

## PERSONAL.

Dr. M. A. Wesner has removed from Houtzdale to Johnstown, Pa.

*Hospital News*, devoted to the interests of the Pittsburgh Homœopathic Hospital, is the latest arrival.

The *State Board of Health Bulletin* of Tennessee naively heads its paper on Jenner, "Romance of Science"

The Pennsylvania Dutchman translates "I am thy father's ghost" into "Ich bin deim dawdy sei spook."

Probably the builders of the pyramids worried as much over the future as we do to-day.

The tablet seems to be passing. The old Hahnemannian triturations and mother tinctures are far better.

It is said that a drop of *Phytolacca*  $\theta$  applied to a bee-sting takes away all the pain.

Dr. Chas. H. Hubbard has removed from Camden, N. J., to Chester, Pa.

When advised to drink boiled water she said she would "rather be an aquarium than a cemetery."

If the beard is to go because of microbe-carrying qualities, what's the matter with shaving off the eyebrows and hair also?

"Hard times" are felt least by professional men who have good libraries and know their contents.

Even a saint would lose his temper were he crossed as often as the ocean.

Yingling's *Manual* for accoucheurs is a valuable little work.

The fourth edition of Raue's *Special Pathology* is a fine specimen of a book from the mechanical point of view.

Get out and "root" for the "home team" these hot days if you cannot take a holiday; good for the lungs.

There are gneiss rocks as well as girls.

Eltopai, California, was shortened from the original Hell-to-pay.

One dollar pays for a year's subscription to the HOMŒOPATHIC RECORDER; try it for a year.

The furore for publishing medical works rivals the bicycle craze.

Baehr's *Science of Therapeutics* is still a live and vigorous work and could give good pointers to many a modern Homœopath.

"Sunburne" is a good lotion for those who suffer from sun-burn; very soothing to the inflamed skin.

The Prince of Wales, who never wears a pair of trousers more than four times, must be constantly uncomfortable breaking in so many new ones.

While about it why not hitch your wagon to comet and see more of things?

Dioscorides said *Pæonia off.* was a good remedy for nightmare. It caused that horror in the proverbs.

The Indian Brother is an enthusiastic Homœopath, and a good one, but the English of his contributions sometimes are a little like some peoples' Homœopathy—mixed.

The quotation from the pen of our old "regular" friend, "Country Doctor," anent *Helonias Dioica* is worth reading. (See p. 313.)

If the heroine of Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation" had been given a dose of *Helonias Dioica* there would have been no story.

Never forget that *Ratanhia* will give relief in itching of the *Anus*—internally or as suppositories.

*Origanum Marjorana* is worth investigating. See translations concerning Dr. Galavardin's latest in this RECORDER. (See page 301.)

The best soaps are the Vinolia. See xxiii.

## THE HOMŒOPATHIC RECORDER.

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CONSTANTINE SAMUEL RAFINESQUE.

1783-1840.

There are naturalists and naturalists; the species which works with an Herbarium, with pickled fish, mounted birds, stuffed animals. Foh! his *Hortus siccus* is hardly drier than himself (and this is not the drouth that "Zwei!" assuages), nor are his defunct "specimens" scarcely deader. Then there is the other, who catches the bloom of the flower when it is christened by the dew of its first morning; who sees the silvery scales of the fishes while they are gleaming in the pellucid waters of their native streams; who hears the feathered songsters hymning their carols to the Infinite Maker in the cathedral aisles of the primeval forests—this is a naturalist *nascitur, non fit*. Such an one was Constantine Samuel Rafinesque.

William Godwin wrote to his daughter, Shelley's second wife, "We are so curiously made that one atom put in the wrong place in our original structure will often make us unhappy for life." With poor Rafinesque more than one atom had gotten misplaced. Buoyant and cheerful in youth, morose and suspicious in manhood; energetic and industrious through the years when

"The strong man's part and the lion's heart"  
bravely withstood the storm and stress, bowed and broken and eating the bread of a niggard charity when the evil days came, long before the grasshopper had become a burden. Remote from his only surviving child, there was no filial tear to fall upon his dying face; homeless, he started to cross the "Great Divide" from a cheerless garret; companionless, he met the last enemy (surely a friend to him!) *alone*; penniless and in debt, he found a grave only because an admirer provided one.



But throughout the whole fateful drama of his life he never faltered in his firm independence and his sturdy self-reliance—some atoms were certainly in their proper place, but it was the truants that brought about the pitiful eclipse of both talent and genius. *Count no man happy till the day he dies*, said the old Greek poet, and it was not pessimism that inspired the utterance; it was the fate of *Œdipus* that gave it point and pith.

Is that magnificent "concourse of atoms" called Man, an accident of Nature! Hath his marvelous fabric no Architect! Is there no designer who shapes the purpose and decrees the end! Is it only as the Persian Singer saith,—

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing  
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
And out of it, as Wind along the waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

In the solemn hush of a cloudless night, when the silent stars look down upon a world that the magic of the moonlight hath made a marvel of beauty, must every one of Woman born make the sighful confession,—

Yon rising moon that looks for us again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same garden— and for *one* in vain!

*Wir heissen euch hoffen!* said Goethe; and the doubting Thomas of Ecclefechan laid the words to his sore heart, and the deep darkness was illuminated by one shining hope.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But here and there as strikes the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd you down, into the field,  
He knows about it all—*He* knows—*HE* knows!

No; we are not "cast as rubbish to the void;" each of us subserves an inscrutable purpose; one shall suffer even that another may gain by the very example thereof;

Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

*Wir heissen euch hoffen!* Let not the Devil's Advocate have all the say. There is another Voice singing,—

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him  
In this *clay* carcass crippled to abide?

Blessed be the indiscriminating beneficence of Death which

cometh to every "clay carcass crippled" in the fierce struggle that we strangely call *Life* when every day teacheth that it is only the dusty doorway to death!

Born in Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, on the 22d of October, 1783, Rafinesque died in Philadelphia in 1840—we know not the precise day. He was living hermit-like, "when, alone in his crowded garret, in a poor quarter of the great city, he died of cancer of the stomach." The place of his abode was on Race street, and there "in a garret, surrounded by his books, minerals, plants and other loved natural objects" he awaited the end of a life of singular vicissitudes and fortunes.

His scholastic education was gotten chiefly in Italy, and in the acquirement thereof he was directed by private teachers. He had that most prominent sign of all scholars—a love for reading, and it is ominous that he found the greatest charm in books of travels. His father had been a merchant whose ventures took him into various out-of-the-way countries, and perhaps Rafinesque's roaming tendency was inherited. It was his first intention to follow the parental calling, but trade had for him no charm that could compare with nature's countless attractions, and not even Thoreau gave himself more unreservedly to nature than did Rafinesque.

His first visit to America was made in 1802, and the business that then engaged him took him into Kentucky. There nature cast the spell about him which was never thereafter broken. In 1805 he and his brother went to Sicily, and for ten years that "delightful island" held him from his life-appointed work. He returned to the United States in 1815, and then the fates began to play with him. At midnight on the second of November, the ship which held him and all his earthly possessions was wrecked on "Race Rock, off Fisher's Island, at the eastern end of Long Island Sound." Striking on the rocks, her keel was entirely torn away, and when a swell landed her beyond the rocks, her keel rapidly filled and went down. Down with her went the results of years of toil and of labor, both mercantile and scientific." (So far his biographer.) He himself wrote: "I lost everything, my fortune, my share of the cargo, my collections and labors, for twenty years past, my books, my manuscripts, my drawings, even my clothes \* \* \* all that I possessed except some scattered funds and the insurance in England for one-third of the value of my goods."



In the "*Life and Writings of Rafinesque*," published by the *Filson Club*, Dr. Call (from whose work I derive all my facts) says, "Rafinesque appears never again to have known prosperous business adventures. He belonged to that class of men, from this time, who imagine that the hand of every other man is against him." I can but hope that this is too broad an assumption; but the frown of adverse fortune may well change the nature of the victim of its caprice.

He was then thirty-two years of age, and there remained for him fifteen changeful years in which he must *dree his weird*. He became tutor in a private family, professor in a western university, editor of magazines, and all the while he was an active naturalist collecting and collecting, and likewise an author of wondrous fecundity; he almost literally spawned treatises on nearly everything beneath the moon, and marked nearly every milestone of his busy life with a book.

A summary of Rafinesque's publications, as given by his biographer, adds a curious item to the history of authors. Here it is:

Magazine articles. . . . .	144
Books and pamphlets. . . . .	39
Rafinesque's Magazine . . . . .	3
Original articles therein . . . . .	233
Manuscripts. . . . .	1
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Total titles . . . . .	420

Nor is this all; to this may be added:

Reprints. . . . .	17
Translations. . . . .	7
Books from oversheets . . . . .	3
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Grand total . . . . .	447

"A further classification by subjects will serve to show the very wide range over which the scientific work of Rafinesque extended. Among these papers botanical subjects, with one hundred and fifty-one titles, take precedence; zoölogical papers and pamphlets come next in order with some one hundred and twenty titles, of which those that relate to ichthyological matters are in excess. A singular fact is next apparent in that historical, rather than scientific subjects appear to have received attention, there being thirty-nine papers which may be so classed. Poems, with four subjects, one of which comprised some two hundred pages, presents the smallest number of titles."

Verily, Rafinesque must have thrown off a pamphlet or a mag-

azine article whilst the cook was seasoning the omelette for his breakfast; three hundred and seventy-seven magazine articles! That outdoes even the indefatigable "S. L." of happy memory.

A glimpse of Rafinesque in the heyday of his career will not come amiss after the wearying detail of his sterner work. It is broadly humorous, but the outlines are faithful and the sketch is not wholly a caricature.

"'What an odd-looking fellow!' said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back. 'How the boatmen stare at him! Surely he must be an original!' He ascended with rapid step, and, approaching me, asked if I could point out the house in which Mr. Audubon resided. 'Why, I am the man,' said I, 'and will gladly lead you to my dwelling.' The traveler rubbed his hands together with delight, and drawing a letter from his pocket handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal and read as follows: 'My dear Audubon—I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me always your friend. B.'

"With all the simplicity of a woodman, I asked the bearer where the odd fish was when M. De T. \* \* \* smiled, rubbed his eyes, and with the greatest good humor said: 'I am that odd fish, I presume, Mr. Audubon.' I felt confounded and blushed, but contrived to stammer an apology.

"We soon reached the house, when I presented my learned guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. De T.'s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds which had first drawn my attention. The ladies were a little surprised, but I checked their critical glances for the moment. The naturalist pulled off his shoes, and while engaged in drawing down his stockings—not up, but down—in order to cover the holes about the heels, told us in the gayest mood imaginable that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on board the *ark*, to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. Clean clothes were offered, but he would not accept them, and it was with evident reluctance that he performed the lavations usual on such occasions before he sat down to dinner.

"He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely, he shook his head and told me no such plant existed in nature—for M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malebranche's expression, acquired a 'venerable beard.' I told my guest that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood; and that I would show it to him on the morrow. 'And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon? Let us go now.' We did so; and on reaching the river I pointed to the plant. I thought M. De T. had gone mad. He plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me to his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got, 'Not merely a new species, but a new genus.'



"When it waxed late, I showed him to the apartment intended for him during his stay, and endeavored to render him comfortable, leaving him writing materials in abundance. I was, indeed, heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof. We had all retired to rest. Every person I imagined was in deep slumber, save myself, when of a sudden I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running about the room naked, holding the handle of my favorite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces in attempting to kill the bats, which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, but he continued running round and round until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to a 'new species.' Although I was convinced to the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished Cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats as it came up, soon got specimens enough.

"M. De T. remained with us three weeks and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats and fishes. \* \* \* We were perfectly reconciled to his oddities, and finding him a most agreeable and intelligent companion, hoped that his sojourn might be of long duration. But one evening, when tea was prepared, and we expected him to join the family, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses and other valuables were all removed from his room. The night was spent in searching for him in the neighborhood. No eccentric naturalist could be discovered. Whether he had perished in a swamp or had been devoured by a bear or gar-fish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture, nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety."

There is another sketch by the same hand which has all the fidelity of a snap-shot, and it brings Rafinesque up very vividly in "his habit as he lived."

"A long, loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sack. A waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower part of which was buttoned own to the ankles. His beard was long as I have known mine to be during some of my peregrinations, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders. His forehead was so broad and prominent that any tyro in phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong power. His words impressed an assurance of rigid truth, and as he directed his conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus would have listened to Mentor."

Some of the old-time students of Transylvania University, in later years, ransacked their recollections to eke out the picture of the rare and roving naturalist.

"I never saw him dressed so finely or so fashionably as this photo represents, for he was an extremely eccentric man in his dress, as well as in his

manners, and was always an object of ridicule by the younger students at the University. They would fill his room with smoke from cigars when he would leave it."

And another testifies: "As I recall the old man he was a small, peculiar-looking Italian, with a large, rather bald head, and stooping figure, very scientific, absorbed in his books and bugs, his researches and his writings, a genius with many peculiarities and not much dignity. \* \* \* *I don't know where or how he got his meals.* His room was in the College building and was a curiosity, filled with butterflies and bugs, and all sorts of queer things. The students played tricks upon him, and the young folks were amused by his funny ways. He seemed to me an amiable gentleman, an innocent, inoffensive sort of man, hardly appreciated at the time."

It is the old story, Apollo tending the flocks of Admetus and mistaken for a swine-herd by not only the quadrupedal swine. Poor Rafinesque,

"His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

The tenderer hand of a sympathizing woman writes "*how he got his meals.*" She is giving the recollections of her mother, who described Rafinesque, "as did all I have ever heard speak of him, as a most eccentric person; his extreme 'absent-mindedness' contributing to his foreign ways to make him peculiar. His students were not slow to perceive that he made an excellent target for their practical jokes, and having but small esteem in those days for natural science as compared with classical attainments, they showed him but little respect. His lecture-room was the scene of the most free-and-easy behavior made possible by the total absorption in his subject of the lecturer, who was always oblivious to his surroundings when occupied with his favorite pursuits. In appearance Professor Rafinesque was small and slender, with delicate and refined hands and small feet. His features were good and his eyes handsome and dark, or apparently so from the long, dark eye-lashes. His hair, which he wore long, was dark and silky. He went into society while in Lexington, and was a good dancer but had no companions, being totally abstracted, usually, with his own thoughts, and having no conversation, although he spoke good English, save on his favorite topic of botany, etc. On these he was an enthusiast. He was a clever draughtsman, and often made sketches of persons in his company. Mrs Holly, the wife of the President, took a motherly supervision over this lone, friendless, little creature, while at Transylvania University, and saw that he ate his dinner, that the mud of his various expeditions was removed from his garments, that his hair was combed and his face was washed, as often any or all of these particulars would be forgotten by the oblivious scientist. \* \* \* For my own part, I always felt sorry for poor Rafinesque, because he was a stranger, and because all the young people made jokes at his expense. These he is said never to have noticed apparently, but I believe a man of his fine mind must have felt more than he showed. At any rate he appreciated kindness that was shown him, although he knew none of the arts that make a man popular."

There are some delightful touches in this reminiscence; we see



the enthusiast "totally oblivious to his surroundings when occupied with his favorite pursuits;" the "delicate and refined hands and small feet"—marks of "blood" always; the forgetfulness of his meals unless good-hearted Mrs. Holly "saw that he ate his dinner" (dinner, at least, for one meal would keep alive a "small and slender" being who derived almost a sustenance from the breath of nature). Alack! "he knew none of the arts that make a man popular." Ah, fatal want and fateful!

He that was Christian Samuel Rafinesque is known to the student of *Materia Medica* for his contributions to the knowledge of our indigenous remedies. Now and then the patient book-hunter may pick up a copy of his "Medical Flora; or, Manual of the Medical Botany of the United States of North America. Containing a selection of above 100 figures and descriptions of medical plants, with their names, qualities, properties, history, etc.; and notes or remarks on nearly 500 equivalent substitutes. In two volumes. Volume the First, A—H., with 52 plates. Medical plants are compound medicines prepared by the hands of nature, etc.—Med. Princ. 31. By C. S. Rafinesque, A. M., Ph. D., Ex-Prof. of Botany, Natural History, etc., in Transylv. University of Lexington, the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, etc.; Member of the Medical Societies of Cincinnati and Louisville, the Philos. Soc. and Lyceum of New York, the Acad. of Nat. Sc. of Philadelphia, the Amer. Antiq. Society, the Kentucky Institute, the Linnean Society of Paris, the Imp. Nat. Cur. Soc. of Bonn, the Imp. Economical Soc. of Vienna, the R. Italian Inst., the R. Inst. of Nat. Sc. of Naples, etc."

I wonder if the resounding tread of this battalion of titles will disturb the dust of him that is sleeping in that unmarked grave in Ronaldson's Cemetery, Ninth and Catherine streets, Philadelphia? Pardon, departed Shade! I would only let men, who now strut their little hour, know thy consequence when thou wert in the flesh, and learn the lesson.

I am filled with unspeakable regret that in my thoughtless student days I did not know whose dust was mouldering in that "Ronaldson's Cemetery." "In 1861 the place was marked by a plain board slab, on which was painted simply 'C. S. R.' To-day the spot where he was buried is unmarked." Many a pilgrimage did I make to gaze through the iron railing and look at the resting place of Franklin; and as I write I can but remember how supremely versed was *he* in all "the arts that make a

man popular!" Not a misplaced "atom" in his whole anatomy—and one of the direct consequences is a substantial stone slab to mark the spot where they await the summons to that last judgment when the Omniscient Arbiter, who knoweth our infirmities, shall spurn the poor devices "that make a man popular."

In reading of Rafinesque and his remoteness from his fellow-men, I am reminded of William Blake, of whom James Thonson wrote:

"He came to the desert of London town,  
Grey miles long;  
He wandered up and he wandered down,  
Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,  
Mirk miles broad;  
He wandered up and he wandered down,  
Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind  
In this desert of brick and stone;  
But some were deaf and some were blind,  
And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came; he died,  
As he had lived, alone;  
He was not missed from the desert wide,  
Perhaps he was found at the throne."

*Ann Arbor, 20th of May.*

—S. A. J.

#### PROVINGS OF *CORNUS ALTERNIFOLIA*.

First Proving by R. E. Albertson.

Commence at bedtime Tuesday, May 12th, 1896.

Wednesday, May 13th, 1896.—Awoke this morning after a very refreshing night's sleep, feeling as well as usual; and did not notice anything out of the ordinary during the entire day. Had stool, but somewhat scanty. Appetite fair.

Thursday, May 14th, 1896.—Did not rest very well during night. Had dream I was spending summer in country. Did not get into anything like a sound sleep until near morning; and then was very reluctant about getting up; would have preferred to have had a couple of hours' more of such sleep. I have noticed nothing in the course of the day worthy of mention excepting a pain across the small of the back, which lasted only a short time and then disappeared. Stool to day little better than yesterday.



Friday, May 15th, 1896.—Another restless night; would get into a light sleep off and on until near morning. Dreamed again; this time of an exciting fire drill. Up to to-day had been taking "*Cornus Alternifolia*" thrice daily; 3 drops 30th, commencing with this morning every three hours. Stool to day; at first hard and difficult, then loose. Nothing further noticed to-day.

Saturday, May 16th, 1896.—Passed a very restless and sleepless night; guess I was awake at the striking of every hour. Tongue has been coated a yellowish white for a couple of days. Stool to-day, but scanty. Feel as well as usual, but don't seem to have the ambition to do anything for any length of time.

Sunday, May 17, 1896.—Experienced another very restless and sleepless night. Felt an aching in left shoulder and dull pain across forehead, more particularly on right side. Stool to-day and appetite fair.

Monday, May 18th, 1896.—While I passed another restless night, though not as bad as nights previous. Seem to hear every little noise and sound. When once awake, mind becomes active and then it is difficult to get into a sleep again. Have dreamed something mostly every night; some of which I do not remember.

Tuesday, May 19th, 1896.—Rested somewhat better last night; though was awake off and on. Last dose taken at bedtime.

Wednesday, May 20th, 1896.—Experienced another restless night; was awake most of the night until about 3 A. M., when I dropped off into a sleep.

Friday, May 22d, 1896.—Noticed a little sore inside of mouth (left side), which by Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday had become very annoying. When eating anything that came in contact with it, or even when moving the mouth in a certain direction would cause a sticking, pricking pain. I also want to mention a few eruptions, small pustules on face and neck which appeared during this proving.

#### Second Proving of "*Cornus Alternifolia*."

By F. H. Lutze, M. D.

February 1st, 1896.—Took 5 drops of  $\theta$  three times daily.

February 6th, 1896.—Took 5 drops of  $\theta$  every two hours. On second day had two loose evacuations in quick succession in the afternoon.

February 9th, 1896.—A cold feeling in chest as if it were filled with cold air or ice; this continued for two days and was very disagreeable, but seemed to have no influence on action of heart or respiration.

A second proving commenced on April 1st, reproduced the same symptoms in same manner. Have made no proving of 30th yet.

#### Third Proving of "*Cornus Alternifolia*" 30th Dilution.

Commenced at bedtime Sunday, June 7th, 1896.

Monday, June 8th, 1896.—Awoke after being awake the greater part of the night feeling as usual. Felt dull pain in right side region of liver about 11 A. M.

Tuesday, June 9th, 1896.—Slept very little; tossed and turned mostly all night: could not get into any comfortable position. Tongue this morning coated a yellowish white. No stool to-day and appetite fair.

Wednesday, June 10th, 1896.—While I rested somewhat better than nights previous, yet was awake considerable part of the night. Had two dreams; one of dead rats mashed to a pulp; the other of coition, causing an emission. When I awoke this morning, felt a raw feeling in throat, which continued throughout the day; though not quite as bad as when I arose. Sneezed some, too, to-day; head partially stopped up toward night. About an hour or two after dinner, which I ate with a relish, a sick sensation came over me, a dull heavy feeling in forehead accompanied with a nauseous and dizzy feeling; could hardly pull one foot after the other on my way home from work; but after being a little while in the open air and walking, feeling subsided some and when I reached home felt much better; and after supper had entirely left me; though when I retired that night I felt as though I had been doing a very hard day's work and was glad when my body touched the bed. Stool very scanty to-day; appears difficult to do anything; seems to be quite some gas.

Thursday, June 11th, 1896.—Awoke very tired; sleep disturbed considerable; could not rest in any position. Raw feeling in throat still this morning, with a frequent desire to clear; a feeling as though something lodged there and should come out. Stool to-day, but scant, A dull ache in region of heart



felt in afternoon. Feel tired and drowsy. All ambition seems to have left me. Appetite very good to-day.

Friday, June 12th, 1896.—Feel very well this morning and slept fairly well during the night, though was awake a few times. To-day marks the first appearance of eruptions; one on the right wrist, the other on right side of chin; small pustules; in one case blind, all others forming pus.

Saturday, June 13th, 1896.—Experienced another restless night. Another pustule has appeared on chin and also ring-worm on forehead (right side); feel very well to-day.

Sunday, June 14th, 1896.—Slept fairly well during night. Experienced nothing particular excepting toward night an awful uneasy feeling came over me; a feeling that something terrible was going to happen.

Monday, June 16th, 1896.—Awoke very tired this morning; have a cough, with a feeling as though something heavy was lying upon my chest and throat.

Wednesday, June 17th, 1896.—Slept pretty well during night; feel very languid and tired; a feeling as though my legs were unable to bear me up.

Sunday, June 28th, 1896.—Toward evening felt very tired and drowsy with heavy sensation in head; about 9:30 lay down upon the lounge and dropped off into a doze; awoke a half hour afterwards with a feeling as though I wanted to vomit and chills which continued for an hour when I vomited, which seemed to relieve me some, after which fever took the place of the chill which abated some toward morning.

Monday, June 29th, 1896.—Managed to get to my business, but was unable to do anything all day on account of the weak feeling and a violent pressing headache in forehead, which continued all day; worse on motion and on stooping felt as though everything would come out. About 5 P. M. diarrhoea set in which continued all night, every half hour to an hour, the same the day following and continued right up to Sunday night, July 5th. Lost in that time six pounds.

[Dr. Lutze contributed a paper to the RECORDER on the empirical use of this remedy that was published in the November, 1895, number.—Editor of RECORDER.]

#### PROVING THE "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"—*BERBERIS AQUAFOLIUM*.

In the HOMŒOPATHIC RECORDER for March, 1896, p. 133, there appears an interesting article on the virtues of the plant named above—it starts out with: "From the fact that it will make a 'new' man of an old one in a short time, it is an excellent remedy." As I am now over sixty years old, it seemed high time to cast about for something possessing the virtue specified, viz., making "a 'new' man out of an old one"—and to my knowledge, as I have never had five days illness confining me to bed, or even to my room, during the said sixty years, I considered myself an easy subject for the contemplated rejuvenation; besides all this, I am what some would call a homœopathic "crank"; and believed, and yet believe, if there be anything that can effect such a transformation, it is to be found only within the lines of Homœopathy, I immediately ordered quantum suf. of the article in question from the celebrated firm of Boericke & Tafel, and started out on the trip to the "Fountain of Youth" in full confidence that *something* would come of it. The first day I took two doses mother tincture 10-15 drops each; no special effect noticed—no youthfulness either! Second day, ditto; third day, one dose in morning; after bank hours went to a friend's sanctum and engaged in a game of chess, and while so engaged, felt a growing sense of nausea and thick-headedness—so much so, that I was obliged to excuse myself and hurry to my own quarters. *Berberis*, however, did not once occur to me—I had scarce reached my room, when the sense of nausea (seven minutes lively walk, since it became really oppressive) had *full sway*, and having eaten nothing whatever, since the previous evening (as I do not eat unless I am hungry), the straining was rather severe, but exactly similar to some previous attacks of "biliousness"—in feeling, and color and taste of discharges—and still *Berberis* did not occur to me; as soon as the strain was over, I was seized with a remarkable and peculiar headache; a thing of which I have no recollection whatever, to have previously experienced in any shape—the sensation was that of a strong, well-defined, compressive, band of iron (or some unyielding substance) about two inches wide passing *entirely round the head, just above the ears*—it kept on growing tighter and tighter; I jumped from the reclined position on a