

esting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: B. E. Miller, M.D., President; Osman Royal, M.D., First Vice President; H. C. Pfferds, M.D., Second Vice President; Orpha D. Baldwin, M.D., Recording Secretary; H. F. Stevens, M.D., Corresponding Secretary; C. L. Nicholls, M.D., Treasurer. A committee was appointed by the president for the purpose of endeavoring to influence legislation for a separate State licensing board or proper representation on the one already existing.

H. F. STEVENS, *Sec'y.*

MESSRS. BOERICKE & TAFEL.

Gentlemen: In the May number of THE RECORDER I notice an article from the pen of Dr. Caulkins, copied from the *State Journal of Homœopathy*, calling attention to the prompt action of *sticta pulmonaria* in tedious coughs following in the wake of measles, after other symptoms are well cleared up. I would like to call the attention of the profession also to *Eupatorium perf.* in this connection, which, after many years' experience, I have come to consider almost a specific. These two drugs can now be placed side by side, and by their aid according to their individual Homœopathicity we may be helped out in all such cases.

Very truly,

C. CARLETON SMITH.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1891.

SELECTIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

SOME EXPERIENCE WITH PASSIFLORA INCARNATA.

The following experience with this interesting drug is taken from a paper by Dr. Adolphus, of Georgia, which appeared in the *American Medical Journal*:

I wish more particularly to call attention to its therapeutic use in several diseases more or less dependent on abnormal nervous excitement; also on some uterine diseases, attended with painful menstruation.

The first case worthy of report was one of pain in the brain.

A lady who had for several months suffered untold agonies as she described her sufferings; her pain was described as if a weight of many pounds was laying on her brain; the sense of pressure and tearing inside the skull was fearful; her head felt as if enveloped in ice; the pains ran down the back of her neck, and finally reached the lower end of sacrum, so that a slight touch of the coccyx caused exquisite agony. This was a case in which coccygodinia was associated with the cerebral and spinal disease. I failed to relieve the pain for more than a few hours at a time with all other remedies I had tried; at this juncture, when despair was taking the place of hope, I thought of *Passiflora*, which I then administered in teaspoonful doses every two hours; the result was something to be remembered, for she enjoyed excellent and refreshing night's rest the following night, waking up in the morning much refreshed, nearly free from pain, with a good relish for breakfast. I continued the medicament every four hours for several days, for no further uses for medicine seemed indicated, as there was a rapid and complete recovery.

No longer than last October I cured a case of painful menstruation with the medicament, after failing with *viburnum prun.*, *gelseminum semp.*, etc. This was an inveterate case that had been going the rounds for two years.

A few months ago I treated a case of neuralgia of the fifth pair, the ophthalmic branch being involved, as you know the lenticular ganglion is anatomically and physiologically, together with a branch of the third nerve, all associated with the sensory and vaso-motor functions in the eye. I found *passiflora incarnata* a prompt medicament in stopping the pain and clearing up vaso-motor paresis and extreme dilation of the pupil of the affected eye.

The dose was a teaspoonful of the tincture every two hours.

I find the medicament a valuable agent in all nervous affections attended with those peculiar excitements that lead one to suspect congestion of the cord and ganglionic centers. It undoubtedly acts as a sedative to the ganglionic cells in the gray matter of the cord; also on the ganglia in the thorax, pelvis and abdomen, as well as those in the brain. Its influence in quieting and sedating the vegetative system of nerves is very striking, and also the centres in the medulla oblongata.

I attended a lady during her pregnancy on account of pains in her uterus, abdomen, pelvis, and one peculiar symptom was constant quick respiration night or day, never less than thirty-five per minute. I determined to try *passiflora*, which I administered in half teaspoonful doses every three hours. In twenty-four

hours the respirations were reduced to twenty-six, and with the lowering came relief from pain. In forty-eight hours more, the respiratory movements were reduced to twenty-one during wake, and never fell below eighteen during sleep. This case taught me to look on the action of the medicament as a sedative to the moter centres in the medulla, and most probably of the ganglion cells in anterior cornea of the cord. I also treated a boy three years old last fall who had a diarrhœa as a sequel to an acute attack of entero-colitis. I found the respirations fifty per minute; the bowel discharges were thin, watery, offensive, six to ten per diem. Other medicaments failed on him; *passiflora*, in one-fourth teaspoonful every two hours, worked a complete cure in three or four days; the first symptom to yield was the quick respiratory movement.

In the convulsions of children we have in the *passiflora* a safe and almost specific medicament. It may be given in half teaspoonful doses with confidence, repeated every hour until the convulsions cease.

I used the medicament in a case of constant uproar and movement of the small intestine and more or less tympanitis, in a lady in the middle of her change of life troubles, in doses of teaspoonful of the tincture repeated every two hours, with marked success.

A lady complained of pain in her rectum continuously; the coccyx was also quite tender to the touch. There were several erosions on the lips of the os uteri; leucorrhœa and severe pain in the small of the back when a certain spot (over last dorsal and first and second lumbar vertebræ) was pressed on. I found she had been treated secundum artem for the uterine trouble, locally and constitutionally, to no certain satisfactory result. Her respirations were often twenty-eight to thirty per minute, much wakefulness, and at times feeling of constriction across her breast and a sense as if her heart would stop beating. Teaspoonful doses of the *Passiflora incar.*, was the specific in her case. She continued it every four hours two weeks, but from the outset of treatment she felt the right remedy was administered.

These rectum troubles in women are frequently met with in practice. I find the *Passiflora incar.* the best single remedy I have for them.

Recently a man consulted me for a constant pain in his heart; he described it as sharp, and like a pang—often causing a sense of immediate dissolution, and fear of death was on him all the time; pulse irregular in rhythm, now rapid, next slower, occasionally a beat missing; sounds were normal, but accentuated and sharp. *Passiflora incarnata* was a specific in this case; no

doubt the center and probably the local ganglia were irritated from some cause, and, whatever it was, the medicament removed both.

By the way, I must not forget to say, you will find it a valuable medicament in sleeplessness and tossing restlessness in your fever patients. I use the tincture in teaspoonful doses every four hours. It appears the remedy has a soothing effect on the whole nervous system, without any appreciable narcotic properties.

CASES OF SEVERE TYPHOID FEVER JUGULATED BY PYROGENIUM.

By J. Compton Burnett, M. D.

Some short time since a London merchant, about thirty years of age, came under my observation with typhoid fever. This was October 17, 1890. He had then a temperature of 104.5°, diarrhœa, considerable delirium—it was two persons' work to keep him in bed. *Aconite* eased the sensorium appreciably, but did not sensibly modify the temperature.

On the 17th of the month, also, the spots on the abdomen being considered peculiarly characteristic, and the outlook being ugly, distant friends were summoned in case of no improvement.

Prescription.—*Pyrogenium* 5, five drops in water every four hours.

20th.—Temperature last evening 103.2°; there is quite distinct improvement in the patient's state, there being no further delirium; diarrhœa no better.

R *Pyrogenium* 4, five drops in a tablespoonful of water every three hours.

Temperature at noon 102°, pulse 100; temperature at night 101°.

21st.—Noon temperature 100°, pulse 101; night temperature 101°.

To continue with *Pyrogenium* 4.

22d.—Noon temperature 102°, and at night also 102°.

To continue with *Pyrogenium* 4.

23d.—Noon temperature 100.5°, and at night 102°.

To continue with *Pyrogenium* 4.

24th.—Noon temperature 100°, pulse 98; night temperature 101°, pulse 100.

To continue with *Pyrogenium* 4.

25th.—Temperature both at noon and at night 101°; pulse in the evening 104.

26th.—The temperature at noon was 100°, but it was not noted at night.

Continue the medicine.

27th.—The temperature at noon was 102°, and at night also 102° (barely).

Continue with *Pyrogenium* 4.

28th.—The temperature at noon was 102°, at night 98°. From this point on there was *no more fever*, but the diarrhœa continued.

A week later there was still no fever, though the very offensive diarrhœa and weakness continued.

Carbo. An. 5 and *Arsenicum* 5 then did all that was needed, *i. e.*, cured the diarrhœa in four days. Here I am merely concerned with the jugulation of the "typhoid quality of pyrexia" by *Pyrogenium*.

The exact date of the commencement of the pyrexia could not be accurately fixed; but it was about the 11th or 12th. Let us assume it to have been the 11th, then the temperature on the sixth day was 104.5°, and *Pyrogenium* 5 was begun. The sub-normal temperature was reached on the evening of the 28th, or the seventeenth day of the fever, and the eleventh day after beginning with the *Pyrogenium*.

The steady *though slow* grip of the fever by the *Pyrogenium* was manifest to patient and to the on-lookers, both skilled and unskilled, patient himself feeling and sleeping better in steady *crescendo*. The persistent diarrhœa amply accounted for the debility.

I have since made closer inquiries from the patient and his relations, and find he was in his usual health on the Sunday, October 12th. On the evening of the 12th he had very pronounced rigors and went to bed. He then became on the Monday, October 13th, maniacal or typhomaniacal, and there was fever, and he remained in bed; Tuesday, 14th, fever rising; Wednesday, 15th, fever still rising and diarrhœa begins; Thursday, 16th, diarrhœa, hyperpyrexia, *Aconite* used domestically *à l'insus*; Friday, 17th, with a temperature of about 104°, the *Pyrogenium* 5 was begun in the evening. On the evening of the 28th the temperature came down to 98°, when the *Pyrogenium* 4 was discontinued, and no medicine of any kind given. But as the diarrhœa still continued a week after taking the last dose of *Pyrogenium*, *Carbo. An.* 5 and *Arsenicum* 5 were given, and the bowels became normal the fourth day therefrom.

November 19th.—Patient came to see me at my rooms; he was still weak, and showed a trembling, raw tongue. I ordered *Kali-iodic* 30, and sent him into the country; whence I hear that he is getting better and has an enormous appetite.

Now, assuming that typhoid in the first week has a rising temperature, in this one the rise was checked a little by Sunday night, the 19th; there was distinct improvement, although the remedy had only been given two days.

Assuming that the pyrexia of typhoid remains during the second week at the same level as at the end of the first week, and also continuous, what do we find at the end of our second week of the fever? That the fever is less and remitting already, and not continuous at the same level.

Further, assuming that the pyrexia of typhoid during the third week of its course begins gradually to remit, though still reaching its old maximum at the exacerbations, we have in this case a sudden and complete cessation of the pyrexia on the second day of the third week, while there is no fourth week of pyrexia at all.

I submit, therefore, that in this case the typhoid quality of pyrexia, essentially the typhoid fever (*here* the whole case), was jugulated by medical art by means of *Pyrogenium*.

And, inasmuch as the fever was clearly of a severe type, and the subject an unfavorable one—a highly-strung, sensitive, brain-feverish kind of man—it is highly probable that, but for the *Pyrogenium*, he would have succumbed to the fever.

I therefore think that my advocacy of *Pyrogenium* for the typhoid quality of pyrexia (Drysdale) respectively as a remedy for typhoid fever, being founded on scientific principle, is now further supported by another fact of clinical experience. For further experience with this potent remedy, see the pamphlets by Dr. Drysdale and by myself, respectively.

I told patient when he went into the country to report to me after awhile; the report came, and thus runs:

"Nov. 28th, '90.

"*Dear Sir*—In accordance with your request I am writing to report progress. I am happy to say that I appear to be going on satisfactorily in every respect, notwithstanding the weather and my inability to go out. All traces of diarrhœa have disappeared, as well as the odor at stool that was so disagreeable; in fact my bowels have been beautifully regular. The only thing that troubles me is a little flatulence, which I suppose will pass away with returning strength. It is now no effort to me to walk, in fact, rather a relief than otherwise. The doctor that operated upon and is attending upon ——— is literally astounded at my

rapid recovery. If there is any further information you would like to have and which I may have forgotten in this letter, I shall be pleased to answer any questions you may like to put to me; and am, yours gratefully."

From his brother I hear that patient shortly returned to his professional duties, and continues thereat in excellent condition. In judging therapeutic results we must compare *not merely mortality*, but also—(1) Duration of the disease; (2) Duration of convalescence; (3) Whether the restoration is to integrality or only partial; points very commonly overlooked. Patient was in bed altogether three weeks and two days.—(*Hom. World.*)

London, February 26, 1891.

MICHIGAN.

The *Transactions* of the Homœopathic Medical Society of the State of Michigan, for the 20th and 21st sessions, came duly to hand.

President L. M. Jones, M. D., in his address among other good things said:

"We have arrived at the conclusion that in these days we have well authenticated testimony to prove that our school is in the happy possession of not only specific single remedies for all the more grave diseases, but that we have also preventive remedies in nearly, or quite, all the graver diseases to which the human family is heir, such as cholera, yellow fever, typhoid fever, pneumonia, diphtheria, etc., and especially how very often do we prevent hysteria, epilepsy or magnus morbus, and insanity in women, with the indicated remedy, and proper management of uterine and ovarian diseases, beside many of the diseases peculiar to children, such as scarlatina, whooping-cough, etc." This isn't news, but in these days of proprietary coal tar medicines it is well at times to restate the old truths.

President D. M. Nottingham, M. D., in his address alluding to dissensions which ever and anon crop out says: "Men may differ and yet be courteous and have due respect for an honest difference. It is by active competition and honest criticism that every case is more thoroughly studied, and the faithful student more brightly polished." This also is not new, yet it is well to restate it at times.

Pathology.

Dr. Frank Krafts' paper, "Pathology as it relates to Thera-

peutics," is so much to the point—Homœopathic point—that we freely quote from it:

"'Pathology is what we know of disease.' As that sweet Melanchthon of Homœopathy, Carroll Dunham, somewhere has said, 'I think I may know exactly when my buggy broke down; I may be able to describe learnedly the fault in the grain of the wood, the flaw in the iron; may be competent to trace the wood through its various gradations back into its primal elements; may be capable of writing a treatise on metallurgy, showing the faultiness in the metal composing the broken part of my buggy, I may even be posted in geology, meteorology, and the other essential things which united in breaking my buggy; but and unless I am a practical wheelwright all this erudition will not restore my buggy. On the other hand, if I am a good wheelwright, I will not need to concern myself with these excellent though practically useless accomplishments. I will take the buggy, overhaul it, find its breakage, repair and rebuild until it leaves my shop as good as before the breakdown. To make the application—I may know exactly where my patient was exposed to his ailment; I may know that he ate or drank that which precipitated the attack; I may know that his heart is twice its normal size, that there is a cancer in the pyloric orifice, or a dangerous inflammation of the Peyer's patches, but if I am not a skilled *Materia Medica* man, the pathological knowledge will serve me but little, if any.'"

"That I may not seem dogmatic, and in order to make plain the position I assume, I ask permission to append two cases from my practice."

"Mrs. Fred. D., living on a farm in Michigan, æt. about 48, was given up to die with cancer of the stomach. I was the fifth or sixth physician called in, and then only, I suspect, more in derision of my school, than with any expectation of help from 'little pills'—my predecessors having all been members of the old school—or possibly to put the signing of the death certificate on me. I asked the question, quite natural under the circumstances, what is the matter with her? Cancer of the stomach, came the answer. The doctors had all agreed upon that diagnosis, and had set her death for two weeks ahead—long enough to have relatives, who had been telegraphed for, come from Dakota. Pathologically she had cancer; an intimate acquaintance with that disease had left no doubt in the minds of the pathological prescribers on that score, and the treatment was for cancer. Entering into the case between the eleventh and twelfth hour, I firmly resolved to ignore the cancer, and address myself

wholly to the eliciting of symptoms, if any could be found under the mass of drugs. I found the lady propped up in bed, a constant stream of saliva running from the corner of the mouth onto a board, and down the board into a chamber vessel. If she lay down, the saliva choked her. Restless, fidgety, nervous, uneasy, terribly prostrated, the stomach on fire like the slaking of lime, with the explosion of air bubbles, and eructations of burning hot gas, which had cankered the mouth. Water, a bare touch to the tongue, was sufficient. Yellowish-white, transparent complexion; œdematous appearance of the face and dependent parts of the body. So weak could hardly speak; 'tired unto death.' Bowels running off too freely. What was this but cancer? Had I been better versed in pathology than I am in Homœopathic therapeutics I would perhaps have given Dr. Mitchell's recommendation of Arsenicum 2x and 3x a trial, and lost my patient. Remembering the teachings of my old preceptor, Dr. Wilcox, of St. Louis, and of my alma mater, I went back into the history of the case to look for a cause for this alleged cancer in an otherwise healthy family. I found that some eight months preceding this time now spoken of, being in July, the 'menfolks' had gone to town, leaving her and a small girl alone on the farm. While engaged in putting up fruit she heard the dog bark, and going to the kitchen door saw some pigs had found their way into the garden. Throwing a sun bonnet on her head she rushed out, and after considerable exertion succeeded in driving the pigs out. She returned to the house all in a perspiration, panting and almost breathless, sat down in the kitchen door on a stone door sill, a strong current blowing through the kitchen from an opposite door, and fanning herself with her apron. She remembered that she suddenly shivered, got up, washed her hands and face, and resumed her preserving. But within three or four days she began to have nondescript chills, rheumatic twinges took her here and there, appetite began to fail, she grew nervous and peevish, couldn't get to sleep till after midnight, and then she was driving pigs or doing something else in her dreams that caused unusual exertion. Quinine eventually 'broke' the chills, but the lady felt that she never got completely over the 'breaking.' She continued to grow weaker until she was bedfast. Then the old school pathologists began to experiment on her with cancer medicines, until they and the relatives reached the conclusion that death was imminent. I gave Mrs. D. one dose of Nux Vomica on general principles, to antidote the cancer medicines of the pathologists; put her on *Sac-lac* for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time she received *Rhus tox.* in

water, one powder, divided into bi-hourly doses until all was taken. I treated her ten days, and with but one exception, that of a solitary dose of sulphur, she received no other medicine. She is alive, fat and hearty to-day, and the funeral has been postponed. Did *rhus tox.* cure cancer of the stomach? I don't know, and what is more I don't care. But this I do know, that the instant I found the clear cut totality for *rhus* I told the lady, 'You have no cancer, and you will get well.' I found *rhus* symptoms so unmistakable, that it made no matter to me whether she had cancer, corns or consumption, I knew I could help her. Of what value would pathology have been to me in this case? Even supposing that a perfect knowledge of pathology had saved me from the error of diagnosing a cancer, what more could it have done beyond giving me a long-handled name for what I chose arbitrarily to call nervous dyspepsia? It could not in the remotest degree have suggested the remedy or remedies."

"The other case occurred in June, 1888. Mr. Jerry M., a middle-aged farmer, residing a few miles south of this village, had been bedridden for upwards of ten years. Had doctored, and doctored, and doctored, until discouragement set in, and he began investing in patent medicines. One doctor had told him he had a cystic tumor of the left liver; another, that his liver was grown fast to his midriff; another that he had holes in his liver like those made by buckshot; another, that he had what I interpret to have been cirrhosis of the liver; another, that the bottom of his right lung had hardened and had rubbed a hole in his liver; another, that there was a bag of water as big as a teacup on the under side of the liver; in short all the learned old-school physicians, except one, had saddled the disease on the liver; pathologically it was a liver trouble and he was given liver medicine; he got lots and lots of it. The more he got the less strong he became, until eventually he could not leave his bed. The excepted one said he had stomach fever and needed calomel. This went along from bad to worse, until one of his grown-up sons, meeting the last attending physician, got out of him the declaration that all the doctors in the United States couldn't get the father out of bed again. The son took it upon himself to discharge the physician, and came to see me for a little talk. The result was that I was persuaded to take up this forlorn-hope case, and visited the patient. The history I received has already been detailed. I resolutely determined to put the liver behind me, and addressed myself wholly to the presenting symptoms. I found him a little, dried-up old man, prematurely old, a squeaky voice, yellow of complexion as a ripe cow pumpkin, dyspeptic,

hungry for oysters, but they were no friends of his; terrible agony from wind in his bowels, eructations and flatulence, rattle in his abdomen like distant musketry, a most pronounced four o'clock aggravation, pain across the 'coupling' of the back, constipation, piles, bloody urine, with red sand sediment—in short, a lycopodium case. And that was what he got and nothing else. I made him two visits, and the man is alive and well. (I met him to-day, March 12, 1890, driving a fiery team of young horses, feeling himself as he hallooed to me, 'pert and sassy.'")

"Now for the application. Suppose I had been awed by the many diagnoses of my predecessors of the old school, who are nothing if not pathologists, had followed in their wake, and given 'liver' remedies, what would have been the result? Unquestionably death. As in the former case, I am moved to ask of what especial value would a close pathological knowledge have been to me in this case?"

"To recapitulate, therefore, I beg to say as in the beginning, if the chief end of a physician is to cure the sick, to do so, homœopathically, I can do it equally well with the pathological prescriber; and, further, that if I give my leisure time to the study of materia medica, I can make more and better cures than the pathological prescriber. Hence, I conclude that there is no vital relation between pathology and homœopathic therapeutics."

Orificial Surgery.

Dr. A. B. Grant, in his paper on "Orificial Philosophy," said: "It is an axiom of orificial philosophy that diseases of an organ always starts at its mouth, and consequently all orifices should be dilatable and free from all forms of irritation." Among the curable troubles—curable by orificial surgery—are "neuralgia, sick headache, dyspepsia, constipation, chronic diarrhœa, functional diseases of the heart, neurasthenia asthma, hay fever, epilepsy, cramps, numbness, and poor capillary circulation;" to this list is added, later on, "migrane, dysmenorrhœa, palpitation, sleeplessness, many cases of tuberculosis, insanity, locomotor-ataxia and paralysis." A long and goodly list.

Kali. Phos.

Dr. J. C. Nottingham in his paper had the following to say of the familiar yet, at the same time, unfamiliar *Kali. phos.*: "The subject this Bureau of Materia Medica has to bring before you is *Kalium phosphoricum*, a therapeutic agent doubtless all feel perfectly familiar with, and many will risk affronting us by leaving the room at the mention of so familiar a topic, yet I believe that the remedy *Morphia sulphate*, if brought into discus-

sion here, would not lose interest for hours; each one could relate long stories of experience with *Morphia*, stories of calamities and narrow escapes from calamities, and blessings received from sufferers for the relief from pain and the sweet sleep following. This last can be told of our topic, *Kali. phosphoricum* (yet they bear no therapeutic comparison), but the former, the calamities, will be omitted, and I ask you the relative importance of these two remedies."

"*Kali. Phos.* is well-known to all our physicians (thanks to Schüssler), and I presume each one may have his own individual ideas of the symptomatic indications for its exhibition, in the absence of provings; but this bureau, headed by the chairman appointed by your committee one year ago, and the committee who selected Doctor H. C. Allen for the work knew their business, attempted to obtain some provings to be presented to this society. I am extremely sorry for the society that I was substituted for Doctor Allen, and that this society should be robbed of so good an auditor. But take what we have to offer you, tear it into pieces and call it a failure if you want to, but of this be certain, viz., it was not our seeking."

"I have found my own indications for *Kali. phos.* in nervousness, restlessness, a fidgety feeling in the feet, a trembling sensation in the muscles, especially of the legs, the gastrocnemii muscles. An aching nervous feeling in the cerebellum and upper cervical region, and a tenderness over or just posterior to the mastoid processes, which, when aggravated, seems to cover the entire head or brain. I find these symptoms most frequent in dark blondes, with unsteady eyes which look rather through the eye-brows, or when observed fix the eyes upon something, or in vacancy. In short—in persons who are suffering from suppressed, or excessive sexual indulgences, in putrid discharges smelling like carrion, as the stool, perspiration, urine, etc., a cross, irritable disposition, or feeling repulsive to conversation."

There are many other interesting papers in the *Transactions*—thirty-one—but want of space draws the line.

A STUDY OF DELPHINIUM STAPHISAGRIA.*

By Edward Blake, M. D.

Not the most insignificant of those bays which must for ever deck the brow of the Immortal Master is that he laid bare a thousand unsuspected virtues lurking in those old simples of which we talk so much, and, I fear, use too little.

*Read before the British Homœopathic Society, May 7th, 1891.

You all know that the transcendent genius of Hahnemann, like that of the great Darwin, who resembles him in so many ways—in modesty of manner, in simplicity of mind, in patience of investigation and in an extraordinary power of minute, nay even microscopic, observation—is shown not so much by the brilliant generalizations with which each startled the quidnuncs of his day, as by the amazing number of hard and stubborn facts, well observed and well authenticated, which these giants managed to heap together into time-defying scientific tumuli.

The splendid hypotheses of both have already been shaped and pared by the effects of new observations and of added knowledge. But the strict logic of their facts remains, and must remain, as an undying monument, more persistent than the pyramids of Egypt.

That the Seer of Cöthen's having contributed more actual specifics to medicine than any known physician, before or since his day, may possibly form the popular basis of esteem in a day when few persons have any leisure to think, is more than probable. To us this is not so; to us has been accorded the rare privilege of knowing this unrivalled mind in its deepest recesses.

There was a time when the intellect of man was so large that small matters could not be contemplated without a fine sense of scorn; now it is but a trite truism to say that the infinitely great is necessarily based on the infinitely little. If men were weighed by the actual practical benefits which they have conferred on their kind, none would hold his own with this plain physician, who first taught us the way to cure cheaply and quickly, not indeed so much those rare and recondite diseases, which distress the rich, as those common, vulgar ailments which afflict ordinary work-day humanity. Nor did Hahnemann, who was ever actuated by the pure spirit of research, think it beneath him to test the powers of a common plant, the Larkspur, chiefly connected in the minds of men to this very day with a loathsome parasite. He stooped to this species of organic small-tooth-comb, and, rescuing it from its ignoble alliance, placed it in the honorable post of the forefront in that great army which he recruited to fight the old battle against disease and decay and suffering and death. The fact is, we are not half vain enough of Hahnemann, and of his work and his powers; familiarity has robbed them of some of their *prestige*; we are used to them, and we take them too much for granted. *Delphinium* is itself a drug of which all good Homœopaths ought to be very proud. As a curative agent Hahnemann literally created it.

It was the custom of Hahnemann to introduce a fresh drug to

the notice of his disciples, and of the profession at large, by a kind of little speech of introduction. Just as we present to each other two distinguished guests with a small verbal flourish of trumpets.

But in the exordium which precedes the *Delphinium* proving, we miss the imposing list of Old School authorities with which we are familiar in Dr. Dudgeon's well-known translation—a list amounting to no less than 93 names in the case of *Opium*.

Neither references nor quotations from traditional medicine are cited for *staphisagria*; and for the best of all reasons, there were none for Hahnemann to cite. So we do well to call it a Creation of the Master's Mind.

We may remember that *staphisagria* was proved by Hahnemann himself, and by some of his most careful and conscientious coadjutors—Cubitz, Franz, Gross, Gutmann, Hartmann, Haynel, Herrman, Hornburg, Kummer, Langhammer, Stapf and Teut-horn, who recorded between them no less than 721 symptoms, of which 200 were observed by Hahnemann himself.

We are constrained to say that of the 64 drugs (omitting the three magnetes) whose provings Hahnemann left as a priceless legacy to the world, not one has been more thoroughly worked out; and yet *staphisagria* has scarcely received fair treatment from us, it has been a little "left out in the cold."

Let us turn to the memorable words with which Hahnemann ushers into the world this new Therapeutic Child of his.

"What enormous power must not this drug possess! Now, as our new and only healing art shows by experience that every drug is medicinal in proportion to the energy of its action on the healthy, and that it only overcomes the natural disease by virtue of its pathogenetic power provided it is analogous to the latter, it follows that a medicine can subdue the most serious diseases, the more injuriously it acts on healthy human beings, and that we have only to ascertain exactly its peculiar injurious effects in order to know to what curative purposes it may be applied in the art of restoring human health. Its power, be it never so energetic, does not by any means call for its rejection; nay, it makes it all the more valuable; for, on the one hand, its power of altering the human health only reveals to us all the more distinctly and clearly the peculiar morbid states which it can produce on healthy human beings, so that we may all the more surely and indubitably discover the cases of disease in which it is to be employed in similarity (homœopathically) and therefore curatively; whilst, on the other hand, its energy, be that never so great, may be easily moderated by appropriate dilution and