which exist in every other department of science. All professions are opposed to innovations. It is apparently an impeachment of the pene-

tration and skill of the many, for any one individual to come forth and virtually say, "I have discovered this or that system, and you are as yet ignorant in regard to some of the most important truths connected with the profession." It moreover, if the discovery be of any considerable importance, puts them to difficulty, since there must be a change in their language, habits, and teachings.

The most talented and celebrated generally dictate, and since each regards the profession more in pride and selfishness than in humility and benevolence, and are connected with the influential in society, there is exerted a mass of opposition against any man or set of men who shall engage in an effort to produce reform in practice. It ever has been, and probably ever will be, the case. The disposition and habits of universal society necessarily require it. We therefore find that all important changes have been effected at individual sacrifice. The good proposed, has been slowly received and almost forced upon the profession. The individuals themselves have been denounced as innovators, quacks, and empyrics. Different theories and systems, crude, false and absurd, have long continued to flourish, and to them have the people been sacrificed. The contest which has so long been waging—whether the vegetable or mineral

practice is most conducive to health and life—we are happy to say has gained a vast majority in favor of the former, while the latter is rapidly decreasing, and we sincerely hope it will ere long be buried in oblivion, never to have a resurrection.

Thus much for the history of the science of medicine, thus far. What there is in the future connected with it, remains yet to be seen.

I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; yet I feel safe in making the daring prediction that the whole mineral system, which is already so shaken at its foundation, will by and by be entirely overthrown; and if in my nature there remains one spark of vanity, it is that I am proud to defend the practice which my despised and persecuted father introduced, and will do all in my power to stay the monster which has slain its thousands, to level to the earth that false system which has stood for ages, and erect the living standard of truth in its stead.

PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE.

Next to food, it is evident medicine claims our serious and fixed attention. To know what medicine

is, and what articles or combination of articles constitute it, is the subject of the present enquiry.

Medicine is that which is used in effecting a cure. To become so, it must be that which, all things considered, is exactly, or if not exactly, the best *materia* constituted to do it. If this be the case, it is evidently medicine and the result medicinal. But if, on the contrary, it be not calculated to produce this effect—if it only partially produces it—if it leaves a weakly, ruined constitution, and especially if it is used when a better may be substituted—it is then so far poison, and the effect poisonous. This being the case, we proceed to an examination of the articles which should be used as medicine to produce a medicinal effect, in the same manner as we would test the qualities of food, to nourish and strengthen the body.—We shall naturally and rationally seek medicine in that which is spread before and around us. We should depend upon the eye, taste, smell and feelings, and we should most assuredly, under this sense of dependence, seek the herbs and plants of the field, and not the minerals of the earth. It is evident in the history of medicine, that we should profit by everything which either accident or experiment has made known to us. We should regard the subject, not so much in the light of science, as of fact, proof,

demonstration. If wise and truly benevolent, as individuals, and as a community, we should immediately adopt such means as have by experiment been found demonstrably true and effectual in curing disease. But as individuals and a community, we are not truly wise and benevolent; and we have already shown in the history of medicine that every discovery, improvement, and change, has to be tested, opposed, and the individuals more or less persecuted through whose instrumentality they are supposed to be effected.

In attending to the philosophy of medicine, it is found that vegetables of a warm and exciting nature, are far better adapted to the human constitution, than those of a cold and paralyzing tendency, and that these warm and exciting medicines of a vegetable kind are almost infinitely superior to minerals. It is simply because if we should receive increased energy from food, in order to health, much more should we from medicine. We have the authority of the ablest investigators, and the experience of all that we have ourselves seen and known, that all mineral solutions or chemical preparations from minerals, soon change back into a crude and crystalized form, or in small particles become incorporated into the solid parts of the body, as the nerves, muscles, and bones, and can-

not be thrown off through the energy of the electric circulation of the system; and as a necessary consequence derangement and disease soon follow. In regard to those vegetable medicines which are of a cold, paralyzing, poisonous nature,—such as Wild Parsnip, White Helibore, Deadly Nightshade, and many others which I could mention,—they are to be rejected, because a depression of the nervous system is dangerous, inasmuch as the nerves are the conductors of the vital fluid, pervading the whole body and forming in a universal expansion the skin—it is therefore striking at once at vitality itself. It is letting down all the energies of life, clogging the healthy action of every vessel, and subjecting the system to a depression from which it is difficult to raise it. It is sinking youth at once to old age. That it is not still more frequently hopeless in the result, can be ascribed only to the extraordinary efforts which nature makes to relieve herself from the violence to which she is exposed, and the evils to which she is subjected. By the use of the warming vegetable remedies which we recommend, and so strenuously contend for, all these evils may be avoided and much good secured to the world at large.

THE HUMAN BODY.

The difference between vegetables and animals, as regards body, consists in the fact that vegetables are confined to the ground, while animals change their position; vegetables are destitute of determinate voluntary action in the exercise of will and muscular energy, while animals are possessed of both, varying from that which is barely perceptible to its full and determinate exhibition in man.

What has been called the instinct of animals and the reason of man, is one and the same, differing only in the degrees of perfection, and the more perfectly and transcendently displayed results in man, because of the more perfect animal formation by which he is enabled to profit by the past—become an educated being, and combine in himself the feeling and energies of mind. Though like begets like, yet the physical organization of the human family,—of the distinct races of men, of different nations, and of different societies, and even of the solitary individual,—depends upon circumstances. When these are favorable there is an advance in the beauty, symmetry, and perfection of form: when adverse, they retrograde. This truth is so manifest, and so universally believed, that it will

not be necessary to argue the point. The specific difference between organic and inorganic existence has been generally described as consisting in form and extension: the organic having rotundity and limitation, while the inorganic has angularity, and is illimitable.

It is thus that in appearance there is more angularity in inorganic bodies, and yet they are capable of entering upon the most perfect lines of spherical grace and beauty, and susceptible of tints in color far surpassing everything that is seen in vegetable or animal formation. The fact is, there is a regular progression in the line of perfection, from the crude pebble to the diamond; and the most intimate connection between the highest perfection in inorganic existence and that which is lowest in organic, and between the highest in vegetable and the lowest in animal. In physical formation, the lowest among men is below the highest among those called inferior animals. As to extension, the lines of limitation are indeterminate. If we descend, we find the animal and vegetable formation two million times beyond the unassisted powers of vision. As there are invisible beings below us too small to be seen, so may there be above us too large and subtil. But with these speculations we have nothing to do.

As regards the human body, there is a difference between the male and female, with respect to size and form. While the man from weak and effeminate parentage,—delicately brought up and kept from all athletic employments, everything to call into action the energies of the body and mind,—sinks below the female who is of vigorous parentage, and accustomed to a hardy, out-door, busy life, there is evidently, circumstances being the same, more lightness and delicacy of form and body in the female than the male. It is the same with man as with all other animals. He excels in strength and bodily perfection. He is better proportioned in size and contraction from his hips to his shoulders, and has therefore a more direct, steady and dignified movement in gait, and greater freedom in action. Having nothing exuberant in the breasts to affect a balance, he has less necessity for a curvature of the back, and on this account, also, his position is the more erect. In some respects, however, the female far transcends the male in the line of grace. There is usually more of rotundity and delicacy in limbs and features. These, in the females, are not destroyed by muscular development, and by a strong and protracted intensity of thought and mental exercise.

Independent of these exceptions, the body of the

male and female are the same. They are so constituted as to become the counterpart to each other. The man is the more majestic—the woman the more beautiful; the man more noble—the woman the more fascinating; the man the more confided in—the woman the more beloved; the man of the more commanding talent—the woman the more sentimental and lovely; the man the origin, and the woman the fountain of enjoyment.

MANIFESTATIONS OF NATURE.

Upon investigating the faculties of the body, physically, morally, and intellectually, it is interesting to notice the wonderful powers possessed by the human family, though it would be vain for me to attempt to enumerate or explain them. It is a machine which is not like a perpetual motion independent of aid,—but this beautiful piece of mechanism—this harp of millions of strings must be continually acted upon, that its vibrations may be felt and understood.

Eating, drinking, and breathing, are the principal agents by which this vibration is kept up. How nu-

merous are the *demands* of nature! Who can enumerate them? Who can limit them? More than three thousand differently flavored articles of food and drink have been provided for our use; and these we are to use as our own judgment shall dictate. No one can stand by and appropriate to his friend the exact quantity or kind of sustenance which his system requires.

By sustenance I mean not merely the solid nutriment or food taken, but all the elements which help to support life. The food we eat acts as solids to the body;—what we drink, together with the atmosphere we inhale, acts as fluids to the body.

The colder the climate, the greater the quantity, and more substantial quality of food is required; the warmer the weather, and the less the body is exposed, the less are its requirements; and it is one of the beautiful designs or arrangements of Providence, that the constitution and wants of each individual are adapted to their own climate.

At the South, in the region of the Torrid Zone, the demands of nature are very easily satisfied;—a little coffee and rice is sufficient. In the Temperate Zone, animal as well as vegetable food, and in comparatively large quantities, is required; while at the North, the inhabitants of the Frigid Zone take the

clear oil, the strongest kind of nutriment; and this is none too bracing to support them amid those regions of ice and snow.

God has designed that man shall inhabit all parts of the earth;—this is a privilege which he has given to no other species of His animal creation. But as I before stated, they must be constituted accordingly. We in the State of New York, could not go to the Equator and live as we now live. Here we need several thicknesses of clothing, and much of the time woolen, to protect our bodies, even in this temperate climate;—there we would have to lay it off for a lighter article. Neither could we go to the frozen regions of the North, and (without additional protection to our bodies) endure the rigors of that climate where bear-skin furs are indispensable as an article of clothing, to shield the natives from the severity of the weather. Yet it is their home, and they cling to it. They would not exchange their low Esquimaux hut for a home amid the sunny isles of the South, nor lay off their bear-skin furs for the light cotton fabrics worn in warmer climes. They have a strong attachment for their native soil; and they, as well as we, can say:

“Before all lands, in East or West,
We love our native land the best.”

HOW OUR SENSES PROTECT THE STOMACH.

I find, upon examination, that the Stomach has guards placed around it to protect it from the many abuses which might be practiced upon it;—for instance, if the wife should ask her husband what he would like for dinner, saying she would prepare whatever he might choose. The mind would instantly revive the great variety of articles of food provided for us, and ask the stomach what it would prefer;—the stomach tells the mind, and the mind, or President as we propose to call it, tells the stomach to say Roast Turkey.

The stomach waits impatiently, and the mouth waters—so anxious too taste the *roast turkey*. Noon comes, and the turkey is brought on *raw*. The president sees it, and orders the mouth to forbid its going into the stomach,—at the same time telling the wife it is *raw*, and he cannot eat it.

Again it comes on cooked, and the president accepts it through the *eye*; then he examines it through the next sensitive organ, the *nose*. Again he objects to it, and orders the mouth to tell the wife it was stale and tainted before it was cooked, and he will not take it into his stomach.

Again it looks well and smells well, and he concludes to try the mouth and see if it *tastes* well. He tastes, and to his disappointment it has not been seasoned—not even salted—fresh as lard, and he orders the mouth not to swallow it, but spit it out.

Again he accepts it through the eye, nose, and mouth, and lets it go into the stomach; but now he finds that though it was just what the appetite desired, it was not the kind of food the stomach was prepared to digest, and it will not retain it but throw it off; and here we can see divine wisdom displayed in the constitution of the different creatures which God has made.

We are too apt to let our *appetites* rather than our *better judgments* control us; and for this reason we often suffer that to be taken into the stomach which is not at all suited to it, and which it will resist; and I regard this as the main, if not the only reason, why man, and all the animals which eat flesh, are so constituted as to vomit. We are so liable to eat animal food which our stomachs cannot digest, that we have been made capable of throwing it off.

Our senses are guards placed around the stomach to prevent its taking indigestible food; and every person has this president in the head, with whom to consult with regard to what is best for the stomach,

though we do not always abide by his counsels;—if so it would be less abused, and less sickness would be the inevitable result.

KNOWLEDGE AS CONVEYED THROUGH COMPARISONS.

Upon investigating the perceptive faculties of man—which are hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling,—I find that most, if not all, of our ideas are conveyed through these organs to the brain of understanding, by means of comparisons: that is, an idea of something not familiar is formed by illustrating or comparing it with something which is so: as, for example, we fix one eye (the organ of sight) upon an object, and we do not know what it is. The impression made upon the retina of the eye is carried by the optic nerve to the brain of understanding, and *this*—not the *eye*—sees the object; now we wish to convey to another a knowledge of what we see, but as we do not know the name of the object this must be done by comparing it with something familiar and common.

Perhaps we see an *air balloon*, and wish to describe it to a friend who has never seen one. We tell him

it is as round as a *pumpkin* and as large as a *haystack*, and that it is hollow and inflated with *gas*, which causes it to rise and float in the air: from this simple comparison he could gather something of an idea of an air balloon.

We hear a sound, and inquire what noise that is. We are told that it is music. Well, what music? is it a drum, a violin, a piano, or an organ? Neither: it is a bagpipe. All sound is conveyed to the brain through the ear, and the music takes its name from the instrument upon which it is produced.

If you smell something that you never smelled before, you ask what smells so. Why, what does it smell like? a rose, a pink, an orange, or a pineapple? No: that odious smell is not like any of these. What then? carrion, or a skunk? If either, you will remember it always, and never again have occasion to inquire.

If you taste what you never tasted before, you ask what it is. Does it taste like an apple, a peach, or a pear? No: but it is hot like pepper, leaves a prickling sensation like nettles, and has a disagreeable flavor. When told that it is a *green wild turnip*, you will never forget how a green wild turnip tastes.

You feel something upon your flesh; you do not know what it is; it does not feel soft like fur, nor

smooth like silk, neither is it hard like stone, or cold like iron, but it is hot, and causes a sensation of pain. Is it not like fire, or the lash? When these are felt the impression is firmly and speedily made and never forgotten.

Thus, we see, the brain of understanding, or President, sits in the center of the head and receives information or knowledge through these organs: the organs themselves have no knowledge. He sits back some distance from the eye, and as by means of a *spy glass* or *telescope* our vision is improved and distant objects brought near, so by means of the optic nerve the President, or brain, sees through the eye, also through the ear he hears, through the nose he smells, through the mouth he tastes, and through the nerves he feels.

Thus I have briefly attempted to show some of the ways in which our senses may be employed to convey knowledge by comparisons. In all the works of creation we find a certain analogy existing, one thing with another: nothing is made which can exist of itself independent and alone; and though at first we may not detect any resemblance between different objects, upon more minute examination we shall discover a very striking analogy. Few, if any, would see at a glance a correspondence between man and

any of the other works either of nature or of art, but as I have thus far made use of various comparisons, I shall make one more illustration in this way, and endeavor to show, philosophically, my idea of

THE HUMAN BODY AS A NATION.

Who has ever examined this powerful machine and found an appropriate comparison for it! As I looked and thought upon it, I thought I would compare it to a township, and show a corresponding resemblance to the various offices it performs. But I found that a town was entirely too small to embrace all I wished to show. I then thought of the county, and that, also, was too circumscribed; I tried the state, and that would not do; I found the world was none too large to embrace it all—but I concluded to regard the Human Body as a Nation, and shall take the United States as a comparison by which to illustrate my views.

We first wish to know where is the seat of government for the Nation. It is well known to be at Washington. But where is it in the body? I answer, In the Head: this is Congress Hall. How many doors or entrances are there leading into the Capitol? Seven: two eyes, two ears, the nose, the

mouth, and the nerves. What are the Members of Congress? The Brains. Where is the President? He stands in the center; he is that transparent part of the brain—the Brain of Understanding—where all the nerves concentrate, and all impressions made upon them are understood. Here all complaints are made, and all offences of the nation tried.

Where are the Soldiers, and Sentrymen whose business it is to guard the nation from any invasion or depredation which might be committed upon them? This is the business of the Blood. This guards the body from disease and the severity of the weather.

Where is the Barrack or Fort for the soldiers? This is the Heart. Where is the Commissary Department where the army is supported or fed? This important office is performed by the Stomach.

If the nation is invaded at the most extreme point, in Maine, for instance, corresponding with the extremity of the body, as the foot, how are the news sent to the President or brain of understanding? As in national affairs all important news are communicated by means of the telegraphic wires, so in the body such operations are performed by the Nerves, which occupy a position in the body similar to that of the telegraphic wires in the nation. But as the wires are useless without a battery, so are the nerves without

Electricity. How is this supplied? This is furnished by the Lungs. What are these nerves which we have denominated telegraphic wires? They are hollow tubes, and vital magnetism is conveyed through them. If this escapes, or wastes, at any nerve, pain and throbbing immediately begin.

All nations have a commerce or trade which is carried on with different countries by means of imports and exports. This is true, also, of the body. The food and drink, together with the atmosphere we inhale, and all that is taken into the system, are its imports; and whatever escapes from the system are its exports. The imports of the body somewhat exceed the exports, and this supports and keeps it healthy, but the reverse of this would be healthier for the nation.

Supposing an attack is made at the great toe, for instance, by General Frost: when he nips the toe, how speedily the news flies back to Washington, or the head, to notify the President, or brain, to rally the soldiers, or blood. This is sent on, and the toe is soon filled with soldiers to defend it against another attack of General Frost. The victory is gained, and the foot is crimson red, it is so full of soldiers, or blood.

Some nations, as China, for example, are walled in, and no intruders are allowed to enter. This may

not, in a general sense, be considered an appropriate comparison, as nations are not, like the human body, all walled in alike; yet each nation of itself has its limits, or a certain boundary. So, also, has the body. The skin, or surface, I shall designate as this boundary. Why do we place a shield, or covering, over this wall of the body? Because it is not of itself sufficient to protect the nation. The scorching sun, the piercing winds, the driving storm, and inclement weather, would be too severe for so frail a wall to stand against. Why is it that *Man* requires this shield while all the *inferior animals*, or brutes, are naturally provided with a shield sufficient to protect them in the climate to which they are adapted? Because God designed that man should live and roam at pleasure all over His earth, and as in different portions of the earth he finds different climates and different degrees of heat and cold, so the body must be protected as circumstances may require, and the thickness and warmth of the clothing varied according to the different degrees of temperature to which he is exposed.

ADDING AND DIMINISHING OF THE SYSTEM BY FLUIDS AND SOLIDS.

Why is it that people are thirsty and drink more in warm weather than in cold? Simply because the fluids of the body then escape more rapidly through the perspiring vessels, and this causes the ventilators of the body to relax, and the system suffers a great waste, which must be supplied according as the feelings shall dictate.

A man at work in a furnace, in salt works, or any other very warm place, will drink his weight of water in eighteen hours, and nearly all would pass off through the ventilators.

Where they stand and draw salt, it is so warm the thermometer will rise from 90 to 100 degrees. They will sweat so freely, it seems almost like water running through a sieve. The more the system is relaxed in warm weather and the more we sweat, the greater the draft on the system, and the more drink is required to fill the vacuum.

The adding and diminishing of the system from week to week, is scarcely perceptible; perhaps it may not vary two ounces; and yet should we know the exact amount in weight of food and drink taken

in one week—also that which we can discover which escapes from the system, we should find that the quantity which escapes is not one-third as much as that taken, and yet the weight of the body remains the same. Then what has become of this great quantity which has been received? It has gone to support and keep up the motion of the body, and has passed off insensibly, through the various channels, by friction and otherwise.

Many do not understand why we breathe so hard, and fast, when we run or exercise the body in any way more than ordinarily. They do not seem to know that the greater the friction of the body, the greater the waste of vital magnetism, and it must be supplied by the lungs by puffing and blowing, to fill the nerves with this fluid or element, which can no more be dispensed with than eating when hungry, or drinking when thirsty. In either case, if neglected too long, it will produce death.

It is well understood that the colder the weather, and the more the body is exposed to the cold, the stronger fuel or food is required to keep up the warmth or vitality. This is true of animals as well as men.

THREE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF THE WORLD.

There are three theories which have always, in a greater or less degree, occupied the attention of mankind, viz :—Religion, Government and Medicine. In ages past, these were almost universally considered as belonging to three classes of men—Priests, Lawyers, and Physicians.

The Priests held the things of Religion in their own hands, and brought the people to their terms—kept the Scriptures in the dead languages, so that the common people could not read them. But those days of darkness are done away—the Scriptures are translated into our own language, and each one is taught to read for himself.

Government was once (and still is, in some countries,) considered as belonging to the few, who thought themselves “born to rule.” But our people have now become acquainted with the great secret of Government, and know that “all men are born free and equal,” and that officers and rulers are put in authority, or out, by the voice of the people, who choose them as their public servants.

Yet while these and many other things are brought where common people can understand and comprehend them, the knowledge and use of medicine is still in a great measure concealed in a dead language, and a sick man is often obliged to risk his life where he would not risk a dollar; and should the apothecary or his apprentice make a mistake, the sick man cannot correct it, and is thus exposed to an instrument of death, instead of that which would restore him to health, did he know good medicine.

“It may be alleged,” said Dr. Buchan, “that laying medicine more open to mankind, would lessen their faith in it. This indeed would be the case with regard to some; but it would have a quite contrary effect upon others. I know some people who have the utmost dread and horror of everything prescribed by a physician, who will, nevertheless, very readily take a medicine which they know, and whose qualities they are in some measure acquainted with.

“Nothing ever can or will inspire mankind with an absolute confidence in physicians, but by their being open, frank and undisguised in their behavior.

“The most effectual way to destroy quackery in any art or science, is to diffuse the knowledge of it among mankind. Did physicians write their prescriptions in the common language of the country,

and explain their intentions to the patient, it would enable him to know when the medicine had the desired effect—would inspire him with absolute confidence in the physician; and would make him dread and detest every man who pretended to cram a secret medicine or poison down his throat.”

It is true that much of what is at this day called medicine, is deadly poison; and were people to know what is offered them of this kind, they would absolutely refuse ever to receive it as a medicine. This I have long seen, and know to be true; and have labored hard for many years to convince them of the evils that attend such a mode of procedure with the sick; and have turned my attention to those remedies which grow in our own country—which Nature has provided for the benefit of mankind. Long has a general medicine been sought for, and I am confident that such as I recommend is universally applicable in all cases of disease, and which may be used with safety and success in the hands of the people.

After forty years study, and repeated successful trials of the medicinal vegetables of our own country, in all the diseases incident to our climate, I can with well-grounded assurance recommend this system of

practice and medicine to the public as salutary and efficacious.

Great discoveries and improvements have been made in various arts and sciences since the first settlement of our country, while its medicines have been very much neglected. As these medicines, suited to every disease, grow spontaneously upon our own soil—as they are better adapted to the constitution—as the price of imported drugs is very high—it follows, whether we consult health, which is of primary importance, or expense, a decided preference should be given to the former, as an object of such magnitude as no longer to be neglected. Yet in the introduction of those medicines I have been violently opposed, and my theory and practice condemned, notwithstanding the demonstrative proofs in their favor. But those who thus condemn have taken no pains to throw off prejudice, and examine the subject with candor and impartiality. Such as have, are thoroughly satisfied of their utility and superior excellence.

From those who measure a man's understanding and ability to be beneficial to his fellow-men, only from the acquisitions obtained from books; from such as are governed by outward appearance, and who will not stoop to examine a system on the ground of

its intrinsic merit,—I expect not encouragement, but opposition. But this has not, and will not, discourage me. I consider the discovery made by my father, and which I so strongly advocate, of inestimable value to mankind, and intended for the great benefit of those who are willing to receive it.

Being born in a comparatively new country, as I have before stated, the advantages afforded me for an education were very small; but possessing a natural gift for examining the things of Nature, my mind was left entirely free to follow that inclination, by inquiring into the meaning of the great variety of objects around me.

Possessing a body like other men, I have been led to inquire into the nature of the component parts of which man is made. I find him composed of the five elements—Earth, Water, Electricity, Fire and Air. The earth and water I recognize as the solids; the electricity, fire and air, the fluids. The first two I find to be the component parts; the remaining three keep him in motion. I maintain the assertion made by my father, that Heat is life, and Cold is death; though in addition to this, I contend that electricity performs an important office in the maintenance of life and motion.

I shall now attempt to describe the fuel which

continues the fire, or life of man. This is contained in two things, food and medicine, which are in harmony with each other, and often grow in the same field, to be used by the same people. People who are capable of raising their food, and preparing the same, may as easily learn to collect and prepare all their medicines, and administer the same when it is needed. Our life depends on heat; food is the fuel that kindles and continues that heat. The digestive powers being correct, causes the food to consume;—this continues the warmth of the body, by continually supporting the fire.

The stomach is the depository from which the whole body is supported. The heat is maintained in the stomach by consuming the food; and all the body and limbs receive their proportion of nourishment and heat from that source—as the whole room is warmed by the fuel which is consumed in the fireplace.

The greater the quantity of wood consumed in the fireplace, the greater the heat in the room. So in the body: the more food, well digested, the more heat and support through the whole man. By constantly receiving into the stomach food which is sometimes not suitable for the best nourishment, the stomach becomes foul, so that the food is not well digested.—

This causes the body to lose its heat—then the appetite fails—the bones ache—and the whole body is sick.

This situation of the body shows the need of medicine, and the kind needed, which is such as will clear the stomach and bowels, and restore the digestive powers. When this is done, the food will raise the heat again, and nourish the whole man. All the art required to do this, is to know what medicine will do it, and how to administer it,—as a person knows how to clear a stove and the pipe, when clogged with soot, that the fire may burn free and the room be warm as before.

The body, after being cleared of whatever clogs it, will consume double the food and the food will afford double the nourishment and heat that it did before. We know that our lives depend upon food and upon our stomachs being in a situation to receive and digest it. When the stomach and bowels are clogged, all that is needed is the most suitable medicine to remove the obstructions in the system. All disease is caused by clogging the system, and all disease is removed by removing the clog and restoring the digestive powers, so that food may keep up that heat on which the life depends.

I have found by continued experience in my practice, that the licensed doctors are wrong in considering

fever a disease or enemy. After finding a general principle respecting fevers and reducing that to practice, I find it sure in all difficulties where there is any nature left to build on.

It has been acknowledged, even by those who are unfriendly to me and my practice, that my medicine may be good in some particular cases, but not in all. But this is an error—for there are but two great principles in the constitution of things, whether applied to the mind or to the body: the principle of life, and the principle of death. That which contains the principle of life may be perverted, by a misapplication, into an administration of death, as the stomach may be overloaded and injured, even by wholesome food, but nothing that is wholesome in any case, unless abused, can be tortured into an administration of death.

If, then, a medicine is good, in any case, it is because it is agreeable to nature, or this principle of life, the very opposite of disease. If it is agreeable in one case, it must be absolutely so in all. By the active operation of nature, the whole animal economy is carried on; and the father of the healing art, Hippocrates, tells us, what is an obvious truth, that Nature is heat,—and that heat is natural, is as obviously true. The principle is the same in all, differing only in de-

gree. When disease invades the frame it resists, in proportion to its force, until overpowered into submission, and when extinguished death follows, and it ceases to operate alike in all. If, then, heat is life, and its extinction death, a diminution of this vital flame, in every instance, constitutes disease, and is an approximation to death. All, then, that medicine can do in the expulsion of disorder, is to kindle up the decaying spark and restore its energy till it glows in all its wonted vigor.

If a direct administration can be made to produce this effect (and it can), it is evidently immaterial what is the name or color of the disease, whether bilious, yellow, scarlet, or spotted,—whether it is simple or complicated, or whether Nature has one enemy or more. Names are arbitrary things: the knowledge of a name is but the cummin and annis: but in the knowledge of the origin of a malady and its antidote, lie the weightier matters of this science. This knowledge makes the genuine physician: all without it is real quackery.

It has been a general opinion that extensive study and great erudition are necessary to form the eminent physician. “But all this may be,” as Paul saith, but science falsely so called. A man may have a scientific knowledge of the human frame—he may know

the names, in every language, of every medicine, mineral and vegetable, as well as every disease,—and yet be a miserable physician.

But there have been men without this to boast of, from the earliest ages of the world, who have “arisen, blest with the sublime powers of genius, who have, as it were, with one look pierced creation, and with one comprehensive view grasped the whole circle of science, and left learning itself toiling after them in vain.”

A man never can be great without intellect, and he can never more than fill the measure of his own capacity. There is a power beyond the reach of art, and there are gifts which study and learning can never rival.

The practice of the licensed men at the present time, is not to use those means which would be most likely to cure disease; but to try experiments upon what they have read in books, and to see how much a patient can bear without producing death. After pursuing this plan during their lives, they know just about as much as they did when they began to practice, of what is really useful to mankind. If a patient dies under their treatment, why, it is the will of God, and they are sure to get extravagantly paid for their trouble, and nothing more is said about it; but let one out of hundreds of my patients die, even

where they have been pronounced by the licensed doctors as incurable, and they at once cry out that it is quackery—that I gave them poison, &c., for the purpose of condemning me, and running my medicine down to prevent its being used by the people.—The fact is well known to thousands who have used my medicine, and to which they are ready to attest, that it is perfectly harmless, and I defy the faculty to produce one instance wherein it has had any bad effects.

It is true that the study of anatomy, or structure of the human body, and of the whole animal economy, is pleasing and useful; nor is there any objection to this, however minute and critical, if it is not to the neglect of first great principles, and the weightier matters of knowledge. But it is no more necessary to mankind at large, to qualify them to administer relief from pain and sickness, than to a cook in preparing food to satisfy hunger and nourishing the body. There is one general cause of hunger, and one general means by which it is supplied; one general cause of disease, and one general remedy. One can be satisfied and the other removed by an infinite variety of articles, but adapted to those different purposes. That medicine, therefore, that will remove obstruction, promote perspiration, and restore diges-

tion, is suited to every patient, whatever form the disease assumes, and is universally applicable.

GENERAL REMARKS ON FEVERS.

Much has been said and written upon fevers, by the professedly learned Doctors of Medicine, without throwing the most profitable light on the subject, or to any great degree benefitting mankind. They have with great care and accuracy distinguished the different symptoms; but they appear to be quite ignorant as to the knowledge of their origin and remedy. As to the first, but little importance, comparatively speaking, can be attached; the latter is of the highest importance to all classes of people.

According to the writings of learned Physicians, there are a great variety of fevers—some more and some less dangerous. One of the worst forms of disease, is what is commonly called typhoid fever.—In this disease, the lungs, stomach and bowels, are cankered like the throat and mouth; the throat gets so full of this coating as to prevent swallowing, and unless there is a great effort made to clear the stomach, and break down the coating, the patient

must choke down and die; then it is said that the fever has killed the patient.

If the Sheriff should hang a murderer, and then say that fever killed him, what would the bystanders say? Every person with common sense would know better. But what does the licensed man say in the first case? "Why, he died with a fever." So the rope is the fever in one case, and the slime and jell in the other.

But to begin with the definition of the *name*.—What is fever? Heat undoubtedly, though a disturbed operation of it. But is there, in the human frame, more than one kind of heat? "Yes," says the physician, "strange as it may appear, there is the pleuritic heat, the slow nervous heat, the putrid heat, the hectic heat, the yellow heat, the spotted or cold heat, the typhus or ignorant heat, and many other heats, and sometimes, calamitous to tell, one poor patient has the most or the whole of these fevers, and dies at last for want of heat!"

According to the laws of nature, there is a cause for every effect. Hippocrates, the acknowledged father of physicians, maintained that nature is heat; and he is correct. Is nature a disease? Surely it is not. What is commonly called fever is the effect, and not the cause, of disease. It is the struggle of

nature to throw off disease. The cold causes an obstruction, and the fever arises in consequence of that obstruction, to throw it off. This is universally the case. Remove the cause, and the effect will cease. We all have a greater or less degree of fever, and could not live one day without it. According to the present science of medical practice, if you or I were to die, we should have ten times as much heat as we now have; because death is like other conquests, showing honor and glory in its victory. But this theory is not correct. According to my theory, we should be ten times as cold; because the air is choked out of the lungs, and the heat and electricity are put out.

No person ever died of a fever; for as death approaches, the patient grows cold, until in death the last spark of heat is extinguished. This the licensed men cannot deny; and as this is true, they ought in justice to acknowledge that their whole train of depletive remedies are so many deadly engines, combined with the disease, against the constitution and life of the patient. If cold, which is the commonly received opinion, and which is true, is the cause of fever,—to repeatedly administer cold, paralyzing, deadly remedies to restore the patient to health, is as

unreasonable as if a man should, to increase the fire in his stove, throw on water, snow and ice!

I have had the fever or heat in my system so nearly extinguished, (not by obstruction or the rope,) that I could not pull a mitten off one hand with the other; but when I had raised the fever or heat, I could pull it off as quick as ever. So I find the heat and electricity of the body are required to be kept up. This shows the want of healthy air, food, drink, and raiment; if either is bad, the system is liable to lose these elements, and become overcharged, clogged and run down; and the licensed man's failure—whether from ignorance or wilful neglect to apply the proper remedies—often leads to a general prostration of the vital energies of the body; and the patient, too debilitated for medicine to have a favorable operation, is left without hope either from his doctor's medicine or sage advice, and can only rely upon the natural strength of his constitution, to raise him from his depleted condition and prolong his life! Strange that the human system, originally perfect and complete, should thus suffer by folly, neglect, and poisonous drugs, when a faithful application of the remedies which Nature—ever mindful of the wants of man—has so kindly placed within the reach of all, will ensure relief!

The M. D. will tell you, after he has given more poison, and applied more drugs than his patient can bear, that it is the *fever* which causes the poor man's distress—the congestion on his lungs, bowels, brain or heart, or the inflammation or dropsy in some of these organs. This is the usual song, and satisfies the family, who have accustomed themselves to regard “the doctor” with awe and reverence. He may well say that he has “given the sick man medicine enough to kill half a dozen well persons, and all did no good!” No wonder the patient dies. “His time had come!” is the cry, and “No one's to blame!” “Death will claim its victim!” How long will people submit to such humbug and imposture?

Many people have a great dread, or fear, of medicine, and they have good reason, for they too well know that when they have called in a licensed man, instead of *medicine* they have received *poison*. The patient who has lived through one fit of sickness under such treatment, will strongly urge that medicine should only be resorted to when the disease is worse than the remedy.

And it is a fact which cannot be denied, that fever takes its rise from one great cause, or origin: it follows, of course, that one method of removing that

cause will answer in all cases—and the great principle is to assist Nature, which is heat.

At the commencement of a fever, by the direct and proper application of suitable medicine it may be easily and speedily removed, and the patient need not be sick any length of time. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours, at the utmost, are sufficient, and often in less than that time the fever may be removed, or that which is the cause of it. But where the patient is left, unassisted, to struggle with the disease until his strength is exhausted, and, more especially, when the most unnatural and injurious administrations are made, if a recovery is possible, it must, of necessity, take a longer time. These declarations are true, and have been often proved (and can be again) to the satisfaction of every candid unprejudiced person who has the general good in view.

In view of all this, how true are the words of the intelligent Dr. Hervey, who says: “By what unaccountable perversity in our frame does it appear that we set ourselves so much against everything that is new? Can anyone behold without scorn such drones of physicians? and after the space of so many hundred years’ experience and practice of their predecessors, not one single medicine has been detected, that has the least force directly to prevent, to oppose and ex-

pel a continued fever! Should any, by a more sedulous observation, pretend to make the least step toward the discovery of such remedies, their hatred and envy would swell against him like a legion of devils against virtue; the whole society will dart their malice at him and torture him with all the calumnies imaginable, without sticking at anything that should destroy him root or branch. For he who professes to be a reformer of the art of physic must resolve to run the hazard of the martyrdom of his reputation, life, and estate."

The treatment which the writer, and his father before him, have received from some of the licensed doctors, since their discovery of the remedy for fever and various other forms of disease, is a proof of the truth of this last saying of Dr. Hervey.

I will now take notice of what is called the yellow fever. The cause of this fatal disease is similar to that of spotted fever. The cause of death in the latter is in consequence of its producing a balance by cold, outward and inward; and in the former there is a balance of heat outward and inward: both produce the same result—that is, a total cessation of motion, which is death. The color of the skin has given name to both these diseases. The yellow is caused by the obstruction of the gall: instead of being discharged

through its proper channels, it is forced and diffused through the pores of the skin. The same effects that are produced by these two fevers, may be observed in the motion of the sea: when the tide is done running up, there is what is called slack water, or a balance of power, and the same thing takes place when it is done running down: when the fountain is raised the water runs from it, but when it is lowered the water runs toward it. The same cause produces the same effects in the spotted and yellow fevers: for when a balance of power between the outward and inward heat takes place, death follows.

Having described these two kinds of fever, as I understand them, I shall pass over those of a less alarming nature, and merely observe, that there is no other difference in all cases of fever than what is caused by the different degrees of cold, or loss of inward heat, —which are two adverse parties in one body, contending for power. If the heat gains the victory, the cold will be disinherited, and health will be restored; but, on the other hand, if cold gains the ascendancy, heat will be dispossessed of its empire, and death will follow, of course. As soon as life ceases, the body becomes cold, which is conclusive evidence that its gaining the victory is the cause of death.

When the power of cold is nearly equal to that of

heat, the fever, or strife between the two parties, may continue for a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances: this is what is called a long fever, or fever and ague. The battle between cold and heat will take place periodically; sometimes every day, at other times every other day, and they will leave off nearly equal, heat keeping a little the upper hand.— In attempting to cure a case of this kind, we must consider whether the fever is a friend or an enemy: if it is a friend, which I hold to be the fact, when the fever fit is on, increase the power of heat, in order to drive off the cold, and life will bear the rule; but, on the contrary, should cold be considered a friend, when the cold fit is on, by increasing its power, you drive off the heat, and death must ensue. Thus you may promote life or death by tempering cold and heat.

Much has been said by the doctors concerning the turn of a fever, and how long a time it will run.— When it is said that a fever will turn at such a time, I presume it must mean that it has been gone; this is true, for it is then gone on the outside, and is trying to turn again and go inside, where it belongs. Instead of following the dictates of Nature and aiding it to subdue the cold, the doctor uses all his skill to kill the fever. How, I would ask in the name of common sense, can anything turn when killed? Support the

fever, and it will return inside; the cold, which is the cause of disease, will be driven out, and health will be restored. In all cases called fever, the cause is the same, in a greater or less degree, and may be relieved by one general remedy. The cold causes canker, and before the canker, or coating, is seated, the strife will take place between cold and heat; and while the hot flashes and cold chills remain it is evidence that the canker is not settled, and the hot medicine alone, occasionally assisted by steam, will throw it off; but as the contest ceases the heat is steady on the outside—then the coating assumes the power inside: this is called a settled fever. The truth is, the coating is fixed on the inside, and will ripen and come off in a short time, if the fever is kept up so as to overpower the cold. This idea was first discovered and made known by my father.

The higher the fever runs, the sooner the cold will be subdued; and if you contend against the heat, the longer will be the run of the fever—and when killed, death follows.

When a patient is bled, as was formerly extensively practised, it lessens the heat and gives double power to the cold: like taking weight from one side of the scale and putting it on the other, it has double effect, and turns the scale in favor of the disease.—

Opium is given to deaden the feelings, and followed up by small doses of nitre and calomel, which tend to destroy what heat remains, and plant new crops of canker, or coating, which will stand in different stages in the body, as corn planted in the field every week will keep some in all stages: so are the different degrees in canker, or coating. This is the reason why there are so many different fevers as are named: when one fever turns, another sets in, and so continues one after another, until the harvest is all ripe, if the season is long enough; if not, the cold and frost take them off: then it is said they died of a fever. It might with as much propriety be said that the corn, killed with frost, died with heat. The question, whether heat or cold killed the patient, is easily decided, for that power which bears rule in the body after death is what killed the patient,—and that is cold; as much as that which bears rule when he is alive, is heat.

When a person is taken sick it is common to say, I have got a cold, and I am afraid I am going to have a fever; but no fears are expressed of the cold that he has taken, neither is it mentioned when the cold left him. The fashionable practice is to fight the remains of heat, till the patient dies by giving cold the

victory; in which case is it not a fact that the doctor assists the cold to kill the patient?

Would it not have been more reasonable, or likely to have cured them, when the fever arose to throw off the cold, to have helped the fever, and thus given Nature the victory over its enemy,—when the health would have been restored the same as before the cold was taken?

We frequently see in the newspapers accounts of people dying in consequence of drinking cold water when very warm. Some fall dead instantly, and others linger for several hours; the doctors have not been able to afford any relief when called. The principal symptoms are chills and shivering with cold, which is viewed with astonishment by those who witness it. Proper caution should always be observed by persons when very warm and thirsty, who go to a pump to drink, by swallowing a little at a time, which will prevent any fatal effects.

This strange circumstance of being cold on a hot day, and which I have never known to be satisfactorily accounted for to the public, I shall endeavor to explain in as comprehensive and plain a manner as possible. The component parts of animal bodies are earth and water, and life and motion are caused by electricity, fire and air. The inward heat is the foun-

tain of life, and as much as that has the power over the outward heat, so much have we of life and strength, and when we lose this power of heat, our strength and faculties diminish in proportion ; and it is immaterial whether we lose this power by losing the inward heat, or raising the outward heat above it ; the effect is the same. If you raise the stream level with the fountain, it stops the current, and all motion will cease ; and the same effects will follow by lowering the fountain to a level with the stream. When the outward heat becomes equal with the inward, either by the one being raised, or the other being lowered, cold assumes the power, and death takes place.

The cause of the fatal effects by drinking cold water, is because the fountain of life is lost by the stream being raised above the fountain, or the inward heat lowered by throwing into the stomach so large a quantity of cold water as to give the outward heat the power of balancing the inward, and in proportion as the one approaches to an equality with the other, so the strength is diminished, and when equal, death ensues.

We sometimes see persons shivering on a hot day, and we do not understand why it is. It appears wonderful to us, because we do not understand the

cause. Why should we wonder at a person being cold on a hot day, when we are not, any more than we should wonder at another being hungry, when *we* have just been eating; or that others can be in pain when we are enjoying good health? The one is as plain and simple as the other, when understood. The want of *inward* heat is the cause of their being cold, just as much as the want of food is the cause of hunger, or the want of health is the cause of pain.

One person may have lost the natural power of heat by a cause which, upon others in similar circumstances, might have a different effect, and will suffer the consequences of cold in proportion to the loss of inward heat; this is manifest in the different degrees of sickness. If the inward heat loses its power suddenly, death is immediate. When the inward and outward cold is balanced, life ceases, and the blood being stopped in its motion settles in spots, which appearance has given name to what is called spotted fever. The same appearances take place on drowned persons, and from the same cause.

I am confident that I have dwelt upon this subject sufficiently to convince any reasonable mind that fever, which by the many is considered so destructive to mankind, is not an enemy; but if assisted, would in numerous instances prove a benefactor of our race.

Then take the rule I have laid down ; do not get sick, or if you do, be your own doctor ; study yourself. Take a strong cup of some kind of herb drink—get into a perspiration—*keep warm*—stop hearty eating,—and you will recover much quicker than if you were to employ a doctor who would reduce you, and visit you two or three times a day as long as there existed a prospect of the payment of an exorbitant bill. When there is no prospect of pay, they will give the patient up to die, and in many such instances the individual will then immediately begin to recover. Many lives might be prolonged if the doctors could be kept out of the way ; but if the prospect of pay is good, it is difficult to keep them at a distance.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Attend, my friends, and lend an ear,
For 'tis of consequence to hear
How the elements compose the breath,
And Heat and Cold are Life and Death.

I shall at first my reasons give,
Why sects or ages cannot live ;
The Fire that did uphold the Life,
Is quenched by water in the strife ;

Soon as the Heat or Fire is lost,
(The active part that rules the whole,)
You find the line of Life is cross'd—
And Water has the full control.

From extract of the element we rose,
Which Earth and Water doth compose.
Fire must above the Water sway,
If not, we turn again to clay.

Disorders take their rise from hence—
The Water has pre-eminence.
Then cause the Fire to bear the sway,
And make the Water waste away.

When Cold and Heat engage in strife,
The battle is for Death or Life;
And if the day is gained by Heat,
Then Life and Health will be complete;
But if the Cold the victory gain,
Then Death and Silence have the reign.

And this we have for our defence,
To temper well the elements;
Always to have before our eyes,
The "fever" never to despise,—

Whene'er the fever struggles hard,
As your best friend do that regard;
Assist to overcome the Cold,
And Nature will the victory hold.

REMARKS ON FEVER:

FROM MEDICAL AUTHORS.

“Fever,” says one, “constitutes perhaps the largest proportion or class of diseases that assail the human family.”

COMMENTS.

All the human family have heat, or fever; it is nature and natural. Then can it be a disease? No.—If your heart beats too fast or too slow, is that disease? No. If your breath is too fast or too slow, or if you have pain, much or little, is that disease? No: these, with innumerable other troubles, are not disease, but the effects of disease. The effect is not the cause, any more than cold is life and warmth is death, or than obstruction is life and circulation is disease and death.

This writer further adds: “And notwithstanding the numerous inquiries, experiments and theories on the subject from time immemorial, the *nature*, *cause*, and *treatment* remain the same.”

I ask, why it should not remain the same, since they persist in working upon the effect, while the cause is not sought after nor molested?

“And,” says he, “there is at this day no uniformity, either in opinion or practice. They all go blindly to work, like the physician mentioned by d’Alembert.—He compares him to a blind man, armed with a club, who comes to interfere betwixt *nature* and *disease*: if he strikes the disease he kills the disease—if he strikes nature he kills nature, or the patient.”

COMMENTS.

It ought to be well understood, by those who employ them, that both the disease and their remedies are poisonous, and if the patient lives, nothing saves him but a hale, sound body, which resists disease and medicine.

But see the danger of the patient: In sickness there are two of nature, and one of disease,—so, when the doctor strikes, he stands two chances to kill to one to cure. I have got their record, and they say worse than this: they say they lose fourteen out of fifteen. Of what vast importance, then, is their license, to protect them from the penalty of the law against murder! I lost one patient, and, as I had no license, I was arrested for murder, and tried for my life. If they were served in a similar manner for all the patients they lose, we have not courts enough in the country to try them all.

But their license saves them from the hands of justice.

I shall make no more comments on this, but quote their own language, *verbatim*, which is stronger to condemn their practice than anything I can say.

“This is a disease which to break, to baffle, to conquer and subdue, the learned colleges of physicians have tried all their efforts and spent their skill in vain. It must run its course, is the common sentiment; if one mode of treatment fails, we must try *another* and *another* and *another*, till the exhausted imagination, the worn-out resources of the *materia medica*, and the dying patient, arrest the hand of the experimenter (and I might have said tormentor), or nature triumphs equally over medicine and disease.”

“The practice of medicine is, perhaps, the only instance in which a man can profit by his blunders and mistakes. The very medicines which aggravate and protract the malady, bind a laurel on the professor's brow; when at last the sick is saved by the living powers of nature struggling against death and the physician, he receives all the credit of a miraculous cure—he is lauded to the skies for delivering the sick from a detail of the most deadly symptoms of misery,—into which he himself had plunged them—and out

of which they would never have arisen but by the restorative efforts of that living power which at once triumphed over *poison*, disease, and death. The causes which have conspired to cover with uncertainty the treatment of fevers, and to arm the members of the faculty often against each other, are numerous and important. A brief detail would unfold the many causes of error, and the fatal consequences which often result from the established practice."

Doctor Eberle thus remarks: "When, indeed, it is considered that the destroying angel has made his most desolating visitations under the form of febrile epidemics, and that in the long list of human maladies *fever* occurs in perhaps nine cases out of ten, the paramount importance of this subject is strongly forced upon our convictions."

"If we except," says Van Swieten, "those who perish by a violent death, and such as are extinguished by mere old age (who are, indeed, few), almost all the rest die of fever, or of diseases accompanied with fever. We read, in Pliny, with what fear and trembling the Romans endeavored to have this universal disease, *fever*, appeased, by their supplications in the temple of Fanum. And hence, perhaps, it is that fevers are called *diseases* by Hesiod, and that Horace calls all

diseases simply fevers, when they rushed out of the box of Pandora."

Doctor Donaldson remarks as follows: "From a retrospective glance at the history of our science, we are forced to acknowledge that there is perhaps no subject which is more eminently calculated to humble the pride of human reason than this one. For in relation to this subject especially, pathology has been in a continued state of revolution and instability.—The human mind has been engaged with this subject for near three thousand years. Theories have risen and sunk again, in a continued and rapid series of succession; each has had its hour 'to strut upon the stage,' and its votaries to yield it faith; but the stream of time has hitherto overturned all these unsubstantial, though often highly wrought, fabrics. In fact, no physician whose works I have read, no professor of medicine whom I have heard speak, on the nature of diseases, has ever discovered, or even hinted at, the nature and cure of fevers; all have delivered theories which amount to open acknowledgements of their ignorance of it, or have candidly professed the universal ignorance of all physicians in the world, of the former and present times, respecting the nature of these diseases."

OPPOSITION TO INNOVATORS.

What is the fact in common practice? Treatment founded upon an uncertain basis—a mere servile imitation of precedents and a routine of *experimental* practice. Is it, then, astonishing that people should go astray, when their Diplomatic Doctors are not safe?

When the causes of diseases are well known, and when medical principles are well understood,—when the mind can perfectly account for the cause which produces pain—then there can be no doubt, no hesitation, as to the remedy or treatment.

What is the wish of a patient when he sends for a Doctor? Is it not to be cured? Why not answer his wishes, by adopting a method crowned with numberless cures, and unexpected, unexampled success.

The author of this book has, by a succession of happy experiments, discovered a plain and simple method of curing diseases by simple and innocent vegetable agents, at the same time he has stamped with reprobation those practices which, besides these, are hurtful to the constitution, and dangerous to the lives of patients. I am proud to have adopted this practice, and I am still prouder that I have it in my

power to explain to my fellow-citizens the principle upon which the system is based, and to show its applicability to the wants and diseases of the people of our great and growing country.

But in attempting this laborious task, how many obstacles have we not to surmount?—how many prejudices to lay aside?—how many wounded interests to contend with? For it is a melancholy fact that any method which destroys the vain scaffolding of systematic errors, or removes the veils of deception from the temples of ambition and self-interest, must, will, and does meet with malicious opposition, and base, malignant persecution.

If a person frankly asserts the possibility of obtaining a prompt cure from my method, how many will contest it, because they are not accustomed to such language, which seems to be in direct opposition to received notions, and the observable results of regular practice in the different diseases. It is difficult for those who do not understand, to conceive that by following my simple means, violent complaints may be avoided.

The public cannot believe that a treatment of a few hours, or days, is sufficient for the removal of a great number of affections; because it is observable in regular practice, in many instances, that it is only

after months, and even years, that a relief or the slightest health is obtained.

If a patient is promptly cured by the use of this medicine, interest and prejudice contest the scheme, because it does not appear probable; some will say there was nothing the matter—that it was only a slight indisposition, that would have naturally vanished; and vile, professional jealousy will impudently assert that my means were only calculated to protract the complaint, and pretend to wonder that death was not the result.

But in spite of all this, truth will triumph, and its spread will be more rapid, if those who have witnessed and experienced the happy and most salutary effects of this practice, would proclaim their testimony publicly, in spite of the displeasure of others, and as a duty they owe to their suffering fellow-creatures.

It is the duty of all, who have either experienced the benefit of this system, or who have witnessed its salutary effects on others, to spread the knowledge everywhere, and proclaim to the world that in this system of medicine a refuge is to be found from the various maladies to which the human race is subject.

Communities, like individuals, are slow to change their habits. The progress of revolution in public sentiment is always gradual. This position, as to the

tardy progress of truth, applies not only to Religion and Medicine, but to every matter of theoretic opinion, to all sciences and arts, and to all the customs and fashions of mankind.

It is a happy circumstance, indeed, that such a reluctance to change is exhibited by the human mind; although it often tends to the prolongation of error, it is at last the safeguard for the perpetuity of truth. But the progress of truth, though slow, is certain; it is a rolling ball, which gathers by imperceptible accumulation, but grows eventually to an avalanche, and sweeps all objects before it. It is a current which winds unseen among osiers and weeds, but which is continually increased by unnoticed tributaries, until it swells at last to a mighty river, and glides along with majestic and irresistible force.

ORIGIN AND TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

To promote health, the first step is to see that the body is suitably clothed. You must, at all times, clothe yourselves agreeably to the climate you are in;—i. e.,—if you live where cotton is the staple commodity, that is the most appropriate apparel; if

where woollen goods are manufactured, use them ; if where fur is more plenty than anything else, use that. You must also be careful about your food ; if you are in a warm climate, light food is all that is necessary, and if in a cold climate, more substantial food is requisite. In a warm climate coffee is the most appropriate drink, but as you go to a colder climate less ought to be used, as it has a tendency to thicken the blood,—and substitute whatever grows in such a locality as you should happen to be in. Grain makes a very nutritious and healthy coffee. If the above advice is strictly followed, little medicine will be required. If you should be taken sick, good nursing is needed, that you may know where the system is clogged, and how vitality and electricity became lost, and how it may be restored without causing much inconvenience to the patient.

A room heated by a stove is in all cases very unhealthy. In all cases where the patient has little or no appetite and is declining in health, which is often the case, particularly in the Spring of the year, take the Regulating Powders and Billious Pills a few times according to directions, and the health will improve ; but if this treatment should not answer the purpose, take of the Emetic to cleanse the stomach, and produce free perspiration by means of the vapor

bath; then take of the Wine Bitters and Dyspepsia Pills, or any other medicine which will have the desired effect.

In all cases where there is clog or a concentration of pain or excitement, to any particular point, for instance a sprained joint, distress in the head, or stomach and bowels, &c., Emetic will remove the obstruction by equalizing the fluids throughout the system, by which means the patient will find immediate relief—thus confirming the principle of the *Unit of Disease*. If such concentration of excitement be caused by morbid matter being received into the system by means of a foetid atmosphere, bad food or putrid water, one Emetic may not be sufficient to exclude all the morbid poison from the secreting vessels, the evidence of which will be the want of appetite, sickness at the stomach, and a clogged excitement. If so, courses should be repeated at suitable intervals of time, until these symptoms pass away, and by the circulation through the body being equalized, a healthy action is restored, the appetite becomes good, the digestive organs perform their functions, and the sleep is quiet. Emetic may be successfully employed to remove distress and ease pain, and to make the patient comfortable in all cases of *felons*, *boils*, *bruises*, or any other excessive inflammatory

concentration of the fluids of the body, where relief cannot be obtained from any other course of treatment.

It should be remembered that all diseases are brought on by derangement of the fluids of the body, and that all diseases can be cured by restoring order and regularity to said fluids. Courses of medicine will effect this, if properly administered and attended to in season. Where there is distress, there is disorder in the system; consequently a restoration of order, and an equalization of the fluids, will afford relief.

In reading this work, do not forget this important principle:—that all diseases herein mentioned are brought about by a decrease or derangement of the vital fluids, by taking cold, or the loss of vitality and electricity; and that the name of the complaint depends upon what part of the body has become so weak as to be affected. If the lungs, it is consumption; or if the pleura, pleurisy; if the limbs, it is rheumatism; or the bowels, cholic or cholera morbus.

It is thought by some, that unless the physician knows the name which has been given to the disease by others, he cannot treat it successfully. If he cannot readily call to mind the variety of names so profusely lavished upon the different forms of disease,

by the *scientific* doctors, it will not prevent medicine from having a beneficial effect, nor prove that the nurse has not *valuable practical knowledge*, which is, after all, the true philosopher's stone, of which the patient is in pursuit.

Is it right to infer that because a man cannot command all the names that have been written by other people, as liable to err and as frail as himself, that he cannot by practice, know the use of medicine or the nature of disease? Or because he cannot give the respective bones, muscles, ligaments and vessels of the body their appropriate names, he cannot cure the cholic or dysentery?

When our pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth, the aborigines brought them long golden ears, of a vegetable substance, which they had never seen or heard of before;—neither had the great or learned men of their father-land: and we are told that they were kept from starvation—were nourished, and rendered comfortable through a long dreary winter, by the support this vegetable substance afforded, furnished by illiterate savages. Now, shall we deny that these people were nourished and supported by this valuable plant, because they did not know that it was Indian Corn, and because it was furnished by those illiterate savages, who knew not the meaning of a diploma,

and had no knowledge of the Greek or Latin languages? Impossible! The virtues and nutriment were in the corn, and the true science in the matter was in having the knowledge of this. In this respect the savages were scientific, and the pilgrims were the quacks, notwithstanding their boasted knowledge in other respects. Give us more practical knowledge, and less theorizing; more of true science, and less speculation. To remove the infirmities of our fellow-men, give us more innocent vegetable substances and less poisons. Then shall we be led to rejoice over the bounties of Providence, in filling the soil with innocent remedies, that the poor, suffering sons of humanity may there find an antidote for every bodily ill.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

The greatest gift of God to man—next to reason—is health, and with it long life, and its preservation, so far as possible, is a duty which man owes to his Maker as well as to himself. He should, therefore, be always guarded against whatever may produce disease, and be quick to detect the symptoms which

indicate its approach—recollecting that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

To become fully intelligent upon the subject of health, study this system. Let every child begin by reading this book, and repeating its perusal till he thoroughly understands it and has fastened its instructions in his mind,—then let him pursue the system, and he will secure lasting advantages to himself and be able to confer benefits on others.

Many cases, and their mode of treatment, are explained in this book, and from them the reader may gather instruction relative to most complaints. Medicines, prepared by myself and adapted to the various forms of disease, are placed on sale in stores throughout the country, so that they may be readily obtained without delay. Families ought to be at all times provided with them, and every man should learn to be his own physician: it requires only that he should study himself and exercise common sense in his own behalf, to understand when he requires medicine, and what kind, and how to use it, without calling upon a “physician” to inform him, or to bleed him of his money or his life. It should be remembered, always, that disease is *curable*, if properly and quickly dealt with. It is too much the habit of people to let their disorders run till they become deeply seated and com-

plicated, and nature is almost overpowered,—and then to call in physicians—whose pecuniary interest lies in the prolongation of disease.

On the first discovery of a physical ailment, take such medicine as will assist Nature in the struggle against it; do not weaken the system by bleeding, blistering, and drugging; but relieve it of all obstruction—warm it—strengthen it—raise the vital principle—restore electricity—and if there be left enough of energy in the constitution to hold what the medicine gains, the patient will soon recover.

We often see a friend or neighbor—if he be able to “pay the bill”—laid up for many months, with some ordinary complaint, under the care of a “skillful physician.” And, on the other hand, we may see a poor man laid up with a similar complaint, but soon recovering, without the attendance of any physician at all. It is a blessing, sometimes, to be poor! But the proper course for every man, rich or poor, is, to be prepared, beforehand, to doctor himself. It is an easy matter, and costs less than even very poor men generally pay for medical attendance. To do this, no license is needed, any more than for a man to repair a clock or a watch, or for a woman to repair the clothing for her family, or for a cobbler to repair boots and shoes. They are not the makers of these things,

but the repairers,—neither is the doctor the maker, but he is the repairer of the body: then why the necessity of a license?

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS SINCE.

When I first came to this country there was but one kind of physicians, and they were of the old school, and were very unsuccessful in their system of practice,—but whether this was due to ignorance of their calling, or to defects inherent in their system of practice, I shall leave others to determine. When a family was obliged to send for one of them, it was well understood what was to be done: they would get linen to scrape some lint from, a bowl and a bandage would be brought forward for the first bleeding, calomel and jalap, leathers for the blisters, opium and blue pills to drug up with. This course was continued according to circumstances—the appliances to prolong the sickness, or bodily injury, being increased or diminished in arithmetical proportion—graduated always by the ability of the patient to pay the required exorbitant fees! The abuses of the doctors, under that practice, at that day, it is safe to assume, caused

more premature deaths than powder and ball, and caused more needless suffering than all the wars and famines which have ever afflicted our country. But,—thanks to the spread of light and knowledge!—their wholesale slaughter was gradually forced to fall back before the tread of the schoolmaster and the application of common sense to matters of *Life* and *Death*. The lancet is now comparatively in the sheath, calomel is nearly laid aside, and morphine takes the place of the other drugs—as if to blind the eyes of a discriminating people by one expedient, after another had been exploded. If the patient sinks so fast that he cannot stand a thorough depletive course, they, in attempting to sustain their nefarious practice, raise a hue-and-cry about some other disease than that which the patient is actually afflicted with, such as dropsy, inflammation on the lungs or in the bowels, congestion of the brain,—and in this way they try to humbug a too credulous community, and sacrifice the life of the patient, rather than confess their ignorance of the true laws of Nature: they coolly inform their victim that he is beyond the reach of human aid, and exclaim, “God’s will be done”! He soon dies. His bill is then presented and paid without a murmur.—If another member of the family is taken sick, the same doctor is sent for, and the same system of prac-

tice is again introduced,—and if he should, by a miracle, succeed in saving one out of three, his name is extolled far and wide,—although the mortality list is greatly increased, and the report is spread that a certain section of the country has been visited by a malignant typhoid fever, and a great number of citizens carried off, despite the exertions of their most able(?) practitioner! [In fact, the patient owing his life simply to the strength of his constitution—despite the doctor's drugs.]

When I first came to this section of the country the physicians appeared to have great fear of me, and on inquiry I found that they were afraid I would lose more patients than they did, thus judging me by themselves, and tacitly acknowledging the inefficiency of their system. But they soon learned that I could cure more than kill, as I lost but seven patients in the space of eight years—and those given over to die.

When they saw my success, they commenced that system of persecution and tyranny which is ever characteristic of men of small minds and concentrated ideas. I was prosecuted every other time I lost a patient, but as

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again,”

I triumphed at last. If the drug doctors had been

prosecuted for every other patient they lost, there could not have been found courts enough in the country to try them, if they had been in session all the time. But the law would wink at their almost wholesale slaughter, and, as is generally the case with knaves, they went unwhipt of justice.

The cost of my prosecutions was pretty heavy, but, instead of doing me an injury, they did me good, as my business increased to tenfold as much as it had been before. I was then in a fair way of doing well, but our able Legislators (?) at Albany, influenced by the regular faculty, passed a law enacting that if I dealt out any medicine which was not the growth and production of the United States I should be subjected to a fine of twenty-five dollars for each offence of the kind. But this did no good, as it did not stop my practice. They next passed a law providing that, in addition to the fine, I should doctor gratuitously.— When they found that even this availed nothing, they petitioned the Legislature to pass a law providing that, aside from paying a fine and doctoring without *fee* or *reward*, my professional services should be considered a misdemeanor, and I should be liable to fine, or imprisonment, or both, as the court saw fit. But all this did no good, as I always came out best when they prosecuted me. At last, by repeated applications,

I succeeded in getting these unjust laws repealed.—
[The laws referred to are given, *verbatim*, in this work.]

At that time, I was never called to see patients until after they were given over by the regular faculty. Then they were considered fit subjects for me, as I must either cure them or be prosecuted for murder. But—thanks to a discriminating community!—this tyranny did not last long. The licensed men ceased to prosecute me when they discovered that the old adage, “Might is Right,” had been forced back by the tread of civilization and common sense.

SOME REMARKS ON THE MOST POPULAR MEDICINE, CALLED OPIUM, ADMINISTERED IN VARIOUS FORMS.

My neighbor, who worked on low ground, ditching in hot weather, inhaled impure air and drank tainted or impure water until he clogged up, and his tongue became white, and his stomach and bowels were coated as much as his tongue was. His head and bones ached all over as though he had the ague. He thought he was sick enough to die, so he called in a helper for the disease—a licensed man. He said the

patient must be helped right off, and dealt out his favorite medicine—morphine, or anodyne powders. The patient took a dose every three hours. The doctor called at night and said he was better—he slept so easy. In the morning again, all pronounced him better. His wife said he was better; “he said nothing about his business—that was a sure sign he was;”—and his mind was off from his business, no doubt. When the next three hours came around, they went to give him another of those “quieting powders,” and behold, he was dead! The last powder had completed the work. It held all the bilious matter in the system, and kept the patient still, while gangrene took place and mortification took charge of the patient. So the doctor had no more to do but to collect the pay for his skillful practice.

This opium, in the different forms of preparing it, has and does kill more than powder and ball and famine ever did kill. Hundreds of cases like the above might be mentioned. Every man knows of the occurrence of sudden death among his friends; and in such cases the system has not been thoroughly cleansed, and this drug has been used to keep the patients quiet till death ensued; and such deaths are considered by the friends of the victims perfectly natural, and the process of killing is legal!

I knew a woman who had an unhealthy babe, made so by giving it paregoric. Presently the paregoric "had no good effect," as the woman said;—she wanted the doctor to make some stronger, which he did, and she gave the usual potion. The child soon went to sleep, and the mother bragged what good medicine she had got—"it made the child sleep so well." In a few hours she went to wake up the child to nurse it;—it could not nurse, and it never did again. This medicine saved the woman a great deal of trouble. It makes numb-headed children when it does not kill them—and thousands have been killed by it. It is as sure as ratsbane;—if one teaspoonful don't prove fatal, two will; and you are sure to have no family. If parents get tired of living, let them treat themselves in the same way they do their children, and their existence will be short enough.—Increase the dose, according to your strength, and death is sure.

PROOF OF POISON.

I was called to see a man who had been given over to die by one of the licensed doctors, and being shown some of the medicine which he had left, I made up

my mind that it was *strychnine*, and such it proved to be. I took three portions of it—the quantity allotted for the sick man to take each day, and gave it to a dog, which died in two hours. Who that is possessed of a particle of common sense, can suppose that such deadly poison would improve the condition of a sick man? Why, if any other than a licensed “physician” were to administer it to his neighbor, and death should follow, the gallows would be called into use directly, and justly, too. Yet our college-graduate doctors are daily administering these deadly potions to their patients, and the deaths that occur under their practice are ascribed to fever and inflammation, and congestion, or to dropsy and “complicated disorders,” and the “dispensations of Providence,” with scarcely a whisper of public, or even private indignation, at the villainous and palpable malpractice!

There are frequent enactments of law, for the “regulation” of the “practice of medicine” and the preservation of the public health; but here is a “regular practice” by which mankind are daily hurried untimely to the grave, and which is *also* shielded and preserved by legislative grace! Surely, no doctor should be suffered to administer that to his patient which he dare not take himself, without being answerable for his patient’s life.

ANOTHER CASE OF POISONING.

A young man of my acquaintance had taken so much of the licensed men's poison, that his hip and leg joints were as loose as a whip-lash on the stock; he had not the least use of them. The licensed men discovered that he still had some money left, and began telling him there was some chance for him yet. Being over-anxious to get well, he re-commenced taking their prescriptions. They made him some pills, which he took; and after some days had passed, they told him he must not be alarmed if his great toes or ankle should fester and come off. This did alarm him, and he thought they had said more than they meant to have him understand. He stopped taking the pills, and thought that if the doctors had been trying experiments on him for his money, they might experiment on something, in his own estimation, of less value than himself. The first animal that came to hand was a cat, which he coaxed into his lap,—not for her money, as the doctors would,—but to see what effect one pill would have on her feet. He opened her mouth and dropped one pill down her throat. It had no more effect on her feet than on her whole body; but he declares to me that the cat

died in fifteen minutes! This was the last time he employed a poison doctor, and the last pill he ever gave a cat.

Who would call in a doctor to practice such experiments on the sick?

POISON IS NOT MEDICINE.

The laws of the land punish with death any individual who shall be convicted of introducing poison into food or water, &c., unless it shall be satisfactorily made to appear to have been done accidentally or by mistake. The law takes it for granted that poison will produce death, and every man or woman under its jurisdiction is presumed to be acquainted with the fact, and therefore it is only necessary that sufficient proof of the commission of the offence be obtained in order to ensure conviction.

The following extracts are taken from the published works of some of the most distinguished members of the "regular faculty." If physicians say these things of their medicine what will those who have taken the medicine say? *Nothing*: they are dead, and the dead tell no tales!

EXTRACTS.

“Among the numerous poisons which have been used for the cure of diseases, there is none possessing more dangerous power than mercury.”—*Dr. Hamilton.*

“The morbid effects of mercury have been sudden and fatal. It has been known to lie dormant for years, and then display the most fatal results.”—*Dr. Falconer.*

“The evils attending the use of mercury are disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, impaired vision, aches and pains in various parts of the body, sudden failure of strength as if just dying, violent palpitation of the heart, difficult breathing, with a shocking depression of spirits, intolerable feelings, nervous agitation, tremors, paralysis, incurable mania, mental derangement, fatuity, suicide, deformity, bones of the face destroyed, and miserable death.”—*Dr. Hamilton.*

“When great debility of the system is present, even a small dose of tartar emetic has been known to prove fatal. In the advanced stages of typhoid fevers, its use is improper, and even sometimes fatal. It is capable of acting as a violent poison.”—*Dr. Hooper.*

“Prussic acid is the most violent of all poisons.—When a rod dipped into it is brought in contact with the tongue of an animal, death ensues before the rod can be withdrawn.”—*Dr. Magendi.*

“Mercury acts as a poison on man, in whatever way it is introduced into the body,—whether swallowed, or inhaled in the form of vapor, or applied to a wound, or even simply rubbed or placed on the sound skin.”—*Dr. Christoson.*

“All the metallic preparations are uncertain, as it depends entirely on the state of the stomach whether they have no action or operate with dangerous violence.”—*Cox's Dispensatory.*

“Mercury tends to produce tumors and palsy, and not infrequently *incurable mania*. I once saw a dropsy of the chest, produced by the use of a mercurial remedy for redness of the face, which terminated in death.”
Dr. Hamilton.

“Mercury has obtained in the practice in India for about fifty years, with the most terrible and fatal effects. It seems to turn the whole mass of the blood into putrefaction in a few hours.”—*Dr. Donaldson.*

“After the *hazardous process of salivation*, the disease may be overcome by the powerful operation of the calomel; but then, in what condition does the physician find the sufferer? His teeth are loosened, his joints are weakened, his healthy countenance impaired, his voice is more feeble, he is more susceptible to a damp or cold atmosphere. His original complaint may be overcome, but it is paying a great price for it.

Secret history conceals from public view innumerable victims of this sort.”—*Dr. Waterhouse.*

“The danger of administering mercury, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, opium or morphine, white vitriol, antimony, nitre, tartar emetic, iron, digitalis, and henlock, is: 1st. They are hostile to life, and in direct opposition to all its laws and all its principles.—2nd. The state of the stomach and habit of body, on which their action depends, *cannot be known*, in relation to the medicine. Death, or life in chronic misery, may be the result.”—*Dr. Finley.*

“This is the era of calomel. The present regular medical profession might well dispense with any other drug. The whole extent of both theory and practice is to *give calomel*. If that will not help, *give more calomel*, and if that proves abortive, *double and treble the calomel*. If the patient recovers, *calomel* has cured; but if he dies, nothing on earth could have saved him.”—*S. Hunn.*

“It is my opinion that *mercury* has made far more diseases than all the epidemics of our country.”—*Prof. Powell.*

“It does not appear to be generally known to the people, that *mercury produces jaundice*, although it is a fact that I have had three striking examples of it in my practice within two years.”—*Dr. Cheyne.*

WHY MEAT WILL NOT PUTREFY IN VERY HOT OR VERY COLD CLIMATES.

Meat will not putrefy in Arabia, nor in South America, nor at the North or South Poles. Where the climate is so hot as almost to roast meat, it will not putrefy—as in Africa or South America. Where the sand will roast an egg in fifteen minutes, there the carcasses dry up, and do not rot. So at the North or South Poles, where everything is frozen, there is no putrefaction. But, half-way between freezing and roasting, there is putrefaction. In Brazil much beef is dried in the sand, without any salt, and used at sea as fresh beef.

The cause why meat will not putrefy in either very hot or very cold climates, as I apprehend, is, the water evaporates in the one case, and congeals to ice in the other so suddenly, that the meat has no chance to decompose, as in either case it becomes hard.

IS OUR "TIME" SET?

We often hear it said that our time for death is set, and no one can pass it. If this is so, we need use no

means for the preservation of health ; the labor will avail nothing ; we shall live till our appointed time arrives, and then die. But it is not true. God has established laws for our guidance and government by which, for our own sake, we must abide ; we are made free agents—endowed with a knowledge of these laws, and the consequences to ourselves, in this life, if we disregard them. If a man goes into his barn, and with a rope suspends himself by the neck to one of the beams, he will *hang* himself ; or if he cuts a hole through the ice and gets under it, he will *drown*—his time has come by his own act. So, if a man takes drugs or other poison, by design or accident, the injurious effects inevitably follow in natural order from the cause, and no hand can stay or vary them while the poison is left in the system.

Some think there are *skillful hands*, the magic of whose touch will heal the sick, and raise the dead to life, but I have never seen them ; yet I have seen skillful *medicine*, which, acting as an agent and going through the whole system, will produce the desired effects. I have seen it raise vitality and restore electricity, and work off obstructions, restoring and preserving health. Death will occur to all, eventually ; and disease which is caused mainly by man's own acts or negligence, will hasten its occurrence. But

this medicine will remove disease, and restore the body to a healthy condition, reviving the natural vitality; it is pleasant and mild, yet powerful in its effects,—grappling with disease in all stages, wherever found, in old or young, male or female, on sea or land. It will cure in all cases, if there is *nature* sufficient for the struggle, and capable of retaining what the medicine gains.

It will not struggle when nature has fled,
Nor open the eyes of the slumb'ring dead;

but it will do all that can reasonably be required of medicine, when it has a fair trial.

LET COMMON SENSE GUIDE YOU.

If you find your feelings in regard to health are not good, inquire what is the matter. Have you taken cold, ate or drank too much of what was not good, or in what way have you crossed the laws of nature?—or what has caused the bad feeling? Find out, and supply the want; restore what is lost, and remove from your system the accumulations that do not belong to it. If your stomach is clogged, cleanse it,—your bowels, kidneys, and head, the same. If

you are hot and dry, it is produced by the clog ; open the pores, and produce a sweat ; clear the stomach with emetics, the bowels with enema or physic, the head with snuff, the kidneys with diuretic medicines. When this is well done, restore the system with syrups and bitters, and root beers ; at the same time give strengthening food that will digest easy, and give strength to every organ in it. We can't be sick when we are well, and we can't be well when the system is clogged in any part, or in any way. If your extremities are sore, and not from injury, it shows your blood is thick or clogged. A boil proceeds from impurities of the blood, which collect and form an ulcer ; if it thickens the muscle-water, and sympathizes with the nerves, it is the rheumatism ;— and the name is given as the feeling is produced— hot or cold, swollen or dry ; and, rich or poor, the disease continues according to the ability to pay the doctor.

EVERY ONE THEIR OWN PHYSICIAN.

It is a very common opinion that people cannot be trained to be their own physicians, and there can be

no doubt that in severe and complicated diseases, or of dangerous accident, it may be advisable and necessary to consult those older, and whose experience has been such as to entitle them to confidence, and whose judgment may be relied on as to a remedy or an operation; but in nine cases out of ten, a very moderate acquaintance with human nature, and with its functions, and with the causes that impair, and the precautions that preserve these, would enable us with ease to cure all diseases in their early stages, and what is still better, prevent the development of any serious malady by those drugs which are worse than the disease.

This is a fact which has been repeatedly acknowledged, both in public and in private, by the most eminent physicians. Admitting then its truth, how injurious the ignorance in which children are kept, of what it most concerns them to know. And how desirable it is that a few, at least, of the days and years that are spent in learning the languages and customs of two semi-barbarous nations of antiquity, (the Greeks and Romans,) should be devoted to learn that, the knowledge of which will benefit us every day of our lives.

How important it is that medical instruction should form a part of all domestic education, I need hardly

attempt to enforce ; all are aware of its immense value, and I trust that an improvement in this matter will speedily take place.

But however desirable for the mass of mankind, that they should be taught *how* to retain the first of blessings, health, and that they should be instructed how to regain it when lost, *it is not* the interest of the physician. *It is not* for his interest that his neighbors should know anything about their own bodies ; *it is not* for his interest that they should be taught how to retain their health ; neither is it his interest that they should know how to arrest an incipient malady by the use of some simple remedy. Other mens' ignorance is his gain ; their follies and indiscretions fill his purse.

If the people were educated as common sense dictates, the physician would be a poorer man, but they would be gainers in health ; if they knew what they ought to know, his knowledge would turn to less account. Common sense, therefore, in a pecuniary point of view, is the physician's enemy.

Again, how important it is, that men and women should know the consequences of excesses and irregularities of all kinds, and knowing these, they should act in accordance with this knowledge.

It is the interest of the physician that debauchery,

intemperance, excesses, and voluptuous indulgences should go on; and that gin-shops, groggeries, and places of dissipation should multiply and increase. A debauch is a harvest for him, and gin-shops and brothels multiply the number of his patients, and make him a richer man. He may (doubtless many do) deplore and lament all this, for no one knows all the miseries which follow, as well as *he does*; but he must be more or less than man, if he does not *feel* that it is by these things he lives and flourishes.

However beneficial, therefore, it might be, that we should know our own diseases, and learn to prevent and cure them, we must not expect that physicians, as a class, will take much pains to destroy their own calling.

We must not expect them to tell us, however well they may know, that we are the best judges of our own sensations—that we can detect symptoms that are hidden from them—that we have the most experience of our own constitutions—and that thus, even with our inferior knowledge of medical science, we can prescribe more readily and rationally for ourselves than any other person can for us, if we are rightly instructed at first.

We must not expect that physicians will risk at once their reputations and their fortunes, in order to

tell us that if we were but rational and practical physiologists, we could prevent and cure our own diseases. All this, it were unreasonable to expect, because men do not like to lessen their importance, ruin themselves, or even diminish their own earnings.

If you wish to make it the interest of physicians that mankind should be temperate, prudent, rational, and healthy, you must pay them as the Emperor of China pays his medical attendants, in proportion as you escape disease and are healthy,—but if you desire to make yourselves independent and usefully intelligent, go still further.

Recollect, that to be a practical physiologist is incomparably more important than to be a Latinist or a Greekling. If you are too old to learn, give your children—your sons and your daughters—a knowledge of themselves. Bid them carefully attend to their own sensations, gradually make them their own physicians. We shall not then see them ruining their constitutions and then paying dearly to have them patched up again; we shall not then see them tempting disease and death through ignorance, and horror struck when at last they discover the natural consequences of all violations of the laws of animal economy; we shall not then see them ignorantly impudent to-day and weakly apprehensive to-morrow—com-

mitting excesses one hour and soliciting prescriptions the next. When we are our own servants our wants diminish. If we were our own physicians would not our diseases decrease also? Yes.

On the subject of diffusing medical knowledge among the people, the illustrious Dr. Rush remarks: "From a short review of these facts, reason and humanity awake from their long repose in medicine and unite in proclaiming that it is time to take the cure of pestilential epidemics out of the hands of physicians and place it in the hands of the people. I would as soon believe that ratafia was intended by the Author of Nature to be the only drink of man instead of water, as believe that the knowledge of what relates to the health and lives of *a whole city* or nation should be confined to one, and that a small or privileged order of doctors. But what," he exclaims, "but what have physicians, what have universities or medical societies done, after the labors and studies of many centuries, towards lessening the bills of mortality of pestilential fevers? They have *either copied or contradicted each other* in all their publications."

Again: this great man, in a lecture on the causes which have retarded the progress of medicine, says: "Let us strip our profession of everything that looks like mystery and imposture, and clothe medical

knowledge in a dress so simple and intelligible that it may become a part of education in all our seminaries of learning. Truth is simple upon all subjects; but upon those which are essential to the general happiness of mankind, it is obvious to the meanest capacities. There is no man so simple that he cannot be taught to cultivate grain, and no one so devoid of understanding as to be incapable of learning the art of making that grain into bread. And shall the means of preserving our health by the culture and preparation of aliment be so intelligible, and yet the means of restoring it when lost be so abstruse as to require years of study to discover and apply them? To suppose this, is to call in question the goodness of the Supreme Being, and to believe that He acts without unity in all His works.

“In no one of the acts of man do we behold more weakness and error than in our present mode of education. We teach our sons words, at the expense of things. We teach them what was done ten thousand years ago, and conceal from them what is doing every day. We instruct them in the Heathen Mythology, but neglect to teach them the medicine of our own country. How long shall the human mind bend beneath the usages of ancient and barbarous times? When shall we cease to be mere scholars, and become

wise philosophers, well-informed citizens, and useful men? When we shall learn to know ourselves, and be able to cure the diseases which our bodies are subject to, raise vitality, restore electricity, and remove all obstructions without the advice of others, then, and not till then, we shall begin to fulfill the laws of Nature—clothe life in its native garb, and stand erect in unborrowed dignity.

SYNOPSIS OF A SPEECH DELIVERED IN BOSTON.

I am well aware that in introducing a new system of medicinal practice, that long established prejudices are to be removed. This, I think, may be done, by illustrating the principles and practice of the two systems or theories—the Thomsonian and mineral systems. I shall divide my subject into two parts. 1st. I shall attempt a brief glance at the history of medicine, and at the same time show the rise and progress of medicine up to the days of Paracelsus, who introduced the mineral system; and in order to follow the speculative theory advanced by him, and supported by his votaries up to the present time, en-

deavor to prove that they cannot use minerals other than to our decided injury. Secondly, I shall attempt to prove how the knowledge of medicine may be had at a comparative cheap rate, equally safe and efficacious in all stages of disease, and in perfect harmony with nature; and that, by adopting it in our families, we may be our own doctors, and save the expense we are now at of supporting a horde of physicians whose practice is worse than useless. I shall also attempt to show that the medicines I advocate the use of are entirely vegetable, and congenial to our natures at all times.

For the origin of medicine as a science, we are indebted to Egypt. The invention is by some ascribed to Thoth, or the first Hermes, who was regent of Egypt in the second dynasty of Manetho. The name of Esculapius was given him. In those days, each physician was confined by law to one part especially, as the eyes, teeth, head, lungs, veins, &c. Medicine was brought from Egypt to Greece by Chiron, who was contemporary with Esculapius. From this it was handed to Hippocrates, to Celsus and to Galen, who flourished during the reign of Marcus Aurelius of Rome. From this we may infer that medicine was much the same to the days of Galen. In the decline of the Roman Empire all learning was arrested in its

progress, and medicine remained the same until the 16th century, when Paracelsus introduced the mineral system. It was generally opposed by the Galenists of that day.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the circulation of the blood was discovered by Dr. Harvey, together with the receptacle of the chyle and of the thoracic duct; these, together, finally exploded the Galenic system. At the same time arose Sydenham, the great bleeder and butcher of the human race, and his theory and practice were adopted by most of the mineral practitioners. Minerals, when taken into the stomach, cannot produce a good effect, and are extremely deleterious.

Nothing can be more absurd than bleeding, thinking by it to do good. How can taking away a part of the blood purify the remainder? The veins contract in consequence, and the system is weakened while the disease strengthens; the very means used for relief—doses of calomel, arsenic, opium, or morphine—engender disease in its worst form; and though the patient may, from natural vitality, rise upon his feet again, yet he never can recover original health and vigor.

If one attempts to reform the medical practice, he runs the risk of martyrdom in his reputation, estate

and life; yet martyrdom proves nothing. Poisons of the worst kind are used for medicine by the disciples of Paracelsus—such as antimony for emetics,—yet it is acknowledged by their own books to be a deadly poison. But this mineral system is fast losing ground, in proportion as the vegetable gains, and a reform in medicine must necessarily take place. We all know that poisons, when taken by mistake, operate the same as when given by the physician or consummate quack, their assertions to the contrary notwithstanding; and the same medicine is given to make a sick man well, that, in any case, would make a well man sick. Here is something paradoxical, and which cannot be reconciled with common sense and reason.

The second branch of my subject is a brief examination of THOMSON'S theory, and the nature of the medicines which he brought into use—medicines that we may use without injuring ourselves; which are not poisonous, but congenial to our nature.

Thomson maintains that LIFE is HEAT, and that health depends upon the due proportion of heat in the body; that the animal man is composed of the four elements—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water; that the absence of heat causes a derangement and obstruction of the natural functions, (and, hence, there is

only one disease, though it may take a variety of forms;) and that restoring the lost heat, together with a removal of the obstructions from the passage ways of the system, will restore health.

That this theory is good, and not speculative, is proven by ocular demonstration. It is based on elemental principles as broad and universal as the family of man; to say it is not, would be talking against the known laws of nature, of which no sane man would be guilty.

Fever, as it is called, is not our enemy, but is actually a friend to man,—although the learned disciples of Paracelsus would strive to kill it, and so kill the patient. Fever is not the disease: *that is obstruction*, of which cold is the primary cause. A loss of natural heat, and consequent accumulation of cold, causes contraction of the muscles and veins, the blood and juices of the body are thrown into confusion, the organs are clogged, and the system is diseased: it is a case of *obstruction*,—fever follows, being simply the exertion of the principle of vitality inherent in animal nature to overpower the enemy which has attacked it, and without this struggle the patient must die;—it should be promoted, assisted, by medicine which will tend to open the passage-ways of the body, clear out obstructions and foulness, and stimulate in-

stead of weaken the vital energies of the patient. Blistering, bleeding, starving, dosing with calomel, opium, &c., are all contrary to our nature, and always do more harm than good. The law of life is strong indeed, when it enables a patient to overcome disease and endure such killing treatment besides.

It is a curious doctrine, maintained by some, that sickness is produced by "too much" internal heat, or, in other words, that the presence of cold in the system is necessary to health. For instance, a person who has been engaged in violent exercise, and is unwell afterwards, is said to have become "over-heated." Now, in such a case, the actual cause of difficulty is the lacking of sufficient internal heat to resist the exterior attack of cold. Violent exercise causes an unusual opening of the pores, and the cold atmosphere enters, when, if there be not enough of internal heat to rarefy or expel it, illness is a necessary result. If the natural heat of the body be sufficient to overpower the cold which enters the system through the pores, no difficulty occurs. We may often see children engage for hours in the most violent exercise without experiencing any harm in consequence of it, which a man could not endure without suffering.— Why is this? Simply because youth have a greater proportion of animal heat than men. The so-called

“regular physician,” in cases like that mentioned, will resort to bleeding, and give mineral poisons, exhausting and chilling the system—when they should use medicines that would raise the greatest amount of internal heat, at the same time cleansing the system, and thus setting the natural functions in working order. The pores being clogged, steam applied externally will be found to greatly assist in opening the system and rarefying the cold air in the body, thus expelling it, and relieving the patient.

The medicines discovered and used by Samuel Thomson and his disciples are all obtained from the vegetable kingdom, are harmless in themselves, and may be given in all cases and stages of disease. Dr. Thomson became satisfied, and by a long and successful practice clearly demonstrated, that there are herbs to cure all disease; that food and medicine are in harmony with each other, growing together in the same fields, and gathered by the same people. Many celebrated writers upon medical science have expressed the opinion that all necessary medicine could be obtained from the vegetable kingdom; but no one, prior to Thomson, carried this conviction into practice,—for the reason, doubtless, that a great majority of the medical fraternity were, in interest and conceit, bitterly hostile to such an innovation.

Thomson's discoveries, and the development and establishment of his theory and practice, have brought the "healing art" within the reach and knowledge of all. Herein lies the secret of the rapid progress it has made in popular favor throughout the country—a progress unexampled in the previous history of the science of medicine, and made notwithstanding the combined opposition of the collegiate medical fraternity of the mineral school. Herein, too, lies the secret of that opposition, so bitter and unscrupulous in the persecution of those who adopted the Thomsonian practice: for the people were taught how to "doctor" themselves.

The science of medicine, as it has been held, could never to much extent be made a branch of popular education; and, indeed, its founders and professors have had no desire that it should be: on the contrary, their system is contrived with a view to secrecy, that its practice as a business may be monopolized: all efforts have been made to render it a mystic art, profitable to the few initiated, rather than a true science, simplified and universally understood for the general benefit. Had Thomson's theory originated in the schools of art, it probably would not have been so well for posterity: its simplicity would have been enveloped in mystery—its naturally easy practical

application would have been purposely obscured, and the knowledge of it as much monopolized, perhaps, as the system to which it is opposed. But the discoverer of this system had not been trained to medical craft. He acquired knowledge by personal experience in the severe school of adversity—an ordeal which but few physicians pass through, and wherein the feeble-minded perish, while the strong of heart come out with tenfold brightness. Dr. T. was forced into his extraordinary career. The defects of medical practice among his own kindred, by the physicians of the time, led him to infer that their treatment was wrong. He did not then understand their theories, but he saw the effects of their medicines. Affection, necessity, and hope, led him on into the field of research and discovery. Opposition and persecution brought him before the world, exercised his mind, and strengthened his determination, till, after thirty years of toil in the great laboratory of nature, triumph crowned his struggles and rewarded his labors.

Already many eminent men, educated in the old medical schools, have exhibited a disposition to abandon the theory and practice of their preceptors. One of these, the celebrated Dr. Waterhouse, Professor of *Materia Medica* in the University of Cambridge, expresses himself as follows:

“I am sick of *learned quackery!* * * * The flora of America is astonishingly rich in remedies.— There is no doubt in my mind, that, in more diseases than is generally acknowledged, *vegetable simples* are the *preferable* remedies. Who knows but in time these native productions of the field and forest will so enlarge and conform their dominion as to *supercede* the employment of all other medicines.”

MEDICAL GENERALSHIP.

An allopathic doctor once said to me, “You are the General in the Quack army.” I told him I was, and in his army also: I did insist that his riflemen should fire no more of the kind of balls they have been in the habit of firing—it made too great a slaughter. I asked him what he thought those balls were made of that had killed so many. He did not know. I told him their first regiment fired lancets; the next fired calcined quicksilver, called calomel; the next, which might be called the skinning regiment, fired Spanish flies; the next fired sleepy powders, Dover powders, anodyne powder, soothing powder, quieting powder, morphine powder, paregoric, laudanum, and opium,

—all made from the poppy, and which may be regarded as so many different sizes of shot. The first regiment took out the blood, the next took out the intestines, the third took off the skin, while the fourth put the victims to sleep. So I acknowledge my generalship: I have caused the lancets to be sheathed, the quicksilver to be kept in its crude state, and there is no more importing of Spanish flies: I have got three of these regiments under good control, and the other—the sleeping regiment—I think can be got so soon, although it is a sharp-shooting regiment, which I have sometimes thought has killed more than all the others combined. When a person is well he can stand heavy shots—even such as are fired by the fourth regiment; but when sick, the patient becomes clogged up, choked down, and, after getting asleep, forgets to wake up. It is the same as in the use of tobacco; when you are well, nature can resist it; but when sick, you can't take it until you are getting better,—then nature has got to worry with that miserable, noxious weed again, until sickness returns, and then you must stop; there are two against one—tobacco and sickness against nature;—there is one too many. So with opium; when well, it can be used; when sick, it holds the clog and stops the evacuations of the body,—the patient goes to sleep, fills up,

chokes with phlegm, and forgets to wake up. Who is to blame? It was done by one of those riflemen crowding down a shot every two hours, as long as there was breath. If nature can't stand the shot and the disease both, it must give out.

Of course, great credit must be given to these riflemen, or soldiers, who have fired such death-dealing charges; they are a privileged class of soldiers, and have special license for this kind of shooting. They have a good appearance, dress and deceive well; and if called out they must be well paid, no matter if human nature does break down under their treatment. If they do not destroy more than two out of every three they get a chance at, they get extra credit. Who cannot be a soldier in such ranks? Any one can, if possessed of a good faculty for misrepresentation and deception. They are like gamblers—each having a partner, or some one to consult with, who will not betray secrets. This is done, because two can accomplish the deception better than one. So long as the deception is carried on, the pay must come—double or treble, according to the wealth of the victim. I have known from one to eight of these men being called in as counsel to attend a single case; and although only one may shoot at a time, they must all be paid the same as if all had shot together.

This reminds me of England fighting the Chinese. They sent their soldiers to Canton, and a few of them fired off their shots; but the Chinese had to pay the same as if all had shot. This made the charge enormous. So it is in dealing with the army of doctors; the family which receive their shots must suffer some in the loss of both property and life, and are lucky in escaping without the loss of all.

AN AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

A lady who had three sons at one birth, was very anxious to know the future destiny of the little trio committed to her care; and she was so credulous as to believe that a *fortune-teller* could tell her all she wished to know.

She called upon one, who told her that they were born under the very worst Planet. This was very unwelcome news to her, but she said she must know the fate of each one. He told her that one would be a Murderer, another a Robber, and the third a Beggar.

This was more than she could endure, until he told her that he could make it legal—that though they

might *murder, rob, or beg*, it could be done according to law, and then it would be all right. The mother was astonished, but wished him to explain himself.

“Well,” said he, “as soon as they are old enough, you must send them to school, and give them a little spattering of Latin and Greek, and that will render them popular and prepare them to deceive and defraud the public.

“The first one will be the *Licensed Doctor*. He will be the Murderer. He has license in his pocket, and it makes no difference how many he kills—he has a lawful right to do so, and he must not be censured. The more he kills, the greater his skill.

“The next is the Lawyer. He is the Robber, and no mistake. If he gets the least opportunity, he will relieve the pockets of his employers very speedily; but he is beyond reproach, because the *law* is on his side.

“The next is the Preacher, and he is the Beggar. He has to depend upon the charity of the people as his only means of support; but this is no disgrace, because custom allows it.”

Thus the wisdom of the fortune-teller relieved the anxious mother's mind with regard to her sons, and satisfied her that the profession of each of them would be popular and legal. Who can tell the

wickedness and rascality which is carried on in the world under a cloak of Popularity!

EXTRAORDINARY SKILL.

Some time since, a gentleman and his lady were visiting their friends at the village of ——, when their only child was taken quite sick. The parents, of course, were very anxious for the recovery of the child, but the father was somewhat at a stand in regard to the employment of a reliable physician. A lady (in every other respect a very sensible woman,) recommended Dr. A——, as the most skillful physician that could be procured to prescribe for children when sick. The gentleman had previously learned that this same lady had lost a child a short time before, and inquired what physician was employed.—She replied, Dr. A——, but remarked that the child's constitution was very slender, in consequence of which it was by no means strange that her child did not recover.

The gentleman, desiring still further evidence of the doctor's superior skill, interrogated as follows:

Gent.—Has there been much sickness of late among children in this place?

Lady.—Yes, considerable.

Gent.—Was Dr. A—— generally employed?

Lady.—Yes. He has attended at least nine in our immediate vicinity, within a short time past, and he always gives good satisfaction.

Gent.—Did the nine you mention all recover?

Lady.—No, they died.

Gent.—What! Did they all die?

Lady.—Yes; but the doctor said it was owing to their being so very sick!

Comment is unnecessary. This is by no means a solitary instance, exhibiting the blind attachment to physicians who are entirely destitute of merit.

THE SCOURGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

We will now proceed to examine the far-famed system of depletion, practised by Dr. Rush and his disciples. Of the effects of this system the people of America have heard and felt enough, but of its origin many of them are totally ignorant. At the first breaking out of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia, Dr. Rush tells us he was baffled in almost every attempt to stop its ravages. "Heaven alone" says he,

“ bore witness to the anguish of my soul. But,” proceeds he, in the same strain of egotism, “ I did not abandon a belief that the disease might be cured,” and again applied himself with fresh ardor to the investigation of the Yellow Fever, and for a long time in vain; till at length being struck with a certain passage of an old manuscript, in which the writer observed that a timidity about the weakness of the body was of bad consequence, and that purges might be given when the pulse was so low that it could hardly be felt:—“ There,” says Rush, “ I paused; a new train of ideas broke in suddenly upon my mind; my fears were gone; I adopted his theory and practice, and resolved to follow them.” “ Having in a moment” formed this resolution, he very soon proceeded to put it in practice. The purge which he fixed upon was composed of 10 grs. of Calomel and 15 of Jalap. To this purge, which the inventor sometimes called the Sampson of medicine, was added copious blood letting—a powerful co-operator! With these remedies, the Pennsylvania Hippocrates set to work, and he declared that there was no necessity for the people fleeing to the country, for the Yellow Fever was no longer a dangerous disease, but was now perfectly under the power of medicine, and that there was no more danger to to be apprehended from it.

than from the measles, influenza, or common cold.— Yet Doct. Currie, compelled by the calls of humanity, earnestly besought the poor deluded Philadelphians to open their eyes, to beware of the new remedies; “for,” said he, “the mode of treatment advised by Dr. Rush, cannot, in the Yellow Fever, fail of causing death.”

Dr. Rush’s associates were five of his former pupils, and five who yet remained under his care. Such were the Medical characters of whose concurrence and whose aid the doctor had to boast, besides a group of undisciplined practitioners:—these were a Popish Priest, a German Apothecary, an Auctioneer, two old Women, and a brace of Negro Parsons—the Rev. Absalom Jones, and the Rev. Richard Allen.— Of this motley squad, the two Reverend Negroes appear to have been the favorites; “for,” says he, “the success of these fellows was unparalleled by what is called regular practice.” But ask any man who had the mortification to be a spectator of their operations, and he will tell you what bloody work they made among the infatuated creatures who submitted to their treatment. When the reader casts his eye on the wretched, half-deserted city; when he sees Rush’s sister—his pupils—and perhaps twenty apothecaries, apprentices, besides—all making packets of Mercury;

and when he sees the swift poison committed to the hands of nurses and negroes, he will not be surprised at the fatal consequences: instead of astonishment at the vast increase of the bills of mortality, he will find ample occasion for thanksgiving that a single man was left alive. But Rush, on the contrary, blessed God for the discovery he had made, and for the success of his practice. "I regret," says he, "that it is not in my power to furnish a list of the names of my patients, for a majority of them were poor people, whose names are still unknown to me." But this did not prevent him from recording the names of the minority; and besides, poverty does not deprive men of their names; nor are the names of poor people any longer or more difficult to write down, than those of the rich.

He was not very delicate, God knows, in thrusting his remedies into vogue; and why should he be more delicate in obtaining proofs of their wonderful effects? How easily he might have obtained their names by calling upon all who had been cured by him, by advertising in the papers to have their names sent to his house: unless, indeed, they were all in the situation of the unfortunate woman who was described to Rush by Dr. Woodhouse, and who, after her recovery, could not recollect her name! Poor souls! if the

Doctor had advertised, few of them would, I am afraid, have recollected their names.

Fortunately, however, for Philadelphia, and unfortunately for Rush and his discovery, a bill of mortality was kept by the officers of the city. This bill of mortality, compared with the vaunts of the Doctor, will enable any one to form a tolerably accurate judgment, not only of the truth of his statements, but of the saving effects of his remedies, as applied by himself and his numerous assistants.

The yellow fever of 1794 broke out on the first of August, and from that day to the 8th of September the number of deaths had been various: once as low as three, and once as high as forty-two. Now it was that mercury and the lancet began to be put in motion, and I beseech you, reader, to mark their progress. "List! list! O list!"

On September the 12th Rush began to recommend his powders by public advertisement. He, at the same time, told the people not to leave the city; that there was no longer any danger, for his discovery had put the fever on a level with the measles, the influenza, or a common cold. For some days previous to this the ravages of the fever had become less alarming, the bill of mortality having fallen from forty-two to twenty-three per day; and as Rush had reduced the

disease, in point of danger, to the level of a common cold, the poor Philadelphians who were carried away by his noisy impudence, began to hail him as their deliverer from a calamity which they now looked upon as nearly at an end. But Death, who seems always to have had an implacable grudge against the Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates," persecuted him, in the present instance, with more severity than ever,—for, from the day on which Rush declared that his discovery had reduced the fever to a level with a common cold—from the day on which he promulgated the infallibility of his nostrum—from that day did the bill of mortality begin to increase in a fearful degree, as will be seen by the following extract:

DAYS.	DEATHS.	DAYS.	DEATHS.	DAYS.	DEATHS.	DAYS.	DEATHS.
Sept. 11,	23	Sept. 19,	61	Sept. 27,	60	Oct. 5,	71
" 12,	33	" 20,	67	" 28,	51	" 6,	76
" 13,	37	" 21,	57	" 29,	57	" 7,	82
" 14,	48	" 22,	76	" 30,	63	" 8,	90
" 15,	56	" 23,	68	Oct. 1,	74	" 9,	102
" 16,	67	" 24,	96	" 2,	66	" 10,	93
" 17,	81	" 25,	88	" 3,	78	" 11,	119
" 18,	69	" 26,	52	" 4,	58		

Thus, you see, though the fever was, on the 12th day of September, reduced to a level with a common cold—though the lancet was continually unsheathed—though Rush and his subalterns were ready at every call—the deaths did actually increase; and, in-

credible as it may seem, this increase grew with that of the very practice which saved more than ninety-nine patients out of a hundred! Astonishing obstinacy! Perverse Philadelphians! Notwithstanding there was a man in your city who could have healed you at a touch, you continued to die! Notwithstanding the precious purges were advertised at every corner, and were brought even to your doors, and besides by old women and negroes,—notwithstanding life was offered you on terms the most reasonable and accommodating, still you persisted in dying. Nor did barely dying content you. It was not enough to reject the means of prolonging your existence, but you must begin to drop off the faster from the moment that those means were presented to you! and this, for no earthly purpose, that I can see, but the malicious one of injuring the reputation of the “saving angel” whom a “kind Providence had sent to your assistance”!

But it was not only among the people in general that the Doctor met with this mortifying perverseness: even the members of his own household—those who dipped in the same dish with him and who were to share in his honors—seem, in like manner, to have conspired against the fame of his discovery: for, of his sister and five pupils who were attacked with the

fever, FOUR had the ingratitude to seal, with their deaths, their condemnation of his practice.

And they had all the life-preserving purges continually under their fingers—yet, notwithstanding this advantage, there died no less than four out of the six. Such, reader, was the origin, and such were the first blessed fruits, of the far-famed system of depletion.—Well might Dr. Currie call upon his fellow-citizens to open their eyes! Well might he assure them that Rush's yellow fever remedies were "certain death." When, therefore, the yellow fever next broke out, in 1797, the chariot of the mighty "Hippocrates" began again to rattle along the lanes and alleys—the swarm of undisciplined practitioners were again taking the field—the reverend negroes had tucked up the sleeves of their gaberdines, and were preparing to draw the lancet and throw away the scabbard. Purge and bleed! Purge and bleed!! resounded through the half-deserted city, while the responsive howlings of the dogs "gave dreadful note of preparation!"

Frigid, indeed, must have been my feelings, or cowardly must have been my heart, if, with the opportunities afforded by a public print such as I held in my hand, I had, in a scene like this, remained a silent spectator. Far was it from me to think of a course so dishonorable. I thought I saw approaching

all the horrors of 1793, and both my interest and my duty commanded me to endeavor to avert them.

For writing medical essays—for controverting, scientifically, the wild positions of Rush and his adherents—I acknowledged myself then, as I do now, totally unqualified. To the charges of ignorance in medicine brought against me by the great “Hippocrates” I might, indeed, have found a triumphant reply in his book on the Yellow Fever: I might have produced himself—I might have quoted the passages where he asserts that the success of the two negroes in curing the yellow fever was “unparalleled by what was called regular practice”—that a hundred things are taught in the common schools less useful, “and many things more difficult, than the knowledge that would be necessary to cure a yellow fever or the plague”—and that “all the knowledge necessary to discover when blood-letting is proper *might be taught to a girl or boy, twelve years old, in two hours*”! “I taught it,” he adds, “*in less time to several persons, during our late epidemic*”!—“It is time,” he exclaims, in another place, “to take the cure of pestilential fevers *out of the hands of physicians* and to place it in *the hands of the people*”!—I might have shown that he very highly applauded the conduct of the Popish priest, who exhorted the other physicians to “renounce the

pride of science" and adopt the new remedies;—I might, in short, have proved most satisfactorily that according to the written assertions of this impudent innovator I was duly and amply qualified to approve, or to condemn, any mode of treating the yellow fever,—and, indeed, had I been fool or knave enough to join his troop of mock doctors, I could probably have talked very learnedly about "bleeding as white as Jersey veal"—nay, it is possible that I could have equalled even the Pennsylvania "Hippocrates" in that butcher-like dialect which is so admirably calculated to vulgarize the medical profession and to brutalize the human frame.

MODERN PRACTICE.

Much horrid torture every day,
 Among our neighbors we survey;
 If done by Indians it would kill—
 By learned doctors, it is skill.

The lancet's used to take the blood,
 The poisonous merc'ry for our good;
 They nitre give to kill the heat,
 They tell the patient not to eat.

They opium give to ease the pain,
 This kills in part, then live again;
 To take the life which doth remain,
 They then the lancet use again.

The blister's used to help distress,
 And break the patient of his rest ;
 With seatons they will tear the skin,
 With physic clear what is within.

The tortured victim now must die,
 The worms have killed him, is their cry ;
 Or else the time the Lord hath sent,
 Our healing power can't death prevent.

This is the place some moderns fill,
 Where one is cured there's ten they kill ;
 We now presume to tell those tales,
 That death's a cure that never fails.

MERCURY—ARS'NIC—OPIUM, too—
 PHYSIC—BLISTERS—LANCE—*Adieu!*
 And all who use them we deny,
 Excepting when we wish to die.

We know that bleeding causes death :
 We bleed a beast to stop its breath :
 The same is used to save man's life,
 To ease his pain they take the knife.

Much as these moderns take man's blood,
 So much his life goes in the flood !
 If any life should yet remain,
 They then the LANCET use again.

With ign'rant practices like these,
 We may find many as we please ;
 And if all were at their command,
 Men would be slain throughout the land.

We do disdain their poisoning trade,
 For better purposes we were made
 Than to be bled, like beasts, to death,
 Or poison'd, like rats, to stop our breath !

A REMARKABLE VISION.

When in silent repose upon my bed, my mind was greatly agitated by a voice, which, in my dream, I heard saying, "Poor, wretched inhabitants of a free country! Boasting of Religion, Medical knowledge, and wisdom!" And I thought myself awake, and said, "What is the cause of their wretchedness?" As I spake, turning my eyes, I saw by my bed-side a man clothed in a long white garment. I thought I said to him, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am *Deception*." I then said, "Why do you give yourself this odious name?" He replied, "White denotes Purity, Innocence and a Promoter of Health."

I then asked him what he was in reality;—his reply was, "I am *Death*, under the name of *Life*; or *evil*, under the name of *good*." I then asked him to appear to me without any cover or disguise;—this he did by throwing off his white robe; all was blackness and darkness. I then asked him what he represented;—he said "*Death!* and many of my victims you have known, and others you have lately heard of, and will continue to hear of them, until this mineral practice is changed. Many have I destroyed with my deadly weapons, some within a few days or hours."

After hearing all this, I asked him if he was a reality or not. He replied, "I am only the representative of many." This led me to inquire what he represented; to which he replied, "I shall call no names," and then showed me two pill-bags, or a wallet, and said, "these, and what is inscribed on them, will teach you why I am *Death* under the name of *Life*, and why I kill under the name of preserving life." I then asked him what he meant by that inscription;—he replied, "I mean those deadly weapons contained in the bags or wallet—the names of which are, according to the best of my recollection, *Arsenic*, *Mercury*, *Quinine*, *Opium*, *Nitre*, *Lancet*, and *Knife*."

He then added, "these instruments of death are used under pretence of curing diseases, or promoting life; and the men who use them, you know, have been the cause of the death of those who were so suddenly taken from their friends and all they held dear on earth."

Having heard all this, I asked why he revealed this secret to me, and not to another. He replied, "Because I know you are able to write the particulars which are related to you." He added, "Do not fail to publish what I have related; not only in this town, but in every direction; for this business of

killing, under the name of healing, has gone far, and is going farther ; for many have great wrath, because they think their time is short. Everything which has been done here, and in other places, adapted to relieve the sick with the medicine of our country, which nature has so bountifully furnished—all these things have been despised, and those who kill others, cry, *Poison ! Poison ! Kill ! Kill !*"

I asked him why they cried out in this manner, when so few died that used the medicine of our own country, and when so many fell under their deadly weapons. He replied, "You remember what I first stated ; they will talk of pity, if one is likely to be cured, that they may kill him themselves. It is not strange for the eagle to cry death to birds, when the dove is among them, though he would gladly devour the dove, with the other birds, were it in his power."

In my dream, I thought the one who spake to me, said, "I enjoin it on you to direct the people of the country to keep in their libraries and reading-rooms three books, in use among those who use those deadly weapons,—viz: The New American Dispensatory, The Medical Dictionary, and the Medical Pocket-book." (The first book shows how to prepare medicine ; the second explains the dead languages ; the third directs how much medicine or poison to give.)

“Lest you or any other may not happen to find what is said in the Dispensatory, concerning these deadly weapons, I now repeat a few words written there.”—He then handed me the following, page 285. Of *Nitre*, it is said, ‘*This powerful salt, when inadvertently taken in too large quantities, is one of the most fatal poisons.*’ Page 188—‘*Oxid of Arsenic is one of the most sudden and violent poisons we are acquainted with.*’ The lancet we know the use of, and also mercury—which is called medicine, though poisonous.

“As these are so, how can people expect to be profited by such articles as are acknowledged the most deadly poisons, though used as a medicine in the most difficult cases?” After quoting these things from the Dispensatory, and making the above remarks, I thought he said, “Do not fail to put them in mind of this important question—‘*What will become of your souls another day? You must die as well as other men, and how can you answer for the lives of those poor people who have died in consequence of taking poison at your hands, under the name of healing medicine; while you have despised the medicines which might have relieved them; and especially when you did it for filthy lucre!*’”

When he had said these words he vanished, and I awoke, and behold, it was a dream!

Fearing I might forget these things, I arose immediately and wrote down the vision according to my recollection, and as soon as possible found the books mentioned, and to my great astonishment found every word in the Dispensatory, which had been related to me.

The dream, and what I found in the Dispensatory, caused some serious reflections in my mind. I said thus to myself;—If *arsenic*, *mercury*, and *nitre*, are in their nature poison, can they in the hands of a physician be medicine? If when taken by accident, these things kill, will they cure when given designedly?—Does not mercury go to the same part of a man when taken by accident, as when given by the doctor? Surely it does; of course it will be poison, and be injurious whenever it is taken.

These things are communicated to the public, that they may judge of them according to the evidence given of their being true or not.

A COUNCIL OF THE SENSES UPON THE INDISCRETIONS OF THE APPETITE.

Everything in Nature may either be used in season or out of season, and the grand secret in the preser-

vation of health and in the practice of medicine, is to ascertain the appropriate times for the use of everything.

The abuse of the digestive organs, by crowding the stomach with too great a mass of substances for its disposal, is what first causes them to complain. It is neither honorable nor just, because a person is willing to work, to heap upon him the labor and drudgery which two or three individuals ought to perform.— So with the digestive powers: because they perform their task with cheerfulness and fidelity, the epicure and gormandizer have no mercy upon these faithful servants, but will crowd the stomach with a heterogeneous mass which can be disposed of only by great labor. This admirable power of the human system struggles with the acts of the epicure until, overcome by excessive eating, drinking, and other intemperate indulgences, it is compelled, as is said in common parlance, to beg for help—that a little mercy may be shown it by a more temperate mode of living—or that some assistance shall be granted to enable it to perform the daily task which, until this time, it has been able to accomplish alone.

Until now, the mind has sided with the appetite, and the two united in overcoming reason, by which means they succeeded in imposing upon the digestive

powers to a most unwarrantable extent. The mind now begins to find that it has not the capacity to act, and its domicil is not the place of peace and quiet which it once was. The appetite, taste, and relish, have become vitiated—the feet complain of being cold—the bowels do not act—and a derangement exists throughout the body. The mind and the appetite, being now made uncomfortable in their respective stations, consent to call a council to discuss the various causes of their troubles—and now, for the first time, they call in the aid of the reason, the digestion, and other members of the council.

The Mind first breaks silence by saying that for some time past it has not found that degree of *quietness* and *serenity* which it has hitherto been accustomed to enjoy; that in performing its daily business there has been a degree of *indecision and forgetfulness* that was unaccountable; that the space set apart for its exercise seems contracted, and there appears so great an intrusion upon its natural rights that it would not be tolerated any longer. This council, therefore, has been brought together that we may learn the cause and correct the evil if possible.

“Yes,” says the Taste, “my territory has been invaded in the same way as that of the mind. I can no longer enjoy my food as I could once. That plea-

sure which I was accustomed to take over my roast beef, turkies, ducks, ham, and my game dishes, is not, alas! what it was once to me. My champagnes, and other wines, do not open with that delicious fragrance and flavor which they have heretofore possessed."

"Yes," responds the Mind; "my rest also has become deficient, and what I have is much disturbed by frightful orgies, so that sleep is rendered a curse rather than a blessing."

"Well," says Reason, "I thought my two brethren would be brought up on a lee shore, all standing, before long, and would be willing to consult the rest of the cabinet after they had run riot as long as they could stand it. I must confess that I have been a great sufferer in this business. At times I could hardly perform my daily avocations, so affected has my judgment been in consequence of the imprudent management of our brethren, Mind and Taste. Digestion has often complained to me of the injustice he had suffered, and was still subject to, from your imprudent and dissipated habits, as the burden he labors under seriously affects us all."

"That is a fact," says Digestion; "now, to satisfy you on that point, just walk into your laboratory and depository, of which you have appointed me the keeper and chief engineer, and see how you think I

can work and do you all justice. [*First opens the door of the depository.*] Now, gentlemen, Mind and Taste have continued to throw a great mass of material into the depository, for me to dispose of, for a long time past, both day and night.

“When I was young and vigorous I did not mind it so much, as I could clear it away by working over hours, or doing two days’ work in one, or working both day and night, without rest. This I have done until I can do it no longer for the want of my proper rest, and I even fell asleep at my work last night,—and now see how my work has since accumulated. It is impossible for me to dispose of the whole of this surplus quantity in the laboratory in the time required—the consequence is, it will spoil.

“I can consume more material in twelve hours, and with greater satisfaction and profit to myself and you, brethren, when it is brought to me at suitable times and in proper quantity and quality, than I can now in twenty-four hours, while I am crowded in this way.

“Do you not know, Taste and Mind, that if you crowd your stove so full of wood that there is no room for the workmen to exercise, or the air to circulate through the interstices, or chinks, it will not burn, and the smoke is crowded back into the room, to the

great annoyance of the whole family? You must know this fact. Do you not also know that by taking out one-half of the wood and thus giving room for the workmen to operate, or the air to circulate, the fire will burn lively, the room become warm, the smoke be expelled,—to the great satisfaction of the inmates, the ladies in particular? By this you see that a stove half filled with fuel makes the family cheerful and happy, while a stove quite full makes them as miserable as a surplus of smoke and a deficiency of fire can possibly cause them to be.

“In the first instance, everybody in the room suffered, because Mind acted without consulting Judgment. In the latter case, all are made happy by Mind and Judgment acting in concert, and allowing the workmen time to rest between spells in supplying the stove, while the heat generated from the fuel subsides to that point where Mind and Judgment think it should be again replenished. Do you not know, my brother Taste, that you furnished me sufficient work last night, when I should have been at rest, to employ me twelve if not twenty-four hours? The consequence is—the storehouse is full, the workmen are fatigued, and you must all suffer till we have obtained rest.

“During this time we must call in our friend Em-

eticus or Catharticus to give us a lift and to clear the coast once more. In that case, we are obliged to employ a new set of hands to work, who are unacquainted, in many respects, with our laboratory.

“We do, therefore, expect, when we get at our business again, to find that much bad work has been done by these strangers. But even in this case, it is better than for the work to cease entirely, for my friends here must be furnished with some kind of support, either good or bad.

“Now, Taste and Mind, I will be your faithful servants so long as you counsel with Judgment, but when you do not, I shall call in my friends who have assisted me in this case; for I cannot do as I could once, when I was young and vigorous—before you destroyed my constitution by requiring me to labor both day and night, and without rest; and by which means I have been rendered, in a great measure, incompetent to perform my duties without artificial assistance.”

Feet and Hands said they had suffered, but did not know the cause. The whole body politic, assembled in council, concurred in the opinion that at times they stood in need of support, and could not account for its absence.

Those inhabiting the region of the bowels com-

plained that the various avenues of the body were clogged, and for a long time the superintendent had not furnished the necessary means to keep them cleansed and in order. The consequence was, the blood-vessels were so crowded that the blood was forced to the head, or upper part of the body, where there was more space for a free circulation; consequently the extremities were left to suffer with the cold and for the want of support.

The reason why Mind and Taste found themselves so discommoded, was the intrusion upon their territory by the blood of their neighbors of the lower extremities, which ceased to fulfil its ordinary duties in consequence of the confusion brought about by their own bad management, in not consulting Judgment in relation to food, drink, rest, and such other matters as were calculated to make the body comfortable and the mind happy.

WHAT I THINK AND BELIEVE.

I think we were born naked.

I believe it right and proper to shield the body, and that it ought to be judiciously furnished with

raiment to protect it from the weather, according to the climate in which we live.

I think at New Orleans, the clothing should be made of a light, cotton material, because it grows there.

I believe that two thousand miles north, woolen is best, since it is provided there.

I think that two thousand miles still farther north, where the inhabitants live under ground, the best of white bear skin is most appropriate for clothing, for these grow there.

I believe our stomachs ought to be reasonably supplied with food, as our better judgment shall dictate.

I think that in New Orleans, where rice grows, this was designed for their food, and it answers every purpose.

I believe that two thousand miles north, pork, beef, and bread, is none too substantial, because it grows there.

I think that two thousand miles still farther north, oil is taken for food, since it is procured there.

I believe that wherever we are, the productions of our own country are designed for our use.

I think that medicine, as well as food and raiment, is most congenial for us which grows in our own climate.

I believe that neither food nor medicine can be deritmental to life.

I think that food is for the promotion of life, and that good medicine will clear and encourage the system more than food. One prepares the body for the reception of the other.

I believe that raiment, food, drink, and medicine, have each their appropriate office to perform, though if used together properly, one will not infringe upon, but assist the other.

I think that raiment will not answer for food, nor medicine for drink ; but each is well in its place.

I believe that food is not poison, nor poison food.

I think that poison is not medicine, nor medicine poison.

I believe a child might be trained to think that food must be poison, as well as that food is innocent and medicine poison.

I think it will take a long time to convince the people that medicine is not poison.

I believe that wrong is not right, nor right wrong.

I think that death is not life, nor life death.

I believe that nature is not disease, nor disease natural.

I think it is natural to be warm.

I believe we are sometimes too warm, and that

there is always a cause for this *unnatural* warmth.

I think we are sometimes too cold, and for this also there is a cause.

I believe it is natural for us to breathe, though we sometimes breathe faster, and sometimes slower than is natural.

I think our hearts beat sometimes fast, and sometimes slow, but not without a cause.

I believe we perspire sometimes free, and sometimes not so free.

I think we are not a perpetual motion.

I believe there is all the time an adding and diminishing of the system.

I think the waste of the system is nearly equal to the supply.

I believe there can be too great a waste of the system, as well as too much obstruction.

I think the bowels may work off so freely, that what we eat and drink will not supply the waste, and consumption and death will follow.

I believe we may sweat so much that the draft on the system will be so great, that it will produce death.

I think the diuretic organs may become so much diseased, as to discharge so much water, as to cause death.

I believe that by the use of tobacco, the saliva may be discharged so freely as to produce death.

I think that by means of an abscess, and a variety of other ways, the waste of the system may be so much greater than the supply that death must necessarily follow.

I believe that a surplus or overcharge of foul matter in the system, or too great a waste therefrom, is the disease.

I think the loss of warmth and electricity the primary cause of disease.

I believe there is no end to the different ways by which we may lose these two elements.

I think the more the system is depleted, the greater chance is given to disease or obstruction.

I believe that unnatural heat, cold, pains, aches, and all bad feelings, are the *effects* of disease, but not the *cause*.

I think that when you remove the cause, the effect will speedily cease.

I believe the effect is often taken for the cause, and through this fatal mistake, the life of the patient is lost.

I think the licensed men, through ignorance, often make this mistake, and are not censured or blamed.

I believe the patients have to submit to their blunders without complaint, for *death tells no tales*.

I think that torturing a person by cupping, leech-

ing, scarifying and irritating sores, and drugging, is not calculated to give the patient rest nor comfort.

I believe that more misery has been brought upon the human family by these means, than by all other calamities in the world.

I think that ten have died by drugging, where one has died of disease.

I believe if those should rise from the dead who have been cut off by poison and the lancet, it would astonish the world.

I think the time will come when poison will not be used for medicine, any more than it is now for food.

I believe those who use poison have no thoughts of death, or the welfare of their patients.

I think their minds become hardened, like that of the butcher who kills every day, and when they destroy the lives of men, women and children, it is no dread to them.

I believe they say it is "God's will—their time has come."

I think it would not have come, if they had not administered their cure-all—I should have said *kill-all*.

I believe our time is not set to die—only as we set it ourselves.

I think we can cut our lives short at any hour.

I believe that if we tie ropes around our necks, and

fasten them to beams, and jump off, we will be hung.

I think if we should cut holes in the ice, and plunge ourselves under, we should be drowned.

I believe our time did not come, but our wicked acts brought us to an untimely end.

I think that according as we treat ourselves, so our time comes to live or to die.

I believe that we shall not die so long as the vibrations of the system and the actual powers of life are kept up by electricity and heat.

I think the solids of the body are, in the main, earth and water, and that they are kept in motion by the fluids, electricity, fire, and air.

I believe that if every man was taught correctly from his childhood, and never allowed pride, fashion, or appetite, to go before judgment, nothing short of one hundred years would be allotted us to live.

I think that, instead of this, we are at first wrongly instructed, and, as a result, short life is fashionable.

I believe the pitch of circulation in a child is steep, like water running down hill in a conductor.

I think it grows less and less, until, by old age or some other cause, a dead level is produced, which is death: when there is no pitch of circulation there is no life.

I believe that any one who will study and investi-

gate the laws of nature can beat the licensed men in warding off disease.

I think that nature's laws are not called in question by those who do not study nature or reason.

I believe that Nature is what is natural.

I think it is not our nature to eat grass like cattle.

I believe it is not their nature to eat flesh like us.

I think it is our nature to vomit.

I believe this is not natural for any animal that does not eat flesh, but everything that does eat flesh will vomit.

I think we eat too much animal food for our good.

I believe that the finer the food while young and growing, the weaker and more frail the constitution of the individual will be.

I think that the coarser the food for the child, the more healthy and vigorous it will be when older.

I believe that Nature is the great guide for the preservation of health and long life.

I think it is not natural to wrap up anything when sore, except the human flesh.

I believe it is not right, in general, to shield the flesh of animals: they are their own best doctors.

I think that all animals—all things that walk or move—have an instinct of nature for their benefit and good.

I believe you may turn cattle into a field of one hundred acres, and they will eat the *grass* to the ground.

I think what they leave is for medicine. They will not touch the Smartweed, Mayweed, Mullen, Burdock, Hoarhound, Elecampane, nor any of these weeds, when they are well.

I believe when the dog is sick he eats grass and gets well.

I think when the cat is sick she eats catnip and gets well.

I believe when the toad is sick it eats plaintain and is cured.

I think when man is sick he sends for the licensed man, who administers calcined quicksilver or some other poison which neither dog, cat nor toad would take unless they wished to die.

I believe no brute would be so unreasonable as to take that, when sick, which would blister the mouth and destroy the teeth when well.

I think no man would now take drugs, any more than brutes would, if the habit had not been learned from parents and teachers in early life.

I believe that, by having bad teachers, we are now in want of true knowledge.

I think that man falls short, by bad instruction, while learning what was not given him by Nature.

I believe our minds may be bent by our teachers for no good to ourselves or the world at large.

I think we are susceptible of being taught wrong as well as right, and an impression once made is hard to change or remove.

I believe if our earliest impressions had been true and honest, the world would now be far happier and wiser than it is.

I think that false teachers or rulers will sooner or later make us much trouble.

I believe that the craft of the world is to keep the people oppressed and ignorant.

I think that many of our advisers are selfish-minded men, who have not the general good in view.

I believe that the use of poison as medicine has been so long practiced that the people have been really made to believe it is right.

I think if each licensed man would take a dose of poison every time he deals one out to a patient a revolution would soon be brought about.

I believe they would soon go where their patients have gone, and

I think a change for the better would soon take place in the world.

I believe the poison course is to encourage long sickness, and make a bill.

I think the lower they reduce a patient, the greater is their credit and pay.

I believe nine-tenths of the people have confidence in these licensed men, even after they have killed whole families, and taken their farms for pay.

I think they tell of new and more complicated diseases, congestion, or something else dreadful dangerous.

I believe the people will some time or other get their eyes open, and see the danger of their remedies.

I think if no one had arisen to expose them in their rascality, the people would have been nearly swept from the face of the earth by their wicked treatment.

I believe they can have no feeling or regard for their fellow men, or they would have abandoned their inhuman practice long ago, before it had made such slaughter among the people.

I think when the use of such things as are detrimental to life is once abandoned, they will be buried in oblivion never to rise again.

I believe the poison which is now lurking in the flesh and bones of a great portion of the human family, will not be eradicated for one hundred years, but is entailed on generations yet unborn.

I think their record says, it will lie concealed in the system for years, and then exhibit the most fatal effects.

I believe no one will dispute this, when they see the hosts of cripples there are in the country.

I think if you ask them how their lameness was brought on, they will almost invariably tell you "by taking drugs."

I believe if we take poison to kill ourselves, it will do it; and

I think if we take it from the licensed men, it will do the same.

I believe the poison knows no difference, but operates the same, whether taken to commit suicide, or administered by the licensed man; but

I believe one is considered self-murder—the other dies according to law; for the doctor's license causes the people to countenance his wicked acts, and the dead are silent.

I think no class of men profit so much pecuniarily by their blunders, as these mechanics.

I believe their quackery will some time be exposed and abandoned, but will not be forgotten for one thousand years to come.

I think each one is sworn to lie for the other, in their profession and practice, and they think no one

has any business to overhaul their blunders and quackery, except those who were educated in the same shop of rascality.

I believe they have no conscientious scruples between right and wrong, and no thoughts of the future.

I think if any one should hear them plan and connive, while in council, to hide each other's wickedness and guilt, they would feel, and justly, too, as if they ought to be turned out of the house.

I believe they conceal their crimes amongst themselves, and are therefore employed and revered because they are popular.

I think the main point to be considered with regard to a man's qualifications for business, is—Is he fashionable and popular? If so,

I believe he is considered qualified, is taken for a teacher or guide, is confided in, and thus has a great chance to cheat and defraud the public.

I think that many imagine that the laws of nature are to keep in the current of fashion, and not evade it for their life.

I believe that by neglecting to study the true laws of nature, we abuse them.

I think that oftentimes our better judgment is not allowed to control us; and thus by fashion, pride, and

ignorance, we violate the laws of our being, and our lives are cut short.

I believe that nine-tenths of the diseases are brought on by pride and fashion.

I think there are very many who have no higher object in life, than merely to make a show in the world.

I believe that pride and fashion have cost more than the world is now worth.

I think there are very many who would barter health for pride and fashion.

I believe that many wear thin shoes and improper clothing in cold weather, for pride and fashion.

I think that through carelessness, or imprudence, they lose the willing power or electricity of the body, and die—all for fashion.

I believe that many destroy their health by smoking and chewing, because it is the fashion.

I think that ardent spirits should never be used as a beverage.

I believe that in some cases it may with propriety be used as a medicine, or to bathe the surface.

I think that dissecting the dead is of no use in learning to cure or prevent diseases, although it is useful in the study of surgery.

I believe if you are too warm, nature is struggling to free itself of obstruction.

I think every disease takes its name from the effect it produces.

I believe when the licensed man looks at the tongue, if it is white, he says, "You have got the fever," thus giving color to warmth.

I think neither heat or cold has color—it may be felt, but not seen.

I believe the body is the county, and the head the court-house of the county, where all its depredations are known, and where all its trials take place.

I think the nerves are the witnesses, and the thoughts are the judges.

I believe the tongue declares off, and gives the amount of right or wrong in the case.

I think that as the body is the county, it is called on to redeem the damage, be it more or less.

I believe the depredation is often so great that nothing can atone for it short of the destruction of the whole county, which is death.

I think the want of necessary support for the body, is the cause of much wickedness.

I believe that by negligence and slothfulness, the inclination of our minds is wrong; whereas, if we spent our time judiciously in business, and for the benefit of the body, crimes would be scarce and our wants would be few.

I think that certain kinds of business or labor are good, both to improve the mind and benefit the health.

I believe our business should be such as will satisfy the wants of the body.

I think when the body is properly provided for, honesty, good feeling and contentment take possession of the mind.

I believe slothfulness and waste of time, causes misery and distress in many families.

I think the cause attributed to certain effects, is often wrong.

I believe an offensive breath is not the cause, but sometimes the effect, of worms.

I think the worms themselves make no scent.

I believe a coated tongue, foul stomach, and cankered bowels, cause an offensive breath.

I think when this coating works off from the bowels and stomach, it is often called worms.

I believe that worms can no more be eaten up by medicine than a goose-quill can.

I think if the medicine was strong enough to carry off worms in this way, the bowels would go off, too.

I think no sensible person would believe that the worms could be ground up without destroying the bowels.

I believe there is more alledged against worms than they are guilty of.

I think if the bowels were kept clear by digestible food, there would be no increase of worms; but if the bowels are sluggish it causes the eggs to hatch, and thus they increase.

I believe if the bowels work off every day, the eggs cannot have time to hatch.

I think when they become very numerous, they work off slime—the very morbid matter which they hatch in.

I believe if our children were kept on coarse food, and occasionally took cob-ashes to work off that slimy matter from the bowels, they would be less troubled with worms—they would never get into the stomach.

I think that digestible food is not their element, and nothing drives them into the stomach but too much clog or disease.

I believe if you raise the fountain above the stream, there is quick water in proportion as you raise it.

I think if you raise the stream above or to a level with the fountain, there is slack water in the same proportion.

I believe in sickness or health keep the fountain above the stream, or the inward heat above the outward, and all is safe.

I think all inflammation or mortification is then stopped, and it can no more get into the stomach than a log can float up stream.

I believe reverse the course, and it will strike in and do much harm, if not destroy life. All eruptive, contagious diseases should be kept upon the surface. Finally,

I think this system when reduced to plain language, may be expressed in few words. My father taught, and I his successor maintain, the principle of the *Unit of Disease*, and that it is the result of *cold*—the negative of heat—which is life and health.

I believe that languor, pain, fever, spasms, mortification, delirium, and finally *death*, follow as a natural consequence of coldness and obstruction.

I think that to remove the coldness and obstruction, and its consequences, and prevent their evils, whether more or less remote, it is necessary to impart *heat*, so as to keep the determining powers to the surface.

I believe that this is effected, whenever by the use of proper medicines the stomach is cleansed, the system warmed, perspiration produced, and the tone of the system restored.

I think that minerals were never by nature designed to effect this, being cold, paralyzing, deadly.

I believe that bleeding is as absurd as it is unnatural, and not unfrequently at once a deadly evil.

I think that blistering is also absurd, cruel, and destructive of life and health.

I believe that such being the case, it is possible to make use of a system of vegetable practice which shall avoid all the evil, and secure all the good, which can be on the one hand rejected, and on the other secured in the healing art.

I think that such a system has been devised, which in the order of reason, and the light of experiment and fact, coincide with the constitution of man.

I believe that my father, with whom this system originated, was sustained in the great work of medical reform from the highest authority—from the fact that there was an entire failure in curing the sick, and in combatting disease, and from an earnest desire to benefit the afflicted, and as far as he was able to relieve the distresses of suffering humanity—a work to which he seemed to have been called by a higher power than that of man.

I think that such being the system, and such the leading principles upon which it is founded, it falls in with the science and improvements of the age, and is capable of the ablest defence. All that it demands is to be heard and tried.

MY EXPERIENCE ON ELECTRICITY AND
VITALITY OR HEAT.

I have often been so cold that I had not sufficient strength in one hand to pull the glove off the other, and when I stepped out of my sleigh or wagon I could scarcely walk: I was not only cold, but also stiff in my limbs. Half an hour after I came near a fire I was as limber and warm as ever. By this I found it was easy to regain Vitality when lost. At other times I have run down and taken cold, and would not get over it for a number of days. This has set me to thinking, to ascertain what caused this difference. In the first instance, I found I had lost Vitality—in the second, Electricity; or, in other words, in the first case I had simply become cold, and in the second I had "taken cold." First: Vitality is kept up by the food and drink taken. Second: Electricity is kept up by the lungs inhaling air—which serves to support the nerves; as the stomach digests the food which supplies the body with flesh and blood. I find that we can live without eating or drinking for the space of five days, but can only go without breathing for a very few minutes. This shows that there is a constant use or loss of electricity in the body, and

that it must be continually supplied and kept up by inhalation.

I also find that the body, in summer, may be immersed in water and apparently drowned, and in from fifteen to forty minutes afterwards it may be taken out—the water turned out of the lungs and fresh air blown in, so that they will start and begin to inflate—and the patient, owing to the electric spring in the nervous system, begins to move, and is presently restored.

This shows that the body will hold electricity longer while under water than while out of it.

I am inclined, from the results of my experience and study of the subject, to regard these elements as the great springs of Life—but how to save or control their power is yet a question.

Nearly all pain arises from nervous derangement. Craziness, and many other ailments, come most directly from this—which is, doubtless, simply the loss or insufficient supply of electricity. How to retain this element of life in the human system, or restore it when lost, is yet almost unknown to art or science.—If the discovery were made, and the power and applicability of electricity should become fully understood, it would be of incalculable value—superceding half the medicines now in use.

We are all charged with this fluid—some in a greater degree than others. I am highly charged with animal magnetism, or electricity. I have taken crazy persons and begun to rub their heads, and soon brought them to a degree of mildness and reason—they being negative and I positive. That is, my electric power and animal heat were greater than theirs, and communicated to them: when supplied with this they were all right. Headache, toothache, and other pains, are often relieved in this way. The observing may have noticed that a person suffering from headache obtains little or no relief by rubbing his head with his own hands, but under the hands of another and healthy person the desired effect is produced. When the vibration of these two elements is kept up, it might bear a comparison to the “teetering” of two boys over a log on a plank: when one goes up the other goes down; or it may be compared to the swinging of the pendulum of a clock, which is kept up by the weight.

When these two elements keep up the vibration of the system, with all the other powers to aid and assist, there is life.

It is said that a child should not sleep with a grandfather, grandmother, or other very old person, it being considered unhealthy for the child, who gets up

dumpish and stupid and remains, perhaps until noon, without showing any liveliness; while, on the other hand, the old person is smarter than usual. Why is this? People do not seem to understand the cause, but it is plain.

Young persons possess more electricity or animal vigor than the aged: in the latter it is *negative*, in the former *positive*. While in close contact, remaining so for many hours, the animal magnetism passes from its healthy, vigorous, youthful possessor, to the negative party, the old and feeble. In the morning they stand even. The aged person has recovered something of a youthful quality—is smart and active; while the child has lost its nervous vigor—is dumpish and feeble, and so remains until, by inhalation, the requisite electricity is restored to its system. I would say to parents—Keep your children from sleeping with old folks if you wish to save them from those injurious effects the cause of which I have just explained.

Again: Children who are brought up healthily, sleeping by themselves, grow smart, and acquire or retain so much of the electric element or magnetic power that at the age of twenty or twenty-five years they will jump from a height of ten feet to the ground, and rebound like a ball, experiencing no injury—while the old man of eighty years could scarcely

jump as many inches without nearly killing himself. There is no electric spring or elasticity about him; he is like a dead weight, and drops without a bound.

Again: I say it is unhealthy for those who are well to sleep with the sick, unless they have large lungs, and are full of electricity or animal magnetism with a surplus to spare. In such cases the sick, as well as the aged, are benefited, but the well person suffers a diminution of vigor and healthiness of condition, at least for the time being, though he may scarcely observe the loss or know how it has occurred.

Again: When we are asleep we want more clothes on us than when we are awake. The reasons are, that every muscle and nerve slacks down to rest, we breathe slower, the heart beats slower, and there is a greater waste and less supply of electricity, or vitality, than when we are awake. The more relaxed the body becomes, the more it requires the protection of clothing. The slower we breathe, the less are we supplied with electricity. This is the reason why so many not only become cold, but "take cold," while asleep: after relaxation, the body did not receive (as it should) additional protection. In the fresh open air, the free inhalation of which keeps up a good supply of electricity, a person in generally fair health may endure severe cold, become half frozen, and yet

not *take* or *acquire* cold—the electric element sustains him. If we are simply cold, we can soon be restored to warmth, and suffer no illness; but if we *take cold*, it often ends in death.

Again; I have never known any person to have nervous rheumatism, *tic doloieux*, neuralgia, hysterics, or who pretended to be stricken down with nervous affections, who had habitually dressed throughout in silk or woolen. These ailings are caused mainly by the too free escape of these two elements or vital principles, greater than the lungs can supply. By experiments, I have found that there is more electricity in the atmosphere in winter than in summer, and that by wearing cotton, particularly in summer, the electricity will escape from the system faster than it can be supplied by the operation of the lungs. I have come across a great many cases of rheumatism, where the person afflicted was fleshy and corpulent. I could hardly see the cause. They had no rheumatism in the winter, when they wore woolen; but in three weeks after taking off their woollens in summer, the rheumatism would come on and trouble them the whole season; medicine affording only temporary relief, as the complaint would return periodically. I found that nursing was lacking—that the supply of electricity was deficient, and that the only reliable

remedy was the wearing of silk or woollen undergarments. Having induced patients to wear such clothing throughout the year, I have never afterward known them to be troubled with rheumatism.

Again; a word for Doctor Dods, the Psychologist. He was highly recommended as having effected great improvements in medical science. After having Psychologized me out of ten dollars, I asked him how many he could operate on with effect. He said one out of twenty. This nearly used me up—to see how little I had learned for ten dollars. I then told him that I could cure forty-nine cases out of fifty. As he had got my money, I thought I would interrogate him further. I began by asking him why he could not effect more. He answered by stating that it was because our constitutions were so different. I then told him I would make a comparison: “If you should ask a smith to make a dozen axes, weighing from three to six pounds each, and then ask what they were composed or constituted of, he would answer iron and steel. You then ask him why one axe weighing three pounds, would perform double the work of another that weighed six, and he would answer that it was owing to the difference of nature or temper—that though the axes were all made of the same materials, yet they happened to be tempered

differently, the disparity in weight being of no consequence." To this the Doctor made no reply. I told him my views were different from his; that I found some persons had more and some less of the same materials, but it did not alter the constitution when the temper or vitality is added; that some persons have more vitality than others, and the lesser could not have power over the greater, but of course the greater had power over the inferior. The Doctor acknowledged that I was right. Since then I have thought that my master, Dr. Dods, was after all not much of a teacher.

I once talked with Dr. Fowler, and expressed to him the same views with reference to this mysterious power or influence of one person over another, and attributed it to the principle of vitality possessed by some more than others. Dr. Fowler coincided with me. I have since then, however, become satisfied that we were neither of us quite correct. I now think that while vitality has undoubtedly its part in the matter, yet in the main it is *magnetic power* or *electricity*, which bears this mysterious sway. The body may possess abundance of vitality, and yet there is a pain in some part, a nervous affection, headache or toothache; we apply electricity, using an electric battery, and the pain is soon relieved, or a

person of superior nervous or electric power accomplishes the same end by simply rubbing the affected part with his hands; in either case there is a conveyance of the electric element from its positive or superior possessor, to the negative or inferior.

It is not to be supposed that there is an actual waste of electricity, any more than of air or water.—It passes from us, or is dissipated, but is indestructible, and continues intermingled with the other elements. It inclines to cold, as wind or air does to heat, or as water seeks its level. I find electricity rises in summer to a cold atmosphere, and when the latter is heavy and cloudy, the former collects and forms in bodies that sparkle and flash along the sky, stirring and dividing the air, the subsequent collapse of which causes the heavy rumbling sound we call thunder. For awhile after one of these thunderstorms—seeming like an outbreak of the spirit of discord among the elements above us,—the lower atmosphere is fresh, cool, and charged more than usually with electricity, invigorating and gratifying all our senses as we inhale it.

Again; a wonderful control over electricity is obtained in telegraphic operations. The electric current is carried upon the wires from one end of the country to the other, making the same communication to

many different places at the same instant. It loses nothing as it passes, but is discharged when desired by running the wires into wet ground, where it is dispersed. As water evaporates, but is not *lost* under the warm rays of the sun, so electricity disperses but is not lost, on entering the water or wet ground. When I was studying upon the subject, I would often get up in the night when there was a thunder-shower, and watch the lightning. I have seen it pass through the clouds a distance of five miles, and leave a blaze of lightning all the way, while the flash would be so quick I could scarcely discern which way it went. Then if electricity passes through the air with such velocity, how much swifter must it go on the wires, where it has the grain to guide it. If the lightning strikes a ship, descending the mast to the hold, when it reaches the water (of which there is always some in the bottom called "bilge water,") it instantly disperses, doing no further damage;—it may have already shivered the masts and set the vessel on fire; but it becomes harmless on touching the water; otherwise it would continue to run through the vessel until everything was destroyed. If your lightning-rods do not terminate in wet ground, they are no protection. The electricity on leaving the rod

would perhaps cleave to the building, or level it to the ground.

It is thought by some that electricity is fire. It is not so, although it will melt silver and iron, and set timber on fire. Speed makes friction, and friction makes fire.

Again; all diseases are harder to cure in hot weather than in cold—the electricity having risen to a cool atmosphere, leaving our breath and bodies faint and weary for want of it. In cold weather electricity settles, and then the patient braces up, grows in vigor, and better retains the nourishment and benefits of food and medicine.

Again; all persons who are small around the lungs, are of the weak and slender kind; and if their lungs become affected, and linger on, consumption will inevitably follow. If you are a very strong man or woman, you will find great depth of breast and large lungs, the same as in animals. If you wish to select those that are strong, choose them that girt large. Such have the advantage of obtaining, by inhalation, a greater amount of electricity than others.

I was once called to see a lady—one of the nervous, slim-waisted kind—who had been attended three months by the licensed men. They had told her she must stay confined in the house, dress in

cotton, and take salts and morphine. I was called in the month of August. She was suffering from great pain in the head. I asked her what they called her disease. She said, *neuralgia*. I asked her what that was. She said she supposed it was *nervousness*. I told her that was right—it was a lack of electricity in the nerves. After talking with her a while, she said she was willing to suffer great inconvenience for the sake of being cured. I gave her my prescription, which was to put on either silk or woolen as her first clothing. She thought this was a hard prescription, but she got the woolen and dressed herself in it throughout, from neck to ankle, and wrists. I gave her three or four light emetics, nervous or canker syrup, white powders, and wine bitters. She soon walked out and took the air, and in two weeks she was well. Two months afterwards I saw her, when she said she had not been so well before in five years; and she was convinced that had she known sooner the use of my medicines and clothing, she would not have suffered from her difficulty two days.

I would advise every young lady to wear silk next to the body continually, and so neither will they rob the doctors of their drugs, nor the doctors rob them of life or money. The cost of the silk, or fine woolen, will not be half so great as the expense of the

doctor's attendance, with his killing medicines, saying nothing of the value of life and health; and it is true that bleeding, blistering, and poisoning, with calomel, morphine, and other drugs, have caused more misery and death than war, pestilence and famine.

Though it is considered that man can live only about five days without eating or drinking, I think I can keep a person alive for about ten days, by applying nutriment to the body so that the system will absorb it. So, too, life may sometimes be preserved, notwithstanding suspension of breath for twenty minutes, by using an electrifying machine, and keeping the body insulated; that is, resting the body upon glass, or some other non-conductor, and clothing it with materials that will assist the retention of electricity in it. Such means of sustaining life may be successfully resorted to in some extreme cases, as, for instance, if a person has got any substance in the throat, and is thus prevented from breathing until an operation is performed.

Again: I was once conversing with a man who, I supposed, understood the nature and principle of electricity better than myself. I asked him, with regard to the telegraph, if the electricity traversed the wires. He replied, "No." "Why not?" said I. He stated

that the wire was charged, and that the instant the charge, or electricity, was touched at one end, the same was going off at the other end. I wished him to make one more comparison, or illustration, but he could not. I told him that water could not be compressed,—and supposing he had a half-inch pipe, one hundred miles long, full of water, and he should crowd a plug two inches into it at one end, at the same instant it would crowd as much out at the other end. He replied that the comparison was good. I then told him that I had a good electrifying machine with a negative and a positive pole to it. Let a man put his finger within one-quarter of an inch of it, and then take hold of another man's hand, and this man take hold of another, and so on, until you have a string of men one mile out and back; then let the last one put his finger within one-quarter of an inch of the negative pole, and I will send out a spark of lightning which the man whom I will have looking on shall see go out and return to the machine in nearly the same instant, and every man will drop his hands. Now did the spark of lightning go through them all, or not? To this he made no reply. I could see by this that he did not study, or, if he did, that he did not comprehend. I then asked him if lightning was not the most speedy of anything of

which we have any knowledge. Said he, "If what you have stated is correct, it is." "No," said I, "it is much behind." He then, with much surprise, asked, "What is swifter than lightning"? My reply was, "*Sight*: if I was on a high hill and looked at another forty miles distant, the action would be performed by the twinkling of an eye." He then replied, "That surely beats all speed." "No," said I; "one thing more that is ahead of that: it is thought. If you were in London, and while there noticed a very comical-looking building—after you had returned home, how long would it take to send your mind back there, and bring that building up before you? It would be but the work of an instant." This he concluded must be at the head of speed.

So you see he could be made to believe that sight and thought traverse—neither of which is true; but lightning does travel on the wires. When we study Nature's laws they must be philosophized, and well digested, or we may lose sight of the first principles or object of those laws, which is the starting point of life and health, and the reverse of this is disease and death.

A little more for electricity. I saw a man whose friend went into a well where there was no electricity, and immediately fell dead. His friend jumped over

the curb to go down, having a rope thrown over his head and fastened under his arms; down he went; in five seconds he fell. They drew him up as soon as possible, and when they got him up his tongue hung out of his mouth more than two inches, and his face was as black as tar.

They immediately commenced rubbing him with spirits, and turned some into his mouth. When the doctor arrived, which was very soon, he was partially restored, and his wife was feeding him brandy sling. This doctor professed to be highly educated and very skillful. He asked the lady what she was giving her husband. She said, *Brandy*. He told her she must give him nothing but cold water. She said that he needed stimulating, and insisted on giving him *brandy*. At this the doctor uttered a rough oath, and said she *should not* give it to him. The man had now so far revived as to be able to blow the water from his mouth, and whenever the *learned* doctor turned his back she would turn the brandy into the man's mouth, and in this way she saved her husband's life, in spite of the doctor,—for she was an intelligent and persevering woman, and to her faithful care her husband owed his life,—though the doctor wanted pay. The other man was dead, and after he was removed from the well a candle was lowered, and the blaze went

out as quickly as if it had been dipped in water. I conceive that there was no electricity in the well—consequently, nothing to sustain life. The man who was restored told me he felt as if he had been running, and that the power to will his hand or body was lost as much as if he had experienced a paralytic shock. He told me that he died, and that it was an easy death—much, he thought, like taking chloroform. When the magnetic or electric power over the great nerve which lies near the large arteries is lost, it causes much difficulty. If it is in your side, you cannot raise your arm; if it is in your leg you have no power to move it. The electric power is gone, and it requires much skill and good management to bring it back,—though I have known cases of Palsy where the patient was restored in a short time. A great deal depends upon the age, as it is much more difficult to cure old persons than young. Persons attacked with Apoplexy, often die in the *first* fit, and never live through the *third*. If any remedy could be used in such cases, I think the application of the electrifying machine would be the most successful; though in such extreme cases there is very little chance, as the nerves cramp, or kink, and this prevents the current from passing, or filling them with electricity, and thus produces instant death. The on-

ly true and lasting way of preserving the vitality and vigor of the body, and thus warding off disease, is by supplying the stomach with wholesome food and drink—which keeps up the flesh, blood, and warmth,—and the lungs with fresh, healthy air—which carries electricity with it—giving activity and strength to the nervous system.

The more freely the lungs are thus supplied, the more strong and healthy they will become.

Keep your system clear, your powers of digestion free from clog, and wear proper clothing,—so shall life and health abide with you.

DESCRIPTION OF MY VAPOR BATH.

My steaming bath is in a box two feet six inches square, and seven feet high; the door is open in the upper panel to take in drink, or, if they choose, to let out the vapor, so the patient can temper it to his own liking. A curtain is used instead of the panel in the door. The steam is let in under a bench they stand upon, bored full of holes and covered with a cloth; the boiler is a pot containing about three gallons; the conductor is a tin pipe, one inch in diameter and

about five feet long, with a large swell drum in the middle, which can be taken apart and filled with herbs, such as wintergreen, hemlock, or anything the patient chooses.

If the patient is exposed by an open house, or very cold weather, and takes cold, he is worse off than if he had done nothing. When steaming is not advisable, the patient may bathe in spirits to good advantage.

In steaming, I consider it best not to let the steam rise above 100° Fahrenheit. Let the patient go into the box when the thermometer stands at about 80°, and let the steam gradually rise to about 100°. The patient should remain in the box from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, then wash clean with warm water, and wipe dry with a coarse rough towel;—in this way, the patient soon becomes dry and comfortable, and the sweat abates. I do not steam until the stomach is cleansed, and full of light food.

STEAMING.

Much has been said about my practice, because I believe in steaming. It is true, I think it *one* of the

greatest applications to free nature of disease. It is argued by great men, (as they call themselves,) that sweating is very weakening. If this be correct, how can a man sweat two or three gallons a day, in a harvest-field or by a furnace, and still continue to labor. I can sweat a man, I acknowledge, and weaken him; or sweat him and strengthen him, and make him active and lively. First, a man that is in health sweats easy; but one that is sick sweats hard. Clear the stomach and bowels of the cold, bad matter, and give him plenty of milk porridge, or other nourishing food that will digest easy; then sweat over hemlock, or any other way, and as the impurities start from the blood, the nourishment of the food follows and fills its place, and the patient grows strong and lively; but if you sweat at first, you sweat off the glutinous matter from the blood, and the blood imbibes the bilious matter from the stomach and bowels,—the patient grows worse, and but few know the cause.

When steaming was first introduced into the country by my father, every possible expedient was resorted to, to put it down; but they found it would go in spite of all their operations, so they had to resort to its use. But instead of calling it quack steam, or Thomson's steam, they called it *medicated steam*;—this name rendered it the choicest of medicine, and

its fame rung far and wide throughout the country. They would take those who were unwell and bilious, and steam them without giving any medicine, until they could not dress themselves without sitting down. The patients would exclaim, "I don't wonder Thomson kills so many!—the *medicated* steam almost killed me!" "This," they would say, "is a sample of Thomson's practice;—I was steamed twice with scientific steam, done by scientific doctors, and it almost killed me." But they must bear it, for it is done scientifically and according to rule, and held up by the law.

Every village in our country of any note had a *medicated vapor bath*, as they call it, and run down the first year by those ignoramuses who profess so much science; notwithstanding, I still contend that steaming is one of the greatest applications to free nature of disease, if vitality can't be aroused by medicine, electricity or some other way.

STEAMING.—NO. I.

I called in, when at Albany, to see the regular doctor's steaming machine. My brother was with me, but I declined having him let the steam-tender

know who I was. I said to him, "I suppose this is a great discovery, and the best way to eradicate disease, and cleanse the blood." "Yes," said he, "very good;" and was very active showing me the whole works and his rule of steaming. He said a rogue got the thermometer, and before he knew it the steam was up to 105 degrees, which he said was very dangerous. Then I saw he knew nothing about steaming. I have had patients that could not stand 90 degrees at first—in three days they could stand 110. It depends wholly upon the condition of the system. I asked him if his business increased rapidly. He told me it was very good last summer, but was hardly worth attending to that season. Said I, "How can it be that so valuable a discovery as this should decrease?" He said, turning to my brother, "My employers want your medicine, and then I think we should do better with the vapor bath." Said I, "What does medicine have to do with steam? I thought when I came in that steam would do it all, and now you want some medicine to do part." He turned off, and said he was hired by the doctors, and his orders were not to let the steam run over 85 or 90 degrees; but they were often faint before it got so high, and he did not know the cause: the doctors did not tell him. I told him I guessed they themselves

did not know the cause, and I thought this must be quack steam, or quack owners. He turned, and looking at me very sharply, asked my brother who I was ;—he said, “ He is a *countryman*.” “ Well,” said he, “ I wish he would mind his own business, and not come here, calling this quack steam and quack owners.” So I found his knowledge of steaming was like those in the country, and all ran down except those who understood the first principles.

STEAMING.—NO. II.

I will now mention two or three cases, both for the amusement and instruction of the reader. A man came to my house, a distance of thirty or forty miles, who had a bad inflammation upon the lungs, as they called it, and was bled, blistered, and physicked almost to death ; he was near consumption, and driven to another course of practice. As soon as he got into the house, he laid down and rested, and then called for me—told how he had been handled, and if I could doctor him without steaming, he wanted to have me. I at once saw his prejudice and fear. I told him his case did not require steaming, at which he appeared much rejoiced at his good luck, thinking he should not be steamed. I took hold and attended him, cleared his system, gave restoring medicine and

plenty of light food, and thus continued till night.— He heard some one speak of steaming, as there were six or eight to be steamed. He asked if he might go in. I told him I would rather he would not; which made him very uneasy. He said he would keep out of the way—he would like to see one steamed, if no more. I told him it was like a theatrical performance, and was worth a dollar for the sight. He said, “I have no dollar to spare, but I want to go and see one steamed. In a few moments I told him he might go in, if he would make no remarks about it when he went off. “Oh,” said he, “take my word for it; I never will mention it to any one.” So he went in, and I sat him in a chair. He looked very wild to see what was done; he had heard, as I understood, that I fettered, cross-fettered, and tied them down head and foot, threw them in and set the steam going, and not one in ten lived through the operation. After he had seen two or three steamed, he asked if that was all. I told him it was. “Oh,” said he, “how you are belied.” He said the best thing he could do, would be to be steamed, and so he was before he left the room, and was steamed every day, using other medicine, and in fourteen days he went home well, with the exception of being somewhat weak, which might be expected considering the low state he was

in when he came, by the doctors' depletive course.

STEAMING.—NO. III.

A young woman who had been unwell about three years, came to my house—a distance of about fourteen miles. She had taken cold—as is common, the doctor attended her to no purpose—her mother sweat her over herbs, and gave her tansy tea, but it all did no good. They told the doctor they intended to send her to Thomson. “Oh,” said he, “he ’ll at once steam her to death”! Thus it passed on for a few weeks, when they brought her—after giving her, as I understood, the most peremptory injunctions not to be *steamed*. The doctor came to her house the third day after, and found she had gone: he told her parents that I would steam her, and that it would at once kill her, as her case would not admit of it; and that, if they wanted to see her alive, they had better go immediately,—though he thought likely it was already too late.

This doctor entertained the same good will toward me that the rest of the faculty did—and if she was cured it would hurt his credit—and my vapor was not medicated. But his prediction that she would be steamed was correct: she had been steamed when she had been at my house two days. My student asked

her if she would be steamed, as there were others to be steamed. She said, No; and, further, she did not come there to be insulted: he might know she would not be steamed.

I soon came home, when he told me her feelings about steaming. I went into the room, and, after conversing with her a few moments, asked her if her mother had ever sweat her. She said, "Yes, a great many times." I told her that she had got her stomach clear, and if she would take a light sweat it would be beneficial. "Well," said she, "I think it would." I told her the woman would wait on her, and the way was—to have on nothing but a thin gown, and when she had done to wipe off the surface clean and put on dry clothes, and then go to bed, or sit up, as she chose. In the morning I asked her how she had slept. She said she had rested well, and that was the best sweat she had ever taken. "When my mother sweat me," said she, "I laid in bed, in the sweat, or sop, all night; and your way of throwing off the wet clothing and putting on dry, appears like living."

We had to be careful not to let her know that this was steaming.

The next night I asked her if she would take another sweat. She said, "Yes; I would be sweat if it did no more good than to make me sleep."

Next morning, a woman, who was at my house attending her husband, asked the girl what she supposed was the difference between sweating and steaming.—She appeared to be very much astonished, and said, “I have been steamed twice, and did not know it till this moment; and take the stories as they are told about steaming, one could hardly believe their own eyes.”

In about three hours after, her father came to repeat his injunction not to have her steamed. He met her at the door—the first thing he asked was, if she had been steamed. She said, “Yes; I have been steamed twice and did not know it.”

She staid about two weeks, was steamed every day, and went home nearly well.

AGAIN ON STEAMING.

The patient must always determine for himself how high, or to what degree of temperature the steam may rise. Some will bear much greater heat than others. While steaming, the patient should not make use of such herbs as Peppermint, Mustard, Pennyroyal, &c., as these are too pungent, and would make the eyes smart. Hemlock is the best to be used then, since the patient is less liable to take cold

from the effects of this. Wintergreen and Birch are also very good, and they have an agreeable flavor ;— these can be used, if preferred. I once became unwell, and prepared myself to take a sweat. I had at that time five students, and they thought they would drive me out of the bath, or at least make me cry *enough*. I understood their plan, and I concluded I would take a New Orleans heat. When they gave up their experiment, and stopped, they reached in and took out the Thermometer, and the mercury had risen to 130° I fetched myself up on the seat and inhaled the vapor, which kept up vitality. My mouth felt as if I had been drinking hot tea, it was so warmed by the vapor. I think there is nothing so good, after the stomach is cleansed, as sweating, especially for Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, or any difficulty on the surface.

It has often been the case that young people have come to my house to be steamed before attending a party, so as to clear and brighten the skin. I first ascertain the condition of their health, and attend to them accordingly. I never steamed a person in my life who disapproved of it afterwards. Of all simple remedies, I think this is the best for removing all the thick, morbid matter from the system through the

ventilators, and giving life, tone and vigor to every muscle and nerve in the whole body.

The best time to take a sweat is after the stomach is cleansed and filled with light food. If a man sweats very freely when his stomach is empty, it causes a great draft from the system—the more he eats the less is the draft.

A man may be sick, and the circulation nearly on a level—then there is no sweat or waste, and but little supply is required. This is the reason why a person can live so long without taking food when sick, though but very few know the cause.

DEBATES, &C.

Having said thus much relative to my early history, my trials, views of Medicine, Diseases, and things in general; and having shown that every possible means was tried to effect my destruction in business, I will now relate a few anecdotes in the form of debates, which I had with the licensed men and others—illustrating my method of treating different cases, and success in effecting cures.

After I had been in this country about two months,

my father sent me fifty pamphlets. I soon lent them all out, and on enquiring after them, I found the doctors were making burnt offerings of them, as I supposed, to appease their god of Mercury. I found I had not enough for them all to display their talents over, and started to get some more printed. I went to Manlius, Onondaga, Marcellus, and Skaneateles;—all appeared to be influenced by the doctors not to print for me, and I continued to Auburn, and there, to my astonishment, I found a printer who was not, to appearance, hired. I soon made a contract with him, but he did not examine the book till I came away. When I returned for the books, at the time he agreed to have them done, he had twenty-four pages printed, and the rest in type. I asked one of his men how he liked it. He replied “Not at all—he has studied medicine himself.” I then enquired for him, and found him in his reading-room. Said I, “It appears the books are not done.” “No,” said he, rather coolly. I asked him how he liked it. “Not at all,” said he. I asked him what there was in the book that was so bad, observing that if it was as bad as it appeared to him, it ought to be stopped where it was. Says he, “It is all bad.” “If you please,” said I, “will you tell me one thing that you dislike?” Says he, “Nothing is right; it tells of

only four elements." I asked him if there were more than four general divisions. "Yes," he replied, "did you not know it?" I said no, and asked him how many there were. "Sixty," said he. "What are they called?" He said he did not know. "Well," says I, "is not one thing known, better than sixty unknown?" He paused, and said yes. "I profess," said I, "to know there are four generalizations, or compound elements, and their names balance and counterbalance on the system. Now, sir, what next?" "You must have enormous poison," said he, "to counteract ratsbane and opium." Enormous poison! "Yes," said he, "one poison must be greater than the other to counteract it."

I observed, "I do not understand your meaning, unless you mean to say that if you were bitten by a mad dog, you would have to be bitten by a rattlesnake to cure it; or, if you should take one ounce of opium, you would have to take corrosive sublimate to kill it." [An instance was mentioned in that book, and well attested, where the poisonous effects of ratsbane and opium, taken to commit suicide, were counteracted by the use of this medicine.] "Well," said he, "what do you mean when you say counterpoison?" "I mean disease is poison, and my medicine is counterpoison, or is agreeable to nature, and

disagreeable to anything that is not agreeable to life." I then asked him what was the counter-poison for pearlshes or strong lye—"Is it oil of vitriol?" "Do you," said he, "call that poison?" I told him I did, as half a pint would produce death, and a little more would eat up blood, flesh, and bones;—is not that poison?" He said in that sense it was. I asked him what was the antidote. He did not know. "Well," said I, "it is milk; is that poison?" "No." "Well, milk will stop it, and vinegar is a complete counter-actor to it."

I asked, "What next?" He said I used but one kind of medicine, while a man's body was, in comparison, like a watch. "Well," says I, "if you call the watch the body, I say one medicine for all." Said he, "I want to know if you use the same when costive as when relaxed?" "Yes," said I; "if the watch is the comparison: when the watch goes too slow I take the key and turn the regulator forward, and if too fast I turn it back: the key serves to correct the regulator of the watch as the medicine does the body." He then said, "I must go: they are waiting for me." This ended the debate for that time, and I returned home.

According to agreement, I went after the books, and on seeing them was much disappointed: the pa-

per was poor, and they were misprinted. On examining them I felt hurt, and I took the copy and compared them—which made him hang his head. I asked him what he meant: if he thought he could cheat and abuse me in any manner he pleased. “The books,” said I, “are shamefully printed; have I not paid you as I agreed? or is my money not as good as another man’s? do you not think I have any rights and feelings in common with mankind? or what do you mean by this kind of treatment? Do explain yourself: do you think I never saw a man before? or do you mean to show me new fashions that never have been and never will be practised among human beings?”

I paused a moment, and then said, “I find I am too fast. By making a more minute examination, and comparing them with the copy, I find they are not mine. So I will go where I can get them printed.”

He then said, “I am sorry, and will allow you damages on them, and if you want any more printing I will do it in the best style.” Said I, “How can I trust a cheat the second time?” He then began to excuse himself: this was too lengthy to be mentioned here.

So we compromised, and I took the books. The

next printing he did for me, I found him to be as good as his word,—it was done to my satisfaction.

One more circumstance occurred in our debates.—He said he thought my medicines were not powerful enough to meet the diseases of the country. Then, our hard feelings being over, I gave him some snuff. He said it was pleasant, but had no strength. I told him to take some more. He said he thought he would. Shortly after the second pinch he began to sneeze, and sneezed about fifty times. “Well,” said he, “if your medicine is as powerful to work in the system, as the snuff is to work in the head, no disease can stand before it.”

DEBATE AT A FUNERAL.

I went to see a man on business. I found him among a collection of people, and calling him one side, I transacted my business, and then returned to the company. I asked what was the cause of the collection. One replied that it was a funeral. I inquired what complaint the man died with. He told me it was a fever. “What,” said I, “a fever! I will stay and see the corpse when it arrives. I never saw a

man who died with a fever, or knew heat to produce death when laid in the atmosphere." "Where," said he, "have you lived all your days"? I told him I had lived in different States of the Union—in Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, and Ohio. He was astonished to hear that I had never seen a man who had died with a fever. I inquired if he meant to give me to understand that the man was then very hot. "No," said he, "he is cold." "That is something new—that fever will kill a man and then give up to the cold. In disease, the cold and heat contend against each other, and the one that conquers maintains the victory." "Then," said he, "if a man is burning up with fever, you say it is no disease: that seems to me a very curious idea to hear advanced." "Well," says I, "if fever is a disease, then I have been diseased for years, for I always have had heat, and have never lived without it a moment." I asked him if the man did not take cold in the first place.—One of the company observed that he took a *severe* cold. "That," said I, "is enough: he took cold, and the heat burned him up." At this the man appeared a little displeased.

I then told him that I did not talk with him to give information, but to obtain it. I told them that I could tell what was done for the sick man, and asked if there

was any one present who knew. "Yes," said one, "I know all about it."

"Well," continued I, "after he took cold, his back, bones, and head, all pained him. He had cold chills and hot flashes. The doctor was then called: he took one quart of blood, gave calomel and jalap, and put on blisters. By this time his head was fastened to the pillow, and he gave him opium to make him sleep, nitre to cool the fever, and water porridge to nourish the body.

"He came the next day—another bleeding, more fever powders, more blisters, more calomel and jalap, and so he continued through: I will mention but two visits."

I then asked if I was correct. He said I was, with the exception of the porridge. "The doctor said nothing about that, but we gave him some—proceeded according to the directions with respect to the medicine—and he lived just a week."

"Then," said I to the man with whom I was conversing, "if you will take that course, and live longer than he did, I will pay the doctor's bill." He thought he could not stand it.

Then I asked him if he thought that was good practice—to give a sick man what would make a healthy man sick?

The corpse soon arrived, when I departed.

OPERATION OF DISEASES.—DEBATE.

I at this time thought the doctors something more than common men, and had rather be off than caught in their company. Necessity, however, often brought me in contact with them; and when they began to blackguard and abuse me, I found them quite the reverse. I was attacked by one Dr. C——n, after he had heard me express my views on the elements. I stated in my conversation that heat was the life of creation—that nothing lived, moved, or had a being, but heat was the fountain cause.

When the cold comes on in the fall, it cuts all the leaves from the trees, and all herbage to the ground, and nothing lives, moves, or has a being, but what has received nourishment the preceding year.

As the spring returns, and warm weather comes on, all vegetation and reptiles revive—birds of the air, fish of the sea, beasts of the field, and men—all rejoice at the returning heat of spring.

I contended that men and beasts that walk or move, receive nourishment by food which sustains animated

life. As our appetite fails, heat is lost in the body, as heat is lost in a room by the fire going out. So the stomach, not receiving the proper quality, or not having it properly digested, the whole body becomes debilitated. There is danger of people eating too much as well as too little. Besides the effect produced on the system by anger, joy, grief, burns, scalds and wounds, it is also affected by diseases that are contagious ;—by most of these, the blood undergoes a radical change, and we have them but once. But I find all diseases come by obstructed circulation, and can be cured by removing the obstructions and restoring the stomach, bowels, and digestive powers. All the difficulty in curing diseases, is in not knowing what to give, how to give, and where to give. What I mean is outward or inward applications—poultices, plasters, or washes, pills, powders, syrups, and tinctures, or by injections ; but mind and keep the patient warm, give light food and medicine, and have the kind of food calculated to hold what medicine gains.

The God of Nature has not thrown disease upon the world of mankind without an antidote ; for wherever food and raiment grow, there is medicine to eradicate disease, as our food satisfies hunger, and our clothing protects us from the scorching sun or the in-

clement chills and winds; they grow in the same fields, and can be gathered and used by the same people. But hear what I tell you—heat, or caloric, is the most active element in creation.

Then my great opponent said—"I have heard what you have advanced; you say that heat is the life of creation." I said "Yes." "Then the more life you have the better." I said "Yes." "Then," says he, "the more heat the better; and if so, the best place you can put a man is into a fiery furnace." He then turned round to the company, and smiling, said, "I have got him now." Then I told him the vital heat must be kept up twenty degrees above the heat on the surface, which makes us inhale and re-inhale our breath, and causes the blood to circulate in our veins; and if you will thus keep up the heat, you may put a man in a fire or furnace, or where you please, and I will risk him." He then exhibited great warmth, and said he guessed I was brought up in a swamp or some desert place.

"Well," said I, "it is true;—the advantages I have had were not so great as I could wish; but *you* ought to be thankful to an overruling Providence that you were not born nor brought up in a swamp; for if you had been, and it contained no more than an acre, I fear you would never have found the way out!"

He then said I was the d——st fool he had ever seen, and ran.

A DEBATE WITH A YOUNG DOCTOR.

A young doctor, who had just gone through his studies, read one of my pamphlets. He was waiting on two ladies, and was about to show them his learning, to my shame. He exclaimed, with great confidence, "Your book is very inconsistent—it tells of only four elements." I told him I knew that; but some had more and some less of the same elements—there was an unequal proportion of the same materials. "Well," said he, "you say, too, that all constitutions are alike. It is the most inconsistent book I ever saw. The constitution of the child will vary by the diet of the woman while pregnant, as also will the complexion." Here a new idea burst into my mind. I said, "Then if a woman eats deer, raccoon, mink, and muskrat, she will have an Indian—or if she lives on rice, herrings, and molasses, she will surely have a negro—if your views are correct." He then exclaimed, "Your ideas are so inconsistent that I will not converse with you any longer," and depart-

ed. The ladies left. I fear he never got home: his pilots were gone, and he was lost.

This, thought I, was a *scientific* doctor, and we have had a scientific debate. But if diet will alter the complexion, I cannot see why it should not be as likely to alter the speech, and cause the child to speak a different language. So I was left without the benefit of having the question explained by this scientific youth.

Many have an idea that temper, or nature, is constitutional: this, in my view, is incorrect. I consider constitution is what we are composed of, and I argue mechanically: if you should order a blacksmith to make a dozen axes which should weigh from three to six pounds, and ask him what they are constituted of, he will say, iron and steel. Then why will one that weighs but three pounds do double the service of one that weighs six? they are constituted alike in proportion to the weight. Ask the smith the cause, and he will say that it is owing to the nature, or temper, of the axe. I would inquire if all the difference is not owing to the nature, or temper? I find that no two are tempered alike; but temper is one of the finest things which inhabit our body, and it ought to be dealt out with great caution. How it looks when not used at all, or when used too freely. In my view,

temper ought to be dealt out sparingly, but *mineral medicines* not at all.

How our nature, or temper, comes, I shall not attempt to show in this work: whether it is in the materials or elements we are composed of, or planets we are born under. So I shall leave this subject for some one else to explain—as well as different complexions and different tongues.

A DEBATE IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

I once went two miles out of my way—cause unknown—into a lawyer's office. As soon as I entered the door the lawyer knew me. He tried to hush the man who was commencing prosecution. The man did not know me. He said the Thomsonian Doctor was a great murderer, and must be prosecuted, for he had killed his brother. This he repeated a number of times.

I at length spoke, and asked him how he knew that. He said, because he did. I told him a man was supposed to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty: have you proved him guilty? He replied, No. I asked him if he attended the funeral. He said

he did. I asked him how many doctors there were in the circuit of that cemetery or burying-ground.— He said there were three. I asked him how many were buried in that yard. He said there were three hundred. “Well,” said I, “how many has this Thomson doctor killed?” He said he had killed two. “Is that all?” He said, Yes. This made the lawyer angry. I told him I should not dally with him. He was a Homeopathist. I told him that I understood he had a new system of practice, which was this: if you should put one pill of opium into Lake Erie, at the Falls, two drops at the outlet would be a potion; and if that is your doctrine, don’t talk to me. I turned to the prosecutor, and asked him if he could say any more in favor of that Thomsonian doctor.— He replied that he had not said a word in his favor. I said, “You have shown that he has not killed his share, by ninety-eight: if so, what more can you say in his favor?” I told him that if he prosecuted the doctor he would prosecute me, as I should stand between him and all harm. He then left the office. I followed him and told him I would make him prove what he had said about the Thomsonian doctor killing his brother. He then said he would drop the prosecution if I would, although he was put up to it by the other doctors. So, you see, more is said if a

Thomsonian doctor loses one patient than if a Drug doctor loses one hundred and fifty,—and this has always been the case.

CONSTANT AND PROFUSE BLEEDING.

I visited a man in Wolcott. After examining him I told him I could not tell his complaint—that his flesh was in tolerable good condition, but his blood was gone. He said that he had been bled every day for eight or ten days. It is explained by those who practice it, but I do not believe in the propriety of bleeding; I do not think the God of Nature has furnished us with any more blood than is necessary to support the flesh; if so, the beasts of the field have too much blood also—they, as well as we, are subject to disease.

It is nothing strange to find fish of the lakes, fowls of the air, and beasts of the forest and field, dead and dying with disease. This does not show that there is too much blood, any more than it does that there is too much flesh. If disease attacks the body, it attacks both blood and flesh. Should the flesh be cut off? No. Should the blood be drawn out? No.

What then? It ought to be cleansed and clarified, and freed from the disease. Then the patient, blood, flesh, and health, are restored. Then they do not have to wait a month or so, to regain their blood.

He listened attentively to what I said, and asked what he should do. I told him he was not my patient, and immediately left.

His doctor soon arrived, felt his pulse, and said he must be bled again. The patient said he should not. "Yes," said the doctor, "you must." The patient then observed, "The blood is not the disease;—if you had cleansed it instead of drawing it off, I might have been well now." He then related some of our conversation to the doctor, which led him to enquire who told him that stuff. He replied, "Thomson." "Where is he now?" "At 'Squire Roe's." "I will go," said the doctor, "and give him a 'blowing up.'"

He had said he would abuse me when he saw me. They said, "There comes Dr. Chatterton." I recollected the name, although told me one month before, and they said he had just made a visit to the patient I had seen, and who was bled so low.

He entered, I was introduced to him, and he soon began his abuse, as he called it;—he grew more and more enraged. I offered no opposition until I was called the greatest rogue and villain his tongue could

express. The bystanders began to grow uneasy at hearing his insults.

I asked if his name was Chatterton. He said "Yes." I observed, "I have heard of you before; I do not know what you think of yourself; you have said that when you saw me you meant to abuse me. What you have said has no stain or color of abuse, if I know anything about human nature. I can expect nothing from an enemy but ill usage—nor from an Indian but rough manners. When the fountain is unclean, the stream will be unclean also; and when I consider myself as low as the brutes of the field, or as *you* are, you can insult me, and not till then."

I then turned from him, and told the family I should like to converse with him on diseases, or the structure of the human body. He overheard me, and said "That I will do." I asked him how many elements man was composed of. He said four. I enquired what they were. He said, earth, water, fire, and air. I thought he was correct, and asked him how many elements man consisted of when dead. Three. I asked him what they were. He said earth, water, and air. I enquired if the heat began to diminish as quick as the patient began to be unwell, and continued to lose till death approached. He replied, yes. "Then," said I, "you must acknowledge

your whole train of practice false. Bleeding, blistering, starving, physicing, mercury, opium, nitre, and ratsbane, with all your other engines of death, were never calculated to restore the elements of heat."

He then said the heat was not lost in all cases. "In what cases is it not lost?" said I. He answered, "In a fever." I enquired, "Does not the patient often take cold before the fever sets in?" He answered, yes. "Well," said I, "is not that a diminution of heat before the cold takes place, or at the same time?" He said, yes. "Then," said I, "I want to know what drove the cold off, or if the cold has not gone to the vital parts of the body, and driven the heat to the surface, which made it hot and dry; or what is said or meant about fevers turning; or how can that return which never went away; or how could heat come to the surface, if the opposite, or cold, did not drive it out? What did the nurse mean when he said, he 'thought the patient was dying last night?' The heat went in, and the cold came out and pervaded every part of the body, as the heat did before; then the patient is getting better, or the fever is broken, or turned, as it is called. He then said, "I want to know if you expect to break our system down, which has stood three thousand years?" I told him "not at all." "That you cannot do," said

he. "If," said I, "your system is good, it will stand; if not, it will shake in time. If a man practice falsehood two or three thousand years, will that hinder the truth from coming to light more than if he had practiced it but one year? Or if you wanted to travel a hundred miles east, and went a hundred miles west, would you not be two hundred miles from the place where you wanted to go? I think you should have gone east when you went west.

"If this be so, you are six thousand years behind good practice, and you must wheel around and double your pace in order to get back in six thousand years; this leaves you so far in the rear that I expect you are discouraged from beginning to cleanse the blood in the body, and had rather draw it out and throw it away."

I then asked him his rule of practice. He said he had none. I was a little surprised, and asked him if he used all those instruments of death I had mentioned, without a rule. "If so," said I, "you are dealing with your patients' lives without prizing their value."

He then said he had a rule. I asked him what it was. He said a man with inflammation in the head he should bleed, give calomel, salts, etc. I asked him if that was his rule. He said, "Yes." "Then," said

I, "if I should ask a shoemaker his rule for making a shoe, he would say—there are my lasts, awls, knife, thread, and pegs; or a carpenter *his* rule, he would say—there are my broadaxe, chisels, saw, and square: will this hinder him from cutting his posts into sills, or his rafters into girths—or the shoemaker from making a harness? he had his rule, as you say; or the watch-cleaner would say—my rule is my tools! How can this be," I continued, "that instruments or medicines can be called a rule? A doctor is no more, in my view, than a cleaner or repairer of the body, as the watchmaker is of a clock or watch—when it is cleaned and put in good repair, all is well. He then said, if his medicine was not his rule he had none.—I left it to the company: they said it was no rule.—He then asked me what my rule was. I told him that he pretended to be master in our first debate, and it was not common for the master to turn a question back to the scholar,—nevertheless, I would tell him my rule so far as I understood it. "What you first stated," said I, "about the elements, is, in my view, correct—that earth and water constitute the solids of the body, and fire, air, and electricity, the fluids. When disease takes place, one or more of these elements are lost, and others gain in proportion—causing an unhealthy counterbalance in the system."

“What we want to know is, what element has lost and what has gained,—and what is lost restore, and make the ones that gained waste away, and bring them on a balance as Nature has balanced them.—This done, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and restore the digestive powers, so that the food will digest, and give nourishment to every part of the frame. I asked him what disease that rule would not work in. He said there was none. He did not ask me if I could always make this rule answer. I should have told him no. There is a time and season for all things—time when Nature will not struggle and retain what medicine gains. If there is a struggle, there is a chance,—the greater the struggle, the greater the chance,—no struggle, no chance.

This doctor was a great *bloodsucker*. A woman called in, while I was there, to be bled. He refused, which was never before known of him. He said she had no blood to spare. I told him he thought as I did. “What,” says he, “don’t you bleed”? “No.” “In no case”? “Yes,” said I, “when there is too much life. When I bleed, it answers two important purposes: if the person or thing bled is fat, it separates the blood from the flesh, making more agreeable food,—and then they will lie still while I satisfy my appetite.”

He said he thought it was very inconsistent practice. I asked him to tell me the difference between a butcher in Vermont and a doctor here. He wanted to know what I meant. I told him I meant the difference between those two classes of men. He wished me to explain,—which I did, by telling him that in Vermont they sent for a butcher to come and kill their hogs: he comes with his knife and taps them and draws out the blood—that is called killing. You send for a doctor, he comes, fetches his knife, and taps, also. Now what is the difference? He replied, “A great deal—one draws from the neck, the other from the arm.” I told him I would as willingly have a quart drawn from my neck as from my arm, or from my heart as from either. It is all heart’s blood, and the life of the body. “Well,” said he, “they don’t take so much.” Says I, “In proportion to what they do take, do they not act like the butcher?” “O yes,” says he. “Well,” says I, “if they butcher a part and doctor a part, I don’t want them at me.”

He then started for home. This answered for him five or six months.

During this interval, a person broke open a chest and took out a book containing the Botanic Practice of Medicine, and drew off the recipes and sent them to Doctor D. Hyde. The doctor then offered to spec-

ulate on quackery, but enquiring of the copyist, he doubted its correctness; but Dr. Hyde would sell them, right or wrong. Soon after, I went to his neighborhood, and found him selling these stolen and spurious copies for one shilling each.

Six months after, this *powerful* doctor came again to see me, thinking he had got sufficient hold, accompanied by a friend, to hear him blow another blast. I understood the story as well as they did, or the book they had extracted the little from, and knew his object in visiting me. Hyde had lost a patient the night before;—a young lady was a little unwell, and thought she would take a tartar-emetic to keep her healthy during the summer; but it proved unfortunate for her—she dying in three hours after taking it. I had just heard of it, when Dr. Chatterton came. The first thing he said, was, “Good morning; what luck peddling pills?” I told him, “Tolerable fair, but not so good as I had before you found out my plan of doctoring at the village. I understand they have tried the patent medicine on that young woman.” He said, “I guess not.” I told him I understood she died very suddenly. “Yes,” says he, “she did.” I told him, “She must have taken the Thomsonian medicine, because they say nothing is so poisonous as that. If she had taken anything to commit suicide,

she could have got nothing that would have done it quicker. You say your medicine is not poison, but mine is; and if Hyde has got it, I hope he has not used it; but judging from the effect, I fear he has; his patient died so suddenly." He told me I must be mistaken, and started for home.

This was no damage to me, but it turned out in the end to injure Dr. H. very much; for those who did not understand my practice thought he had tried the new *vegetable medicine*, as he called it, and they were afraid he would try it on them without understanding it. Thus he found the speculation rather a *bite*—losing the greater part of his practice for about two years.

THE FACTS ADJUSTED.

A short time after this, a man from Salina was passing my house. I was building an addition for an office. "What," says he, "have you been prosecuted again?" "No," said I, "I have a little money left that has not been expended in building; so I concluded to lay it out in an office, according to my promise.

• After he had seen my situation, he thought my en-

emies had been rather more liberal than enemies in general, if they had helped me to money to build that house. I told him that was not their design, but none of us can foresee all events. They supposed they were tearing down a larger house than this when they commenced; but, as it happened, it kept the addition from their house and put it on mine; or, in other words, these prosecutions more than doubled and trebled my business. I have been prosecuted three times in losing seven patients, and if our great doctors were prosecuted for half the patients they lose, we could not try them all in our county courts.

“The difficulty is, I have no parchment diploma to authorize me to kill according to law. I have nothing but authority from the United States, and use nothing for medicine but roots, barks, &c., which grow spontaneously on our soil. If I had a diploma, and bled, blistered, starved, gave mercury, nitre, vitriol, saltpetre, &c., I should be considered a good fellow. My patients might all die, and I should not be prosecuted as I have been.

“When I had been in this part of the country seven years, and had never advertised my business in the public prints, I had an extensive practice; and it is reasonable to infer that the unchristian zeal man-

ifested by my *scientific* opponents, to ruin my business and reputation, had an effect directly the reverse of their intention. When a publication came out, there would be considerable enquiry for a few days; they would hear of great cures which I had performed,—and *worst of all, mostly patients given up by the licensed doctors!!* Those who were knowing to the cures, would tell the story to others; and they, reflecting on it, would know the publication in the paper to be false and inconsistent; so my practice would go on with double the rapidity it did before, and would be heard of fifty miles off. The worst they could see, after summing it all up, was, that I had lost one patient a year for seven years; but my enemies said those were literally murdered. ‘After all,’ they would say, ‘he has considerable practice among the poor, ignorant part of community, but the people ought to be prohibited from employing him in the country.’ So in my practice, after I was prosecuted, my business was better; excitement was raised, and they, knowing the first principles were good, and that the God of Nature had caused the earth to abound with vegetable remedies, which are supposed to be adequate for most of the diseases which afflict the human family, found themselves in a dilemma from which they could not extricate themselves.

“There are many who believe in the Scriptures, who do not recollect of reading the passage which runs thus—‘The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them.’ Everything goes to substantiate their efficacy and utility ; all that give them a fair trial like them ; but those doctors who practice in the old way are alarmed ; and think their craft is in danger, or Diana, the Goddess of the Ephesians, is like to come to naught, or the golden calf will be no longer worshipped.”

A MANLIUS DOCTOR.

If I had the luck of Dr. P——d, when I first came to this country, I should have expected to have been hung without judge or jury, for he would lose three or four out of a family, and of one family he lost the whole : all was well.

One family, where this all-powerful Doctor P. had been practicing with his wonted success, losing only four out of it in three or four weeks, sent for another doctor, and saved a fifth patient from his practice, *alias* the jaws of death, as the truth brought out by mistake will show.

My father, in company with Dr. Rue, stopped at a hotel where the landlord lay dead;—they asked what had ailed the man. The doctors said he died very sudden—had the ague and fever. My father called Rue “Doctor.” They beckoned him out, and told him, privately, that they had given him too many *arsenic drops*, and they had hurried him off; and they had to open him and make a little examination to satisfy his friends. They asked Rue if he had instruments which they could open him with; he told them he had none. They then found out that he and my father were not ratsbane doctors, and would not let them see the *post mortem* examination.

DEATH BEGINS WITH DISEASE:

WHICH IS OBSTRUCTION AND LOSS OF VITALITY AND
ELECTRICITY.

I fell in company with several respectable citizens. They began to talk about diseases, medicine, and the useless names and expressions people made use of, etc.

I asked one of the company what was meant when it was said, such a person is struck with death.

He replied, “When they are almost gone.” “Well,”

said I, "if you stick a splinter in your finger you are struck with death." He said that could not be. I asked, "Have none of you heard of instances of persons sticking a hetchel tooth, or the like, into the finger, and its producing death"? "Yes." "Then," continued I, "if a needle or a splinter is stuck into your flesh, are not some of the perspiring vessels closed or cut off by it? It swells and stops the rest, and continues till the whole circulation is stopped: one is death, in comparison to the whole. The minute a man is taken sick he is struck with death, in proportion. So, if this obstruction cannot be removed, disease will bear the whole power of the body, which is death. No matter where disease begins, it is no more nor less than obstructed circulation and loss of electricity: this is disease, or death.

"It is thought sometimes, by the scientific doctors, that when a man is sick the circulation is too free.—That always looked very inconsistent to me: to think that the nearer man is to death, the quicker the blood will circulate; and thousands are certain that in fever the blood runs with the greatest velocity—which is, if possible, more absurd than the rest.

"I ask, if the blood runs so fast what makes the face and body look so purple? This idea, in my opinion, is false. Whenever a man is sick there is

obstruction somewhere in the body, and Nature struggles to start the circulation, which makes a disturbed operation of heat, and pain in the system; while if the circulation is free, the body is free from pain.

WHEN IS A SUBSTANCE POISONOUS?

I stopped where there was a large collection of people (at a camp-meeting), and having with me some of my pamphlets treating on the evils of the popular practice of medicine, I casually entered into conversation with a man, and expressed my views on bleeding, blistering, minerals, and many other subjects,—and told the company that poison was not calculated for medicine any more than it was for food.

A by-stander then told me that my medicine was poison. I said I thought not, and asked him to prove it. He said, "The food we eat is poison." I asked him if he meant to say that our food was detrimental to life. He said, "No." I told him if he had a poison that was not detrimental to life I was not afraid of it. "Well," said he, "there can be poison extracted from it." I replied, "That cannot be done in the simple state in which it is used for food—and there-

fore there is no poison in our food." He said, "There is poison in everything." I told him I did not understand his meaning. "Well," says he, "it can be got by fermentation." "Does that," said I, "make out that there is poison in bread"? "Yes." "Then," said I, "you can make out that sweet cider is vinegar, as well as you can that bread is poison,—for cider in its first state will physic—in the second state it will make you drunk—in the third it will do neither—and it is not considered poison in any of these changes.—This makes me believe in good clean vegetable medicines, which have been through no chemical process, any more than our food has. One is to prepare the body for the reception of the other. They grow in the same field, and can be used by the people in safety.

Another by-stander advanced, who seemed to think he could handle me better. He observed, "You say that the God of Nature has furnished *men* no more blood than is necessary for their health." I told him I thought He had not. "Well," said he, "what do you think of the *women*, then"? "I think they have too much, but the God of Nature has made a vacuum for it, and it passes off without the aid of lancets,—and when it stops health is lost or a new body begins."

I wish my views to be clearly understood, and hope

the carrying out of my principles may prove a benefit to mankind. What I have written on these subjects is no more, in comparison to what I could write, than a text is to a sermon.

A CASE TREATED.

I was called to see a man who had been laboring for nearly two weeks under the depletive practice, with a fever, as they called it. The doctor told the friends of the patient that his case was hopeless; but still, as the pay was good, he would not give it up. They sent for me. The patient did not appear to know anything, and under the circumstances—as the doctor's visits were continued—I declined doing anything. The family insisted that I should, and I told the wife I would tell her how to cure him if he could be cured. She said that would do; and I told her to stop giving the patient the little powders of morphine, but bathe him in whiskey, and give him some warm drink, light nourishment, and restoring medicine. The doctor had just left, when I got there and gave this advice. The next morning he came again, and expressed great surprise that the patient knew him;—he left more powders, and at night renewed

his visits and his expressions of surprise that the sick man was doing so well, saying he had no other patient that was gaining so fast. The woman, who was rather smart, told the doctor that he need not come any more—her husband was doing so well. At this the doctor flared up, and asked her if she supposed he would leave his patient, after having raised him so far. She said, “*I can nurse him.*” He spoke with warmth, and asked her who taught *her* how to doctor. She answered that she had learned of *him*, and if it took him as long in all cases as in that to effect a cure, she should think all the people where he practiced might be doctors. But she could not make him take the hint; he was like a hound after his prey—when he gets hold, he will not let him go until he is dead. The woman finally complained to a neighbor about the doctor’s continued visits, and he promised to stop him. The next morning, as the doctor came along, the neighbor spoke to him—asking how his patient was. The doctor answered “first-rate,” and boasted considerably of his successful practice in this case. The neighbor then asked him how long it had been since the patient improved so fast, and the doctor answered “Four days.” “Ah!” said the neighbor, “then he did not improve until you quit doctoring him?” The doctor said he had not quit.

“But,” rejoined his tormentor, “Thomson has doctored him for the last four days!” This opened the doctor’s eyes—he took the hint and quit.

The patient was soon restored to health.

A CASE OF TYPHOID FEVER—SO CALLED.

I was called fourteen miles to attend two cases of typhoid fever. One was just gone; one had been sick four days; the other ten days. I asked the man if he could tell me what typhoid fever was. He said he did not know. I told him that I would show him some of it in three hours. I told him his stomach and bowels were coated or cankered up as bad as his tongue was. I gave him six or eight dyspepsia or stomach pills, and then prepared some nervous or canker syrup; he was both hot and dry. I told him he might take as much as he had a mind to; he used it freely for two hours; then I ordered an emetic; in twenty minutes he threw off from his stomach nearly two quarts of matter as thick as frog-spittle—I could wind it upon a stick. I showed it to those who were in, and told them that was the typhoid fever. This was news to them—that the thick and glutinous matter is the clog of the system, and also that which

causes our pains. I bathed him with whiskey to stimulate him. I asked him how he felt. He said, bad all over except his stomach—that felt better. I gave him some porridge; and in one hour treated him in the same manner again, and continued so five times in thirty-six hours, when he said he felt well, and got up and dressed himself and asked for something to eat. He cleansed his stomach three times after this, and in one week he was well. The other one might have been cured one week before, in the same time; but instead of cleansing the system, he clogged up, choked down, and died in ten days. All fevers can be cured by cleansing and restoring the system.

REMARKS.—Nearly all diseases come on by obstruction and the loss of vitality and electricity;—all can be cured by removing the clog, raising vitality, and restoring electricity. One may say—I am sick. What makes you sick? The body is foul or clogged—cleanse it well, restore it, feed it right, clothe it warm, and all is well.

SCARLET FEVER—SO CALLED.

I was called to see three children who had the scarlet fever. A fourth had already died. I took

my common course. Scarlet fever is canker rash. If you destroy the canker, or the coating with which the stomach and bowels are lined, and keep out the rash, all will be safe. I had thought that I could cure only two of these children; but I succeeded beyond my expectations; I staid two days, and cured the three. I bathed them in whiskey often, and gave them Compound for Canker and Medicine for Children night and morning—oftener, if necessary, to throw off the phlegm.

But I don't give physic; it draws the rash in. In all contagious complaints, where there is a high state of canker, omit physic, but give injections to move the bowels, if it is necessary. Give light food, and keep the patient warm. Mind and give them good wholesome air, if it is in summer. In cold weather don't heat up, and then cool down, to expose the patient's life. Good nursing and poor doctoring, is better than poor nursing and good doctoring. Cool air and warm clothing, is better than hot air with thin clothing. The disease is easily and surely cured, if the course I have shown is followed up with care and attention.

A CASE OF FEVER—SO CALLED.

I was called upon in the month of August, to see a woman who had been afflicted with a number of fevers. I found her in a small bed-room adjoining the kitchen. It was a hot day, and the room very warm. On inquiry, I found she had been taking a number of dyspeptic pills, and some regulating powders. I gave her a good bathing in liquor, and an emetic, which operated well—told her to take the compound strong, to remove the thrush from the tongue; take pills, twelve a day, if they do not sicken too much, to keep the stomach clear; to change her clothes twice a day if she continued to sweat so freely; to take porridge or broth often, the white and brown powders, nervous or canker syrup and elixir if the lungs were weak; if the food distressed her, to take hot drops; if the head was not clear, to take vegetable snuff; if the bowels were not in good order, to use injections, as it would not weaken like physic.

I promised to visit her again in two days, and then returned home. At the appointed time I visited her again, and found her in that hot room. "What," said I, "are you here yet?" She arose and said, "I

have been all over the house to-day, and have just laid down—I feel almost well.” I asked her if she was not too warm. She observed, “I thought you believed in keeping warm when sick; the neighbors scold at me, and say I am killing myself. I have had four fevers, and laid and burnt them all out, which took three weeks for each; but have taken your advice and *sweat* this out, and had rather sweat out five than burn out one.” This, I thought, was as correct an observation as I had ever heard pronounced by any person.

THE CHOLERA.

This complaint has been written upon by many physicians of this and other countries, but scarcely any two have agreed in regard to either the nature of the disease or the remedy; and it appears to be contagious, like some other complaints, if the system is charged for the difficulty. Sympathy has much to do with it. The stomach and bowels slack down, and the bowels rapidly work off the excrement. If it does not stop there, vitality, or the electric fluid, starts with the white blood or the serum, which is sizey, and has the appearance of rice water.

In this complaint the blood dissolves—the flesh perishes—the nerves lose their electricity and heat,—then the muscles begin to kink or cramp, and the patient is in great trouble, while friends are trying to get the kinks out of the flesh by rubbing.

The patient would die no sooner, if a vein were opened in the arm sufficiently to issue a stream as large as a knitting-needle, than he does by the cholera.

If an ox is bled to death, his muscles and flesh will work for an hour afterwards. So in cholera cases. In 1832, during which season I had much experience in the cholera, I saw some instances where the muscles and nerves continued to work for an hour after the breath had left the body. This shows to me that the cholera is no more nor less than a process of bleeding to death.

I have been informed of a Miss E., who was a feeble woman, with but little blood, and who was subject to faint and weak spells. On one occasion the “family physician” was sent for, who said the lady was suffering from congestion of the lungs, and must be bled; and accordingly he did bleed her. She survived that bleeding; but she was soon taken with faintness again, when the same course as before was pursued by the physician. Under this second

blood-letting, she died in a fainting fit; and the muscles and nerves worked for an hour after she stopped breathing. So I find that in these cases, electricity remains longest in the nerves.

The butcher kills cattle; the cholera kills people; and the lancet has killed hosts more than both the sword and the cholera.

I have never, in any case of cholera, failed to stop the puking and cramping in an hour; and when that is done, if there is enough of the electric fluid or vitality left, the patient will recover; if there is not, he must go down. A man might be bled, within a gill, to death; then stop, and he could recover; but take that gill of blood away, and he must die. So in cases of cholera, which terminate in six or eight hours—a few minutes of time in putting a stop to the puking and purging, make the difference between recovery and death.

I once took the case of a girl seven years old, who got better under my treatment, but had a relapse. I was called, and found her condition desperate. Her limbs and arms were cold, the pulse could not be felt, and the blood had settled on her breast and under the eyes. This showed nothing to encourage me, although I am always willing to try the medicine. I remained two hours with the child, at the end of

which time nothing had been gained, except that the puking and purging were stopped; the limbs were as cold as before. I told the mother that all the warmth and electricity had gone with the white blood; but if the child lived two hours longer, it would probably get well. On calling again, I found the child had improved a little, and told the mother that if it lived until morning it would be safe. In the morning she was much better; her limbs were warm; the blood had started on the breast and under the eyes, and her pulse was fair. I told her she might have plenty of pressed wine to drink, to restore her blood, and this she had. In three days she was about the house, as comfortable as could be expected, and soon got well.

SMALL POX.

Sixty years ago, when it was announced that this horrible and loathsome malady was prevailing in the country, the people would diet. They lived on Indian pudding and molasses, or milk, or some other light food, abstaining entirely from meats, all kinds of rich pastry, strong drinks, spices, etc.; and thus the blood became thinned, and they were less liable

to take the small pox. After dieting, and thus preparing themselves for the disease, a Pest House was prepared, and all who chose could go there and be inoculated for it, and of those pursuing this course, not more than one or two out of sixty or eighty would die, and the cause for their dying would be some imprudence in eating, drinking, or exposure.

KINE POX.

This speculation has been carried to a great extent by the licensed men. They say it will wear out in a few years, and it is not safe to neglect being vaccinated occasionally. So, every little while the alarm of Small Pox is given, and they go around and vaccinate the people, charging fifty cents for every one that works. Perhaps the *virus*, as they call it, was taken from some one who had impurities in the blood; it may be the itch, scrofula, erysipelas, or some other bad taint, and as it makes a bad sore, and leaves a scar, it is pronounced good, and fifty cents is the fee,—but the poor victim is in jeopardy all the time, and perhaps takes the small pox and dies with it at last.

The *genuine* virus is taken from the cow. The Kine Pox is a disease amongst cows, just as much as the horse distemper is amongst horses, or the measles amongst children. The cows ought to be watched

and when they get the distemper, then take the infection from them, and you are safe, for it will never wear out.

There has not, to my knowledge, been any good infection got for the last twenty years. The last was obtained at South Hill, in Onondaga, as I have understood, and it has grown weaker until it is good for nothing. Good infection makes a perfect revolution in the blood, and will never wear out, and you can never have the genuine kine pox but once. If the infection has partially lost its strength it will partially revolutionize the blood: then, if exposed to the small pox, you are liable to have it in a mild form, and this is called *Varioloid*. No one can have this until he has been vaccinated for the kine pox, and the blood has partially undergone a change or revolution,—and a person who has never had the kine pox may, if exposed to the varioloid, take it, and have the genuine small pox, or small pox real.

It is considered that we cannot have the contagious diseases—such as small pox, canker rash, measles, etc.—but once, and I think it very fortunate that we cannot; if we did, with the success the licensed men generally have, they would sweep the whole human family from the face of the earth in a few years.

Some years ago, as I before stated, but few died

with these diseases: now, under the present course of treatment, comparatively few live.

So, we see, a knowledge of the true method of preventing and curing disease is giving way to ignorance, and growing worse instead of better, until the people have become almost terrified at the approach of some of the contagious diseases—particularly the measles and the scarlet fever.

A CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AND CONSUMPTION.

Mr. Coven, a man about thirty years of age, came to my house in the winter. He had the inflammatory rheumatism, as it is called. He was a large, strong man. He had a hog which started to run away to the neighbors' in the snow-path: he started after it: they ran till both were nearly dead. He caught the hog, and both stopped and rested. He beat the hog and drove it home in a great sweat, and then suddenly cooled off, and lost electricity, or took cold, while every muscle and nerve of his body was strained to a great degree.

Pain commenced in a most shocking manner. He was put on a bed and brought twenty miles to my

house. When he got to the end of his journey it took four men to get him into the house. I took him, cleansed his stomach and bowels, and took all the gummy and gluey matter out of his muscles and blood, and by doing this I made him as warm as he was when he was running after the hog, and then cooled him down slowly, and vitality held the warmth. In one week he went home apparently well. In six or eight weeks he came back with the consumption, caused by straining the lungs while running after the hog. I doctored him three or four weeks, and made up my mind that he would die. The ulcers would break and scent a large room so that it was almost impossible for any one to stay in the room when they discharged. I sold him a Book of Practice, and talked much with him on the subject. I made up my mind that I could not cure him. I doctored him thoroughly while he was at my house. He took some medicine home with him, and used it freely, and in the Spring he was well, which astonished all who knew his case. He took my common course—cleansed his stomach often, and used the Canker Medicine and Hot Powders freely, as well as Elixir, Balsam of Honey, and Balsam for the Lungs; he took steam occasionally, dressed warm in woolen, lived on light food, and bathed the body in whiskey night and

morning. When he got well he could not walk fast nor work: it appeared as though his lungs had grown up, and could not hold more than half the quantity of air they formerly did.

It is now twenty years since, and he works and walks smart, and weighs over two hundred pounds.

A SEVERE CASE OF FITS.

A girl thirteen years old ate green apples, in June, and for three hours had as severe fits as I ever saw; she cramped back so that her head and heels would nearly come together; when she cramped, they would catch hold with strength to prevent her from bending. I told them it would not do to hold her so, as they would make her sore if they did not break her limbs.

I gave her Emetic and Rheumatic Drops together, nearly four ounces, before she threw the load off. In her stomach were nearly two quarts of green apples,—some were halved, and some quartered, and then swallowed. These caused the fits, and after she threw them off she had no more,—but before that her hands were cold and her pulse was nearly stopped. I think she would have died in less than three hours, if the

cause had not been removed. Her health was restored, though she lacked strength.

ANOTHER CASE.

In August I was called to see a man named Fitch, who was taken with fits in the harvest field. He had been sick about two hours. I took my usual course to ascertain what was in his stomach; he vomited easily, but was no better. I made use of injections, and moved his bowels: then the fits ceased, and he came to himself. I saw the bad situation of his bowels. I asked him how long since his bowels worked off before. He said about two weeks. This is what we get by not attending to ourselves. He had so much heat, or dryness, in his bowels, that I feared physic would not operate on them. I used one spoonful of Emetic, one of Rheumatic Drops, added to one potion of Composition,—it operated in four minutes after it was administered. I think no other course could beat this. In one hour he was cured—in two days he went to work.

STILL ANOTHER.

A boy fourteen years of age had fits out in a barn. I was called to see him. A drug doctor had attended him eight or ten hours, and given him calomel, bled

him, given him a hot bath,—and then wanted counsel. The man whom they sent thought they had got enough of that kind of doctors, and he passed the village and came for me: he did not tell me that the doctor was there, nor that I was called as counsel.—We rode fast, it being four miles. When we arrived I found the doctor much surprised, the boy very sick, and the parents well suited with the change,—for he had started for a second drug doctor.

The doctor asked me if I could cure the boy. After I found out what he had done I told him that it was doubtful. He was willing to give me charge of the boy: I took it. The first thing was to find if the clog was in the stomach. I gave him the Emetic and he soon threw off the whole contents of his stomach, but was no better. I used liquor freely to bathe with. I made use of injections to move the bowels—they worked off freely: still he was no better. I caused him to sneeze and sweat: then his fits stopped. He appeared to be insensible and stupid; this astonished me. I attended him, and he remained so that night, the next day, the next night, and the next day at nine o'clock he roused up like one from sleep, and asked, "Who fetched me in from the barn?" They told him. He asked if it was most night. They told him it was morning. He said that could not be, be-

cause he went out since noon. Nearly fifty hours had passed without his knowledge. The cramping, or fits, was so hard that the brain appeared to be paralyzed, or deadened, so that it took this length of time to rouse it to action with all the stimulating medicine and good nursing that I was master of. He was well in a few days, and has never had a fit since.

A BAD CASE OF DROPSY.

A young woman, about twenty-four years of age, came to my house in the winter, which is the worst season in the year for this disease. She was so bloated that her skin shone like a burnished bureau. I took her without much encouragement of a cure, her health was so poor otherwise. Her stomach was sour, liver torpid, bowels tight, and her blood and flesh almost gone. I effected a cure in five weeks, and she has been well since, or was three years after. I used light emetics, canker syrup, bathing drops and stomach pills, sweat her rather lightly, but often as she could bear it. I treated her rather mildly at first, and then increased the medicine (the emetic) until it pulled her down till she thought she could not live. I kept her as warm as she could bear while

under the influence of the emetics, or course of medicine, and often washed her all over with whiskey.— After one of these operations, she would sleep soundly all night, and in the morning would be reduced from six to ten inches. The operation was rather severe. From four to six quarts of urine would pass her during the night. I warn all those cases, that they must expect to suffer some inconvenience if they wish to get cured in one month; though I can doctor less severe, but it takes much longer. I gave her some light physic, but would rather use injections. She dressed in woolen throughout. I gave her light food, such as porridge and broth, often, and medicine often. After the operation of the emetic was over, I gave her some nourishment; and in one hour I gave hot powders, and brown powders in molasses.

Nervous or canker syrup, compound for dropsy, and dyspepsia pills, must be used according to directions. When they sweat in this disease, they sometimes feel faint;—then you must moderate the heat, and wet the face with whiskey. If from any cause the room is too warm, take the air from another chamber, if not clear and dry out doors, or too cold. Don't sit where the current of air strikes you. Keep your body warm, but do not sit by a hot stove, as this is unhealthy.

MY OWN CASE OF AGUE.

When I first came into this country, I was very fleshy—weighed one hundred and ninety-five; lived in an ague and fever vicinity, and in a few months was taken unwell, and felt very disagreeable;—my bones ached all over. I took some medicine, and felt better for a few hours; then the pain returned as violent as ever; thus it continued till I felt cold and chilly; then the family said it was ague and fever, and if a man came from the east, or where the water was soft, he would shake six months or a year. This was news to me, but I told them if they saw me shake three times, I should be much disappointed. I commenced—took two emetics that day—stomach pills, compound for canker, and regulating powders freely, according to directions. The next day I had a regular fit—the next, had a light fit—next, only symptoms, which continued about ten days, when my health was as good as before. This was the last of the ague and fever. I took sixteen emetics in all.

The lowland fevers, as they are rated, I treat in a similar manner. Some may think this is a strange doctrine, but if the licensed doctors should order a portion of calomel to be given once in two hours, if

it kept him down only twenty days, it would amount to two hundred and forty portions—which would be called skillful practice if the patient lived through it. I think to clear the stomach, and cause the liver to discharge the thick morbid bile by means of warming, active medicines, is better than to clear the bowels with cold minerals first, without clearing the stomach or blood at all. My course of cleansing the system, is to clear the stomach with an emetic, the bowels with cathartics, and the blood by perspiration. Some medicine made more active and lively, will thin the morbid bile, and cause it to discharge and pass off by the urine. This disease is on the liver, and it takes one week to cure it.

A CASE OF MORTIFICATION.

I was called to see a woman who was in a delicate situation ; her health was poor, and one leg was badly swollen. They called on the Drug Doctor ; he took their common course of practice, gave morphine to ease her pain, and bathed her limbs with sugar of lead. Her limbs became spotted, and her foot mortified, and the doctor said the child was not alive, and gave her

over to die and went home. This made another fit subject for me, and I was sent for. I went and examined her case. I told her husband her case was a hopeless one. He expressed a great anxiety that I should take hold and do something for her. I told him that I could not give him the least encouragement, although I would take hold and try the medicine, and if it would operate well, then there would be some chance. I administered the medicine, and it had a very good effect; and the next day she was confined;—as the doctor said, the child was not alive. In four days the foot which was mortified began to separate, and the mortified flesh began to come off—the calf of her leg and thigh were ulcerated, and when lanced they would discharge a gill at a time.

In two months she was well, except the mortification crippled her foot. I met the Doctor, and he asked me how she was getting along—he knew she was almost dead. I told him first-rate, and that I was surprised that he would give over a patient who was no worse than she was. This astonished the doctor—to know that I did not think this patient was very sick. I did think she was incurable at first, but I gave her medicine which operated well; nature struggled and held what medicine gained, and in this way she soon got well.

I should have given up the patient as soon as he did, if I had no other medicine but sugar lead and morphine to cure her with. After the medicine began to operate, the man expressed great fear that the mortification would work up her leg and kill her. I told him that the mortification could no more work up her leg, than a saw log would float up stream. This astonished him, and he said, "That is a strong argument." "Yes," said I, "and true as it is strong. You can't taint hard, frozen flesh, no more than you can that which is full of blood, life and vigor.

BLEEDING AT THE LUNGS.

I was called to see a man about thirty years of age, who was bleeding at the lungs. He had stopped it in the old way—by the Drug Doctors—by bleeding at the arm and taking brine by the pint. He did not let me know how it was stopped. I told him I could stop it in five minutes, and left some medicine. The next day his lungs commenced bleeding again. He tried the medicine again, and it failed. He sent for me immediately, but I did not get there till the next day, when it had stopped, and he was in a cold room.

He stopped it in the former way. This astonished me. I investigated his case, and found out how it was stopped. My medicine was not strong enough to counteract the salt and bleeding, and so it failed. It was in January, and he was in a cold room with no fire. His nails were purple and cold. He was much frightened, and his confidence in me was somewhat shaken. However, I argued the matter with him, invited him into another room where there was a fire, and as soon as he got a little warm he began to bleed as before. My medicine being handy, I gave him some, and he ceased to bleed in five seconds, and bled no more. He sweat from every pore in three minutes, when I made the pressure of blood as great at his feet and hands as it was at his lungs. He stopped bleeding entirely thereafter, and in fact was completely cured. The simple remedy, in all cases of the kind, is to equalize the circulation of the blood throughout the system, and a cure is as sure to follow as the sun is to rise in the east and set in the west.

ANOTHER CASE.

Bleeding at the lungs can be stopped. I will here mention a case of importance. I had a patient with the consumption who would often bleed at the lungs. On one occasion he exposed himself to cold, and ate

heartily of cold bread and milk. In about twenty minutes he was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and would discharge between a gill and half a pint at once, and exclaimed, "I am dying." He looked deathly, and filled up very fast.

I gave him a wine-glass full of hot drops, and clapped a vial of rheumatic drops to his mouth, and turned down about half of it. He strangled, and in a few minutes filled up and appeared to be gone. Two persons took hold of him and bent him over, and the blood gushed out of his mouth in a stream: when they raised him up he drew in his breath, and when letting him down, the breath and blood came out. We continued in this way for some time, when he began to twitch and quiver, and very soon came to—vomited up his dinner and recovered.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE:

One I will mention who bled at the nose eighteen or twenty hours, till he could not walk or stand. I gave him a wine-glass full of hot drops, with a table spoonful of composition mixed with it. I then put a shawl over his head, took an andiron out of the fire

and placed it on the hearth before him, and turned hot water upon it, making it as hot as he could bear, when he soon broke out into a moist sweat, which turned the pressure of blood from his head. I told him to blow his nose and hold it a minute, which he did; then taking his fingers off and taking more composition, his nose stopped bleeding.

When I can make the circulation even, and no arteries are cut off, or if cut off, on the extremities below the elbows or knees, I can stop the blood without taking them up.

It is thought by many, that when persons are taken with bleeding at the lungs, nose, or any where else, they must be kept cold. This, in my view, is incorrect; for when a person is warm all over, and in health, there is an unequal pressure of the blood. If a man cuts his foot in a cold winter day, it bleeds much more freely than in summer, or if, for instance, a man throws snow-balls, it produces a pressure of blood at the hands, and makes them red and feel hot; this is done by nature, or heat, opposing the cold. Let a man ride in the cold and face the storm; his face will be red as blood—the blood standing as a sentinel to keep off the enemy; and where the enemy or cold attacks, no matter where—the face, hands, feet or body—the blood rushes with all his force to

repel him; but if the enemy is too strong, the blood will retreat; the fingers or ears continue to grow white, if exposure is continued; and so on till the whole body becomes white, frozen and stiff.

Disease takes the power in the same way, by degrees, till it bears the whole power of the body.—Some think it strange, that after the blood has retreated, and comes again reinforced, to drive the cold out of the fingers, they should ache. It is no more strange, after being understood, than that burns should smart, or the lash of a whip tingle, or that one person should be in trouble when another has none, or be sick when another is in good health.

ANOTHER CASE.

I was called to see a girl who had been bleeding at the nose for three days. She was confined to her bed, was as pale as death, and her life despaired of. Three doctors had attended her, but they had given her up and left before I was sent for. The bleeding had been slightly checked at times by letting blood from her arms; they had plugged up the nose, but the blood ran down her throat and sickened her so that she vomited it up; and they had given her salt and brine, but with all their efforts they could check it for only a short time. I took hold and effectually

stopped the bleeding in five minutes. I have never heard of her bleeding since.

STILL ANOTHER.

A man came for me, stating that his wife was bleeding to death, and wished to know if I could stop it. I told him I could, in five minutes. He said she had been bleeding two days—that five doctors had been in attendance, and they had given her up. I went to see her, and found it a worse case than I had expected. The woman was very low, and her blood so reduced and thin, that it would not clotter, and would scarcely stain cloth. At the same time, the woman was near confinement. I told the man I had spoken rather too confidently, without knowing her situation; but he said, "Take hold, and do the best you can." I did so, and stopped the bleeding in eight minutes. She was confined soon after, and did well. I knew her for five years afterwards, during which time she had no return of the bleeding.

In such cases, it is only necessary to make the pressure of blood upon the hands and feet equal to the pressure upon the head.

LOSS OF HAIR.—A BAD CASE.

I was called to see a young girl whose head periodically—at intervals of about a month—became very hot, and at such times her hair would come out as though her head had been limed. Her head was nearly as bare as her hands. She had been attended by doctors from far and near—by Doctor White, of Cherry Valley, among others—and her case was considered incurable. But I cured her in a short time. In the same family several cases of fever occurred, which I attended, and cured in a week's time. With such doctoring as the girl who was losing her hair had received, the fever cases would have lasted for months—perhaps never been effectually cured.

My success in this family attached them warmly to me; and although it was some miles from my place of residence, I was often called to their neighborhood through their instrumentality. I will relate an instance.

One of their neighbors had three children—one of whom was taken sick, and attended three or four days by the "family physician," as they called him, and then given over. My friend, Mrs. E., hearing of it, went to the neighbor's house, (about a mile dis-

tant,) and said to the mother of the sick child, "You had better send for my Doctor." "Who is your Doctor?" was asked. "Thomson, of Geddes." This woman had been told by her "family physician" that I was a perfect "kill-all," and she was ready with an answer to my friend. Said she, "I want all of my children to die a natural death." This observation rather "cut" my friend, but she replied that I had never lost a patient to her knowledge. The woman said her Doctor told her that Thomson was "a perfect kill-all," which made my friend start for home with news in her ears. The child died, and in two days after a second child was taken sick, was attended by the same skillful physician, and died in five days. Then the third child was taken sick, and was soon given over. My friend was a very pious and Christian woman, and could not refrain from interfering once more, to save her neighbor's last child, if possible. So, when she heard that the Doctor had pronounced the case a hopeless one, she called again upon her distressed neighbors, and asked if they were willing she should send for her Doctor. The woman replied, flooded in tears, "Yes, anybody that can save the poor girl's life." My friend immediately started her son for me. He had the good luck to find me at home, and in about an hour I reached the house.

The little girl was about five years old, and indeed she was nearly dead. I told the family that I was always willing to attend the sick, but I wanted *some* chance to effect a cure, and there really appeared to be no chance at all in this case. I asked if this was the only child they had. They answered yes, and said they had lost two within the last two weeks. This surprised me. I told them I would take hold and do what I could. I gave the child some medicine, and in about three hours had the satisfaction of seeing that it had some effect.

I staid twenty-four hours that visit, and doctored the child for about a week more, at the end of which time it was out of danger, and soon afterwards entirely well.

THE ART OF COLLECTING PAY.

It will be recollected by my readers that, some years ago, I could not by legal process collect pay for any medical services that I might render. Such was the *Law*.

About a year after the occurrences related in the foregoing sketch, I called on the father of the child which I had attended when it was so nigh unto death,

and asked him for some pay. He had doubtless been informed by his "family physician" that he need not be at any trouble to pay me for my services, as the law was against me and was made especially to prevent my collecting pay; so he listened with coolness to my request for some remuneration, and readily told me that his debts to the merchant, the shoemaker, and for taxes, were as much as he could well attend to at that time. At the end of another year I called again, when it appeared that the old debts to the merchant, &c., were paid, but in the meantime some other debts had been contracted; so I received a reply similar to that of the previous year. Another year passed with the same result; and I began to see into the man's trick. It continued thus for six years, by which time I had discovered that my customer was not the smartest of men, although he was so tight that he could not be honest. I made up my mind that it was necessary to dun him quite sharp, but I hardly knew how to go about it. However, I rode up to his house one day, and found him at the door. After enquiring about the health of the family, and being informed that they were all well, I remarked that there was a great rush of movers to the West lately, to which he said "Yes." "Well, do you suppose that is a good country?"

"One of the best," he answered. "Do the farmers there harvest every year?" I inquired. "Yes, certainly." "Well," said I, "if you should go there, and could not harvest your crops once in six years, what would you say of the country?" "I would curse it and leave it," he sharply replied. "Well," said I, "that is exactly my case here." He at once saw that I was after him, and commenced making excuses to shake me off. I told him that I must have his note, and succeeded in getting it—though a note would be of no use to me, if he could prove that it was for my services as a Doctor.

I then commenced dunning the man for the amount of the note, calling regularly once a year, until the note was nearly outlawed, and it was necessary to bring the matter to an issue at once. I called one day, and went into the house. After a little ceremony with the family, I enquired about the girl I had doctored. She was there, but I did not recognize her, as she had come to be about seventeen years of age. I asked her if she knew me. She said she did not, except by reputation; that often when I was riding by, her mother had told her I was the Doctor that cured her. I found the girl quite talkative and smart, and not taking much after her parents. I asked the man and his wife—not that I wanted to

take credit for curing the girl—how long she would have lived if I had not attended her. The woman answered, “Seven hours, according as the other ones lived.” The man expressed the same opinion. I then told the girl that I had taken five girls and brought them up, who had all got married and done well—that I wanted more, and should like to take her if she would not get married in six months. She said she would go with me, and would not get married in a year. I told her that I would be willing to let her get married in a year. After a few minutes I asked the man if he could not pay me something on that note.

He made the same old excuses, and I told him I would take cabbages, squashes, beets, carrots, apples, pumpkins, or anything that I could eat, drink or wear; but he said he wanted all these to pay his other debts. I expressed some dissatisfaction, and asked him if he would pay me if he could just as well as not. He said he would. I then handed him the note, (which was only seven dollars,) and told the girl to put on her bonnet and we would start, and that I did not wish her to feel insulted, or to suppose I thought she was not worth more than seven dollars. At this, the old lady began to look rather sharp at me, and asked if I was going to take the girl. I an-

swered, "Yes." She said, "We can't spare her." I said, "I can't help that—I intend to take her." Then the old man put in an objection. But I persisted, saying, "You have got the note and I the girl; and I am surprised at myself that I did not take her before. You say you can't spare the girl! Why, you acknowledge that she would have died in seven hours if I had not come and doctored her; so you would have been obliged to lose her but for me, and you have had her twelve years since that time. It is a poor watch that will not pay for repairing." The man offered to give me the note again. But I declined, till the feelings of the family were pretty well wrought up by the fear that the girl would go away with me; and then I consented to receive it, telling him, however, that I should not dun him again, and if it was not paid the next time I came along, I certainly should claim the girl. When I called again, the note was paid.

The collecting of this account cost me, in time, bother, &c., twice its amount, and so did many others. I shall probably hereafter give other instances of the difficulties I experienced in collecting honest claims for valuable services—difficulties that were systematically thrown in my way by the professors of medical humbug, who considered it no sin to encourage any

ingratitude and dishonesty that would be an injury to me.

ASTONISHING CASE,

OF A LITTLE GIRL FIVE YEARS OLD, WHO WAS BURNT
BY HER CLOTHES TAKING FIRE.

Two girls, one five and the other seven years old, had been left at home alone for a while, and by some means the youngest one got her clothes on fire; she had on under-clothes quilted with cotton, which had burnt nearly off, when the elder girl got her by the hand, and pulled her to the spring some thirty feet distant, rolled her in and extinguished the flames. The folks were rallied, and I was sent for. When I arrived the child was stripped, and did not appear to know anything—making no complaints, though in great agony; the body was as cold as the water she was put into—(it was in the month of March)—and more than half the surface of the body was crisped or burnt to a blister. I was astonished to see the child alive. The feelings of the family can be better imagined than described, and they entreated me to do something to relieve and cure the child. I told them that if I undertook to cure the child, they would say

I was the most cruel man they ever saw. This astonished them; they did not understand what I meant. I told them the child was not only *burned* to death, but *chilled* to death; and if I should cure it, it would suffer worse than death twice over. They solicited me to take hold, and I did so.

I wrapped the child up warm, and began to give it warming medicines. In about an hour I got it a little warm, and then the burns began to smart, and the smarting increased;—we had plenty of *music* until I got the child on a straw bed, and had it wet with warm water, in the same manner as in the case of the man who fell into the salt-boiling kettle. I pursued my usual course—gave some Children's Medicine and Elixir Composition—light food—always keeping the stomach clean by puking up the phlegm. The child was nearly cured in about two weeks, although burned very deep in some places.

A LITTLE MORE OF MY LUCK.

I often called to see the father of the child whose case I have just related; and after about two years I asked him for some pay. He equivocated, saying

that I told him I could cure the child without leaving any scars; and her body was all full of ridges as big as his finger, and the muscles were all kinked up under her chin where the blaze struck, and the ridges looked bad and were very red.

“So, then,” said I, “you think that because your child was burned so bad that, although it lived, there were scars left on its body, I should not be paid for attending upon and curing it! Did you think your child could live when I was first called?” He said “No.” “Did I not tell you there was but little, if any chance for her to live?” “Yes.” “Well,” said I, “if the child had died, there would have been no scars left;—now, sir, I shall sue and collect my pay because there *are* scars—which I could not have done perhaps, if there were not some scars to prove my account. You must pay me in three days, or I shall sue you.” I sued, and he paid five dollars—more than the child was worth, if it was like the father;—but I have seen her since, and she is quite a smart girl.

ANOTHER COLLECTING JOB.

I was sent for one night to attend a man who had the pleurisy, as it was called. He was in the greatest

distress that ever I witnessed, and expressed as much satisfaction at my arrival as by his actions he possibly could. Going and attending upon him, took me nearly all night. I cured him.

In about a year I met this man, and taking him aside from company, I asked him for some pay for my services. This was the first time I had spoken to him about it. It would seem that he had learned how the law stood—(this was in the olden time)—and that I could not collect by legal process. He rushed back to the company, declaring aloud that if I dunned him *a few more times*, he would not pay me at all. Being in the midst of his own company, I asked him in how many different shapes he thought a doctor could appear to him. He did not know. I said I supposed he might appear in three shapes, or views, and asked if he recollected the night when he sent for me, and then I went to him through the dark, and cold, and storm; and when I arrived, did I look good to him. He said I did. “Did I look first rate?” “Almost like an angel!” He said I had come to get him out of that pain and distress. “When you saw me next, was six months after;—did I look like a common man?” He said he supposed I did. “Now,” said I, “one year afterwards, I have asked you for some pay, and don’t I look like

Satan, or the Devil? I told the company the story, and they thought he was not much of a man. I told him that if he would pay this bill, I would agree never to doctor him again; and presumed I ought to lose my bill, as a punishment for doing as I did, in stopping the pain that was on him; it was a great wrong in me, and if he would pay me, I would never be guilty of another such a trick upon him. By thus teasing the man, I finally succeeded in getting my pay. Everything seemed to be set on foot by my *friends*—the licensed men.

A STRIP OF NOVELTY.

About twenty years ago I took students, and had one in particular who was very faithful—so faithful, that when he went doctoring he would cure his patient in a few days. After he left me, he would take a sick person in charge, and not leave till the patient was cured. He would both nurse and doctor. He soon came across an old miser, who thought a man should earn his money twice before he got any. This man had a number of “fevers,”—so called. Being taken down again, he concluded to try the new

doctor. He was sent for, and attended the call; and according to his usual practice, he remained with his patient all night and the next day, till he was nearly cured: he called twice more, and his patient was well. The old miser, some days after, asked the doctor how much was his bill, and intimated that he thought it should not be more than two dollars, as there were but two visits, and at the first visit he did not stay but two days. The doctor said his bill was five dollars. At this the old miser flew into a great rage, and declared he would "notify Thomson of his exorbitant bill;" and he "would not pay it until he had seen Thomson." I soon had a hint of it. He came with great fury, and asked if I "knew what a wicked fellow the young doctor was to charge." I told him I guessed not. "Why," said he, "he made me three visits and charged five dollars; and it was not more than three miles off." "Well," said I, "that is too bad." He said, "I told him I would tell you of him." I told him I was glad he had, and I would attend to him. He said he knew I would. "Yes, that I will," said I, and then asked him,— "Were you sick last year?" He answered, "Yes." "Who attended you?" "Our family doctor." "How long were you sick?" "O, I was sick over two months, so that I could not work." "What was

your doctor's bill?" "Oh, he was very reasonable." "How reasonable?" I asked. "He attended every day, and sometimes twice a day, for near a month, and his bill was forty dollars." "Well," said I, "I will give my student such a lecture as he never had: I shall tell him that if ever again he finds such an old miser sick, he must not let him up until he gets his oxen or horses:—this is the most important point all doctors teach their students. I have neglected to teach him this heretofore; but, sir, if you get sick again and employ him to doctor you, your horses or oxen are gone sure."

This view is seldom called into account in practice. If a man is cured quick, no pay or credit is given to the doctor. But the longer one is sick, and the lower he is brought by the licensed man's practice, the more credit and pay the doctor will get, if the man happens to recover; while if the patient is run so low by depletion that he must go, the saying is,— "His time has come, and no doctor can stay death." It is not the interest of the doctor to have his patients die or get well. If they do either, the bill stops. Our doctors are paid for keeping their patients sick.

TURNING THE TABLES.—A CASE OF PRE-
JUDICE.

A sick man came a thousand miles to see me, to be doctored, and I cured him. He had not money enough to pay me, and also defray his expenses back, and was therefore desirous of engaging in some business for awhile in my vicinity. As he had about forty dollars, and consulted me as to the best adventure he could make with it, I advised him to try the grocery business. He went to the Locks, found a place to rent, and had nearly completed a bargain for it, when the owner asked him where he lived. He answered. "At Thomson's;" whereupon the owner told him that was enough—he could not have his grocery, and abused me in severe terms. The man returned to me with a heavy heart and full of trouble. He thought the man at the Locks must be the worst enemy I had in the world, and asked if I was acquainted with him. I told him I was not. "Why is he so bitter against you?" he asked. "Because he is not acquainted with me," said I.

In less than a week afterwards, I was sent for in the night, to attend a child that was sick with the measles. When the messenger called me, I asked

him who wanted me. He said, "The Lock-tender." I thought that could not be so; but the man insisted it was so, and that I must start in a hurry. I therefore got up and went. The child was very bad; the bowels had worked off so fast that the rash was kept in, and when they were stopped, they bloated up and turned purple. The doctors had left the child, and the neighbors had got the mother's consent to send for me. I did not see the father of the child that night. The mother was very anxious to know if I could cure the child. I told her it must be helped in two hours, or it could not live. I took the bloat down in that time, and the rash was out. In three days the child was cured. The father was afterwards as much in my favor, as he had previously been bitter against me. Like many others, he had been prejudiced against me by the stories told by my enemies, supposing them to be true, of course. And who are my enemies? The licensed doctors. They caused me to be imprisoned forty years ago. A lying tongue—falsehood—is no shame to them.

REMOVING FINGER-RINGS.

I was once sent for to remove a ring from a woman's finger. She was subject to erysipelas, and

the disease had settled in her hand, which was swollen so much that the ring could not be seen without parting the flesh away from it. I was at a loss, at first, what to do for the woman's relief. I thought of many plans, and finally resolved upon this:—I cut a piece of thin tin, two inches long, half an inch wide at one end, and tapering to a point at the other, scraped it smooth and bent it like a hook: then rubbed the swelling down till I could see the ring on the inside of the finger—hooked the tin under the ring, and worked it through half its length—then held the finger steady, filed the ring in two, and with a couple of hooks hitched to the ends of the ring I straightened it out. Thus the woman obtained immediate relief; and by administering medicines which took the sharpness, or impurity, out of the blood, she was in a few days restored to health.

CUTTING OFF A TOE.

I was sent for to see a boy who had pinched his toe under a door, and had fractured the bone; he had been attended, without success, by two doctors for six months. I tried my medicine, but it would not cure it. I then told them it must be cut off, as also did

the other doctors. I told them to take a chisel, and any one could cut it off.

I have cut off two fingers in the same situation—putting the finger on a piece of wood and cutting it off in a similar manner—then holding the hand above the head as high as it will reach, and then doing it up tightly, letting it down by degrees. In this case they will not bleed a spoonful, and will generally get well in seven or eight days.

MY SON'S CASE.

Some years ago my oldest son, by a glancing blow with an axe, cut the four small toes of one foot entirely off, and the big toe nearly so. When he pulled off his boot, the toes rattled out. The axe had done its work perfectly, and I did not undertake to do it over again, as surgeons generally would do, so as to make a heavy charge. Nor did I try to fasten them on again,—they would have been useless, had I succeeded. But I dressed the boy's foot, and in eight days his wounds were healed at a cost of one shilling for salve.

CUTTING OFF FINGERS AND TOES WITH A CHISEL.

The “privileged” class of surgeons have made a great hue and cry about my cutting off fingers and

toes with a chisel and binding them up in a minute. They say it is a brutal and unskillful method. But take their course:—cut around with a knife, peel down the flesh and skin, take up the arteries, and saw off the bone—tormenting the patient an hour—and charge from five to twenty dollars for the job. They would call that “skillful,” as it certainly is profitable practice. Performing the operation in a minute, and effecting a cure in a week, by simple means, at the cost of a sixpence, is too “brutal” and trifling.—Now, the bones in the hands and feet are nearly solid, and are not like the larger and more hollow bones of the arms and legs, which are surrounded by cords and muscles that draw up the flesh, after amputation leaving the bone bare. A finger or toe cut off square with a “chisel,” or any other instrument, that will heal as well and quickly, will heal better than if tortured for an hour under the “regular” process.

CUTTING OFF A TOE WITH A CHISEL.

A woman living ten or twelve miles from my house, heard that I could cut off a toe and do it up in two minutes; and as she was under necessity of having one of her toes amputated, she came to me to have the amputation performed. She stood up and pressed her foot on a board. I took a chisel, and

with one stroke severed it off about three-fourths of an inch above the nail ; that took it above the roots of the nail, and above the first joint. I did it up and stopped the blood, and in five minutes she began to complain that it ached, and it continued to grow worse. I placed a jug of hot water to her foot, and gave her some composition to drink ; but it did no good ; the pain still increased. I was surprised, and did not know how to account for this. It was in the winter, and the toe lay near a crack under the door, where the wind blew on it ; so I made the remark, in a joking manner, that I guessed her toe was cold. I took it up, and placed it under the stove where it was warm, and her foot stopped paining her. It remained there until the next day, the pain ceased, and her toe was soon well.

The pain and the remedy looks like witchcraft, although I am convinced there is something in keeping the amputated limb warm. In old times, if a man got cut with an axe, or other tool, it must be hung on the lug-pole in the chimney, or kept in some warm place until the wound was healed. If it was a broad-axe, and was ever so much needed, it was not allowed to be used till all was well.

I once knew a man who had his arm taken off, and the surgeon took it home. Shortly after he had gone,

the man cried out, "Oh, how you hurt my arm!" When the doctor came the next day they told him of it, and he said that when he was going home his horse stumbled, and he dropped the arm to the ground.

A CUT ANKLE.

I happened to be passing along where some men were digging out a large trough, when the adze used by one of the workmen slipped, and took him in the foot at the instep, and cut it almost off. The blood spirted in much the same manner as it does when a sheep's head is severed from the body, flying about four feet at every beat of the heart. They were in the woods, one mile from any house, and very much frightened; all exclaiming, "What shall we do?"

I told the man to lie down on his back, and put his foot upon the trough, which being done it immediately began to bleed slower, and in two minutes it stopped, when I took a handkerchief, and crowding the wound together, bound it considerable tighter than is proper in ordinary cases. He then took his foot down by degrees, and in a short time started for home on crutches. He wet the wound with salt-

rheum drops to keep out the inflammation, as it is called, and took a little regulating powders; and when he dressed it, put on yellow salve, and it soon got well.

A CUT KNEE.

I was called to visit a lad who had cut his knee-joint very severely, and all the joint-water was running out. I considered it a very difficult and dangerous case. I put a poultice of comfrey and turpentine on the opposite side—put a plaster of yellow salve on the cut, and kept it wet with salt-rheum drops, which soon stopped the discharge. A piece of flesh protruded from the cut as large as my thumb. They had been advised to put on burnt alum, which I told them would not do. They said it was proud flesh. I told them it was a mistake—that if they had told me the whole body was proud, I might have believed them; but to say that a small piece, no bigger than your thumb, is proud, I don't believe it: if you should say it is spongy flesh, then I should agree with you, as the least touch of a pin will make it bleed; therefore it is spongy or porous flesh, so they must apply something to make flesh grow compact

and solid. I told them to keep it wet with the compound, steeped strong, which they did, and the wound healed in about six days. That leg withered a little. I saw him about two months after; it was well, with the exception of being a little weak; but in four months it was as strong as the other.

ANOTHER CASE.

A somewhat similar, though severer case, occurred; a man got intoxicated and cut his knee joint badly, and did very little for it for about a week. He was then brought to me; his leg was drawn half up, and so much perished that it was two inches smaller than the other, and in great pain. It was judged that it had discharged three quarts of thin matter in one day; but at this time it discharged thick, congealed matter, like cherry-tree gum. He was about fifty years old, and had been rather intemperate. I soon healed the sore nearly up with my common medicine—excepting a place some larger than the head of a pin. His general bodily health was bad. The wound continued to run, and dropped like sap from a tree. I placed a small piece of sponge upon the unhealed part, which closed it by the next morning. His knee was at this time as large as a man's head. I then bathed it with the rheumatic drops, made

three times the common strength, which stopped the swelling. I felt somewhat encouraged, and continued the bathing, and in a week reduced the swelling one half. He then began to straighten his leg, which in six weeks was well, with the exception of being some weaker than the other.

When he first came to my house, I was conversing with some surgeons, to whom I related his case; they said he must either lose his leg or his life. How many do we see with stiff limbs, and others *minus*, by amputation, from far less difficult causes than this?

DOG BITE.

I was called to see a man who had been bitten by a large dog, in the month of August—the worst time in the year to receive a bite from that animal. This season is called *dog days*, because the saliva of the dog is then so very poisonous to any flesh if bitten by them.

Two dogs were fighting, and as this man tried to part them, one of them caught both hands in his mouth and chewed and tore them most shockingly. He sent for me the third day after they were bitten.

They were swelled to the body as full as the skin could hold; I could lay my thumb in the wounds on his hands and wrists, and apparently he was in as much pain as he could possibly endure. As the *licensed men* would say, he had a "settled fever;" and his arms were in a high state of inflammation. He was a salt boiler, and was at the salt works. There they had some conveniences, such as a bunk and some chairs. It was a very hot day. I think the Thermometer would have risen in the works from eighty to one hundred degrees in a short time. I gave him some emetic pills and neutralizing drink, and wrapped up his wounded limbs with cloths wet in warm water. He sweat profusely. I gave him a teaspoonful of pearlash in a cup of warm drink: he very soon vomited most copiously, and in one hour his pain ceased. His hands and arms were moist like his body. He drank freely of the tea, and vomited three times. I then had nearly a gallon of milk porridge made, of which he drank freely, and sweat most copiously. He remained in that warm place about four hours,—then he went to his house, and the swelling had then nearly disappeared from his arms. I dressed his hands with some salve; he could open and shut them. The wounds were large and deep. They changed his clothes, and washed

him with spirits, and he went to bed. I called to see him the next morning: he said he rested well during the night. I dressed his wounds, and that ended my doctoring him. His wife attended to him, and in two weeks he was well. That high stage of fever and inflammation, as it is called, was all destroyed in four hours. The cure was performed in so short a time, that it was not considered much of a cure, and was worth nothing to me.

On the circuit of my ride, which is twenty miles around, it is said that I don't know how to cure a person who has the fever, because I never had a case. That is the best of reasoning. If I never had a case of fever, of course my experience would not be sufficient for me to know how to treat one. No Doctor can become popular in the eyes of the world, who has not the faculty to make a *hard* case of a light one; and describe the disease, however simple, as one of the worst form. Of course it is so, because the Doctor says so, and that settles the question; for he is a *clever man*, and his word must not be disputed. Long jobs, with their humbugs, give them a good fee; but the poor, deluded patient, must suffer both the pain and the loss of his money—yet it is done cheerfully. It seems the more people are abused, de-

ceived, and kept sick, the more anxious they are to pay the Doctor.

A CASE WHERE I LEARNED A WOMAN TO DOCTOR.

This lady's family were some of them taken sick, and I soon cured them; then I told her that she could learn to doctor herself and family when sick, as well as to employ some one else to do it. I told her what I have so often repeated—that food and medicine work in harmony together—that one prepares the body for the reception of the other—that both grow in the same fields, and could be used by the same people. Medicine clears the body of disease, while food strengthens and retains what the medicine gains. Soon after I had given her this lesson, her brother came to her house sick with Typhoid Fever, as it is called. She told him that she could cure him. She had some of my medicines, and gave him an Emetic in the morning: it worked well, and he felt smart. At night they sent for me, and said they thought he was dying. I got there and found him in great distress, and very nervous. I asked him what he had done. He said nothing. I asked

the sister if the medicine worked well. She said it did. "Well," said I, "what is the matter?" She said she did not know. I told her I thought she had given him something to eat, that made him so distressed and nervous. She said that could not be, because he had not had anything to eat since he took the emetic in the morning. Then I saw the trouble. His stomach was well cleared, but nothing had been given him to strengthen it and keep the wind out. I then asked her if that was the way I had learned her. "Did I not tell you," said I, "that medicine and food work in harmony together, and one would prepare the body for the reception of the other?" She acknowledged that I did. Said I, "how can it work in harmony, if only one is given?" She had forgotten that. I gave him some warm medicine and nerve powder, and a little milk porridge, and in half an hour all was right. This shows the importance of knowing how to nurse, as well as doctor the sick. Proper clothing, food and drink, are just as essential as medicine. All should be used judiciously, for the benefit of the patient. If either is neglected, the patient must suffer. It is an old saying, and very true, that it is better to have a good nurse and a poor doctor, than a poor nurse with a good doctor; though both ought to be good for the safety of the patient.

CASE OF MR. JOHNSON.

I was called to see a man who had a high fever, and great inflammation (as it was called) in his eyes. He told me that their family physician said that the *fever* and *inflammation* ran so high, that his case was a very doubtful one. His eyelids were swelled as thick as two ought to be, and the white of his eyes was swelled out beyond the sight, and as red as a beet. He could not have the least light come to his eyes—it would pierce like a knife through his head. I told him that I should have to apply from 80 to 100 degrees more heat to his eyes, in order to cure them. He was surprised, and asked if it would not kill him, as the family Doctor said *too much* heat was the trouble. “No, sir,” said I, “it will cure you.” I first cleansed his stomach, then took a milk-pan and filled it with hemlock boughs, added one gallon of boiling water, and half of a brick heated red hot, which made a lively steam. I placed this between his feet, then put a covering over his head, so that the steam would not escape. I prepared some medicine to wash his eyes. In five minutes I raised the coverlet;—he said he could see as well as ever. I repeated this operation often—cleansed his stomach

and blood of the impurities, and thus removed the cause of his trouble, and he was soon well. I resorted to no blistering, bleeding, cupping or leeching the eye—no brushing with nitrate of silver, alum, vitriol nor caustic, to torture the patient and keep him sick.

Short sicknesses, short jobs, and short pay, have always been my lot; if the patient was not full of drugs the job was short, and of course the pay to correspond; if they had been drugged, they had spent their money for that, and my reward was small.

CASE OF A YOUNG MAN.

I was once called to see a young man who was subject to frequent attacks of sickness. He was of a bilious temperament—his system was very much clogged, and though not dangerous, he was in a very unpleasant situation. He told me that he would not take medicine—that he would rather die than live; he had become very nervous and notional. I used all the arguments I was capable of, but to no purpose; he was resolved not to take medicine, I told him if he would *not take* medicine, he had better make use of enemas, (injections,) and doubtless he would get some relief from them. To this he reluctantly con-

sented, and then, when I had prevailed on him to submit to this, I felt quite sure I could cure him; although his obstinacy compelled me to resort to a course which seemed severe.

I prepared the medicine quite strong, and told him when he had taken it he must turn over on his stomach, which he did. I left the room, and his father soon came and told me that he was in great distress, and they thought he was dying. I went in and found him rolling and groaning with pain, and asked him if he would take some tea which I had made for him. He said *no*—he would not take one drop. I had plenty prepared, and I understood his case better than he did. He soon turned over, and emitted from his stomach as much as a quart of thick yellow matter, and he perspired freely. Says he, “Fetch on your tea, if you wish me to drink it.” He drank freely of it, and continued vomiting for nearly two hours. He then drank some porridge, and said his stomach felt clear, and he felt well. This ended my visits there. In two days he was well. Medicine, when taken in this way, meets the disease with great force and rapidity.

As a comparison, suppose you were out, and your hands became very cold; you come in and hold them by the fire—how they will pain you. Why? Be-

cause there is a warfare between heat and cold. If you had been a short time in the room, and rubbed your hands until they were partially warmed, before placing them so near the fire, the contest would have been less severe, and less pain would have been experienced.

A BAD CASE OF INFLAMMATION — SO CALLED.

I once attended a patient who had moved into the basement story of a new house, where the water ran in through the wall and kept the floor wet. He took cold, and in a few days became very sick. He was quite fleshy—his weight being over two hundred—and he was so choked up that he could hardly breathe. I told him that I must loosen his cough and start the phlegm. His wife looked at me very sharply, and said, "He can't stand emetic." "Oh, no," said he, with a low, faint voice, "I never can stand that—I am so weak now." This I found would prevent me from curing him in a week, and I learned they had got this impression from the licensed men.

I do not believe it is right to deceive any person—especially one who is sick. I knew they did not

know the bearing of what they said. I looked upon this man in his distress, and imagined myself in his place and he in mine; then, thought I, *he* would be the judge, and so will I.

I then asked him if he could take some pills and some herb drink. He said he could. Then I thought I could make it work.

His stomach and lungs were so clogged that he could not lie down. I gave him four pills in some molasses, and a little cold water to wash them down; in twenty minutes four more; then I prepared the neutralizing drink, sweetened a bowl full and gave it to him. He tasted it, and asked how much he might drink. I told him all of it, and I had more ready. His mouth was very dry, and he drank it all, and I gave him more. I stirred a teaspoonful of soda into a cup of warm drink, and he took that. He told his wife he felt sick at his stomach. "I guess not," said I, "but your stomach is very weak." He said he did feel sick, and she must get something for him to vomit in. She did so, and he threw off a large quantity as thick as frog spittle. I told him his stomach was very weak. "Yes," said he, "but it feels much better now." I told him he had better try it once more, which he did, and threw off as much more. He repeated the dose, and it served him the

same again. I told him it was no use—his stomach was so weak. His wife gave him some good milk porridge, which he said was more palatable than anything he had tasted in the last two weeks. I left some stomach pills and some nervous or canker syrup for him to take. The next day I went again. His stomach had imbibed from the liver and other secretions of the system, more of that thick, putrid matter. I told him he had better take some more pills. This time he was willing to do as I thought best.

I continued this process until the fifth day; then I went to see him, and he was well, except that he needed some restoring or strengthening medicine.

After I had been there a little time, he appeared very cheerful and smart, and asked me if I had not given him an *emetic*. “Why,” said I, “you surprise me to ask me that, when the licensed man, your wife, and yourself, all said you could not stand emetic. Do you think I would be so presumptuous as to risk it?” “Well,” said he, “I would like to know what you did give me?” I told him it was nothing but a *puke*. At this they laughed heartily, and said he might have died before they would have consented to his taking emetic; but they were glad I had taken my own course, independent of them.

This has always, to a greater or less extent, been the case. Some idle group must be near to dictate, and tell some different or better plan which their "family doctor" has prescribed.

A CASE OF AN OLD MAN.

I was called to see an old man nearly eighty years of age. They did not call me expecting I would cure him, but to tell them how they could nurse him up, so that he could be comfortable while he did live. After staying with him two or three hours, and examining his case, I told them there was some chance for him to be cured, and I should try a new plan of doctoring him. I found his flesh, blood and warmth low, and the action in his system sluggish. They were surprised that I had the least hopes of him, but they had attended on him in the right way, and with the right kind of medicine, which gave me more courage to try to help him.

In the first place, I told them they must dress him in woolen, and he must wear it day and night, and they must bathe him with whiskey three or four times a day. His stomach was foul, bowels clogged,

and liver torpid, and I ordered an enema twice a day, made of nervous or canker syrup, and one teaspoonful of soft soap in it, to retain it as long as he could. I ordered some soft soap made of mutton tallow or lard, to be given him, one teaspoonful at a time in a wine-glass of canker syrup every three hours, if he could bear it, and if it did not loosen his bowels, increase it every day, and give him porridge or broth every time after taking the syrup.

In four days he began to mend, and he got well, and remained quite smart for a number of years. He told me that he hankered for the syrup and soap, as much as a child would for their milk. Small portions of medicine given often, with a little light food, will do the best in old, lingering cases.

There is often a failure by waiting till the effects of one portion of medicine are entirely gone, before another is given. If the patient is very weak, it is better to give the medicine often and in small quantities. Often, when younger people get run down by some mishap of nature, or by drugging, this course might safely be pursued, and it many times proves very beneficial.

SCARLET FEVER, OR CANKER RASH.

The very name of this disease, shows what ought to be done to cure it—destroy the Canker and keep out the Rash. In old times it was rarely, if ever, that a person died with this complaint;—now it too often proves fatal, for want of proper treatment.

My parents had eight children, and they carried them all through with this disease without the aid of a physician. They gave light emetics and canker medicines; sponged the body in spirits to soften the surface, so the rash would come out, gave light food, and kept the patient warm; all was soon right, reasonable, and consistent, and not one died. At the present day, this disease is called Scarlet Fever, and but few survive an attack of it.

My neighbor had three children, and one of them was taken sick. The *licensed man*—their “family doctor,”—was immediately called. He told them it was a very dangerous case of *Scarlet Fever*. I suppose he meant he was a very dangerous man, and the life of the child depended on him, or his wise prescriptions and knowledge. It was in May. No ice could be got except under the mountains, two or three miles off; but the ice was soon procured, bro-

ken up, put in small bags, and laid on the child's head and around its neck. Some morphine was given to keep the child quiet, and in two days it was given over to die.

Another taken—morphine and ice applied before the fever got the advantage, or upper hand, as he called it:—in two days *this* also was given over.

The third was taken, and treated in the same way, and in eight days they were all dead and buried!

If there had been another, rugged and well, and it had been treated in this way, it would have been killed as quick. The bed was wet and cold as ice.

I could mention many such cases within my knowledge, and this course was pursued throughout the State. It is surprising that any survived, though blind, deaf, or dumb; and better have died than to live in this horrible condition.

If *my* views are correct on Canker Rash, *their* course must kill the patient. Morphine to destroy the canker, and ice to drive out the rash. If this man had not had license to kill or lose his patients, others would have arrested him for murder, tried, convicted, and hung him, and not have done him half justice for killing these three children; but the rest of the licensed men were guilty of similar crimes,—all pursued the same course throughout the country.

This class of men were very jealous, lest some one who had no license should take life as well as they. They were very vigilant and watchful. If a person is just gone with Consumption, or any other disease, and another who has no license calls to see them, they must at least be accused of murder, if not tried for their life.

A CASE OF BED-RIDDEN.

A lady was brought to my house and placed under my care. A number of doctors had tried to cure her, but all to no purpose. She had been confined to her bed for nearly three years, was very much emaciated, and the whole nervous system was run down. I told her the course I should pursue, but she said it would not do. I told her another and another, but none would suit her. I told her I had thought of a plan which I knew would cure her. She was very anxious to know what it was, but I told her I would explain it as I went along. I began this course by giving her composition nerve powder, and elixir, six or eight times a day, and so continued through; the next day I gave her a light emetic; the next I sweat and electrized her. I kept on with restoring medi-

cines for a week ; I then wished to produce exercise and animation of spirits, and had her drawn out in a small wagon used for children.

I had at this time five students. I related her case to them, showing them her temperament, disposition, and depressed spirits, and pointed out to them the course to be pursued to cure her, stating that she might be frightened, or made ashamed, or mad, to good advantage. The plan was accordingly adopted to make her spunky, and I was to be her friend and take her part when they should happen to offend her. We commenced drawing her out in a little wagon. The first one that drew her went very slow ; she wished to go faster ; he started at full speed ; she told him to go slower ; then he almost stopped, and continued in this way, doing as she told him, though not to her satisfaction, and thus kept her irritated until he got home. I went out to take her in, she being unable to stand on her feet. I found her in a great rage ; she said my student was the greatest fool she ever saw. I took her part and scolded him ; so she came off victorious.

It soon came time to ride again. I helped her into the wagon, and sent another student to draw her.— He drew her very well, but would drop the wagon wheels into the ruts, first on one side and then on the

other. When she got home she was as vexed as ever, and said the student did not know enough to keep in the road.

The next one that drew her pretended to get asleep, and came near turning her off the bridge into the canal, which frightened her as well as made her spunky. When they got home, I went out to receive her. She was more enraged than ever, and said of all fools he was the greatest. I fell in with her, and we both gave him a thorough scolding, she telling him he had better go to bed and sleep a week, in order to get wide awake once in his life.

The fourth one that drew her out, turned her over before he got home. I carried her in, but the blowing up he got from her can hardly be imagined.

She declined riding any more, but I finally persuaded her to try it again, telling her I would send the "Deacon." He drew her better, but not half the good resulted, as it did not start the blood, nor make her vexed.

Every time, after the first, she would strongly solicit me to draw her; but I knew that would not do, for if I did not draw her well, she would grieve and think all her friends had forsaken her.

By this time she was considerably better, and I told her she might ride in a one-horse wagon. The

first time she rode very well, but the next day they took a lumber wagon. I put a chair in it, and as they drove very fast, she expected every minute to be tipped over.

The next time, I told the driver not to miss one stone on the route. When she came back, I went to receive her as usual, and enquired how she liked the ride. She replied "Very well," but said it was the stoniest road she ever saw, and should think three wheels were on stones every step of the way.

She was very thin in flesh, and gained slowly at first, and continued about four weeks at my house.— When she came, she was brought on a bed; but when she went home, she sat up. When she got home she went to work, soon got well, and in one year had a fine boy.

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.

I was called to see a young woman who had the consumption; she was nearly gone, talked of dying, and resigned herself to her fate. There were a number of elderly women at the house. They seemed to expect more from a Thomsonian doctor than any other, and began to quiz me about diseases, &c., and

then asked me the cause of so many more dying with consumption now than there were thirty years ago.

I told them there were three causes. They were very anxious to know what they were. I told them that mineral medicines were too much used in this cold, northern country; if they were intended to be used anywhere, it was in the warm southern climate, where they were obtained. This they acknowledged, and enquired what was the second. I told them superfine flour and luxuries were too much used; thereby the digestive powers became debilitated, producing torpid liver, dyspepsia and consumption. Coarse food, such as bean porridge, and rye and Indian bread, was the principal food fifty years ago, when diseases of this kind could scarcely be found. This they knew was true. Then they wished to know the third cause. This was rather a delicate subject at that time to explain; but they insisted on my telling. I replied, that as I was going through Oneida county I saw a squaw with a board on her back, with a papoose lashed to it; but our young women have got the board on the wrong side. This, they replied, was the most injurious practice of the present day.—“And,” continued I, “the fashion is carried to a very high pitch; their stomach and lungs are laced so tight that it stops the natural circulation, and is as

bad in proportion as if tied around the neck. The effects are obvious. I saw an intelligent squaw, and asked her why she lashed her child in that position. She replied that the bones were all gristle, and in that way they were kept straight until they became strong. That made them straight, like an Indian. Well, thought I, new ideas can be obtained from almost every source. Then I reflected upon the number of white men and women that were crooked, and drawn over with rheumatism and rickets, by being tended and tossed about while infants by young children.—This racks them, and makes them grow crooked, both backs and limbs.

• A CASE OF DECEPTION.

I was sent for to come and see a child. I examined it, and told them it was dying. I asked them what they had done for it. The grandmother said not much of anything. I told them that the complaint was all in the bowels, and they must work faithfully to save it. The bowels were swelled as full as they could hold and turned purple—the child was gasping for breath. I called for some liquor, bathed it freely, gave it some Composition, and ordered an enema. It

soon worked off; they gave one more, and continued till it had taken five; the last worked powerfully, and it was all foaming like yeast, and smelled like taint, or putrefaction, or mortification. I told them the child would die in less than two hours, although I had relieved it.

I lived about three miles off, and in the evening I returned home. They strongly urged me to come again in the morning, which I agreed to do—although I was positive the child would not live over two hours. According to my promise, I returned back in the morning, and to my astonishment the child was smart.

I had been in practice a number of years, and I must acknowledge this was the most deceptive case I ever had in my practice. I should not have been more surprised if I had found half of the family dead, than to find this child alive. I referred back to my former practice to find one more such case, and found one; then I asked the grandmother (who said the child had not taken much of anything) how much calomel she gave the child last night? She stopped and stared at me, and asked who had told me that it had taken any. I told her that my medicine told me so, and it did not tell me anything but the truth.—She said she would tell me, if I would not get angry.

I told her it was none of my business what they gave the child, and all that I complained of was that she had deceived me. She said the child was six months old, and there was ten portions of calomel in it. Said I, "That is not all." She said that she would tell me the truth. After they had given that, the doctor came again, and it did not operate; this made three days; then he gave that day two or three ounces of castor oil, and that did not operate; then he fed it as much antimony as he dared to, and said it would die, and started for home; "then," said she, "we sent for you." I asked her why she had deceived me in that way. She said, "We concluded that you would not attend to it if we should tell you, so we did as we thought would be best." The child was well in four or five days.

At this time I could not collect anything for my services, so the Doctor got the pay and the credit. I have had a great plenty to do for more than forty years, and been paid a great share in this way. It has been some consolation to me, if not to the doctors, to know that I could cure when they had given over their patient to die, although they were well paid and I got nothing.

REMARKS OF A NEIGHBOR.

After I had been in practice thirty years in this country, I was called by a neighbor to see a friend of his who was sick. He was much excited about what doctor to have. This neighbor asked me if I did not lose a great many patients. I told him that I had lost a great many. He said he had got that impression, but did not know how; "only," said he, "if you happen to lose one, it is talked about a great while, and is hard to be forgot." I told him that he had my medicines, and all his neighbors had doctored by my prescriptions, and asked him if he ever knew me to lose a patient in his life. After thinking a long time, he said he knew me to lose a child twenty years before. I asked him if he knew the child. He said he did. I then told him the parents made a great fuss about the child, and sent for a Drug Doctor. The child died; no blame was attached to the Drug Doctor, but all rested on me. They took it off my hands, gave it to the other Doctor, and he killed it. I have lost but thirty patients in thirty years; and if I had been a Drug Doctor, and lost that number in two months, I should have been called one of the best of physicians. Bonaparte killed his thousands,

and he was a hero; if he had killed but one, he would have been hung. So all the Drug Doctors are heroes, and I, who perform the greatest cures, get the least credit. Such has always been the case.

A SIMPLE PRESCRIPTION.

While in Boston, near twenty years ago, I was very strongly solicited to visit a lady who had a tumor or cancer on her shoulder. She had come nearly one hundred miles from the country to have it doctored, and had been told that it must be cut out. This worked up her feelings so that she could neither eat nor sleep, but was constantly in tears. I went to see her, and on examining the tumor, found it a hard, knotty, ugly sore. I endeavored to comfort her, and asked her how long she had had the tumor, how fast it had grown, &c. She told me, and I assured her that at that rate it would not kill her in a year. I told her that in my opinion the knife was the last remedy that ought to be resorted to, and this was consoling to her. As to the mode of treatment, I told her she must not irritate it in any way, nor use caustic, but take care of her health, live plain and

coarse, and not clog her stomach or bowels. She was very anxious that I should give her a prescription; and I told her if I did, it would be a simple one—in accordance with the advice I had already given. I asked her what was the first thing she thought of on awaking in the morning. She said it was her cancer. I then told her she must use on it all the spittle that formed in her mouth. This appeared simple enough, and in accordance with what I had told her from the first. I talked with her about an hour. She promised to follow my instructions, and I left. In three months she sent word to Boston that she was well, and that the spittle had cured her.

REMARKS.—When I was young, I recollect of one of my associates cutting off his finger with an axe. His mother ran out and got the piece, put it in its proper place, spit upon it, did it up in tow, and kept it wet with spittle. It soon grew on, and became a pretty good finger. I have occasionally told this to those who had old sores, and I never knew it to fail, if they practiced it. Nothing will so quickly heal a boil after it has broke; and it will take the soreness out of any old sore.

TAKING COLD.

What do the doctors mean, when they say the patient took cold from coming out of a warm shop when sweaty, and the fever is troublesome to get rid of? I do not understand this reasoning, any more than if they should say, the man ate hearty, and it will starve him to death; or, he drank, and will die with thirst; or, that he is so hot he will freeze to death; or, using their own terms, "He has got cold, and the fever will burn him up, if we don't kill or check it." These men boast of science, and must not be disputed.

Another strip of scientific knowledge is, that if disease attacks the blood and flesh, they must draw the blood out, take the skin off with blisters, and cleanse the bowels with cold, poisonous minerals. By this course they destroy the system to get rid of the disease. If this is good logic, pray tell what is bad. This reminds me of the man who set his barn on fire to get rid of the rats. Destroy the blood and flesh—the materials of life—to get rid of the disease! Who cannot be a doctor, if this is the best of practice? Instead of promoting the blood and life, take it out and destroy it; if this don't reduce fast enough, then physic and blister!

TREATMENT OF BABIES.

Mothers should be careful to have their infants well cleansed out once or twice a week, until they are five or six weeks old. The Medicine for Children is excellent for this purpose, enabling the child to throw up the phlegm easily. Change occasionally by giving chamber-lye (from some healthy boy) and molasses every other time, or lard and molasses, or take onion-juice and molasses to loosen the bowels—bathing often with whiskey, at the same time. This treatment is good for measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, croup or rattles. In croup, or rattles, keep a flannel around the neck, wet with liquor, until well. Add the Nervous or Canker Syrup.

Be careful not to let the system get overcharged or clogged up, and health will be easily preserved.

A MISTAKEN M. D.

A child was sick; the M. D. was called, and came with pomp and splendor—dashed off his coat, whip and gloves—hauled out his wallet of tools or medicine, and placed them on the table. Just at this moment the woman passed out after a pail of water, and was absent a few minutes. When she returned, the doctor had got his *calomel* dealt out, and observed

that the child's pulse was very quick—that it was quite sick and threatened with a fever. The mother stared, and said, "That is my *well* babe—my sick boy is in the other room!"

When will M. D's learn that a nursing child's pulse beats 120 times a minute—that when weaned it beats 90 times—and so runs down, till at the age of 80, it beats but 40 times in a minute?

A BAD BURN.

When I was under sixteen hundred dollar bonds, a man who had read one of my pamphlets advised a neighbor who had a child badly burned, to send for me. It happened by taking coals out of the fire-place to put into the oven; she knocking her hand against a chair, threw the coals into the child's bosom. The child clasped them with both arms, and they crisped its breast to the bone.

Next day the father started, but very reluctantly, for me. After telling me the condition of the child, I told him I considered it a very doubtful case, and was unwilling to go with him, but went, and soon arrived at his house—the distance being about two miles. Many of the neighbors were at the house.

The child was in fits, and had been so for about twelve hours. I examined it, found no pulse, and told them I thought the child was in a very critical condition.

They appeared rather shy of me, as the doctors had told them I used the most poisonous stuff in the world, and that they found a piece of ratsbane in a patient I had lost as large as a walnut, and they supposed when given it was the size of a hen's egg. I related to them the delicate situation in which I stood, without a friend within three hundred miles, and under sixteen hundred dollar bonds to appear at the next court; and if the child should die, I should very likely be arrested, if I gave nothing more than a spoonful of porridge; and if I was not as permanent as the hills in the Thomsonian practice, I would never deal out another portion of medicine in my life. This seemed to quiet their fears, and one had courage to ask if I would give the child some medicine.

I fixed some, and went to give it to the child, but told them it was dying. They thought so likewise. I took the medicine myself, and laid the spoon up.—They appeared very much astonished, and asked me if I took my own medicine. At this I was as much surprised as they were, and asked them if they thought I would give that to a poor sick child, which

I would not take myself. They said, "Doctors in general don't like to take their own medicine."—"That," I observed, "is not the case with me." By this time the child recovered from the fit a little, and I was requested to administer some medicine, which I did. It revived a little; I gave it more in a few minutes, and so continued till all said it was better. The neighbors then went home. I staid three days and nights attending the child, whose breast was burnt as black as tar.

I kept the sore wet with compound for canker, and applied vegetable salve—gave composition often, and a little emetic to cleanse the stomach, and so continued. The sore healed fast, the stomach kept clear of cold acrid matter, and his appetite was soon very good. Then it was observed that I did not kill all my patients, which was almost the first word spoken in my favor.

CROUP, OR RATTLES.

A few days after my attendance upon the case related in the foregoing chapter, a man sent for me to go about four miles to see his children. I went, and found them in the most distressing condition I had

ever witnessed. The disease was called the croup, or rattles. When within three rods of the house, I heard them breathe. There were four sick; one had been sick three days, and two of them two days; the other was taken while the father was gone after me. The first one had been bled, physiced, vomited, and blistered, but all without affording relief, and the doctors gave it over to die. They had got grave clothes made for two, and were at work on the third, the doctor having told them they would undoubtedly be wanted. The father told me that neither himself nor his wife had been in bed for four nights, and observed, "There are my children—if possible, worse than dead. I wish you would make an effort to cure them."

I began to doctor the second one—taking the Rheumatic Drops and bathing the neck and breast—gave an injection of composition, made a tea of the same, and gave some twice, and then added the emetic; gave the tea, a wine-glass at a time until he got moist, and the cold sweat began to work off, and the warm sweat come on, when I gave more emetic, and bathed the neck and stomach again. He shortly after vomited freely, and laid down, which he could not do before,—felt easy and went to sleep.

I treated two others in the same manner, relieved

them, and the three were asleep in two hours after I got there.

I declined taking the first, on seeing it so low, but after some entreaty I took hold and treated it in the like manner. They stopped making grave clothes, thinking they would not be needed at this time. In about eight days they were all well. I gave them about two emetics each; elixir to restore the lungs; compound to heal the throat and remove the canker from the stomach, and stomach pills to make them raise easy; composition to stimulate and keep up a little moisture. I don't tell how often I gave the medicine; the directions are on the label; variation is required; if very sick, more is needed.

My whole welfare in life was at stake. I had everything to contend against, almost to convincing people against their will. But the night has nearly past, and the bright rays of the sun of truth have nearly dispelled the dark clouds of error that hung over the minds of the people, and in which are deeply concerned the health, happiness, life, and the best interests of humanity. I have not thought proper to imitate the practice of some who wish to attract the attention of the public, and who bring forward a host of affidavits and certificates to prove cures, &c., but I assure the public that these statements are true,

and can be substantiated with overwhelming and undoubted testimony upon oath.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.

There have come under my notice a great many instances of death from burns, or scalds, within from two to ten days after the injuries were received. This, I have thought, was the result of bad practice. If the patient lives two days, he can get well with any fair treatment.

I was called to attend a man who, while partly intoxicated, had fallen into the third kettle of a salt block, when they were salting down, at which time the contents of the kettle are like hot lead, or potash. The man went in up to his hips; he got out on the edge of the kettle, and fell back again; then he got out. When they took his pantaloons off, the skin came off with them. I should think his screams could have been heard a mile. I gave him plenty of Composition and Nerve Powders, with sugar and milk in it; then I wrapped up his hips and legs with plenty of cotton cloths, put him on a straw bed, with a tub under it, and turned on warm water out of a rain barrel; (this was in August.) The crying soon

ceased; in thirty minutes he was nearly easy; he would tell his wife where to turn on the water; as it drained off and the air came to the raw flesh, it would smart, and turning on the water again would bring relief. This was continued for a number of hours. Then I put on the poultice, and continued to keep him wet, as usual. His stomach was kept free of phlegm, and the Composition was freely used. At the end of six days he began to peel; the skin and flesh that came off were as thick as sole leather, so deeply was he burned; the toe-nails and covering of the heels also came off, the latter looking like an old India-rubber shoe. I continued the same course of treatment for about three weeks, at the end of which time the man was well, with the exception of a lack of flesh and strength.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

In the case related in the foregoing article, a curious incident occurred. About two hours after the accident happened, the news reached the ears of a very important surgeon in the neighborhood, who at once declared that the man must lose his life, (if he attended him, I suppose he meant,) and he forthwith

started to see the sufferer. The man had in the meantime been made so comfortable, that he was asleep when the surgeon arrived. The latter tried hard to have the case committed to his care, but the family declined setting him to work. However, he came again the next morning. I had already attended my patient—had dressed the burns, and left, just before this all-powerful surgeon rode up, though I saw him as he was coming. It had been as much as I could do to keep the patient easy, his burns were so deep, and it was necessary to wet his legs and hips every few minutes. But the surgeon rushed in, threw down his whip and gloves, and said he could stand it no longer—he must do something for the man. So he at once pulled off my poultices, which made near a peck, well wet with water, and threw them out doors; then he dressed the man's legs with sweet oil and cotton. In about two hours the sufferer began to halloo so loud and terribly that the surgeon left; the hallooming increased, louder and louder, so that I think the surgeon must have heard it as plainly when he got home as he did when he started. The whole village was aroused, and I was sent for. I asked the messenger how the patient liked the surgeon. He said, "If the fellow was there now, they would shoot him; the poor man could not scream louder if they

were killing him, the smart and pain were so great." His noise crazed me so that I started to relieve him once more—which I accomplished in about an hour. This was a very good surgeon, indeed, for burns! But I never knew an instance of the patient's being able to halloo any after the first week, if this surgeon had attended him.

THE SURGEON'S VIEWS ON BURNS, AND MY VIEW.

Take the afore-mentioned case :—the surgeon holds that the inflammation, or fever, will run so high that death must ensue. So he dresses the burns with sweet oil and cotton, and gives plenty of morphine to paralyze the nerves—maintaining a hot and dry surface, while a powerful swelling of the parts occur. This practice brings his words true; the patient will die; for gangrene or mortification must take place, and end his sufferings.

I hold that the burn consists in an *obstruction*, caused by the boiling water; the veins are shrunk; the blood has no free circulation; the scald is so deep, and the pressure of blood so great, that the parts

have become dry and hot. The obstruction sympathizes with the nerves, and no natural composure can be had until there is a relaxation. The water and poultice relax and moisten the parts, and help to produce a free circulation; the nerves are quieted, and calm repose obtained; the burn discharges the thick, gummy, impure matter, and the better juices have a chance to form healthy flesh; the medicine puts the stomach and blood in a healthy condition; and the patient is speedily on the recovery. In ordinary cases, confinement will last but a few days, if the patient is properly treated, and don't fall into the hands of speculating surgeon-doctors.

In treating a burn, or any sore, if a surgeon allows the injured parts to swell or get hot, or gangrene or mortification to occur—after one day's attendance—it may be considered certain that he is no doctor, or that he intends to thrust his hand up to his elbow in his patient's pocket. In such a case, the patient or his friends ought to cast him off as they would any other robber, or a mad dog that it was feared might bite or destroy a person. If the doctor tells you your fever must have its way over one week—unless in August or the dog-days, when the air is light—you may know he is a speculator, and wants your money. All complaints are harder to manage in

those hot days than in any other season of the year ; it may make no difference with some, but it does with other persons. More children die while teething in the hot months, than in all the rest of the year.

CHAPTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

How much trouble and pain females often undergo by not knowing themselves ; and how much might be avoided by a little information, rightly imparted, in the earlier and forming stages of womanhood. They arrive at this period at different ages, according to the circumstances of growth, constitution, diet, and habits of association, together with the influence of climate, &c. ; some as early as ten or eleven years of age, and others not much before twenty.

When this change is going on, their parents should dress them in flannel at all seasons of the year, at the north ; except, perhaps, the very hottest day in summer, and then they should be guarded against sudden changes in the weather, and dress accordingly. They should also be careful of themselves, and not allowed to carry pails of water, or heavy loads of wood, or to

lift much, or strain the body by reaching high with the hands at such times. They should also be careful about washing in cold water, or in any exposing the body to take cold, or to produce a sudden chill. This care should be exercised, at least four or five days, or a week each month, by which a great amount of suffering might be avoided. If much pain should occur at such periods, bathe the back and hips in whiskey or other liquor, put a jug of hot water to the feet or back, or wherever the pain is, and if the "*female assistant*" cannot be obtained, drink a warm tea of motherwort, tansy, or some other warming tea, by which to open the external and internal pores of the system, and avoid exposure in the open air for a day or two. I have known some to have an excruciating headache, and suffer more pain than others experience in confinement. I have never yet failed in curing such cases, by proper doctoring and good nursing.

The above remarks ought to be strictly adhered to, and by so doing, those who are young ladies now will become smart, healthy women, and will satisfactorily enjoy the comforts of the world, and fill their allotted spheres of usefulness with profit to others and advantage to themselves; not only rendering themselves more useful and happy, but transmitting to posterity

an inheritance richer than any other legacy—sound and healthy constitutions, and salutary information.

CASE OF A YOUNG LADY.

I was called to see a young lady about twenty-five years of age. She was of a nervous temperament, and had a very frail, delicate constitution. I soon learned that she had a weak back, and suffered a great deal of pain, and had never been regular in her monthly periods but a few times in her life. I asked her what wicked acts she was guilty of, that had brought this upon her. She told me there was a spring a few rods over the hill that would tell me all about it, if it could talk.

I found that when she was unwell, and at other times also, she would go and wash in the spring, and in this way she had destroyed her health. She suffered more pain each month than her mother did in confinement. This is what many girls have to suffer, either by disregarding their mother's advice, or by the mother's neglecting to impart useful instruction to their daughters at the proper time.

CHAPTER TO MARRIED LADIES.

This is a somewhat delicate subject to get at and treat properly and fully, in a work for general reading; but it is one of so much importance that it cannot be omitted, for instances are every day occurring where, for want of a little proper knowledge, the health is made miserable, and all earthly enjoyments, to a greater or less degree, blasted for life.

What pleasure is it to that woman to *become a mother*, where the natural functions of the system are deranged, and all the physiological relations impaired to such a condition as to render child-bearing a period of unendurable agonies—suffering a thousand times more than death itself, and in the end giving birth to a diseased, deformed, or unhealthy offspring? But all this can and should be avoided. The free dissemination of useful information, and an appreciation of these great truths imparted to mothers, and from them to daughters, would not only correct many evils under which females are now suffering, but would so change the condition of her who was soon expecting to be a mother, as to make it a season of joy and happiness rather than a period of pain and misery, by which the seeds of future disease are sown in the

broken constitution, and all the enjoyments of life poisoned by sickness and saddened by grief. In the first two or three months of pregnancy, the system may become clogged, the bowels costive, with pain in the loins and back, bearing down weakness, headache and nervous derangement. In this condition everything is wrong, and the whole body is deranged. Sickness of the stomach and vomiting frequently occurs; she is easily thrown into ill humor, flies into a passion, and not only renders her own condition worse, but makes all around her miserable. At such times she is to be pitied by all who know her condition, especially by her husband, whose tenderest love should at this time be manifested towards her, and his warm, gushing sympathy, in anticipating her slightest wish, and attending to her most trifling want. She wants but little doctoring, but needs good nursing and managing. She now wants to have her own way, and she should be indulged now, if ever. If she is crossed, she will not give it up easily, and the child will stand a chance to give you trouble and music, both. To prevent this, indulge her as much as possible to keep her quiet, and regulate the system by a little proper medicine. Let her use a tea of composition and nerve powder, and occasionally give a light emetic, if they do not throw off the impurities

from the stomach themselves ; for vomiting is a favorable, though unpleasant, but a good symptom. Bathe in whiskey or rum, if they are nervous ; and use an enema of warm water or suds, if they are costive. Do not take much physic, and you will thus save your strength until time of need. If your feet bloat, bathe and rub them well, and fill a jug with hot water, place it to them and make them sweat. If the body bloats, and the urine is suppressed, and cannot be voided easily, take compound for dropsy, or sit over a vessel of hot water. If in pain, stimulate with hot applications ; if sore, cleanse the blood and use canker medicines, for if it does not result from a cut or accident, it shows sharpness or canker impurity in the blood, and if in the mouth, you can see the canker. The system is cankered in the same manner, and the whole circulation is filled with the impurity, from which it must be cleansed in order to restore health. Use the "Brown Powder" and "Nervous" or "Canker Syrups," and use them freely. Let the diet be carefully regulated, and refrain from grease, acids, cakes, pies, sausages, and all kinds of rich and highly seasoned food. Drink black tea, and wheat or barley coffee ; green tea, and Java or other coffee, is not good. Dress warm and habituate yourself to the open air, for your health will assuredly

fail if you confine yourself to a warm and tight room. If the breasts become sore, bathe them well in liquor or rub them with salt-rheum drops; and if they get tender around the nipple, burn linen cloth on the steel of an axe, and rub the sweat on the breast, and keep it wet in strong canker tea, or make a shield of beeswax to keep the clothes from chafing and fretting the nipple.

When labor commences, unless everything is right, the position should be frequently changed to hasten delivery. An ingenious midwife or doctor is needed many times, and can afford important assistance, when patients many times are left to suffer greatly in lingering agony, and perhaps allowed to die after all, for the want of a little proper attention and good managing. After delivery, see that the child is not applied to the breasts too soon, when there is no nurse, unless it has been fed some previously; for if the child is strong and hungry, it will take the skin off at once, and in that case the mother's sufferings have but just begun. She should guard with the utmost caution against cracked nipples and broken breasts, for this trouble is more awful than sudden death. The evacuations from the bowels and urinary discharges should be provoked by gentle means, if nature is tardy in establishing them, and the system

should be cleansed out from six to eight times in four to six weeks with molasses, and chamber-lye taken from some healthy boy from six to ten years old. This is important, if you wish to raise the child, and the more so if the mothers health was not good previous to her confinement. By neglecting to thus cleanse the system, children many times become diseased, and early death is the result. If the mother has much after pain, bathe the body well in liquor, and apply jugs of hot water to the feet, and near the location of the pain, and use the Brown Powders, Composition, Nerve Powders, and Canker Syrup. Use enemas of warm water, or, if there is much soreness, canker tea. If you take physic, use it sparingly of Castor Oil, if you wish to get along first rate; for it generally reduces and relaxes the system more than injections. If the patient grows "feverish," or gains but slowly, cleanse the stomach well, and equalize the circulation in the system, and all will be well.

I have never had a patient, whom I attended, have sore or broken breasts, unless they took cold some time after confinement. In that case, I use the Rheumatic Drops and sweat it out. It is important to see that the breasts are well nursed out by a puppy, or otherwise, for it is unhealthy for the child at this time; but don't wean the babe unless the general

health renders the nurse altogether unfit for its nourishment; if so, keep it some other way, but follow the instructions of nature as closely as possible. In all such cases, do not dry up the nurse under three months, but get a puppy and have it well drawn out, for unless you do this, your system will stand a chance to become filled with impurities, and the next child as well as yourself will suffer the consequence.

I know a woman who had been so drugged, and become so much diseased, that she lost her child in four days. She then got a puppy, and soon killed that, and so went through with a whole litter, and would have killed more if she had been able to obtain them. They extracted sufficient of the poison from her to allow the next child to live; but it was a great wonder, even then, as the effect of her nurse upon the puppies will show. When they were applied to draw her breasts, they commenced growing poor, and whined and groaned about, while their joints became useless, swollen and enlarged, their hair came off, and death ended their troubles in a short time. How many persons are there to-day in the same situation, but lack the same drain to the system this lady had, and for the lack of that or some other means to cleanse it, will soon bid adieu to life? How many ladies have to suffer with soreness of the

flesh, stiffness of the joints, and clumsiness, with gripes and pains,—loss of teeth and hair, together with all earthly enjoyments, on account of this deranged condition of the system; groaning and praying for death to end their troubles, but can neither die, nor as the poet says:

“Live, at this poor, dying rate!”

Sometimes, by going South or to the Springs, with a change of air, habits, diet and exercise, operating favorably upon mind and body, they may partially recover; more frequently, however, they resort to some highly advertised nostrum, which may, in some instances, do good by keeping up the patient's hopes. These Sarsaparilla Syrups, Cod Liver Oils, &c., may work out some of the poison, if everything else is favorable, only where they prevent the use of other articles which are hurtful to the life and healthy powers of the system. In those cases they may live a short time; but liver complaint, dropsy, or consumption, will sooner or later end their years of distress.

EXPLANATION.

After having penned the preceding pages of this Treatise, I find upon reviewing them that I have dealt with a certain class of Professional men in a manner which, to the reader, might at first appear rude and ungentlemanly ; yet when he divests himself of all prejudice, and looks at the subject in its true light, and considers the causes which have induced me to take the course I have taken, he can but acknowledge that though I have spoken harshly and severely of them and their practice, I have had just cause for so doing.

It might, indeed, have been better, had I been guided by the rule laid down by the Great Exemplar, and so well known as the "Golden Rule," rather than have adopted one of my own which may bear a better comparison to "Silver;" yet I have been annoyed, reviled and persecuted by them, until my retaliative spirit has arisen, and I could but speak for myself, even though by so doing I may have incurred the displeasure of the multitude.

It is not my nature to be unreasonably revengeful ; but there lies in every human breast a desire to *avenge* an injury ;—be it right or wrong, it is a prin-

ciple implanted in our natures, and which it requires at times a severe struggle to resist.

It has ever been the predominant theme of the licensed men to injure my reputation and destroy my practice, and so far as they have succeeded in this their aims have been answered. At my first attempt towards a reform in medicine, the most strenuous measures were adopted to defeat me. The public generally were opposed to me, and they filled the Legislature with licensed Doctors, more than thirty in number, during one session, and through their instrumentality laws were passed with direct reference to me and my practice—a sketch of which I will here quote. It runs as follows:—page 302, chap. 24, section 22 :

“Every person not authorized by law, who for any fee or reward shall practice physic or surgery within this State, shall be incapable of recovering by suit any debt arising from such practice, and shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the court by which he shall be convicted.”

Passed April 7, 1827.

Thus was the enmity of my enemies publicly manifested ; yet it did not stop the progress of Truth, for it “is mighty, and will prevail.”

I had (notwithstanding my *host* of enemies,) a *few* warm friends, and their kind encouragement, together with my own persevering spirit, enabled me to

struggle against opposition, and resist my foes until they have gradually fled from me.

I would not maliciously seek revenge on them—I have only sought to avenge myself, and with this satisfaction I am content—and now give them a receipt in full; and to those who have used their best endeavors to effect my overthrow, I have nothing more to say than to ask them to examine well the foundation upon which *their* theory is based, and hope that they may yet, at this late day, become enlightened—and henceforth be as successful in saving life, as they have heretofore been unfortunate in cutting it short; and here I will leave them, with the assurance that toward them I *harbor no malice*.

A SHORT TREATISE ON THE COUNTY OF ONONDAGA.

Having said thus much upon various other topics, I shall now proceed to speak briefly in favor of the State, and particularly of the County in which I reside, showing its various sources of wealth, and its facilities for conducting numerous branches of industry and enterprise among the people.

I have been a resident of this County for forty years, and consider myself somewhat acquainted with the County. Perhaps no other County in the Union is better adapted to the wants and prosperity of mankind than the County of Onondaga.

First, There are nine Lakes—Oneida, Onondaga, Otisco, Skaneateles, Mud Lake, Cross Lake, Tully Lake, Labradore Lake and Green Lake. There are seven Creeks or Rivers—Oneida, Seneca, Skaneateles, Nine Mile, Onondaga, Butternut and Limestone. There are more that I might mention, all adaptable to hydraulic power, and running north.

Second, The Soil. There are all kinds of soil in this County. On the Beaver Meadows, in Clay and Cicero, the farmers can raise from one hundred to three thousand bushels of onions each in one year. Those who live on the meadows say that they grow so large they nearly cover the ground when ripe. In a short distance from those meadows the soil is light, loamy or sandy, where water-melons and muskmelons grow, and every other vegetable that grows on light, loamy soil. Geddes, Salina, Lysander, and Van Buren have a rich soil, and one well adapted to most all kinds of crops that grow on high or low grounds. Camillus, Elbridge, Skaneateles, Marcellus, Onondaga, De Witt and Manlius, are first rate for

produce and crops, better known for wheat on the limestone and plaster ridges. La Fayette, Pompey, Fabius, Tully, Otisco and Spafford, are dairy towns, and are first-rate for grazing and barley, as the land is wet and sluggish.

Third, There is sand and clay, which is all over the country in streaks, for brick and mortar, which is handy to get at when wanted. Brick is bought at \$4.00 per thousand, and made plenty at that price. There are many very fine beds of coarse gravel for roads or other use, if wanted. Next is the cobblestone, spread all over the country and near at hand, for wells, walls and paving. Next the gray and blue lime, for cutting, sawing, and polishing for tables and mantle-pieces, and will stand all kinds of weather.— They have been taken hundreds of miles for locks and aqueducts, and are the best in the world for building, fine, handsome and durable. Next is stone for water-lime, of which there is an abundance, and quick-lime rock is more abundant, if possible. Next is plaster-rock. There is a stratum of it from five to fifty-five feet thick, and near the top of the ground. The next is salt water, which appears like a river or lake when the pumps are in operation, although it is raised nearly three hundred feet into reservoirs, and from thence taken to the manufactory.

The next is the mountain for plaster, water-lime and quick-lime, reaching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and there is no place where the rivers have cut down through it all and left it on the surface as it has in Onondaga. The next are mills and streams. The mills are so plenty or can be erected, that no farmer need go more than two or three miles to a mill or factory in this County, or to the saw mills, lime and plaster mills. The plaster is so near, it can be wheeled out of the bed into the mills.

Again, I have known plaster sold at one dollar twenty-five cents a ton, which is now sold for two dollars. If the manufacturers could get this price, there would be facilities for digging and grinding four millions of tons in one year, if wagons, boats and railroads could carry it away. Again, they sell quick and water-lime at 12 1-2 cents per bushel, delivered in Syracuse, or on boats and railroads. Those two articles could be manufactured, if they could be sold at the above-named price, eight millions bushels per year. I have seen salt sold for four cents per bushel in the bin, now sold for eighteen cents. If it could be sold at that price, the manufacturers would make ten millions bushels a year. They now make nearly seven millions bushels, and do not work one-third of the time.

Again, the great Erie Canal passes through this County and Syracuse, which leads from Albany to Buffalo. I have known five hundred boats to pass and repass in one day, heavily loaded, with from fifty to one hundred and twenty tons burden. The Oswego Canal intersects at Syracuse. Again, the great Railroad from Albany to Buffalo—one branch going through Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua and Rochester, and the other takes the straight route to Clyde, Palmyra and Rochester. The Binghamton and Oswego roads both intersect at Syracuse. The thoroughfare is so great there is almost a constant coming in and going out of the cars. Plank and turnpike roads lead out of the city in every direction. Teams, stages, and omnibuses of every description, and too numerous to mention, are constantly coming in and going out.

Again, it takes four thousand people to carry on the manufacture of these minerals I have mentioned, besides our common mechanics in other towns and Counties that I shall mention. The Doctor, Priest and Lawyer ought to be mentioned in this catalogue as mechanics. They pretend to repair or heal all—body, soul and will.

The Car Repairer,	The Fisherman,	The Cabinet Maker,
Boat Repairer,	Merchant,	Upholsterer,
Miller,	Auctioneer,	Chair Maker,
Baker,	Chemist,	Carver,
Confectioner,	Druggist,	Gilder,
Brewer,	Apothecary,	Cooper,
Distiller,	Dentist,	Wheelright,
Butcher,	Teacher,	Potter,
Tobacconist,	Musician,	Optician,
Cloth Manufac'r,	Musical Instru-	Gold Beater,
Dyer,	ment Maker,	Jeweler,
Hatter,	Sculptor,	Silversmith,
Rope Maker,	Painter,	Watch Maker,
Tailor,	Engraver,	Coppersmith,
Milliner,	Copperplate-	Button Maker,
Dress Maker,	Printer,	Tinplate Worker,
Barber,	Lithographer,	Iron Founder,
Tanner,	Author,	Blacksmith,
Currier,	Printer,	Nailor,
Shoe Maker,	Paper Maker,	Cutler,
Saddler,	Book Binder,	Gunsmith,
Harness Maker,	Book Seller,	Rake Maker,
Trunk Maker,	Architect,	Cradle Maker,
Soap Maker,	Carpenter,	Scythe Maker,
Candle Maker,	Stone Mason,	Pump Maker,
Comb Maker,	Bricklayer,	Sash Maker,
Brush Maker,	Painter,	Rope Maker,
Tavern Keeper,	Glazier,	Basket Maker.
Hunter,	Turner,	

Those are the mechanics of the county.

Again, on the rich soil of Onondaga, the herbs grow, the most kinds, the largest and most thrifty of any I ever saw in any country, and nature has designed them for medicine. The richer the soil, the larger the growth; and if not gathered, they are left there to decay and fill the atmosphere with malaria, which clogs the system, and the effects are bilious

fever, ague, and a variety of other diseases and unpleasant feelings must follow. When vegetables, roots, blows and seeds are ripe, gathered and prepared for medicines, they are healthy; when decaying, putrid and rotten, they are poison. There is more poison arising from decaying vegetable matter, than there is from twice the amount of decaying flesh.

Again, in like manner, bread is made from wheat, and medicines are made from those roots and herbs I have mentioned in this catalogue. All of those were got in this country, and an abundance of others and more kinds can be gathered, if wanted. I can take and prepare them, and cure any fever and disease that is subject to this country, if there is enough in nature to hold what the medicines gain. I never attended a patient that had a run of fever in my life. Those articles I have mentioned remove the cause, and the effect ceases.

Again, a little more for Onondaga and Salina. The time has been, when it was said abroad, if any one came into this County, they must prepare to die; and there was some truth in it. I have been informed that during nearly twenty years, when this country was first settled, there was not a child raised to be one year old in Salina. The time has come when the

houses and schools are full to overflowing with children. No more for Salina.

A little more for Syracuse. The time has come, and is coming, when people will resort to the City of Syracuse in hot weather. The people of this City and County have dug blind ditches, and drained the swamps and low grounds, so they are in a high state of cultivation, and it is getting to be well understood to be the most healthy city in the country. I have the strongest opinion that if there was any miasmatic matter rising from any putrid or tainted water, the vapor arising from boiling salt water, and other evaporations arising from the manufacturing of salt, and mingling with bad or impure air, would cleanse and purify it. It is now understood for certain, that the salt boilers are very healthy, and all who work around them are seldom known to be sick. If the health should continue in this city as it has been for a short time, the rush would be as great here for comfort, pleasure and health, as it is now at Saratoga Springs. The Doctors have been leaving for the Springs—nothing to do here—and would starve, only for the products of the rich soil in our County.

There are three hundred and sixty million gallons of water evaporated yearly to make salt, which would nearly fill Onondaga Lake with water, and

fills the County with vapor which destroys all poisonous matter rising from decaying vegetation and flesh, or putrid or tainted water, and leaves the air pure and healthy.

A word to farmers. Nearly all those minerals are kept for sale in Syracuse at these low rates, and the workers of these minerals, with other mechanics, make an army of consumers, and you are the only producers; hence, everything you have to sell, from the ox down to the mustard seed, which are too numerous to mention, are sold at the highest prices. Your market is at home for everything you can possibly raise and spare, not only for man, but for beast; not only for food, but those articles I shall mention for medicines, and an abundance more that grow here in this country, can be sold, if gathered, in the City, at the Druggists'.

Anise Seed,	Gold Thread,	Peach Pits,
Angelica,	Golden Seal,	Pleurisy Root,
Archangel,	Hoarhound,	Poplar Bark,
Ash Bark, prickly,	Hop,	Princes' Pine,
Avens Root,	Horsemint,	Queen of Meadow,
Balm Gilead,	Horseradish Root,	Roman Wormw'd,
Barberry,	Horseradish leaves,	Rose Willow,
Bayberry,	Indian Hemp,	Rue,
Beth Root,	Johnswort,	Saffron,
Bitter Root,	Ladies' Slipper,	Sage,
Blood Root,	Labrador Tea,	Sarsaparilla,
Boneset,	Ladies' Sorrel,	Sasafras,
Buckhorn Berries,	Lavender,	Scabish,
Burdock,	Lily, white,	Scullcap,

Caraway,	Liverwort,	Skunk Cabbage,
Catnip,	Lobelia,	Snakeroot,
Cammomile,	Lovage,	Solomon's Seal,
Cleavers,	Man Root,	Sorrel, Sheep,
Cohosh,	Mandrake,	Spearmint,
Coltsfoot,	Masterwort,	Spikenard,
Comfrey,	Mayweed,	Squaw Weed,
Cranesbill,	Mosewood,	Sumach,
Crawley,	Mugwood,	Summer Savory,
Dandelion,	Motherwort,	Sunflower,
Dock Yellow,	Mullein Herb,	Sweet Flag,
Elecampane,	Mustard Seed,	Tamarack,
Elder, dwarf,	Nanny Bush,	Tanzy, double,
Elm Bark,	Oak of Jerusalem,	Thimble Weed,
Elm Bark, sup'fine	Parsley Leaves,	Violet,
Fern, sweet,	Peach Bark,	Whitewood,
Fit Root,	Pennyroyal,	Wild Turnip,
Garlic,	Peppermint,	Wintergreen,
Gentain,	Parilla, yellow,	Yarrow,
Ginsing,	Parsley,	

Again, it is getting to be well understood that food and medicine grow in harmony together in the same fields, and can be gathered, prepared and used by the same people when sick. One will prepare the body for the reception of the other, and not obstruct the system, nor abuse nature's laws. We are composed of elements, and a true balance is health; loss and gain is sickness and death. What is gained must waste away, and what is lost be restored. When this is done, health is restored, and life and health have the full power of the body after being recruited and strengthened, as it was before the attack, or nature's laws were crossed and abused. When we abuse ourselves, the penalty must be paid with the operation

of medicine, pain and distress. The greater the abuse the greater the penalty, until nothing can pay the penalty but death. Our time is not set to die, only as we set it ourselves by some abuse of nature's laws. If we do not abuse the laws of nature, we live to a good old age, and the sparks of life gradually run out, and we go off like a lamp for want of oil. No one denies this. We stay or go as we use ourselves. We are born into a world of knowledge, and if we had good teachers and learned to take care of ourselves, we should at once see our time is not set to die. If we tie a rope around our neck and hitch it to a big beam of a barn and jump off, we should hang ourselves and die. This is great abuse, and we might die as quick as we should to plunge ourselves under water, or tap a vein, and many other ways to show that our time is not set. To die by our own wicked acts and abuse, we have an abundance of ways to cut ourselves short of this life, and there are as many ways to prolong life. What is called medicine, is surely pernicious to health, and is known to be poison. We are born and get here, not by our own will or acts, but we go by some one's bad counsel, or some bad acts of our own abuse, or others, done to ourselves. Our teachers of the body are bad, and our repairers are wrong. We are drugged,

and often with that that can never be got out of the system, and we are told that it is the disease, and here we remain in pain and distress until nature wears out and life can no longer continue, and death comes to close the scene of this poor, painful, distressed and decayed body; not because his time has come, but because the last spark of life was put out by some outrageous abuse or other, as it would be to take the life of a man with a knife. Then they argue that it is God's will, and his time has come.— If this is true, then you need not doctor, feed or clothe the body, or take any care of yourselves;— you will live just as long, and all that is done stands as a dead letter and loss to yourselves and to the world. If your time is set, who can pass it? And who can die before his time has come, if their arguments are true? It is as false as to say heat is not life, or that the sun does not shine.

AGAIN FOR ONONDAGA COUNTY.

I find there are twenty towns and cities in this County, and about eighty very small flourishing villages. The census was taken in Syracuse five years ago, and they made out something short of thirty thousand. When I see the host of business carried

on and the multitude of people in the streets, I think there was a mistake in the taking or figuring. I would pledge or forfeit *one hundred dollars*, if the census should be taken to-day, there would be thirty-three, if not thirty-five, thousand people within the boundaries of Syracuse. No more for the city.

AGAIN TO THE COUNTY OF ONONDAGA.

There are facilities, or can be, for manufacturing those articles that I shall mention :

Forty millions of Brick,—that would be two millions to each town and city, which at four dollars per thousand, at the kiln, would come to	\$160,000,000
Four millions tons of Plaster at two dollars per ton, would come to	8,000,000
Eight millions of bushels of Water Lime and Quick Lime, at 12 1-2 cents per bushel, would come to	1,000,000
Ten millions bushels of Salt at 18 1-4 cents per bushel, would come to	1,872,500
	<hr/>
Whole amount,	\$170,872,500
At ten per cent the net profit would be	1,708,257

The net profits of this county will beat any county in California, or any county in the world. It would give nearly fifty dollars to every man, woman and child in the city of Syracuse, allowing thirty-five thousand inhabitants.

AGAIN FOR THE SALT WORKS.

Ten millions bushels of Salt will fill two millions Barrels, and if laid side by side, they would reach from Boston (Mass.,) to Cleveland, (Ohio,) which is about eight hundred miles.

ODE TO HEALTH.

- “ Hail the blest day that bids us rise
To value wealth, and health to prize;
And follow *nature's noble son*,
And all the mineral poisons shun ;
That day, that bids us look and see
The source, the cause of misery,
Which yet is held, and yet maintain'd,
Although it has its thousands slain.
- “ Hail it ye sons, who well can test,
By pains, and aches, and life distress'd,
And looks far more than words can tell,
The horrid use of calomel ;
For all your pains a blessing yields ;
Who now are warn'd, and now are shown,
To leave the poisons all alone.
- “ Hail it, ye fathers, hail it, mothers,
Hail it, sisters, hail it, brothers,
And all that's dear to you—O tell
To leave alone this calomel.
Free of charge the Almighty Hand
Hath sown in this our happy land,
The roots, and herbs, that stand so free,
A soothing balm—a remedy.”

CATALOGUE OF DR. CYRUS THOMSON'S FAMILY BOTANIC MEDICINES.

PAPERS.

Bitters to cleanse the Blood,
Vegetable Composition,
Regulating Powders,
Compound for Canker,
Jaundice Bitters,
Worm Powders,
Vegetable Salve,
Dyspepsia Pills,
Wine Bitters,
Bilious Pills,
Diabetes Powders,
Hot Powders,
Golden Bitters,
Female Assistant,
Cholera Powders,
Nervous or Canker Syrup,
Compound for Dropsy,
Syrup for the Blood,
Family Bilious Pills,
Stimulating Pills,
Nerve Powders,
Neutralizing Drink,
Balm Pills,
Yellow Salve,
Black Salve,
Strengthening Plaster,

VIALS.

White Powders,
Rheumatic Drops,
Drops for Salt-Rheum,
Vegetable Elixir,
Hot Drops,
Cholera Drops,
Anti-Venerial Drops,
Diabetes Drops,
Bathing Drops,
Brown Powders,
Digestive Pills,
Emetic Pills,
Cough Balsam,
Honey Balsam,
Medicine for Children,
Emetic,
Restoring Syrup,
Loosening Syrup,
Dysentery Syrup,
Syrup for Scrofula,
Wine for Cholera Infantum,
Females' Secret Friend,
Liniment,
Eye Water,
Catarrh Snuff,
Dyspepsia Powders,
Toothache Drops.

Together with many other preparations that are not mentioned in this catalogue.

Prospectus of a New and Most Valuable Work.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN;

OR,

DR. CYRUS THOMSON' GUIDE AND RECIPE BOOK,

With full instructions for compounding my Medicines, and the means of recovering Health—the result of Forty Years steady and eminently successful practice. The book will contain 200 or 300 pages, and will be out as soon as the plates can be got for the vegetables. The two books will go together.

The Receipts will not cost 10 Cents each.

THE PRICE WILL BE \$6.00.

CLOSING REMARKS.

In presenting to the Public the preceding brief Narrative and Outline of my experience in Life, I have been actuated solely by a desire to present my theory and views of Practice in its *true* light;—for, however strange it may appear, we are taught, alike by history and experience, that all discoveries which have conferred the greatest good upon the greatest number, have encountered opposition in proportion to their respective claims to public favor.

Many years' practice in the various diseases of which this treats, and the fact that hundreds have been raised by these remedies from what they considered the bed of death—together with the stimulating hope and firm belief that their publication will subtract much, very much, from the amount of suffering experienced by the afflicted portions of our fellow-companions on the high-road of life, and add pre-eminently to the sum of happiness enjoyed by all—is, to a mind imbued with benevolent feelings, a sufficient inducement to make them public.

The *Vegetable Remedies* have been used in almost all the different grades of disease; and have been put to the severest tests in cases where all other means had failed, and have succeeded. Is it not obvious, then, that the milder forms of disease can be easily checked and removed by the same agency? Let the Medicine be administered according to directions, and the system kept free from all poisonous drugs, and the patient may rely upon its most salutary effects.

My medicine is the growth of our own country. It is the hand-maid of nature; to be collected as we do our food; to be used or applied as the system or location of

the disease may indicate, and according to the case, by young and old. It is suited to every condition in life, and every kind of climate, on land or sea, to male or female. In all cases of disease or ill health, this medicine cannot be excelled by any nation or people on earth. I have had upwards of 40 years' experience in using it; and can, therefore, speak with entire confidence of its virtue. It

Will not restore when nature's fled,
Nor raise the slumbers of the dead;

but it will cure all diseases if taken in season, and while nature is still struggling and possesses sufficient power to hold what the medicine gains.

Grateful for the liberal patronage I have received during the past year, I take this opportunity to inform my friends and the public that I intend keeping my office constantly open in GEDDES, as I have done heretofore, where the Medicines, enumerated in the preceding pages, are kept constantly on hand, at wholesale and retail. They are put up in a convenient manner, with directions for family use.

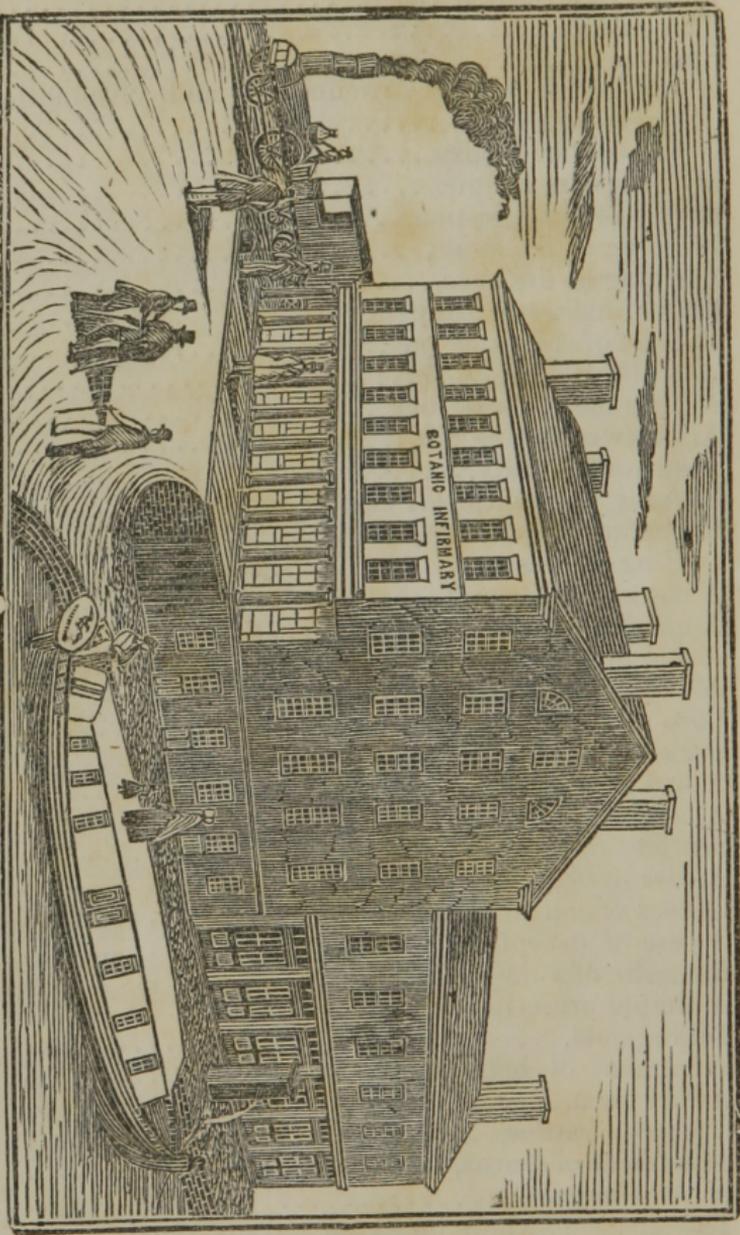
DR. CYRUS THOMSON.

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DR. CYRUS THOMSON'S INFIRMARY,
GÆDDES, ONONDAGA COUNTY, N. Y.





Silk Grass. (*Asclepias Cornuti*.)



Sumac. See p. 225.]

Gathering Herbs.



Bloodwort (*Hieracium Terrrosum.*) See p. 322.





Unicorn Root. See p. 249.



Ladies Slipper. See p. 222.



Prickley Ash. See p. 230.

