

gy, Therapeutics, and Hygiene. The causes of disease, the infallible mode of cure, the perfect understanding of the means of prevention; what school has mastered these? Are not the farthest-sighted men owls? Daily are they not at their wits' ends? Do not those in health become sick? Do not the sick *die*? The *so-called* Quack, in a given instance, strikes disease square in the frontlet and it falls in the dust at his feet, whilst the *so-called* man of Science makes a feint blow or a false stroke and flees for his life. In another instance the success is *reversed*.

Now the reason why I prefer Eclecticism to the Orthodox practice is easily seen. It avoids all foolish pretensions. Claiming that it has made improvements over the old school, it yet admits the necessity of further progress. And if, in a momentary vanity, it forgets how little the best school of medicine *knows*, such vanity is pardonable; for behind it the spirit of earnest inquiry dwells. Not so with its antagonist. It seats itself with the most pompous gravity, and vows itself to be

"In a State of Grace."

For it there is no advancement. If it advances, it is because the popular force pushes it on. Mechanicalness is its chief feature. Its path is like the *round robin* of the sailors, having neither beginning nor end. Its practice is routine. Its paths are hard-trodden, till they are grassless, and Death takes his morning airings along that high-way clad in the vestments of a conqueror. The school of the Eclectics admits its imperfections, but cherishes perfection as its aim. The schools of the Regulars swear that they have already attained perfection, and offer their oaths as an ultimate argument.

Notwithstanding my early medical education, I prefer to show respect to those whose philosophy forces the admission that in the intellectual as in the physical world, motion is an element, and has its law; and that in obedience to it, *mind* as matter quickens and makes advancement. With such philosophy as this men must *grow* or *die*. Stagnation is its abhorrence, and it prefers speculation and theory to that intellectual inertness which characterizes the alumni, in many instances, of the old school.

The second reason of my preference for Eclecticism over the routine practice is, *its liberality in sentiment and action*.

It admits the possibility that to-morrow may bring with it wisdom and *light*. These it holds itself bound to honor whenever they appear, and whosoever may be their conductors among men. It stamps as quackish *only* such as, ignorant of what is really known, seek to produce results not