

Bowling (W. K.)

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

TO THE

American Medical Association,  
*Bind cover in front*

AT

NEW ORLEANS,

MAY, 1869.

BY

W. K. BOWLING, M.D.

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[FROM JUNE NO. OF THE NASHVILLE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.]

Nashville, Tenn. :

W. H. F. LIGON, PRINTER, UNIVERSITY PRINTING OFFICE.

1869.



## The Late Meeting of the Doctors.

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Drs. Briggs, Thompson, McMinn, Hughes, Pinkston and myself left Nashville on Saturday, May 1, for New Orleans, on the Edgefield and Kentucky Railroad, not that we went North to secure a running start South, but because, as we would be out two nights, on a journey of only thirty-six hours, we were anxious to have a sleeping car, and this we secured by telegraph at Louisville to take us aboard nearly two hundred miles on this side of that city at the Tennessee and Kentucky State Line, or Guthrie. At Guthrie we had to wait for our sleeping palace only eight hours, which we concluded to employ in a sort of apprenticeship to sleep, by sleeping, which we fell into all the more readily from the reflection that the luxury was to be enjoyed at a double cost, hotel and "palace." When the palace reached us we had had sleep enough, it being nearly day-light, and so we did not board it, but let it, empty, follow, as a skiff does a steamboat, to be ready for an emergency. Next night we concluded that a sleeping car, in point of ventilation, could hardly be in harmony with the inexorable laws prescribed by Hygiene, and that, as physicians in active practice, we were accustomed to loss of sleep, and that the whole subject, examined in the light of philosophy, had but one possible conclusion, and that was, that loss of sleep was less detrimental to health in well ventilated apartments, than its enjoyment under improper circumstances. One doctor, indeed, undertook to prove that sleep, unless its recipient was in a proper physical condition, and the circumstances during its enjoyment in the most perfect adaptation to hygienic requirements, was a verb active, to all intents and purposes, as he had demonstrated times without number in his own person, and that he was now actively engaged in an enquiry that had for its object the ascertainment of the quantum of this verb active sleep necessary to exhaust the vital forces, or so de-

press and irritate the nervous centres as to establish the *fons et origo* of many grave maladies. Now, whatever may be said of *sleep* in a "palace," talking in a car going twenty miles an hour is a verb active, unless some one having a great many books should undertake to prove that "talking" was not a verb at all, but a participle only; and so our philosophers, (for we had now many on board, all bound for New Orleans, voluntary martyrs to science and the elevation of the profession, with tropical fruits, green peas and strawberries glimmering in the background,) unable longer to raise their voices above the whir and clatter of the thundering train, became quiet and soon began to nod. "I can't hear you," some one would roar now and then as his neighbor cross the way would throw his head toward him as an angler would his rod toward the perch-ruffled waters. It was only an elongated nod, lengthened ludicrously out by a sudden careen of the car. We had resolved not to sleep so that we could study, in the dreamy light of the lamps, the countenances of philosophers in repose, as the opportunity was rare, for the features of the sleepers were spiritless and passionless, though their bodies were being shaken to pieces. But we were mortal and the foreshadower of that sleep that knows no waking caressed us with such dalliance as the sweet restorer can alone offer in propitiation of its victims,

"And swearing we would ne'er consent, consented."

And such shadows and phantoms as we pursued in that flying verb active sleep! We were dead, and like the shades of the suiter train, precipitated into the regions of Pluto by the bow of Ulysses, we wandered with kindred professional shades. We had familiar conversations with them, for the starch and backbone that enable one to strut his brief hour in life were gone, and we were at once struck with the friendliness, sociability and communicativeness of shade-life. We liked it amazingly. We, at a glance, saw that it was up to the high mark of "naught extenuate, naught set down in malice." The cardinal points were obliterated; shades of the East seemed oblivious of their birth-right light, for theirs was the birth-place of light, nor did any measure his consequence by the quantum of brick and mortar

he represented, or whether in the olden time when he took anything to drink it was Croton, Delaware, Cumberland, Ohio, Lake, or Mississippi. It seemed a delightful republic where every shade-citizen was stamped with his "status" between his shoulders in letters seemingly compounded of gold and light, that all might read and know the exact value of each, and thus a world of pretense and make-believe be saved to the actors. And the endorsement upon the backs of all we saw was "NOTHING!" We had long conversations with those who had spent their earth-life in elevating themselves *and* the profession. They told us that in the star-spangled world as citizens drew near the end of earth-life, and especially doctors, and could not do as they formerly did, and, indeed, were not as they formerly were, and whose horizon was gradually approximating them, and their glory departing, it was natural to selfish humanity for them to attribute the change they could not conceal, not to themselves but to the world they lived in. Just as a man in a boat sees the shores of the river and the heavenly bodies constantly changing places, but being persuaded of the stability of these objects knows that he is deceived by the change of the boat. It was also natural that the weak and frivolous, fascinated by the phosphorescent light that still lingered, like the perfume of the broken vase, about the once magnate, should flatter him into a fixed belief that the world instead of himself was tumbling to pieces. But in spite of this folly, reenacted generation after generation, the world with all its great interests, its arts, sciences and literatures, its care for its unfortunates, the development of the masses, its magnificent provision against famine, its eradication of pestilence, the triumphant enthronement of Hygæia, was advancing with the tread of a mammoth crushing out the crimes and follies in government and religion that had desecrated it through passing ages, and that under the guidance of its grand Artificer would continue from glory to glory through the coming cycles. Look back forty years only and what means had medical teachers, in the country you and we represent, to turn out what our friend Galen yonder in earth-life proclaimed himself to be, "a consummate physician?" Forty years ago! When your principal writers were Dewees and Eberle. Poor Dewees reproducing his

"Females" in his "Practice," with his "very much better" and "very much worse," and struggling in his lumbering convolutions to make it appear that it was not so much his object to prove that Dr. Eberle was at variance with him, Dr. Dewees, as with himself, Dr. Eberle. And poor Eberle in his Therapeutics and his Practice torturing his mind for excuses for the relentless repetition of calomel and ipecac in all manner of diseases, and quoting Sydenham from the Latin edition of which he knew nothing, while an English one was at his elbow that he never read. And just before this what had you but Caldwell on top of Cullen, and Thomas' blunderbuss, made heavier by the notes of Housack, with Chapman's Therapeutics, and Rush on Sir John Pringle, which he delivers to the students of the University of Pennsylvania with a startling "Behold! an attempt to increase and diffuse medical knowledge in the United States." Yet doctors were made by such men and their successors that have done many wonderful things. And you, during your two courses, what opportunities had you? We modestly answered "none." Where were you? "The first session in the Medical College of Ohio, and the second in Drake's School, or the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College."

Did you pay your fees? "Yes, to the last cent."

How many operations on live folks did you see the first course? We again replied "none." Was there a hospital accessible to the students? "Yes." How often did you visit it? "Twice." What did you see the first time? "A furious madman chained to a ring in the middle of his cell." What did you see the second time? "A man with the dropsy." Was he benefitted by the treatment? "Possibly he was, for he died directly afterwards which it seems he could'nt do before." What did you see the second course? "We saw two operations." What were they? "Both on the eye; one was for cataract and the man was benefitted." This was performed by your professor of surgery, of course? "No, it was performed by the professor of the practice of medicine." Was the second operation successful? "I do not know. It was performed on the eye of a decapitated sheep." And yet you see, substituting one word for another in a place or two,

"And buirdly chiels and clever hizzies  
Are bred in sic away as this is."

With few books among the school men and comparatively none among the students, it would seem to us that college sessions ought to have held from year to year. But it is almost incredible that the present race of medical celebrities, who make books in less time than it took their fathers to read them, are clamorous for an increase of the lecture term. Why, where a man has written out what he has to say on a subject, is there any sense in requiring a student to pay for board and lodging while the author of the book tells him what is in it? Is the student so great a ninny as not to know that he has his teacher "booked" in black and white and can devour him at his leisure by his own fireside in his old Kentucky or Tennessee home? How long would it take for one of your celebrities at five hours a week to say over all he has written in his surgery? We do not figure much here, having neither trade nor traffic, but I should think, at a rough guess, allowing some little time for illustrations and flourishes, about five years, and during the last year the student, (supposing he could live through the infliction), would inevitably lose the cramming of the preceding four. Why not let him go home with the book? And so with your works upon practice and obstetrics and physiology. If men with comparatively no books or means of illustration could make such writers and physicians as now honor your land, in two sessions of four months each, is it not clear to any one who has not bartered his common sense for new words and new remedies, that at the present time, two sessions of two months each ought to achieve much more, and are, indeed, enough and to spare? Have a dozen teachers or more if you will; but as each has his own book, or, what is generally better, some one else's, 60 days would (leaving out Sundays) give each of nine professors six days or thirty-six lectures, and yet devoting but one-fourth of each day to them.

A very ancient shade here approached; "I ken his name but e'en to mention it would be unlawfu'." You are in a trance state, said he; you will go back to mundane life and mingle again with doctors. Bear with their nonsense, for really there is something in your profession that tends to steal away one's common

sense. I may say so since that profession was mine in the far-away star-domed and flower-enameled world, hallowed be its memory! so full of life and light and gushing song; rapt in the bewildering beauty of its fair women, with varied climate and sparkling waters; Alp o'ertowering Alp, venerable in its helmet of virgin snow, and looking away down the warm valley, carpeted with green sward and rich in the grateful perfume of a thousand flowers: fringed with stately forest trees, struggling each to lift his green foliage above that which makes his neighbor glorious; amid song of birds of richest plumage, all bathed in an atmosphere divine; in that gorgeous world, my friend, I was a physician and shades of modern men in the art really conservative of all arts, for it is conservative of man, the father of arts, astonish me daily on arriving here by telling me how often I am quoted, and in what esteem I am held. Such has been the progress of that art and science since my earth-time that no one man can know the half. I wrote that the art was long and life was short, but since then the art has been lengthened a hundred fold, life remaining the same. I taught it orally. It cannot now be taught in colleges or Asclepiads. Books have superseded talkers and the closet will swallow up the college. The dissecting room, the chemical laboratory must always be crowded, demonstrations in surgery and obstetrics full, but all else will be acquired in quiet sections with the books. One philosopher of medicine once a week for the two months' college course. It is granted to us here of very long residence to see a little of what mortals would call ahead, and to know what is passing, if we choose, in your world. Last evening, by your time, a young doctor was explaining to you and half a dozen other doctors, at an inn, how a certain medical school sent him a diploma unasked, he never having even matriculated in it, nor was his name to be found on its register, but alone on its list of graduates. The man that did this will be at your meeting, will there be a high church, ritualistic doctor; A HIGH ETHICS MAN, making it impossible for any but such Simon Pures as himself to get into a decent medical society! Watch such men! Others who have grown gray in the diploma trade and desired in the green room no higher motive for conferring the degree than that

each name lengthened the graduation list, being well waxed in years and having but precious few more diplomas to sign, would destroy the value of those they have been signing through a long life, in sheer spleen and miserable pretension to moral rectitude. Others, again, who had grown gray and rich in defiance of medical schools and diplomas, by the practice of medicine, could see nothing but professional "demoralization" resulting from diplomas. Watch these men! One of you, long since here, who spent his long life in signing diplomas, and possibly signed more, and profited more by it, than any professor in the world, also became professionally pious when retired, and warned others not to do as he had done, depress the profession by sending reapers to the harvest, and you will hear similar twaddle by letter and otherwise at your meeting. All this is intended for Buncombe, while the croaking diploma signers will continue to write on sheep skin as long as it pays. And what ado you will make about medical education at your meeting, likewise as a tub to quiet the great lay whale when they will return and do exactly what they did before. Those from the seaboard will grow eloquent in their attacks upon "one horse schools," and graphically describe how a young man is to be seduced from his plough and put through the doctor mill to be at last compelled to renew his acquaintance with the plough handles, all owing to the interior "one horse" schools. He will describe well from personal observation. Such young men as he describes almost invariably graduate at the schools in the great cities, for being conscious of knowing nothing and of the want of capacity to learn anything, they very naturally conclude that it will sound big to graduate in the great marts of trade, thinking it will enable them to jump into practice, which it never does, and thus they are forced back to the plough. These one-horse orators, blinded by their egregious egotism, while engaged in the endeavor to blind others by their rant should have placed before them the truth as a test of a one horse school. There are several schools, of small charges, some very small, all in full feather and fellowship with the "coach and sixes," as these seaboard schools may be called, within their own elegant nomenclature. A student attends two courses with you and pays for lectures \$210 00. He gets one course

West for \$20 00, and goes next to a "coach and six" which welcomes him, and, after relieving him of \$140 00, graduates him. He gets through for \$140 and \$20 which is \$160, fifty dollars less than sufficed for your school graduate. And these students who go to cheap schools the first session are sure to hunt a very dear one to graduate at. The graduates of the \$140 schools pay, in a majority of instances, fifty dollars less for lectures than those who attend at the old nominal price of \$105.

The orators of the interior schools will argue that ability to practice or to teach, except by fools, is not to be estimated by the fees demanded for either. Ear doctors, eye doctors, and other itinerant mountebanks, rambling about the country, skin all the fools wherever they stop to rest the soles of their feet. They, by long practice, learn to read in a man's face the amount in his purse, and by taking it all under false pretenses, are guilty of a villainy which surpasses in magnitude that of the highwayman who accomplishes the same end in a less sneaking manner, by boldly proclaiming "stand and deliver!" These scoundrels ought to be designated by the tide-water professors as a six horse institution! Every sensible man ought to know that the interior schools in means of illustration and teaching talent at least equal the tide water institutions, from Boston to Galveston, no matter what they charge.

You class your great poets with the prophets and seers of the olden time. The tallest of them sings:

"Great men have always scorned great recompenses:  
 Epaminondes saved his Thebes and died,  
 Not leaving e'en his funeral expenses;  
 Great Washington had thanks and nought beside,  
 Save the all cloudless glory that few men's is,  
 To save his country——"

The once head and center of American Medicine, Dr. Physic, has his memory shamed in the medical biography of his country for his moderate charges, and your modern bone-setter will boast that treble such charges would not satisfy *him*! You remember that the "Surgeon of the century" charged a friend of yours \$20 00 for a "cure," for a similar one to which another surgeon, that the next century will be innocent of any knowledge

of, demanded 70 twenties, and absolutely pocketed 60, or \$1200 00!

As to medical education, or any kind of education, every country will have its own system, without exactly knowing, perhaps, how that particular plan was generally accepted. But this, like its general laws and customs, and everything peculiar to it as a country, and which, therefore, distinguishes it from other countries, will resist change, and if any occur it must take place like the change that time works in the appearance of individuals. Possibly what is best for one country is not best for another, and it is as impossible that they should be alike in their institutions, manners and customs, as that the climate and topography of one should be the exact copy of another. We will not say that the American system of medical education is the best that could be adopted, but that it suits America best is proved by the fact that twenty years hammering upon it by your representative men, associated in annual council chiefly for that object, has, so far from making it better in their own judgment, that they with great unanimity declare that it is infinitely worse, one of them going so far, after failing to improvise a medical school for immediate action, without any means of illustration whatever, as to declare in a State society that the profession was "demoralized," and will carry that statement to the American Medical Association to become an item in the future Toner's American Medical Biography. Medical education in your country has been continually changing for the better and has made such strides upwards in a hundred years as would astonish any people beyond the influence of the father of waters or roar of the wild leap of Niagara, and the sickening sensational assertion, by pretended friends, to the contrary, should be promptly met and rebuked as a slander upon the grandest success, in a beneficent object, of modern times. Sir, do not your brethren know, purblind though they are, that in a free country open and avowed rivalry must exist in every struggle of man? Nothing is too sacred to be assailed. Customs hallowed by time and incrustated with the respect and admiration of the good through many ages are the more violently assailed on that account. What, in the despotisms of the Old World, are held up by the bayonet under

royal edicts, surely cannot claim the respect and admiration that naturally attach to those which, in a free country, have sufficient backbone to stand alone of themselves, without shield of law or protection of government, surrounded by malignants, and becoming the brighter and lovelier from the very attrition and abrasion of the dirt cast upon them to fall from their polished sides and strengthen their foundation. Because of being an institution of a free government, they assail medical education on all sides by organized medical opposition; each separate organization in the paraphernalia of chartered college and established organ, "in equality before the law," throws down the gauntlet and defies the regular profession, sending numbers of their graduates yearly into the field and openly contending for supremacy. Their followers are gathering themselves together in State and National associations, and like other minorities have no quarrel among themselves that the Herculean strength of unity may tell wherever and whenever exerted.

Your government is a representative one, and can any appeal be made to it by medical educators that does not embrace every division and sect of medicine? Certainly not. Whatever the national legislature will do for one set of doctors it will do for another. Did not the Trustees, having the lawful power, put a homœopathist in the Edinburg Medical School, the mother of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, the mother of you all? And recently, was one not almost forced on the University of Michigan? And yet at your meeting it will be solemnly proposed by the President to appeal to Congress, not knowing, or caring to see, that an appeal outside of yourselves to any power is a concession of your weakness, and the twaddle of your talking, short-sighted brethren about elevating the profession, meaning the regular profession of medicine in the United States, concedes its depravity and is a testimony in its own household to its rottenness, of which the sleepless, organized opposers of its grandeur will avail themselves to strike it terrible blows. Sir, teach that the American system is the best possible system for America, cemented by the labor of a hundred years by the devoted co-operation of a class of men who for nobleness of character, unrequited labor, and generous en-

thusiasm, cannot be duplicated in the annals of the world. Teach them that the system will go on in a natural development in full harmony with its surrounding free institutions and in a line projected by itself in its beginning, achieving new wonders and securing the admiration of every American heart. Teach that there are four reasons why so grand and successful a system as the American is conceded to be abroad, and known to be at home, is assailed by its professed friends. 1st. Under a law of nature, men (and medical men constitute no exception to the rule,) get old, and when they totter they think the world shakes, just as the drunken man when he tumbles headlong upon the earth is willing to swear that it rose deliberately up and without cause or provocation struck him violently in the face. Such a man is willing to believe anything, except that he is knee deep in his grave, and needs retiring as a change of air for his worn out constitution and psychological enfeeblement. 2d. The strong young man who lingered abroad in their universities and out of them. In the grandeur of his present surroundings he learns to look with contempt upon the plain, unpretending institutions of his Republican country. George Washington degenerates into a Virginia tobacco planter, and Henry Clay is remanded back to the old mill of the Hanover slashes. He learns to say "milord," and thinks he saw a live one once coming out of a theatre, or some other place. A pen'orth of ribbon on the lappel of a swell entrances him. Grand cities, servants in livery, splendid equipages, whose high polish groups like a mirror the plebian through it cuts in twain as unceremoniously as a butcher's cleaver divides a joint upon the block. O, wouldn't he change things in his plain bacon and greens country if he had *his* way! Wouldn't he? How can you reconcile him to the red flannel shirt, blanket, overcoat, and butternut trousers of his student days, when he loathes red flannel and butternut? He returns armed with pot and brush, determined if he cannot alter the corn bread and common doings of things, at least to coat them over with French varnish. Class 3d consists of curd-brain folks who, like Noah's doves, can find no place to rest the sole of the foot; like bears learning to dance on hot sheets of iron, never stationary, always in motion, too impatient to wait, like Micawber, for things to

turn up, but always seeking to turn up things ; who at the bottom of the wheel of fortune desire to quicken its revolutions that by some God-send a projecting nail in its rim may catch a fluttering rag of their garments and elevate them to light and fortune ; like the spirits driven out of the possessed man, wandering about in dry places seeking rest and finding none. With these anything for change. The 4th is a class well known in the world—the watchers of the main chance—and some of them get into medicine. Cautious, watchful and wary, each is self-poised. If he revolve it is upon his own center. You read of self-cocking revolvers ; but here is a revolver that goes whirling round himself uncocked. He has been long acquainted with himself, ate with him, drunk with him, slept with him, and he likes him. There is nothing honest that he would'nt do for him, and if he were in a close place why honesty would have to take care of itself till he got him out. Of course he *would* get him out, for he knows the ropes and could pull him through. He writes a good resolution and makes speeches at society meetings. He tends to specialism. If he had been a butcher he would have devoted himself to the specialty of sausage grinding. He likes sausage, and what he couldn't sell he could eat. He wants to chop up all the chairs in all the colleges. He will tell you how many France has, and how many Germany has. Why, he could make four or five chairs out of surgery and as many out of obstetrics. This would make chairs for many, and many reduced and intensified means him. He writes to some old diploma signer why he doesn't have things cut up so as to keep up with the times. See how they cut up surgery, he writes, away up in New York. A tailor is a patcher, mender and sewer. So is a surgeon. If, as some calculate, a tailor is the ninth part of a man, so a professor in a New York school would seem the ninth part of a surgeon. But the ninth part of a surgeon is better than no surgeon. Better be professor of corn and bunion surgery than no surgery at all. Come, cut up, cut down, and divide ! The wily old diploma-tist writes that he had been thinking of this, and whenever it *is* done, why the suggester knows who will come in. A right pretty little trade is carried on in this way. We have heard of men there offering not only

to divide their own chairs with appreciative brethren, but in the excess of generosity to offer their 'colleagues' chairs to special friends, just as the devil, when out at the elbows and not having land to bury himself, offered whole empires on the condition that the recipient would entertain a very lively respect for him. The colleges have prospered while successive generations of these barnacles have been scraped from their bottoms by the scythe of death, and will be still prospering when a very great many more shall, in fossil, have sunk down to the bottom of the sea among their predecessors.

It will be remembered in the beginning of this century, as earth-men calculate time, in the wild West, people wanted more preachers than the church sent them. The church thought the people ought to wait till it could have preachers enough regularly scienced, Latined and Greeked. The people would not wait, but plainly said, if you do not send us some we will make some of our own, which they did, and very good ones they were, which ended the controversy. In Scotland there would have been no necessity for this; the supply could easily have kept place with the demand, and Scotland furnished models both in church matters and medicine. Scotland had no interminable forests into which populations were pouring in 1800, as they are still pouring in 1869. Would a preacher, reared in a bandbox and fed on claret and sponge cake, have followed these rough pioneers to the wilderness to have saved the souls of a whole "Territory?" Or if he had, could he have exerted any influence upon them other than the learned men of France, who accompanied Napoleon into Egypt, had over his soldiery, whom nothing tickled so much as their own peremptory order upon each charge of the Mamelukes upon them, "*Savans* and jackasses to the center!" Did preacher or doctor follow the adventurous Robertson and Donelson with their adherents to your own seat of medical learning? Certainly not. They will tell you in speeches at your meeting how doctors are made. Their description can only excite the smile of fools. Many rough, half educated graduates will follow and bless these forest pilgrims, and become great among them, and deservedly so for their conceded usefulness.

Your cities are already crowded with highly educated young

physicians who cannot or will not go to the "front." Would the grumblers fill the large towns and cities to repletion and leave the hamlets and villages a prey to itinerant quackery? Look at your "great rebellion," how it was in the beginning that a West Pointer was a subject of merriment on both sides. No one had then or now much faith in his thorough military education, and each side looked for its coming man among civilians. But in a "fit" a rough doctor would be thought better than no doctor, and so in a grand fight all who had learned the a b c of fighting by "science" were hunted up and brought from the old field school and trade shops, wherever they could be found, and made officers of, it being enough that they had seen mock fights at West Point. So the West Pointers all worked their way to fame while the star of the most promising of the civilians save in a few instances, set to rise no more. Precisely so with your college taught medical student. He has taken out his ticket for the first station on the railroad to fame, and it is within his power, Greek or no Greek, Latin or no Latin, to reach the last round of the ladder. It will be urged that the licensing power, as the diploma is called, should be taken from the colleges and conferred upon those not connected with them, for the reason that the latter would be more rigorous in their examinations. But who is to judge of the qualifications of these examiners? The cat is to be belled, but who is to be trusted with the delicate mission, or what honest man would trust himself? In war examiners are forced to serve. Where do governments look for those qualified for one of the most important trusts in the army? Of course among those who have served an apprenticeship to teaching, the very men these medical wiseacres propose to take it from! Who did the Confederate Government "so-called," place at the head of the Board of Examiners of applicants for surgeons in the army in your own city? Singularly enough the very man who now is the bearer of dispatches from the State Society to the Association invoking it to take the licensing power imagined to reside in a diploma from the schools, he having taken himself away from them first!

An openly avowed bankrupt, repudiating his promises to pay and dishonoring his own name, after pocketing gains he thus

publicly acknowledged to be ill-gotten—a bold acknowledgment of having raised money under false pretenses—an impeachment of thousands who had honored and made him; many of them with the ink scarce dry upon their diplomas, and who had fondly looked to that name to assist them in an honest effort to live; alas! to have it in the day of their struggle thrown in their faces that it was only a kiss of Judas, no more, “signifying nothing!!” A moloeh, to suck the blood and grind the bones of its own offspring! A hypocritical affectation of repentance without accompanying restitution by a self-deputed chief to head the kennel set upon the diploma holders (except themselves!) as next to criminals; while inwardly resolved to sign again should opportunity offer, and that failing, to force opportunity, if possible! The world’s annals afford but a single instance of a venality so impudent, thus paraded publicly as a virtue, and that and this shall be coupled together in all future time as kindred outrages reciprocally illustrative. W. W. Sanger, M.D., in his book on prostitution, gives an account of a very pious woman who practiced that profession openly to get means to raise aloft the banner of the church! Natural enough and narrow enough it may be, for non-diploma-signers to desire that signing diplomas should cease, and make an outcry that “enough is as good as a feast;” but that those who had grown gray in signing and were then “spreading themselves” for renewed opportunity to sign, to join in the cry of “stop thief,” and head the race, is infamous.

All this from most sage shadow, “every line,

For God’s sake, reader take it not for mine!”

You know you have ever advocated and are so repeatedly recorded through the fifth of a century for a pure profession, members ever honorable in their bearing to each other and to the world, taking as a model the true Christian,

“Just to himself, his church, and to mankind.”

This you called “Honorable Medicine.” As it took neither Greek nor diploma to make a Christian or a gentleman, so in your judgement it took neither to make an honorable physician. Though you gave your last dollar for a diploma, you never enquired whether your neighboring doctors had done the same.

Your enquiry was always: "Is he doing his best to heal God's afflicted, honestly pretending to no knoweldge, and remembering that the poor we were always to have with us, and that upon them chiefly fell disease and suffering, that they were God's patients, and that the rich were not to be robbed because they were rich, for riches were no crime to be punished, and if they were it was the business of law and not medicine. A community of such men with you were *the* profession of medicine. You contended also that a woman engaged honestly in an effort to heal the sick in the line of honorable medicine, slandering no one nor praising herself, honoring and magnifying the art and science of medicine, oblivious of nomenclatural prefixes or addenda to men or systems, diploma or no diploma, under the code is to be treated in all respects as a physician by physicians. You have also taught that a man may be an unmitigated quack with his head full of Latin and Greek and his pockets of diplomas.

oo We have been not a little amused at the peculiar dodge of a few of your celebrities and a great number of pretentious imitators concerning the kind of preliminary education that should be demanded of those who wish to study medicine. The dodge consists in getting themselves advertised as "scholars," for all would naturally conclude that they possessed those advantages which they make a *sine qua non* in others, when the truth is those very sticklers, had such a rule existed in *their* young days would have been excluded. After scholarly talk they think, like Squeers, folks will naturally take them to be scholars. No one should underate learning of any kind, for knowledge is power, but these very same gentlemen who have made themselves prominent in insisting upon the Latin and Greek as essentials in the preliminary education of medical students, are living evidences that the highest places in medicine may be reached and adorned without their aid, and their young echoes, should they hereafter fill their places, will not reach them by dint o' Greek. Skill in the application of the science and art of medicine to the cure of diseases, (and all pertaining to them above or below this is merely ornamental), after a thorough medical education, which can be acquired without Latin and Greek, is the result of enlightened empyricism long exercised, conjoined with the highest powers of reasoning

and observation. A brain not naturally possessing these gifts, so to speak, while capable of mastering all the languages of civilization, living or dead, is no lamp in the labyrinthine walks of practical medicine.

Sylvius to more learning, perhaps, than any physician of his generation, added a genius and eloquence which attracted near his chair of professor of medicine at Leyden, crowds of ambitious medical students from all over Europe. Yet, notwithstanding, during an epidemic fever there, just two hundred years ago, in his laudable effort to prove his theory that health consists in a balance of acids and alkalis outside and inside of the bodies of men, sent here, in a single season, by his own computation, two-thirds of the principal inhabitants of his city, and three years after came on himself to look after his colony. His works consist of a few insignificant tracts in defense of his chemical theory.

Dr. Mason Good was so befogged by the dead languages in life that even here he is enveloped in a mist. Your generation claims to be a live one; let its chief devotion, then, be to live things. The Mohegans were children of nature, yet when the last one of them took the language of his tribe into the tomb with him, the beauty of their forest home, with hill and plain, lake, sky, bird and blossom would find other languages capable of painting it in all its exuberance of loveliness.

Your analogue in the commercial capital of your sister State stands alone among his contemporary practitioners of medicine on your continent as preëminently the MASTER of these languages. In remarks upon a resolution in a medical society announcing the value of Latin and Greek to fit men for a medical education and that a Latin and Greek education should be required for admission to medical studies, Dr. T. S. Bell\* said of the Greek, that it was of great advantage to any one WHO WAS MASTER OF IT, but a mere smattering was rather an *evil* than a benefit, and when you remember that the great Lexicographer, Dr. Johnson was pronounced by Lord Macaulay "a smatterer," can medical men as a rule in this branch of learning hope to be any thing more?

\*Dr. T. S. Bell has learning sufficient to supply two Faculties of Medicine.—  
George D. Prentice.

Another, formerly the guide and honored premier of two Faculties of immortals, Prof. L. P. Yandell, in the same discussion opposed the resolution in its entirety, and pronounced this species of education unnecessary to success in medical practice and gave numerous instances going to show that while there are many great practitioners in medical history who knew nothing of Latin or Greek; there are other instances of vast learning in Latin or Greek who were neither respectable in the practice of medicine nor as medical writers. Certainly whether my Earth-vernacular be important or not to medicine, such of the Western continentals as have reached fame and shade-lffe owed nothing to it.

When in the Legislature of Virginia, a long time ago, a starched Simon Tappertit declared that no one ought to be permitted to become a member of such a body who had not a diploma in his pocket, a grave old member said, according to his experience, one diploma in the head was worth forty in the pocket.

The license to practice, every physician knows, has been effectually taken from all boards and conferred upon clerks of county courts and a United States officer, and the only question the examiners ask is, "Have you got the money? Twenty dollars for city and county and ten for United States besides my fee." In Tennessee any man can practice physic by paying these fees to these officers. Now let the bear dancers take the licensing power from *them*. Men will tell you that the thing has been actually tried, and especially in States as old as the oldest, which, by the way, never accomplished any other great medical feat, and that the result was charming to behold. That Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, having utterly and entirely failed, when not having the redeeming fear of that State before them, to send into it medical men proportioned after her model, forced the doctors of that State to appeal to the legislature to appoint a board of medical examiners, not to examine *them*, but to examine all who should come *after* them. That this board made such thorough work of it the first year as to force the little boards of the colleges and universities of Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore to so stir themselves as to send into that

State material of satisfactory order, so that the political board, after the first year, had no trouble at all with these little concerns. Of course organized opponents were represented in that political board of examiners, but we are not informed of the minutæ of their operations upon the application of pig or puppy before their highnesses.

"For privilege to toil."

You must excuse my levity, but really Capt. Scott and his squirrel, of Kentucky notoriety, would illustrate this grand achievement. The squirrel looking straight down the rifled bore of Capt. Scott's gun, raised his right paw deprecatingly and said aloud: "Hallo! is that Scott?" "Yes," said Scott. "Captain Scott?" enquired the squirrel. "Yes, Capt. Scott." "Captain Bill Scott?" "Yes, Capt. Bill Scott." "Well, hold on Mr. Capt. Bill Scott, I'll come down."

Northern tide-water where students most do congregate, is short-sighted. Standing upon the northern arch of the Gulf of Mexico, and looking towards Hudson's Bay, with the Mexican Cordilleras and Southern Rocky Mountains on the left, and above the thirty-third parallel of North latitude, the Appalachian on the right, away on and beyond the St. Lawrence that cuts it asunder in its fussy journey to the sea, with the great father of waters draining the mighty trough of this region, while the St. Lawrence, East and Northeast, receives the drippings of a watershed but little inferior in area, we behold an empire so vast as to exceed belief, while the sixty degrees of latitude it stretches through diversifies it with all the climates and products of the world. The tract of territory constituting the Atlantic slope, where the Anglo-Saxon pilgrim and his antagonizing brother, the chevalier,—the former in the North and the latter in the South—made their home in the beginning of the settlement of the country, is too small long to exert any controlling influence upon the teeming valley we have sketched. The Pacific coast more recently acquired cannot, at any future time, maintain a population sufficiently numerous to endanger the geographical integrity of the interior, which must ever remain as the body of a monster bird, the tramontane East and West constituting its wings. These while convenient appendages, are *but* appendages.

There is a city mirroring its rising splendor in a *coul de sac* of the great water axis of the "interior basin," a congeries of fresh water Mediterraneans, destined to rise from the modest designation of capital of the basin to capital of the Continent, capital of the world! This, in less than a century, will give laws to American Arts, Sciences and Literatures. Meanwhile it would be more sensible for all the schools to charge alike; for it would be to the interests of all. If practitioners find fee-bills regularly adopted to promote their interest, there can be no reason why a regular fee-bill among schools should not promote theirs. Let there be no other rivalry among them than in an effort to surpass, not analogues only, in ability to teach, but even colleague should pit himself against colleague in high effort to discharge his whole duty.

Here we awoke. Our verb active philosopher had anticipated us and was proceeding to prove that, whereas our sleeping car, lumbering along behind us, courting victims by its very proximity, must, by having passed through so vast a space in so short a time, be quite thoroughly ventilated which he had concluded to test by actual experiment, by lying down in it and counting his respirations for an hour or so. Other philosophers agreed to follow, to be present when the result was announced, and in twenty minutes after, the clatter of the iron wheels and the snores in the "palace" were struggling for supremacy. The latter soon had it all their own way, for by some unaccountable accident the palace became detached from the train, which thundered on and left it high and dry on the rails, quietly waiting for its scientific sleepers to get their naps out, which they seemed to be in no great hurry about. Nothing remained but to wait for the next train which, after a seeming age, came along, picked us up and deposited us at New Orleans. We never enquired about the fate of the sleeping palace; whether it froze to the rails to which its snoozing scientific freight pressed it, and when awakened, left it to remain till it goes to dust a monument of philosophers in repose, we know not. In berth No. 5, should any one find a beautiful copy of Mr. Dryden, with a dog-ear at the description of the grand life of a bachelor, and an address by Dr. Toner, of Washington, he will please send to our address a lock of his hair.



