Of the wisdom of attempting to explode, to expose, or to put down, as it is termed, popular delusions and vulgar errors, by means of works of fiction, we have always entertained doubts. It may be argued, we know, that all means are proper and fair by which the human mind may be undeceived, by which it may be weaned from errors, and made to relish and love truth and correct dealing. But it is forgotten, amidst all the eloquence and plausibility of this argument, that it must be allowed, and may be justly said, that, for the purpose of correcting one set of errors, delusions, falsehoods, and misrepresentations,—another series of falsehoods is employed; invention is carried to its greatest possible extent in fabricating and imagining facts, scenes, and positions; and in the very endeavour to demonstrate the hurtful effects of error and imposition, the example of imposition is itself brought forward.

By the author of the present performance, however, an argument of a different kind is employed. He allows that the folly and wickedness of homœopathy have been elaborately, and ably, and satisfactorily exposed in the various medical periodicals of the day. But as these are not read by the public, and as it is the public that are chiefly to be undeceived, he thinks that the present mode of presenting the deceits, impositions, and absurdities of homœopathic practitioners in an agreeable form before the public, may tend to open their eyes, and make them understand what a miserable system of arrogant pretension and shameless imposition homœopathy actually is.
In the present performance, nevertheless, we are told there is a foundation in fact. "Circumstances of a peculiar nature made the author acquainted with the history of one of the most successful disciples of Hahnemann. Its details were given by a dying man, painfully aware how near he stood to the barrier which intervenes between time and eternity,—who no longer wished to deceive others, and whose awakened conscience told him he could no longer deceive himself."

"The author has pondered for some years on the propriety of placing these confessions before the public; and he does so now from a feeling that the time demands them, and a conviction that they will prove useful."

Thus it too often happens in the world. A man passes through the course of life a deceiver and impostor, with a daily lie on his lips, and his whole life a series of falsehoods and frauds; and at last, when death has overtaken him and stares him in the face, he thinks it time to become honest, and, by a sort of deathbed repentance, atone for the wickedness and injury done by a whole lifetime of iniquity. It is simply possible that the great Ruler, who daily brings good out of evil, and makes not only the wrath but the iniquities of His creatures to praise Him, though they know it not, nor is it in their hearts, may in the same manner cause this to produce unexpected good. Yet where the soil is bad, the fruits are not likely to be promising. Let us see, however, how this story founded on fact proceeds and what it teaches.

According to the established rules of the Epopoea, and which are understood to be more or less generally applicable to romances, novels, and fictitious narratives of all kinds, we are introduced at once to the hero of the story, the Count von Eisenberg, alias, and formerly Karl Gruber of a nameless hamlet near Leipzig, at two hours after midnight, ordering his lady Amalie, a young German beauty, to prepare to depart from the Schloss Falkenbrun, a castle near the ancient town of Salzburg, at an early hour in the morning, in order to get rid of some English residents whom he cordially hates. A little remonstrance and discussion follows; but the Count, who is a perfect domestic tyrant, cuts all short by decisive orders, which he repeats after quitting the room by the lips of a messenger, that all should be ready for departure at five in the morning. At that hour, therefore, on a frosty morning, they depart from the castle and pine forests of Falkenbrun, pursuing their journey for some hours of the day along the banks of the Salza, and arrive at night at an obscure gasthaus, the Weissen Hirsch or White Stag, a small wayside inn in a mining district of the Tyrol.

Snow fell during the night; and next morning they resume their journey at a pace retarded by that accident in a hilly dis-
trict. The Count, impatient at their slow progress, gets out of the carriage and mounts one of the attendant’s horses, galloping on, at intervals ahead, and at other times encouraging the peasants who had collected to urge on the carriage. All of a sudden horse and man disappear from the earth; and a crash is heard, followed by a plashing sound, such as is heard when a heavy body falls into deep water. Horse and man had fallen into the shaft of an old mine, the mouth of which, overgrown by brambles and other shrubs and covered by snow, had been concealed from sight. The horse, the nobler and better animal of the two, is of course destroyed. * But the count is intercepted in his fall by a friendly ledge of stone about thirty feet down. The countess is in the greatest distress; and while the attendants hesitate, she proposes to go down the shaft herself by ropes in order to rescue her husband. From this, however, she is spared by the opportune arrival of two Englishmen attired as sportsmen, with rifles and knapsacks; indeed, two Englishmen from whom this German count had run off, for fear they should be too civil to his lady.

One of them, Howard, instantly gets himself secured in ropes, and after first lowering a light which was not extinguished, he descends and finds the count in a state of insensibility, hanging over a ledge about three feet wide, with his head downwards and his feet against the perpendicular wall. The ropes are secured round the body of the count, and he is drawn up, and afterwards his deliverer. An arm and a leg had been broken, and a gash across the face had been inflicted, with some injury of the head. But in a little he began to show symptoms of returning sensibility; the fractured limbs were set; and the sufferer was conveyed on a sort of litter made by the carriage doors to the inn, which they left in the morning. The Englishman, or Irishman rather, who rescued the count, originally a sailor, is now a doctor, and treats his patient on the most approved plans, medical and chirurgical. The other, Forrester, is a well-educated Englishman, of enlightened mind, religious principles, and with strong feelings of rational piety, and he ministers to the mind of the invalid, and finally to that of his lady, religious instruction and spiritual consolation.

From the immediate effects of the accident temporary and partial recovery takes place; and in the meantime, after the feelings of the count had been considerably altered towards the hated English by the spontaneous and kind attention of the two young gentlemen, he is induced to give to them and his lady a history of his life, and, in short, to confess all his multiplied frauds and iniquities.

From this it appears that Karl Gruber was a native of an obscure village near Leipzig; that he was born and brought up amidst the most hopeless and grinding poverty; and that it was the ab-
solute misery of his situation, operating doubtless on a mind of some energy but of no principle, that led him to think of improving his condition by any means, and of raising himself above the den of misery and poverty in which his lot was originally cast. In Germany, as in Scotland, almost every one receives some learning; at least the children must be educated either by their parents or the public. Gruber was not fond of learning; but as it kept him from toil, he learned his tasks; and was recommended to the Elector as one deserving a free university education.

To the university of Leipzig accordingly he went; and there studied neither classics nor mathematics, neither literature nor science, but the characters of the professors; and by discovering the weak sides of some of them, and flattering them in the grossest manner, especially one aged philosopher, the Rector Herr von Hornblenderlande, he obtained the office of curator and custodian of the university museum, with a decent salary.

This, however, was a small matter for a genius so aspiring. His next proceeding was to perform a practical joke or hoax upon another professor, the Herr von Pöble, which had the good effect of depriving that honest gentleman of his professorship, he being found in a state of mystification with strong drink, and his servant girl placed beside him in the same bed.

He then appears in a new character. Amidst his dreams of the best method of rising in the world, he thought of entering into the Holy Catholic Church and becoming a Jesuit; and he imagined that in this way he might some time or other wear the triple crown. With the view of fitting himself for this career, accordingly, he began to practise new and unheard of deceptions and impostures in his wretched apartments, amidst a low and ignorant neighbourhood; and by making strange noises, and, when the people came to inquire, always seeming in profound study at his books, he at length made the neighbours believe that he was in league with Satan. This idea was rapidly and greedily adopted by all ranks, and great numbers to such a degree, that it represents Leipzig and its inhabitants to have been the most remarkable place for imbecility, in the nineteenth century. Even two judges and one clergyman are represented to have been figuring within this circle of folly, ignorance, and superstition. The whole of this part of the story appears to be a most improbable fiction.

Karl Gruber now employed a counsel learned in the law to take up his case and raise actions of damages against great numbers of the inhabitants of this incredibly foolish town. Notices were served on the various calumniators and believers in diablerie; but none of the cases went to trial. All the parties compromised, privately paying large sums of money in order to escape the ridicule and certain loss which would have followed public trials. In the course of two weeks the lawyer had by this device brought
into his treasury 30,000 dollars (Thaler,) equivalent to L.4500, (p. 122,) and the priest afterwards paid for his share in the business 30,000 florins, equivalent to L.2500 more. For this latter piece of Machiavelism Gruber afterwards paid rather dear.

He next treats his father with such neglect and insolence, that the old man dies of what is usually called a broken heart.

After a month's absence from Leipzig to obliterate the traces of this last occurrence, he returned and resumed his plan of studying theology. He had here fallen under the lash of the Rabelais of the university; a certain Fritz Eken, who contrived to render him miserable, and make him long for revenge. The opportunity was not long wanting. By a regiment of Hulans a great assembly or ball was given, at which all the fashion of Leipzig was present. A young lady, Fraulein von Forstheim, from Westphalia, of surpassing beauty, it is said, went with the party of the Provost; and Gruber, who was with the same party, had the honour of waltzing with her. At a change in the music, he lost the time, and in his efforts to regain it, something caught his foot, and he fell at all his length, bringing down with him the lady. Eken was at hand, a witness of this disgrace, and raising the lady consoled her by saying; Kein leid;—Thut nichts; es ist bloss Pfarrerweise dansiren zu konnen. No harm. Never mind. It is only dancing parson fashion. The remarks made only rendered Gruber more fierce and vindictive; and he at length cautioned Eken not to criticise his conduct. The words Morgen Früh, early to-morrow, were speedily uttered; and Gruber left the ball-room to prepare for the meeting. Gruber was victorious. But his opponent's second immediately came up to him, and removing his mask, disclosed the features of the Jesuit preacher, Seifenblase, whom he had amerced; the latter informed him that he would take care that the ranks of the holy church should not be polluted by the presence of a member of such earthly propensities as he had shown himself to be.

This is by no means the first inconsistency in the plot of this fable. But it is the first we notice. Students in theology are not permitted to fight duels; and if such an occurrence is known, it renders the individual liable to dismissal from any school of theology. This Seifenblase knew and acted on. But it appears that persons in holy orders may act as seconds, and this M. Seifenblase did. Whether this be the fact or not, we have at present no means of knowing. But we doubt it much; and we think that Gruber might have just as well caused the degradation and disordination of Seifenblase, as the latter caused the dismissal of Gruber from the school of theology. The offence, indeed, in a priest already in orders was more heinous than in one only a student. Yet here the author of the story represents the priest after officiating as second, that is, as aider and abettor in a duel,
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Retained in the church, while the less flagrant offender is expelled from the school.

Bad, however, as this affair was, it is the beginning of his subsequent career to fortune and to wealth. Expelled from Leipzig, he determines to proceed to Munich. In the Eilwagen, in which he travels, he finds in the hands of the conductor, as a means of lighting his meerschaum, a fragmentary portion of the Organon of Hahnemann, and this he reads for want of anything better to do; and though at the time he entertained no serious thought of the book or its subject, yet some months after he found that it made on his mind an indelible impression.

At Munich he assumed without difficulty, chiefly in consequence of good letters and testimonials from his friends at Leipzig, the same rank which he held at that city. His way of life was, however, still undetermined, nor had he any fixed object in view, since the great one of the church had vanished before him. One day after lecture he entered the library, and on one of the shelves found a perfect copy of his former travelling companion, the Organon. This he read through, and in that we think he had much merit; and then he proceeded to study the other writings of the same great authority. This apparently accidental circumstance settled the business and fixed his fate. He could think of nothing but homœopathy. The subject engrossed his thoughts by day and by night, and as he saw in it simplicity, no labour required, the means of deceiving others by acting on their weak sides, and the probable nay certain means of enriching himself, he hesitated not long. He possessed himself of the degree of doctor in medicine; and as England was the great field for the display of this new wonder, and Englishmen the richest, most liberal, and most foolish people in the world, he at once saw whither he must direct his steps. The whole force of his mind he now directed to acquiring a knowledge of the English language. He meets in the Café or Saal rather, of one of the hotels at Munich, a dealer in Geneva watches, who had been in England, and had been there assistant to a homœopathist. From him he receives lessons and advice over a bottle of champagne; and from the same person, overcome with the genial liquor, he purloins a valuable memorandum book of directions. With this as his guide, he proceeds to London; and finding that field pre-occupied, advances to Manchester, where he finally commences operations.

His success was immediate and remarkable; and would have been incredible and astonishing were it not known that the masses are actuated by such folly. Here is a little of the view behind the scenes.

"A wretched squalid-looking mendicant, apparently covered with leprosy, also caused a school-boy to write a dirty little scrawl, beg-
ging me, for God's sake, to cure him, as he had been in all the hospitals, and none of the doctors could. This I threw aside in disgust.

"An elegantly folded note was next presented from Sir H—— G——, requesting that I would favour him with a call as soon as convenient, and stating that a servant waited for an answer.

"I was on the point of sending an affirmative one, when Johan, who had been out, entered the room, and being informed of what I could not help considering extraordinary success, interrupted me, and in most peremptory tone said—'Success, indeed! excuse your humble servitor; but if such success satisfies you, the man has more ambition than the master. Trust me; I know more of these people than you do, and if they find that they can have you for sending for, you will lose half your time, and half your fees. It would be best for you, not to be seen at all out of doors; a little mystery will magnify your presumed powers—consequently, to the Baronet you must not go; rest assured, he will come to you.'

"Kobelt then proceeded to pull down my vanity by clearly demonstrating, that as yet I had been but the puppet, whilst he was the real engineer, who had arranged and pulled the strings.

"'Now,' said he, in continuation, 'come to this window and tell me what you see.'

"'I see a wretched beggar in rags, gesticulating vehemently, and a crowd of curious people laughing at him: now he throws himself upon his knees; he appears to be directing his words towards us. Oh, the horrid wretch! he is all covered over with leprosy; see, he tears open his shirt, whilst the scales are flying off from him on every side, and the crowd are scattering, through fear of contagion.'

"'You have observed accurately; now, tell me, would you like that miserable man for your patient'?

"'No! assuredly. It disgusts me to look at him; besides, I fear homoeopathy would hardly cure him.'

"'Yet, on that man depends your fortune in this town, and the greater part of the celebrity, which, in a few hours, you have discovered that you possess!!!

"'Master, mind, that despised and leprous mendicant is my brother; there is not a house in this town which he has not visited during the past week—not a Doctor whose advice he has not asked, and scarcely a female whom he has not shocked by the exposure of his noisome person. Now, you shall cure him—'

"'I!'

"'Yes, you; and that you may accomplish it more easily, be it known to your sagacity, that yonder mendicant, who has exhibited his disgusting appearance in every part of the town, and on every possible occasion, (to the great horror of all the correct population, who are invariably of opinion, that unseemly misery and disease should be imprisoned, to prevent a shock being given to eyes refined,) is as free from any complaint as you are; his disease is only simulated for your benefit; it will make a famous case. Now, let me advise you; write to Sir H—— G——, and say, that time will not per-
mit your waiting upon him, but that you will be happy to see him, and extend to him the benefits of your art, at twelve o'clock tommorrow. I shall give the same answer, and appoint the same hour for all the rest who have requested consultations. By that means, they will be all in one another's way, and will reason, that your practice must be immense.'"—Pp. 204—207.

The leprous beggar is accordingly cured in a very short time, and proclaims the unrivalled merits of Herr von Eisenberg. A day or two after the patient appears.

"The baronet I had declined visiting the previous day now entered. He was a fine stately man, but seemed in great torture, and was assisted into the room by a servant, and the aid of a crutch; he had suffered from gout every where, and I thought I saw evidences of an intellect weakened by constant attacks of pain.

"I immediately hastened to give him a chair, and he dropped into it, as if his knee joints had no power when once bent out of the perpendicular, and when he had drawn his breath, he said with the courteous smile of a gentleman—

"'Well, Doctor, you have played the part of a tyrant with me, and have caused me to rise from bed, where I have been stretched now three months, and have made me drive five miles. My family physician was with me when I received your reply, and with a very grave face he told me, that he would not be answerable for the consequences, if I persevered in so mad a project as that of driving into Manchester. I told him I should not hold him accountable any longer, thanked him for his attention, gave him his last guinea, and, with the aid of two glasses of brandy, and a little of Hoffman's anodyne, here I am, and I declare I think the fresh cool air has greatly revived me; and although every jolt in the road gave me torture infinite, still I grinned and bore it; but now, sir, that I am roused, I am willing to bear more than that, to get rid of this troublesome complaint.'

"I questioned him closely; he had been a man of great activity, a mighty Nimrod, and had always been in the habit of indulging the good appetite procured by violent exercise; he had, moreover, the reputation of having one of the strongest heads in the shire, whilst his cellar of wines was celebrated far and wide. A disputed election for a neighbouring borough caused a third party to offer him their votes; he yielded to the temptation, and carried off the prize for which the others were contending. The healthy and hearty country gentleman was now lost in the M. P.; he carried with him to London all his eating and drinking propensities, but he could not bring thither the active exercise and bracing field sports, which rendered his little excesses innocuous. Night after night in St Stephen's, half the day in bed, or lounging about the clubs, with perhaps a short ride or walk in the parks, was not sufficient for his powerful frame. A violent fit of indigestion, followed by gout, laid him on his back for some time, and destroyed the relish and spirit he formerly had for all exertion. In this deplorable state he
had remained for some years,—now better, now worse. His hunters had all been sold, and he himself, now yielding to his complaint, waited, with pettish anxiety, the daily visit of a really skilful physician, who found it necessary to continue giving wine and stimulants, through fear of the gout attacking his stomach, and thus aimed at suppressing a fire by pouring oil on it.

"Having learned thus much, I told the Baronet that I could cure him, provided that he pledged his word implicitly to follow my directions.

"He promised, and I immediately wrote—

"'Let Sir H—— G——'s coachman receive orders to set him down to-day at one quarter of a mile from home, which distance he will walk, at whatever pace pleases him best; he may have the assistance of a servant. To-morrow Sir H—— G—— is to drive twelve miles, and to be let down half a mile from home. His diet, each day, is to be a single chop, broiled, for dinner, with one glass of Madeira, and water ad libitum. Boiled bread and milk for breakfast and supper; nothing to be eaten in the intervals. One hundred globules accompany this, one to be taken every hour. In three days I should be glad to see Sir H—— G—— again.'

"I folded this up, and presented it with the globules; then reminding him of his promise, I caused him to be assisted out."—Pp. 213—215.

"The Baronet Sir H—— G—— was gradually restored to his habits of activity, and consequent health; the first use he made of it, was to present me with a splendid thorough-bred hunter, and he never seem satisfied praising my system, my skill, and my success.

"The pimple-faced lady, forced to live a natural life, appeared, after a short time, fairer than ever, at least quite fair enough for a lady with L. 5000 per annum. Who can deny that the globules worked this cure?

"The nervous lady walked and ate, and consequently slept, till she was heartily tired of walking, eating, and sleeping; and dreading that she might acquire the form, as well as the health and strength of a milk-maid, proclaimed herself cured.

"The poor consumptive went, according to my orders, to Devonshire, whence I received a letter almost every week, containing a fee, and a statement of the progress of the malady; these, and all similar letters, Johan answered in terms of sympathy, which would have softened the heart of a nether millstone, and packet after packet of the globules was sent, some of which produced wonderfully good effects, and others quite the contrary, which was very odd, as they were all precisely similar, and contained nothing but sugar and starch. When at last, on the approach of winter, she was confined altogether to her bed, I recommended her mother to call in some physician in the neighbourhood. It was done; as a matter of course, the regular practitioner put a stop to the homeopathic treatment; she sunk rapidly, and homœopathy escaped unscathed. Perhaps, thought her friends, if it had been continued, she might have survived. One thing is certain, that her executors had two hundred gui-
neas less to account for, than if she had not enjoyed the benefit of my valuable aid.

"For three years I pursued this course with extraordinary success, and without meeting any contre-tems worth mentioning. I had realized a considerable sum of money, and was growing, perhaps, a little more incautious in my practice than formerly, when events of a peculiar nature occurred, which considerably disturbed my tranquillity, and rendered the remainder of my sojourn in England, although profitable, a series of harassing and perplexing disquiétudes."—Pp. 226—227.

A new scene then opens, and a new performer appears on the stage. A strongly-built herculean Englishman of fortune named Smith brings for advice his daughter, evidently far advanced in consumption. Advice is given in the usual way, and continued for a considerable time by correspondence; fees being uniformly, except on one occasion, enclosed. The daughter at first seems to get better. In the meantime the father has a thorn run into his knee in forcing his way through a hedge; inflammation follows, with suppuration within and around the joint. He consults the homœopath, who recommends champooing, which only makes matters worse. Sinuses are formed; the whole joint is destroyed; and the mild Abernethy amputates the limb. The young lady dies of pulmonary haemorrhage almost immediately after. The old gentleman recovers; but only to breathe vengeance and threaten punishment on the unfortunate homœopath.

In the mean while a little episode or by-play is introduced. A delicate young lady, dyspeptic, chlorotic, and amenorrhoeal, is brought to the homœopath. He recommends regular hours with horse exercise, and cures her. He eventually falls in love with her; and for a time he is favourably received. At length, however, it turns out that the lady is cousin of the consumptive Miss Smith, whose father had lost his leg in consequence of the homœopathic treatment, or rather his own folly. The uncle is furious, discovers that the homeopathist is an impostor, exposes him to the niece, who breaks off all connection. Then one fine day, when the homeopathic Doctor is in the burying-ground, where repose the remains of Miss Smith, the father, coming to see a marble monument recently erected to the memory of his daughter, recognizes him, and after a suitable address, fells him to the earth by a blow on the head with his crutch. Smith himself in the extremity of his rage falls into a fit of apoplexy; and the two men in a state of insensibility are carried off by the assistants of the sculptor.

Both are treated allopathically; and both recover. But the homeopathist finding now that the neighbourhood of Manchester was hurtful to his health, removes first to Chester and then to Liverpool. Here he continues on a small scale but with success
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his homœopathic practices; and, to diversify business with recreation, he has a gig or pleasure boat on the Mersey. One bright summer evening, however, the Mermaid with the homœopath is boarded by a large six-oared boat with a stout gentleman in the stern sheets, in whom the homœopathist recognises his old enemy Smith, who instantly seizes him and immerses him repeatedly in the water until he is thoroughly frightened, nearly drowned, and completely out of breath.

This little affair showed clearly that Liverpool was no place for the doctor. He accordingly sold his practice, and attempted successively Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Paisley, when another mishap suggested to him the advantage of a tour to the lake districts of Perthshire. Here one fine day, when he is boating with his faithful attendant Johan Kobelt, on Loch Katrine, the everlasting Smith, with his wooden leg, appears in the combined character of tourist and angler, with a mighty fishing-rod and various flies; and throwing with great dexterity hook after hook, succeeds in fishing both master and man, and landing them fairly on the beach of the island, where he first beats them well with the rope's end, then ties the two together, next deliberately cuts the hooks out of the skin with his knife, then pushes them into the water with the pretext of washing, but with the effect of nearly drowning them, and leaves them to the tender mercies of the next visiting party, who a few hours after unbound them both, stiff and immovable.

He had now almost resolved to leave the land of John Bull and gold sovereigns. But he found his heart still lusting after these desirable objects. And under the influence of this appetite he attempted Birmingham, where he thought some more money might be collected. By unequivocal indications, however, he speedily learned that his ancient foe was ready again to torment and embitter if not to destroy his existence; and he prudently determined to return to Germany with all his wealth. His first point appears to have been Rotterdam, then Paris, where he procured by particular influence the title of Count from a German elector. Hence he appears to have proceeded to Nassau and Schlangenbad, where he met the lady whom he afterwards married. Then he settled at the Schloss of Falkenbrun, near Salzburg, and spent there a whole year, when one night at a Cassino table he met the dreaded Smith, who again recognised him, and again pursued him to torment him. And it was partly in fleeing from this dreadful man, partly from the general horror at all Englishmen with which Smith's conduct had inspired him, that he was leaving Falkenbrun on that inauspicious day, when he fell down the shaft of the old mine.

Such is the outline of the story as given by the hero himself. A few circumstances only require to be added in order to complete the narrative.
Whether from the shock and concussion of the fall down the shaft, or from other causes, it was clear that now the homœopathist was stretched on that couch from which he was no more to rise. Symptoms of disease had appeared in the lungs, and he had one or two attacks of hemorrhage. Remorse also, and conscience late but at last awakened was doing its business. Luckily the physician for the soul as well as for the body was at hand; and Forrester, the English traveller, had gradually brought him to know the value of the consolation imparted by the gospel. He arranged all his worldly affairs, leaving all to his wife, except a legacy to his sister if alive, and similar bequests to other friends. When he was reduced to the greatest weakness, and listening to his friend reading the scriptures, a Carmelite monk appears; and in him the count recognizes his old foe Seifenblase, who offers him the last aids of the Romish Church, but which the count has sense and firmness enough civilly to decline. After declaring his confidence in the promises of the gospel, and denouncing the ceremonies of the Romish church, he reveals himself as Karl Gruber, and nearly kills the astonished monk with surprise. Then as a winding up to the whole, Smith appears once more on the stage, turns off the monk, makes a deathbed reconciliation with the count, attends him for the few remaining days of life with as much tenderness and affection as his nature admits, but, true to his character, ceases not to agonize the soul as he had formerly tormented the body of his victim, by extorting from the dying man confessions of the falsehood and inefficacy of his art. The count dies, and is interred, according to the rites of the English church, in the burying-ground of a small chapel not distant from the White Stag.

The Countess attends the funeral procession; but falls into a hysterical and fainting fit immediately after the ceremony is completed. Smith, with his usual activity, discovers a donkey cart belonging to a female pedlar, whom curiosity had drawn to the spot. Upon this cart the Countess is laid, while the young woman supports her head till they return to the White Stag. At the door of the inn the Countess recovers sensibility, opens her eyes, and beholds before her a female likeness of her departed husband. It was Antonia Gruber from Leipzic, the sister of the Count. Another fainting fit succeeds, but eventually goes off.

Then comes the final winding up. After a reasonable time of weeping and wailing, Howard and Miss Fortescue, the sailor doctor, and the cousin of Miss Smith, are united in the bands of matrimony; and the pious and sanctified Forrester converts the mourning German Countess, the widowed Amalie, into a consoled English wife.

The story abounds in the most improbable fictions, some of which we have already noticed. Others not yet mentioned betray some frightful pieces of bad management. The redoubtable Smith vol. lxv. no. 167.
Smithson Smith is a most perfect failure. The author repeatedly brings him forward as a specimen of a well-bred Englishman rich, generous, and gentleman-like. Never was a greater mistake committed. He is the most shocking specimen of a brutal savage ever created by the human imagination. No English gentleman, however much injured he might conceive himself to be, would behave as Smith does. No English gentleman would degrade himself by persecuting a miserable foreigner, however guilty, and however deserving of persecution and punishment, in the manner in which Smithson Smith is represented to have punished Eisenberg. No English gentleman properly so called ever converts himself into a being so degraded as an executioner. Then come the brutal cruelty of even pursuing the unfortunate man in every way in his own country; and the tardy reconciliation, when the Count is within three or four days of death. Such mean vindictive malice, we are confident, no Englishman would ever harbour; such cat-like cruelty and torture no Englishman would ever degrade himself by practising.

The pious and sanctified Forrester is also intended as a perfect character. Yet it is perfectly clear that this pious individual begins to cast loving eyes on the Countess Amalie, while she is yet a wife, and before her husband is dead. In proof of this we merely refer to the scenes described at page 66, and afterwards in page 376.

The main question, however, is, does the moral of the story prove the fallacy, the imposition, the shallow pretensions, and the wickedness of homœopathy. Will it convince the public of these, and will it prevent more victims from falling into the snares of the homœopathists. We believe confidently that it will not, and that no performance of the kind can accomplish such a feat.

The author of the present story no doubt intended to prove the wickedness and the fallaciousness of homœopathy. We do not see that this required to be proved; and we do not think that he has added one single fact or argument to those already known on the subject. He has indeed shown, as has been repeatedly before done, that where homœopathic treatment avails, it is by regulating and restricting diet. And in doing this, indeed, he proves, as has also before been done, that homœopathic practitioners are guilty either of ignorance or want of candour, in ascribing to the globules and infinitesimal doses, the recoveries which are owing to dietetic restrictions. One thing, however, he has completely succeeded in proving; and that is the weakness, the folly, the silliness, and, it may be added, the glaring inconsistency of those who consult and employ homœopathists. Were it not for such ferocious barbarians as Smithson Smith, and such weak and imbecile persons as the baronets, and the rich over-fed and under-worked ladies who consulted Eisenberg, there would neither be homœopathists nor
homeopathy. It is quite absurd, unreasonable, and inconsistent to complain of the homœopathists, and to lay to their charge all the folly, all the evil, all the imposition, and all the fraud and quackery, which the practice of homœopathy implies and produces. These men are merely small instruments, useful no doubt in performing their own part in the great farce of human delusion; but without a large amount of ignorance, folly, credulity, inconsistency, and total want of judgment, in the public and those who consult them, their occupation would be gone and their calling naught. All the homœopathists may be distinguished into two orders; one the weakest and most imbecile, and most contemptible in point of judgment and intellect, of all the creatures moving on this earth, with just enough of cunning to study and turn to their own interest the weakness of their fellow creatures, but with little knowledge, and that vague, loose, and inaccurate, no judgment and no reasoning powers; the other consisting of persons a little more cunning and with some degree of cleverness, but no genuine strength of mind, and without any true intellect. Has a single work or literary or scientific production by any homœopathic writer, deserving the serious attention of any rational being, ever issued from the press? Not one that we know of. Not even the absurdly eulogised writings of the great founder of the sect, which indeed are nothing but a series of idle frivolous statements, gross misrepresentations and foolish maunderies, like the unconnected ravings of a drunken philosopher. To this we add both parties give evidence of being totally innocent of anything like principle.

It is not such persons as these who are able to make any permanent impression on the thoughts, the actions, or the character of society. What, then, it is asked, is the cause of the occasional, or partial, or temporary success of homœopathic practitioners? Simply, we answer, the ignorance, the weakness, and the credulity of the public. All quackery and delusion, all imposture and pretension, owe their origin and the success which they obtain to the state of the public mind, very rarely to the ingenuity or cleverness of their professors; and even the small degree of ingenuity, or cunning rather, which they show, could not be availing without the greatest stupidity and ignorance in the public mind. Medicine, in truth, and the medical profession are placed in peculiar circumstances. The real difficulties of the art of healing and the actual good which it produces are by the public neither known nor appreciated. Much less are the merits of its professors and practitioners known; and very few are capable of judging of the degree of talent and ability required to distinguish the presence and extent and nature of disease, and the proper method of treatment. Observers even of considerable acuteness see only results; but of the multiplied connecting or unconnected circumstances they can form no just judgment. The
public know nothing of the human body, how it becomes diseased, or how it becomes healthy; and they are equally ignorant of the part which the physician performs in recognizing and managing the state of disease, or contributing to the restoration of health. A man is ill of an apparently trifling disorder and dies; and perhaps those who hear of the event as an unexpected one, think that the physician, if he has been called, has not understood the disorder, as it is said, or has not used the proper remedy. Another man is very ill and recovers; and the physician is extolled as a miracle of medical skill and experience, as one before whom disease must vanish, and approaching death itself be obliged to retire. It is ninety-nine chances to one that in both cases the conclusion is erroneous. In the first case the physician is not in fault, nor to be blamed; in the second case it is doubtful if he is entitled to the credit which he has received; perhaps certain that he is not. In all these and many similar cases the public are quite unable to judge; and when the judgment is formed, it is almost certainly erroneous.

There is further in the mind of that most sagacious and many-headed animal the public, an insatiable love of novelty, a degree of readiness to listen to strong assertions, a propensity to believe the most extravagant promises and protestations, and, in short, a love to be deceived. It is upon the existence of this principle in the human breast that depends the success of every species of delusion, deception, fraud, imposition, and quackery. It is of no consequence under what shape it presents itself, homœopathy, hydrotherapy, animal magnetism, or any other variety of fraudulent and impudent pretension. All are in this respect upon the same footing; all appeal to the same principle; and all calculate, and calculate correctly, that mankind will in the same circumstances act in the same way. Promise liberally, protest strongly, assert boldly, and the world are sure to believe. "The incredulity and scepticism of a few are of no moment. These are exceptions to the rule. "Considering that natural disposition in many cases to lie, and in multitudes to believe," says a great observer of mankind and society, "I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in everybody's mouth, that truth will at last prevail." The truth is, that it does not always prevail. In a large proportion of cases falsehood and misrepresentation prevail; and when truth does at last prevail, it is only after an immensity of mischief has been perpetrated and much evil has been done.

For these reasons every attempt like the present to undeceive the public will fail, and cannot but fail so long as the constitution of the human mind continues the same. So long as mankind are ignorant and credulous, so long as they hanker after novelty, and have a love for the marvellous, so long will delusion and imposition prevail, and so long will it be impossible to convince them that ho-
Homoeopathy is either a shallow pretence or a piece of impudent quackery. So long also as there are in this island so many persons who have too much wealth and too little to do, too much to eat and drink, and too little labour to perform, it will continue a field sufficiently fertile for the thriving of homoeopathy, hydropathy, animal magnetism, or whatever be the next denomination in which quackery is to rejoice. Circumstances like those now specified are most favourable to the development of dyspeptic disorders in every form, the multiplied and varying tribe of nervous, hysterical, and hyperchondriacal affections; and in these it is that homoeopathy shows its power. In genuine disease and in all organic affections, in all inflammatory disorders tending to disorganization, it is inert, powerless, and unavailing. Supposing that some violent and outrageous madman like Smithson Smith, discovers after his daughter's death and the loss of his own limb, the futility of the pretensions of homoeopathy; and with the same consistent violence and fury proceeds to torment and persecute the supposed cause of his losses; still some other Smithson Smith starts up and runs the same course. These persons never think that they are themselves to blame; and they are themselves the authors of their own misfortunes. This, however, is the first question which they ought to propose to their own hearts; and not lay the whole blame on the comparatively innocent homoeopathists. These persons we have always regarded as most unjustly treated, and made to answer for evils and calamities in which they had very little share. Surely they are not to be blamed because the public are so foolish as to place confidence in them; for it may be observed, that if the public did not place confidence in homoeopathy and homoeopathists, they would still require some other form of quackery to trust to.

Further, it is not common for people who have once entered on this foolish career ever to depart from it; for that would be a confession of having been wrong, having committed an error; and this avowal it is ever mortifying to human pride to make. The result is, that of the multitudes who have placed confidence in homoeopathy, but a very small proportion ever acknowledge that they were in the wrong, or that they have been deceived. The great masses still commend the globules and the infinitesimal doses, and believe that they can work miracles. For one violent and outrageous Smithson Smith, there are hundreds, nay thousands, who, having once believed, believe to the last.

What is to be done, then, some one will say? Are we to leave the public to be deceived and imposed on by this great and foolish piece of quackery? Is homoeopathy to be allowed to flourish uncontrolled, to the detriment of those that are really ill, and to the discredit of the art of healing? Certainly the wisest and least hurtful course is to let it alone; to leave it to the undisturbed possession of all the foolish persons, old and young, male and female,
rich and poor, who choose to apply to it. Ephraim is given to idols; let him alone. If the votaries of homœopathy be allowed to retain their toy, we have no doubt that the weakness of the system will be discovered and admitted by others. If they are disturbed and interrupted in its enjoyment, then the system acquires a degree of importance which it never before possessed; and it is valued in proportion to the opposition made to it. We do not think that it is either proper or desirable that the genuine votaries of homœopathy be converted from it; and we have already said that we doubt the practicability of converting them. Their minds are so constructed and disposed that if they did not worship that folly, they would worship another; and perhaps it is as harmless a species of idolatry as they can well be addicted to. The reign of quackery will never entirely cease.

All that reasonably can be expected to be done, is that, as intelligence extends, as the minds of the great vulgar become enlightened, and emancipated from the sway of prejudice and folly, the number of those who trust in homœopathy or some other similar folly may be diminished. As to homœopathy itself its star is already on the wane. After it was partially or completely discarded from various places on the continent, it drifted over here, and was received by these feeble spirits, who think that novelty is discovery, and that what is strange is likewise to be admired and valued. But even now the wonder, when more closely contemplated, has ceased to attract attention; and in no long time it will quietly take its place in the history of human delusion, as one of those things which should be remembered only to be avoided and despised.

ART. III.—A System of Chirurgery by J. M. Chelius, D. M. et C., Public Professor of General and Ophthalmic Surgery, Director of the Chirurgical and Ophthalmic Clinic in the University of Heidelberg, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German, and accompanied with additional Notes and Observations. By J. F. South, Professor of Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and Surgeon to St Thomas’s Hospital. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 814. London, 1845.

The work of Professor Chelius of Heidelberg has for several years held the character of being the most ample and instructive system of chirurgical knowledge in Germany; and we might add that it will bear comparison with any of those which have issued from the French or Italian press. More condensed and precise than the work of Boyer, and in several respects superior to that of Velpeau, it makes, in its critical character and general merits, a nearer approach to the classical work of Monteggia than any treatise of recent years. The work of the learned Italian surgeon has now in-