

ON THE CURE, ARREST, AND ISOLATION

OF

S M A L L P O X .

“Above all Theory in the Art of Warfare, one practical fact reigns triumphant—‘Defeat the enemy’—a truth that will always triumph over all theories.”—GARIBALDI.

TO THOMAS L. HARRIS,

NOW OF WASSAIC,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE IN ALL AFFECTION

INSCRIBED,

IN THE HOPE THAT HE MAY FIND THEM WORTHY

OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE,

AND AS A TRIBUTE AND A TESTIMONY

OF A FREE BROTHERHOOD

IN HEART AND SPIRIT.

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## PREFACE.

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TALKING one day with a friend I made the remark, that I never ceased to wonder that the enormous cost involved in the railways, is justified by the public convenience, and requited by the public money; and that I could not but draw from this an inference that every good thing, however onerous, is worth while doing. "Ah!" he said, "that reminds me of a woodcut in one of Bewick's books, in which a husbandman is ploughing the field, and underneath him is written—'*Justissima Tellus.*'" For nature is so munificently constructed as to yield back in crops whatever seed of good we put into her; to repay with living inheritances of power whatever trouble we bestow upon her; to bank for us with compound interest of her own intentions; to enhance all faculty and all freedom; to be diligent to the diligent, niggard to the niggard, loyal to the loyal; to be in the long-run supreme poetical justice; and in short to grow forth our natural wants and wishes, world-sized, into entire accomplishments.

Medical nature is a part of this mighty motherhood,—this predestined conception of our human wants; this bearing of them in the womb of time, and bringing them forth in forms which partake of the creative current which flows through both the parents, that is, through man and the world, from the throne of The Supreme.

But only according to the seed of want, and according to the husbandry, is the yield which *Justissima Tellus*,

our most account-keeping, stock-taking, and income-apportioning ground, bestows upon us. If we ask little and insist little, nature, which loves our littleness because it is our freedom, is charged to maintain us unfringed, by giving us little. And now to come lower down, medicine has asked but little of nature; and has only got what she asked.

I have written the following pages to embolden us to ask for more; because more can be had, on just, if not on easy terms.

The treatment of diseases has too much ended itself in the prescription pure and simple; and the prescription has too much confined itself to something to be put into our *primæ viæ*,—our mouths. It is the most obvious way, and the least trouble. But it has led to a waiting upon disease, in place of grappling with it. Nay, as Prescription is not always obeyed by Disease, it has led to the Nightingale theory that disease is a reparative process, and destruction, of course on the great scale, very complete repair; and this led in earlier times to treating disease, as a conqueror can hardly fail to be treated, with royal honours; welcoming it with open gates, strewing flowers of compliments before its path, coaching it softly in express medical carriages, welcoming it home in the palaces of health; and making its bed, for rest and for begetting, of the softest down of medical acquiescence.

This was exemplified in the treatment of small-pox; in which even so late a writer, and so really great a physician as Elliotson, declares that there is very little to be done, except upon general principles; the bed where the monster is preying upon the man being carefully watched, and only the monster's rudenesses patted into rhyme with physicianal propriety.

Thus our Elliotson says.\* “There is nothing peculiar

\* Principles and Practice of Medicine, 1839, pp. 412-3.

in the treatment of this disease. It is only the treatment of an ordinary fever. . . . Any inflammation that may occur . . . requires to be attended to. You must constantly be on the look out for these affections; but the treatment is certainly to be conducted altogether on general principles. You have only to remember that you are treating, not merely an *inflammatory*, but a *specific* disease."

It would have seemed that though the inflammatory complication wanted general principles, the specific disorder required specific remedies. However, in thus extracting from Dr. Elliotson, let it be known that I impugn a system, and not that eminent man, to whose skilful general treatment indeed, under Providence, I owe my life; and the wedge of whose persistent courage and powerful natural faculty has opened the medical age to a part of the new and true good things which it now possesses.

But the old treatment of small-pox was more deferential to the good disease than even the treatment on "general principles." The late Mr. Carpue narrated to me a case which illustrates this. A small-pox patient grievously held, was immured with his disease in the deepest *oubliette* of bed, and blanket, and coverlet; and curtained all round and all over in his four-poster; and every door shut, and every window draped; and every cry for air and water deafly disregarded; and the mantle of all his stench wrapped round and round him until he was the mummy of his own decays; and as might be expected, he died. Then the effluvia were so horrible that overnight he was laid in a summer-house at the bottom of the garden, and when they went with disgusted caution and curiosity to him next morning, he had, by virtue of fresh air and general principles, come to life again; and he ultimately recovered.

This, perhaps, may have been one of the last cases in

which the royal entertainment of small-pox, and the petting and pampering of it, were practiced; and in which *Justissima Tellus* was regarded as the proper terminus of the triumphal procession of the disease through the streets of the man, with the colleges of physicians and surgeons swelling its train.

Since then, air and cleanliness, and water and diet have shorn the small-pox of the richness of its destructions, and some general principles of treatment, in contradistinction to pampering, have had fair play.

But still the same system has been maintained, though more cleanly, more respectably, and most scientifically. It has been maintained under the belief or general principle that small-pox has a certain course to run, and must not be checked in its career. The aim, therefore, has been, in the orthodox body, to limit its excesses, as Dr. Elliotson proposes; and among the Homœopaths, *to find specifics for its whole career*. My aim is, to disallow its career, and knock it on the head as soon as possible. For I am acquainted with the results of both practices; and I dislike those results. In Homœopathy I have seen cases which have been most carefully, and if you like beautifully treated, on the theoretical grounds of the allowance of the entire disease; also in which diet has been limited, also on theoretical, and I believe false, grounds; and the patients have been permanently weakened by the disease and the dietetic system: and I know that in those cases the treatment has been inefficient, and the specific remedies not grappling with the vast bulk of the disease, have been at the best but so much internal *hygeine*. And therefore I also know that the efficiently specific treatment of small-pox is still a desideratum, and that success in arresting the disease is the only specificity worth having.

I dare to hope that I have attained to a part of that success. This has been by local remedies; the *Veratrum*



*Viride* as general local treatment; the *Hydrastis Canadensis* as specific local treatment. The same remedies internally as specific internal treatment. This local treatment, not only for this but for almost all other diseases, is the new labour and trouble which I believe will be repaid with new health by *Justissimum Corpus*, which, in its faculty of grateful return for work done and trouble taken, is the very blossom and glory of *Justissima Tellus*. The fairy wishing-cap of infinitesimal dynamic doses does indeed set the eyes wistfully towards the distant plains of health; but it requires hard Roman work, and railway generations and ages, of local digging and delving, to carry, not the eyes but the material body itself, where the wishes can go in a moment. The road for this, like all other roads, must be born into the world with pains.

The success of local treatment at present to be registered is:—

- I. The disease has been abridged in duration.
- II. The inflammation and primary fever accompanying it are certainly and speedily abolished.
- III. The secondary fever is annulled.
- IV. The itching of the pustules is annulled, and the patient has no motive to pick the face.
- V. The stench of the old disease has no place.
- VI. The suffering is reduced to a minimum.
- VII. Owing to the perfect antiphlogistic action, nourishment and stimulants can be borne almost from the first.
- VIII. There is no pitting, and, *a fortiori*, no seaming; only, of course, the complexion is altered for a time.
- IX. Any private person, male or female, medical or lay, with care and courage, can treat the disease successfully, owing to the sim-

plicity of the means: an invaluable result where professional services are not at hand. And multitudes of patients, for the same reason, can easily be treated at once.

The probable hope and scope of local treatment embraces other heads still.

- I. The arrest of the disease at the outset, by early recognising and promptness of application.
- II. The extinction of the infection, by the entire mass of the disease, its pieces, dust, and effluvia becoming coated with and neutralised by the *Hydrastis*; which appears, therefore, to isolate the malady from the very attendants, and hermetically to seal it.
- III. Immunity for the healthy from the disease, by the prophylactic powers of the *Hydrastis* taken internally, and by sponging baths, with a teaspoonful of *Hydrastis Tincture* in them, night and morning, for infected families and attendants on the sick.

These means can be easily employed by whole neighbourhoods. At Guildford, a few days ago, I saw the Surrey militia encamped in the fields, and was told that this was on account of the small pox, which was raging in the town. What a valuable thing it will be to possess a remedy which guards new comers against the existing infection, and which taken in the spring of the year, when they say the small-pox has a tendency to come from its lair in that locality, also preserves the population, and thus ultimately extinguishes the beds of the disease.

These results and these hopes ought to commend my method for instant trial to Boards of Guardians in neighbourhoods such as Birmingham, where the whole town is in alarm on account of the small-pox; where infection spreads by the very act of massing the sick in hospitals;

and where the parochial rates will be greatly increased by the public expenses of the disease.

So much at present for small-pox. Am I not justified in saying that the trouble taken in the local application of the specific which I have discovered, to the entire surface and mass of the disease, is repaid, as no less positive, material, persistent remedies have ever before been repaid, by alleviation, abridgement, and cure? For this method, mark you, of local application of drugs to the very part which is ailing, or else to the very skin of the organ and part, is more positive and material than any of the orthodox conceptions of general treatment, and yet perfectly harmless; and unlike the case of gross medicines given by the mouth, expends the greater part of its force not upon the system, but upon the locality, and, we may say, the essence of the disease. It is also inevitably *specific* in the lowest, and, therefore, the strongest sense: *e.g.*, in localization.

And with regard to inflammations generally, I know of none to which the local treatment is inapplicable; and if I am not too sanguine, in most cases of congestive inflammation the *Veratrum Viride* is as easy a specific as *Arnica* is in bruises, and will introduce a simplicity into ordinary cases of internal inflammation, now requiring a medical man, of which as yet we have no idea. Truly, as the method costs more trouble than the administration of Homœopathic tinctures, it need not be used indiscriminately; but wherever bronchitis or any chest inflammation, peritonitis, or any abdominal inflammation, or any cerebral, or spinal, or other inflammation, does not at once yield to *Aconite* and *Belladonna*, and to *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline*, then I should with no delay apply *Veratrum Viride* lotions and baths, and maintain them perseveringly till entire relief is experienced. Nor need the method be limited to *Veratrum Viride*, for *Aconite*, *Gelseminum*, *Virens*, and in short any and every drug has a local part

to play, and should be put close to its work as occasion requires. The point to be borne in mind is, that the skin is the face of all the organs, and of all their diseases, and that they can severally be reached by rapid specifics through the skin.

The horizon of my cases thus treated is continually extending, and I shall hope to present further reports of these new specifics and their methods, from time to time.

I must not dismiss this subject without confessing how much I owe to Dr. Grover Coe's admirable book *on Concentrated Organic Medicines*, a book distinguished for medical insight, and therapeutical genius as well as knowledge, and in which I have found everything I have here laid down inculcated, excepting the specificity of *Hydrastis* to small-pox, and of local applications to all organs labouring under perilous diseases. Dr. Coe, indeed, constantly mentions local applications, as of *Baptisia* to Phagedenic Erysipelas, &c., &c. ; but the systematic application of medicated lotions to the whole body, and its several parts, I have not found in him, and I suppose the practice on a large scale is peculiar to myself. To Dr. Pattison also I owe much of my knowledge of the American drugs, and I think I am right in stating that we are not far apart in our method of local administration. To Mr. Skelton, sen., of Great Russell Street, I am also indebted for an unstinted share of his varied therapeutical experience, though he has been treated so shabbily by the doctors that I wonder he should have let me inside his door.

And here a word may be excused on Mr. Skelton's recent history, as he has imparted it to me. Mr. Skelton is a medical eclectic in the American sense of the term; that is to say, he employs all the vegetable products and principles, so far as he knows them, in the treatment of disease; he is also a thorough English herbalist. He

repudiates mineral medicines. He is perhaps the most fearless apostle of medical freedom in this country, and longs to extend the blessings of health-education, and the best and safest practice, to the working men and women of England. In this respect he is just the sort of man that Garibaldi would like to know. Some four or five years ago he wished to become a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England as by law established, and for this purpose he qualified himself by an attendance upon the lectures and hospital practice which the College prescribes before a man is entitled to be examined for his diploma. And then he sent in his papers, and proposed himself for examination. And now, dear public of these reputed free islands, will you believe it? he was informed that he would not be admitted to examination unless he recanted his eclectic and herbalist faith, and publicly admitted the superiority of the orthodox practice to his own. This he could not do; and not being able conveniently to go to law with the Royal College, he remains plain John Skelton, sen., as he was.

By this act the College declares that it is not only a body for granting degrees of competency ascertained by examination, but also a tribunal for inquisition into the faith of those who would be its members, and a corporation of executioners for forcing their faith into the mould and thumbscrew of its own. Was this contemplated in its Acts of Parliament?

It is a complication in Mr. Skelton's case that he was the first to introduce prominently into this country the *Hydrastis*, *Podophylline*, *Veratrum Viride*, *Macrotin*, *Caulophylline*, *Myricin*, and in general those American drugs which the ablest members of the Royal College of Surgeons of England are now beginning far in his wake to try to learn to employ, and the use of which he was asked to recant as the condition of his claim to college membership.

Is not this matter a providential fulcrum for a move-

ment in favour of medical freedom? The College ligatures its own neck for fear it should swallow the bread of unorthodoxy: just as some European governments which have very little food in their parts, tie Custom Houses round their people's throats to prevent English victuals from going down them. We can only hope that the hunger in both cases will grow, and express itself, until the straitness of this false rule is terrified into relaxation.

For my part, as the reader will see, I am no believer in medical professions, or indeed in professions at all as successful ways of cultivating any branch of the truths and goods, the arts or sciences, of nature, of man, or of heaven. Liberty and the spirit, using all our faculties, and among the rest the faculty of association, are the forces which I know are coming from God to supplant the present state of things. Incarnations, not institutions, are the substantial bodies which will constitute the new world, and open the mighty gates of the divinely-human arts and sciences. Gifts not berths will be the desire and the prayer of those who are permitted to enter on this new time. And the uses of the world will be carried on by great and various societies, full of order and liberty, full of love and of light, full of spiritual and reasonable endurance, and each man's character in them a full and conscious recipient of the gifts and graces of his art.

When will these things be? I do not know why they should be long in coming; for in public power and respect the professions as by law established, are dwindling: free trade, and all science, and all voluntary associations, are examples of what can exist without them: change has long since begun, and change in our days is instinct with speeds, as the father of a nation is instinct with progeny. Courage, therefore, to all who are in the new way! Half a dozen earnest men, led on

by Garibaldi Skelton, may commence an agitation which any year shall awaken the whole public, produce oneness of feeling through the several dukedoms of physic, witness the flight of its despotisms, and annex even the kingdom of the two colleges to the commonwealth of our art regenerated.

But now, after all liberation of medicine has been accomplished, or rather coincidently with every improvement which will give fair play to the genius of healing, there remains, in ever new and increasing proportions, the exigency of sanitary art and science. This is to medicine what material and social conditions and necessities are to morals, their institutions, and their grounds. This is prevention, while medicine is only cure. This is the circumambient spirit of health, or disease, and their widest seed-field. And if it be taken to embrace the questions of food and starvation, and of habits of life, it may fairly be regarded as the most important branch of health-culture.

At present, however, I have but few words to say about it: and those few chiefly of practical import, as they have been suggested by my own experience. Diseases, especially epidemic diseases, have two parents, a father and a mother; that is to say, an essence or germ residing in the earth or the air; and a corporeal nidus or clothing, or obscene vapour or miasma arising from uncleanness of some kind. Therefore the devil is the father of diseases, and the dirt of neglect is the mother. Take away the mother, and the father will still be there, but unable to breed in that degree. He may breed sin, inward vileness, perhaps also apoplexies and palsies, death, vital starvation, all decay from the mental and spiritual side, suffocation of nobleness and the sense of God, but probably without his mate, which is filthiness, he cannot breed corporeal pestilence. And as we are bound to be clean first, and to get rid of evil from

the outside, so sanitary science, sewage, drainage, space of dwellings, and the like, are enjoined upon us by all our medical commission.

Many people wonder how houses take small-pox, scarlatina, and the like infectious and contagious complaints, seeing that there has been no traceable contact with those who are suffering from the same. But even if this be the case, which is difficult to prove, we have only to reflect that the continuous atmosphere is one wide repertory of all the miasmas of the world, as well as of all its better things. These are evidently most active, as well as spatially most gigantic; thin, if you please, to our senses; but monsters interlocked, and probably as big as our firmament; and they only await a womb, a matrix of uncleanness, to engender their kind in human bodies, and produce all parasitic fevers. Moreover, it is obvious from constant history, that ever and anon a new accession arrives from the deep, a new destroying angel, and a cholera or a new plague is born. We can chronicle several such advents in our time; and the spread of their progeny shows how unclean we were; how we embraced with our corresponding circumstances each monster-shape, and how speedily and how greatly pestilence and death were born. For our position in the present day is a very undefended one. There is almost no individuality left; and yet individuality on the divine side is the one fortress of our bodies, of our minds, and of our souls. The reason why *we*, and not somebody else, have been created, is, that we may be ourselves, and nobody else. But now everybody wishes to be according to somebody else; that is, to be somebody else as far as he can. The consequence of which is, that the human sphere is invaded, pierced and lost.

Kind reader, let us dwell a little on this, perhaps to you, novel consideration. First, there is such a thing as the human sphere; that is to say, all our faculties,



and all we are, corporeal, mental, spiritual, streams forth. Each part streams forth in its own order. First, the soul streams forth, and being the highest and subtlest of all, the furthest in its aims, it penetrates through all the rest, attains its ends of construction, in them rests most actively, ever on the sense for what infringes; and is the outermost covering as well as the innermost essence of the man. This mighty universe of sphere surrounding each of us, breathes with our breath and lives with our life; but also is torn by our violence, and suffers in our decay. Next, if you choose so to consider it, though only for illustration, the mind streams forth; with less penetration because it is grosser; to a lesser distance; and its periphery, far less closely grained, is more capable of invasion, of rupture, and of decay; even faint forces of ideas can permanently injure this human fortress, which so many think is the stronghold of their being. So, in like manner as the mind, every instinct streams forth. So, in like manner, every organ streams forth: and where each ends, it constitutes a tender spherical surface which has come through its own spaces, and is set for ever in the invisible firmament which guards the man so far as it is intact. Lastly, the bones and the bodily senses stream forth, and are insphered in their own creative life; but being the grossest of all, they cannot penetrate far, but lie folded upon themselves, like eggs in which all the other world is reflected; and a very little abused, they are tendencies to denials of the spheres, because they have so little of their own to affirm. These facts, which sound at first like wild assertions, are implied in the very nature of faculties, which can only be limited by their own ends, and those ends must be out of themselves; which granted, then it follows, that the soul comes through all the rest, and has a psychical end in the world, in other words a created shape there; and if so, a full communication between

that outward shape and itself; in other words, a Soul-Sphere. And so of the other faculties. Q. E. D.

Now what has all this to do with sanitary science? For you, good reader, nothing if you please; or, if you will proceed from spiritual grounds, much. For this subject of human spheres, and their invisibility, lies near the root of those causes which pertain to the taking of disease. In short, we may say, that if the soul-sphere is violated or broken, the man will take spiritual diseases, mad atheisms, universal lusts, and the like: if the mind sphere is ruptured, insane mental ambitions and philosophies will invade, be absorbed, and produce mental degradation and decay; and if the organic sphere be broken, bodily miasms will intrude into the nervous and vital expanses, and epidemic and other maladies will be taken. Now, these apparently-remote asseverations have something to do with house architecture.

For it is a rule that nobody ought to be influenced, except according to his internal essence, by anything or by anybody. And this rule should be reflected in a man's house. The first requisite of a house is, to be exempted from the world; to have a roof to shut out the sky, walls to shut out the winds, a door to shut out mankind; and a floor, with cellars underneath it, and then a floor again, to shut out the earth, and the earth-sphere. In this way the house reflects the sphere, and completes the individuality, of the owner.

Now, mark the latter point, about the floor and the cellar underneath it. I have noticed in my practice, that persons inhabiting rooms built directly on the ground, with no intervention of underground chamber, are far more likely to have epidemics and influenzas than those who tenant rooms separated from the earth. The power of the earth-effluences is mighty; and if the organism is not very strong, is sure to invade it; and then through the hole of invasion the omnipresent

miasmas, one or more, drive home their impregnation. Therefore, it is an indispensable rule that so great a cause of ferment and change as living on the surface of the active ground, should be avoided.

This holds even where the ground is clean; for the cleanest earth-sphere getting into a human body is a calamity and a fall. But where foulness is superadded, of course the terrible miasms are invited, and commence their fatherhood.

But sanitary art has much to do after contagious disease has been already engendered, in claiming power from the State to limit its excursions. In dealing with this subject I can only address myself to one crying evil which has come under my notice. I mean, the practice of re-letting lodgings after persons affected with contagious disorders have occupied them, without any complete purification of the apartments having taken place. If in bad drainage and want of cleanliness are the roots of these diseases, we may fairly also say, that on infected walls, and floors, and carpets, and chairs, and beds, are the seeds which they sow and shed upon the healthy. I have known a case in which a death from scarlatina has taken place in a set of apartments; and these afterwards have been let again to an unsuspecting family with children, who in a couple of weeks have become the victims of this terrible trap; and the same poisonous walls have again silently and cruelly communicated their charge of miasm to another sufferer still, who has barely escaped with life from the illness which she took. These events are of everyday occurrence, especially in the principal health-resorts, where town children are taken to enjoy the country, or the seaside.

The only remedy I can think of is a compulsory information conveyed to the health officer of each district whenever any infectious or contagious disease occurs in a house, and power granted to such officer or Health

Surveyor, to see that the out-going infected tenants provide the means necessary for papering, whitewashing, and sufficiently purifying the tenement they have occupied during the illness. Also an open registry of such houses should be kept in the Health Surveyor's Office, in order that persons seeking lodgings may easily know where they can be safe, and see the length of time that has elapsed since any house was diseased. This, I believe, would have a good effect upon landlords, who, in their own interest, would no longer build upon the ground without a well-ventilated cellar-foundation; and, in short, would then find that the root of rent is health and cleanliness. At present the reverse is the case; for the more degraded the population, and the greater the filth, the larger the numbers of wretched lodgers, whose pittances in their multitude represent considerable sums for some hard man who lives in dry decency himself.

It is remarkable that the law is administered for public sanitary effect in cases of small-pox, while we never hear of its intervention in the cases of other serious infectious diseases. Thus I read in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, May, 23, 1864, that "a public caution has been inserted in the papers informing the public that the exposure of a child infected with small-pox in any public street or highway, is a misdemeanor indictable at common law, and that the parties committing the offence are liable to fine and imprisonment." And in the same paper it is recorded that a poor woman charged with this offence was brought before the Bench of Magistrates. Now, assuredly, small-pox is not a worse scourge than scarlet fever, nor can one imagine a reason why it should be selected for the action of Parliament, excepting that it is the worst-looking of diseases. If there is to be an action in its case, the powers of that action ought to be extended to all infections and contagions. And if a public street or highway is not to be terrified with the sight

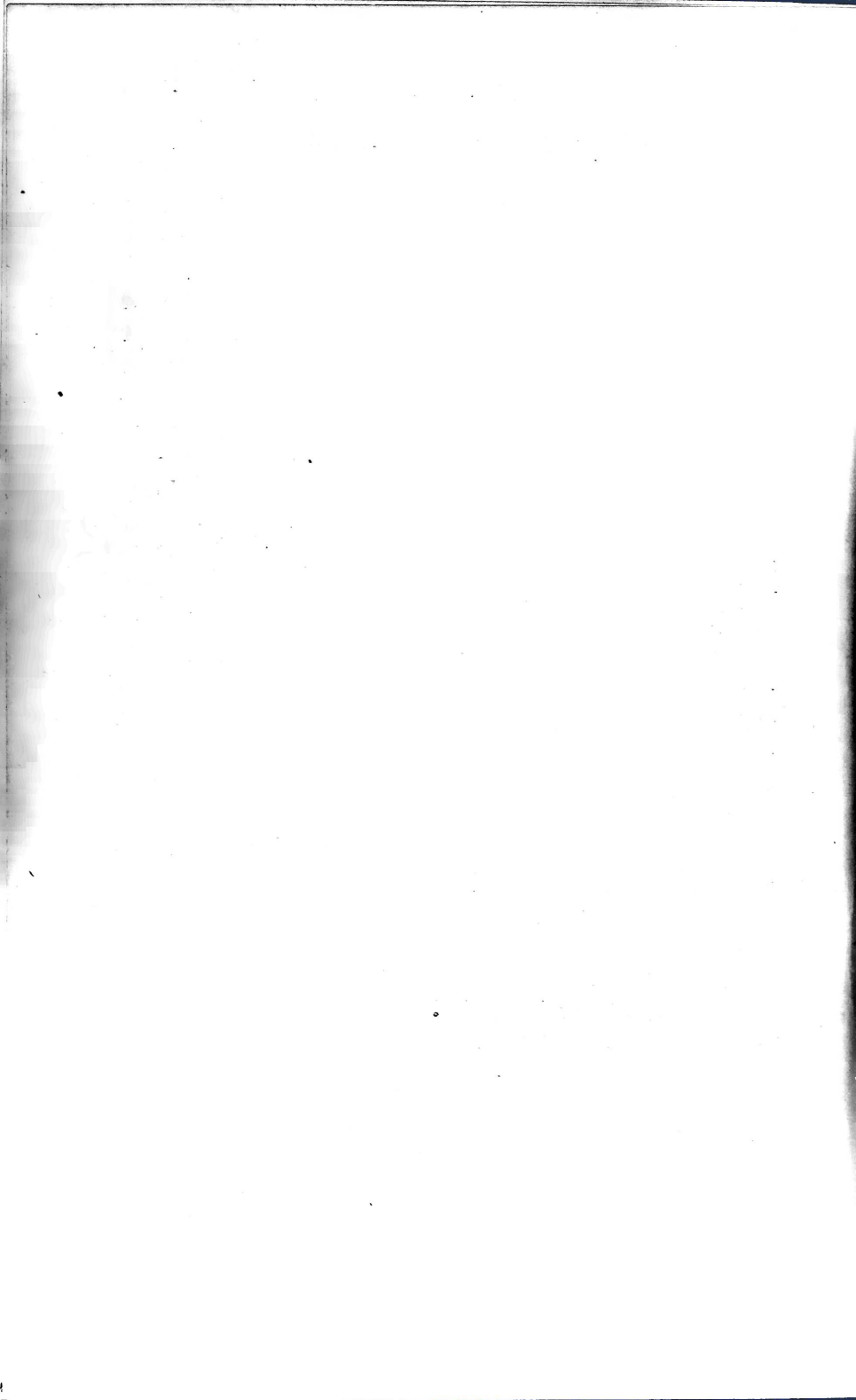
of this repulsive malady, then the private room and the secure-seeming bed ought to be guarded by the stern figure and outstretched wings of the State from every unseen pestilence that walks the noon-day, and every arrow of destroying miasm that flies in the night.

Here, in short, would appear to be the true realm for State protection and State interference; nay, even for State espionage. These powers, despotic and suffocative when applied to the regulation of arts and sciences, industry and culture, professions, trades and services, are not only justified and benignant, but indispensable in their proper sphere; in the protection of the equal rights of individuals; in the wielding of common powers such as no individual possesses, for the public health; and in making it the interest and policy and necessity of each person to set his house in order, and, by so doing, to contribute to the physical welfare of his neighbour. Righteousness thus completely sought by the State in the material degree, will educate the public to exact from medical bodies of its own creation, diligence and skill, clairvoyance, inspiration and world-wide knowledge, and godly humility and boldness, which will effect what can be done in the way of artificial healing, and prepare the way for things better still.

76, *Wimpole St., W.*,

and 4, *Finchley Road, N.W.*

*May 24, 1864.*



## I.

### *Small Pox.*

It has been my good fortune, thank God, to discover a method of treating small-pox and erysipelas in their severer forms, and I now proceed to lay some details of my treatment before the public.

The *Hydrastis Canadensis*, a drug already renowned in the alleviation of cancer, having been first employed, I believe, for that purpose in this country by Dr. Pattison, is the remedy which embraces something like a specific treatment of small-pox within its marvellous scope.

It is now about five years since I treated Mr. E., a gentleman living in Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, for this disease. It was a pretty severe attack, though not confluent. The itching and tingling of the face at the time of maturation, were so distressing, that I was sent for specially to know if I could recommend any local application. Recollecting the power which the *Hydrastis* exerts upon irritated mucous membranes, and upon irritable wounds and surfaces generally, I ordered the face to be dabbed with a cold infusion of the *Hydrastis*, a small portion being warmed for each application. The relief Mr. E. experienced was instantaneous as well as complete and lasting. The swelling of the face also subsided quickly; and the case proceeded with more than ordinary rapidity to a happy issue. No second

case occurred in the house: a point of importance, which I request the reader to bear in mind.

The next case I will record occurred last summer, when I was called back to town to attend a friend, who was the subject of a formidable attack of confluent small-pox. When I first saw him, he had been under treatment for several days by a colleague, who visited some of my patients during my customary autumn vacation. Although the case was so severe, there was no decidedly bad symptom. However, I had reason for apprehension, because H. P., Esq., had experienced an attack of scarlatina the year before, which had much weakened him, and left his constitution exposed to mischief from so grave an attack as the present.

When I entered his bed-room, I was shocked at his appearance. His handsome chiselled features, capable of a delicate and versatile play which has made him a favourite with the public, were almost undiscernible in the huge carneous head, bossed and buttoned all over with the rising eruption of confluent small-pox. His eyes were closed up in the general swelling. The eruption extended pretty evenly over the body; and in many parts was confluent there also.

I saw him on the 7th of August, and found general fever running high; pulse quick; immense congestion about the head; and all the appearances, were it not for the varioloid *boutons* which were so thickly arising, of intense erysipelas of the head.

I prescribed at once a mixed lotion of *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis*, and gave the same remedies internally in rapid alternation. Slops and a watery diet were enjoined.

On the 8th there was still great swelling of the head and neck; the pulse however was lower, and the same remedies were continued.

On the 9th, a marked subsidence had taken place; the



eyes could be opened; the pulse was reduced to 80; the pustules were changing colour; the face and neck though encased, occasioned but little suffering. There was in fact none of the usual irritation accompanying this disease.

On the 10th, the improvement was still more marked, and the fever and local inflammation had so completely departed, that the *Veratrum Viride* was discontinued, the *Hydrastis* alone being applied, and administered internally; and this was continued for some days.

The history of the case is now told: the combat between the small-pox and the (*Veratrum Viride* and) *Hydrastis* was ended by the 14th, when weakness was the only complaint left. I ought to have mentioned that my friend had been suffering from constitutional debility up to the period of the attack I am recording, and was in a most unfavourable condition for either repelling or recovering from small-pox. Under other treatment, I think it reasonable to suppose he would have succumbed to it.

After the first subsidence of the fever, I allowed him wine and beef tea, grapes, bananas, peaches, &c. &c., only limiting the quantity so as not to add gastric irritation to the presence of the existing disorder.

On the 15th, he complained of great weakness of the eyes, for which he had *Euphrasia* and *Sulphur*.

On the 18th, when he ought to have been at home for my visit, he was away in Kensington Gardens.

No one else in rather a populous house near the Strand took the complaint, to my knowledge; his wife, whose face is a familiar one all over England, waited upon him with tender assiduity, and slept in a recess opening from his room, and escaped the infection. A devoted friend came and received his instructions, and spent whole days with him, and was unscathed.

The chief points I noticed in the case were:—1. The rapidity with which the erysipelatous swelling accom-

panying the disease, and the fever, yielded to the *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis*. 2. The absence of the customary irritation both on face and body (the lotion was applied wherever there was swelling or pain). 3. As a consequence of this, the absence of the usual incentive to pick or scratch the face. 4. The absence of the odour which is characteristic of this disease in such violent cases, involving so large an amount of suppuration and scab as there was in this instance. 5. The rapid convalescence in so delicate a patient. 6. The apparent arrest of the infectious properties of the disease. 7. The pitting was less than I have seen after such an ordeal; it rather amounts to a general graining and alteration of the complexion: in short, there is hardly any pitting, and not a trace of seaming. What alteration there is, would, I believe, have been considerably reduced had I had the opportunity of applying the *Hydrastis* from the first, and of stopping the fever and inflammation at the outset; which might have been done without fail by the early application and administration of the *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis*.

CASE 2.—On the morning of the 13th of November, 1863, I was consulted by M. W., Esq., who was suffering under indigestion and *malaise*, and under some alarm about small-pox, which was prevalent in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and had attacked one of the work-people belonging to his own establishment. For some days I gave him *Antim. crud.*, *Rhus*, *Belladonna*, and *Aconite*, according to the symptoms present; and the small-pox, a severe case of the non-confluent degree, manifested itself on the 16th. The fever and sore throat ran very high, and for these he had *Rhus* and *Bell.*, and *Carbonate of Ammonia* in sensible doses. I saw him again in the evening, and found no dangerous condition, but the same symptoms maintained.

On the 17th he was going on favourably, the pustules were steadily evolving themselves. This gentleman labours under a polypus of the nose, and perhaps this circumstance had determined the pustule-producing irritation more severely than usual to the throat, the soreness in which was excessive, and the appearance alarming. Great groups of pustules covered the palatine arches, the tonsils, the uvula, and the pendent polypus; and the appearance, to a superficial observer, might have suggested severe diphtheria in its earlier stage. The distress was great, and in the evening of the same day, when prostration set in, I gave him *Hydrastis* and *Baptisia* alternately.

On the 18th a great change for the better had taken place; he had had a good night, the throat was relieved, though the pustules were still maturing; those which studded the tongue all over were comparatively painless, and the collapse, which had amounted to fainting, had passed entirely away. He was allowed the Hungarian wine Carlovitz, beef tea, and fruit, all of which he now enjoyed.

The irritation of the face, which was considerable, was, as usual, extinguished by the application of *Hydrastis* in lotion; and wherever the accompanying cellulitis was severe, the *Veratrum Viride* did its unfailing work in a few half-hours. This patient, who is a man of talent, was struck with surprise at the immediate effect of the *Hydrastis* lotions, and never failed to laud the beneficent drug, and the discovery of its application. So impressed was he with the rapid relief he had experienced, that he sent the remedy to a poor girl, one of his factory people, who was suffering under small-pox; though whether it was applied or not, I have not heard. He fully admitted what great things had been done for him.

Under the action of these remedies the case proceeded

most satisfactorily. Irritation and inflammation were annulled, picking of the face was prevented, and pitting; the effluvium of the disease was cancelled, and no second case occurred in the family. On the 3rd of December, when he had been long convalescent, I saw him for the last time, previous to his going to the sea-side.

In this case I only regret that I did not use the *Hydrastis* from the very first, but waited until secondary irritation and cellulitis were developed. One lives and learns; and really, when I treated this gentleman, the full power and import of these new means had but imperfectly dawned upon me.

However, it was in this house that it first struck me that in *Hydrastis* we have perhaps a prophylactic against small-pox; a medicinal counterpart to vaccination. Certain it is that *Hydrastis*, locally applied, produces vesicular and pustular inflammations of the skin and sub-dermoid cellular tissues, and thus is, to some extent, locally Homœopathic; as vaccination is surgically Homœopathic to the same complaint. Accordingly, I administered to the members of this family small doses of *Hydrastis* tincture; and this practise I shall continue in other cases, secure that no harm can come of it. For experience has taught me its power over varioloid disease, and if a neighbourhood is invaded by the poison which communicates small-pox to susceptible individuals, the whole neighbourhood doubtless suffers in health and cleanness, though not in the manner of that specific disease; and the *Hydrastis* may counterwork the poison, even as it extinguishes the formed cases of the epidemic. It seems reasonable that the best cure to the sufferer should, in appropriate doses, be the best preservative and tonic to the non-sufferers. And though the point is difficult to prove, it is well to persevere in the practice.

But perhaps one reason of the difficulty of proving the preservative virtue of *Hydrastis* against small-pox may

be, that *Hydrastis* lotions and baths, by saturating, coating, and altering the scabs, pieces, and dust of the infected surface, do actually kill the reproducing powers of the said morbid parts and particles. This may be proved by experiment, by trying inoculation with small-pox matter with and without a mixture of *Hydrastis*; and I commend the demonstration to the small-pox hospitals. In the same manner, it seems probable, that any remedy which will extinguish a disease, will also destroy the infectibility of its particles and effluvia, which opens a wide field for the application of *Hydrastis Baths* in small-pox, and in those who fear it; of *Belladonna Baths* in scarlatina, &c. &c. &c.

CASE III.—On November 25, 1863, I was visited by Miss L. J., æt. 23, who was suffering from a sudden acute pain in the back, and a blotchy, almost continuous red eruption, not unlike measles, on the legs and thighs, accompanied by great prostration. I prescribed *Rhus* and *Capsicum*.

On the 27th she visited me again; her symptoms were unchanged, but the rash had extended and had become scarlet. Continue *Rhus* and *Capsicum*.

I was called to see Miss L. J., at her own home, 69, St. John's Wood Terrace, on the 29th of November, and found her labouring under small-pox, uninterruptedly confluent on the face and arms; while the legs, thighs, and lower body were covered with an eruption of purple petechial spots like the worst form of measles. The eruption on the face and arms was one shining vesicular button-work, accompanied already with much swelling. I prescribed *Phosphorus* and *Veratrum Viride*, and a lotion of *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis* combined, to the skin externally.

December 2nd. The eruption proceeding; pulse 98. She seems weaker. She left off the *Veratrum Viride*

and used *Hydrastis* alone and *Hydrastis* lotion. I saw her again in the evening; and only chronicled in my note-book, "Fearful eruption. *Hydrastis*, wine and brandy." The patient is literally enveloped in a huge bag of small-pox. *Hydrastis* lotions all over face and body frequently.

December 3rd and 4th. Matters remained unchanged; she still lived, and the eruption developed itself. On the 4th I learned that she had had her period ever since the attack began. Continue *Hydrastis* in alternation with *Sabina*.

December 5th. Already the eruption is peeling well on the face. She has a most distressing cough, and her voice is nearly lost; the period still continues. She is to take *Hydrastis*, *Bryonia*, and *Baptisia*.

December 6th. The eyes and face are appearing; she has no itching, and consequently no tendency to pick herself. There is no pitting in the spaces where the skin now begins to be visible. Immense development and size of the pustular covering, for there are no distinct pustules on the body and feet; petechial blackness, like dark blood and water, over the whole of that part of the eruption. No irritation; no secondary fever; no delirium at night. Her cough and laryngeal symptoms continue severe. Continue *Hydrastis* with *Hepar Sulphuris*, and *Hydrastis* lotions to the whole body.

December 7th. Her throat symptoms are worse; pulse 96. Constant laryngeal cough. Her face continues to peel; she still has no itching, and complains of nothing but a heavy strap or saddle of scab on the nose and lips. I administered *Belladonna* and *Hepar*, and occasionally also *Baptisia* and *Veratrum Viride*.

In the evening I paid her a second visit, and found the cough much relieved; a result which she attributed to the *Veratrum Viride*, which has a great expectorant and resolvent power. Continue the *Hydrastis* ablutions.

December 8th. I could report her better; cough reduced; no fever; no delirium; no itching; and what struck her mother, who attended upon her, there was no unpleasant odour from the skin, although the quantity of sanious suppuration, modified only by the *Hydrastis*, could not be exceeded on the same space of skin.

Dec. 9th and 10th.—Going on favourably. She is, however, depressed about her future prospects. She is a public singer, and has long been overworked and exhausted, and always of a delicate frame and health. To-day her voice is low. The eruption peels apace. Continue *Hydrastis* and *Veratrum Viride*.

Her mother also has one spurious but decided pustule on the arm, together with pain in the back, and general malaise. She dabs her daughter all over with the lotion many times a day, and doubtless has been inoculated with the disease.

Dec. 11th.—*Bryonia* was given occasionally for the cough; also *Hydrastin* for the conjoint purpose of specific to the disease, and tonic to the stomach.

Dec. 17th.—Going on well; but weak. *Hydrastis* and *Xanthoxyllin*.

Jan. 5.—Wonderfully well, and little pitted: there is only one deep pit on the face, where I myself pulled off a piece of the coating; the rest of the skin exhibits a fine graining, which will be almost imperceptible in a twelve-month. I gave her *Hydrastis*, *n.* 30, in pilules, to go on with, to keep up the general action of this benign drug upon the system.

There are one or two points in this case which require to be brought out into greater prominence. And 1st, as to one which I have omitted till now—the diet. Throughout the disease she had beef tea, port wine, and brandy *ad libitum*, even at first, when the swelling and inflammation were at the height. The case was erysipelatous, typhoid, and putrescent, and happily responded

to free nutrition and stimulation. 2nd. The *Hydrastis* lotions, the strongest that could be made, were most assiduously applied, and always with a feeling of comfort to the patient. The main treatment of the disease was, I believe, local. At one period of the complaint, the lotions to the legs, which were uncovered for the purpose, produced a chill that it was desirable to avoid; and these lotions were therefore abandoned for a few days. Doubtless, as a general rule, they ought to be applied warm.

In the course of this case, another sister took scarlet fever, for which I treated her. I mention this to show the state of the house (69, St. John's Wood Terrace), in which L. J. was attacked by small-pox. A few weeks previously a person had died of cerebral typhus on the ground floor; also a child, which I did not attend, has since died of scarlatina on the second floor; and two of L. J.'s sisters took scarlatina and recovered from it. The drains of the house smelt abominably; and all the circumstances conspired to produce the putrescent type of small-pox which I have recorded. Nevertheless, among L. J.'s numerous family, cooped up in one small landing, no second case of small-pox occurred, excepting the case of Mrs. J., by inoculation.

The marvellous power exerted by the *Hydrastis* over the irritation and itching which constitute one of the most troublesome features of this disease, extends also to the similar symptoms in chicken pox; in which, however, a weaker solution can be used, especially in the case of children. The terrible itching of jaundice I have also relieved at once by lotions, or still better by a medicated bath, of *Veratrum Viride*.

Had one all the conveniences which exist in first-class houses, or which are at hand in a small-pox hospital, my treatment of small-pox in any bad case would be very simple. As soon as the disease is recognized, and if pos-



sible before the eruption appears, I should give *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis* internally; and when the eruption is declared I should continue them, with sufficient energy to control the fever, and reduce the swelling of the parts; and chicken broth, mutton broth, beef tea, wine and brandy, as sedatives, and to keep the stomach alive and active for the great demands made upon the vital powers. Notwithstanding the apparent incongruity of the two practices, I find them answer well in typhoid erysipelas and carbuncle; and I know they will not disappoint us here. Then I should give immersion baths, at 96 deg. and upwards, of *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis* in combination at first; a bath every six hours: sponging the frame also with lotions of the same, at intervals according to the exigency of symptoms and circumstances. If the baths cause faintness, supply strength by judicious stimulants. The fever and swelling soon subsiding, I should rely upon *Hydrastis* baths, and lotions, and upon the internal exhibition also of *Hydrastis*; supplementing it where needful by other remedies. Of these, perhaps the most valuable where stomatitis in its worst form occurs, or where the typhoid and putrescent tendency threatens more and more, is the *Baptisia Tinctoria*, a God-sent addition to the armoury of medicine against fevers. The baths, I have reason to believe from what I have seen already, would cut short the disease, and probably render the one-twentieth part of the eruption which would be left, amply sufficient to satisfy Nature in her presumed expulsion of *materies morbi*, so necessary in theoretical medicine. For I apprehend that the extension and maturation of the pustules may fairly be a local development and infection; and thus that there is no more harm in arresting the greater part of the eruption, than there is in curing itch or favus by local administrations.

These new medicines I have used in the concentrated

tinctures, but in small doses. Knowing as I do the truth of the Homœopathic law, and the power that infinitesimal doses exert under that law, I shall not be surprised to find that dilutions produce excellent results internally in small-pox; yet I have thought it safest at first to handle powers which are unmistakable.

Thus it will be seen I would treat the case simply as a form of erysipelas from the beginning, and no more think of allowing it to run its course, than I would allow erysipelas to pursue its destructive way. Time will show how far the disease can be extinguished after it has declared itself; but I believe it can be extinguished in any stage, though best, of course, nearest to its commencement. If it can be thus cut short, the *Veratrum Viride* will be the prime agent in producing this effect. Otherwise, when pustulation has occurred, and when the accompanying cellulitis has given way to *Veratrum Viride*, the *Hydrastis* is the remedy to be relied on for neutralizing the developed materies morbi, and abolishing its irritation; also for coating it, and preventing its diffusion and re-absorption.

When one comes to think of it, the spread of zymotic diseases in the body itself, by combined infection and contagion, seems very probable. From my experience, I infer that part after part of the organs and tissues catches the small-pox; and that each pustule enlarges by the same law. A little leaven, after the disease becomes palpable, leavens the lump. If this be so, the disease should be arrested in its centres of development; which I have already proved to be possible in several stages.

For in the cases I have treated, the disease has been struck dead (if I may use a strong expression) just at the point where the *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis* were used decisively; and the removal of the destruction has been the only work remaining to be accomplished.

The complications in the last case (L. J.'s) were sufficiently formidable. The most unhealthy circumstances, a pestilential house, petechial eruption, menorrhagia, intense laryngeal and bronchial irritation, confluent small-pox; yet all these conditions yielded to the combined powers of *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis*; and on the 21st of March of this year I had the delight of meeting L. J. at my door in blooming health; the cutis unattacked, and only the surface of the complexion grained and slightly reddened by the disease.

Since L. J.'s recovery she has resumed her public singing, but her voice is quite altered from soprano to contralto; what voice she has got is much stronger than it was before. During the disease her eyebrows came off, but they have now grown again. She told me at our last interview that she never felt any pain all the time she was ill.

The method of treatment with *Veratrum Viride* baths, is, I feel convinced, equally applicable in scarlatina; and from the huge diaphoretic power of the drug administered internally and externally, I should expect it to produce resolution in the most serious anginose affections of the throat. I speak especially of cases where *Belladonna* is insufficient.

In the small-pox in sheep, a very destructive disease, and one which it behoves us for sanitary reasons to regard very anxiously, the same remedies could easily be applied to whole flocks. Any number of sheep might be driven through *Veratrum Viride* and *Hydrastis* baths, with a small cost of labour several times a-day, and the disease be limited, cured and extinguished. I commend the subject to Professor Simonds, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and the Veterinary College.

The *Hydrastis* ought to be an inexpensive drug; the swamps of Canada, stimulated by the wants of this side of the water, will speedily yield enough to treat the

whole small-pox cases of the world. The *Veratrum Viride* in its concentrated tincture is a little more costly; but I presume it can be supplied of uniform strength to almost any amount from the laboratories of Messrs. Keith, and of Messrs. Tilden, of New York. But I strongly advise the public to demand the American preparation, and not to be satisfied without an assurance from the chemist that the concentrated tincture is not of British manufacture. Of the English preparation I only know that it has neither the appearance nor the qualities of the American, and that time and even life may be lost by using it.

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## II.

### *Erysipelas.*

The triumph of *Veratrum Viride* locally applied to pure erysipelas, is as complete as the art of medicine can desire. Diversity of cases of course requires corresponding diversity of treatment; yet, from no slight experience, I can declare that the *Veratrum Viride* is a cardinal remedy in the disease now in question.

The first case in which I employed it was that of a girl, servant to Lewin, the chimney-sweeper, of St. John's Wood. She came with a raised erysipelatous swelling on the forehead, exquisitely painful, and rapidly extending. I painted it over with a camel's hair brush, with the concentrated tincture. She returned next morning, and reported the almost instantaneous subsidence and disappearance of the complaint, which never returned. Since then I have known no case of failure with this drug locally applied in erysipelas.

When I remember my old days of treating this disorder, and the terrible cases I have witnessed—cases rendered terrible by the inefficiency of the means at

hand for their suppression, and in which the best treatment was the disfiguring method of painting over the whole head of the patient, scalp and all, with lunar caustic,—when I remember these days, I am thankful that a means so simple as a lotion of *Veratrum Viride*, coupled with plenty of stimulants and concentrated nutriments, should avail to arrest the complaint, and extinguish it rapidly, without suppuration, with no suffering, and at small cost to the vital powers.

CASE I.—May 21, 1863, I visited Miss M., in the village of H., near London. She had been labouring under erysipelas for some days, and I found her in a typhoid state, with the pulse weak, quick, and fluttering, the manner hurried, the tongue fleshy red, and dry in the centre; and vesicular erysipelas, with painful bulging swelling considerably developed on the face and the forehead. She is evidently a person of very feeble constitution. I prescribed *Belladonna* and *Rhus* internally, and lotions of *Veratrum Viride* to be kept constantly applied to the swelled parts. Beef tea, brandy, port wine, and the Hungarian wine Carlovitz, were taken in alternation, according to want and weakness. I visited her again at night, and ordered her to continue the same treatment.

May 22.—Miss M. is better; the swelling subsiding. There has been no action on the bowels for several days. *Podophyllum* and *Rhus* internally; *Veratrum Viride*, externally. Soups and stimulants continued.

May 23.—The swelling abated, but the face of a dark purple hue; *Arsenicum* and *Rhus* internally.

May 24.—Going on well; but during this and many subsequent days flushes of erysipelas of the area of a hen's egg occur in various parts of the scalp, and are put down and smoothed away by a cap of *Veratrum Viride* lotion.

May 25.—The right ear is attacked, and the swelling promptly taken down by the same means. The *Arsenicum* and *Rhus* are continued the meanwhile.

May 26.—I paid her an early visit, and found her labouring under great prostration. *Hydrastis* and *Carbo Vegetabilis* were prescribed. Saw her twice that day. So also on the 27th. She then had a painful cough and laryngeal symptoms. I gave her *Cocculus* and *Apis*, and an occasional dose of *Bromine*, which I find to be a first-class remedy in laryngeal as well as in pulmonary complications. There seems no doubt that the erysipelas is flying from organ to organ, and from the skin to the internal parts. She continues the local application of the *Veratrum Viride* wherever the disease appears, and always with speedy result.

May 28—30.—She improves; but there is still prostration, and dry tongue, with considerable soreness of the mouth; also drowsiness, and apathetic countenance. I gave her *Baptisia* and *Opium*, and on the 31st found her decidedly mending. On the 3rd of June she had *Baptisia* and *Myricin* in alternation for the sore mouth and dry tongue. On the 5th the tongue was healthy, and she continued the *Myricin*, but in combination with *Nux Vomica*. I took leave of her on the 8th of June, when she was fairly well, and in excellent spirits.

This case may be considered in a twofold aspect. First, as a case of nervous gastric fever with a strong typhoid tendency. Secondly, as a case of erysipelas of the face and head. I have seldom seen a more threatening case in both regards than was Miss M.'s at the beginning. The treatment was twofold; local and general. The general treatment, to anticipate a question in the medical reader's mind, did not arrest the erysipelas, which reappeared in part after part, travelling about over the face, neck, and cranium. The *Veratrum Viride* in a few hours did arrest it, and ultimately suppressed and extinguished it.

No suppuration occurred, and no subsequent delicacy or soreness of the parts; no tendency either to return of the disease. My patient also has been remarkably well ever since.

The *Baptisia* was of evident service in arresting the typhoid tendency which displayed itself throughout a large portion of this case. It is an admirable remedy where *Rhus* does not succeed, and is very valuable as a local application to sores that threaten a gangrenous termination.

This case lasted eighteen days, from the beginning of my treatment to the convalescence: an unusually short period, considering the feeble constitution, the intensity of the local disease, its obstinacy of re-appearance, and the typhoid complication; considering also that I was not called in until the disease was dangerously established.

CASE II.—In January, 1863, a low type of fever attended occasionally with erysipelas, prevailed in my neighbourhood, and afforded me several opportunities of putting my local treatment successfully in practice. Of these cases I have no detailed notes: only a register from day to day. The following are some particulars of them.

Jan. 14th.—Caroline Bray, æt. 3, was seized with fever, and swelling (erysipelatos) of the vulva, for which I prescribed *Aconite* and *Belladonna*, and cold water on rags to the part.

Jan. 15th.—The parts are better, but covered with white blisters. *Bell.* and *Rhus*.

Jan 19th.—Erysipelas on the body. *Bell.* and *Rhus*. 10 drops of brandy in water frequently.

Jan. 22.—Drowsy and costive. *Podophyll*.

Jan. 23rd.—Low and comatose. Leg and foot much swollen. The erysipelas moving upwards. Great suffering. *Bell.* and *Veratrum Viride*.

Jan. 24th.—No better. Erysipelas extending upwards. Cough. *Acon.* and *Bryonia*.

Jan. 25th.—Relieved.

Jan. 26th.—Transfer of disease to windpipe. Seems dying. Injections of wine and beef tea:—*Bromine*, *Apis*, and *Sulphate of Atropine*.

Jan. 27th.—Relieved. Continue.

Jan. 30th.—A large blister has appeared on the feet. *Bryonia* and *Rhus*.

Feb. 1st.—Erysipelas on the head. Sleepy. *Bell.* and *Tart. Emet.*

Feb. 2nd.—Sloughing. Ulceration of the foot. Erysipelas going on. Continue.

Feb. 3rd.—Erysipelas all over the body. *Veratrum Viride* lotions all over. *Bell.* and *Phosph.* internally.

Feb. 5th.—Relieved. *Mercurius Corrosivus* lotion to foot. Continue *Veratrum Viride* to the whole skin.

Feb. 11th.—Abscess in the neck. Continue.

Feb. 13th.—Abscesses. *Calcar. Phosphorata*. Continue *Veratrum Viride*.

Feb. 23rd.—Continue *Calcar. Phosph.* and *Veratrum Viride*. In a few days after the little patient was pretty well.

This case, of typhoid fever, with a complication of erysipelas, which traversed the entire skin, and visited some of the internal organs, was virtually cured from the first application of the *Veratrum Viride*. I pursued the travelling fire from part to part, and trod it out un-  
failingly under the feet of this drug. None of the other medicaments appeared to me to face the disease;—the *Veratrum Viride* previously tried internally was not effectual. Let me add, that this patient lived in a neighbourhood that might well be a nest of fever; and had a very bad constitution to begin with. My first experience with her had been to cure her of a scrofulous swelling of the bone and periosteum of the thumb, attended with ulceration—and for which amputation was proposed—by lotions of *Mercurius Corrosivus*. Brandy



and wine were given freely throughout the above case, and nutrient injections persevered with. Had I to treat the case again, the differences would be, that I should employ the *Veratrum Viride* from the first; and that instead of the *Mercurius Corrosivus* lotion, which however did service, I should use a lotion made with *Acetum Cantharidis*. The reason of this latter will appear in the subsequent pages. I did not use the *Veratrum Viride* earlier; because, up to this case, I had always been accustomed to paint it on the surface in the concentrated form, and the surface here was too extensive: this deflected my mind from the *Veratrum Viride*. It was, however, with this child that I made the discovery that *Veratrum Viride* lotions are so effectual in even the worst cases of typhoid erysipelas, provided stimulants and nutrient broths are given persistently. The injections of wine and beef tea kept the child alive till the *Veratrum Viride* arrived on the scene.

It would also be well, whenever such cases occur, to employ the warm bath every six hours, medicated with *Veratrum Viride*.

CASE III.—Jan. 16th, 1863.—I was summoned to Mrs. D., my coachman's wife, already under medical treatment for erysipelas of the head, and rapidly getting worse. *Rhus.* and *Bell.* Brandy and Burton ale. Her baby at the breast also has the same disease.

Jan. 19th—Erysipelas better, but dry, baked tongue. *Arsen.* and *Rhus.*—Baby: *Bell.* and *Rhus.*; and brandy, ten drops every two hours. It is hardly necessary to pursue the daily register of these cases. They were treated with the usual remedies, but also the *Veratrum Viride* lotions were persistently applied, and with the best results. The disease had done some of its destroying work before I saw the patients; and hence the convalescence was prolonged, and the baby had large

abscesses on the body, which, however, healed easily, and have left no bad health behind them. The efficacy of the remedy at a late stage of the malady, seems comfortably established by these three latter instances.

I will now give a few cases illustrating the action of *Veratrum Viride* as a local remedy in various inflammatory complaints.

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### III.

#### *Inflammation of the Spine with Rheumatism.*

Master K. C., æt. 6, has been ill since the 1st January, 1864, when he took a severe cold and had violent shivering: from this he partially recovered, but on the 15th relapsed, had pains in the limbs and lower part of the stomach, swelling of the joints, and flat red spots on the skin, with loss of power in the legs. Since January 22nd, he has been attacked with rheumatic pains, and when I paid him my first visit on January 27th, I found him sitting half-up in bed, and was informed that he had passed a night of great suffering. He was feverish, and pulse 120. He could not stand without being quite held up, and indeed had lost the use of his legs. This led me to examine his spine, where I found the pain was concentrated; and in a portion of the lumbar spine I detected extreme tenderness on pressure, and even on contact, betokening acute inflammation. I at once ordered baths of *Veratrum Viride*, the same remedy locally to the pained part as a constant application; and *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* internally, at short intervals.

Jan. 28.—He was greatly relieved. All the pain in the spine was gone. He had no tenderness on pressure. His pulse was 84, and he was able to stand by himself.

Jan. 29th.—He was well except a remainder of

rheumatic cold (for which I left him *Bryonia* and *Ledum*); and a thick rash covering the loins. Here the case terminated, I saw him no more; the rash gradually subsided after his taking considerable quantities of port wine and nutriment; and his father has since informed me that in a few weeks his usual health returned, and he has been well ever since.

Had I not used the local remedy, the spinal inflammation and the consequent paralysis would have lasted I know not how much longer; had I not used the *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* internally, these formidable affections might have endured for weeks or months.

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#### IV.

##### *Inflammation of the Womb following Pregnancy.*

Some days after her confinement, Mrs. P. sent for me to relieve the inflammatory symptoms under which she was suffering. I found high fever, very quick pulse, and acute tenderness all over the abdomen, but especially over the uterus; acute tenderness also in the vagina. The perineum had been ruptured in the birth, and there was great soreness of the external organs. I prescribed the *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* internally, and in three or four days all the threatening symptoms had subsided.

This case occurred some years since, and at that time I was not aware of the cardinal importance of *Veratrum Viride* locally, and by immersion baths to the skin; or I believe two days, perhaps one, would have done the work of four. For the last six years I have treated many cases of uterine and ovarian congestion and inflammation with the same means, and always with one result; indeed I can scarcely think that any case of puerperal peritonitis, taken anywhere near its commence-

ment, would resist the sedative and resolvent powers of the *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* combined, with the bath of the former medicine, or of both together, according to urgency.

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V.

*Chronic Inflammation of the Right Ovary.*

Mrs. D., a lady residing in Yorkshire, consulted me by letter on Feb. 28th, 1863. The account she gives is that in autumn, 1861, she experienced slight pain only on moving, and this pain has continued ever since, and increases whenever she is weak. For the last two or three months, and especially for the last few weeks, the pain has been much worse. There has been marked increase of pain since the 21st of February. On moving the pain is like a sprain; but often when she is still there is a shooting pain, which goes through the body with throbbing, like twitches from proud flesh in a wound. Sudden movement gives acute pain; stooping causes pain from a little below the waist all along the right side, with a feeling like giving way; lifting has the same effect. Touch does not increase the pain, but pressure gives relief. Externally there is a swelled ridge on the lower part of the right side of the abdomen, just beside the thigh, it feels firm like a muscle or ligament. For a week the pain has extended to the hip, and nearly to the waist. On examination by her medical attendant last evening, a puffy swelling was discovered a little above the other, soft, and reaching to the hip. The pain is worst the first thing in the morning; moving, dressing, coughing, sneezing, aggravate it. She is now forty-six years of age, and had no menses from thirty to forty-four. For two years she has had slight catamenia, lasting two days, and dark brown in colour. I ordered *Veratrum*

*Viride* locally, to be kept constantly applied; and also *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* internally.

March 17th. The report is that the pain and swelling have been much reduced by the *Veratrum Viride*. The higher swelling about the right ovary is almost gone; and the pain there has well-nigh subsided. The lower swelling inside the thigh, and the pain there, continue. There is weakness and pain in the rectum; and for fourteen days there have been painful internal piles, and profuse bleeding with the evacuations. She has been subject to this for many years. Continue the *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* for another fortnight, with *Tannic Acid* at mid-day.

April 7th.—The piles ceased rapidly under the *Tannic Acid*. The ovarian pain is subdued. The side pain—arthritic-uterine—is no better. It seems fixed inside the thigh and hip, and is always felt in walking. Sometimes lately she has had similar pains in the right knee. I gave her *Macrotin*.

April 22nd.—She consulted me personally, and I found the *status quo* described at the last report maintained. The only phenomenon elicited on examination was considerable relaxation of the womb.

She suffered after this from some return of the congestive ovarian pain, occasioned, as I presume, by the shaking of her long journey, but which was again relieved by the means which were successful at first; and I took my leave of her on the 11th of May, prescribing *Podophyll.* and *Hamamelis* internally, and *Tannic Acid* occasionally for piles, should they recur.

I cite this case, not that the uterine disorder was cured, but to show how rapidly and readily the superficial ovarian symptoms were extinguished by the simple means which I employed.

The following letter from Mrs. D., whom I had not heard of for a year, brings the record of her case to the

present time. At an interview May 3rd, 1864, I found her still labouring under occasional piles and slight prolapsus; the womb somewhat flaccid, and a little low down; the rectum and its tissues also swollen and bulging forward. She reports that the piles are always relieved by *Tannic Acid*. She looks far better than when I saw her last, and admits to greatly improved health in the past fifteen months. As a more radical measure for the hæmorrhoidal sufferings, she is to have *Collins. Canad. n. 12*, a pilule at night: *Juglandin* in the morning, and *Leptandria* at noon; and of course the *Veratrum Viride* whenever the ovarian and uterine swelling threatens.

“In February, 1863, I applied to Dr. W. for treatment under an affection, which he pronounced to be ‘congestive swelling of the right ovarium and surrounding tissues.’ I was also suffering in another way from what he designated, ‘uterine symptoms, of old duration, and the basis of the rest.’ For the relief of both, he prescribed the use of the tincture of *Veratrum Viride*. After using the lotion as just directed, with bandage, for about two weeks, the swelling was dispersed, and the accompanying extremely painful sensations quite relieved. On every occasion of their return in any measure, (but they have never been so severe again since first relieved), I have re-applied the lotion, latterly in its undiluted form, (*i.e.*, the pure tincture,) and by painting the part. And I have invariably found relief. At the end of the year and three months my general health is much improved, and though liable still to a recurrence of the old symptoms after any extra exertion or excitement, I am relieved in a most important degree from anxiety and suffering, by having within reach this valuable remedy.”

In the accessions of inflammation which accompany

tuberculous deposits and ulcerations of the bowels, the *Veratrum Viride* lotion, covered in with gutta-percha tissue, will abate the inflammation, pain and swelling with great rapidity, though it exert no influence upon the foundations of the disease.

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## VI.

### *Earache with impending Meningitis.*

Nov. 29th, 1863.—I saw Miss Jessie B., æt. 12, and found her labouring under acute earache, for which I prescribed *Belladonna* and *Podophylline*. When I called the next afternoon, she was suffering great agony, and so impatient of delay, that the family sent to a medical friend in the neighbourhood, pending my arrival. He agreed with me that the brain symptoms were serious, and suggested the continuance of *Belladonna*. The pains were acute, lancinating and stabbing, on the middle of the line of the longitudinal sinus; the irritability was extreme, and there was complete intolerance of light. I prescribed *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* alternately; and also constant lotions of *Veratrum Viride* to, in, and around the ear, and also over the whole scalp, especially over the seat of pain; the lotions to be covered in with gutta-percha tissue.

Dec. 1st.—Early in the morning I found her much better; the pains almost gone, and all the symptoms abated. Continue *Veratrum Viride* and *Podophylline* at longer intervals: also *Veratrum Viride* lotions. At night the pulse had sunk to 80, and she was going on most favourably.

Dec. 2nd.—Improvement still continues. In the evening, however, the earache and headache returned a little, and I gave her *Belladonna* and *Pulsatilla* in between the other medicines. After this time she had no return of

her symptoms. As a precaution she continued the *Belladonna* and *Pulsatilla*, and then *Bell.* and *Sulphur*, and *Bell.* and *Hepar* till the 10th of December, when she went down into the country.

The *Veratrum Viride* was the agent in this case which, on its local application, rapidly cancelled all the alarming symptoms. I cannot demonstrate this to the reader, who was not present at the case; but it was clear to the patient, the nurse, and myself. The other medicines, in infinitesimal doses, appeared afterwards to exert their usual beneficial effects. But without the *Veratrum Viride* and *Pod.* premised, the issue of the case in so congestive and inflammatory a subject, would, I believe, have been doubtful; and, at least, the duration of the illness would have been longer, and the consequences less completely abolished.

I do not know any inflammatory complaint affecting the body, especially of the more rapid sort, to which this or similar local and general skin treatment ought not to be applied. Take congestive inflammation of the liver. A theoretical account of it is, that the hepatic nervous centres, the governing powers of the organ, are weakened by some cause—by exhaustion, morbid poison, or some other. The nerve-weakness allows the blood to collect in the non-resistant, or non-contractile blood vessels; and a blood-swelling of the organ takes place, congestion, the first step of, or to, inflammation. You give medicines by the mouth to relieve this state of things; you propagate a telegraphic, or what they call a reflex-action from the mouth and mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels to the nerves of the liver, and so to the blood-vessels. But why not also, always, a reflex-action from the nerves of the skin over the part to the liver itself, and so to the liver nerves? Nature instinctively prescribes this local treatment. The other treatment is a mere roundabout compared to it. The



skin over a part is a universal telegraph to the part under it, and to the nerves of the part. You can most nearly touch the hepatic plexus by touching the hepatic skin. The cold water physicians have been better than the rest here; only that their waters have not been medicated, and in some cases medication, as with *Veratrum Viride*, is an indispensable condition of the more rapid cure.

CASE II.—*Threatened Meningitis*.—The following is a more complex case: Master E. P., aged 7, was seized on the 29th of December with fever, great gastric disturbance, and acute earache. Christmas fare blamed. In the evening he was so much worse that *Veratrum Viride* lotions were applied to the head persistently.

Dec. 30th.—No better; *Bell.* and *Merc.* and *Veratrum Viride* continued.

Dec. 31st.—Agonizing night; great photophobia.

Jan. 1st, 1864.—No better; *Rhus* internally, and *Rhus* externally.

Jan. 2nd.—Afternoon, agonies in ear and head; threatened meningitis; pulse feeble and intermittent; *Sulphate of Quinine* to be repeated at discretion when the pains come on.

Jan. 3rd.—Three visits; some relief after the *Quinine*, yet no solid abeyance of the disease.

Jan. 4th.—Worse; *Mercurius*: also blistering paper to the neck and region of the ear. Evening, worse still; *Mercurius*, *Asclepin* and *Euphorbin* prescribed. Later at night, all the symptoms worse. To have *Glonoine*, *Acon.* and *Bell.*, *Quinine* if sinking.

Jan. 5th.—No worse; has had the *Quinine* several times. Continue the medicines.

Jan. 6th.—Better.

Jan. 7th.—Much better. *Quinine* and *Castor Oil*.

Jan. 12th.—Quite well. The *Veratrum Viride* did not

act completely here, because the vital force was so heavily assailed that the supplementary remedy Quinine was indicated. Besides *Quinine*, the *Euphorbin* and *Glonoine* appeared both to Dr. P. and myself to exert a marked influence on his son's case, which was indeed one that threatened galloping decomposition.

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## VII.

*Inflammation of the Parotid Gland.*

Feb. 22.—Dr. P. has a swelling under the left ear, some fever and great malaise, and has too much to do to be able to be ill many days. Great pain in the inflamed and tumefied "Socia Parotidis." I ordered *Aconite* and *Rhus* alternately.

Feb. 23rd.—No better. The swelling is large and tense, and involves the adjacent fasciæ and tissues to a considerable extent. *Asclepias* and *Podophylline* prescribed, and a hot bath with an ounce of *Veratrum Viride* in it.

Feb. 24th.—Greatly better. Immense sweating followed the bath. The doctor reports that *Veratrum Viride* baths would go for much in training if their use were known. Continue *Asclepias*, beef tea, and stimulants.

Feb. 26.—No pain left, and scarcely any swelling. The complaint is cured, and the busy doctor satisfied. So, also, is his "Socia Parotidis."

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## VIII.

*Acute Tonsillitis.*

This was my own case. I tried *Belladonna* and *Aconite* for some time without marked effect. My wife looked

into the throat, and was alarmed by the great swelling, the dusky purple colour, and the fœtor of the breath, and by the excessive fever. She gave me of her own prompting ten drops of *Con. Tinc. Veratrum Viride*, and placed a Turpentine bandage round the throat. In five minutes I was in a bath of perspiration which lasted the night. *Belladonna* acted well on the residue of the disease. I was well in a day or two. This is some years since, and before I knew of *Veratrum Viride* baths and lotions.

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## IX.

### *Hæmorrhoids following Confinement.*

Mrs. B. is suffering from this complaint, attended with considerable external swelling. She took *Nux* and *Sulphur* internally, and a lotion of *Veratrum Viride* and *Hamamelis* was kept constantly to the part. The swelling abated at once under the application of the lotion.

In these external applications it is my custom to combine the *Veratrum Viride* with any other drug that is *pathic* to the case. The *Veratrum Viride* does its general work as skin-opener, de-constrictor, and congestion-disperser; the other, if correctly chosen, puts forth its more specific power. Thus, in injuries to the face and eyes, resulting in unsightly swelling, I have found unusually good and quick results from a weak lotion of *Veratrum Viride* and *Arnica* combined.

Perhaps I shock Homœopathic prejudices by mentioning the combination of drugs, even in a lotion. Yet repeated success in healing will justify anything; and success is the only science of the art of physic. And in many cases I have found combinations succeed. True, you do not know which drug did the work: but why

should you? when, perhaps, it was the combination that did it; and when the knowledge of the truths of combination may be worth having, and involve a chapter which Homœopathy has yet to open:—the practical power of its drugs combined. If *Aconite* and *Bryonia* \* are both Homœopathic to Pneumonia, why should not the mind, by a subtle and rapid instinct, build out of the twain a compound means which will grasp the disease with a combined force far more than equal to the solitary forces of these drugs? There comes a point in which you quit the science of the probabilities of drugs, the splendid and enduring fabric of Hahnemann, for the science of recorded success in cures, to which the former is perfectly subordinate in human interest; and in this latter field of knowledge, every means of every school, and the statistical result of whole schools, comes forward, and if it deserves so much, is venerated as a fact.

\* Apropos of combination, I copy the following from Grover Coe:—  
 “But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Myricin is its power, in connection with Lobelia, of allaying false labor pains. The peculiar therapeutic property here manifested is the result of the combination. Neither will answer the purpose alone. As soon as the pains are ascertained to be spasmodic, place the patient in bed, and administer the following:—

Rx

Myricin . . . . .	grs. xv.
Wine Tinc. Lobelia . . . . .	℥ ss.
Boiling Water . . . . .	℥ j.

Add the Myricin to the boiling water, and after a few minutes the Tinc. Lobelia. Exhibit at one dose, and repeat in two hours, if necessary. This will seldom or never disappoint the practitioner, and rarely is a second dose necessary. It allays the pains, quiets the nervous system, and postpones parturition to the proper period. Delivery will frequently be delayed from one to four weeks, and the matured energies of the system will then ensure a safe and easy accouchement.”

## X.

*Inflammation about the Cæcum.*

March 21st, 1864.—W. M., Esq., has diarrhœa, with great swelling and tenderness in the right ileum; there is also spasmodic pain, and he cannot stand upright, but is drawn together to relax and favour the right side. The pulse is quick and wiry. *Podophyllum* and *Veratrum Viride* in alternation. *Veratrum Viride* constantly to the part, and in a hip bath at night.

March 22.—He is relieved. He says he felt quite differently immediately after coming out of the bath. Continue all the means.

March 23.—Improving fast. A space as large as a hen's egg is still hard, and painful on pressure. The diarrhœa has gone. To have *Bryonia* and *Mercurius*; *Veratrum Viride* lotion and bath.

March 25.—The swelling has so far subsided that the chronic basis comes under examination. It appears to be a thickening of tissues about the cœcum. The recent attack is cancelled. The residual tumour is deep, but well defined. He is to continue the lotion of *Veratrum Viride*, and to go on with *Podoph.* and *Sulphur* internally.

March 28.—The lump is now hard and quite deep. The account he gives of his attacks is as follows:—First comes a "sneezing cold," which is apt to recur on successive days. If it does so recur, sensations of pain, and pinching, and rumbling of wind begin to be felt in the bowels. There is evidently a telegraphic relation between the sneezing cold and the part which has been now acutely attacked. Probably at some former period a year or two back, a cold has fixed upon the cœcum, set up inflammation, and produced a thickening there; or some impaction may have taken place. The sympathy

between the nose and mouth and this part is so great that (March 25th) the drawing of the breath through the water in cleaning the teeth produced a temporary aggravation of pain. Occasionally the pain shoots from the part quite through the penis. With regard to the "sneezing colds," he says that "he seems to get a natural secretion in a certain length of time, which it requires the sneezing colds to remove."

The recent inflammation being quite removed, he is now under treatment for the deep seated lump. He is to have *Juglandin* at night, and *Leptandria* in the morning; and to persevere with *Veratrum Viride* bandages, to be worn every night.

April 8.—He reports that he was well up to the evening of April 6th, when he had a new symptom of pricking in the nose and left cheek bone; then spasmodic sneezings from 8 to 11 at night, "to sneeze it off." He slept well; but on the morning of the 7th of April had a blown feeling low down in the belly; in the afternoon a dead pain in the middle of the same region; and in the evening at half-past 7 sharp pain. At half-past 10 p.m., he put on a compress of *Veratrum Viride*, and a second at half-past 7 next morning. He also took *Veratrum Viride* internally, ten drops at three times. He had no sleep from 12 to 3. The pains began to cease about 4 a.m. on the 8th, and have gradually gone; and in the course of the morning he called upon me in Wimpole-street, and says that he feels well.

To-day the old lump cannot be any longer felt. "The sneezing cold" has produced none of the usual results. As a precaution he is to continue the *Veratrum Viride* baths, and to mix *Veratrum Viride* ten drops in ten teaspoons of water, taking a teaspoonful every four hours. Moreover, if the sneezing cold returns he is to bathe the nose and face directly with a lotion of *Veratrum Viride*.

May 5.—He reports that he has had a bad cold ever since the last visit; a sneezing cold, which comes on for an hour or two every morning, and to-day has lasted the whole morning; but only now for the first time produces any soreness of the abdomen, but none of the old inflammation. He knows nothing of the lump which troubled him so long. His general appearance is singularly improved; instead of the hollow cheeks and stooping gait which betokened a fine man in distress, his face is beginning to be as substantial as his intention, and his gait is solid. But these “sneezing colds,” which are the door that opens into all his weakness, must be barred away; and this will take time. He is to have *Hydrastis*, 2 drops 4 times a day: a *Veratrum Viride* bath at present, and afterwards a dry *Veratrum Viride* apron to be worn on the abdomen next the skin continually.

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## XI.

### *Enlarged and Irritable Breasts.*

Caroline G. has been under treatment for some years for pain and swelling of the mammæ. These symptoms have been much aggravated of late during her critical period of life. The breasts are enormous. She tried *Phytolacca* for her sufferings, with good effect for a time. Nothing, however, has so much relieved her as sponging all over the body with a weak lotion of *Veratrum Viride*. Had she the conveniences of a bath, I believe the cure might be complete. As it is, the relief is remarkable. Being very corpulent, this patient is under Banting's drill, and I hope to report of her another time.

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## XII.

*Chronic Abscesses.*

J. B., Esq., labouring under Angina Pectoris and Heart complaint, has a large abscess about the left lumbar region, and another inside the thigh. In both of these fluctuation can be distinctly felt. They are increasing in size and are very inconvenient in sitting and walking. The surgeon in attendance declines to do anything, alleging that it will be dangerous, and that they must be suffered to break. The discomfort, however, is so great, that I am consulted. Pretty strong lotions of *Veratrum Viride* and *Quinine* in combination abated suffering, diminished the size of the lumbar swelling, entirely took away the large femoral collection of matter, and much facilitated movement and sitting. The general health at the same time improved considerably; so that his surgeon complimented him upon his altered appearance. Mr. B. was very grateful for the amount of relief. He died suddenly several months afterwards of his internal disease.

In this case, as I have often seen before, the *Veratrum Viride* emulated *Iodine* in its power of promoting absorption.

## XIII.

*Bunions.*

*Veratrum Viride* painted on these is generally a rapid and perfect relief. I have frequently verified this in my experience. The fact will suffice without citing the cases. There is no agent comparable to *Veratrum Viride* for bunions or inflamed corns.



## XIV.

*Case of Threatened Mesenteric Disease arrested.*

On the evening of the 5th of April, I was called to see Master T. S., ten years old, and found him labouring under feverish symptoms, with cough and vomiting. On listening to the chest, I found considerable inflammatory congestion of the right lung. The bowels also were costive. Imprudence in diet, cherry tart and dumplings, and a cold, were the probable occasion of this state of things. I gave him first a dose of *Podophylline*, to relieve the constipation; and afterwards *Aconite* and *Bryonia*.

April 6th.—About 3 p.m.: pulse 170. Acute pain and tenderness on the whole right flank of the abdomen, in all the tissues from the liver to the cæcum. The pains like localized peritonitis: they also extended to the back and the head, and he cried out with them. He had been delirious in the night, and had perspiration with the pain. One costive motion. He cannot stand for pain. The cough better. Prescribed *Podophylline* and *Veratrum Viride*. *Veratrum Viride* compresses to the pained parts, and *Veratrum Viride* hip bath.

9 p.m., Pulse 78. Pain greatly reduced. *Pose* easy and comfortable. He has stomach ache, probably from the *Podophylline*; a pain quite different from that just recorded. Slight pain still from the liver to the cæcum, and all over the belly. He has had some nice sleep. Continue the medicine at 3-hour intervals. Also the compresses and bath.

April 7th.—Pulse 95. Pain much better, but not gone. The pain on the right side is worst about the liver, and is less in its extension downwards to the iliac fossa. He has no cough now, but when he is asked to cough, the action hurts him. His facies is good. Very slight pain on the left side of the abdomen. He ex-

periences great comfort from the *Veratrum Viride* baths. If the pain, which sometimes lancinates about, returns, the bath takes it away. Continue all the means.

April 8th.—Pulse 100. Great pain from spasms and gripes: *Podophylline* pains? I now, however, learn for the first time, that he has had spasms in the stomach for several weeks. He has passed a restless night: his head aches, and the bowels are constipated. To have *Bella-donna* and *Nux Vomica* alternately.

April 9th.—Pulse 100. He has no pain left, and can bear pressure. Bowels still costive. *Aconite* 1 dose: afterwards continue *Bell.* and *Nux.* A dessert spoonful of *Castor Oil* at night.

April 10th.—Pulse 120. A bad night. Dry skin. Griping pain in the bowels, and distressing aching between the shoulders. Has had *Castor Oil* twice, which has brought away a very copious lumpy motion. Hardly any pain on pressure: the peritoneal and tissue-symptoms gone; but the intestinal irritation and griping keep up the pulse. There is a catch in the breath as if there were a drag somewhere. He is of an inflammatory, and in regard to congestion and the rapidity of its consequences, of an almost explosively inflammatory bodily temperament. The face, however, is still good. *Bryonia* and *Mercurius* alternately. *Chamomile* fomentations with *Veratrum Viride* tincture on the flannel, hot to the belly. Hot bath with *Veratrum Viride*, if pain require it.

April 11th.—Hardly any pain or spasms. The abdomen is still tympanitic in parts. Pulse quick. The bowels have been relaxed in the night. An old asthma, accompanied with extraordinary loud breathing, has been reproduced. Skin hot, but greater tendency to perspiration. Since I last saw him he has not required the poultices or bath. Continue all the means as they are needed.

April 12th.—Pulse 130. Marked delirium in the

night. Cough and asthma. Strong pressure on the abdomen produces no pain. The cloud is now hanging over another part of the tissues, and falls upon the lung-nerves and the mind-nerves at night. He is to have *Wine Tincture of Lobelia* alternately with *Belladonna*.

April 13th.—Pulse 120. He is in the drawing-room on the sofa, but cannot get up on account of severe pain in the back. On examination, there is a protuberance backwards of one dorsal vertebra, and considerable tenderness is felt there on pressure. He has been wandering in the night. His skin is now moist, and he says he feels much better. *Veratrum Viride* compresses locally to the pained spine. Continue *Lobelia* and *Belladonna*.

April 14th.—Pulse 120. He is now sitting up, and has no pain in the back. No asthma or delirium in the night. His bowels have been once moved. Continue *Veratrum Viride* to spine. Let him have a small mutton chop. His appetite is craving. (Up to this period for several days he had been taking beef tea and farinacea.)

April 15th.—The mutton chop has done him no good. Again there is intestinal pain on pressure. He has passed a restless night, and had two small motions. Prescribed: a dose of *Castor Oil*. *Lach.* and *Coloc.* internally: *Veratrum Viride* compress to the whole belly.

April 16th.—Pain less. Pulse 108. Gentle perspiration. Continue the *Veratrum Viride* compresses occasionally. Continue also *Loch.* and *Coloc.*

April 17th.—My patient is not getting on. The abdomen is like a drum, more or less sensitive all over. For some days past I have been apprehensive of deep-seated mischief; more particularly as he has always been unable to button his waistcoat from a "swelled feeling" about the bowels; and his eldest sister died of mesenteric disease after measles. It seems too probable that the

inflammations which I have successively combated, are but the outworks of the same disease, which is now throwing up fresh symptoms, and in their intractability is showing its own deep and obstinate centre. I am obliged to communicate my apprehensions to the parents, who have indeed for some time past shared them; and have always, as they inform me, contemplated the probability of mesenteric disease in their little son.

To-day there is back-ache superadded to abdominal pain. Pulse 108. I ordered *Juglandin*, from its mild, deobstruent influence upon liver, stomach, and bowels; and *Cod Liver Oil*.

April 18th.—Pulse 120. There is an increase of abdominal pain and swelling. The pain on the right side of the abdomen is short and breath-hindering. He is to have compresses of *Veratrum Viride*, and a bath of it: and for internal medicines, *Juglandin* and *Leptandria*.

April 19th.—Pulse 96. The abdominal swelling and the pain are both greatly reduced. He can now bear pressure. His tongue is cleaning, and he has had one small motion. After the *Veratrum Viride* bath, he slept from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m., soundly and sweetly. He looks forward to the bath. Continue the bath and the compresses; the *Leptandria* and *Juglandin*, and the *Cod Liver Oil*.

April 20th.—Master Tommy is up and about. His skin is cool and perspiring, and he has no pain. He enjoys the bath. He slept last night from half-past 10 to 7. His appetite is good, but he is to have only slops. Continue the means diligently.

April 22nd.—Pulse 90. He is convalescent from the present invasion emanating from his constitutional weakness. The *spiritus morbi* is there, no doubt, but cannot act, because the existing *materies morbi* is dispersed. His stomach is still high. He sleeps well all night, and has had one good motion; and he is going into the

country to-morrow. Continue all the means; especially the *Veratrum Viride* baths every night.

April 28th.—He came in from the country to see me in Wimpole Street. His father and mother express their astonishment, and cannot understand his case; remembering as they do, the similar symptoms, but different issue, of their eldest daughter's illness. He has now no pain, and the abdomen is greatly reduced in size; and we may evidently hope, by carefully watching its dimensions as a meter of health, to effect a permanent constitutional cure. His appetite is too good, especially for bread and butter, which is one of the worst things he can take, because the dry quantity of it tends to keep up prolonged exercise of the abdominal functions, and to fill the tissues with fluid. The liver is not acting quite well, which perhaps depends on his change to the country: the motions are light-coloured and hard: one or two in the day. His prescription is, *Silicea* 12 every morning: *Leptandria* 12 every night: *Cod Liver Oil*; *Veratrum Viride* baths every second night for a week: afterwards every third night.

Here for the present ends a case which ten days before appeared to be almost hopeless. The four remedies used at last, and which decided the fate of the day: I mean the *Veratrum Viride* baths, the *Leptandria*, *Juglandin*, and *Cod Liver Oil*, were each called up to the field as necessity dictated; and I am sure that the combination helped each member of it. The case gives happy hope of the circumscription and final extinction of mesenteric disease, and shows at least how indefinite time may be gained for the action of deep constitutional remedies. But Master T. S. is still under treatment.

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## XV.

*Cases of External Injury.*

In some cases of external injury, where time is of great importance, as for instance, where the patient is a public man, or a professional lady, the *Veratrum Viride* is a valuable supplement to *Arnica*. Locally applied, it has an undeniable power of abolishing traumatic inflammation. This is a vast convenience for surgery; and also for medicine; for example, in such cases as peritonitis following penetrating wounds of the abdomen; where the primary inflammation which supervenes is fatal; and no time is left for the reparative process. In such cases as these we should combat the inflammation with lotions of *Veratrum Viride*, and support strength the meanwhile.

It is true I have had no formidable cases of the kind to treat, but I reason up from the successful management of lesser injuries. In one case of hurt to the face, and black eye, the consequence of a fall on the curbstone, the disfigurement was so far gone in twenty-four hours that an important appearance in public was made, with no apology to a brilliant audience, and with the usual *eclat*.

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## XVI.

Dec. 3, 1862, Walter Daws, æt. 2, had a blow on the face a month ago, which has caused a circumscribed swelling, tense and very tender to the touch, on the cheek bone. It is the result of a bruise of the periosteum, and from the size and appearance of the swelling, it seems probable that the bone has been seriously injured, and that exfoliation might take place. *Arnica* internally: *Veratrum Viride* to be painted all over the tumour.

Dec. 5.—Lump a little less. Continue *Veratrum Viride*, washing it off occasionally with a lead lotion.

Dec. 9.—Going on satisfactorily but slowly. *Veratrum Viride* alone.

Dec. 24.—The lump diminished. *Veratrum Viride* locally.

Jan. 15, 1863, the lump less. *Veratrum Viride* locally; *Plumbum n.* 30, internally

Feb. 3.—Improving. Continue *Veratrum Viride*; *Sepia n.* 30, internally.

Feb. 17.—Langour, and stringy motions. No mention of the tumour. *Pulsatilla* in the day: *Aconite* at night.

March 11.—Tumour less. Eruption on the skin from the *Veratrum Viride*. To have *Sulphur* 30 at night: *Mercurius Corrosivus* lotion locally. I have not heard of this patient since; but at the last date the effects of the injury had well nigh vanished. Had I to treat the case again, I should probably combine the *Mercurius Corrosivus* with *Veratrum Viride* from the beginning; for the effect of the former remedy on diseases of the bone and periosteum, even in scrofulous subjects, is very striking. In one child, I cured great enlargement of this nature on the finger, and which proceeded to serious ulceration, with lotions of *Mercurius Corrosivus*, and *Cod Liver Oil* internally; such a case in my youth would assuredly have gone on to the destruction of the finger, and rendered its amputation inevitable. For this practice with the *Mercurius Corrosivus* I am indebted to Mr. Moore, the Veterinary surgeon, of Upper Berkeley-street. See the admirable synopsis of cases which he has published from time to time.

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## XVII.

*Shingles treated by Cantharides Lotions.*

As these pages are mainly devoted to local treatment as superadded to general treatment, I will now briefly cite four cases which fall under the above heading.

1. Miss R. has an attack of shingles on the back which yield rapidly to a weak lotion of *Acetum Cantharidis* in water. I have no notes of the case, but a few days terminated it; and there was very little suffering, and no return of the disease.

2. Dr. P. has shingles on the knee. Two or three applications of *Acetum Cantharidis* cured it, and no further crop appeared. The stinging and pain were reduced to *nil* by the lotion.

3. Feb. 13, 1864, Miss H. has shingles under the collar bone, the groups extending across the chest and to the opposite armpit. The symptoms not urgent or distressing. *Rhus* prescribed. The next day an amount of inflammation and stinging almost maddening occurred. *Acetum Cantharidis* lotion prescribed, which killed the eruption, affording immediate relief. In a few days the complaint was abolished. The words are decisive, but they correspond to the facts.

4. Feb. 26, 1864, D. —, Esq., has an unmistakable crop of shingles on the body. *Cantharides* lotion externally. *Cantharides* and *Hydrastin* internally.

Feb. 27.—The eruption withered. No suffering. Continue *Cantharides*, &c.

March 1.—Well.

These are strikingly homœopathic results; and the local application is itself additionally homœopathic. In the cases thus treated, the cutting pains, which are often so persistent and even torturing long after the disease has disappeared, have no place.



## XVIII. -

*Cellulitis, including Pelvic Cellulitis, its Specific and General Treatment.*

There is an excellent article by Dr. MacLimont, on "Pelvic Cellulitis," in *The British Journal of Homœopathy*, Vol. xx., pp. 288-302. In this article, *Pelvic Cellulitis*, is defined as, *Phlegmonous Inflammation of the Cellular tissue within the folds of the peritoneum or broad ligaments of the uterus*. Adopting this definition, on which I would only remark that such inflammation may attack other parts of the cellular tissue in the pelvis, as for instance the cellular *lanugo* which surrounds and embeds the rectum and connects it to the vagina—but adopting this definition,—then I would further define *general Cellulitis* as inflammation of the cellular tissue in any part of the body. I am about to cite a case in which *Cellulitis* was present from an early period of life, in various parts, and ultimately in the pelvis; and which appears to be a case of hope for the treatment of this terrible disease.

Dr. MacLimont says: "It is somewhat remarkable that so very frequent and formidable an affection as inflammation of the cellular tissue of the female pelvis should, to so great an extent, have been almost completely overlooked by authors on diseases of women.

"It cannot be that this is a new disease, or one becoming more frequent in all classes of society. Why is it then, that it is only within the last few years that any detailed and satisfactory information has appeared of so distressing, and often fatal a disease, and one, too, of almost daily occurrence?

"The reason is, that up to a comparatively recent date, accoucheurs, both English and Foreign, were wont to regard the very striking group of symptoms constituting pelvic cellulitis as so many indications of metritis, peri-

tonitis, phlegmasia dolens, &c., whilst those not very unfrequent cases occurring in the non-puerperal, or even single state, were too generally referred to cystitis, fibrous tumour of the uterus, abscess of the rectum, hip-joint disease, mesenteric tuberculosis, ulceration of the cervix, &c."

This is true; but the Dr. does not inform us why accoucheurs were thus "wont." Great overlookings of facts generally have interesting reasons. One reason of the blindness now in question is, that science, among its many tendencies to disease, has also the tendency to false definiteness, and to denial of circumambient facts. Anatomical science begins and is constituted in the clearing away first of skin, and next of cellular tissue. And yet cellular tissue is as universal a high road as the nerves themselves; and, moreover, a universally continuous expense. It is to the body what space is to the world, the tension or firmament in which all the organs are set. Nay, it is in all the organs, and constitutes everything that they are. And yet science, intent upon organs, overlooks the material of which they are made; and by which they are connected, compacted, and associated in a material sense. As though Astronomy should deny the stellar interspaces, their imponderable world, the body of the ether, and the intercourse of the systems. This is much the same disease in science that has manifested itself in history; a few heads and organs of governments, and their lives and acts, have occupied all the attention due to the life and progress of the peoples; so in Pathological Science, a few organs have monopolized the regard due to the universal movements, inspirations, currents and relationships of the body; and the cellular tissue which is their channel and their home.

Now among general diseases, of which I am persuaded there are troops unrecognized, is this very disease of *Cellulitis*; of inflammation of the cellular tissue in the body, and in any part of the body: a disease which is to

the cellular tissues somewhat as erysipelas is to the skin; and which like erysipelas may be firmly localized; or may be fugacious, and wander from part to part; often leading to suppuration, perhaps in important organs. When I look back from the teachings of recent experience through a practice of thirty years, I remember many cases which probably were examples of the disease in question; but which were regarded as tuberculosis, complications of pneumonia, bronchitis, pleurisy, and the various internal inflammations and decays of particular organs. I recollect a family of children who were carried off by this disease. Of these cases I have no notes; nor was there great encouragement at the time to take notes. The chief features in these young persons, who died from 12 to 16 or 17, was, cellular swellings in the extremities—inflammation of the subcutaneous tissues; general feebleness of health; and tendency to inflammatory colds about the chest; defect of nutrition, and of sleep; and constant general *malaise*; then after a year or two inflammation in the chest-cavity, rapidly flying from part to part: a kind of smouldering combustion which no sooner ceased than it began again in the same or other parts; and was attended with all the signs of suppuration; and sometimes with the expectoration of pus. The disease also wandered in the stomach and bowels, and in the abdominal organs; but was less local than the inflammation of organs, and less rapidly destructive. Treatment, from the old points of view, seemed hopeless.

For at that time I was scarcely aware of the existence of these general diseases in the interior of the body; and therefore I only applied to the symptoms specific treatment, and failed to cure, and often failed to relieve. Now, however, I know that one practical fruit of the recognition of such general or corporeal diseases, in contradistinction to governmental or

organ-diseases, is, the adoption of general measures of relief, especially applied to the universal skin, which is the proximate surface of the cellular tissue; the indicator and regulator of the universal nervous system; and the medium between the organic and the cellular man. There are no doubt specifics too for this general disease; but they will not readily cure without the adoption of general applications through the instrumentality of the skin.

In the family just alluded to, there was one singular exception to the fatal result. The father had died of heart disease; and one son inherited the same complaint. It was valvular disease attended with loud regurgitation sounds. He had sleepless nights terrible with apprehension. Once or twice a week he spat up from the lungs a ball of pellucid tough matter about the size of a small marble, almost like an uncooked fish's eye. His life declined, and sleep was postponed to a later and later hour in the weary nights. Pulse about sixty. Anasarca beginning slowly in the legs gradually mounted up until he could no longer go to bed, but sat in his chair all night with his legs and abdomen like hard boards. For dropsical swellings of the abdomen set in; and hydrothorax supervened. Just at this time Dr. Rutherford Russell introduced the poison of the *Cobra (Naja Tripudians)* as a remedy in heart complaints. E. W., my dying boy, had it. For the first few days no change, except that he slept at 11 at night instead of 2 or 3. Earliness of rest increased upon him. One by one every symptom disappeared under the action of this single medicament; and in a few months he was well; and ever since he has been an upholsterer's man, and has not shirked the heavy portorage which belongs to that occupation. A remarkable result, when we remember that his father died of heart disease; and that his brothers and sisters perished of a decay which seemed to be deeply present in the family constitution.

But was not his case also *cellulitis* in some central and typical sting: not the coils of the serpent crushing the body, but the unique fang emptied into the heart-valves? However this may be, had I to treat the case again, I should early have used *Veratrum Viride* baths as a general antidote, without neglecting the specific *Cobra* which stung the sting, and ultimately cured the disorder.

Before proceeding to more immediately practical results, I would specially indicate that *cellulitis*, besides that it may belong as a tendency to the universal cellular tissue, may have a centre of localised mischief in any organ of the body; and if it pursues its ravages, and travels with its inflammation and swelling over the more superficial regions,\* and can be detected through the skin, it also tends, telegraphically and sympathetically, to invade the interior of important organs, dwelling in their cellular parenchyma.

In the case of J. B., Esq., recorded above (see page 34), disease of the heart and cellular abscesses on a large scale; also cellular swellings in the inguinal and scrotal regions, were connected with each other; no doubt by continuity of tissue, and sympathy of structure. The external swellings were the first symptoms that were complained of in this case. And in angina pectoris, and diseases of the coronary arteries, huge cellular indurations of the body take place: immense breadth of shoulders, great board-like expanse of belly; limbs big as anasarca; filled also with serum; but inflammatory

\* Among travelling maladies we note that *lesions* also travel: as though the *contrecoup* could display itself days and weeks after the injury. I have seen a case of injury to the shoulder, and dislocation, accompanied by black ecchymosis, travel in this manner: the black and yellow expanse was some weeks in making its way over parts of the arm as far as the elbow, which were perfectly normal in colour long after the concussion. It was like an internal cellular purpura propagated from the spot originally injured.

serum in inflamed and hardened cellular tissue. At whichever end the mischief takes place, there is reason to suppose that a travelling cellulitis is in its origin and its propagation: a disease always to be treated where it is practicable by general measures through the skin.

I met with the remark in one of Mr. Skelton's books,\* that disease is only obstruction. Without making a rule of it, what truth there is in his observation. Yet anatomy and physiology have hitherto obscured, not illustrated, the amount of truth. Looking at the channels and tubes of the body, science has regarded life as a traveller on the roads. Whereas life here is the roads as well as all the passengers thereupon. And the roads are movements. So life flows on in its microcosmal oceans, not through the trees of nerves, arteries, veins, and ducts, which are but its rivers, but over and above all through the expanses of the man. Columns of pressure, and currents of fluids, and volumes of influences, pass down, and through, and across the body, not with anatomical, but with emotional breadth: with the whole heart on the move, not merely with the pulsatile artery. Life, too, can begin a column of movement from any centre. But this is a rule:—wherever any moving column is established, to obstruct the lower part of it, is to paralyse for the time the whole movement, and in sensitive subjects, to incapacitate the man. Constipation in certain cases affords an evidence of this: in sensitives to this complaint (of which one every now and then meets with sad specimens), the mere sense of stoppage mounts to the brain, and produces sometimes acute suffering, and often general incompetence. In asthma also, where the respiratory column is impeded, the deep sense of stoppage causes windows to be thrown open to make evidence of air. And it is surprising how small a gratification of the sense and

\* *Family Medical Adviser*, by John Skelton, Sen., Lecturer and Professor of Medicine, 105, Great Russell Street, 1861.

want of outflow will satisfy the requirements of nature, and give ease to a patient.

A lady suffering from asthma asked me some time since, how it was that during a paroxysm a teaspoonful of gin and water would occasionally produce a slight perspiration, and with it an immediate relief to the distressing symptoms. I answered, that the smallest symptom of perspiration betokens an entire change in the determination and direction of the fluids within the body. For when the skin is locked up, the current of the general life, which tends to surround every one of us with his own effluences, is shut off at the surface, and reversed within the body; and being reversed, it tends back to its sources, and hinders and shocks their flow. The re-instatement of the right direction—the *conversion* of the fluids from the error of their ways—is, therefore, all that is required in the first instance to the comfortable sense of life within the frame. And a mere indication, a slight perspiration, will effect this marvellous change; polarizing the whole of the given column of fluids toward outward action, which is the very opposite of inward obstruction.

These are not scientific, but they are healing truths, attested in every-day practice, and tending to important practical considerations: there are millions of such truths within the same sphere of observation: they in no way impugn physiological truths founded upon anatomy; but they imbed them as the cellular tissue imbeds the definite organs; and prepare them to be covered in by the skin of the general observation and bodily consciousness of poor suffering humanity.

## XIX.

*Case of General and Local Cellulitis.*

About Christmas, 1860, I was called to see Miss E. S., and found her suffering from acute local and hysterical disorder. There was evident inflammation in the pelvic cavity, and great general excitement. I learned that she had recently undergone an examination with the speculum, and had been in torture ever since. The hysterical symptoms often amounted to catalepsy. Her voice was gone, and continued in abeyance for four months.

I attended this lady almost daily for three years, and I am thankful to say she is now well. Her case is so remarkable that I will make an abstract of her own statement of it which she has drawn up for my use.

Her health since childhood has been poor. At 3 years old she had typhus, which left behind it a swelled throat. At 12 she was thought to be in consumption; for which she was bled, blistered, and leeches: fourteen blisters for twenty-four hours each in one year. Sea air removed the cough, and till 17 her health was better. Then inflammation of the chest—bleeding, blistering, and leeches. On returning home into Rutland she was *greatly afflicted with abscesses*, which were treated by leeches, poultices, the lancet. Her right arm was constantly in a sling. When that recovered she suffered in the same manner from her throat, which was twice cut: then *the right side swelled* very much, and *the right leg dragged in walking*. At 21 severe scarlatina; and after that *no use in the right leg; its muscles were contracted*; she could not put it to the ground. One physician pronounced her a cripple for life. Sir C. Clarke considered the spine affected, and ordered her to keep her couch. After nearly ten years of lameness, and



entire confinement during the winter months to bed and couch, and after having lost her voice for nine months, she placed herself under the care of Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, who salivated her. He succeeded in restoring her voice, but it soon left again. During this time she had inflammation of the bowels, for which he applied forty leeches. "After a year under his kind care, she threw away her crutches, and was quite strong." He considered the complaint to be "chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane with nervous susceptibility and irritation of the womb." In 1849, she had a fall, which bruised the hip and side, and shook her internally; and taking a long journey soon afterwards, she became prostrate, no food would digest, the effort to take it caused fainting; her limbs were stiff and cold, *and the right leg so exquisitely tender* that it had to be wrapped up in cotton wool. She kept bed for two months. Blisters and galvanism were tried: tonics restored her; and she was able to resume her arduous duties as companion to an epileptic lady who was mentally afflicted. In 1852, she was again prostrate, and under the care of Dr. Marsden, at Malvern, for ulcers of the womb, which he considered were occasioned by the fall. He applied caustic, which caused *great irritation and inflammation of the spine, with spasms, and palpitations, and entire loss of the use of the right leg*. Dr. Russell was now consulted, and wisely ordered mesmerism, which enabled her in a few months to return to her duties at Leamington. Until 1860, she was able to be actively employed, but suffered from a bad spasmodic cough in the winter.

On Sept. 7, 1860, she left home for Leamington with a bad cough, and shortly afterwards passed a long tape worm, and the cough was relieved; but she was unable to move in consequence of the pain in the spine and leg. She was attended and examined by Dr. S. and Mr. P., who found induration from piles and enlargement of one

ovary. Spasms and twitchings of the limbs were frequent, and continued till they caused exhaustion. She came up to London, and the same mesmerism was again tried, but now it only aggravated the spasmodic jerking of the limbs. She was examined with the speculum by Mr. L., which caused her great suffering, and to use her own words six months ago, she has "*had internal abscesses ever since*." He made the discovery that it was inflammation of the ovary." After "intense suffering, loss of voice for four months, and great prostration," she called me in. I attended her at first in conjunction with Dr. Pattison, and had the benefit of his counsel from time to time, whenever local mischief was urgent, or local irritation ran high.

And now the history of three years can be easily condensed. The symptoms, which sometimes became intense, sometimes declined towards ease if not towards health, were large and simple. In the first place the change of life was being transacted. There was evident hysteria of a poignant character depending upon most acute causes. The slightest jar produced an agony; a little walk at the best of times was followed by an aggravation; the shaking of a carriage has more than once consigned her to her couch for months. The nights were alarmingly sleepless for these years; and, what evidently produced the rest of the symptoms, there was some travelling lesion appearing in part after part of the body, and leaving no part unvisited but the head itself. This lesion was accompanied by evident swellings. From time to time, there was great swelling over the region of the womb and ovaries; great swelling about the hips; swelling almost like lumbar abscess; swelling of the upper part of the abdomen just under the stomach; great swelling of one breast, while the other remained small; swelling as of anasarca of the limbs—sometimes of one for weeks, and then of the other. In short, there

was a travelling tumefaction, which seemed to involve some terrible mischief to one organ after another, as it passed across their several orbits. Many times did it appear as if the swelling must burst, internally or externally; and often had the clothes to be adjusted to the altered shape of the person. The pain, meanwhile, was that of acute inflammation in its various stages; and, from the constant element of spinal irritation intermingled, the burning was often not less than agonizing, for long periods together; and, from the beginning of my attendance, there were abscesses which burst in the vagina, and, wherever they were situated, discharged their contents by that passage. After severe attacks of pelvic inflammation, fresh discharges took place—sometimes of pus, sometimes of cores intermingled. These attacks would last for weeks, and were accompanied by great swellings, generally of all the accustomed parts on the left side; *e.g.*, the whole left leg, which once, as the patient says, “became nearly the size of her body;” of the whole left abdomen, internally; of the left breast, and of the left arm. It was clear that there were volcanoes of inflammation forming ever and anon in the universal cellular tissue, and sometimes gaining an outlet for their destructions by the vagina. The bowels were constantly confined, though I never suffered them to remain so; but if the homœopathic deobstruents failed I used castor oil, injections, or any other means that were necessary. The state of the limbs was peculiar: for months the right leg was drawn up, as in hip-disease; the heel could not be brought to the ground, and any attempt to alter the habitual position of the limb was agonizing, and led, that night and the next days, to fresh cellular inflammations. These inflammations generally took place with rapidity: a few hours sufficed to develop a swelling, which it required weeks to disperse. There was never, however, any redness of the skin, though it

sometimes grew very thin under the increase of the expansion.

The voice was generally lost when the suffering was great; but I was almost always enabled to restore it by breathing upon the larynx for one or two minutes. There were frequent cataleptic attacks, one of them like apparent death, during a severe exacerbation of the cellulitis. The capacity for pain, owing to the spinal and hysterical basis on which the inflammation was laid, was extraordinary; but my patient has a mind of imperturbable cheerfulness, great courage and faith, and a hope which hopes in subordination, but not dictatorially. Owing to her inward vitality, the psychical circumstances were all in her favour.

As the case proceeded, our prospects did not improve. Air and exercise would have done good, but they broke the thin crust of health, and the smouldering cellulitis was underneath: change of air, for the same reason, was worse than useless, from the shaking of the journey. About April, 1863, an event occurred which filled me with apprehension, and from the consequences of which I saw no escape. In the course of the abscesses, inflammation and sloughing occurred between the vagina and the rectum, and portions of the fæces came with every motion through the orifice, and passed out by the vagina. Warm water injections, with Coxeter's admirable syringe, were sedulously used, to render this state of things tolerable. I communicated to the family that a lesion had occurred, which might be expected to increase, and which might render life a burden, and almost complete rest inevitable. At this time, the rectum was the subject of intense distress; the cellulitis was no doubt in it; and recent hæmorrhoids, causing obstruction and suffering, were superadded. For years previously, "the action of the bowels had *always* caused great pain:" now the suffering was intense.

The last stroke of calamity which I have described—this fistulous ulceration—was a fortunate thing for my patient: it led to what I hope will prove a permanent cure. A few months previously, I had read Dr. MacLimont's extremely valuable article on *Pelvic Cellulitis*, and had understood Miss S.'s case far better for the reading of it. And now, in view of the hæmorrhoidal complication, and the great inflammatory swamp surrounding and threatening the vagina and the rectum and their continuations and cellular beds, I recollected a passage in Dr. Grover Coe's work on *Concentrated Organic Medicines*, which was first brought to my knowledge by my dear friend, Dr. Le Gay Brereton, of Sydney, and which runs as follows:—

“But the most remarkable influences of the *Collinsonin* are observable in hæmorrhoids and other diseases of the rectum. The most inveterate and chronic cases are relieved, and frequently cured, by means of this remedy alone. It should be given in large doses at first, say five grains, and repeated every two hours, in severe cases, until the system is brought under its influence and the symptoms controlled, and then continued in average doses, three or four times a day, until the disease is eradicated. We have known it to act promptly in suppressing hæmorrhage from the bowels, and in relieving those distressing pains characteristic of hæmorrhoidal affections. It is a valuable constitutional remedy in many affections, and its persevering use seldom fails to benefit the general health. It increases the appetite, and promotes digestion and assimilation.”

And this acknowledgment of the great benefit I have received from others, will lead appropriately to the treatment which was adopted in this case.

Rest, as complete as possible, was a necessity for nearly three years: the patient reclined upon an invalid couch. As I said before, whenever rest was far infringed,

even by carriage exercise, fresh inflammations, swellings, and sloughs, were the result in a few days or hours. Miss S. did indeed usually sit up to her meals, but it was at the cost of considerable suffering. Dr. Pattison insisted upon entire repose; and I prescribed a little movement, that she might not lose the use of her limbs, and the functional activity which the limbs excite: and between us both she oscillated as well as she could.

From a very early period it was found that all shocks of every description did mischief. Some stimulating drops (*Liq. Amm. Fortiss., &c.*) applied to the spine to provoke counter-irritation, caused Tetanic spasms, and prolonged alarming faintings; and loss of voice was always left behind, besides generally increased stiffness of some part of the body, or the limbs. The tissues were evidently so sympathetic, so poorly innervated, and so friable, that any tension sprained and broke them, and left a rapid nervous inflammation to consume the injured parts. We soon discovered that letting the patient alone was indispensable to her safety.

It was easy to look back through the leechings, and blisterings, and bleedings, and to know the woeful part they had played in breaking the bruised reed. It was also at last obvious to conclude, that the various doctors had treated special organs, without recognizing the general cellulitis, which, as a disease, and as a tendency, lay at the basis of all the exacerbations of the case. It was not, however, easy to devise anything more for this hyper-sensitive patient than judicious expectancy,—leaving her alone, with occasional reserves of general common sense. Opiates and hot fomentations when the pain was unbearable; injections and Castor Oil when the bowels needed it (and it was never expedient to allow anything approaching to constipation); wine, and stimulants, and good living,—these were necessities which enabled her to endure and to live. What more?

When I saw her first she had tried Allopathy and Homœopathy, each for many years; and had traversed several great belts of illness, and between them had passed through periods of comparative health. We might, therefore, hope, especially after the critical age was past, that the disease would wear itself out again, and a respite of years be given. I therefore did my best to combat one distressing complication after another, as it arose; and she also had courses of *Sulphur*, *Calcarea*, *Silicea*, *Hepar Sulphuris*, and the other profound medicines which in so many cases work good by applying themselves to the foundations of constitutional disease. *Aconite*, *Bryonia*, *Belladonna*, *Lachesis*, *Arsenicum*, *Arnica*, *Granatum*, *Hydrastis*, and numerous other medicines in all dilutions low and high, were administered as they seemed to be called for. *Veratrum Viride*, also, from an early period of my treatment, according to Dr. Maclimont's suggestion (but long before I read his Essay), had been given internally, to combat the successive inflammations; and all this, with more or less good effect, but with no comprehensive curative result. In short, after using all the means I knew, I had mitigated my patient's sufferings, and relieved her symptoms one by one; but the attacks of the complaint were increasing, and the deep disease itself derided my efforts.

It was now that I found and tried the *Collinsonia Canadensis*, a remedy to which I was led entirely by the disease of the rectum, vagina, and the expanse of tissues in which these organisms lie. For the erethism, spasms, violent cough, and sleeplessness, which accompanied the progress of destruction, I found *Hyoscyamus* in narcotic doses very useful; I had frequently employed it before under similar emergencies. Now, then, she took these two remedies, the *Hyoscyamus* at night, and the *Collinsonia* n. 3 at intervals during the twenty-four hours. As soon as ever she began the *Collinsonia*, to

use her own phrase, it "acted in a most marked manner upon the skin and muscles. During all her previous illnesses, she had never had any perspiration; but now the drops were continually standing on her forehead." By June, 1863, her size was greatly diminished; the bulging tracts of hip, and loin, and hypochondrium were subsiding towards the natural level; and, marvellous to say, the fœces occasionally made no passage through the recto-vaginal ulceration. Continuing the *Collinsonia* daily, she was able to walk about without being injured by exercise. Improvement continued till the 9th of August, when a cab-drive shook her, and brought on internal suffering; great swelling of the left side took place, and the old tracts of cellular and other tissues were charged with the contents of inflammation. There was difficulty of passing water, and the urine was scant and high-coloured. Her spirits were depressed.

August 28th.—I recommended her for the first time hot slipper-baths, medicated with *Veratrum Viride*; and almost at once immense relief was experienced. To use her own words, "the muscles of the right leg were soon set at liberty; and for the first time for three years she could really put her heel to the ground, and in a little time walk without a stick." The swelling subsided. The action of the bowels became regular and complete. *The ulceration between the bowel and the vagina closed of its own accord; and has given no trouble since.* This result has, I confess, surprised me; and I must doubt whether there are many more happy issues in the history of ordinary medicine.

September 30th.—She could "walk a mile without her stick, with great enjoyment."

October 1st.—The general health is good, and the step elastic; though she still suffers much at night. She has entirely given up her couch in the day, and is able to employ her time thoroughly. She still continues



the *Veratrum Viride* baths twice a week, and the *Collinsonia* persistently.

It is not long since I received from her the following letter, which continues her state, and shows her thankfulness:—

“ March 20th, 1864.

“ My dear Doctor,

“ I have had no return of internal ailments for the last three months, only symptoms of what I have suffered in the continual passing of what appears to be the cores of the abscesses. Since the large swelling subsided in my side and body from the use of your medicated bath, I have had my throat, glands, and left elbow much swollen, but I am thankful to say the *Veratrum Viride* has dispersed the ailments. For some weeks during the severe winter my knees have been very stiff and painful from rheumatism. You have relieved them entirely by *Collinsonia*; the effect of this is very peculiar, for whilst I am taking it the pain goes from the affected part; but gives a comfortable glowing sensation at the roots of the hair, which gets quite crisp. I have at this present time no aches, no pains. I walked nearly five miles yesterday, and have been twice to church to-day; and the joy and gratitude I feel I cannot describe. Instead of sleepless painful nights, I enjoy calm refreshing sleep, and rise in the morning ready for any work or walk that comes before me—(‘ Bless the Lord O my soul, and *forget* not all His benefits.’) That our good God may bless your skill and watchfulness to many others, whose lives have been despaired of, is the prayer of your ever grateful patient,

“ E—— S——.

“ 4, St. Leonard’s Terrace, Maida Hill, West.”

The last time I saw her medically was on March 30th, when she was suffering from indigestion, and deficient

action of the liver. These symptoms were speedily relieved by *Pulsatilla* n. 12.

On that occasion she reported some circumstances which were interesting, as connected with a drug so little known as the *Collinsonia Canadensis*. She reported that she had left off the *Collinsonia* for some little time; and that since leaving it off, her "hair felt so limp as if she could do nothing with it." She also felt an achy coldness about the head, whereas before she felt "a comfortable glow enlivening at the roots of the hair; the hair was also crisp, curly, and growing;" and under the same medicinal influence the hair from grey has been becoming black. While taking the *Collinsonia Canadensis* she "feels as if all the muscles have more vigour; a lightness of body, as if she is fit for anything."

After the *Pulsatilla* was finished, I prescribed the continuation of *Collinsonia*, 30 and 12. Now, these high dilutions of the medicine have a most penetrating effect, extending their power over the whole organism. If any one doubts it, let him doubt after a fair trial, and then I will love his doubt.

This lady is now well: thank God. Three serious questions occur:—1. Seeing that she has had intervals of health before, will she now remain well? Can she be said to be cured? I believe she will remain well, and that she is cured, because the result, for the first time in the history of her cases, is due to specific treatment, which has been discovered for her particular case; and also to general treatment answering to specific. If the complaint recurs, *Veratrum Viride* and *Collinsonia Canadensis* may fairly be expected to extinguish it at once. 2. How do I know that the *Collinsonia* was the specific, and did the work? Reader, did you ever shoot a bird, and know at once you had shot it, without having any ground for the knowledge

but its own intrinsic assurance? The evidence was irresistible, but can hardly be conveyed. The other drugs I had tried struggled with the disease, and succumbed to it: the disease crouched from the first moment before this one, and melted into nothingness. The whole life was altered: there was a consciousness of health coming from afar, but surely coming—the advanced pickets of it were already on the spot in the very first dose of the *Collinsonia*.

But the Cellulitis returned after the cab-shaking of the 9th of August. Yes: and it may return again, in its beginning, under any imprudence, until the organism forgets the habit of it. But there was one reason then, which there will not be again: the tissues, infarcted and confarcted for years, were loaded with effete materials, and the *Collinsonia*, after having slain the present monster, found before it an unliftable load of his former *exuviae* and slough-skins. These could still be a seed of mischief, and a multiform root of destructions. The *Veratrum Viride* was needed to disperse them, which it did by aggrandizing sweats to the uttermost; by increasing the power of the absorbents enormously; and by thus diminishing the bulk and packing around old “cores,” it allowed them to seek an outlet, and to drop from the organization. It also destroyed the capacity for inflammation in the tissues, and rendered them incombustible—as the whole course of these pages has shown that this drug does. 3. Is the *Collinsonia* a specific for Cellulitis in other cases? This question can only be answered after an extended experience. I was led to it by its patness to the attack on the rectum and to the hæmorrhoids; and in cases similarly complicated, I should have great confidence in its specific powers. But then, on the other hand, these symptoms were of such late development, that they seem to form no part of the groundwork of the disease; and therefore it may be, that the

*Collinsonia* is really the remedy for many forms of Cellulitis. The sceptical part of us will again suggest that the *Veratrum Viride* was equally a specific in this instance. I do not, however, see anything in its known action, hitherto, to account for its cure of the recto-vaginal fissure, which was nearly obliterated before the *Veratrum Viride* baths were employed.

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## XX.

### *Eruptive Fever, with threatened Paralysis of the Brain.*

On the 1st of this May, I was called to see Miss R., a young lady from the Midland Counties, on a visit in my neighbourhood, and found her with a flushed and spotted face, and complaining of some pain in the back, for which symptoms I prescribed *Bryonia* and *Mercurius*.

May 2, at seven in the morning, an urgent message summoned me to her at once. She had alarmed her sister and the family by several fainting fits during the night. When I arrived, she was labouring under strong excitement, apparently hysterical. Her face was red and swollen with a continuous eruption; and small pimples, which created no great irritation, were thickly dotted over the chest. The pain in the small of the back was worse. I ordered her to continue the *Bryonia* and *Mercurius*, and to have *Ignatia* occasionally if the faintings returned.

At 3·30 P.M. I saw her again, and found her symptoms aggravated. Her pulse was fluttering, and 110. Occasionally she lost her voice; at other times she could not speak plain, so as to be understood. Her manner was hurried and excitable, and I could not command her silence. She complained of an electric feeling in the limbs. The pain had left her back, and the face was less

swelled; but the eruption extended now all over the body, and was not unlike measles in appearance. She had considerable cough. I prescribed *Rhus* and *Phosphorus*, and *Veratrum Viride* lotions to the forehead. For support—chicken-broth, mutton-broth, brandy, and wine-and-water.

May 3rd, 11.10 A.M.—I was unable to see her last evening, having a call into the country. Now, when I paid my visit, I found she had been alarmingly ill all night. Pulse 100, very weak—nay, almost gone. The eruption on the face was raised and scarlet. She had low, muttering delirium. The prostration was utter, and her hands and arms fell about as if completely paralysed. Cough bad, and sore throat superadded. She had had no sleep. Occasionally she could be roused to temporary consciousness, and then she said she was better. Her friend who was with her was anxious to have Father A. in the house, to administer the last sacraments, and I could not say that such a measure might not be urgent, for, indeed, she seemed to be dying. I prescribed *Belladonna*, *Stramonium*, and *Arsenicum*, in alternation, at half-hour intervals; and ordered a cap of *Veratrum Viride* lotion, covered in with gutta percha tissue, and kept tightly on the head, to the whole brain: the hair to be shortened sufficiently to admit of its close application.

At 3½ P.M., I found her revived and sensible, though she still spoke with morbid velocity, and would not hold her tongue. The head, however, was decidedly relieved; pulse 100. I found that the *Veratrum Viride* cloths had not been applied, but the remaining hair had been wetted with it, and gutta percha tissue superposed; now, however, I had the cloths carefully applied. The extreme collapse was lessened; she was sick and had some epigastric pain; the tongue furred, but not fleshy. She had taken sherry-and-water and beef-tea, frequently. To continue the medicines at the same intervals. To the *Veratrum Viride*

brain-lotions, I added some tincture of Keith's *Oil of Capsicum*—an invaluable local remedy, where stimulation is required.

At 9 P.M. I found her more composed than she was by the Report last night, but less so than she had been at my last visit; pulse 102. Her answers were quite rational, but the speech sometimes sharp and splintery. She had passed no urine since 3 o'clock in the morning, but had had one good motion. There was no prostration, but constant sickness. The eyes were suffused, the skin hot, but the palms moist. Continue the local and internal medicines. Give *Ipecacuanha* occasionally, for sickness.

May 4th, 9½ A.M.—Pulse 96·8. She is comparatively calm and composed this morning, and the threatened paralysis of the brain has passed. Her *pose* in bed is good, and she can use her arms. The sickness left her at half-past eleven last night. Her tongue is now clearing. The eruption is continuously red on the face, and smooth there; but dotted, persemminated, and raised all over the body, and even on the fingers. It is not, however, very thick. The urine is now normal; and the cough better; but the sputa are thick and suspicious-looking, and sink in water. Her talkativeness is still controlled with difficulty. She had small snatches of sleep in the night, with talking in it; and two sleeps of half-an-hour each. She feels the tingling of the *Capsicum* over her head and neck. Continue all the means; the internal medicines, however, at longer intervals.

4 P.M.—Pulse 96. Copious tubercular-looking sputa. *Rale* in right chest. Quite collected, and can sit up in bed.

9.20 P.M.—Pulse 88. No hurry of manner. Continue the medicines, but omit *Veratrum Viride* cap for a few hours.

May 5th.—Pulse 72. Eruption lessening; calmer and stronger. She had two hours' good sleep in the night,

and many dreamy dozes. The expectoration is less. *Dulcamara* and *Calcareo Carbonica*. To have some under-done minced mutton-chop.

May 6th.—Pulse 80. The rash is still on the face; sleep poor; cough and expectoration less; tongue, cleaning. She felt better after her chop yesterday. She is to take *Cod Liver Oil*, and continue the medicines, but not the lotion.

May 7th.—A poor night, in consequence of swelled face and abscess in the gums. Pulse 80. Continue.

May 8th.—Pulse 75. Seven hours' sleep; occasional hysterical laughing, which she does not remember afterwards. The suspicious expectoration gone, and replaced by clear salivary spitting. She has a good appetite, and was up for an hour last evening. This morning she is writing notes, which I forbid; and has on her bed Father Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, which she is not to read. The eruption is still out on the face, but is leaving the body; the tongue is healthily clean. Continue *Dulcamara* and *Calcareo Carbonica* and *Cod Liver Oil*.

May 9th.—The face peeling; pulse 72. A night's rest; functions regular; no cough or expectoration. Continue.

May 11th.—Convalescent.

What part did Hysteria play in this case? At first, although there was an eruptive fever, I was inclined to set down the nervous symptoms as purely hysterical. But the attack on the brain, threatening paralysis, was too alarming to be treated on that hypothesis alone. And the anti-congestive *Veratrum Viride*, with the medicines, produced instantaneous relief. Moreover, the subsequent attack on the chest showed a travelling *materies morbi* of a real bodily character. The fever was of that kind which is sometimes called spurious scarlatina, and for which *Dulcamara* is homœopathic: during the progress

of which, paralysis of the brain, or of the lungs, is sometimes imminent.

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And here I conclude these cases for the present, feeling assured that the truly experimental reader will find in them indications for a new and easy power of healing in numerous diseases that have hitherto been fatal to kings\* and poor people alike—from defect of the direct and efficient ways and remedies which I now make known.

\* Witness the deaths of the kings of Denmark and Wurtemberg, from erysipelas, within these few months. I believe they might have been alive now, and an iniquitous war have been postponed by a few ounces of *Veratrum Viride*.



### *Medical Freedom.*

IT is my intention from time to time to offer cases with remarks, as an easy means of bringing new treatment and occasional thoughts before THE PUBLIC.

The time is to come when general medical education will surround my profession so closely, that its narrowness and exclusiveness, and its cliques, will give way under the pressure of the public common sense; and no authority will be left but the authority of facts. I have a great hope in me to hasten that desirable time.

For it is evident that the simpler medical truth can become—by medical truth understand truth in practice, the only test of which is, success in practice—the more enlightened public criticism must come upon the doctors, and give them their degrees in every separate case. A man's or a woman's repute will be his or her sole authorization to practice. For instance, in the treatment of small-pox as I have now made it public, any mother or grandmother may demand the remedies which ensure the benefits recorded in the foregoing pages; and if the doctor is not acquainted with them, and will not employ them when pointed out, then such mother or grandmother can take away his diploma in the case, and either confer it upon herself, or provisionally upon any other person whom she may appoint to conduct the precious interests of the family health. There can be no wise authority beyond her, or above her.

For competition will be the soul of success here, as it

is in every other case. Given any field of nature or experience to be explored, and all the faculties of man are wanted for it; all the chances of birth are wanted for it; all the gifts of God are wanted for it; all the developments of time are wanted for it; all the freedom of society is wanted for it; all absence of fear of man, and fear for position, is wanted for it; all good genius and good ambition is wanted for it; in short, numberless men are wanted, each mind of them free, and original, and inspired, as if there was nobody else in the world; yet each instructed in his lower walks by the labours of the rest; and all animated by a common faith in the inevitable co-operation of good with good, and the inevitable consentaneousness of knowledge with knowledge, though independence and freedom be the only law and bond for each.

Free societies, free institutions will necessarily arise out of this new medical humanity: order most punctilious and most exacting will arise; but freedom will be the king upon its throne.

But now we see the reverse of this, and health contracted and eclipsed in the prisons of medical establishment.

The maintenance of this present condition lies in the Protection of Physic by the State. Continue this, and an external and well-nigh irresistible aid is afforded to the existing general condition of medical art and science, as against anything which would considerably enlarge it; still more, which would revolutionize it ever so benignly; and, most of all, against anything which tends even remotely to de-professionalize it, publicize it, and humanize it. Continue this, and an art and science which depend upon the natural truths of God, the capacities of nature, and the genius of mankind, and which should be nourished most intimately of all on the One Exemplar of Revelation, and the fact of Redemption—that art and science are

commanded to eat the dry crusts of Parliament, instead of the manna of Heaven, and the bread of the earth; and lawyers and the magistracy stand with a ferule of penalties to rap the knuckles and break the exploring fingers of discoverers who dare to discover out of accord with colleges, or who dare to discover at all if they are not cloister-vowed, and cloister-bred. Out upon such public insanity. Any other art, similarly narrowed, would be similarly strangled. Engineering or chemistry, in their existing condition in April, 1864, protected—or what is the same thing—arrested by the State, would stiffen into Chinese imitation, and their soul, which is invention, would be lost; their worldly motive, which is ambition, unbounded by other men's power, would be lost; and their huge sense of freedom, in which they live and move and have their being, would be exchanged for the degrading consciousness of the powdered head and well-fitted livery of the State.

But medicine must be emancipated, and as the public, directed by God, will have to do the work, I address my medical life and thought to the public; and not specially to the people in bonds.

Yet would I willingly calm the apprehensions of all professional brethren.

1. Not a college, sect, or diploma will perish when physic is free from State patronage and protection; that is to say, unless public bodies choose to disband themselves. The only power they will lose will be the power of harming other bodies, or other people not of their way of thinking. They will gain the power of emulating in good works and open-mindedness all the useful people whom they have called quacks, and imposters, and unqualified practitioners, and who have been the moving wheels of practice in all ages of the world. They will gain the humanity of learning from the dog, when he cures himself with grass, without practising the now

ordinary ingratitude and inhumanity of kicking the dog that is their teacher. They will sympathizingly learn from the North American Indian, and the poor Hindoo, the traditional healing virtues they have known since the earliest ages; and their own old pharmacopeias will be enriched, not then without acknowledgment, with the sweet beginnings of simplicity, of nature, and of health.

Nay, the certainty is, that the existing colleges, owing to the decrepitude of the public mind, always induced by being protected, will be too enduring.

2. In the new time coming, when Parliament will no longer prescribe a medical profession, and force the British people to take the dose, the public will be more apt than they are now to send for regular and college-sanctioned practitioners; provided the colleges give themselves no airs, but compete fairly in the medical race. For the colleges have the start, and can enter the course with many chances of success; provided, again, they can take to their hearts the new fact of freedom, and love it as they ought.

At all events we may say it will be their own fault if they are not the chief ministers at the public bedside. This, however, will again depend upon the progress of the art of healing; and institutionally upon other colleges quite diverse from themselves coming upon the scene, to enrich medicine, enflame competition and emulation, and extend the boundaries of that large kind feeling which alone can melt away professional jealousy, and which is the only climate in which all that is liberal and humane can live.

But would I commit the lives of the community to the possible intervention of uneducated men? That, I answer, is the very thing which has taken place at present, and which I would invoke freedom to help me to avoid. The education of the schools cannot fit men for curing the diseases of their fellows; it is only one way

of launching them towards professional, but not necessarily, healing life. A man of no Latin, no anatomy, no physiology, is every now and then a good physician, though he sit on the lowest forms of society. He is educated for that use, though he cannot write his own name. By freedom, bring him into *rapport* with the light of learning, if you can; but at all events kill not the Divine power which is in him of doing good, because he is not educated up to your bench. Perhaps you are confounding education, which is the accepted art of making gentlemen, with that grander education, or leading forth, which every man can have, and which consists in giving him freedom and a career, that his original gifts may be led forth by their own way, and his own way, into each one's promised land of a useful and associated life. To confound these two educations were a mistake; for the great physician, look you, may come in a beggar's guise. There are no uneducated men save the men that cannot do their life-work. Their success in that gives them their diploma of knowledge every day. And no college can take it away from them. And none ought to have the power of obscuring it, by insisting that it shall be pasted over with an artificial document of State paper.

Want of skill and want of care in medical practice amount to so much unjustified death *per annum*; but who supposes that state protection of physic can increase the amount of skill in the medical community? The State, it is true, can exact from everyone, that he or she shall pass through a curriculum of preparatory studies and hospital attendance, to fit him to enter upon practice. But of the studies, many may be useless, except as accomplishments. From the studies, many useful ones may be left out, owing to the bigotry of the elders. The diploma may be sought as the shield of protection to the doctor rather than as the shield of health to the

patient. Numerous men naturally qualified for medicine, born doctors, may be, and are, shut out from their life-work, by the expense which confines the practice of physic to the abler classes. All the State licentiates leaning upon their diplomas, are apt from the very security of their position to be mastered by a conceit in which natural skill must languish. To be built up against freedom, to be privileged, is to be built up against nature; and gifts of God, which in this case are given first in the heart, will be small where the receivers of them deny the exercise of them to their fellows. To be inhumane to your brother man, to be chartered against him, is a bad preparation for ministering to the sick, or the departing. The root and basis of medicine is the love of healing in the universal heart and mind; the stem of it is the instinctive perception and light which is born to penetrate into health and disease; the branches, and the twigs and the leaves of it are the specialities of perceptions from the nature and the spirit of mankind; which become special in the course of experience; the love of healing reigning and animating in every one of them. Mere experience in its widest range is the soil the tree grows in, and the climate in which it lives. You may garden, you may deepen, you may purify and enrich this experience as you like; but the tree grows through all the world, and sciences, and societies, and states have nothing to do but first not to define it, not to hinder it; and second, to help it if they can. If it wants pruning, the force of public opinion and public criticism, and the pressure of public safety, are the only instruments that can lop its sacred life; and all these will play an immeasurably greater part when State patronage has passed away.

And now suppose you had broken your leg, and it was badly managed by a regular doctor, a surgeon by Act of Parliament; and that I had broken my leg, and it was

badly set by an unlicensed bonesetter; would not your bad man, in an action at law, be far more likely to escape from you scot free than my bad man? You know he would; because he would be in the fortress of legality in the first place; and because he belongs to a powerful clique which will gather round his incapacity, and stand up and speak for him; and unless it be a very gross case, say they could have done no better, and that his antecedents are perfect. The pressure of public safety towards each individual is therefore greatly diminished by officializing a medical profession; thus causing them all, army-wise, to support each other, and giving them official irresponsibility towards the suffering and the sick. And if you could take away bonesetters and quacks altogether, the medical profession would be utterly uncriticised and unamenable. We may sum up this branch of the subject with the axiom, that the more medicine is under the protection of the State, the less can its practice be subject to public opinion, or be under the correction of the law.

An impression has been sedulously cultivated, that anatomy and physiology, pathology, and various other branches of science, are the healing virtue in the world, and that they, and written Practice of Medicine, constitute positive faculties in man; whereas they are mere books, or at the best outlying experiences. Not one of them has any direct relation, any rule of thumb, to a single case that will hereafter occur. In every instance they require to pass through a living medical perception to be of any use. That perception, and all that belongs to it, is, as I have said before, a spiritual thing, and must only be fed, but not substituted or overlaid, by knowledge. It is an appetite for doing good and working cures, and experience and knowledge must feed it; and this must take place upon true social conditions: that is to say, all the men who belong naturally to the calling, must be encouraged, by the

absence of State interference, to take their places at the Board of Healing.

For, mark you, all science and experience depend for their cultivation upon *numbers of the right men*: so many earnest men to the square miles of medical truth, and you will have greater crops of knowledge than if only half the number were employed. And if you take away protection from this medical corn of humanity, you will have more colleges to grow it; waste lands of many minds never cultivated before, sown with it; more sciences, more extensive anatomy, physiology, pathology, pharmacy, rising up from the new interest and curiosity of the enfranchised medical masses; a greater closeness of these sciences to the matter in hand; and a quantity of non-medical minds, who have been forced by mere birth, parentage, and genteel education, against their grain, into the cultivation of healing, will be unable to stand the natural rivalry of born doctors of all classes, and will betake themselves to other callings. In the meantime, there will not be more medical men, unless society requires them, but there will be a constant tendency ever increasing, that there shall be none but truly medical men associated with the medical wants of the people.

This flush and influx of spirit and nature into the calling, will greatly—nay, incalculably—alter the spirituality and naturalness of the art and its ancillary sciences. Much will then be able to be done by genius and instinct, which is now only vainly attempted by the cruel senility of an effete profession. For the matter stands thus:—Nature and its sciences must be cultivated, according to the present exigency and mission of the human mind, for these are the natural and scientific ages. Medicine must be extended, falsely or benignly, from the pressure of the sick upon the sound. The world of work revolving with giddy velocity, brain and heart, and man and woman, call aloud for central power to enable us to stand



upright in the rapid revolutions. If the medical faculty—I mean the cohort of healers out of all men—is only one-tenth nature's strength, and nine-tenths noodledom from one class only, the one-tenth must cast about savagely, and most artificially, for the missing nine-tenths of their natural mind and their natural array. Failing to combat disease on such unequal terms, they must endeavour to generate power, which is another name for inspiration, instinct, and genius, out of mere sciences; and these very sciences perpetually disappointing them they must necessarily cudgel until there is nothing left but analysis and detail. Woe then to the bedside when knowledge itself is dust and ashes; and woe to nature and her feelings when the rack and the thumbscrew are applied as the only known means of eliciting her loving, and on any terms but love's, impenetrable secrets.

All this has gone on in our time and for ages past, but now to clear understanding. If the medical calling had been true to nature, and to human nature, in which freedom and the order that springs from freedom are abiding facts, the monstrosity of vivisection, of cutting up live animals, never could have been thought to be a means to the healing art. The great gorilla of cruelty could never have been regarded as an ally of the Great Physician. Perception, instinct, genius, the inspiration of Christianity, which by making men love each other is the heart and soul of all human arts, would have had it given to them to heal diseases without the need of any suggestion from a torture in which the demons must rejoice. It would have been seen at once that to lay one knife edge upon a living creature was to cut the supreme nerve that carries the emotion of humanity right out from religion into the medical mind. It would have been known instinctively that the power of healing, coming as it should do from Christ direct, is from that moment paralytic; that the

steady will can no longer lift it, and that the good it still does is in momentary spasms from the lower emotions of the man. How different from the river of power, proceeding down the Divine steeps, terrace by terrace, to humanity at large, through faculties which are essentially humane.

And this horrible vivisection is a type of the other distorting arts and sciences which the false cramping of medicine into a State-built profession is one active means of producing. Chemic, static, and material reasoning have as little to do with restoration of health as physiology founded upon the cutting up of living animals. Observe, I do not deny that vivisection may, as other analytic methods have done, contribute hints, in the ages while man is still cruel to man, to practical medicine; but I deny our right, even with chloroform to stupify animals, to gain knowledge in this way. There are robberies and murders in nature, and science has no more right to live upon their spoils, than citizens have right to retire into comfortable drawing-rooms for life upon the proceeds of daggers and dark lanes. There are better riches for man and science than these, and immeasurably better ways of acquiring them. Time was when the cutting up of living criminals *did* contribute to the progress of physiological knowledge. There is no doubt of that; but even Dr. Brain-Skewerhard would scarcely advocate the practice as legitimate at the present day. And now the feelings of every one of his cats and his crows is worth more than all the science which their maltreatment has ever brought into his store.

Before quitting this branch of the subject, let us notice that the State also lends a heavy pressure to discourage the introduction of women as medical practitioners. This it does by chartering irresponsible public bodies, such as the colleges of physicians and surgeons, who deny the right of examination to women, however gifted or

accomplished they may be; and these brave women, few at present in numbers, and with no public support, are obliged to submit without appeal to this corporate despotism which has grasped the keys of the door of medical practice. Surely here, as in all other human things, the law is freedom and experiment. If woman aspires to try her hand in healing the sick, what is the justification of that power which would deny her the trial? *You* think she had better mind her own business, and attend to her house and its concerns; but why then do you not mind yours, and leave her to herself? If she has not tried the medical life, how is it possible to know what will come of her trial? You cannot penetrate a chemical, or a fact in anything, by thinking; you must have experiment, which has made all the difference between the dark ages of knowledge and the light ages. Especially in human capacities you must have experiment; and without freedom, which State patronage inevitably destroys, you cannot have experiment. True, woman may be altogether unfit for this work, but let her try, which is the one only way to prove her unfitness. Do not with your State sword of ungallantry cut her down in her first exercises, because you think she ought not to succeed. I do not know whether she will succeed or not, and that is clearly no affair of mine; but I do know that if I deny her the right to her experiment, besides being guilty of the most cowardly meanness and unmanliness, I am denying in the highest instance the divinely ordained and only successful principle of all the arts and sciences—I am crushing the very masterpiece of experiment.

In short, medical social science reposes on the ground of medical social experiment, just as natural science reposes upon the ground of natural experiment.

Instead then of cutting up living animals, favour by freedom the putting together of living humanities; favour in this way at once the highest synthesis and the

highest experiment; and be assured that if no other good comes from it, disburdened and leisure-gifted human nature will become the vehicle of a spirit and a fire, of a generosity and an insight, of a thankfulness and a penetration, of a love and of a life, before which Isis will let drop her veil, and the artificial difficulties which have barred and frozen out the long lost way to the positive ages will be melted from before our advancing feet by the smiles of nature herself.

But besides excluding without trial one half of the human race, and perhaps the better half, from the inspired pursuit of healing, State interference also confines the cultivation and practice of medicine virtually to the middle classes. That is to say, it ordains that the genius of the physician is only to be found in one rank of society. It erects a property-qualification for exercising the gifts of God in the chief of the inspirational arts supported by the chief of the sciences. Apply this all round, and how absurd it grins upon us. Imagine that Parliament should insist that no painter, sculptor, poet, or musician should be born in the upper or the lower ranks! What a belief in caste, and Chinese artificiality would this imply; and what an atheistic denial of gifts, of genius, and of the mission of Nature's noblemen, wherever they may be. And yet Parliament, without intending it, virtually does all this for the medical estate, by interfering to give privilege to colleges of the middle class, which thenceforth inevitably proceed by financial arrangements, and enforced studies, to make a man first a gentleman in accomplishments, and afterwards to let him be a medical man if his gifts lie that way; and to dub him so in any case. This, too, is against social experiment, and affronts nature in her scientific regard. It is the great source of quacks among the poorer classes; the said quacks being evidently persons with some gift for medicine, but with no

means of an education. Emancipate medicine from State-trammels, and poor men's medical colleges would arise, and compete not ignobly with the other colleges. The poor could then be attended by educated people of their own sort, at small expense, and the masses generally would be raised by having their own unscorned natural professions, and a new class of bluff honest common senses and artisan ways of natural life and thought would be added to these noble arts. The medical instinct and inspiration of humanity shall stand upon their feet in the masses.

Nor, then, would medical nature be cashiered, as she now is, of the splendid culture and chivalric honour and insight of the upper men and women. What Lord Napier was to logarithms; what Lord Rosse is to astronomical experiments; what the Duke of Sutherland is to rescue from fire; what Wellington was to war; and Prince Albert to the republicanism of the arts and sciences, that might other lords and ladies be to practical medicine, and the inventions which it so much needs. But make it essentially a middle class affair, and the lower classes cannot bring their gifts into it, and the upper classes will not. Yet it is against all reason to suppose that the noblemen and gentlemen of Great Britain do not include a per-centage of medically gifted men; and also that the same is not true of the people. The fact that as a rule they yield no recruits to the divine mission of curing disease, is of itself sufficient to show that some devouring artificiality is preying upon them; and that a huge injustice is done to gifts for which we are heavily responsible before God, and to our fellow men. The protection of medicine by the State is that artificiality and that injustice. Remove it, and with it you begin to remove the baneful belief—now all but universal—that medical men can be created by culture; that real culture can come from without, and that the nature and

gifts of the men are of second-rate importance. Nay, in the very act of removing it you reverse that creed, and make the gifts primary, and set the culture in the second place. Will you have less culture for that? Oh! no, infinitely more! The gifts will become then so sacred, and the responsibility of them so exacting, that the sharp and genial powers will raise colleges before which the existing ones could pass no examination, but great and corporate though they be, would inevitably be plucked. Where there is a will there is a way. And the great way is natural knowledge; but the will in its purest manifestation is only another name for the determination of our gifts.

And now, to turn the tables, having shown the blighting and vitiating influence of State patronage upon medicine, there is another branch of despotism quite of an internal kind, which deserves to be recorded and protested against. There is the attempt to subject medicine, not to State law, but to scientific law; the aim, as the phrase goes, to make it into a positive science. The truth is, as I have stated before, that medicine is not a science at all, although nourished and fed perhaps out of all sciences; Medicine is an Art, and an art reposes upon a gift of God, and according to the intensity of that gift it is called genius, and according to its native and willing openness to the power above it, it becomes inspiration. And that art summons and employs all the faculties for its furtherance; among them, all the scientific faculties, and seeks instruction and advancement from them all. But because it is an unquestioning rush of instinctive life from the man into his world and his calling, it cannot be dominated by any rule or principle whatever less than the love of medical good, and subordinately and as a means the love of medical truth. The doctrine or rule must ever be allowed to invade that centre, any more than the geo-

graphy of the earth must be palmed upon the sun. If you attempt to work it by rule, some one ambitious principle will extinguish all the much needed others, and you will have war first, and then inconceivable narrowness in your mind. You will fall into sects, and at the entrance to each Mrs. Grundy will stand doorkeeper in your soul. You will not venture to prescribe what you know would do good, because it is not of your self-chosen rubric; and because your fellows will call you to account for a breach of your bond. You will cease to look all round for means, and will wear the blinkers of so-called principle where the precipices of your own and your neighbour's danger demand the foot of the chamois, and the eye of the eagle. Heaven help you, you will be accoutred for blindman's buff when you ought to be king of the terrible Alps. And all for what? that you may pretend to an exactness which nature disowns; and may enthrone the tiny frame of material science upon the colossal ruins not only of art, but of faith.

It cannot be done; there are no positive sciences but those of man's own making—the houses which he has built, and in which therefore he can be supreme—the rest are all fluctuating, and so full of mystery before and behind, so meant also for usefulness and not for absoluteness, that careful and humble science may indeed be a positive ship, made in excellent human docks, but the great, and desiderated, and unattainable knowledge is the sea itself, and God is in that sea. The bark rocks and floats, and the further it voyages, and the more it moves, the less likely is it to founder in the inscrutable deep. Let it not want to become more positive than speeding flight can make it; let it not attempt to drop the anchor of conceit in the unfathomable places. Let it not dare to say of any spot in the Divine ocean—This is mine!

These matters may sound abstract, but they are of

immense practical significance, and play an important part, for good or for ill, at the bedside. For if you find a practitioner who has a doctrine which he considers absolute, and who derives his art from that doctrine, two bad consequences will follow. In the first place, he will set an overweening value upon the science, pure and simple, of the case he is treating: the exacting doctrine in him will have an unnatural appetite to be fed out of that science; and the regard of the cure as an end will be perpetually confused by the regard of the science as an end. I have felt this so strongly myself in practice, that I have been obliged to put it down: and to tear up in my mind all magisterial doctrines and principles, and to rewrite them on neutral and subservient parts of myself in a humble and ministerial capacity. By this means, however, I hope I am attaining to a wider as well as exacter science in the end: a science which radiates from the conscious intellect of cures. But in the second place the *doctrinaire* practitioner will be bound, or greatly biassed,—by his own mind; by the *surveillance* of his *doctrinaire* patients, whom he has helped to make into pedants; and by the medical clique to which he belongs,—not to do anything which outlies the doctrine which is his creator. Suggestions apart from that doctrine will tend to reduce him to a chaos. What treble fear all this implies! What a slender exploration of the means of nature! What a regard to a centre of the fancy, when sad and bleeding facts lie calling for pity, and ought to avail to take one quite out of oneself, and to make one gather succour from all things. Instead of this, the first care is to practice within the doctrine, and to use no weapon but what the armoury of the doctrine contains. It is true you may have the highest confidence in the doctrine, and may believe it is a universal rule, but the universality is only a belief, and not an established fact; and no number of human lives can make it more than a



belief; that is to say, a probable, and in the ratio of its probability, a growing and a useful science. Nevertheless, you have no right to limit your powers of doing medical good to such a belief or such a science. Observe, it is not the science but its mastership that I impugn. And I do impugn it, because it limits you with no compensation; and because in a vast number of serious cases it does not succeed; and because where it does succeed, you have ever a duty to demand a greater success, in greater rapidity and perfectness of cure. But here again, your masterful doctrine tells you that when you have served it faithfully you have done enough.

It will easily be seen that all this applies with force to Homœopathy, a doctrine to which I owe so much; in which, so far as it goes, I thoroughly believe; and which, whenever the supreme end of cure and my means of knowledge allow, I unreservedly practice. I regard Homœopathy as the grandest natural and material feeder which has yet been laid down by the genius of a man from the nature of things into the spiritual body of the healing arts. Yet Homœopathy is but a doctrine, a science, and a rule, and I will not derive medicine from a science, or confound it with a science; on the contrary, the science of Homœopathy itself is a beautiful child and derivation of an advancing medical art. Let it occupy a central, a solar place in the science of therapeutics by drugs. There it can subsist. But no man can do good by ignoring any of the wide realms which lie around it and beneath it, and which are the domain of the collective medical mind.

In the very matter of which the body of this little work treats, the gist of the above abstract remarks is very well exemplified. For I have been allowed to discover that certain formidable diseases, small-pox to wit, can be treated *tuto, cito et jucunde*, with a safety, rapidity, and absence of suffering hitherto unknown, by simple external

applications. In the first place, I had a powerful desire to cure my patients well, and a dissatisfaction with the present standard of well, in all schools. This desire in its measure is the natural heart of healing. Then, in the next process, I knew that *Hydrastis* soothes irritated mucous surfaces, and sometimes skin surfaces, and I thought I would try it on the face of small-pox. The only science here involved was an acquaintance with the drug, and a little reasoning by analogy. I tried it, and it succeeded marvellously. And since then I have the art of applying it correctly, increased by the experience or knowledge of several cases. And I have faith and confidence in its being a future blessing to the public; a saving of innumerable healths, and faces, and lives.

But where is the positive science in all this? A little good knowledge suffices for a great deal of good practice. It strikes me that I have been as little scientific as a skilled blacksmith who makes a horse-shoe in a given number of strokes. Of course he knows what he is about with great accuracy; but that is all you can say of his knowledge. The rest is educated instinct, and excellent smithing. He may read about iron and heat, and the biceps and triceps muscles of his arm, in over hours; and he will better his mind by it, and not hurt his strong sinews; but the science of his art must not intrude itself book-wise into his forge, unless as fuel, or he will soon be a bad professor and spoil horse's hoofs.

Take the obverse, and suppose that I had enthroned the Homœopathic principle *above my mind*, and that I had to grapple with dreadful small pox. The exigency then becomes, to cure with a medicine which will produce symptoms as nearly similar as possible to those of the disease. I know no drug which will do this except *tartar emetic* in one case which I have seen. I should therefore have had to cast about through the whole of Pharmacy for the drug in question; to reason by

analogy from small symptoms to great ones, and perhaps I should have reasoned wrong; and after all I might never have found what I wanted. And when I had found it, I should have lacked precedent for applying it externally. In the meantime, what patients unrelieved and unsaved might be waiting at the doors of my positive science before I could throw them open and invite the sufferers into relief and into health! Perforce, I must have hardened and narrowed and thus satisfied my heart, to let such sad waiting go on. And at the best, where would be the gain to science? Science is but the register of success; and I should have had no science of shortening the disease, no science of curing the disease, no science of anything, but the worst sort of expectancy; the science of contentment with bad things, and the science of waiting for science. In the end, not Homœopathy, but the small-pox would be my king.

To obviate this I stood upright, as I have been gradually for some years now endeavouring to do, and regarded Homœopathy, and all other means and pathies whatever, as my appointed servants, and myself as the servant of healing. And now I had no jealousies among the servants, because I gave no privileges to any; and I could pick and choose from all means, regardless of the overweeningness of science, of the sectarianism of patients, and of the despotism of medical cliques. In short, I essayed to be free in my art; to wait upon Heaven, and to use all ministers and faculties in their degree of service. Feeling the blessed power of this position, in contradistinction to the cramp and weakness of my old one, I am in duty bound, even against the charge of egotism, to impart it to my fellow men.

What then, it may be asked, becomes of Homœopathy? I answer that it takes its place exactly according to its proved services, and stands upon the irremovable foun-

dation of its cures. It will be all that it ever was, the most suggestive thing in the round of Pharmaceutical science. Its dogmatism and its hugeness of minutiae will be cashiered, and Homœopathy will be the stronger for losing them. It will be girded afresh for a magnificent servitude to the ends of healing. Its martyrs will still prove medicines on their own bodies, but with an almost exclusive attention to cardinal results. Its registers of symptoms, curtailed by good sense, will be mastered by those who court intimacy with drugs, and studied continually afresh where the art of the physician requires it. The only difference will be, that Homœopathy will become enormously progressive, because it will have no authority and no privilege, and will be obliged to subsist upon cures. Reduced, so far as authority goes, to equality with other medical sciences, it will become primarily ambitious of suggesting remedies, and cease from provings which leave out the human memory, and constitute a new matter and faculty of absolute dust. But it will no more quarrel with other means than the mariner's compass quarrels with the sextant, or the sails with the steam-engine of the ship. Above all, mere instrument that it is, and mere instrument that all science is, it will never go mad again, and believe that it is the captain of the medical crew; for that captain is the Great Physician Himself, and all His sons and daughters in the plenary freedom of His art.

## APPENDIX.

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FOR some time past I have been in the habit of recommending the Hungarian wines in the convalescence from fevers and other diseases; and also in cases of vital debility, and its consequences. A large experience has now enabled me to endorse afresh the commendation which I addressed to the importer, Mr. Max Greger, 7, Mincing Lane, and which is here appended. The physician is often sorely tried to invent a new nutrient-stimulant when the stomach is fastidious, and the powers of life require recruiting, but are not to be reached by ordinary bread, or ordinary wine. In such cases the novelty, as well as the blood-invigorating qualities of the Hungarian wines, render them rare friends at the bedside:—

June 27th, 1863.

SIR,—Since your wines were brought under my notice by Colonel and Alderman Wilson (Artillery Barracks, Finsbury), I have had good opportunity of judging of their medical qualities. My experience, especially of your Carlowitz wine, is, that it agrees with persons who cannot take other wines; that it has not the acidity which often renders the French and Rhine wines inadmissible; that it is gratefully strong to weak stomachs, and exerts a strengthening influence upon the blood. Moreover, what is of great consequence medically, it is new to the palate in flavour, and to the system in qualities. It is in the best sense nutritious, and very valuable in that large class of diseases and disorders which depend upon a feeble condition and constitution of the blood. It is good in hæmorrhages. In an infant born with imperfectly closed heart, Carlowitz has

sustained the strength admirably, while other means aiding nature have been completing the organization.

Yours obediently,

GARTH WILKINSON.

To MAX GREGER, Esq.

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As a record and a protest I here reprint a Letter on Vivisection, which I addressed to the Editor of the *Morning Star*, and which appeared in that Paper on the 20th of August, 1863.

## VIVISECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR."

SIR,—From my heart, and also from my head, I thank you for your leading article on Vivisection in to-day's paper. Allow me, as a small response, to burden you with the office of forwarding half-a-guinea as our annual subscription to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I hope and trust that through the subject of vivisection now publicly opened, and the controversy going on, this society will become affluent enough to have special correspondents and reporters wherever vivisection is practised under medical sanction. If the horror is to be, let us know it, and let us judge of it. If science is to be born from the throes of animal life, let us also be duly horrified and agonised, and suffer with the sufferers.

I have long been of Sir Charles Bell's opinion that vivisection is a delusion as a means of scientific progress. Of course its results, like any other set of facts, constitute a science in themselves; so do the results of murder, and so do the results of picking pockets; an exact science, if you like; and the earlier parts of the science will of course be subject to correction by the later: and thus vivisection may show, and has shown, truths and errors in the special walk of vivisection. The science of animal agonies, like all sciences, can be cor-

rected, eliminated, and completed by experiments of fresh and ever-fresh agonies. But it has been a mistake to suppose that we were in the path of the humane sciences—in natural physiology, natural symptomatology, or within millions of leagues of medicine, when with rack and thumbscrew and all torture we were the inquisitors of the secrets of animal life. Under such circumstances nature is inevitably a liar, and an accomplice of the Father of Lies. I know that her, and his, very lies are a science; but then they are not the science we take them for, nor the science we want. They are not mind-expanding, heart-softening, or health-conferring science.

Vivisectional anatomy has contributed to medicine—meaning by medicine the healing of diseases—virtually nothing, but “false paths and wrong roads.” Morbid anatomy has contributed marvellously little. Anatomy has done far less than is supposed, though it keeps the eyes of the physician’s imagination open, and enables him to tally conditions and symptoms somewhat with parts and organic structures. If the internal parts of the human frame were a closed page tomorrow, so to remain for the next half-century, and if the symptoms and results of disease, and what will mitigate and cure them, were the only permissible field of experiment, the art of healing would lose nothing by ceasing to hold intercourse with the sciences of structure and function—at all events, for a time.

For example, I assert that the whole science of tubercle is trivial and valueless in its results upon the curing of consumption; and equally inefficient in showing the cause of consumption; and that cod liver oil and general *régime*, which have no logical or real connection with the morbid anatomy of consumption, are the present important medical agencies for the treatment of that condition. And I assert that the whole science of the vivisectional and morbid anatomy of diabetes; the artificial production of it by lesions of the nervous system; the conditions of it in the liver, the lungs, and the kidneys, have nothing to do with its cure, and throw no light upon its cause; and that the fact that in many instances it can be cured by the *Hydrastis Canadensis*, the *Leptandria*, and *Myrica cerifera*, has never yet been pointed to by any scalpel; and is likely to be resisted by the men of the scalpel later than by many others. What has the grand experience that a certain

herb or drug will cure a disease, to do with a knowledge of the particular wreck that that disease has left in the organisation after death? Pathological anatomy, except in surgical cases, never suggests cure.

Now then, sir, let us take stock in this great Assize of Humanity and the Healing Art *versus* the Cutting up of Live Animals. Let us have definite tabulated statements of the discoveries and results of the gain to man which has accrued from the introduction of vivisection. The great facts, the benign arts that have been drawn out of the intestine agonies of animals can be easily stated in lines, and columns of lines, if they exist. Let us have them. We have had vivisection enough. Whole menageries have been kept here and in Paris, and all over Europe, to have their brains sliced and their bodies mangled. It has gone on for hours a day, and year after year. What is the stock in hand of results to humanity, to healing, or even to "permissible" science? For, good doctors, there are sciences, and you will find it out, that are not permissible. It would not be permissible to suspend a man or a woman by a hook, to know ever so exactly how they would writhe; no, not even if you were a painter. And, therefore, I use the word, "permissible" science. And I say, that if you cannot show some mighty results, far greater than the discovery of cod liver oil, and of the circulation of the blood, your persistent vivisection leads only to abominable sciences, and to the blackest of all the black arts—the induraing of the human heart; and the *gutta serena* of cruelty after that will soon obliterate the intellectual eyesight of medicine.—Your constant reader,

GARTH WILKINSON.

August 19th.

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P.S.—I am informed by Mr. Skelton, sen., since these pages were written, that in 1863 he became a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company of London, and this year has taken his degree in medicine both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and is "registered" accordingly.