

Lochrane (O. A.)

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Southern Reform Medical Association

AT THEIR

Annual Meeting in Macon,

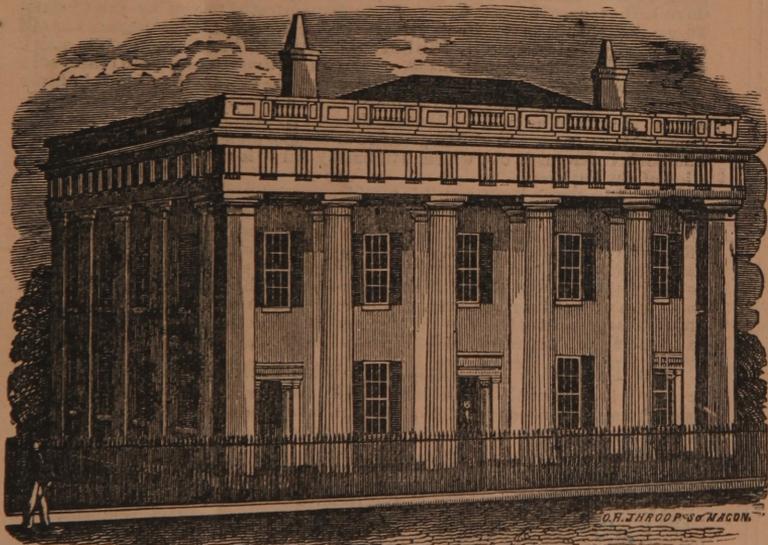
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

MARCH 2, 1858,

BY

O. A. LOCHRANE, ESQ., M. D.,

Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Reform Medical College of Georgia.



REFORM MEDICAL COLLEGE BUILDING.

MACON :

Washington, D.C.
1718
4

GEORGIA TELEGRAPH STEAM POWER PRESS.

1858.

REFORM MEDICAL PRACTICE.

COMMENDATIONS OF THE PRESS AND THE PROFESSION.

The Editor of the Georgia Telegraph, printed in Macon, says :

"This is probably the largest work—no doubt, the largest *scientific* work ever printed in Georgia. It has been got up primarily to meet a pressing want of the College—a text Book containing the description, causes and diagnosis of disease, with the method of treatment prescribed by the Reform School.—Until this publication no such work was in existence, and the students had been compelled, at much expense, to resort to standard allopathic books in their studies upon the origin, character and symptomatic developments of disease. The work, however, is of equal convenience and adaptation to the reform practitioner in the field. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," saith the proverb, and we shall not, therefore, set up as censor upon the manner in which the learned doctors have performed their task. We are no physician, and thank God, never had much occasion for personal interest in medicine. Our idea, however, is that there has been altogether too much mere *scholasticism* in medicine, and that probably every existing school had its origin in a discovery of means or theory worthy of patient and scientific investigation. We think, there is already a growing disposition to latitude of inquiry and resource among the doctors, and that there is *occasion* for it. It is a fact startling to the uninitiated who may have a life interest in the solution of it, that his doctor is applying remedies which other physicians, equally skilled, it may be, pronounce to be death dealing, ineradicable poisons. What satisfaction is there in the lancet, when it has just been demonstrated to you by the Chrono-Thermalist, that in losing blood you are losing life—that Washington himself was actually bled to death! We knew a question of bleeding argued in a sick room—one physician said to bleed, was to kill in five minutes—the other said bleeding was the true remedy. The point was decided by the friends in favor of the lancet, and death gained a minute and a half on the doctor's prognostication. There is no field of human thought or inquiry, which ought to be ranged with more unfettered step—more unbiassed mind, than that of medicine. The book before us is one which will hardly fail to leave its impress upon the mind of the inquirer.

The publication is itself a striking evidence of the progress of the Reform School and the stable prosperity of the College. Both are unmistakably progressing. The College has for its Faculty men not only of literary and scientific ability—but men earnestly devoted to their system—thoroughly impressed with its value, and energetically pushing it forward. This College is now as efficiently endowed as any in the State—has probably larger classes than any. It has, it is true, received the benefit of two appropriations from the State Treasury, but it has also sustained great losses by fire. We suppose it to be the most prosperous Medical School in Georgia."

The Editor of the Empire State, printed at Griffin, Ga., says: "It is a valuable accession to the Medical productions of the age, and bears the marks of deep research, thorough investigation, and profound knowledge of the intricate subjects of which it treats."

The Editor of the Georgia Citizen, published in Macon, considers it a handsomely gotten up work, and thinks it should be at once received as a standard text book of the Reform School of Medicine, and says: "The preparation of such a comprehensive Volume was a task requiring herculean energy and will be a monument of perseverance and patient toil of the Faculty, that will endure long after they have rested from their labors."

Prof. Jos. D. Friend, of the Metropolitan College, N. Y., of whose commendation any author might be proud, reiterates the favorable opinion of the work that he had previously expressed on a more cursory examination, recommends it to the students of that College, and says it will be accepted by them as one of our most valuable text books.

(Continued on 3d Page of Cover.)

REFORM MEDICAL PRACTICE
CORRESPONDENCE.

REFORM MEDICAL COLLEGE, MACON, MARCH 6th, 1858.

PROF. O. A. LOCHRANE :

Dear Sir : The undersigned Committee, appointed by the Faculty of the Reform Medical College of Georgia to solicit of you for publication the very able, eloquent and appropriate Address which you pronounced on the subject of Medical Reform in the Reform Medical College, on the evening of the 1st inst., take great pleasure in availing themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, of giving expression to the very high estimation in which they hold your Address, and feeling confident in the belief, that a document of such intrinsic merit and incalculable value to the profession, if given a wide circulation to the public, cannot fail in resulting in immense good to the masses, who require only that the true light of Medical Reform should be scattered broadcast before them, that they may observe the beauty of its truths and experience the splendor of its triumphs, and at the same time, to make visible the huge monster of Allopathic error. This task you have performed, in the opinion of the Committee, with inimitable skill and consummate ability. They trust, therefore, that you will comply with the wishes of the Faculty, by favoring them at your earliest convenience, with a copy for publication.

In the meantime, you will accept the assurances of their high appreciation of your talents, and their warmest wishes for your personal welfare and future happiness, and through them, accept the tender of the grateful acknowledgments of the Faculty, whom you so worthily represented in your Address.

J. T. COXE,
M. S. THOMSON, } Committee.
I. M. COMINGS, }

MARCH 8th, 1858.

Gentlemen : For your complimentary letter accept my thanks. Your feelings of esteem and friendship are duly reciprocated, and the request you make cheerfully complied with. The speech delivered is herewith sent ; it was hurriedly prepared, and during the excitement of other avocations. However, as you desire it, I would not know what language I could use to write a denial or apology ; it is therefore at your service.

LOCHRANE.

ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I APPEAR before you on this occasion as an act of reciprocal courtesy, in obedience to a request of the class, preferred to me some few days since.

I am here, however, not for the purpose of apology; my object has a wider and more earnest significance. The great theme which I propose to discuss, rises before my mind like a mountain, inaccessible

almost to the ascending reach of ordinary capacity. A theme, too, radiant with interest in whatever view it may be regarded.

The subject of Reform, in a national, social, moral, or scientific relation, is well calculated to elicit interest, and claim the homage of attention, from the erudite and the intelligent. It is the subject of the human race, and rises next in grandeur and sublimity to the eternity of his being. It is "the breath of God, on the fainting earth to make it live." It is the music of heaven that makes the world dance with joy—it is that spirit which lifts man from the dust—lights up his intellect, gleams through his mind, and introduces him to the banquet of the angels.

Let the world stand still—let the human mind pause, and hang suspended in its upward flight, and mankind would become idiots, and God deserted. The advance of civilization, the progression of science, the achievements of the human intellect alone preserve mental and national health, and index the lineal descent of man from divinity. It is this alone distinguishes us from the beasts that perish, stirs the deep sympathies of the soul, awakens thought, thrills with emotion, makes the stars, those brilliant thoughts of God, printed upon the pages of the heavens, intelligible to his sense, where he may look up and read the glories of his origin, and converse with nature.

Let the world stand still—close up the avenues to enterprise, crumble the crown of ambition. Better, far better, that thoughts laboring for birth in the brain should murder sleep eternally. Better that the brain itself should break in the struggle. Better that energy and industry should break our bones, and we would go limping and crawling about, to energise and keep up the circulation of the world's life, than let the pulse of the mind throb no more, and the skull become tenantless.

The mind active in its energies, untiring in its resources, cries out against the treason, and the man who conceals it will fall dead by the wayside and lie as a weed. But destiny is still unfulfilled—onward and upward, is the motto of that great tide of humanity, whose columns press in closer and closer array as they go upward and still upward, leaving but echoes to denote their pathway, resounding along the corridors of Time:

The subject of Reform is then a majestic subject, not dwindling down to our reach, but demanding expansion of thought to embrace it. Nationally the world's history bears the impress of its blessings. What were the free States of America to-day, if it had not been for the reformatory movement of the Fathers of the Revolution—a colony weak and crippled, collared by a courtier, and with a chain fastened to the manger of a King! What is she? a light house on the cliffs of

time, beaconing other nations the road to freedom and independence. There floats her banner above us high in the heavens. The stars hang clustering on it like white flowers upon the sky. God's hand festoons the cloud-draped arch in which it floats. Who were the men that steered the storm-tossed bark freighted with freedom, upon the mountain waves of the revolution? Who were the men that gave to the world a declaration of human rights, second only to the Decalogue? They were Reformers. They were men who snapped asunder the ties of antiquated dogmas and follies—scattered them to the dust, and became pioneers on the great highway of civilization. They were men who thought for themselves, and spurned the pestilence of authority.

My heart kindles with fire, and my soul swells within me, when I see the great procession of Reformers pass before my eyes. I see Washington leading the great column of national Reformers. Beside him walk the illustrious Montgomery, Kosciusko, Pulaski, Tell, Lafayette, Hofer, and an army of martyrs, their spirits garlanded with the light of immortality. The procession passes on where

“On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory keeps eternal watch,
Round the Bivouack of the dead.”

Before my mind comes gathering another procession, a thousand banners wave above them, a thousand mottos gleam in the dazzling glory that haloes them.

There is one, whose hand has planted many a flower upon the fields of Literature. He carries the pen through which his thoughts were flashed down the columns of the world.

There is one who tore the Bible from the embrace of ignorance, to scatter its hopes and promises among the untold millions of mankind. He set like a great Sun into the grave, but left behind a light that still lingers upon the world, and makes the very clouds of death pink and rosy with the hues of hope and heaven.

There is one who raised woman in the scale of civilization, to which her gentleness, beauty, and purity commended her. Methinks his lips still utter

“He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame,
That wrongs the praise of woman—that dares write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us! Better sex, command
To your defence my more religious hand
At sword or pen! Your's was the nobler birth,
For you of man were made—man but of earth,
The son of dust!”

And as my eye wanders o'er the bright array, it is arrested by one

whose eyes gleam with affectionate mildness. There is a pride about his step that indicates the freedom of his spirit. He holds a banner in his hand. His hand bears the deep impression of a chain; the motto turns to my eye. I see its words. It is, it is the spirit of Thomson, and this is the banner of Medical Reform.

Shade of the immortal Thomson! if it is permitted to celestial beings ever to revisit the scenes of earth, I invoke thy presence now. Let thy spirit hover over this Institution. Inspire us with wisdom, courage and hope. Let our vows of fidelity be made to thee. Hear our pledges, and let them rise as incense from this altar. Render us worthy of thy memory, and of the great principles it is our pride to advocate.

Ladies and Gentlemen—as soon as the mind becomes alive to reason, and thought asserts its power, our attention becomes naturally arrested by the contemplation of such subjects as are within our reach. As we advance in life, and our reasoning faculties are more fully developed, our scope of observation takes a wider range, and the subjects which elicit our attention are not confined by such as surround us only, but thought bears us along to the fields of investigation where our temporal interests are thickly planted. In this spirit of investigation, to-night, I would address you on the subject of Medical Reform, and bear your minds to the contemplation of a theme fruitful with interest.

I shall not bear you to a distant age, and point to the cradle in which infant medicine was first rocked. I shall enter upon no eulogy of the men whose hands first rocked it. I shall not follow its upward, downward, round about, zigzag path through the grey dust of centuries to illustrate my subject. The platform I stand upon needs no dogmas of antiquity to sustain it. *Its* pillars were not dug out by hands that centuries ago were mouldering in dust—it boasts no lineage from kings, ancients or priestcraft. Its infant steps were not first tottered on carpets—no gloved hand led it. It was born in a meadow, sprinkled with flowers. Nature's hand led its infant steps. Samuel Thomson took it to his home, nursed it, and to him the world is indebted for its life of services.

Medical Reform slept its first sleep, like the author of all our being, upon hay; and it is the boast and pride of its disciples, that its first food was Lobelia; that this agent so much denounced as a poison, was the origin of its life—the very birth of the system thus becoming the confutation of the charge. The question may present itself as to what interest we all have in the discoveries of medicine; and to prepare the mind for the beauties of these discoveries—to induce attention and interest, I will briefly capitulate the prominent reasons

for its existence. I will take for illustration, a young lady, whose beauty "needs not the painted flourish of *my* praise." She is laid a pallid sufferer upon the couch of sickness. Around her, blooming hopes begin to wither. Pleasure's blossom's lose all perfume to her sense. A medical man is called in to treat her. He pursues a course of medication which leaves her in her convalescence, disrobed of her beauty. Her eyes that were like two pieces of heaven, lose their lustre, become sunk, and saddened. Her complexion that was like the blended shades of peach and pearl, becomes like parchment—her clustering curls no longer reach down to kiss her cheek. Rescued from the grave, yet the untimely frosts of age have fallen upon her youth, and she goes along the road of life with step and form too clearly indicating the despair of the spirit that lives within.

Another Physician practicing upon a different system, also preserves her life—he protects her beauty, exalts vitality, and loveliness and cheerfulness unite and kiss upon her forehead, causing the tell tale blood to rise into her face like clouds of eve to morn's opening eye.

Has she no interest in the practice of medicine—is it to her a matter of mere fun or frolick? I am a lover of the softer sex, and will repel the accusation. Her sense and reason teach her that the very question I put, becomes daily more and more a matter of important interest to all. Mothers feel it, as they hang in tears over the bed of an afflicted son; father's think of it as they press the cold kiss to the clammy lip, and say farewell for ever. Husbands think of it as the first clod rattles on the coffin lid of some angel wife torn by death from his embrace, and the young wife through her tears, thinks of it, as they trickle down her cheek and bedew the violets upon the grave of her first born.

It is a sober, and a serious question, and pardon me while I trespass on your time, with a review of some of the important differences which lie between our system and Allopathy, to attract and fix this interest. Medical Reform advances the proposition that *disease depresses vitality*. Allopathy contends that *it is exalted*. The Medical Reformer invigorates the system to relieve nature, the Allopath depletes the system and diminishes the efforts of nature to relieve herself.

These two views will subserve my purposes of illustration. The proposition that vitality is depressed and disease results from the depression, modified by the morbid action on which it depends, I hold to be self evident and indisputable, and also that nature ever acts in harmony with the laws of life, and her efforts to throw off disease should be advanced by such treatment as will effect this purpose and not obstructed.

For this reason poisons are rejected by the Medical Reformer; for

anything which by reason of its inherent qualities, is calculated to destroy life, will depress vitality, and he regards it contrary to the very first principles of reason, to say the same agent that destroys life will protect and sustain life. As well might it be argued, fire will put out fire, or a house washed down by the floods, the returning waves will reconstruct.

I was raised an Allopath. Like a man born where the custom of drinking whale oil is regarded a luxury, I regarded poisons as medical remedial agents. The reasons for this opinion I took upon *authority*, and when I began to look more definitely at the subject, it presented to my judgment difficulties my reason could not conciliate.

The very statement of the proposition laid down by Medical Reformers attracted my attention. It bore the plausibilities of truth upon its face, and every argument I could use against it became ridiculous even to myself. I yielded the dogma and became a Reformer almost like a Turk becoming a Christian, with judgment and reason convinced, but my prejudices still clinging to me.

This hand I hold up, clasped the flag of Reform. I have marched under its genial shade ever since. I shall follow it to the grave, and with my colleagues around me, have it wave o'er the place where I lie.

Let me appeal to all who hear me, to look at this question for themselves, and apply their own judgments to it. That the majority of the world believes in Allopathy, is no reason for a sensible man to be an Allopath—for by the same argument you would turn heathens, for the world is very largely in favor of heathenism.

If numbers are necessary to constitute right, then is the judgment of minorities always wrong, and Christianity herself, in the embrace of such arguments, dies of ignorance and error, and the glories of immortal life become buried amid the gloom of the heathen's Orcus. It cannot be! reason spurns, conscience condemns such a monstrous proposition, so prosperous of evil in its effects, and so rich with the follies it would be a condescension to name,—surely unnecessary for argument to confute. Allopathy can claim from numbers *no argument in favor of the system*. It must be based on other grounds; for the argument of populous favor is gliding into evanescent diminution.

The very fact that Allopathy, with no opposition to her march, has travelled so slow—for the world presents her divided and disassociated hosts bound by no sentiment in common—indicates an inherent *depression of vitality* in her system, that gives but little hope for a majority long. While on the other hand, in the short space Medical Reform has lived, with all the obstacles surrounding her, without educational facilities, with not even twelve poor disciples of her system to go out and preach it, but only one, and he, like Paul, thrown into

prison—there to die, until like him, an angel of innocence tore the chains from his wrist, and set him free, to-day her disciples are over four millions of people in the United States, every man of whom is a warm and earnest friend, and constantly labors to advance the cause. While Colleges are springing up, largely endowed and well equipped with every literary and scientific facility around us, and Students scattering over the face of the country, will soon give her a position in numbers and dignity, not inferior to her more proud and wealthy sister. *This, then, is no argument in favor of Allopathy.*

Is it the aristocracy of Allopathy that fascinates us? Then do we set up in Medicine an attraction never before recognized by any intelligent men in science, for the aristocracy of learning is founded upon merit, but this is an aristocracy founded upon caste, and that the most odious; for while clergymen differ and disagree and have no religious sentiment in common, politeness demands of them courtesy of intercourse, and yet Allopathy disagreeing with us in regard to our views of medication, attempts to deny us the right which the law of the land confers upon us equally with them, of being *regular Physicians*. Our course of instruction is as thorough. Our facilities equally as good. Our curriculum of study the same, and yet for the reason that we reject Calomel, and bleeding, blistering, and poisons, they would arrogantly deny to us the privileges granted and guaranteed by the law. I like democracy in science, and in learning. It is the spirit of our government, and we have no privileged classes. The son of the peasant is destined to no hopeless despondency. Equally for him with the proudest, does the laurel grow, and he stands on a level with the proudest in the common channel of a common constitution. There are no fetters of caste on his limbs. It requires no aristocratic lineage to garland his reputation.—*Men stand on a common platform, for they are but men*—no distinctions—no glittering liveries of power—no Colonnas of Rome—no Montmorencis'—no Howards—no Bourbons—no fools dressed up in the light of other men's achievements. No! nor professionally have we any distinctions but such as the law guarantees, and under the Legislature of Georgia we stand on an equal elevation, and can smile with haughty defiance at all attempts to *aristocratise* one system of Medicine over another in our liberal, noble, and enlightened state.—Aristocracy would be no argument in favor of Allopathy.

This has been attempted by a Profession that has taught song and incantation, magic and the stars for Medical science—that has given birth to more quackery and isms than any other Medical system in existence. The Empiric—Methodic—Pneumatic—Episynthetic, &c.,

&c. They even taught the administration of Medicine by mathematical rule, and there is not a folly that man in his ignorance, or inscience could devise, but has been taught, expounded, and praised, and not a rational change in its early history that has not been discarded, rejected, dismissed, and its author by its power incarcerated, and a malicious prosecution carried on against him down to the days of Thomson, who but followed in the same walk of the illustrious men, whom they attempted to smother in the cradle of their discoveries.—Allopathy that claims so much for itself to-day—cried out against Harvey as a Quack and Imposter for propounding the circulation of the blood—a fact now so universally admitted, that a man would be regarded a fool in tenth descent from a madman to rise up and deny it. Jenner, a name the ladies should hold in especial reverence and esteem, was prosecuted, kicked and cuffed by this same Allopathy, because he discovered vaccination as a preventive of small-pox. The “discovery” has been treated, however, with more discrimination than their authors, and after hunting down and destroying the fame and fortune of the Discoverer, tearing him from his home, imprisoning and prosecuting him, then they turn complacently round, steal the discovery—herald it as their own, and with an effrontery for which the earth presents no parallel, persecute and proscribe any man for denying it. Even at the present time, after denouncing Dr. Thomson and ridiculing him and his principles, men of the Allopathic school are endorsing the Theory, and claiming the discovery for themselves; and the very principle I lay down this night, my Allopathic friend, that vitality is depressed in disease, and which you now reject, in ten years you will be laughed at by the same Allopathy for disputing.—The most distinguished Physiologists of the present day in Europe, assert it in substance, and you will be forced to acquiesce, except some old foggy country Physician, who is still adhering with manly firmness to dogmas of his own school, exploded for a quarter of a century.

It is amusing to meet one of this class, who, like a man in the woods, who never saw a ship plough the sea by steam, or saw the earth traversed by machinery impelled by the same agency, smiles with a sort of incredulity, at your description of its power and effect. He scarcely credits his senses, that what was taught when he was a boy, has been already pronounced to be error, and impossibilities traveling realities. But the progress of the world and its increasing intelligence has driven Allopathy to the field of investigation, and already many of her strongholds tremble before the assaults of a Carpenter and Lehman. Blood-letting has scarcely an advocate. Some young Sangrado may use the lancet, as a child would a toy, but the sage and experi-

enced are letting it go "among lost arts." The people begin to show a want of confidence in their skill, and patent drugs for every known complaint are bought by those who have no fear of Allopathy before their eyes, and not caring to be bled or take Calomel—buy patent medicines warranted by the Allopathic makers to be free from the *deterious* properties of Calomel. Such is but the common history known to every body, and so clearly indicating our progress in public opinion. Many an Allopath is indebted to the Reform Physician for life preserved, and health restored, by means of the change in public sentiment he has produced, and the modification, if not abandonment of heroic treatment resulting from it.

The Allopathic Physician should be grateful to the Reformer. Only for this modification and abandonment of blistering, bleeding, use of Calomel in nearly every instance of disease, the practice of medicine would long since have passed from his hands into that of the *old women nurses* of the country. People had grown sick and tired, and lost patience, and in a short time would have turned into cursing it as a humbug—many did so, and Allopaths even in Georgia had arrived at this conclusion, and smile at its pretensions and ignorance at this hour.

The leaf quivers, the breeze already sways the trees and shakes the "clinging music from their boughs," that will swell into a storm above our heads, and the cry for nature's remedies, will be long—loud and universal, and men will soon turn from this treatment to sanative agents, prescribed by the Reform Physician. It would afford us a most interesting review to go into the effects of sanitary laws enacted by the will of arbitrary rulers under the union of medicine with power, as evidence of the fact that aristocracy in Medicine should be rejected. The Greeks passed a law for the destruction of all children born with defects, thus ignoring the providence of God himself, writing lie upon his acts, and confuting the plainest proposition ever proved by nature, that the mind might be a giant in intellect and genius, while the body might be a dwarf. This law, if enforced, would have consigned Pope to the grave before the flash of his genius illumined the world and the mines of poetical thought lain buried in the brain of a Scott, unseen and unsee.

Byron, who clasped the sword of song and with the *letters* for his soldiers, lead on by the vowels, crossed the literature of the world in triumph and marched in victory into the halls of immortality—he would *have* fallen! What an appeal to reason and to justice, what a stern illustration of the necessity of republicanism in medicine! and we regard the time rife for the experiment.

In this Republic speech lives, thought moves, and human action is unfettered. America should then have been the very land for the

birth of a new discovery in Medicine, as she was the birth place of a national reformation which set aside the old dogmas of authority and power. The principle was the same—we met the laugh and smile of the world at the experiment of self-government, which we set up on these shores. It was regarded foolish, absurd, and hopes were founded on the weakness of our Government, that we would soon be in anarchy, and call upon a King to save us.

The discovery of new medical agents which in their therapeutic action disclosed the laws of life, acting in harmony with the teachings of physiology and chemistry, was smiled at, sneered at, and ridiculed, and the opinion expressed, that if we got sick ourselves we would be in confusion, and call on Allopathy to save us.

Like the hopes in the first instance, the last has been doomed to a miserable disappointment, evidenced by two wars and the lesson we gave Kinglets at Yorktown and New Orleans on the one hand, and by the experience of millions of cases on the other.

The discovery of Reform Medicine has contributed to allay the errors of Allopathy, and drive her teachers to the investigation of science from speculation and theory to practice and brains. Calomel and Bleeding are not now used with such undeviating habit in all cases, and under all circumstances, and no longer Medicine stilts itself as a mystic power. It has been brought down to walk the earth, and associate with common sense—no longer technical terms pass for knowledge, and latin prescriptions conceal ignorance. A man must talk, and talk sensibly and intelligibly, and patients know what they take. No longer then will the world be under the rule of *cabalisticism*, and when patients find poison measured out, the Doctor who prescribes it, does it at the risk of his reputation. The people doubt its safety, as a remedial agent, and bad luck or bad fortune damns the practice.

In republicanizing Physic, we have done much towards reforming it and a patient in his hours of pain will not now be gulled by mystery. Let him but know what he is taking and the poisons of the day would soon find a cheap market. The agents that an assassin would give to destroy life, men would soon see were not the proper remedies to sustain it, and common sense will show them, that the poison is no less a poison, whether given by the hands of the Doctor or the assassin—that what we would *prosecute* one man for giving, we will dislike to *pay* another to give.

But these views might be extended indefinitely; I have not the time nor physical energy to go through with them. I have glanced at the mere points of difference between Allopathy and Medical Reform and the other isms and systems merely fill the interstices of these two.

Between Reform and the other systems, I can scarcely bring myself to the comparison or difference. My feelings do not lead me to the utterance of harsh sentences, and as I regard courtesy one of the elements of professional reputation and distinction. I shall not invite a discussion where its claims might be overlooked. Suffice it to say, my friends, that every other medical *ism* of which we can conceive, having their origin on any other system than that of Reform, must and are of necessity subjected to the same criticism I have just applied.

The responsibilities of the Medical profession induce us to deal gently with all who differ with us, except they try to use means unprovoked and unmerited, to excite any of the evil passions of the crowd against us. Then, gentlemen, the time for courtesy has passed—no soft phrases or honied excuses—no compromises nor concessions. Reformer, your position is as high and honorable as his—your honor—your profession, your principles, all teach you self respect. Maintain your claims to it, and insist upon its observance by others. Men have been laughed down; others have been ridiculed—the day for these in regard to Reform Physicians has passed; publish it on the highways, proclaim it to the world that the Bride of Reform you have married at this altar, you will protect at the peril of life, liberty and fortune! Like the wife of your bosom, her name and fame must and shall be sacred “by the Eternal.” Although no practitioner, and never anticipating that it shall be my lot to administer a grain of Medicine, yet, gentlemen, as a teacher in this Institution I feel an interest, deep, heart-felt and abiding, that you who do go out to practice will carry with you the proper spirit of self respect, that will lead you with promptness to resent any attempt made to ignore your position.

Be but true to your own interests, and the flag of Reform shall soon be planted in every household on this continent. The victories of the past wave their bright hopes upon the future, and I see before me in the blaze of prophecy a nation “redeemed, regenerated and enthralled by the irresistible genius of the spirit of Medical Reform,” and the truth of the declaration of Thomson “heat is life,” lisped in every cottage, taught in every school, and acknowledged by every man, with the same alacrity as we see the flower that faded on the drapery of winter, blossom into life beneath the heat of a genial sun “upon the hem of the garment of May.”

This principle, not abstractly considered, as some narrow minded bigot in physiology might do—but in the broad and comprehensive grasp of science, when analysed and tested, is as full of truth as “the world is full of beauty.” It came to Thomson amid the scenes of Nation, fit place for its revelation. The “flower lipped sod” and “tongued leafed tree” were fit associates of its revelation. *No old man*

Dr. Thomson was a child of nature—his mind was not stored with the learning of books. He was no

—“Bookful blockhead ignorantly read
With loads of learned lumber in his head.”

He went into the fields a pioneer of nature, in nature's book, to learn nature's laws, and codify them, and apply them to the sustenance and protection of the lives of nature's children. This is the difference between Allopathy and the disciples of Reform. The one gleans in the fields of learning, hemmed in and walled in by the compass of human intellect—the other searches these fields, gathers their knowledge and information, but takes a still wider range. He turns over the leaves of nature's works, and learns from the pages on which God has stamped his visible intelligence. The tiny leaf that the hand of science has not plucked, becomes an object of interest, and its properties are not left to the browsing herd to learn, but are taken and analysed, to ascertain their Medical properties and uses. Thus not only in *principle* but in the *remedial agents* we employ, do we assert our independence and advance upon Allopathy.—We are a separate profession, guided by different laws and administering different remedies.

We are the pioneers of civilization in Medicine, casting aside antiquated dogmas, and emancipating the intellect from the fetters of authority. We lay down new principles, defined by the operations of nature, and we look upward to progression and not backward to blackened columns for hope and inspiration.

Every art and branch of human industry has advanced, and ideas once regarded as the very perfection of wisdom have been exploded by the increasing intelligence and civilization of man.

The whole machinery of the world has been kept in motion, and every evolution rolled over and crushed dogmas and theories to the earth and scattered their brains and blood upon the highways. The Heavens have been libelled by ignorant quacks in science. The moon has been insulted—the sun's glory been tarnished and Reformers alone have overflowed history with the light of truth.

Dynasties have crumbled, and the wave of popular freedom floated out the wrecks, to prepare for a more glorious era of liberty. Superstitions that steeped the mind in ignorance and folly, have been swept away—and dissolved like mist in the sunshine. In everything we look at, we see the marks of improvement. Women no longer wear their hair like hay stacks and perform the part of cripples in constrained fetters of antiquated tastes. Their beauty is left free “to sink and swell as Heaven pleases.”

Men are no longer doomed to penance in obedience to false and

unwholesome laws. There is a freedom in everything congenial to a better taste and more graceful action. But while everything is on the wing and the flight is upward, the science of Medicine droops behind, and on you, Reformers, devolves the duty to carry its flag upward.

It is in your hands. Let its folds kiss the sunshine. Plant yourself by the mountain of truth and science, and keep your position impregnable against the assaults of all who would tear it from your grasp, and when the army of Allopathy comes upon you, be not disheartened but exclaim

“Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

Ladies and Gentlemen—I find that language is but a faint instrument, when we would wish to give full expression to our thoughts. That plait over phraseology as we will and smooth it into whatever shape we may, it is still cold and lifeless, and the tongue, no matter how solicitous for words, feels but an empty beggar when called upon for utterance.

Pleasure has an understanding, but no tongue. This sentiment rises before me now when my heart is an easy captive to the softer emotions of my nature.

The parting hour has come—the chain of association that bound us together must soon be broken. Believe me, in the language of one of the most distinguished orators of my native country, a man the flash of whose intellect illumed the darkness of his country’s desolation, and the light of whose genius still plays upon her summits like glory round the head of an Apostle, that if my tongue be mute, my heart is much more than eloquent, and the blood within it, with crimson speech responds to its sentiments.

Thoughts pass through my mind ‘like dreams through the land of sleep’ and leave no shadow. A thousand fancies flutter their bright wings around me. I feel that this is a ‘royal hour’ that elevates, invigorates and inspires me.

Where can the eye rest or the fancy wander ; where the banqueting grounds of thought present richer or more glorious views than that which now surround us?

Fame with a jewelled hand may wave man upward, but though a throne was empty in his path, and his name half cut upon the arch of fame, cloud draped and through which a stair of stars led on to immortality—still would he turn aside to gaze on beauty.

Vainly would I then attempt to attract your attention or fix your thoughts by a farther discussion of Medical principles. My lips might spill out words rich with the life blood of science, but I would

not anticipate a single drop to reach your minds. I will therefore not dissolve the fascination of the scene by an apparition of words.—Time's knife will soon enough leave a red gash across your heart, and I will not take a more blunted instrument to inflict the wound.

I desire simply, at the conclusion of this scene, to bring some of the duties of your profession before you—to enforce the necessity of cultivating the graces of literature with the duties of Medicine.

Go into the depths of natural history, climb the summits of philosophy, leave your foot prints upon the shores of the classics, wander into every study, leave tracks on every field of literature and the mountains of science that you might regard unattainable, will decrease in size as you approach them, and you will discover the path that winds along their breasts.

It is related of the Grecian, who, desiring to improve his honey, clipped off the wings of his Bees and placed before them the flowers to his sense the sweetest; the Bees made no honey at all, though fed upon the brightest, rarest and fairest flowers of Hymettus. So with the mind: by too close a contact or concentrated attention upon one subject, it begins to pall, and like the fire-fly, emits its light only when active. Let imagination then have wing, and while the body cleaves to earth let the spirit of our fancy walk upon a ladder of thought—to heaven.

The profession of Medicine is a literary profession, and the hand would wall it within the compass of the every day common places of life, libels its high and glorious calling—insults the dignity and majesty of its destiny.

Especially, gentlemen, is this true of the Profession of Reform Medicine, which you have chosen. A voice within us speaks, that its destiny is onward and upward, not narrowed down to the dogmas or antiquated theories that boast their descent from days of ignorance and scrolls of mutilated ancestry. It was born free, and, gentlemen, as you go out into the world, cultivate with the sterner duties of your Profession, the refined associations by which those duties may be rendered pleasing. Many a Statesman, in the practice of Medicine in the hours of relaxation, has planted flowers by the waters of Helicon—sown pearls in the fields of literature, and scattered diamonds among the flowers of poetry, thus achieving the object I inculcate, and adding proof to the position that a diploma in Medicine is not a divorce of the mind from the softer and more pleasing claims of literature.

Let me hear in the future, that the teachings of the lecture room have not faded from memory. But amid the storms of care, that surround your lives, you may remember some gleams of sunshine streaming from this altar that will turn them into radiance, and when the

night closes over you, whose morning sun shall never shine, may your names be radiant with the glory of duties faithfully and honorably fulfilled—and your names be carried down the stream of time, and re-echoed in the sounds of kindred spirits in every distance.

ANNUAL
ANNOUNCEMENT OF LECTURES
IN THE
REFORM MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GEORGIA,
FOR 1858 AND 1859.

The Twentieth Annual Course of Lectures will be commenced on the first Monday in November next, and continued until the first of March thereafter.

It is with no little pride, as well as pleasure, that the Board of Trustees again call the attention of the Profession to the amplitude of the means in their possession for imparting a thoroughly scientific and practical Medical Education, because they have thereby been enabled to place the Institution, for which they have so long labored, in the first rank with the best in the country.

It is not perhaps generally known abroad, that this Institution has been the recipient of two separate endowments from the State of Georgia, with others from the city of Macon and many generous friends, in such amount, as to place it in possession of a splendid edifice, admirably adapted to its varied uses, filled with numerous specimens, not only of *Materia Medica*, of which there are over eight hundred, but over one hundred specimens of Pathological Anatomy, together with an extensive Chemical, Electrical, Philosophical and Microscopical Apparatus, embodying all the modern improvements, and including numerous articles peculiarly adapted to the elucidation of the various subjects treated of by the Professors.

These, together with an extensive Anatomical Museum, in which are included a complete French Manikin of our own importation, the various detached parts of the body enlarged, a number of specimens connected with Obstetrical science, including a complete illustration of Ovology, specimens of comparative Anatomy, including portions of the Fish, the Fowl, the Ox, the Horse and the Lion, with many others from the animal kingdom; skeletons, &c., &c., together with the various kinds of Surgical instruments and modern appliances, with numerous plates, many of them the size of life, constituting such a collection as but few Colleges of any kind can boast of, and it is believed, none of our less fortunate sister Institutions can equal. When to these facilities, an outline of the course of instruction is added, and the enlarged experience and determined adherence to the cardinal doctrines of true Medical Reform of the incumbents of the respective chairs is considered, the Trustees feel that in making this announcement, they may well congratulate the Profession on its brightening prospects, and appeal to it with confidence for that countenance and sup-

port that are essential to success in the great cause whose final triumph we so earnestly desire, and which can only be attained by unity and unanimity among the members of the profession in advancing it.

The Chair of *Physiology and Pathology* is occupied by LANIER BANKSTON, M. D., whose well known ability and long experience as a Lecturer in that department, have placed him high in the ranks of the Physiologists of the day.

JNO. T. COXE, M. D. is the occupant of the Chair of *Principles and Practice of Medicine*, and has for fifteen years, with distinguished ability, elucidated the great principles of Medical Reform in such a cultivated, masterly and Philosophical manner as never fails to please.

The Chairs of *Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children, Materia Medica and Therapeutics* are filled by M. S. THOMSON, M. D., whose thorough knowledge of the subjects embraced, and happy tact of imparting instruction, conjoined with an experience derived from over twenty years eminently successful practice, enables him to present these subjects replete with that substantial, practical instruction, which is always of peculiar value to the student.

The Chairs of *Chemistry, Botany, Pharmacy and Microscopy*, are worthily filled by I. N. LOOMIS, M. D., whose well known and acknowledged reputation as a teacher of Natural Science is a sufficient guarantee of his success. His thorough and methodical manner of teaching is duly appreciated by every class.

The Chair of *Anatomy and Surgery* is filled by I. M. COMINGS, M. D., whose opportunities have been excellent for acquiring a thorough knowledge of his subject, and whose ability as a teacher and demonstrator is of the highest order and generally acknowledged.

The Chair of *Medical Jurisprudence* is occupied by O. A. LOCHRANE, Esq., M. D., with whose brilliant talents, profound attainments and thrilling eloquence, the Southern people have become familiar. His joint study of law and medicine has amply qualified him for the chair he fills.

Considering the difficulty that has frequently attended collections where credit has been given, the Board of Trustees cannot request the Faculty to continue to extend pecuniary indulgence for their tickets, so that except in the case of Beneficiaries, or on special agreement with the Faculty, fees will be required in advance at the opening of the Session, and are :

Entire fees for tickets to Lectures,.....	\$100
Anatomical Ticket,.....	10
Matriculation Ticket, (once only).....	5
Graduation fee, payable before examination,.....	25

The REQUISITES FOR GRADUATION on the part of the candidate are, the attainment of the age of twenty-one years, the attendance on two Courses of Medical Lectures, one at least of which must be in this Institution, or in lieu of the first course, three years respectable practice engaged in by the candidate will suffice. He must be of good moral character, and will be required to read and defend a Thesis on some medical subject before the Faculty.

Good Board can be had in the city at reasonable rates. All Reform Medical works, and many of the standard works of Allopathy, so far as they can be made available, are used as Text Books.

Further information may be had by addressing any Member of the Faculty at Macon, Ga.

Aug. 31, 1868.

BOOK NOTICES—CONTINUED.

Prof. W. B. Morrow, of the Memphis College, whose connection has added lustre to the position of our sister Institution, says: "It is just the work our Reformed Profession have always needed, for while they have generally been pretty well versed in a knowledge of our remedies and their application in the cure of disease, they have been very much at a loss to explain in a clear and lucid manner their action," and says, "that portion that treats of the sources of vitality, presents, in a manner not to be found elsewhere, the truths of physiological science, and explains the abstruse and ill-understood phenomenon of life; and applies them in the elucidation of our Therapeutic doctrines so clearly, that I am perfectly felicitous while reading or reflecting on them."

In speaking of the influence of a correct theory on Practice, he remarks with discriminating justness: "It is only those (Practitioners) who are ignorant of the great fundamental principles and distinctive marks of our system, that mix their practices. If they are right in theory they are found right in practice; but where they know but little or nothing of principle, they are generally found floundering in error and mongrelism."

Prof. L. D. Shelton, also of the Memphis College, whose position as Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine made it necessary to examine the work critically, says: "I take great pleasure in stating to Students of Medical Reform and the profession generally, that I regard it as one of the very best, if not the best Work on Principles and Practice now published. It is not only rich in matter, but conveniently and systematically arranged, making it an excellent Text Book. The Work is printed on good paper and bound in the best material and style. In a word, I think the Work comes nearer meeting the wants of the profession than any heretofore published."

Dr. Jasper Bryan, of Covington, Ga., to whom the profession, look up as one of the Pioneers in our noble State, says: "I feel no hesitancy in pronouncing it the best and most scientific Work I have seen on the subject. The principles as laid down will stand the test of the most scrutinizing examination, and the practical part of the Work is all that a practitioner could ask. It is clear in its description, lucid in its application of a most Philosophical Pathology, firm and positive in treatment and careful in the selection of its remedies: I look upon it on the whole as a most extraordinary Work, reflecting great credit on its authors and should be hailed by the profession as an indispensable appendage to their libraries."

Dr. Oliver Fleming, occupying a similar position in Alabama, and commanding great respect and attention from the Profession in that State, says: "I am conversant with Howard, Matson, Comfort, Worthy, Kost and Curtis, as Works upon Practice, and I think the new Work far preferable to any of them, and as an old man in the Reformed Practice, would recommend it to all our Practitioners as worthy a place in any Medical Library."

Dr. W. F. Barton, occupying a like position in South Carolina with those just mentioned in their respective States, and whom the whole Profession South regards with high appreciation, pronounces it unhesitatingly, "decidedly the best work of the kind extant, and such a work as has been long needed in our Profession, in order to prevent the general resort to Allopathic text books, that has proved such a fruitful source of mongrelism with Practitioners and students." The Principles of Medicine he considers the most rational argument on that subject he ever read, and thinks the treatment excellent, and such as must meet the views of the Profession generally.

Dr. P. M. Boles, a worthy representative of our glorious cause in Texas, considers the Work the finest, deepest and most suitable for students he has ever seen—"the very thing that we have needed for a long time," and considers the part relative to the Principles of Medicine "the most interesting Essay he ever read."

BOOK NOTICES—CONTINUED.

Dr. Prettyman, of Delaware, one of the best writers belonging to our Profession, and long connected with the Medical Press, says:—"That a great Work for Medical Reform has been performed by the Faculty in the preparation and publication of the Reform Medical Practice." He considers the Historical and Theoretical portions of the work excellent, and thinks that if this work had been performed years ago the position of our branch of the Profession would now have been very different from what it is, and trusts that the book will be read everywhere, and engages to do all that he can to effect that object.

Dr. L. B. Hoag, one of the most active and efficient Medical Reformers in the great State of New York, says: "The highest compliment I can pay to the work is—I think it the best of the kind that I ever saw or read of. I think it will be the standard for future generations to come for a correct and safe practical work."

Dr. W. T. Park, our worthy seaboard representative, in the beautiful city of Savannah, and one of our most thorough and efficient Practitioners, says: "In my opinion it excels anything of the kind that has ever been published. It is truly a *Text Book*, just such a work as we have long needed—an infallible guide, elucidating most beautifully our theory, principles and practice, and proving most conclusively, the inefficiency of Allopathic remedies as well as their destructive tendencies and murderous ravages upon the system. It is a work of which every Reformer should be proud, and is the first that can be regarded as a complete text book in our Colleges."

Dr. S. J. Austin, the Ajax of Reform in Western Georgia, who has done as much as almost any other man for the cause of Medical education, and is greatly appreciated by all who know him, for his whole-souled liberality and genial feelings, says: "On pages 267-70, is to be found more philosophical and practical information than is to be found in double the number of pages in other Medical works," and compliments the writer as standing unrivaled as a logician, for correctness, force, and perspicuity.

Dr. Arrington, one of our most successful Practitioners in North West Georgia, considers "that your noble corps have placed our entire profession under lasting obligations to you for your indefatigable labors in getting up a volume so far ahead of any that has yet been offered upon sanative medication," and hopes that this is but an earnest of what will follow.

Numerous other testimonials have been received, but limited space forbids their insertion here; the Faculty, however, cannot let the occasion pass without expressing their thanks for the kind and appreciative manner in which the Profession generally has received their Work, and beg to assure them that no effort will be spared to place such books within their reach as shall be worthy of their approbation. Considering the large expenditure of money necessary to the publication of such works, it is important that the sales should be rapid in order to reimburse the outlay, and for this reason they trust that those who feel an interest in this progressive business will do what they can in aid of the enterprise, by securing copies for themselves and inducing their friends to do so likewise. As the present edition is small it is deemed unnecessary to send them out on sale, so that those desiring copies had better enclose the price to the publisher by mail. We will take the mail risk and as an inducement to those at a distance will pre-pay the postage on the book. As a further inducement to clubs, six copies will be sent to one address for Thirty Dollars. The trade will be supplied at the usual discount. All moneys in registered letters at our risk, and all bills current where sent from will be taken at par. The work is about as large as the U. S. Dispensatory. Twice as large as Cook's Surgery, Printers' measurement, and about three times as large as Curtis' Practice, so that making a comparison by size alone, the Book must be considered cheap at SIX DOLLARS. All orders should be addressed to

M. S. THOMSON, M. D., Macon, Georgia.

Who will supply the Profession with any book wanted, at Publishers price for cash.