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"Plus apud nos vera ratio valet, quam vulgi opinio."

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[ORIGINAL.]

Why Publish a Homeopathic Journal?

"Every man," says the proverb, "is a Physician or a fool, at forty;" or, as it may be rendered, the man who has attained the age of forty, so deficient of observation as to remain ignorant of some of the various aspects under which disease attacks the principle of life, and a general knowledge of the curative agents employed to baffle the enemy, is little better than a fool: indeed, such results are but the natural effects from a natural cause. An inheritor of a fearful legacy, man finds himself launched into being with the seeds of dissolution firmly implanted and twining around the very citadel of life; and a vigorous and active mind, in conjunction with a perfectly organized body, being the exception rather than the rule, existence is a perpetual struggle between health and disease,—vitality and death. Under these circumstances, need it be wondered at that he should resort to every expedient which offers a prolonged existence, or successfully to repel the assaults of the enemy, and the most rational course to adopt in the exigence of the moment, the proper remedies, the right time and application, and the most effective dose, are matters of vast importance,—questions upon which not unfrequently hang the issues of life and death.

If, in bringing more prominently before the public the principle advocated by Homeopathy, of "*similia similibus curantur*," a safer and a surer method of treating disease is introduced to popular notice, it would alone be a sufficient reason for the publication of the 'JOURNAL.'

In their frantic efforts to eradicate disease, and obtain longevity, mankind have submitted to inquisitorial rigors, and borne, without a murmur, tortures that would have out-heroded the most fanatic

ascetic. The lancet, calomel, cupping, blisters and searons have, with the best intentions, been called to the assistance of humanity; but unhappily they have been implacable enemies in the guise of friends. Phlebotomy and depletion have carried on their fearful work of depopulation until their thousands slain will bear comparison with those terrific scourges of the human family, War and Pestilence. A perfect infatuation has apparently existed and pervaded over the different departments of Medical Science,—so much so, that every potent manifestation of disease has been but the signal for a furious onslaught upon the unhappy victims. Nauseous draughts, drastic purgatives, poisonous emetics, together with the lancet, have, while professing amity, traitorously assisted the enemy, and treacherously sapped the citadel, until nature, unable any longer to maintain the unequal conflict with disease and the Doctor, has quietly succumbed, and the miserable patient, with mustard plasters at his feet, a large blister on the chest, the vital fluid exhausted from his bandaged arm, and a body swollen to bursting with mercury, gives up the ghost, and is gathered to his fathers.

Nor can the Physician be accounted solely blameable in the matter, since the patient has generally been as anxious to be physicked, as the Doctor has been willing to physic him to death. Alarmed by a slightly ruptured blood vessel, an incipient diarrhea, or the forcible ejection of some offensive and crude substance from the injured stomach, they have sought by some powerful drug, to correct the evil and eradicate disease; while Physicians seem to have been actuated by the desire to see how much virulent poison they could pour into the human system with impunity, without producing immediate dissolution.