

Learned quackery exposed, or, Theory according to art : as exemplified in the practice of the fashionable doctors of the present day / by Samuel Thomson.

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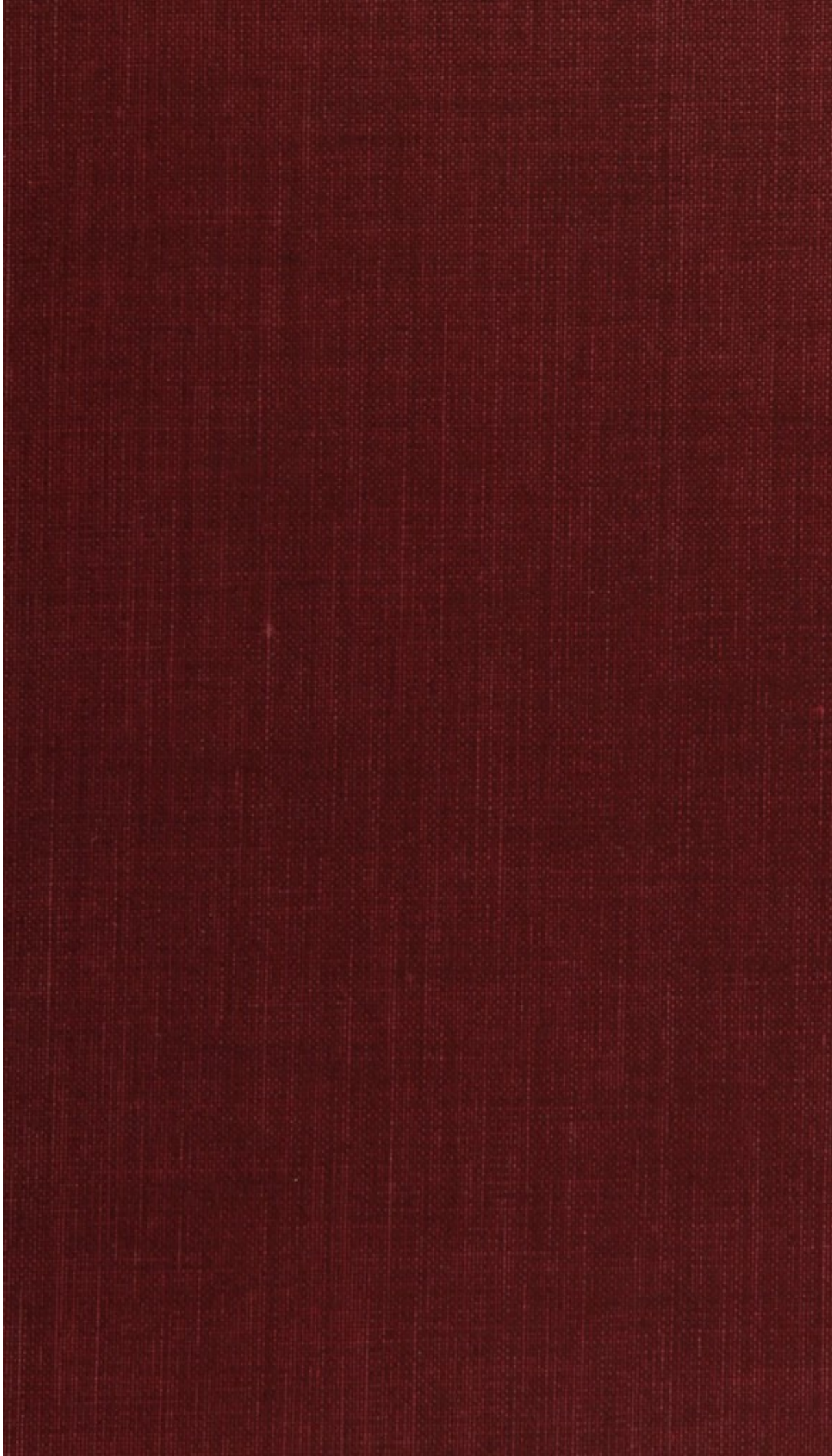
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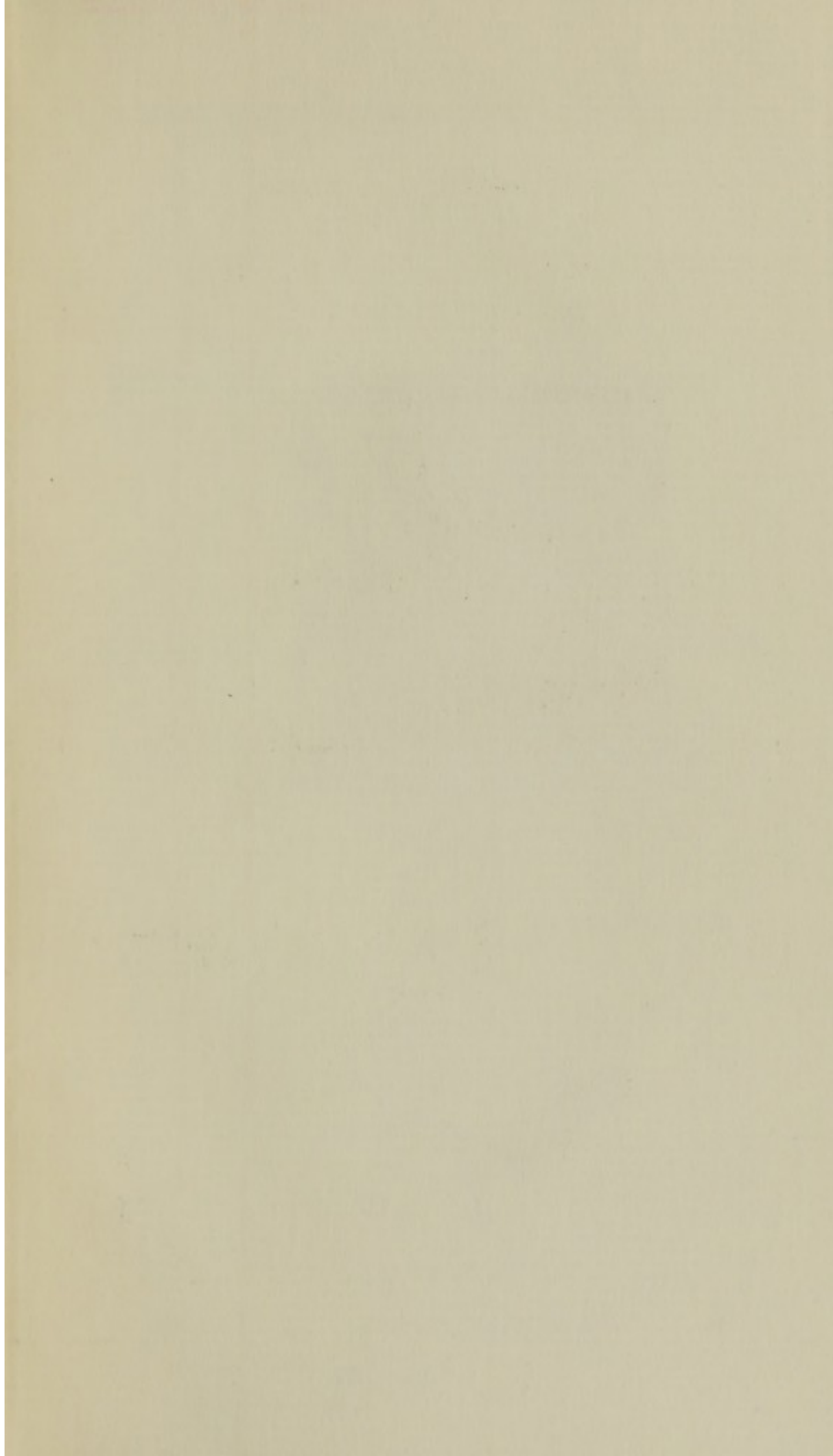


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LEARNED QUACKERY EXPOSED:

OR

THEORY ACCORDING TO ART.

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

PRACTICE OF THE FASHIONABLE DOCTORS

OF THE PRESENT DAY.

==

BY SAMUEL THOMSON.

Thomson
BOSTON:

J. Q. ADAMS, PRINTER.

1836.

Man. Med.
Med. Hist.

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LEARNED QUACKERY EXPOSED.

7 Gables 803/107
The following Poem was written by me, while in Newburyport jail, in 1809, on a charge of murder, for which I was honorably acquitted, by a special session of the Supreme Court, without having an opportunity to make any defence. It was printed and circulated in a handbill, as a looking-glass in which the doctors might see their own conduct, and the effects of their medicine on patients in cases of Pleurisy and Fevers, when treated according to art.

MEDICAL CIRCULAR.

Secundum Artem.

The poor man's lamentation in cases of sickness; and the advantage taken by the doctor, with the mode of treating Pleurisy and Fevers.

MY wife is sick and like to die,
"Go for the doctor!" is the cry;
"Haste, quick away, return with speed,
"She ne'er did more a doctor need."

The doctor comes with great perfume,
Like summer's rose in height of bloom;
His skill appears the outward side,
And thus he gains on woman's pride.

Near the bed-side, where madam lies,
He seats himself—"You're sick," he cries;
"O yes, so very sick am I,
"If you can't help me, I shall die!"

"A dangerous fever troubles thee,
"And 't is the raging Pleurisy;
"I know it by your lab'ring breast,
"The load with which your stomach's prest.

"Stagnation of the purple tide,
"The tort'ring pain that racks your side:
"And higher still, I fear 't will rise,
("I find it by your pulse, your eyes,)

"Lest the disorder I rebuke"—

So takes her blood, and gives a puke;
Thus make the foe his hat to doff,
Then takes his leave, and pushes off.

At length, the doctor comes again:

"Oh! what!" says he, "not free of pain?"
No, you've destroy'd for life all chance,
By physic, puking, and your lance.

The doctor feels her pulse again,
And says, "the fever makes her pain!"
"And quickly that I must subdue,
"I must kill that, or that will you."

To kill the heat, he *Nitre* deals,
Opium to quell the pain she feels;
And when their office-work is o'er,
Death knocks aloud at patient's door.

The spirits muster up their force,
T' oppose the fell destroyer's course;
But with one touch he ends the strife,
By putting out the fire of life.

The doctor says, "I did my best,
"I hope your wife is gone to rest;
"Your part you now must soon fulfil,
"That is, to *pay my mod'rate bill*.

"My bill is rendered in this way:
"Your wife's attendance night and day;
"To *physic, bleeding, drops, and stuff*,
"It's FIFTY DOLLARS—cheap enough!"

Where is the pity they should feel?
They charge the same to *kill* as *heal*!
And crave withal the people's thanks,
And seize the *prize* and leave the *blanks*.*

In case of *fever*, see them come,
And the whole system down they run;
And lest the man should rise at last,
With doctor's cords they bind him fast.

The doctor says, "how still he lies!
"How fine the med'cine is!" he cries;
His blood is took, the fever gone,
And thus the killing job is done.

* Take the money and leave the dead body.

The *fever* rises, *nature* gains,
 The sick man feels again his pains;
 And soon about this man would be,
 Were he from such *cold doctors* free.

Should pain increase, the fever rise,
 He nitre and the laud'num plies;
 Thus to subdue and ease the pain,
 He lowly lays his strength again.

This is what makes the fever run:
 They nature fight, till she's most done;
 Then her recovery to work out,
 They leave her, and the man's about.

They take their *nature* all away,
 They bleed and physic, night and day;
 And the more poison they can give,
 Conceive they've better chance to live.

Ratsbane, and *zinc*, and *vitriol* too,
 And *mercury* to physic through;
 And this, at times, is what they give:
 The patient must be tough, to live.

Thus I have shown the death, in part,
 Of doctors, practising by art;
 Two thousand years they boast of light,
 Yet deadly scales obstruct their sight.

Our blood and heat does cause our breath,
 In losing these we suffer death;
 And all the use in modern skill,
 Of taking blood, but tends to kill.

From these dark scenes let us withdraw,
 And view unerring Nature's law;
 And this remark, that through our days,
Heat's life and *health*, in different ways.

It animates our frame complete,
 The sun is life, and full of heat;
 With the glad influence of his beams,
 He cheers the earth, and warms the streams;

Makes all creation joy and sing,
 To vegetation gives the spring;
 Corn, wine, and oil, herb, fruit, and flower,
 Are ripen'd by his kindly power.

Fish, fowl, and beast, in different ways,
 Feel life and health in his blest rays;
 But man, creation's noblest boast,
 Feels, and should own his blessings most.

When fire 'bove water bears the sway,
 It through the pores wastes it away;
 When this triumphant is throughout,
 The man is healthy, firm, and stout.

But when the water overpowers,
 The stomach's chilled, and closed the pores;
 The elements then temper well,
 And health with you shall ever dwell.

Our Father, whom all goodness fills,
 Provides the means to cure all ills;
 The simple herbs, beneath our feet,
 Well used, relieve our pains complete.

While doctors rove in foreign parts,
 And rack their powers, and skill, and arts;
 Health's medicines grow upon our land,
 They're ours, by stretching forth our hand.

This art I studied from my youth,
 And now assert it as a truth;
 I can them use in different ways,
 And turn a fever in two days.

How oft we hear the doctors say,
 "The *Fever*, it must have its way!"
 If that's the case, I question you,
 What good can all their doctors do?

Man is perplexed, and much to do,
 That has a talent forth to show;
 Much opposition he will find,
 If 'tis against the human kind.

Must man be silent, while he's breath,
 And hide his talent in the earth?
 When nature urges him to move,
 He should the gift of heaven improve.

Like Absalom, I'd sooner bear,
 To be suspended by the hair;
 Than silent lie, devoid of good,
 And not improve the gift of God.

☞ OBSERVATIONS TO THE POINT.

“When a sick man leaves all for *nature* to do, he hazards much; when he leaves all for the *doctor* to do, he hazards more; and since there is a hazard both ways, I would much sooner choose to rely upon *nature*; for this, at least we may be sure of, that she acts as honestly as she can, and that she does not find her account in prolonging the disease.”

AN EXAMINATION OF MAN.

AS FORMED FROM THE FOUR ELEMENTS, AND THE CAUSE
WHY LIFE IS NOT PROLONGED TO AGE, SECT, OR DE-
NOMINATION.

ATTEND, my friends, and lend an ear,
It is of consequence to hear,
How the elements compose man's breath,
And heat and cold are life and death.
I shall, at first my reason give,
Why sects or ages cannot live;
The fire that did uphold the life,
Is quenched by water in the strife.
Soon as the heat or fire is lost,
You find the line of life is crost;
The active part that rules the whole,
The water, has the full control.
From elements we surely rose,
Which earth and water do compose;
The fire must keep the upper sway,
If not, we turn again to clay.
Disorders take their rise from hence,
The water has pre-eminence:
Then keep the fire to bear the sway,
And make the water waste away.
And when the water gains the day,
Or cold upon the heat doth play,
Then cold and heat do hold their strife,
The battle is for death or life.
And if the heat shall gain the day,
Then life and health shall bear the sway;
But if the cold the victory gain,

Then death and silence hold their reign.
 And this we have for our defence,
 To temper well the elements:
 So always keep before our eyes,
 The fever, we should ne'er despise.
 When e'er the fever struggles hard,
 As your best friend, do that regard;
 Assist to overcome the cold,
 Then nature will the vict'ry hold.

RECEIPT TO CURE A CRAZY MAN.

SOON as the man is growing mad,
 Send for a doctor, have him bled;
 Take from his arm two quarts at least,
 Nearly as much as kills a beast.

But if bad symptoms yet remain,
 He then must tap another vein;
 Soon as the doctor has him bled,
 Then draw a blister on his head.

Next time he comes, as it is said,
 The blistered skin takes from his head;
 Then laud'num gives to ease his pain,
 Till he can visit him again.

The doctor says he's so insane,
 It must be dropsy on the brain;
 To lay the heat while yet in bed,
 A cap of ice lays on his head.

And lest the fever should take hold,
 Then nitre gives to keep him cold;
 And if distraction should remain,
 He surely must be bled again.

The bowels now have silent grown,
 The *choledocus* lost its tone;
 He then, bad humors to expel,
 The jalap gives with calomel.

The physic works, you well must know,
 Till he can neither stand nor go;

If any heat should still remain,
The lancet must be used again.

The man begins to pant for breath,
The doctor says he's struck with death;
All healing med'cine is denied,
I fear the man is mortified.

Before he dies his senses come,
He bids them call his children home:
He tells his children and his wife,
That by a fool he'd lost his life.

They weep and mourn to see him go,
He bids adieu to all below;
Like matyr'd Stephen, yields his breath,
Forgiving them who caused his death.

Soon as the man is dead and gone,
The doctor's charges then come on;
For forty pounds the bill is made,
And, right or wrong, it must be paid.

What sickness, sorrow, pain, and wo,
The human race do undergo,
By learned quacks, who sickness make,
I fear, for filthy lucre's sake.

CALOMEL.

THE learned quacks of highest rank,
(To pay their fees, we need a bank,)
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
Science and sense, in Calomel.

Since Calomel's become their toast,
How many patients have they lost;
How many thousands do they kill,
Or poison with their Calomel?

Howe'er their patients may complain,
Of head, or heart, or nerve, or vein,
Of fever high, or parch, or swell,
The remedy is Calomel.

When Mr. A. or B. is sick,
 "Go fetch the doctor, and be quick;"
 The doctor comes, with much good will,
 But ne'er forgets his Calomel.

He takes his patient by the hand,
 And compliments him as a friend;
 He sits awhile his pulse to feel,
 And then takes out his Calomel.

He then addresses patient's wife,
 Have you clean paper, spoon, and knife?
 I think your husband might do well,
 To take a dose of Calomel.

He then deals out the fatal grains,
 "This, ma'am, I'm sure, will ease his pains;
 Once in three hours, at sound of bell,
 Give him a dose of Calomel."

He leaves his patient in her care,
 And bids good-bye, with graceful air:
 In hopes bad humors to expel,
 She freely gives the Calomel.

The man grows worse, quite fast indeed,
 "Go, call for counsel! ride with speed!"
 The counsel comes, like post with mail,
Doubling the dose of Calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
 The fatal job for him is done;
 His soul is winged for heaven or hell,
 A sacrifice to Calomel.

The funeral charges must be paid,
 And under ground the body laid;
 The lawyer executes the will,
 And pays the charge for Calomel.

Hydrarg. now plays its deadly game,
 Since Calomel has lost its name;
 And does the fatal work fulfil,
 As faithfully as Calomel.

Physicians of my former choice,
 Receive my counsel and advice;
 Be not offended, though I tell,
 The dire effects of Calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
 Pray let me die a natural death,
 And bid you all a long farewell,
 Without *hydrarg.* or Calomel.

The following song was composed for the members of the Society, July 29, 1812, after they felt themselves cleared from the yoke of bondage, under which they had labored for many years, caused by fevers, colds, doctors, &c. and the heavy bills they had to pay. Many were delivered from lingering sickness and restored to good health, and enjoyed the satisfaction of being confident of relieving themselves and families in future. This deliverance in body and mind, was like that of the children of Israel, when delivered out of the hands of Pharoah; they sung praises to their deliverer, but did not forget his works.

A NEW SONG,

COMPOSED FOR THE FRIENDLY BOTANIC SOCIETY IN EAST-
 PORT AND LUBEC.

HERE we, brethren, this day meet,
 United in the plan,
 To separate ourselves in part,
 From speculative man.

The greatest speculation,
 We all well understand,
 Is that which skilful doctors make,
 When they take us in hand.

I think this is the greatest day,
 We, brethren, ever saw,
 The separation of ourselves
 From their oppressive law!

Their taxes were exceeding hard!
 We thought our comforts dear,
 To pay them such enormous bills,
 Laid on us every year.

To overthrow their selfish plan,
 We met in order bright,
 The twenty-ninth of last July,
 And 'stablished firm our right.

And what is in that right contained,
 We hold our right in truth,
 To use the med'cine if we please,
 Of our own country's growth.

Now we'll defend each privilege,
 Our liberty we'll hold,
 The medicine of our country prize
 Above the finest gold.

In spite of slander we'll attend;
 No monarchy is here;
 Some information we shall gain,
 While others stand in fear.

And great will be our blest reward,
 When sickness sweeps around;
 By keeping to our general rules
 Quick will relief be found.

While death stalks round in seaport towns,
 And there rage pain and grief,
 We have the balm to heal each wound,
 And give a quick relief.

Attend, my friends, with honest zeal,
 Still further knowledge gain;
 Learn how great nature's God provides
 The means to ease each pain.

To racking cholic we'll attend,
 While foes stand and admire,
 To see our med'cine ease the pain,
 As water quenches fire.

Our patients they are soon abroad,
 With joy they meet their friends,
 With gratitude praise nature's God,
 Who vegetation sends.

Upon our system we'll attend,
 And always keep in sight,
 That fire man's body purifies,
 Tempers and keeps it right.

'Tis now my object to unfold,
 In a brief way to you,
 My system or the gen'ral rule,
 Which you must keep in view.

See when the patient 's taken sick,
 The coldness gained the day,
 And fever comes as nature's friend,
 To drive the cold away.

And when the battle is severe,
 For cold or heat to gain,
 The patient in the engagement feels,
 Cold chills and heavy pain.

And when the fever struggles hard,
 The vict'ry to obtain,
 Soon as you overpower the cold,
 The patient 's free of pain.

If heat is really not a friend,
 Which doctors all deny,
 They have been dying all their days,
 And so have you and I.

But heat, if 'tis a faithful friend,
 Which stands in truth so fair,
 Cold med'cine has its thousands killed,
 I solemnly declare.

I think you all will yield assent,
 Whom nature's laws approve,
 That heat's the only element,
 That makes creation move.

Look at the earth in winter time,
 Fields, trees, plants, flowers decayed,
 Then view, again, when spring returns,
 Them, rising from the dead.

By this we find that coldness kills,
 That heat makes all things rife;
 And that the influence of the sun,
 Gives all creation life.

But one thing further I'll relate,
 To which I'll now attend;
 'Tis fire upholds the human life,
 The water makes it end.

In drowned people we perceive,
 Water has quenched the fire;
 To see the doctors them attend,
 Is what I can't admire.

The dead man holds three elements,
 He never held but four;
 Instead of kindling life with fire,
 Fresh air he blows in more.

Take any man that now is well,
 And place him in his stead;
 Blow with a bellows in his mouth,
 How quick he would be dead!

Treatment like this I don't believe,
 With letters I could spell;
 The mode to cure a man when sick,
 Would kill him when he's well.

It is a very trying scene,
 To see our friends near dead:
 Then by sure means to give relief,
 We instantly are led.

And for the good will of my friends,
 A method I will show,
 That may be safely practis'd on,
 When I am far from you.

If any cases of this kind,
 Should happen e'er to be,
 Then see what element's o'erpowered,
 And strive to set it free.

The body now has lost its fire,
 The water bears the sway;
 Quick must the air be rarified,
 Or it will turn to clay.

Then place the patient in a room,
 A lively fire prepare;
 And give him Nos. 1 and 2,
 As warm as he can bear.

And place his body o'er a steam,
 With hot stones from the fire,
 And keep a blanket round him wrapped,
 To shield him from the air.

The body now receives the heat,
 To overpower the cold;
 If there be any inward fire,
 Life will the vic'try hold.

But if there is no inward heat,
 For you to kindle to,
 Then all your labor is in vain,
 You must bid him adieu.

ACROSTIC ON THE AUTHOR.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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

INGRATITUDE.

The following doggrel was composed on account of the conduct of the ungrateful inhabitants of South Reading, towards PETER B. WILEY, when sick, after the death of his brother, EBENEZER WILEY, because he used the Medicine for himself with which he had relieved his brother, previous to his relapse; but, catching his brother's disorder, he was not able to administer the second time. He died, not by taking the medicine, but for want of it in season. This unfortunate circumstance, the three Crafts were ready to take advantage of, and vented their rage, with the assistance of their dupes, and tried to destroy the credit of this useful med-

* The author had a scythe thrown at him, from a doctor's shop at Eastport, which passed between his feet without doing any injury. (No thanks to them.)

icine, which the said PETER B. WILEY was in use of, by the assistance of his wife. To frighten her, they threatened to mob her and the medicine; but she persevered in spite of their opposition, whereby he gained his health, to their shame and disgrace, as the following lines will show:

TEN miles from Boston is a town,
Where tyrants bear the sway;
Law, Physic, and Divinity,
Blind subjects must obey.

A neighbor in this town was sick,
And helped without delay;
He then took cold, by which he dy'd,
No Pope had he to pray.

Murder! the crafty doctor cry'd,
Manslaughter cried the Priest;
The lawyer published wide the news,
To hide the truth at least.*

A brother of the dead was sick,
And brought to grim death's door;
His wife the Patent Med'cine used,
His health it did restore.

While he was sick, his neighbors raged,
And threatened up and down,
To mob his med'cine and his wife,
And drive them out of town.

You're a disgrace to every kind,
No savage can compare;
To mob the sick was never known,
By lion or by bear.

Those people, like the hunter's dog,
The craft did not annoy,
As savages come like a mob,
Because they cried "stuboy."

How much like good Samaritans
These boasted freemen sound;
Raise mobs instead of oil and wine,
To heal their neighbor's wound.

* In the same paper was rendered an account of sixty deaths. This was the only one mentioned by the craft as being "killed; all theirs died according to law."

Like puppies, these blind dupes must wait,
 For the ninth day to come;
 When truth's fair light shall break the veil,
 And lead those captives home.

What use are scientific men.
 In this enlightened day?
 They are like foolish virgins' lamps,
 To lead, by night, the way.

In all their conduct is displayed,
 The three crafts close combined,
 To take the people's rights away,
 And not improve the mind.

Bell, Dagon, and the Dragon too,
 These three crafts represent;
 We must put down these idol gods,
 For they're on mischief bent.

You're wicked craft, we have thus proved,
 View your unhappy fate;
 Pray God's forgiveness on your knees,
 Before it is too late.

The following was written in consequence of the proceedings of the *Three Crafts*, during the late war.—Priests had their meetings to gain laws for legislation in their favor. The Doctors, for laws in their favor, and against the rights of the people. The Lawyers composed the principal number of the Hartford Convention, at which time the result was doubtful whether we should remain a Republic or become a Monarchy.

THREE CRAFTS.

DESCRIBED IN LONG METRE.

TUNE—*False are the men of high degree.*

ATTEND good people and draw near,
 Till you this fact are brought to hear;
 How nat'ral rights of human kind,
 By crafts, for money kept you blind.

How selfish are the crafts combined,
Engaged t' oppress the human mind;
PHYSIC, DIVINITY, and LAW,
They chief of all our labors draw.

The nests of college-birds are three,
Law, Physic, and Divinity;
And while these three remain combined,
They keep the world oppressed and blind.

On lab'ers' money Lawyers feast,
Also the Doctor and the Priest;
Although their offices are three,
They will oppress where'er they be.

Men do consent like Balaam's ass,
To bear their burdens when they pass;
They ride men hard, and sometimes beat,
And drink their wine and eat their meat.

We greatly do ourselves misuse,
Our rights and liberty abuse;
While they do eat our meat and bread,
And give us poison in their stead.

They strive to keep the people blind,
With whims like these fill up the mind,
That they have power and full control,
Over the body, will, and soul.

The *Priest* pretends to save the soul,
Doctors to make the body whole;
For money, *Lawyers* make their plea;
We'll save it, and dismiss the three.

This is the way the craft has gained:
When sick, we for the doctor send;
He says, "there is no chance to live,
Unless I deadly poison give."

When this is done, the sick grow worse,
Which takes the money from their purse;
He says, "I've great regard for you,"
But money is the most in view.

Whene'er the sick are like to die,
Call in the Priest, the doctors cry;
The Priest will come, and with them pray,
And clear the doctor every way.

He then doth say, "don't trust in man,
There is a great and wiser plan;"
The one who freely by his will,
Doth doctors authorize to kill.

He says that man should not complain,
What way God sends death in his name,
If by the doctors, two or one,
They always say, "his will be done."

They also say, he has done well,
No man of skill could him excel;
His time is come, the Lord hath sent,
No doctor could his death prevent.

But nature's doctors have no chance,
No diploma can they advance;
The doctors cry out, quack and kill!
They don't allow such do God's will.

No quack can have a right to kill,
Unless he's passed the college-mill;
Should he the butcher then excel;
The people say, 'tis very well.

Craft tells the doctor, make your bill,
And let the lawyer write the will;
And then to execute the same,
The lawyer takes it in his name.

Soon as the man is dead and gone,
The will is read—the work goes on,
The doctor brings a shocking charge;
The lawyer says it's none too large.

Because we three have all agreed
To charge the people as we need;
We claim the power and full control,
Over the body, will, and soul.

All three of us as one agree,
To take away true liberty,
And keep it from such people's hands,
As dare dispute our high demands.

Should any nat'ralist arise,
To clear the veil from off your eyes;
With all their power they'll run them down,
By crying *quackery* and *clown*.

If you would find where quackery lies,
 You'll find the quack is he that cries;
 And he must be a knavish clown,
 Who would cry useful knowledge down.

We shall no longer disagree;
 We know where quackery must be;
 They must be quacks who do profess
 To cure with *ratsbane*, in distress.

Come freemen all unveil your eyes,
 If you this slavish yoke despise:
 Now is the time to be set free,
 From Priests' and Doctors' slavery.

The craft is three in every stage,
 On tory limbs these monarch's rage;
 Their power is lost, we've spoil'd the tree,
 Of *Hartford* tory monarchy.

Did twenty lawyers there agree
 To form a great conspiracy?
 The clergy met at their own place,
 To bind us freemen in disgrace.

The doctors with the same intent,
 Petitioned to the government,
 To make a law to stop the plan,
 Of equal rights in every man.

What could the doctors' object be,
 Except a general massacre;
 When chiefly poison they applied,
 And most of all their patients died.

What must have been the people's fate,
 If the three crafts had gained of late:
 Had lost our right to make the law,
 We should like beasts their burdens draw.

In every town the college-mill,
 The people by the law must fill;
 They must attend each month at least:
 The public chest must pay the priest.

The doctors with the priests combined,
 For to oppress the human kind;
 And make their charges as they will,
 The lawyer he collects their bill.

MODERN PRACTICE.

Much horrid torture every day,
Among our neighbors we survey;
If done by Indians it would kill,
By learned doctors, it is skill.

The lancet's used to take the blood,
The poisonous merc'ry for our good;
They nitre give to kill the heat,
They tell the patient not to eat.

They opium give to ease the pain,
This kills in part, then live again,
To take the life which doth remain,
They then the lancet use again.

The blister's us'd to help distress,
And break the patient of his rest;
With setons they will tear the skin,
With physic clear what is within.

The tortured victim now must die,
The worms have killed him, is their cry,
Or else the time the Lord hath sent,
Our healing powers can't death prevent.

This is the place some moderns fill,
Where one is cured there's ten are killed;
We now presume to tell those tales,
That death's a cure that never fails.

MERCURY—ARS'NIC—OPIUM too—
PHYSIC—BLISTERS—LANCE—*adieu!*
And all who use them we deny,
Excepting when we wish to die.

We know that bleeding causes death:
We bleed a beast to stop its breath;
The same is used to save man's life,
To ease his pain they take the knife.

Much as these moderns take man's blood,
So much his life goes in the flood!
If any life should yet remain,
They then the LANCET use again.

With ign'rant practices like these,
 We may find many as we please;
 And if all were at their command,
 Men would be slain throughout the land.

We do disdain their poisoning trade,
 For better purposes we were made,
 Thus to be bled, like beasts, to death,
 Or poisoned rats to stop our breath.

PRACTICE ACCORDING TO NATURE.

BY D. MERRILL.

WITHOUT our health, this world's a dreary waste,
 All other things compared, are void of taste;
 But fashion leads in physic as in dress,
 And all must follow it for happiness.

Mistaken mortals! think you nature's plan,
 Bends to our feelings, to regard proud man?
 Remove our maladies in fashion's course,
 Change nature's laws, regain our health by force?

No! stubborn nature never will be changed,
 However much we have ourselves deranged,
 In giving med'cine as in giving food,
 One law directs us for the patient's good.

Kind nature always helps to move complaints,
 Unless prevented—if there's no restraints;
 Then, to assist the friend, the foe destroy,
 Is what we're bound to do, in that employ.

How to effect this, next we will enquire,
 See what's disordered, and where lacks the *fire*;
 For fire gives motion—also cold brings death,
 When fire ceases, then we stop our breath.

Disorder comes by losing inward heat,
 That motion stops which renders health complete;
 The system clogs, the juices putrify,
 For want of motion only, people die.

That medicine which will the motion give,
Is near at hand, and by it we relieve;
Let no one suffer then, while nature lasts,
But application make, before 'tis past.

Let no tradition lead your mind astray,
Nor fashion keep you from the better way;
The God of nature has our wants supplied,
Would we submit, and in ourselves confide;
Obtain that information which we need,
Dismiss all learned *quacks* with *care and speed*.

SEAMEN'S DIRECTIONS.

These directions are made conformable to the six numbers of the Thomsonian practice.

TH' Emetic number ONE's designed
A gen'ral medicine for mankind,
Of every country, clime, or place,
Wide as the circle of our race.

In what cases is it to be used?

In ev'ry case, and state, and stage,
Whatever malady may rage;
For male or female, young or old,
Nor can its value half be told.

How long should it be continued?

To use this medicine do not cease,
Till you are helped of your disease;
For NATURE'S FRIEND this sure will be,
When you are taken sick at sea.

What other medicines should be given?

Let number two be used bold,
To clear the stomach of the cold;
Next steep the coffee, number THREE,
And keep as warm as you can be.

In what situation should we be kept?

A hot stone at the feet now keep,
As well as inward warmth repeat,
The fountain 'bove the stream keep clear,
And perspiration will appear.

How long should we sweat?

When sweat enough, as you suppose,
In spirit wash, and change your clothes;
Again to bed, both clean and white,
And sleep in comfort all the night.

What if we should relapse?

Should the disorder reinforce,
Then follow up the former course;
The second time I think will do,
The third to fail, I seldom knew.

When the disorder is removed, what must we do to
regain our strength?

Now take your bitters by the way,
Two, three, or four times in a day;
Your appetite if it be good.
You may eat any kind of food.

Should we never take physic?

Physic I would by no means choose,
To have you first or last to use:
For if you take it much in course,
It will disorder reinforce.

What if we should fall from mast-head; should we
not be bled?

If any one should be much bruised,
Where bleeding frequently is used,
A lively sweat upon that day,
Will start the blood a better way.

Will the system answer for all diseases?

Let names of all disorders be,
Like to the limbs joined on a tree;
Work on the root, and that subdue,
Then all the limbs will bow to you;

So as the body is the tree,
The limbs are cholic, pleurisy,
Worms and gravel, gout and stone,
Remove the cause and they are gone.

On what principle is this system founded?

My system 's founded on this truth,
 Man's Air and Water, Fire and Earth;
 And death is cold, and life is heat,
 These tempered well, your health 's complete.

The following Poem has a singular beginning and ending. Mr. B*****'s (a merchant) ingratitude in denying his cure, and giving himself the lie. And Priest C***** swearing a year on a man's life, or swearing that he would be a living man to this day, (who had been dead one year) had it not been for that THOMSON, whom he had never seen. This outrage by the Priest, I consider a wilful crime, which are both contained in the last verse.

AN ADDRESS.

TO SLANDERERS AND PEOPLE OF IGNORANCE.

I UNDERSTAND some in this place,
 That are in human form,
 So Judas like a deep disgrace,
 Better they'd ne'er been born.

They are like Java's deadly tree,
 Whose slanderous poisonous breath,
 A nuisance to society,
 A pestilential death.

There's some, Oh shame! who have confest,
 When finding they must die,
 No other means to gain relief,
 To THOMSON they'd apply.

Saved from the grasp of sudden death,
 They would his cure deny,
 With their last scandalising breath,
 Attest it was a lie.

Can noble souls of real worth,
 Their value so despise,
 To pay respect to worthless shapes,
 Who own their words are lies?

When craft 's in danger, priests can swear,
 Oaths seem like chaff or smoke,
 Life's length in people they declare,
 To give a deadly stroke.

You may find one as bad as this,
 With A. M. to his name,
 Who, to kill right, and help craft spite,
 Now is exposed to shame.

People of such ingratitude,
 Who wilful crimes commit,
 The devil is useless, so is hell,
 If they don't find the pit.

Part of this Poem was written by me, in the Jail at Salem, after being removed from Newburyport Jail. I was bound with irons, and carried in Mr. Sheriff Bagley's chaise, about 25 miles, on the 10th of December, 1809; the weather being cold, and the irons so tight, that it caused my blood to settle under my nails. I was thrust into prison again without any fire. Thus was the tender mercies of my enemies displayed, for the term of forty days. I was put into prison on the 10th of November, 1809. I was tried and acquitted on the 20th December, of the same year, forty days in all.

THIS world to me doth sorrow bring,
 Though time is swiftly on the wing;
 I hope the day may shortly come,
 When I shall see my native home.

This prison filled with black and white,
 And through the grates they yield their light;
 Those deadly walls to me appear,
 Like tombs of death or dark despair.

I've done no crime for which I'm here,
 My conscience tells me I am clear
 Of murder, malice, or of spite,
 Which gives me comfort and delight.

My wife and children, dear to me,
 This news to them must heavy be;
 Will God of nature be their friend,
 Till my imprisonment shall end.

I pity all, both small and great,
 Who are compelled to share my fate,
 Unless 'tis those who sent me here:
 For they are cruel and severe.

Vengeance is mine, all nature says,
 And will repay it in his ways:
 If this be so, then why should I
 Attempt his laws to satisfy.

They've had their punishment or more,
 My enemies have felt it sore:
 Some had the palsy night and day,
 Others compelled to run away.

At the bar where I was cleared,
 My adversary soon appeared;
 To his indictment guilty plead,
 Who stole and carried off the dead.

He paid the fine the court did lay,
 Soon after this he ran away;
 His money lost and friends beside,
 Returned poor, and soon he died.

Now Dr. French your rage is o'er,
 You here will trouble me no more;
 I shall for damage no more call,
 Death pays your debts, that's due to all.

Old Haman's gallows has been try'd,
 And the old maxim not denied;
 The measures met for other's pain,
 Is measured back to you again.

Through all my years, about two score,
 Was to acknowledge to my store,
 And keep this precept fair in view,
 Do as you'd have others do to you.

MEDICAL POEM.

BY CALVIN MORRILL, OF OHIO.

OUT of the earth the Lord did man create,
And from her dreary bowels separate;
To occupy a more exalted sphere,
And be supported by the vital air.

Now if the separation was complete,
From deathly cold to vivifying heat,
What sluggish matter could remain behind,
From which his vitals could sustenance find?

Or how did Heaven's wisdom first contrive
To keep the living animal alive?
Did nature then his wasted flesh restore
With silver, copper, lead, or iron ore?

Were such the means that wisdom did prepare,
The wastes of perspiration to repair?
Nay, nay, the herb and vegetated fruit,
Man's constitution did much better suit.

But whence the fruit, the herb, and healing weed,
Did they not also from the earth proceed?
Created by the Lord, upon a plan,
Congenial to the properties of man.

If wisdom, then, knew just what man would want,
And did provide the herb, and healing plant;
What must they get, who wisdom's path will shun,
And after wicked men's inventions run?

Misguided men, called doctors and divines,
Bring their restoratives from hidden mines
Of silver, copper, iron, zinc, or lead,
Or systems of divinity as dead.

And to support this hellish two-fold cause,
The learned lawyer forms his mystic laws;
These three professions working hand to hand,
Bring unremitting curses on the land.

The priest and doctor claiming the control,
One of the flesh, the other of the soul!
Hell and the pit, from which they dig their stuff,
Are never filled, they never cry enough.

And as capacious is the thirst for fee,
 From the estate divided by the three;
 But dropping their divinity and law,
 Some strictures on the doctor we will draw.

By pointing out a few of wisdom's rules,
 Confounding to their college learned fools,
 That wisdom's children, though they are but few,
 Her simple path may venture to pursue.

The life of man is hidden in his veins,
 'Tis by the blood he senses all his pains;
 Extract the blood, the sense of pain is lost,
 But vital matter surely pays the cost.

The blood, which hath its motion from the air,
 No damp or chilling medicine can bear:
 For let the frigid matter touch the heat,
 And from its opposite it must retreat.

(At least it must obstruct its course,
 Till animated by superior force.)
 Thus fever may be checked beyond a doubt,
 Until the very life is checked quite out.

But by the truth I'm authorized to say,
 Whoever checks a fever in this way,
 Must bring the perspiration to a close,
 And might as well stop up the mouth and nose.

The pressure of the air upon the heart,
 Forces the fluid into every part;
 Check it with some refrigerating damp,
 You might as well pour water on a lamp.

'Tis from obstructions of the vital air,
 That maladies are seated here or there;
 The air then presses with redoubled force,
 Which makes the blood much quicker in its course.

Then if the blood is roused up to go
 With such velocity, against a foe,
 Not mineral damps, but vegetable fire,
 Must be the aid that nature doth require.

The more external air that's taken in,
 The more must seek its exit through the skin;
 And as the air is an elastic thing,
 Heat in the stomach, gives it vital spring.

The heat will rarify it, and expand,
Until its power no demon can withstand.

Now to prepare for the effects of heat,
And drive the foul obstruction from its seat,
The pores must all be opened, and stand clear,
To give free circulation to the air.

And if this moisture nature don't beget,
Produce it by an artificial sweat.
When this is done by means that's safe and mild,
Release the stomach from the surplus bile.

Then in it you may start a living blaze;
This in the air, will vital action raise,
Which smites the heart with unexpected vim,
And drives the flowing blood through every limb.

The nurse's cry is now, good patient live,
For now the foul obstruction has to give;
The ghostly demon makes a quick retreat,
Completely vanquished by the force of heat.

The system now released from alloy,
And every part resuming its employ,
The patient must have something now to eat,
Which soon will teach him how to use his feet.
Such is the process of pure wisdom's plan.
To check a fever and restore the man.

FOR THE LADIES.

CHLOE'S PRAYER FOR A HUSBAND, AND GRANTED WITHOUT DELAY.

CHLOE, at church, with heart devout,
Was overheard to say,
My morning glass is almost out,
A husband, Lord, I pray.

A drollish spark, who near her sat,
Determined for a joke:
Replied with voice effeminate,
As if an angel spoke:

Thou shalt no longer be a maid,
 Thou has neglected been:
 Thank you, kind spirit, Chloe said,
 And loudly cry'd a man.

She with great joy returned home,
 Met friends then on the way,
 Who did inquire where she had been,
 She said, at church, to pray.

And when my prayer was nearly out,
 A pleasant voice did say:
 Your marriage thus must speedy come,
 So dry your tears away.

A young man came at my request,
 His wishes I complied;
 Our friends a wedding supper made,
 Then I became his bride.

Come all young maidens visit me,
 My cup of joy o'erflows;
 Pray for a husband good as mine,
 And banish all your woes.

The great fright at the name of Malignant, Spasmodic, Asiatic Cholera, and appeased by the United States Botanic THOMSONIAN Convention, which set at Columbus, December 16, 1832.

COME, Cholera doctors, spread the news,
 Your poisons give, men's lives abuse;
 Form boards of health, your powers extend,
 To desolate our happy land!

These points attained, exert those powers,
 We'll see the effect in a few hours;
 Men die apace, where'er they go,
 Their steps are marked with human woe!

When health prevailed throughout the land,
 And drugs were plenty on their hand;
 They took their stand and raised the cry,
 "See cholera clouds from Asia fly!"

Weak minds they thus did irritate,
And made them think the danger great!
To pacify and gain consent,
Their poison take, death to prevent.

O, what a hoax to speed their skill,
With lancet, calomel, and pill;
Camphor and opium they combine,
To carry on their bold design.

These are the facts as we believe,
We have no wish aught to deceive;
Men to their graves by poisons hurled,
The plague is spreading round the world.

Near all the earth has felt the bane
Of Paracelsus' poisonous reign!
The cholera cloud has spread its scenes,
From Asia's shore's to New Orleans.

The march of death will thus proceed,
Till botanists shall take the lead;
Their skill employ on nature's plan,
Disease remove, and save the man.

This they have done some thousand times,
Though cures by them, are law-made crimes;
But in so great and good a cause,
They'll cures effect in spite of laws.

The mineral doctors can't succeed,
In vain they blister, purge, and bleed;
In vain their calomel they've tried,
Most of their cholera patients died.

The facts are plain, when foes confess,
Botanic doctors had success;
And saved the lives of many a score,
By college doctors given o'er.

What is the use of boasted skill,
In jalap, bolus, or in pill;
When those whom they attempt to cure,
By swallowing drugs, their death is sure?

What is the use of all their skill,
That will not cure but often kill?
Our great Convention we have called,
The craft to check and spare the world.

Now let each father, brother, friend,
 Who in this council may attend,
 Stand like a soldier at his post,
 Nor fear to face that venal host.

They crowd around on every hand,
 Against the truth to make a stand;
 Their mercenary plans must fail,
 Great is the truth and must prevail.

The time arrives, botanics meet,
 Each patent doctor takes his seat;
 And stands a champion in the cause
 Of nature and her simple laws.

Kind nature speaks in language plain,
 No magic here to give you pain;
 Easy her words are understood,
 "No poisons take, nor spill your blood!"

Come, friendly breth'ren, far and near,
 All have a right to speak and hear;
 Your vouchers show and prove you come,
 To be a mouth for those at home.

We'll organize, by joint consent,
 A Clerk elect and President:
 With Committees, as we may need,
 Arrange our work and so proceed.

The President now takes the chair
 With dignity and solemn air;
 Did with becoming grace proceed,
 A message to our friends to read.

United in the common cause,
 'Gainst deadly drugs and poison laws,
 A seat was free to every man,
 To help to execute their plan.

Thus in their work did they proceed,
 Petitions hear and letters read:
 Record the cures that steamers do,
 With ways and means that they pursue.

How they reject the forms and rules,
 As practised by the mineral schools;
 And how their enemies will tell
 Of patients killed, though 'live and well.

The time affords a pleasant chance,
In useful knowledge to advance;
Our founder is our common friend,
To his suggestions we'll attend.

His system, if you understand,
Will all improvements comprehend;
Unless you do reject it all,
And let the whole to ruin fall.

If you his system understand,
Auxiliaries prop, but do not mend:
The principle remains the same,
Whatever remedy you name.

Those remedies which don't agree
With strict, correct philosophy,
May some unknowing ones allure;
But yet disease they cannot cure.

Should they some transient good produce,
You'll find an evil in their use;
And what appears to do you good,
Will lurk a poison in your blood.

Let all improvements that remain,
And all pretensions to the same,
Be well examined at the first,
Lest some should take us all on trust.

We make no doubt you understand,
Numbers have risen in our land;
Your confidence they do abuse,
By urging you their drugs to use.

Smith's book, for trial first appears,
But has been sinking many years;
Has been before us and been tried,
Condemned in full and set aside.

Miles and Rogers, they come next,
Each have IMPROVEMENT for their TEXT;
This is the gold with which they gild,
And thus conceal their want of skill.

In their contrivances so arch,
Did they attempt to steal a march;
But their improvements, like the first,
Have tumbled to their native dust.

Now comes the great inflated book,
Which drowns the eye at every look;
O'erwhelms all nature with surprise,
Like John's great beast, with seven eyes.

What is there in this book we find?
Try all the powers of earth and time,
To ope' the book and loose the seals,
And find the light that it reveals.

This much we learn with deep surprise,
That it abounds with foolish lies;
Culled from the books already tried,
And several other books beside.

Nothing original or new
Is here presented to our view,
But mandrakes, opium, drops, and stuff,
Gunpowder plasters—cancer puff.

The cause of truth will still go on,
In spite of all this book has done;
In vain the dupe of Howard tries,
To use his hundred remedies.

We wish each family apart,
To understand the healing art;
Without so many forms and rules,
Both coined and practised by the schools.

Our plan's intended for their good,
And easy to be understood;
As taught us in the school of nature,
Established by the great Creator.

But when we gaze at Howard's book,
Imposture meets us at a look;
Deception glares upon its face,
So we dismiss it in disgrace.

Most freely now let us impart,
With faithful lips and honest heart;
All that we know and can reveal,
The maladies of men to heal.

So many friends as here have met,
Does much substantial joy create:
Especially, we're glad to find,
They're of one soul, and heart, and mind.

A Judas now and then may rise,
 But this will give us no surprise;
 Some real friends, we have conceived,
 May turn away, by foes deceived.

Our remedies have all been tried,
 And stood the test, though oft belied;
 So, never let it be forgot,
 We'll buy the truth and sell it not.

Reformers may be multiplied,
 Our faith and patience may be tried;
 One truth remains most firm and sure,
 Our remedies disease will cure.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless:
 Whose aching heart, or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim,
 Whom hunger sends from door to door—
 Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
 Whose years are at their brim;
 Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain,
 Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
 Of every earthly gem;
 Widow and orphan, helpless left;
 Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in thought and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
 Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favored than thine own,
 Remember there's a neighbor born,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

O! pass not, pass not heedless by:
 Perhaps thou can'st redeem
 The breaking heart from misery,
 Go, share thy lot with him.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDLY BOTANICAL SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THEIR DELEGATES, ASSEMBLED IN CONVENTION, AT PITTSBURG, (PENN.) OCTOBER 21, 1833.

Brethren:

IT is with the greatest pleasure that we address you at this time, on a subject interesting to us all. Not only we, members of the F. B. S., but the whole human family are directly interested in the promulgation of the Thomsonian system of Medical Practice. We, your delegates, would therefore call upon you, one and all, to apply your shoulders to the wheel, and help on the good cause. Our system is rapidly advancing. The eyes of the people are beginning to be opened to a fair, candid, and impartial investigation of its merits. This is all we ask; it is all we have ever claimed of the public. Let us then embrace the opportunity, and press forward in the good work. By so doing we shall alleviate human misery, and render incalculable benefits to the whole family of mankind. We can assure you that the most flattering testimonials have been received by your Convention from every section of the Union, of the rapid progress and unexampled success of the system. In no climate or country, whatever may be the form of disease, where the medicine has been administered upon truly Thomsonian principles, has it failed of producing the effects laid down by our venerable founder. This is confirmed by the united testimony of your whole Convention, consisting of about one hundred delegates, as well as by written communications from about half that number of Societies not represented. This is truly cheering to every Thomsonian. Wherever the medicine has failed of producing the desired effect, it has been owing, (as far as your convention can ascertain,) to a deviation from Thomsonian principles, either by using other than

Thomsonian medicine, or by mixing ours with others not Thomsonian. We would, therefore, caution you against using any other medicines than those laid down in our guide, if you wish success to attend you. These, we know from experience, will effect the desired object; but when we deviate from these, we are grovelling in darkness and uncertainty. Your Convention have been honored with the attendance, during their deliberations, of the discoverer and father of our system. From him we have received much wholesome and beneficial advice. Although somewhat advanced in years, he retains his mental and bodily strength to a remarkable degree, and we fondly hope that he may yet live many years, to enjoy the hard earned, and well deserved title, "The great benefactor of mankind." Much of the deliberations of your Convention have been of an interesting nature.— They will, as soon as possible, be published in the Recorder in detail. We have resolved, by the unanimous voice of all the delegates present, to establish a National Thomsonian Infirmary, to be under the direction of the father of our system, for the purpose of preserving Thomsonism in its simplicity, and to give practical information to such as wish to be instructed in our system.

Brethren, our cause calls the better feeling of man into action; it is to do good to our fellow men; to alleviate the miseries of the human family! What more need we to urge us onward? We must expect a bitter and violent opposition from the old faculty, their adherents, and supporters. This is natural, their existence depends upon keeping our system down; in proportion as our system rises in the estimation of the people, theirs is lowered; but truth is mighty and must prevail.

Therefore, our cause must and will succeed, whatever opposition may be arrayed against it. To effect this, we would recommend to you, to form societies in every part of the Union, where a sufficient number can be assembled together. By this means, much information may be obtained from each other, and you may be enabled to act in harmony and concert with each other. Your Convention have formed a constitution for the government of the United States Botanical Society, a copy of which will be forwarded to each Society in the United States, upon application being made. Hoping that you will continue

your exertions to promote the Thomsonian system, and tendering you our best wishes for your prosperity, we close our communication.

The following test resolution was drafted and signed by all the members of the foregoing Convention, and is to be signed by the members of all future Conventions, as the only sure rule of keeping the wolves in sheep's clothing, from imposing on our honorable Convention.

Resolved, That this Convention feeling a desire to give to the world our most unequivocal testimony in favor of the Thomsonian System and practice of Medicine, do, unhesitatingly, declare, that so far as our experience has extended, we have found the simple Thomsonian plan to produce all the effect toward removing disease that we could reasonably expect from any. We know of no other medicines equal to those recommended by Dr. SAMUEL THOMSON, and we firmly believe, taken as a whole, that none have yet been discovered. We therefore, consider it to be a duty we owe to the whole family of man, to recommend to them the Thomsonian system in its simplicity and purity, and to admonish them to look to and depend thereon, as the surest foundation, yet known among men, on which they may safely build a confident hope of relief from the various forms of disease, or those ills consequent on disease, that flesh and blood are heir to. We determine, therefore, that we will not admit into this Institution, as a member, any person who in practice administers any mineral poison as medicine, or any vegetable medicine of deleterious quality, or goes contrary to the principles of the Thomsonian system, by vending and using anti-Thomsonian remedies, or effects, to conceal from his Thomsonian brethren, any medical secret recipe, or nostrum, or mode of preparing or administering any medicine, whereby we might be enabled to alleviate the miseries, or mitigate the pains, or remove any form of disease, with which human beings may be afflicted.

THOMAS HERSEY, *President*,
B. WORK, *Secretary*,

I have lately seen a notice of E. Smith's Eye and Ear Infirmary. Had he taken a few lessons at the Tongue Infirmary, he might have prevented so many slips in the suit of Bowen, for which he is not yet out of danger.

A few Portraits of the conduct of E. Smith, to me, will be distributed gratis, to prevent others being caught in the same trap.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having had, from under the authority of the United States, for a number of years past, a Patent for preparing, using and vending, several compounds of botanic medicine, and having had a liberal share of public patronage; but which Patent having nearly expired, I have thought proper, by and with the advice of my friends, to take out a new Patent, which I did on the 6th of May last, 1836, containing important improvements in several compounds not before published. This is, therefore, to make the fact known; and also, that the right of vending all such compounds and other privileges secured in said Patent, will be granted to those Agents who have been faithful in their trust, and have not gone out of the path of rectitude into any notions or attempts at reform on my system of practice. Such Agents will receive the patronage of the Patentee; and the terms will be made liberal both to them and to the public generally. New arrangements will be made with regard to the disposing of Family Rights and Medicine, and will be made known before the expiration of the present, or rather the former, Patent.

The object of Infirmarys, however necessary they are for the time being, to cure the sick, is not, after all, of the greatest importance. It is more important to instruct the people, if possible, how to preserve their health, so as **not** to become sick at all; but when they are a little indisposed, to have the remedy at hand which will relieve pain and distress as naturally as food relieves hunger; and the mother of every family, having the knowledge of both food and medicine, can relieve either in the commencement, and save all the trouble and expense of a long, painful, and scientific sickness. This has been my object from the beginning, viz., to find a remedy that will prolong health, and check disease in its first attack on the body; and to this object I think I have arrived. The compounds laid down in my Guide to Health, together with what I have secured in my last Patent, will be sufficient to enable every family, having the same, to attend to all complaints incident to hu-

man nature. The husband can attend to all the concerns of his wife, so far as aid or advice is necessary, and the wife can be the administratrix or dispenser of both food and medicine to her children, and thus do away with all the foolish and learned ignorance of scientific knowledge, the effects of which may be seen in our city daily, by only witnessing the many cripples and other invalids, both male and female, crawling, as it were, about our streets, caused undoubtedly by giving poisons instead of medicine, and to females force instead of aid.

My friends, these things ought not so to be. The method I have adopted in establishing Infirmarys, is good in its place, and necessary for the time being, while so many are sick, and so many to make people sick. But, after all, it does not come to the essential point. If they are necessary and useful, they are not exactly the thing, or the only thing needed. They are working on the effect, and not on the cause. They do not prevent sickness; but they are only calculated to cure sickness, which never ought to have existed. While, at the same time, they often make sick those who attend them, (for it is very hard, laborious, disagreeable, and unhealthy work), and who otherwise would have enjoyed good health. This, it is true, is according to scripture, making the strong bear the infirmities of the weak, or it is exchanging health for sickness.

Another evil growing out of the Infirmary system, is, as long as people can go to Infirmarys, or else have a doctor come into their families, they do not see the importance of trying to obtain the knowledge for themselves; not thinking, perhaps, that in time, *Thomsonian* doctors may become as bad as any other doctors, and take the advantage of them as much. It gives the superintendents of these Infirmarys, if they are so disposed,—and if there be nothing to check it, in time they will be,—to make a monopoly of it, and to go into all manner of speculations concerning it. This was the case with Jesse Thompson and others, making the students serve them from three to six months, and then to purchase of their master one hundred dollars' worth of medicine, in order to set up for themselves. In this way these speculators would do away with the Right, and take to themselves the privileges which I intended for the people. Some of them, also, make their patients objects of speculation, as I am informed was the case with Benjamin and Jesse Thompson, Badger, Winchester, and others, by crowding their patients with unnecessary courses of medicine, one after another, in cold, winter weather, for the sake of spunging out of them, I have too much reason to believe, three or four dollars for each course. It has been stated to me that Mr. Badger, at his house, carried one weak female through nineteen courses of medicine, accompanied by steam, in six weeks last winter, and then left her in a very weak and low condition. (No wonder.) Her bill, at the common price for a course and board, would amount to seventy-five

dollars, at least, all at the expense of my credit: for he has, on his sign, "THOMSONIAN INFIRMARY," and he also advertises "Pure *Thomsonian* Medicine," in any quantity! Here it may be proper to notice that this Badger, whom I can consider no better than a public impostor, never has had, to my knowledge, even one ounce of medicine of me, or of my preparing. Neither has he had any authority from me to make use of my name or medicine. In this way he has made use of my name for his own speculation, and as an imposition on the public. Now, if this man means nothing wrong, why does he make use of my name, or what he calls my medicine, at all? Why not make use of his own? Or would it be considered a mere nuisance?

In consequence of these arch impostors, who are crying out "monopoly! monopoly!" on my part, and also that they have made great improvements on my system of practice, and are thereby greatly deceiving the public; and also, by their demanding of their patients four dollars in advance before they will do any thing for them, and the people supposing it to be my orders, by these and other manœuvres my character and medicine have, as it were, suffered martyrdom, while those impostors have built up themselves upon my ruins.

The foregoing statement will be sufficient to show that it is high time some more permanent measures should be taken to preserve the lives and liberties of the people while I live and can speak for myself in their behalf. The measures now to be adopted will be chiefly to instruct the people how to keep their own health, rather than how to *cure* even themselves, much less to cure others, when they are sick. If others are sick, it is true they ought to be cured; but it would be far better if they were never sick. But unless the old poison practice is done away, the world will continue to be thronged with invalids, as it is at present. And all the Infirmarys we can establish, will not keep pace with the sickness made by the present poisonous practice of the fashionable doctors; and, of course, will not tend to do away the sum of human sufferings, which has been, and is now, my greatest object. To instruct and enlighten the people is the only sure way of producing this desired effect. But, it may be asked, how can this be done? I answer, by the same method that I adopted before I had either Patent or Books. The method was the following:—

Having the knowledge in myself, I lectured from facts which I had experienced, and proved the same on the spot by practice. In the first place, I obtained a room, and gave a general invitation to all classes of people to attend. I gave a lecture. I took my text on the four elements, fire, water, earth, and air. Earth and water, I said, constituted the solids; fire and air, the fluids, in the human body; death and life are cold and heat. After going through with my lecture, I presented a paper to see who would purchase Rights for their families. I obtained six-

teen the first meeting; and after settling with them for the Rights, I proved the facts stated in my lecture by practice,—that is, by ocular demonstration. I brought forward my medicine, not my books, and carried one patient through a regular course of medicine, in the presence of all who had subscribed for the Rights; and thus proved the correctness of my theory by my practice, to the satisfaction of all present. Then I adjourned for one week, to meet again at the same place. I commenced with a lecture as before, obtained eight more subscribers, making twenty-four in all. Then I proceeded to administer a course of medicine as before; all my tools, or medicine, were exhibited on the table, for the inspection of all who had purchased Rights; and the one who was administered upon at the last meeting, I observed, should administer on the present patient, I being present to give directions. Thus I caused my pupils, or patients, to have both practical and experimental knowledge of my system of practice. Thus any father or mother, after attending three or four of these lectures, could attend and carry any person through a course of medicine in the first stage of any disorder, with success, without even knowing a single letter of the alphabet. They may know the medicine, without knowing how to write the names of the articles, and know how to prepare and administer it. In this way we had a Society of about one hundred members, in about one year; and as the people gained knowledge, the doctors fled. Five regular doctors were on the island, at Eastport, when I arrived there; and, in the course of two years, four out of five had fled, and the other only held on by one claw, like a bat.

Instructing the people is the only method to prevent the world from being thronged with cripples and invalids, as it is at the present day. Infirmaries, to cure the sick, is like working on the shadow, or the effects of disease, while the substance remains. There will be more sickness makers, and, of course, more sickness made, than we can provide Infirmaries to cure. Instruct the people, and the cause is removed. Let this point be attended to, and future generations will reap the reward of our labors. But should we spend all our time and money to cure the sick, while the cause still continues,—that is, while others are still making sickness, or sowing the seeds of future sickness, in what respect will generations a hundred years hence be benefitted by all our exertions? In no respect whatever. For unless the cause is removed, the effect will not cease. All my discoveries will be bought up and kept from the people, and the whole system revert back into the fashionable mode of doctoring. “Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?” No, no, there is no physician; but there are doctors without number!!!! This is the reason why the sons and daughters of this boasted free country are not healed. Nor can they be thoroughly healed, until the cause of their being made sick, is removed.

But how can the cause of sickness be re-moved? The answer to this question is of the greatest importance to every man, woman and child, not only of the present generation, but also of those who are to be born a thousand years hence. It can be done only by giving the people knowledge. This will keep away the murderous pincers of the assassin, falsely called a skilful doctor, which has too frequently destroyed the life of an infant about to be ushered into the world; and in lieu of which will be used nought but the skilful hand of the midwife, aided by steam in all cases, whereby the desired object can be obtained as naturally as fruit falls from the tree when it is ripe,—that is, it falls of itself.

We will now come to the point we have been aiming at. Let the Infirmaries, already established, or what more it shall be found absolutely necessary to establish, become schools of instruction to other Agents, or to those who wish to become so, to go out on missions, wherever they may be called, as I was called on my first mission to Eastport, as above stated, where I laid the foundation of forming our Friendly Botanic Society, whose branches have extended throughout the United States, and will be likely, in time, to revolutionize the whole medical or mineral practice throughout the world. Let these Agents, thus instructed, have books and medicine to go on their missions, as above stated, not for the purpose of establishing Infirmaries, but for the purpose of instructing the people, selling the Rights, disposing of the medicine, (for every man who buys a Right will necessarily want a little), and also of giving a practical demonstration on the spot of its utility.

This, as it appears to me, is the most feasible method of bringing the knowledge of the subject to the people, which will be the only means of preserving the system in its purity, for them and their posterity, and for the benefit of the public generally, which, from first to last, has been my ulterior object, viz., that of bringing the system into the hands of the people generally, rather than to leave it for the benefit of a few individuals, to speculate upon, while the great mass of the people are kept ignorant of its practical utility.

SAMUEL THOMSON.

STUDY OF ANATOMY;

Or the Skeleton in its Natural Dress.

This view of the skeleton has been almost totally neglected. The study of a live anatomy has scarcely entered the mind of the anatomist; but the dead one has been thoroughly examined, and also how to make them. But the study of the live anatomy, and how to keep it alive, is yet a dark subject to the learned; but to the illiterate, it is plain and simple. The constitutions of all mankind are essentially alike; they have similar solids and fluids, viz. bones, cartilages, tendons, nerves, veins, arteries, flesh, blood and other juices; bodies and parts or members; and all are sustained in as similar a manner as their formation, from the earth and the other elements, the common mother of us all. Man is composed of the elements, and by the same elements he is supported. A state of perfect health arises from a due proportion of these elements; and when this is by any means destroyed, the body is more or less disordered, and there is always in the first instance an actual diminution of the element of fire, heat, or life; and it is produced by its opposite, cold or death. Heat may be denominated life itself, the best physician of the body; and whoever has not studied the living anatomy, is not qualified to be a physician of value, or to kindle up the decaying spark of heat or life; but such a one will be like those of the present day, "forgers of lies and physicians of no value."

When I studied the live anatomy of my own body, I observed when I was mowing, or making hay, and the sun came the nearest being directly over my head, I found I had the most heat, most life, most sensation, and most ambition. Here was my college; here was my book open; here was the God of nature, my president and instructor; here I graduated; here I got my diploma. Here I come before the world to prove the facts and instruct others in the true principles of anatomy of human life, and how to restore the decaying spark of life in suffering humanity. The book is open, the lesson plain to common sense, of what is life, and what is death. There is no mistake with those who have studied this anatomy,

as laid down in this book of nature. Taught by this President, and having received a diploma from his unerring hand, I speak with confidence, believing that there can be no mistake in the rules as taught in this school of Anatomy. Here are the principles of life, and even life itself.

The next lesson is to know the symptoms when this principle begins to decay or move onward towards death. The patient complains, "I have got a bad cold." Here death begins, and will continue until the patient is all cold, unless checked by heat or fever, nature's friend. Strange to tell! Can fever, or heat, be a friend to life?! Surely. Remember when I was at college making hay, and studying anatomy in its most lively form with the meridian sun over my head, when I had the most life, sensation and ambition. Was not this condition life itself? If so, restore the patient who has got cold, or lost his heat, which is the same thing, as soon as possible, to the same condition as he was when the sun was over his head; open the obstructions caused by cold; promote perspiration; take off canker; and restore digestion, so that the food may keep up that heat on which life depends, and let all the people say, AMEN. Glory to the God of Nature, President of this college.

Heat, the Moving Principle of Life and Motion.

The rays of light reflect back heat, and steam, which rises to a certain height where the atmosphere settles, or the reflection of the sun meets it, and condenses the steam taken from the earth, which makes clouds or fog; and the hotter the day the higher will this reflection rise, and the more sudden will be the shower, and the heavier will be the wind. The greater the space lightened by heat, the greater will be the drift of the cold and damp wind until the space is equalized. By this effect of heat lightening air and water all the motion of the elements is caused; without heat there would be no motion, as before stated; all space must be filled either with air or water to form an equilibrium. When heat lightens any space of air, the adjoining air will move in to make the space equal. This causes the blowing of the wind; and

the more sudden the space is made, the more rapid will be the blowing of the wind. In some places it is so great it is called a hurricane, especially in the West Indies. Where the heat is great, the wind drives in proportion, until the space is filled. So on, by the same rule, from the smallest breeze to the greatest blow, the noise is in proportion to the weight and swiftness of the current. The greatest drift or current of air, and the greatest report, is that of lightning. The space is made so sudden by the fluid passing with such speed, and the air is so suddenly expanded, that the adjoining air fills the space, it only makes one sudden crack, and the space is filled. The same with the report of a cannon, the air is broken by the drift of the fire through the air, and the adjoining air filling the space, makes the report.

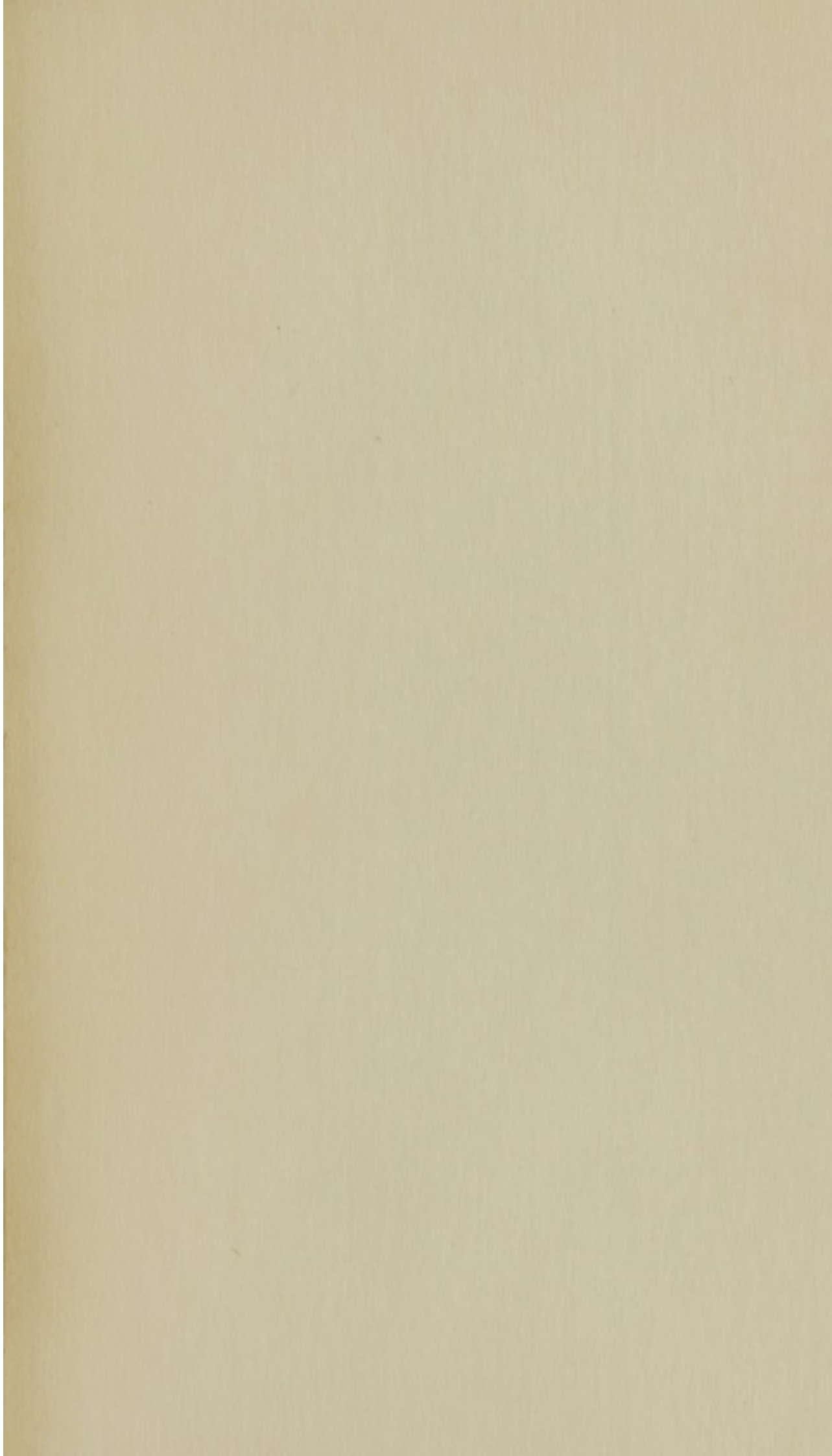
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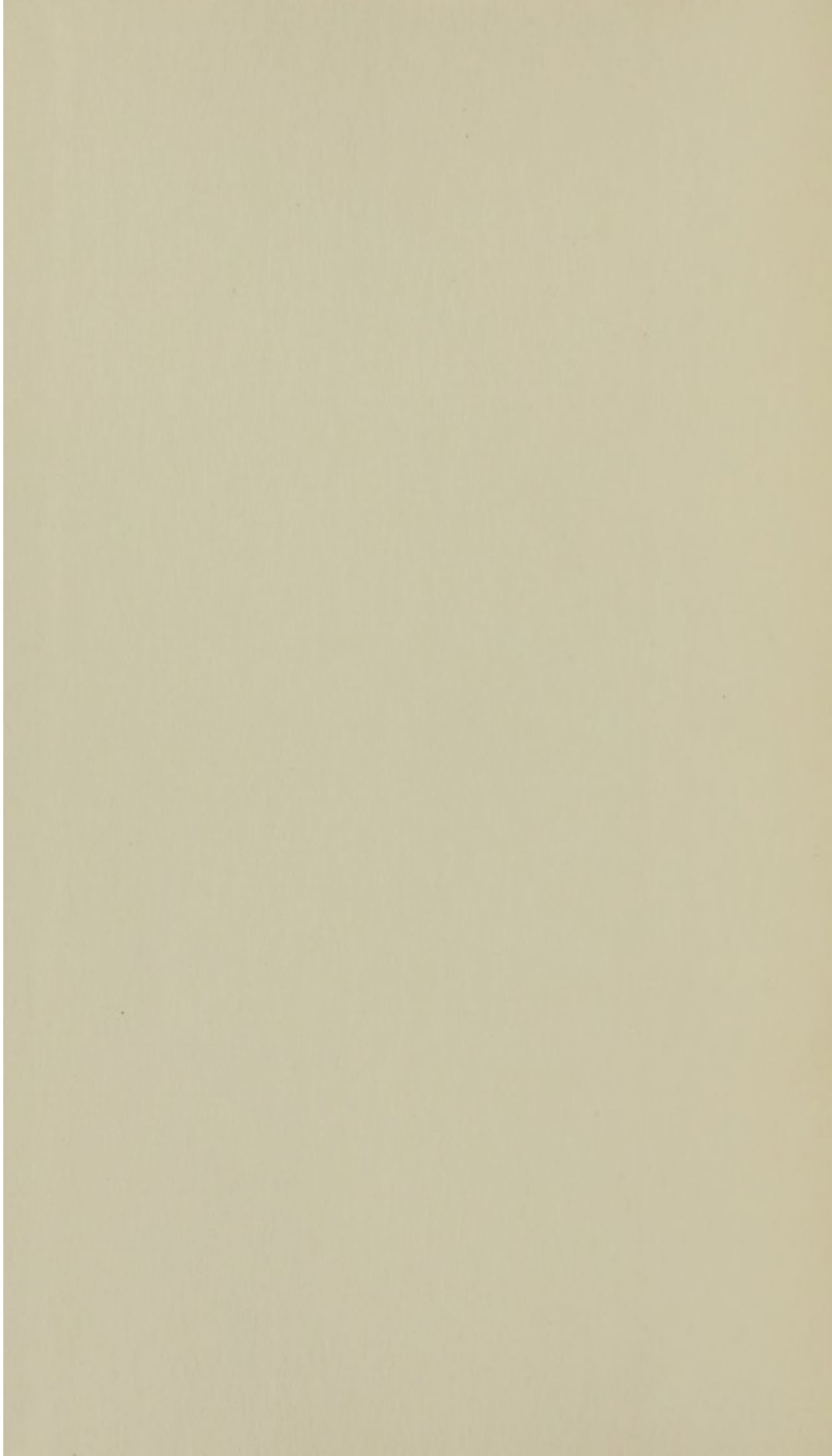
FOR A REVOLUTION IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

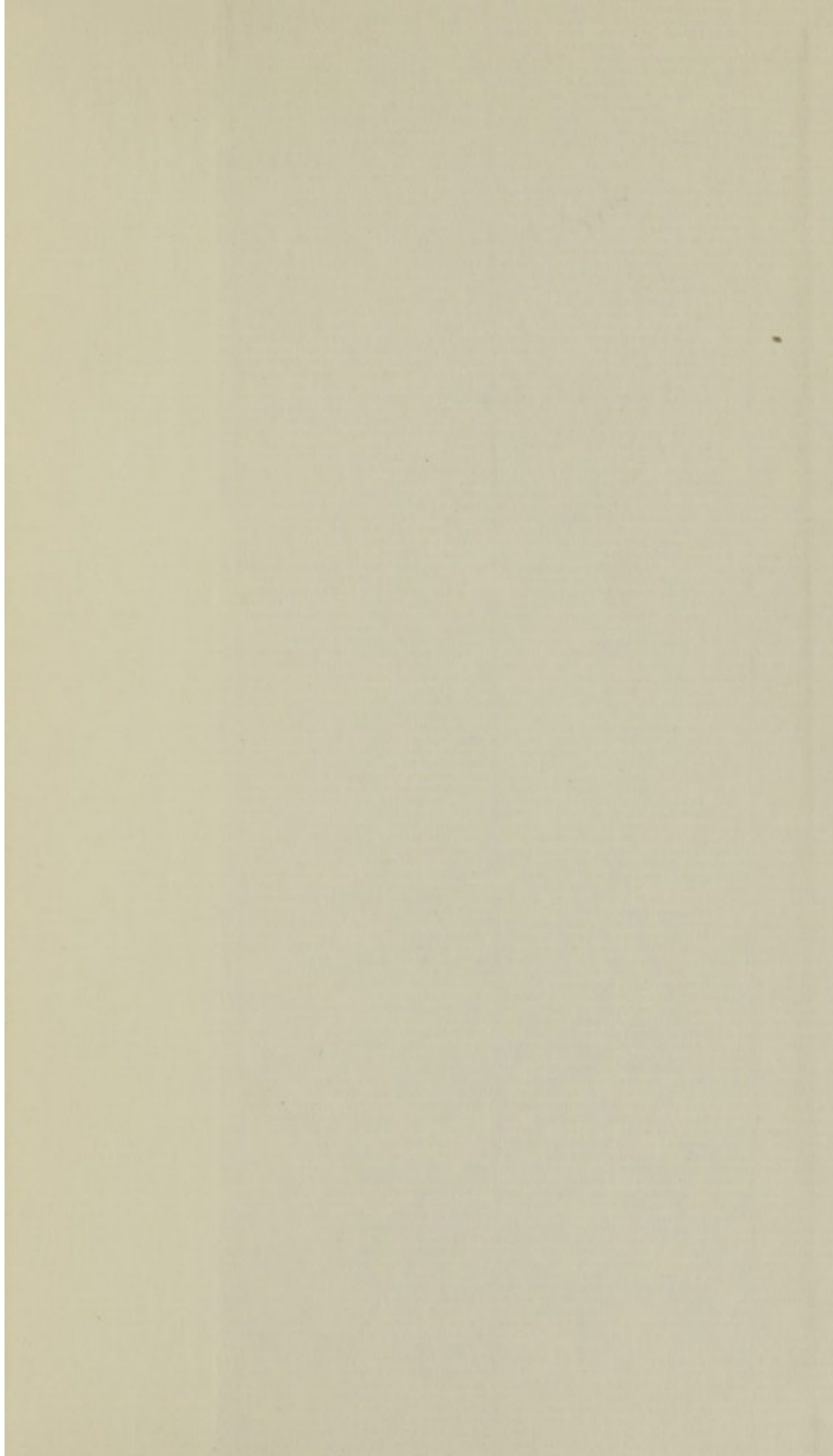
People have paid doctors for being sick, for about four thousand years. Let them now turn about, and pay for their health, which is much more reasonable. Let the doctor enter into contract with the head of a family, to keep the family in health, for a certain sum, for each member of the family, for one year; conditioned that for each day's sickness in the family, by any member thereof, the doctor shall forfeit twenty-five cents, to be deducted from the sum agreed upon. Hence all the account there is to be kept, is, the number of days of sickness there is in the family, in order to know what amount there is to be deducted from the sum agreed upon. And to prevent any imposition on the doctor, by the family, any one saying, "I am sick," to save twenty-five cents; the doctor must be called, and they must go through a regular course of medicine, or else not have any allowance made for their sickness. But if they comply, the doctor must not only attend them for nothing, finding his own medicine, but also pay them twenty-five cents for every day they are sick; to be deducted, at the end of the year, from his salary. Were this plan generally adopted, it would save nine-tenths of all the sickness of our country.

CAUTION.

 Those who have family rights are hereby cautioned against being imposed upon by spurious or adulterated articles, under the name of *Thomsonian Medicine*, as *Wine Bitters*, *Cholera Syrup*, *Cholera Preventive*, &c. &c. which, although they may have some value, yet, still, they are rather an imposition on the public than otherwise. One ounce of *Spice Bitters*, 12 1-2 cents, contains all the real value there is in a bottle of *wine bitters*; and hot water sweetened, is better to take them in than wine, and at the same time it is not likely to lead to intemperance under the idea of taking medicine. So also, No. 6, or *hot drops*, in *bayberry tea*, sweetened, is a better *Cholera Preventive* than the same articles in *rum and molasses*, and may be had at less than one-half the price.







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