

To "torture" a fellow creature with blisters, already suffering enough, one would think is unpardonable; bespeaking, as it does, the lamentable fact, that the blister is had resource to *because no medical means have been found in the old school more effectual.* The theory of "counter irritation," which is called in to explain the beneficial action of the "blister," is hollow and deceitful; because the blister has produced a *greater* suffering than the natural disease, does not prove that the diseased state is cured thereby. Hence we find that one blister after another follows in succession, as each repeated evidence is given of suffering. If the frequency of application keep not pace with the recurrence of pain, they are applied oftener; the blistering is made perpetual; and thus the poor victim is doomed by orthodox medical practice to suffering. This is step No. 1. Now of the bowels—those poor unoffending viscera, which have to endure so much to please the ignorant theorist, who supposes that disease can be *purged* out of the patient. Is there constipation, owing to the life power being for the time directed to the chest, in meeting and opposing the disturbances in that region where the blisters are doing their deadly work? "Hem! open the bowels," says the Doctor. Forthwith the patient is made to swallow pills and draught; the repeated disturbances to which the poor, weak patient is subjected in the process of purging adds to his debility; the patient is purged—he is weakened—but is the diseased state altered? By no means—the patient is worse for the treatment. The vitality directed to the bowels, to meet the *artificial diseased state "purging,"* the patient's head "wanders." The doctor visits—leeches are ordered to the temples—the patient *submits* like a dutiful creature, the leeches suck his "*life's blood,*" but to no beneficial purpose beyond a temporary relief—he is all the worse.

Is this all? No! For the bowels having been *artificially* purged, the peristaltic action becoming excessive, the purging continues. What now is to be

done? There is some fear that the purging will weaken him too considerably. "We must check this," says the doctor, and for this opium and chalk are given. The bowels are checked in their action, and what now happens? The head of the patient gets worse, and symptoms of "coma" set in—the patient dreams frightfully. And if the pulse, after re-action, be found too quick, straightway a lance is thrust into a vein of the arm, and the man spills *life* while he spills his fellow creature's *blood.*

Is this all? Not yet all!!! The patient, having been deceived by the blisters on his chest, manifests signs of serious implication of the lungs, one or both. What is to be done now? He has lost blood enough already, he cannot spare more—"Tartar Emetic" is administered. The cough and difficulty of breathing increases in spite of this treatment, for the blisters having concealed the earlier manifestation of disease in the lungs, by suppressing the pain, the disease has gone unchecked, and the patient gets no sleep for the troublesome cough. Now, however, "Morphia" is brought into requisition, and a pill at night quiets the poor victim for a few hours more. Next morning the doctor visits; "how is the patient? has he slept?" The nurse replies, "He had a tolerably quiet night, doctor, but he is very low this morning." What is now to be done? thinks the doctor to himself; "I think all we can do is to order some fever mixture, a pill at night to compose him, and some beef tea and port wine which may strengthen him." Poor fellow! he has no power to digest food, but food is given; it is no sooner taken than it is vomited. The diarrhœa recurs, opium and starch are injected into the bowels, *per rectum*, and again the "ports are blocked."* The patient gets weaker and weaker, he lingers from day to day, he emaciates, he lies a sad picture of distressed humanity. His head shaved, his chest denuded of

* A late physician, in instructing his pupils in the art of treating their patients, used to say, "First open ports, gentlemen!" meaning by that, Purge the bowels.