

An essay in the form of a lecture on political and medical quackery, alias vox populi, nux vomica : the whole interspersed with several original anecdotes / by Dr. Euen.

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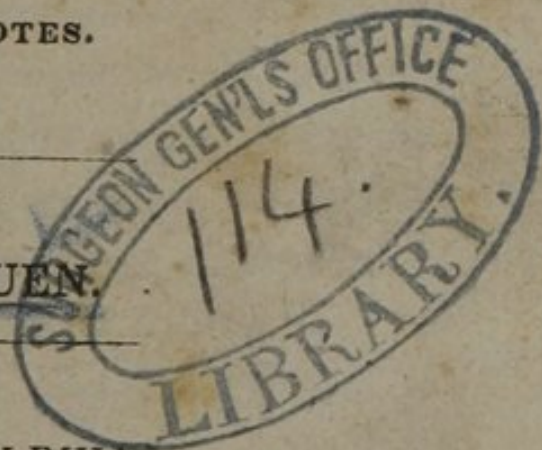
ESSAY,
IN
THE FORM OF A LECTURE,
ON
POLITICAL AND MEDICAL
QUACKERY,

ALIAS

Vox Populi. Nux Vomica.

THE WHOLE INTERSPERSED WITH SEVERAL ORIGINAL
ANECDOTES.

BY
DR. EUEN.



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P R E F A C E .

IN giving publicity to the following pages, the author assures his readers that, while he hopes the subject discussed will prove somewhat interesting, he has not, at the same time, been prompted by any vain calculation, by which he might secure to himself the reputation of an able writer; acknowledging, also, that from recent family and personal afflictions, by which he has been prevented nearly ten months from pursuing his regular business, necessity of a pecuniary nature has had no small influence in the present production, which latter, honestly stated, he hopes will not only excuse what otherwise might appear presumptuous, but also prove an apology for defects which may appear in the present pamphlet.

Some of the afflictions are as follow:—

In connexion with five members of his family having lately been sick, early in July last the writer was attacked with bilious fever, which, in October following, resulted in his total blindness, and after a stay of four weeks

PREFACE.

and one day in Wills' Eye Infirmary of this city, returned to his home partially restored in sight of one eye. Hopes being entertained that he soon would be able, through a guide, to travel out, he was induced to prepare a few remarks on the subjects of this little work, trusting that a large circle of acquaintance, spread over many of the states, would listen to the same in form of an oral lecture, contributing, at the same time, a small mite of their substance. But He who in wisdom often overrules the plans of man, having again clouded the hopes of natural vision, has induced your afflicted servant to change his original purpose, through the proxy of a daughter, by enlarging his remarks, and the preparation of the same for the press, that which now is the subject of intrusion; and while many errors may appear, which, under other circumstances, might have been corrected, trusts (aside from all intrinsic worth) the whole will meet with a favourable reception from an indulgent, kind, and benevolent community.

Respectfully,

W. E.

PHILADELPHIA, *April*, 1843.

LECTURE ON QUACKERY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

FIFTY years ago (aside from the pulpit) the voice of a public lecturer was rarely heard in our land; but the present day presents a different picture, and scarcely a number is issued from the public press before our eye is attracted by some one announcing his intention publicly to descant upon some favourite topic. These may be ranked under three distinct classes. First, those only wishing for “the loaves and fishes” of this world. Second, honest, philanthropic men, desirous to spread useful knowledge on the various branches of our arts and sciences. And the third, puffed up with vanity—no intellect of their own—mount the rostrum and spout like porpoises through plagiarism on the brains of others. Unwilling to rank myself with the latter, nor yet so egotistical or arrogant as to claim a rivalry with a “learned Blacksmith” or a Lardner, together with many other able literati of the present day, still I trust the subject I have selected as the foundation for an evening lecture, namely, Political and Medical Quackery, will prove not only somewhat inte-

resting, but at the same time, (with due deference,) instructive.

That the fair portion of my audience should take a deep interest in that part relative to *politics*, would be presuming beyond the softness of their sex; still, the American ladies, when their country has been invaded by a foreign foe, and the war trumpet sounded, have never been found wanting in defending the cause of virtuous liberty, and, if not mounted on the war-steed, with drawn sword, like Joan of Arc, in the field of battle, or like the courageous heroine at the siege of Toulon, with the cannon's match in hand, they have, like the exemplary sisters of an Alexander, with their needles, been employed; or, like great Rome's Lucretia, been found spinning in the midst of their maids, manufacturing clothing for the defenders of their domestic fire-sides; and, with all, the recollection of a lover afar off, and in the hour of danger, amidst the din of battle and the clash of arms, has served to push him on to victory, beyond the influence of the Marseilles Hymn on a French soldiery, headed by a Bonaparte; and, if slain, with his head severed from his body, like the hero Pike's, floating in the air, has caused him to exclaim, My wife! my country! take care of my wife! my child! But I will, at present, dwell no longer on American females, save to say, with a slight variation from a sentiment of Dr. Young, Fate drop the curtain—wherever heaven is, there female beauty dwells.

In our farther remarks on our national relations, permit me more particularly to address the male part of my respected audience, as I am, ac-

cording to arrangement, to point out some of the political and medical quacks of our country. Desirous, also, of speaking plainly as well as respectfully, I trust the usual courtesy will be extended to me for any remarks which may appear uncouth or harsh—"present company excepted."

Gentlemen and fellow citizens,—You stand as sentinels upon the walls of our mighty national fabric, the pedestal of which was laid and purchased by the blood of our forefathers; and our identity as heirs is set forth in that invaluable instrument, our "federal constitution." It will readily be admitted that an heir at civil law, claiming a legacy bequeathed him by a deceased testator, must, in his declaration, correctly set forth his name as recognised in the will under which he hopes to recover, else the court will say to him, "Sir, you have no lot or part in this estate from which you seek a portion." The same bearing and contingency as in civil law is exacted as to the procurement and enjoyment of all political legacies; and as I shall have farther occasion to speak of the nature, tendency, and character of misnomers, you will please excuse all apparent egotism in giving you *my* political name, prefaced by an anecdote I lately heard related by an honourable member of our Congress, from the western part of the state of New York. Where he resided, he said, there was a man generally called "Elick," who was occasionally very fond of hard cider, mixed on the late Harrisonian plan, namely, half brandy. His draughts were frequent and copious, producing a wonderful aberration of his brains, and causing him, when

home, to cut up as many capers and antics as the most polished and refined French dancing-master in a ball-room. Upon which occasions his wife never failed to give him a cannonading with her tongue, which she could so ply as to resemble thunder more than a human voice. Still Elick, on a certain occasion, just before the late presidential election, returning home from a tavern with one sheet in the wind and the other fluttering, happy as a lord, had his feelings of merriment much lessened on approaching his house and discovering through the window that, although his wife was in bed, she had left the candle lighted and standing on a small table near her head, there, no doubt in his mind, to remain until he should return. Withal, it was cold weather, and go in he must, much as he dreaded the consequences. However, he determined in his own mind to get into bed with her by walking backwards, so as to prevent her seeing his countenance, and then, by placing his face next to the wall, she could not smell his breath, and thereby avoid all the evil consequences so greatly feared and dreaded. But, in his backward walk, not being able to keep a correct equilibrium or toe the crack, he caused his wife to raise her head in the bed, and exclaim, "Elick, you are drunk through and through!" So, my friends, as a true supporter of our national constitution, I am a Federalist through and through.

In order to show that this name is not merely the ebullition of a worked up fancy, but from a baptism of which every American citizen should proudly boast, permit me first to say, that Wash-

ington, commander in chief of the continental army, (comparatively speaking)—without men—without arms—without ammunition—without food—and without clothing—met and vanquished the well provided gigantic hosts of England. These were days which tried the *sincerity* or *insincerity* of man; and from the first dawn or breaking out of liberty in the then thirteen colonies until the acknowledgment and ratification of our independence by the British Parliament and the tyrant King George III. of one part, and that of the continental congress in accepting, of the other part, and up to the adoption of our present constitution, this patriot called himself a whig.

After the reorganization and amendment of our infant government under a federal constitution, he who was, and is still styled emphatically the father of our country, and elevated to the first presidency of our union, with his worthy copatriots once in arms, but now their swords turned into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, named themselves *Federalists*.

The elder Adams, our second president, early espoused the cause of liberty, but, from his raising a *standing* army, and *sanctioning* the passage by congress of the alien and sedition acts, otherwise by some called *gag laws*, rendered himself obnoxious to a large majority of the people.

Here permit me to digress for a few moments from my original intention, in saying, whatever these acts may have caused as just grounds for offence, candour must acknowledge that, had not the army been raised, the black, portentous clouds from France then hovering over our heads would,

ere long, have burst forth in sanguinary war. As to the alien law, I verily believe its provisions were such that, if continued, the main difficulty of our aggrivance with England, and causing our late war with her, (costing large streams of precious blood and millions of dollars,) would have been prevented. And as to the sedition act, it but secured to our public functionaries what the present law of our land grants to every private citizen, namely, redress for character slandered; and had this law been in vogue fourteen years ago, it dare not have been said with impunity, which we all heard on more than one occasion, that the hero of New Orleans was a murderer, and no more fit for a president of the United States than the burning crater of Mount Vesuvius was for a powder-house. But to return to the elder Adams. His great abilities and services to our country, in obtaining liberty cannot be denied. He died July 4th, 1826, on the same day as ceased to breathe the immortal composer of those articles which set forth the justness of our independence; and just before he expired, he heard, indistinctly, a noise, and inquiring what it was, his weeping friends around his bed informed him it was the firing of cannon, on account of the annual rejoicing of our country for liberty. Upon which, closing his eyes in the sleep of death, he exclaimed, "that was a glorious day."

In connexion with the presidential elevation of Mr. Jefferson we first hear of the word *anti-federalist*, and amidst high erected, naked poles, burning tar barrels, with the more recent scenes of hickory trees, log cabins, hard cider, and coon

skins, around which a democratic mob like puppets dance, while a few designing men pull the string behind a skreen, laughing in their sleeves at the shouts of false, *vox populi*, connected with movements resembling more an Indian pow-wow than that of collective, civilized beings. But the purity and integrity of Mr. Jefferson (by some styled the text book of our country for statesmanship) forbade to call himself a democrat, should we judge from that part of his late message to congress wherein he says, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans."

Mr. Madison, (our fourth president,) unwilling, with his immediate predecessors, to yield to the counsels of Washington and the elder Adams, in a moderate annual increase of our navy, (which would not have cost each of their constituents over twenty cents,) found our country a second time ill-prepared to meet England in war, particularly the first year, in protecting our commerce. Combined with this, the unfortunate apathy on the part of Mr. Jefferson towards home manufactures, reduced our financial coffers to the lowest ebb, obliging congress partially to revive the stamp act, in order successfully to prosecute this war. However, Mr. Madison was acknowledged by all to be a great and able expounder of both civil and national law, having, with a Hamilton and a Jay, written many of the numbers called the "Federalist," a work of no inconsiderable influence in bringing about the adoption of our present constitution.

Mr. Monroe next takes the chair of state, with but little opposition, and from the general resto-

ration of peace with all the world, had but few difficulties, comparatively speaking, to encounter, save the adjustment and arrangement for a prudent and final liquidation of our then great national debt. And on retiring from the executive chair, imitated, in humility, the grand Master of assemblies, that he who was worthy and held high rank was willing to stoop for good, when required by any portion of his country: accordingly, in old age he accepted the petty office of a town magistrate; and although poor in the treasures of this world, still he closed the evening of his day in the same ratio of smiles and tranquillity as the former had been glorious and brilliant.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams, our sixth president, is, perhaps, the most wonderful compound of man; by nature possessed of strong intellect, and early, unbounded scholastic opportunities provided by his parents, connected with untiring assiduity and application to study, and combined in after life with high trust, committed to his hands by his country, both at home and abroad, rendered him, at prime of life, one of the greatest diplomatists ever known in the world. At present, (with all due respect to his character,) he is greatly in his dotage, and charged, even by his political friends, with many eccentricities; still, a great statesman, and an *uncompromising* defender of the right of petition. But, at an early day of Mr. Jefferson's administration, the present Adams made certain communications to that cabinet, which led many to suppose "he had abandoned his constitutional name by exposing certain acts of men who called themselves Federalists.

That certain disaffected men at that day called themselves by that name, possessing hearts with more recent *New London Blue Lights* and Southern Nullifiers, cannot be denied.

Now, if all Mr. Adams said was true, it shows no more than that the dictatorship committed to Washington had failed to thoroughly purge the country from the dross that high office intended, and no more militates against Federalism than a traitor Judas, a profane Peter, or an unbelieving Thomas does against the founder of our holy religion. Many have declared the high elevation of this president was the result of a corrupt bargain with the Hon. Henry Clay, and although solemnly denied by the parties charged, I, for one, (aside from the denial,) would be willing to acknowledge the noun without the qualifying adjective, because it would prove no more than an every-day moral transaction in our land. For instance, A, B, and C are candidates for the office of high sheriff for the county of Philadelphia, and as to the strength of power, they stand as in order named; upon which B says to C, in good old scripture language, "come over and help," by which I will defeat A, and obtain the office, whereupon I will make you my deputy.

Farther similes to sustain my admission I deem unnecessary. Suffice it to say, the prosperity of our country at the present day is far from what it was when Adams and Clay held in part the great helm of the ship of state. And should Clay tene-ments succeed the present architecture of log cabins, we may again, in our Atlantic cities, hear

the bustling noise of commerce amidst the workshop's happy song and merry whistle.

From the recent events I deem it superfluous here to mention any incident or occurrence connected with the executive chair, as held by Jackson, Van Buren, the lamented Harrison, or the present incumbent, save to say, that not one of the ten presidents of the United States, in all their various messages to congress, ever lisped the words *Democratic government*, but invariably spoke of a *Federal one* as founded on our constitution. In conjunction with the ten high authorities already named, with tens of thousands more, equally great for integrity, based upon the constitution of our land, this would seem to be sufficient for my present purpose in fixing upon a correct political name. Still, permit me (excuse that which may appear personally vain) to name ~~one~~ more departed patriot and lover of his country. He was, in our revolutionary war, a surgeon for three years and eight months to a continental regiment of infantry, and afterwards for three years (to the close of the war) in the same capacity, on board the armed ship *Flora*, from the port of Philadelphia. I knew him well, and often, sitting by his side, listened to narrations of scenes which tried their patriotism, in flying with Washington at the head of a few men, on one day, in order to fight another, and as the unconscious tear would course its way down the furrows of his superannuated cheek, an expression of youthful joy would lighten up in his countenance, and lead him to exclaim, "*Boy, we kept the faith—we fought the fight—we won the battle.*"

That man—was my father. He too called himself a Federalist, and early taught me to consider that man who dared to deny the same, as not only a political quack, but a rebel and a disorganizer of his country. And, believing that sound deductions and correct conclusions alone flowed from first principles, he placed in my hands, at twelve years of age, the present constitution of our country, and, like the father of a Carthaginian Hannibal, swore me upon the altar that I never would depart from this sacred chart, or become a democrat; and in order to show me the danger of true and unqualified democracy, patterned after the Romans, (who made their servants drunk, in order that their children should have an ocular demonstration of the baneful effects of the intoxicating draught,) took me to witness the annual town meeting held in my native village, the shire town of Sussex county, New Jersey, which was situated on the side of a hill. The moderator (if so in truth he could be called) had his rostrum erected immediately in front of the courthouse door, and in announcing one of the various subjects for the decision of about four hundred men assembled, asked them what sum they would raise that year as a premium for the scalp of a wolf. Some cried out \$20, another part \$15, and a third \$10; and on being asked whether the question then should be put, the assembly cried out, “Yes, put the question;” upon which the moderator directed all those who were for \$20 to go up the hill, those for \$15 down the hill, and those only for \$10, across to the clerk’s office. Whereupon *vox populi* made the air ring with

the shouts of "Up hill—huzza!—up hill—down hill—huzza!—down hill—this way, over to the clerk's office—come, boys, this way, over to the clerk's office." Upon which, retiring with my aged sire, he said, "My son, what we have just witnessed is a faithful picture of true democracy, and may the great Governor of the universe avert from us such a form of government, the bane and forerunner in the overthrow of every republic that has ever existed."

That democracy is an ingredient in our federal government I will admit. So is yeast a component part of bread; but what baker would be so inconsistent as to commit to his oven a batch of all yeast, in order to produce good bread? But, to the shame of our country be it said, that a large majority of the present generation *claim* to be the *true children of light*, and unblushingly pronounce their forefathers as "blind as bats," and ignorant even of their political name; as a man I once heard of, residing in the country, who had never seen a city, and being hired to drive five hogs to market, eight miles from his home, overstayed his time, three days, allotted for return. The owner became alarmed, and made diligent search throughout all the market places, but in vain as to finding either man or hogs; whereupon the neighbours generally turned out to scour the country until found, dead or alive, unless swallowed whole by some wild beasts. A detached party, passing through a wood, caught the eye of the unfortunate man, three miles from home, walking to and fro in a small ravine. Upon seeing his friends he rushed into their arms, exclaiming, "I have

lost my hogs, but, thanks to mercy, have found myself."

Could we trace political degeneracy at the present day alone to *ignorance*, the mantle of charity might not only cover, but act in a powerful manner as an opiate to the many bleeding wounds of our country. But when we see men of great learning, in our legislative halls, one day acknowledging their constitutional name, and on the very next, in private walk, denying that name by an assumption of another, they are deserving of no better appellation than that of *political quacks*, if not aspiring demagogues, who lead democratic assemblies captive at their wills, through the blind cup of passion instead of the dignified draught of *reason*, founded on knowledge.

Much, of late, has been said about "second sober thought." Second implies a first, and to get sober, supposes once a state of drunkenness. And should we judge from the somersets of the people after the passage of some important law, because it did not bring pigs, instantaneously, running up our streets already roasted, with knives and forks in their backs, crying out, "come eat me, come eat me," we might fairly suppose our country constantly politically drunk; and drunk it will remain, until the dark clouds of ignorance shall be dispelled by the effulgent influence of correct education. Ignorance (as in our holy religion) is the tyrant's only safeguard, while virtuous education serves as a torch to light to the land of liberty.

"When the fox preaches, let the geese beware;" and as a corrective for political delirium tremens,

it would be well for each state to pass a law making it imperative on every teacher of their common schools, and higher seminaries of learning, to cause to be read once a month by their pupils, the constitution of our country. This, with a daily portion of the Bible, mixed with their various other studies, the occasional reading of the "Federalist," (a work already named as written by Madison, Hamilton, and Jay,) together with the histories of the rise and fall of ancient and modern empires, would soon produce a happy and prosperous confederate bundle too strong for the world to break.

But, while dwelling on the importance of educating the native youth of our own land, let us not be unmindful of that sentiment of Mr. Jefferson, wherein he says, "We will populate fast enough ourselves, without encouraging emigration." By this that illustrious statesman never intended to withhold the right hand of fellowship from foreigners, as secured to them by our constitution, but desirous only to put us on our guard how we mixed with men who, educated in the schools of aristocracy, and on laps of affluence, had left their country to either sow here the seeds of discord, or else, as speculators, suck out the substance of our land. Again; he intended to caution us against a second class of emigrants, who, oppressed from their infancy, had been denied the advantages of even a primary education, and thus, combined with penury and want, were to be received with great care as part of the future pillars of our country. Still, as we sit under our own tree of liberty, let us not forget that, when

struggling for freedom, we had not only the sympathy of every whig in Ireland, but the blood of a Montgomery, with that of many a brave Irishman's heart, streaming from the Pennsylvania line, to nourish then that little, but now gigantic root.

We are all descendants of foreigners, and, for one, I revere the name of an Irishman; not only for the deeds of his forefathers in assisting to fight our battles, but for that union of heart towards his kinsman ever ennobling to man.

Let an Irishman, at the present day, place his foot on the American shore unlearned as to the English alphabet and not a cent in his pocket, and in less than forty-eight hours his countrymen here furnish him with as good a horse and cart as is driven by the most stylish oysterman in our land. The second year he sets up a grocery, and sells potatoes and whiskey; and the third, to cap the glory of his emigration, is made either a city alderman or high sheriff of some county, while we native Americans, like true dogs, or the Kilkenny cats, eat one another.

But, while we thus boast of health and strength, let us not be unmindful of each and every particle of that cup which poisoned and overthrew mightier republics than ours. And while we should blush to stain with ingratitude the "star spangled banner" of our country, let us be cautious how we elect men to high offices, mostly on account of their military achievements. While Washington is pointed to as a precedent, let it be remembered that ancient Greece, with her many powerful subdivisions into provinces, had an Epami-

nondas, and still an Alexander subverted the liberties of that country, and made his subjects bow at his feet as a god. Rome, who once thundered terror to the world, had the military hero, the theoretical and practical farmer, Cincinnatus, with a virtuous Cato; yet an ambitious Cæsar, with his surviving coadjutors, crushed that mighty empire, and like once refined Greece, left nothing but the page of history to tell of her by-gone days of power, splendour, and renown.

Our hearts are said to be deceitful, and the attainment of virtuous perfection beyond human possibilities; still we are commanded to test, prove, and examine these organs by such standards as facts may elicit to an honest understanding. To this end I have referred to all the executive messages from our presidents, with the writings of other able statesmen, all founded on the constitution of our country, in order to show that we are not democrats; and if we wish the perpetuity of our liberty, we must not hoist a false colour, like a pirate on the high seas, who denies his legitimate name, for that of another, only to murder and rob.

Call a man a federalist at the present day, (around the ballot-box,) and a large majority will say, "Sir, repeat that name, and but for the law, be assured this speech would be your last." As descendants of freemen—sons of "'76"—dare we deny our federal head? dare we pollute the portals of that ark which was overspread with the blood of patriots? or, dare we trample with sacrilegious feet on the urn which contains the noble ashes of our sires? If we do, rest assured that

the eagle of liberty will, ere long, cease to soar over our heads, fall to the ground, and become the prey of foxes, while we, in chains of slavery, must bow at the feet of aspiring tyrants.

But time cautions me how I farther trespass on your patience by remarks under the first division of our subject. Still, permit me, in conclusion, to again advert to *ignorance* as a prolific source from whence demagogues sap the prosperity of any nation, by exciting passions in the absence of knowledge. It reminds me of a conversation which I lately had with a young man, aged about twenty-two years, who was descanting largely, at a public inn, on various political topics, amongst which he assimilated General Jackson with the *Romans*, and lauded certain laws passed under his presidential administration in a voice which could reach the ears of a man only in the habit of hearing thunder. Much praise was attached to the removal of the Indians,—the crush of the United States Bank,—the receipt of twenty-five millions of francs from France, which no former president could obtain,—the extinguishment of our national debt,—the prevention of speculation on the public lands, by enforcing the payment of all purchases to be made in specie. The passage of the late laws, styled distribution, bankrupt, and tariff acts, were denounced in glowing colours. The appearance of the young man, without my weighing in my mind any of the merits or demerits of these laws, led me to suspect that he was an ignorant political quack. With no small flourish of the cigar, he performed all the rules of punctuation. Whether he had the external parts

of his ears I know not, as their natural location was covered by the bushy locks of hair on his cranium. However, his hat tipped on one side of his head, a small stick in his right hand, (called a cane,) the touch of which would put a mosquito's eye out, and with which he occasionally thrashed his right leg, or used as a tooth-pick, the left hand covered with a glove, he kept that of the right playing on his left thigh the tune of "daddy-mammy." Over his eyes were glasses, though nothing disturbed his natural vision; and out of one of his coat pockets peeped a white handkerchief, an act, aside from all other considerations, of great imprudence, particularly during our present days of pickpockets. Feeling, perhaps, not as tenderly as I should towards a man of this description, I presumed, from his comparison of General Jackson, (in as much as he had prefixed the definite article *the* to the noun *Roman*,) to ask him what particular Roman he intended, Constantine, Cincinnatus, Pompey, Scipio, or Cato? He replied, "No one in particular." "Sir, did you ever read the history of the rise and fall of that empire?" "No: but I have heard that they were a noble, persevering people, and accustomed to great fatigues and privations scarcely known to other nations; and as General Jackson, for want of ordinary food, ate hickory nuts, we are warranted to suppose he possessed much of the Roman character." To which I replied, coarseness or humble fare was a bad standard whereby to compare General Jackson to those ancient people, for history declares that luxury was one of their greatest national sins, a few no-

bles not unfrequently having a nightly feast on the brains of singing birds, costing several thousands of dollars in our currency; besides, a squirrel would eat hickory nuts in the absence of corn. Again, sir, "Did you ever read the history of Greece?" "No." "Did you ever read the constitution of our government?" "No." "Did you ever read the history of the United States of America?" "Yes, so far as the daily reading of our public journals." "As you have named the removal of the Indians beyond the Mississippi, please to inform me by what right those people held the land contiguous to the state of Georgia, and other places?" To which the young man replied, "Tenants at will of the United States government?" "Did you ever hear of any treaty existing, as far back as the administration of Washington, between our government and these Indians, whereby their boundary line was drawn with as much precision as that between the lands of any two farms in the state of Pennsylvania?" "No." "Do you know how France became indebted to this country, and whether the debt was to individuals or our government?" "No." "Do you know that presidents Madison, Monroe, and Adams claimed a much larger sum than twenty-five millions of francs; and to obtain this sum, a reduction of duties was made to France, on her silks and wines, amounting already to three times the sum we received?" "No." "Well, sir, finding you so cramped for information, it will be useless to examine you on the various other laws which you have been pleased to praise or condemn; but as money is an article which almost

every one knows something about, permit me to ask you what harm ever the United States Bank did?" "Harm! did not its late failure rob widows and orphans?" "Sir, that was not a United States Bank, but a state *institution*. I mean such a bank as was chartered under the administration of Washington and Madison, with the eyes of a congress to watch, protect, and see that it performs all the various duties in facilitating domestic and foreign exchanges." To which the young man replied, "That, too, was a dangerous institution." "In what respect, sir? wherein did it do any harm?" "It was a monster and a dangerous engine, which *might* have poisoned and destroyed the country."

Fully convinced of his general ignorance and blinded passion, I ceased farther conversation, save to say that he reminded me of an old maid weaving, whose shop was a short distance from her dwelling, where, too, resided an aged mother. The old maid with her right hand threw her shuttle, and failing to catch the same with the left, it went with violence against the wall; upon which she burst into tears and cried aloud. The good old mother, with the speed of an Eclipse, ran to the shop, and there finding her daughter in tears on the seat of the loom, thus addressed her: "Sally, my dear child, what is the matter with you?" She answered, "Oh! dear, I just now threw my shuttle, and missing it, it went whack up against the wall, and I thought if I had been married, and had had a child, and if it had stood against the wall, it might have knocked its brains out."

Many more cases might be cited by which *po-*

litical quacks could be pointed out directly as well as by implication; but, believing sufficient has been said to sustain the charges already preferred, we beg leave to pass to our second grand division, in designating some of the many medical quacks existing in our land at the present day; and as a good or bad state of health concerns us all, would respectfully again invite the particular attention of the ladies, as well as that of the gentlemen, remarking, first, that in speaking of the three learned professions, law, physic, and divinity, the latter unquestionably involves the most serious consequences. Still, the "great Physician of souls" has furnished a sovereign remedy for sin, through the sacred record, in language so plain that we are assured "the way-faring man, though a fool, cannot err."

Jurisprudence, when founded on justice, dispensed in knowledge, wisdom, and impartiality, may truly be called a great pendulum, which, in connexion with our holy religion, regulates all social and national prosperity. And although herds of ignoramuses at the present day disgrace the science, in scarcely being able to define the difference between one law term and another, still it must be acknowledged that from the bar have emanated the greatest men who ever adorned the world. And while an English bench can boast of a Blackstone and a Hale, so may the United States proudly point to the tomb of a Marshall, or listen to the living voice of a Story, with thousands of other great lawyers now scattered over our land. But the lawyer, whatever natural or acquired embellishments of the mind he may pos-

sess, still has legislative enactments, or decisions of high judicial tribunals, which must form the foundation for all his arguments and conclusions. But the physician of the body has no such ocular lights to direct him; he roams in the wide field of nature, and although he has made himself master of anatomy and physiology, still he grapples with unseen maladies, and arrives at the true disease of his patient through a sound, discriminating judgment. His disease once discovered, then, indeed, he has books which will point him to the remedy, if curable. But here, too, in order skillfully to administer, he must be thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, botany, and mineralogy, else, instead of healing, he may poison, by creating in the stomach some new extraneous substance. Does his book direct him on the same day first to apply externally a lotion from nitrate of silver, and another from muriate of soda? he is to be so governed as to delay a few hours the application of the latter, else he will neutralize the former, and defeat his whole object. If the patient labours under violent pain in the stomach or bowels, he is to ascertain whether it is spasmodic or bilious. If the latter, administer purgatives; if the former, then opiates. But should he administer opium in the bilious form, death, in all probability, would ensue. Is the surgeon called to prescribe for rheumatism? he is first to ascertain whether it is inflammatory or chronic. If the latter, then an external application, as a counter irritant in producing a healthy secretion and flow of synovia, (vulgarly called sinew water,) which acts between our joints in preventing friction, the

same as oil does to machinery. If an inflammatory rheumatism, then a course of depletion should be pursued by bleeding, purging, and dieting, in connexion with bandaging and the use of the wine of colchicum.

Having just spoken of a bilious affection, I deem it proper to say that bile is never naturally found in the stomach: true, it sometimes here appears by regurgitation, on the same principle that a pump throws water up from below. The liver secretes the bile, and lies below the stomach; the office of the bile is to prevent constipation of the small intestines, from the fact that nature has constituted it a gentle purgative, in order to regulate the peristaltic motion of the bowels. And to agree with the quacks of the present day, that bile is naturally found in the stomach, would be as absurd as to assert that water would naturally flow up a mountain a thousand feet above its summit level.

We have thus briefly scanned over a few cases connected with the science of medicine, in order to show that before a remedy can be applied, the disease must first be known, its location, classification, and various symptoms. The man, therefore, who dares to assert that he has discovered the compound of a pill, or any other nostrum, which will invariably cure each and every disease incident to man, is not only presumptuous in the sight of Heaven, but bolder than the Dutch Admiral, Von Tromp, who carried a broom at his ship's mast-head, denoting that he swept the ocean; as well as a greater giant than Hercules, who, in one night, cleansed all the filth and pollution from

Augean's stable, where he had sheltered, three years, seven hundred head of oxen.

The noble mental powers, like the diamond from the quarry in the polishing hands of the artist, is not more the object of our admiration, than is the wonderful mechanism or physical construction of man. Man, both mental and physical, affords the anatomist, the physiologist, the chemist, the botanist and mineralogist ground for exploring, heights of elevation, and depths of intricacies, to which all other objects, by way of comparison, dwindle into insignificance. But, notwithstanding the sublimity of man's functions, in conjunction with our agrarian political advantages, there is, perhaps, no nation on earth (the Asiatic idolaters not excepted) who tamper more with human machinery, or who are more accessible to gullibility, than the people of the United States. I, with chagrin and mortification, name the fact as a native-born citizen. Let the walls of our inns—the corners of our streets, and the pumps thereof—the wrecks of burnt, dilapidated buildings, with their standing abutments—the fences enclosing vacant lots in all our cities, if not our small villages, and the decks and cabins of our steamboats be examined, and the columns of our public newspapers read, and an array of cures from *medical pretenders* will there be found for more diseases, in their “specifics,” “certain cure,” “infallible remedy,” “no cure no pay,” &c., &c., than ever Caleb Quotem half laid claim to in his long list of avocations—painter, glazier, auctioneer, factotum, putty, lead, stumps, mumps, &c., &c. And all these cures, too, are generally backed by cer-

tificates, if not forged, from men who, if not direct friends, are interested; if not personal friends, or interested in the sale of this *cure-all medicine*, are so far below common mediocrity, in point of intellect, as to be unworthy of notice, or in the least degree to be accredited. In this last class I screen not even many who aspire to a high rank in the science of medicine.

Our Creator, in rendering man liable to various diseases, no doubt, in the plenitude of his goodness, placed within his reach an antidote or remedy, and that, too, without going to foreign climes to obtain it, to a certain extent. And although he never received direct information from his Maker what this remedy consists in, still he has endowed man with faculties qualifying him to search, with an assured promise of finding, and afterwards to bless according to his purpose. The brute, too, which is destitute of these noble faculties, is supplied with similar remedies for all its diseases on the same conditions (namely, searching) through channels of instinct.

The multitude of medicinal remedies, as found in the bowels of the earth, and of the plants spread over its face, naturally fortify the position of various diseases incident to man. Yet there are quacks at the present day who boldly assert that there is but one malady to which the human system is liable, and that is, a diseased state of the blood. And what is still more daring, if not impious, declare tacitly that our Creator has handed down to them a *certain specific*, through the instrumentality of some grandfather, Indian, or recently discovered manuscript, found in the con-

lines of a subterraneous passage of Persia, headed "Brandrethian," "Indian," "Persian," "Resurrection," "Life," "Hygenian," and "Lion of the day" pills, with others too numerous to mention, all of which *physic the blood*; and, should we judge from the names, and the wonders they have wrought, from flaming advertisements, the living would never die, and the dead be restored to life. And, as an additional torch to light these *quack medicines* into notice, they are declared to be made out of *pure vegetable matter*, from which the purchaser is tacitly assured no deleterious effect can possibly arise; whereas there are, in the vegetable kingdom, as virulent poisons as in the mineral,—for instance, the Prussic acid, one drop of which is instant death, can be obtained from the delicious fruits, peach and cherry.

As we advance in years, it would naturally be supposed we should increase in knowledge; but, in regard to the safety of our health, the contrary is the fact, because men who are considered finished in their education are found among the dupes who believe in the nonsensical doctrine of thinning and purifying the blood, not only at variance with all science, but also *common sense*. And so popular has this doctrine become, that even respectable physicians, in fear of their bread, descend to this language in conversation with their patients, though their practice and object are different.

"But," says one, "I know the blood can be thinned; and this belief is not only the result of what my father and mother told me, and all the world declare, but is the result of my own expe-

rience." To undertake a conversion of this man from his error, would be as difficult as to convince him that his father was a fool in going to mill with sixty pounds of corn in one end of his sack, and the same weight of stones in the other, to balance. Purgative medicines, it will readily be admitted, carry off a certain portion of the serum, or aquatic part of the blood, but not a particle of its vital principle received in the lungs; consequently, every purging makes the blood *thicker*, on the same principle that water extracted from a bed of mortar would make that thicker. And in order to farther show that the oxygenated or vital part of the blood cannot be reached by purgatives, permit me to give its formation, use, and circulation. The discovery of the latter is justly claimed by Dr. Harvey, in opening living animals, for which his name will ever be immortalized.

First, our food, being masticated by the teeth, is enveloped in saliva, and carried down the œsophagus into the stomach; here it is met by a fluid called the *gastric juice*, (as essential to healthy digestion as fresh yeast is for making good bread, and to the feathered race denied, gravel being used in lieu thereof.) In this juice there is a solvent power, changing the food into *chyme*; next, a mechanical operation is going on, which forces the whole up to the orifice at the top of the stomach, where it meets the bile and pancreatic juice. Here a separation takes place, and that which is for nourishment is formed into *chyle*, while the grosser parts pass off through the lower intestines. The chyle thus formed is taken up by certain vessels called lacteals, (from the Latin word signify-

ing milk.) The lacteals carry the chyle into the *thoracic duct*, from whence it is conveyed into the *vena cava*, or large vein of the system, and there meeting with the venous blood, it is carried into the right side of the heart. By the contraction of this organ it is forced into the pulmonary arteries, and carried through the lungs, and, becoming arterialized by the oxygen of the air we breathe, is conveyed back through the pulmonary veins into the left side of the heart, by which, and the contraction of the arteries, the blood, oxygenized and elaborated, is forced to the farthest extremities, imparting nutrition and strength to every part throughout its course.

The veins (which are but a continuation of the arteries, return the redundancy or overplus of blood in a direct line over their respective arteries; and if asked why there is an overplus of blood after the arteries have performed their duties, or office, and what becomes of the same? (without an explanation of two hours) I answer, nature is abundant and liberal in all her gifts, fitted and prepared for every emergency which the exigency of any case might require, and, when not interrupted in her course by pill gormandizers, will perform her duty.

As to the redundancy or overplus of blood, it is either carried off by sensible or insensible perspiration.

If correct in this statement of the formation, circulation, and use of the blood, (for the truth of which I appeal to any respectable physician,) I ask; in the name of *common sense*, how any purgative medicine can physic blood at the end of

our big or little toe? The answer is clearly in the negative, and yet, at the present day, there are no less than two hundred and thirteen quacks in the states of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, who manufacture nostrums which, it is asserted, will physic the blood. And while a credulous community swallow the bait, the proprietors grow fat, and chuckle at the weakness of their purchasers, declaring "there is no friendship in trade." True, one man may sell another a horse for fifty dollars above its intrinsic value, and justify himself on the ground that he could have obtained the same price from some one else. But he who crams into his neighbour's stomach from twenty to sixty pills a day, not only falsely extracts money, but also produces a long chain of loathsome consequences, rendering death preferable to life by destroying the natural tones of the stomach, thus producing dyspepsia, or else causing the excruciating pain from piles, by over-stimulating the two muscles of the last intestine.

In order hastily to become rich from quackery, several essentials are necessary. First, the principal must have brains of his own, or else borrow from another, whereby a long, flaming advertisement can be concocted, setting forth cures of diseases, the like of which has never occurred since the days of the apostles. Next, he must have a few hundred dollars, as a stepping-stone, to pay the printer of some newspaper, who sends forth the herald of mercy to all the old aunt Betsies in the region of his circulation. Aunt Betsey tells cousin Sukey, who, in turn, informs good old mother Dame, who soon kindles a fire equal to

that of the burning tails of Samson's foxes, in passing through the corn-fields of the amazed, confounded, and astonished Philistines. Independent of the miraculous cures set forth in this advertisement, it must be sure to pronounce the surgeon's lancet a Bowie or an Indian scalping-knife, and calomel equal in properties to a mixture of arsenic, cicuta, and verdigris.

And here permit a small digression in saying, where inflammation requires quick arrest, the lancet constitutes one of our best antiphlogistics. That mercury has often proved pernicious will not be denied; but when so proved, has either arisen through the ignorance of the administrator, or some incautious act on the part of the patient. But, when a general change in the human body is required, some particular disease absorbed and carried off through the system, or for any derangement of the liver, mercury, in proper doses, stands without a rival on the list of pharmacy.

But to return to the quack. His advertisement must not only produce faith in the medicine, but also must convince the customer that his pills work by the single rule of *three*; that is, as two are to good, so are twenty or more in the same ratio. But before he puts the pills in market, care must be taken in the composition, so as not only to allow the *wholesale swallow*, but also to avoid hasty, deleterious consequences, else the trade would be of short duration. To this end, aloes with soap are the principal ingredients, the former, having no specific action on the stomach, (a peculiarity not attached to any other drug,) acts on another part of the body; consequently, if

twenty pills are taken at a dose, and four operate, sixteen pass off with impunity, whereas, had the whole been dissolved, the patient would have been racked to pieces. And, in order to show the benefit of this aloetic tact, permit your speaker to relate a scene between Dr. Brandreth and two of his patients.

When in the drug and medicine business in New York, in the spring of 1835, I had an order for a dozen of his pills, and, going to the main or general office, (then 187 Hudson street,) found his door crowded and thronged by the maimed, the halt, the lame, the blind, and the sick of all grades, colours, and classes, pressing with as much eagerness their right of priority to enter, as ever the invalids, in days of old, crowded around the pool of Siloam. Inquiring why this office of Dr. Brandreth's, out of the many he had in the city, was more frequented than the rest, I was told it arose from its being the only one where advice was gratuitously bestowed. As the doctor does all his business on strict rules of system, each of the crowded multitude had to wait his or her regular turn. Before mine arrived, the following dialogue took place, which I beg to relate, in order to show that twenty of Brandreth's pills are a mere flea-bite to what could be effected by swallowing sixty! at seventy-five cents a dose. The first character presenting himself was a robust, hale, sound, healthy young man, who, I judge, had eaten more bread than he had swallowed pills.

Young man.—"Well, doctor, I have taken hat box of pills you gave me."

Doctor.—"Exactly so; how do you feel?"

Young man.—"Why, I think the pain is shifting from my left over to the right shoulder."

Doctor.—"Good!—now that you have got your enemy on the rout, like a skilful general, keep him;—more powder, more ball, take another box of my pills."

Next, an old man presented himself, who evidently, besides weight of years, was, from other causes, suffering greatly.

Old man.—"Doctor, I have taken fourteen boxes of your pills: I commenced at two pills for a dose, and went up to twenty."

Doctor.—"You should have taken from two to sixty, and then back again to two."

Old man.—"From two to sixty, doctor! I did not understand you so when last here."

Doctor.—"Yes, *your* complaint is of that nature as to require violent purging; but how do you feel?"

Old man.—"I think I am *worse*."

Doctor.—"An excellent symptom;—it is always the darkest hour just before daylight—persevere—continue my pills."

If any man is so disordered in his understanding as to be gulled by such bare-faced absurdities, it would be advisable to put on the strait-jacket, shave off the hair of the head, draw over a blister plaster, give an emetic, purge and bleed, or else, as France in former days practised for the restoration of their *insane*, place the party in a pool of water up to the very chin.

Your lecturer, too, has for many years manufactured and vended pills, named "Doctor Euen's

Anti-humbug Pills." Accompanying each box is a recipe, setting forth the ingredients, quantity, and manner combined, at the low price of two cents per dose, and only affording eleven hundred per centum profit; declaring them, also, not *specialy* to cure any disease, but simply a plain, safe, common family purgative, to be used as a key in unlocking the bowels when in a state of constipation, which, if not timely attended to or guarded against, frequently produces fevers and other serious consequences, ending in death.

But, in all cases, *drastic cathartics* should, as much as possible, be avoided, otherwise the coats of the stomach become vitiated, and the bowels left in a worse situation than before; and, except under plain and simple indispositions of body, a regular physician should be consulted, and one, too, as far as possible, acquainted with the constitution of the party. In giving publicity to my pills, I entertained no fear as to having them manufactured, except by a fool, or some one possessed of an expensive machine, because (on a small scale) they could be purchased for less than made. And, as my contemporaries were solely supported by *gulls*, I did fondly cherish a sweet hope of a rich harvest from the *intelligent* part of the community, though conscious of being greatly in the minority. In this reasonable anticipation I have been disappointed, and remain with an empty purse, as I commenced;—consoling myself, however, in believing (particularly during these tight times) that he who holds on to a pecuniary state of originality is doing a *pretty fair business*.

But, while we have thus briefly scanned over some of the tacts of the *Ollapods* and *Lenitives* of the day, it may not be improper to make a few passing remarks on the manœuvres which even respectable licensed physicians have to practise in order to obtain their bread. Some years since, your speaker was acquainted with an aged, respectable country physician, who possessed a strong intellect, combined with a finished education; but despising, however, from his youth upwards, any thing like chicanery or low duplicity, his gray hairs found him surrounded with penury and want, while others of his medical brethren, incomparably his inferiors, were rolling in wealth, and whose tables literally groaned with the fat of the land. Sitting, one evening, in his medical shop, shivering from the cold, for want of money to purchase fuel, nature's stern mandate led him to determine, like others, to dishonourably pump rather than sink; upon which, as fortune chanced, a farmer stepped in and inquired if a load of wood was wanted at the price of one dollar. The doctor replied in the negative, and as the woodman was making his exit, with his finger on the latch of the door, the doctor asked what was the matter with him. The man answered, "Nothing," and wanted to know why the question was put to him. The doctor rejoined by observing that he would not be surprised to hear of his death in twenty-four hours. The farmer was immediately alarmed, and, stepping back, in a faltering voice inquired the cause of such a horror-striking conclusion. The doctor felt the pulse, examined the tongue, and pronounced the prognostics a confir-

mation of his first opinion. Imagination alone could depict the countenance of the man, and, in a trembling voice, he asked if any thing could be done for him. The doctor replied, "Oh yes," according to the good old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine; but it will cost you one dollar and thirty-one cents." The farmer declared that money was no object, but hoped his load of wood would be taken in part pay, as, when he left home, he did not expect this sad occurrence. The good old doctor yielded consent; it was a case of emergency, and the balance, thirty-one cents, could be handed in any time most convenient; and, putting up four pills, each five grains, proportioned, *secundum artem*, from aloes, soap, calomel, gamboge, and scammony, he next carefully weighed out sixty grains farina secalæ, with two grains of pulv. sem. sinapis, which was divided into six equal powders. Lastly, in a two-ounce phial he poured six drachms aq. pur., three ditto aq. font., two ditto elix. vit., with tinct. sant. rub. q. s. And the whole delivered, gave the following directions:—"Return home immediately, abstain from all food to-night, in some molasses take one of the powders, and in a table-spoonful of water mix and take forty drops out of the phial; bathe your feet and legs in warm water, throwing into the bath about two table-spoonful of ground mustard; then go to bed, and place hot bricks, rolled up in flannel, to your feet, and in an hour afterwards take another powder, with the same number of drops. Second hour, take the pills, and, if a perspiration on your body has not commenced, you had better take two powders and

increase the drops to fifty, as much depends upon your getting into a profuse sweat."

The farmer, thus furnished and directed, crawled on his empty sled as well as his feeble powers would admit, and, putting whip to his horses, reached his home, seven miles off, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. On entering the door, his beloved spouse, with astonishment, beheld the pale and ghastly countenance of her husband. Matters, however, were explained, the water and bricks heated, which, with the observance of other directions, produced the desired effect, and, at the dawn of morning, he found himself a new man, praising the old doctor as the greatest physician of the day, not knowing, however, that his drops were principally water, and his powders rye flour.

The aged Galen, thus emboldened, determined to make a bolder stroke, whereby he might secure to himself something more than a mere scanty pittance or temporary relief. Accordingly, he supplied himself with about two hundred splints from the goose quill, and, immersing them well in *itch virus*, journeyed to the face of a certain mountain, in length about sixty miles, on which resided one hundred or more families, in tolerably easy circumstances, and but little acquainted with the artful tricks of men sailing under the banner of *polite accomplishments*. The doctor, as he passed from house to house, inquired whether they had been *vaccinated* for the *kine pox*, as a preventive for the *small*, of which latter disease the inhabitants below were dying like rotten sheep. He was generally answered in the negative, upon which all were gratuitously inoculated, as they

supposed, for the disorder, truly thanking the doctor for his great love and generosity. Matters thus arranged, this knight of the lancet returned home, and reduced in his mortar to an impalpable powder, ten pounds of muriate ammonia, with which he mixed twenty pounds of hog's lard and fourteen pounds of flour sulphur, (an excellent remedy for the itch.) The ointment was put up in tin boxes, containing four ounces each, and all handsomely wrapped up with full directions for use, purporting to be of royal production. Next a man was hired, accustomed to sell wooden hams, nutmegs, and cucumber seeds, who, with a horse and wagon loaded with the ointment, got on track of the mountain as first trod by his employer. Here he beheld the objects of his errand, for the old doctor's matter had taken full effect, and those whose hands were too stiff to scratch, were rubbing themselves against the weather-boards of their houses like a bear at the entrance of his den in the spring of the year, from which he had just crept after a comfortable nap of three or four months, (a fact characteristic of bruin.)

The ointment pedlar, addressing himself to the mistress of the house, said, "Madam, learning that you were all afflicted with the *olympus varioloid*, I have called to know whether you wished to purchase a cure at five dollars?"

"*Olympus varioloid*!" exclaimed the old woman, "we've got the itch—true old Scotch fiddle."

"No doubt you itch," replied the man, "but your complaint is the genuine *olympus varioloid*, a disease first known in the year 1710, during the

reign of Queen Ann, when it swept off some hundreds of lives per day; and, to convince you it is not the common itch, please look through this," (showing her a microscopic glass,) "at the pustule or blister between your fingers, and you will there see hundreds of living animals."

The old lady took the view, and, as stated by the man, there found, (as is always the fact in this cutaneous disease,) to her horror, thousands of animalcules. The ointment was immediately bought, and five dollars promptly paid the pedlar, who, after equal success, finished the whole line, returning home in seven days with three hundred and forty-six dollars clear of all expenses.

But, while such tricks may justly be condemned, still, the more upright country village physician is not free from certain tacts. If in the village, on foot, he visits a patient, he must wear an overcoat with side pockets of peck capacity, in one of which he is to carry tooth-drawers and a horse-fleam; in the other an old pocket-book, showing not only great age, but also appearing as if its owner were a tallow-chandler instead of a doctor of medicine. In this book various packages of medicines are exhibited, superscribed tart. ant.; sub. mur. hydrarg.; oxyd. hydrarg. nitro. rub.; pulv. ant.; pulv. cort. cincho.; acet. plumb.; sulph. zinc.; pulv. Doveri, &c., &c.; from which the doctor makes his prescription, all well known, of course, to the family. Should he be called to the interior of the country, he is either to travel in a sulky or on horse-back, the ribs of which animal are to be easily counted. Showing not only "post-meat," but also denoting extreme poverty, for lack of

employment, as the mere presence of his master's professional skill drives disease from the land, save pain in the teeth, or from dislocated bones. In his country excursion he is to wear the same coat as in the village, and around his neck is loosely to be tied a red silk handkerchief, covering a stock he has not had off for six months. On arriving at the place of destination he is to greet all the family with a hearty grip of the hand; the patient attended to from the contents of his well filled saddle-bags, he is then to sit down with the old lady of the house, and take a sociable pinch of snuff; and, should it be too late to return home that night, he is, with all the family, to draw around the supper-table, food consisting of one large pewter dish of mush, and each a pint tin basin of milk, with an iron spoon. After supper the snuffing is to be resumed, and, up to bedtime, interspersed with stories about ghosts, giants, hobgoblins, or Millerism. In the morning he is again to partake of the hospitalities of the table, consisting of a piece of bread, with a fork regularly laid to the place of each person; in the middle of the table stands a deep, red earthen dish, with good ham cut into mouthfuls, floating in an overflowing quantity of fat. In this dish all hands dive or dip their bread. After breakfast the good old matron commences a narrative of some quarrel she lately had with one of her neighbouring women, through all of which the doctor is, with profound silence, to listen, save an occasional response—"Do tell!"—"Want to know!"—"Why, how you talk!"—"Can't be!"

After this he is to take a short walk out with the husband, and freely talk about the breed of cattle and the change of crops. Returning to the house, and just before departing for home, he is again heartily to shake all hands, and not forget to kiss all the dear little urchins, though their noses are somewhat moistened by a frosty morning.

The elevation of a city physician requires the performance of acts of a higher order. He must be furnished with a horse and gig, and a servant man of the African race to sit by his side when travelling. Thus equipped he is to dash up one street, down another, up a third; and if on the sabbath day, drop into some church just as the congregation are assembling for divine worship, shaking hands and bowing to all in his way. During the time of prayer he is suddenly to be called out to a man who had just broken his neck. This being an affair soon adjusted, he is to return to the church, and, before the sermon is finished, he is again hastily to be called out to some one in a paroxysm of apoplexy. In connexion with this out-door show, he is never to fail in endeavouring to fix certain favourable impressions on the minds of the relatives and friends around the bed of his patient; and this latter course reminds me of a question put by a medical student to his preceptor, (who he well knew was passing for more than merited,) "Sir, you are becoming infirm by age, rich in the things of this world, and, I hope, heavily laden with those for another. You have stated, too, it was your intention soon to retire from the practice of medicine, and as I am sensi-

ble you possess a key unlocking a great secret as to pecuniary prosperity, would you have any objection to bequeath me that key?"

"None," replied the preceptor. "It is simply making the community believe that you know more than you really do."

Soon after this the old doctor, in his professional rounds, in company with his student, called to see a rich gentleman who had been his patient for about ten days. On entering the bed-chamber they found the affectionate wife sewing by the side of her husband, who was evidently recovering. The doctor felt the pulse of his patient, examined the tongue, and turning to the wife, said, "Madam, you are killing your husband."

"How so, doctor?"

"You've been giving him oysters to eat."

"Oysters! I did give him five or six during the last night, he craved them so, but told him then he had better wait and see what you said. Doctor, do you think you can counteract the ill effect?"

"We will try, madam, and hope you will give him no more."

"No indeed, sir. I feel now guilty to think I should, in an unguarded moment, injure my dear sick husband."

As the doctor and student were returning home, the latter asked the former how he discovered the patient had been eating oysters, by merely feeling his pulse and viewing the tongue. The doctor replied, he had not from these means, but from seeing the shells under the bed. Soon after this the student visited a sick man, for whom he had

previously prescribed; and finding, as before, the wife in attendance, with several relatives and friends, he determined to make a bold push, by which he might rank as high as his master. Accordingly, going through the same round of examination, pulse, &c., he sorrowfully turned to the wife with a sigh of deep regret, and assured her she was killing her husband by giving him *horse meat*. The wife indignantly exclaimed, "Horse meat! Sir, my husband has not taken a mouthful of any animal food since his present sickness." The student left the house with scarcely the ordinary compliments of the day; and on his return home the preceptor asked him respecting his patient. The reply was, the wife was killing her husband with *horse meat*. "Horse meat!" responded the astonished doctor, "how did you find that out?" Upon which the student answered, he had seen under the patient's bed a *saddle* and *bridle*.

But, while we have had occasion to speak of the degrading artifices of licensed physicians, let it be remembered, to the honour of Philadelphia, that, for medical seminaries, she stands without a rival in the union, and from which have emanated the greatest men that ever adorned the science of physic and surgery. And while charging *mal-practices* on our bodies by non-licensed as well as licensed men, let us not forget that by our own teeth we are daily digging for ourselves untimely graves, by forcing our stomachs not only at untimely seasons to receive food, but in such variety as to create a war with all the digestive organs. It has been said the feeble should eat little and

often. 'This is a great mistake, for it denies the stomach time to rest; and in time of slight indisposition of the body, much better to lose a meal than swallow a dose of pills. Forty years ago, cases of dyspepsia were rarely known in our country, as simplicity of food was the constant fare of the table, and received at stated hours from the sound of the horn; whereas, at the present day, our tables groan (even in common walk) with the luxuries of the land, and not unfrequently, at the same meal, we eat some three or four kinds of animal food, double in proportion to that of vegetables, instead of the latter being reversed for the former—closing the whole course with various pastry and cheese, two of the most indigestible articles of the table. Children who were once grateful for an Indian dumpling, can now scarcely be coaxed to eat a piece of bread and butter, unless well plastered over with sugar or sweetmeats; and should they be seen barefoot in the streets, at once supposed to be descendants of savages, whereas, in the youthful days of your speaker, children, with male and female adults, had a right to go barefoot when they had no shoes.

Much could be said on the present pernicious mode in dressing our bodies, particularly in mothers refusing to let their children peep into healthy air without socks over their shoes, hands in their muffs, or tippetts around their necks.

But, to return once more to the importance of simplicity in our food, we may learn an instructive lesson from the simple mode practised by a New Jersey, Essex county cider manufacturer.

When he makes his good cider, (well known as "Newark cider,") one *kind* of apple is selected, and from it alone he gets the juice; which, after proper fermentation, is racked from the lees, producing an article not unfrequently mistaken for the best champaign. Should he, however, have committed several *kinds* to his press, though all choice fruit, he could not have obtained the same result; for it is reasonable to suppose, that when the juice of one apple had formed a crisis by fermentation, the others were behind in their varied properties; thus producing a conflict, leading to the production of a very inferior article, if not wholly spoiled, except for vinegar.

On the same principle depends the good or ill success of the dairy woman in making good butter. An experienced butter-maker in Orange county, New York, with tin or wooden vessels four feet in circumference and eight inches deep, to admit a full action of oxygen on the milk churned at a proper time, will, from twenty good cows, make four thousand pounds of butter in one season; but from one cow the same proportion of butter could not be obtained, as one milking would not afford a churning; two churnings a week from one cow is all that reasonably could be expected, and one part would be three and a half days older than another, or the first milk churned would be seven times older than the last; thus producing a discrepancy resulting in the loss of both flavour and quantity of butter.

But I will dwell no longer on similes to show the various species of quackery which we daily, directly or indirectly, practise on our bodies, sim-

ply closing the whole by giving a general sovereign specific for all untimely diseases incident to man, or quietly permit others to perform, and take my leave by respectfully submitting the following recipe:—First, those who take the least medicine—promptly comply with nature's demands—occasionally deny themselves a meal of victuals—at all times eat and drink in moderation and simplicity—go to their beds and rise therefrom at a stated early hour—perform moderate bodily labour—avoid excessive indulgences in all passions—keep their heads cool and feet warm, (the former morally as well as literally) will be found to enjoy longer life and less interruption in health than those who pursue a contrary course, or convert their stomachs into an apothecary's shop.

FINIS.

