HUTCHINS (ALEX.)

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ORATION

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BY

ALEXANDER HUTCHINS, M.D.

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"Apparently our modern science and humanity have done a great deal to keep off disease, and bring down the average death-rate in favored communities. * * * In a certain sense all nature is our enemy, and earth, air, water, all elements and creatures, are watching to find our vulnerable point. Now all true science is the triumph of the human spirit over the tyranny of nature, and all the sciences and arts of health, all safeguards against infection by proper management of watercourses and miasmatic grounds, all preventive measures against the great contagions that ravage the earth, not only save individual lives, but keep evil germs out of the human constitution, and act upon the general vitality of the race." (*The Skeleton in Modern Society.—Harper's Magazine, May*, 1874).

"Medical studies have now become long and laborious, the physical and chemical sciences being now far more than mere auxiliaries, and forming an important part in the preparation for examinations; and the student, after his laborious and costly career, finds, on getting into practice, that he has no effective protection from the encroachments of charlatans and parasites." (*Decline of Medical Study in France.—The Union Medicale of February 17th, quoted by Med. and Surg. Reporter, April 8th, and by Boston Med. and Surg. Journal, April 23d*, 1874).

The Conditions of the Conflict.

One of the pleasing re-assurances that attach to the ordinary experience of a physician comes to the surface when he meets his younger brother riding, for the first time, in his new buggy. The cheerful sunlight, the fresh verdure, the exhilarating atmosphere and clear landscape of a June morning, are Nature's fitting accessories to the bright and perfect newness that is dignifiedly moving over the patent pavement. Unmarred by scratches, neither mud nor dust have dimmed the brilliant lustre of its polish. No stain tarnishes the trappings to unbefit them for the adornment and control of the well-groomed animal that restlessly confesses to his new experience. There is a restrained carelessness in the well-cared for boots on the foot-rest, a fidgetty composure with which the gloved hands grasp the reins, a warm flushing of the face that betokens the timidity with which one ever greets the unaccustomed and the unfamiliar. As the carriages approach yet nearer, there is a nervous quickening of the pace, reasonless, yet instinctive; a hastening which a more thorough equipoise would have steadily controlled, in deference to a dignity suited to the time; but which self-consciousness, asserting itself by processes that outwit the sternest conventionalities of the stanchest propriety, unluckily inspires and proclaims its owner human.

But this new buggy is a triumph, and such a triumph as can never be achieved again. The self-consciousness that asserted itself within it, was honorably justifying the satisfaction over a victory achieved against odds, that, could they have been foreseen, would most likely never have been met. That new buggy has been the fruitage of steady and expectant waiting, that most trying and exhausting of all labor, obedient to necessity, and yet realizing, in the completest sense, the apostolic injunction of "having done all, to stand." It rests as a terminal of a long line of spoken and insinuated taunts at the inexperience of youth, the more mortifying from being undeserved and from sheer inability to check them, save by endurance. It crowns a contest with the

meaner types of selfishness and imposition, against which open resistance were failure. It has been wrought out of the mephitic poison of crowded tenements, where suffering ignorance and treachery, unable to comprehend sacrifice, were serving as a power to mould fitness for the events of the future. In it the victor summons to himself a reward for discouragements without number, cheerily mastered and given to the winds. With it he has achieved a self-possession, a dignity among his inferiors, a permanence among his own, a sense of fitness for occasions that may at any moment lift him higher, which, but yesterday, were an inchoate, vaporous uncertainty. In the repose of the moment he dreams that August suns and December blasts shall never again exhaust his tired body, straining to and from his tasks. He feels that, from the materials within him, he has worked out the problem of success. Henceforth the seeker shall be the sought. He has passed the first lustrum of his career. He rides in his new buggy!

But the man that passes him with encouraging recognition is not unmindful of the past. He may smile at the dreamer's buoyancy; but ridicule has no lodgement in the experience that has woven a woof of pathos through his life. Scanning a wider horizon, his sympathies with the beginnings of a professional life have intensified, and not weakened. True, he has not walked for many a year; but the restless dissatisfactions of the earlier times have had their counterparts in ever-recurring phases, one decade after another. The repose that once seemed so sure of attainment has softened down into contentment with things as they are. Mastery over events has glided into meeting emergencies. His more thorough knowledge has increased his power; but it has taught him humility in the presence of so much that has not been revealed. His more polished arts have made easy his contact with men; but they have been equally serviceable in enabling him to withdraw comfortably from contact he could not escape. His greater familiarity with his immediate duties has promoted ease in their performance; but it has begotten a singular monotone in his life. His intimacy with suffering has quickened his sensibilities; but for his own peace of mind, for the greater part, it had better made him marble. The kindlier part of him, developed most acutely by the very necessities of his calling,

so little demanded of him, that he carries a useless burden ever. The confidant of all, to the relief of all, there is no outlet for this accumulating flood. Prospered and independent, yet helpless to resist the demand of need or caprice. Skillfully prompt in the most exacting emergencies, yet those most benefitted, utterly and for ever unconscious of the brave deeds done. Self-sacrificing so often and so greatly that self is lost in service to his kind, with the requital grudged and ill-mannered. Conscious of pure motives and wisely-directed action, his motives have been maligned by ignorance and unreasoning disappointment has discredited his wisdom. Confident in the excellency of his profession and its entitlement to respect, his very vantage-ground is the arena for the triumphs of pretenders.

So from the materials of his garnered experience the new buggy kindles in him somewhat of rejoicing. The needs of his own life may have been too stern for him to have contributed aught save a kindly word towards the result which carries him back to his own beginnings; but he recalls the involuntary sigh with which he greeted the gilded sign when it first announced the need of patronage. He has observed the steady composure with which his younger brother has met the years, the discretion in deportment, the sobriety of conversation and of habit, the diligence and accuracy in business, the intelligent and conspicuous alliances with schemes of benevolence and good order, and the steady growth in public favor and esteem. The new evidence that a reward has come to all this he recognizes as an additional prop to his own maturity. He knows that no one man can absorb all victory, and that each additional warrior, if full panoplied, renders the issue less doubtful. He knows that the hard won triumph of the younger man is, by so much, the security of his own; that if others can successfully follow in his track, his own life's labor has not been profitless. The needs that are calling for new men are the demonstration to him that he has satisfactorily met the duties of his life. His own success has smoothed the way for his successors. And so the new buggy brings to him the pleasing re-assurance.

In this profession, as in all others, the stock is ever being renewed. The advent of the new is the perpetual stimulus to the elder and, without trespass, is forever pushing it on. The acces-

sion of new force not only enlarges the domain of its operations, but increases their power. As the laborers are more numerous, the boundary lines of labor become more enlarged, and the individual labor more concentrated. The contributions of each are to the common stock and the successes of each strengthen the foundation of the common edifice. The accumulated arts of learning are the lineal heritage of its votaries. Those who enter into the mysteries of the inner temple are dignified and adorned by ministering at its shrine. The person may be on the hill-tops for a space, but time passes on at a rapid rate and soon the workers vanish in the work achieved.

"The individual withers, but the world is more and more."

The science, that this Society is constructed to nourish and protect, may well stretch out a welcome to all who come within its fane with clean hands and who, in the spirit of honorable manhood, pledge perpetual adoration at her altar. Her triumphs, like all others, have been won for her at the cost of many things. Her faithful servitors bear one common torch, offer one common sacrifice, receive one common unction, and go forth on the errands of a common ministry.

And who is this man that they call "Doctor?" Strange confession is it to the unity of his order that his individuality is so often merged in his title! The title that graces the most skillful practitioner of medical arts descends through infinite depths and clings to the half grown boy that unscrews soda-water and deals out doses of salts at the pharmacy. The druggists take to the title like ducks to water. The myriad pesthood of patent medicine makers flare the title as their claim to the public confidence. Natural bone-setters and eclectics, cancer-cures and homœopaths, old sands-of-life and indian-herbs, equalizer and movement-cure, health-lift, hydropathy, neuropathy, kinesopathy, thomsonianism, clairvoyance, mesmerism and second-sight, with the more cruel types that wallow in the ooze below, and all the leprous and abominable heresies of medicine that prey upon the prejudices and fears of men, flaunt "Doctor" on the red flag of their festering commune.

"All the grizly legions that troop
"Under the sooty flag of Acheron."

"Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,

"Abominable, inutterable and worse
"Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived
"Gorgons, and Hydras and chimaeras dire."

Not all are fools or blind. To the average man the doctor is one who relieves or cures his physical infirmities. He questions no further. For him it is sufficient that the ability to do this is claimed and that the claim is made good to his satisfaction. He requires certain services and pays for them. This terminates the transaction. To his notion the service can be performed in various ways. He chooses the way that suits him best. There are some agents that, in his judgment, are unsuited to the animal economy; the man who discards these is his doctor. He is convinced that Nature has a simple for all our frailties; the purveyor of herbs is his doctor. And

"Some to the fascination of a name
"Surrender judgment hoodwinked."

But who is this man that is called "Doctor"; this Doctor Medicinæ; a man learned in medicine? He it is who, by virtue of his training in the structure and functions of the human body, by his entering into possession of the entire inheritance amassed by the learning and industry of his fathers, by his movement abreast with the intelligence and discoveries of his kindred workers, by his broad sympathy with all investigation, by his catholicity in the acceptance of all that has been proved of value, by his liberality towards all unsettled problems, by his alertness in application, and by the unstinted devotion of his entire strength, in bringing the experience of the past and the wisdom of his cotemporaries, through the alembic of his own personal ingenuity, to the relief of physical ills, sets forth himself, by right of history, by right of lineage, by right of brotherhood, confessedly, the Healer. Dealing with vital processes, tenuous, mysterious, and eluding all grasp, the unfamiliar is ever at his side. His steadiest laws forever rocking in the undercurrents, re-adjustment is the order of his life. The father-confessor to manifold experiences coming up through all grades of distorting media, the quality of his mind is exercised less against sincerity, than against misapprehension and misinterpretation of facts; so accustomed, by necessity, to weigh doubts and correct error, that partisanship is difficult for him, but the scales of justice rest easily on his hand.

His self-reliance is such as belongs to none other. Alone in emergencies that stifle the voice and blanch the cheek of ministering attendants, his unfaltering promptness brings back promise, or 'tis his to forecast and announce the inevitable. A bravery is his such as belongs to none other. He does not avoid the assumption of service, which, as sure as the day comes, will be fraught with mortification and suspicion, because it's his mission and his duty. His daily appointed work and obligation are among those not of his own seeking, yet so manifold his tact that among all he is able to appease the common need. His versatility, trained to extremes, is his universal passport. From the solution of psychological problems which some refined melancholy has thrust upon his decision, problems which exhaust and defy the dialectics of the schools, but which he must answer *ex cathedra*, the next moment he is ministering to some floundering, unkempt offspring of ignorance and crime, whom a kindly word has scared into staring silence. His charities are written all over each day of a busy life, never to be collated among his memoirs. Called to do impossible things, he does them without hesitation. The intimate familiarity with which he is brought in contact with every grade of social position and social degradation, begets for him an amount and variety of criticism, in spite of which he lives and prospers, and never altogether outlives; and this, taken all in all, is the most wonderful and convincing testimony that could possibly be adduced to the multifarious gifts developed in him by the necessities of his calling.

But is this the man that winds his ceaseless way over mountains and through morass to and from the scattered hamlets of the poor? Is it the same man that daintily presses the velvety softness and breathes the perfumed stillness whence Dives struggles into Paradise or Hades? Is the unknown toiler on this highway included in the definition of him who stands, unabashed, to be acknowledged the Master in the innermost penetralia of regal pride and the haughtiness of wealth? Question it, ye who will. Not one hair's breadth can you vary the kind, though there be variation in degree. Dissociate the surroundings and change their places, and the specific duties would be as well performed in the one case as in the other. Deriving their acquisitions from one common storehouse, working to the same ends on

similar material, with resources common to all, the equality is identical.

What creates the necessity for this man? The physical integrity of the race is no symbol of the usefulness of the epoch. The ruddy enormities that swept through the Middle Ages, with their coats of mail, were as distant from the triumphs of this sallow-faced civilization as was the Philistine warrior from the Heaven-directed shepherd boy who slew him. What abysses separate the sinewy savage, with his feathers and the baubles in his girdle, from the pale of flaccid delicacy whose fancies rock the world into delirium!

"For I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child."

How far removed from the enterprise that has built up commerce is the oily African that burrows in the sand-hills, and for colored prints and beads barters the treasures of the jungle! Save under exceptional conditions, the desertion of "the simple tents and Nomad ways" for what we understand by civilization, is at the expense of physical force. But there is no room for choice. Civilization is a force that attracts. The competition it invites is a competition that has no goal, and cannot cease. *That it can be guided* is the salvation of the competitors.

The physician's function is that of the skilled adviser through this conflict. He is to so advise as to lessen the friction. He is to prolong life so that projected schemes may be furthered. He is to avert calamity by regulating opposing forces. He is to restore the fallen by the wayside, that they may pursue their journey. He is to repair the consequences of excess. The demands upon him increase directly with the achievements of the material and the polished arts. Civilization, with every stride of its own, pushes him on as a make-shift in an emergency, or rather she keeps her city of refuge close, and this city must be strengthened as her foes become more powerful. Men cry for the preservation of the life that has been made useful to them. The multiplying causes of disease that prostrate one and another must be known; the pestilence that unnerves the strength of universal labor must be resisted and driven back. This rampant civilization that is accomplishing so much, and is attempting so much more, has within itself the elements of its own destruction. The excess, the crowding and the overstrain would, if unchecked, re-

sult in their own paralysis. Men do not see this, and with difficulty can be made to believe it. Blot out the medical skill that each day is unobtrusively doing its legitimate work, and ere long the fiery energy which is asserting itself in myriad directions would collapse, and Macaulay's New Zealander would gaze from London Bridge on the ruins of an earthquake.

The shifting and multiplying demands developed by the unequal play of the forces that make up the current civilization, creates in this man an accumulation of resources that shall adequately meet the demands. He does not anticipate evils so much as he originates and adapts means to correct evils. He is essentially a reconstructor, and though it is part of his growth to improve upon the old methods, yet it is preëminently his function to follow up along the line of change, and by new devices to meet the new requirements. If it be true that this man owes his existence to certain needs that inhere essentially in the common nature of the race, needs which are the product of the wasting friction which is forever hastening to decay, (it being his special function to moderate this friction, and thus prevent this hastening,) and if it be true that this development, which we call civilization, is a two-forced energy, to ripen and destroy, that every epoch of this development is an unfolding of new necessities, in whose immediate wake this man must ever be found, alive to their faintest call, then it follows, beyond peradventure of cavil, that the reservoir whence issue his resources, is the storage reservoir of the latest refinements of human culture. To him are all the elements of human thought tributary, whether beggared by poverty, prolific by affluence, made critical by the law, penetrating by science, broadened by statesmanship, profound by the pulpit, whether clothed in purple, in ermine, or in rags.

It were a calling of no considerable importance if this profession of medicine operated by fixed rules on abnormal and diseased conditions of the human body in communities where the uniformity of social condition suffers little change, and where steadiness of labor and similarity of taste permit only the most casual variations from unruffled calmness as the years pass by. Even here the laws of decay, by the economy of things, hold good, and human hope and passion, worldly ambition and the chances of success are subject to them, so that it is difficult to depreciate or

modify the importance of that profession whose business it is to hold the subjects of these laws in check, and to save them from the consequences of their infraction, even where the field of operations is remote from the great energies of life and among communities which seem to play so unimportant a part in the universal drama. On the contrary, it is impossible to over-estimate its importance, if one is willing to concede the Universal Maker of all men, and the over-ruling Providence that guides them by ways of which they are ignorant, and that therefore there must be a purpose to their being; for if there be a purpose to all being, it should be protected, and not allowed, through ignorance of the physical laws which govern it, to violate or corrupt its integrity. Human life is sacred, and no man shall be permitted to say of another that he is useless; and no man shall calculate and compare and discriminate when the ship founders and the life-boats are launched.

But we are justified, nay, we are compelled to make different estimate of this profession in its enlarged operations on the varying planes where the industries and activities of the race are multiplying material progress and revolutionizing thought. Concede the importance of the results which have been wrought out by the wonderful resources of man's indefatigable energy; which invention, discovery, all forms of culture and all efforts of hard-handed industry have accomplished; concede that man's cravings are unappeasable, that the gratification of old desires is the germinal stem for the outgrowth of new wants more exacting and more difficult to satisfy; concede these, and the possessors of the higher and later civilization are a different factor, of higher importance and more varied needs. So likewise the profession that preserves the factors of this civilization is a more exalted body of learning, ministering to more important needs, fitting into higher stations, with responsibilities increasing in weight and subtlety, *pari passu*, with the ripening age. Caring for the individual, 'tis true, but as a body speaking with authority, exercising a protectorate over the public weal. Awaiting its decisions are all those problems touching the conditions under which the health of large communities can be preserved. Its accumulated experience among individuals is generalized into instructions concerning the influences of industries on the operatives, to prevent the greed of capital

from undermining the strength of the employed. It organizes and carries on institutions which shall relieve society from its useless and demoralizing burdens. Towards these higher ranges of thought and effort is the legitimate tendency of the profession, both by reason of its being the logical sequence of the needs that called it into existence, as well as by its possessing the only culture available for this end.

In this view of the necessary and progressive relations of the Doctors of Medicines to society, the body of learning, which is their inspiration and source of power, is entitled to the distinguished rank of an applied science. It is heresy among certain circles, in these days of original investigation, to urge the plea of utility as any criterion of real value in giving rank to a science; but these very scientists, while they are laboring in the hope of discovering laws which shall reconcile discordant phenomena and find themselves happy in the unfolding of new relations, plume themselves most triumphantly on results which can be turned to account in the useful arts. But, heresy or no, the investigations that tend to promote the general welfare, facilitate intercourse, and turn labor into more profitable channels, are the investigations that command the benediction of the multitude, and the arbitrary and dogmatic dictum of ever so sincere a minority to the contrary notwithstanding, with very little question, the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*. Measured by its usefulness, as affecting universality of application and efficiency, it holds a precedence above all the sciences. Its whole strength is put forth on its journey that it may the sooner return laden with branches for the healing of the nations. The very air it breathes is redolent with effort for the upbuilding of the people. It estimates its success by its increasing power to strengthen infirmities. It counts those acquisitions the most valued which enable it most speedily to remedy misfortune. Its processes of thought are stretched out to ingather all truth that can be made most immediately available. It lavishes, nay, squanders, its choicest treasures, in the very ooze of squalor, for the dear sake of pity. It knows no marketable value for its most hard-wrung possessions, when from any misery comes up the beseeching cry for help. It demands from its votaries their all that all things may be in common for the truth's sake. It counts no toil unworthy where sor-

row is to be appeased. It holds naught as sacrifice that shall send the poorest back to his labor. It robes alike its acolytes and priests that there shall be no withholding of the fullest ministrations. It criticizes unsparingly the oppressed by avarice and greed, that the toilers may take courage by relaxation. It enters into the abodes of wretchedness and drives out the poison that color may come to the stricken by neglect. Everywhere, among all peoples, in all climes, on frontier or in crowded city, in hamlet or on prairie, in midnight vigil or the ministering at noon-day, in palace or in hovel, amid poverty or affluence, with saint or felon, by staring idiocy or the divinity of thought, by the side of elegance or the clownishness of boors, by lord or serf, by prince or peasant, in desolation or in luxury, in expectation or dismay, whether with assurance of reward or the sombre consciousness of bread upon the waters, with hands that have been laid pityingly on the sorrows of the past stretched forth to soothe the aching pillows of the future, its genius is the RESCUE cry.

It may possibly have suggested itself to some of your minds, that this view of the profession is not that in which it is ordinarily seen, and it may likewise have occurred to you that the unbelievers in this doctrine are not altogether resident outside the limits of professional life. A moment's further reflection may suggest that, in the estimation of a very large majority of the laity, the profession of medicine has a two-fold relation to themselves, viz.: that there is a routine practice common to medical men and the element of personality to which they incline. A more intelligent and respectable minority have been educated into the belief that this profession of medicine is the possessor of a vast variety of disjointed facts relating to the effects of certain agents on certain conditions of the human body, and that the comparative good or bad in the profession consists in the superior of lesser ability, with the wider or more limited experience of certain members thereof in making use of these facts. In both cases the personnel of the profession stands out in bold relief from the profession itself; in both cases the trade of the profession comes handsomely to the front. If medical men and the laity, whom they serve, are agreed on this platform, it cannot well be urged that there is any well-grounded complaint on either

side. The laity get the best there is to be had and, taken all in all, the profession is pretty well provided for. The religion of trade is to get the best article for the least money and, in this case, there is very little haggling about trifles.

But, on the other hand, the profession of medicine puts a different estimate on itself; an estimate which, in a most general way, I have endeavored to define, and which, if it be accepted, presents some startling suggestions why its sources of light have been so effectually concealed, and why its seclusion from the public gaze has wrought so great a misunderstanding as to its merits.

It were folly to deny that this misappreciation of the real merits of the profession has been, and is, the fruitful source of some jealousy and much personal discomfort among medical men, and a not inconsiderable sacrifice of their calling on the part of many, too sordid to follow truth through good report and evil, to the level of a trade.

The unrest of the profession is no unfamiliar story, and this unrest belongs not altogether to the accumulation of a patronage, but also to the preservation of that patronage. But this unrest must be limited, with great precaution, to what is known as the practice of the profession, which is the furnishing certain resources which the profession possesses to supply a demand, for a consideration, the person supplied being at liberty to judge whether the demand is met and being, at the same time, not restrained in criticism of any part of the transaction or the skill there exercised.

I suppose it is perfectly safe to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the complaints of the younger members of the profession have two general directions, and but two; and these are, in the first place, the disgust begotten by familiar contact with social relations which are entirely beneath them, and, in the second place, by difficulties that beset the recovery of such compensation as custom has led them to exact for their services. There is no especial pleasure in this examination, nor would it be profitable to expend time in rehearsing what is so well known. The only points that it is desirable to insist upon are that within these limits are included the major part of the unpleasantness that attaches to the practice of the profession, and that, under the present condition of things, these results are inevitable.

If we understand this, we may be led to something higher, for it will be seen at a glance that these are but contingents and are no constituent part of the profession. They are one's personal belongings, and they vary with the person, with his idiosyncracy of temperament, with his executive ability, with his power of expression, with his natural diginity of character and deportment. A man of tender sympathies, and consequently of sensitive nature, if thrown among associations, coarse, ignorant, and unappreciative, will be jarred infinitely more than another man whose kindness and good judgment may be equally faithful, but whose emotional nature is less easily aroused. But in the ordinary practice of the profession no man escapes this contact, because necessity or duty, which alone impel any man to put himself among uncongenial surroundings, are both driving him thither perpetually. Each young man is a candidate for public favor and, as a rule, he must commence at the bottom. From the most unpleasant, through all grades up to the most satisfactory surroundings, his duty is in spite of the surroundings and ever the same. And, as the tongues of Rumor are as the winds of heaven, his faithfulness to duty is his impelling force upward, and the grinding fact is that he knows it; he must take what comes.

So, on the other hand, it is equally apparent how unconducive this practice of the profession is to exercise, in its own behalf, any self-assertion of its dignity.

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

The taint of personality follows it all through. The strife for personal salvation from failure, to say nothing of all the ambition for personal aggrandizement and independence, that are the inspiration of all labor, is the same old battle of life fought here as everywhere. And it is a thought that ought not to be repressed, but rather should be placed before the sober regard of all who hold faith in the uprightness of humanity, that this strife among medical men with all their opportunities for covert action, develops so little that is mean or sordid. And this self-assertion of dignity is difficult, nay impossible, for the inclusive reason that through so large an extent the profession is the seeker and not the sought. Its ability to perform, it proclaims; its opportunities for performance are its sources of revenue. It is properly restrained,

its very genius limits it, in the search for these opportunities. In all the formative stages of what is known as reputation (and let it not be lost sight of that the personality is ever prominent) the effort to win over by complacency of manner, no less than by skill in action, is as recognizable as it is needful. So that any self-assertion of the acquisitions, hereditary or original, which are the common treasury of the profession, that cannot, at the moment, be brought down to the test of desired results, would plunge headlong down the abyss between arrogance and absurdity. In this apology, let it be recollected that temporizing is out of the question; action must be prompt, and, leaving out of sight the unquestionable fact that inexperience will turn pale no matter how polished its weapons and how multitudinous its unused resources, the problems that are thrust on the novitiate are the same problems that baffle the sage.

I imagine that we shall have little difficulty now in finding some solid basis on which to rest the statement, that either the profession has an over-weening estimate of its own importance, or else, that there is a very inadequate estimate of its excellency on the part of those whose interests it subserves. In brief, it arrogates to itself an accurate understanding of the physical structure and functions of man, a growing comprehension of the causes that tend to undermine his integrity, and with that growth an ever increasing ability to check its tendency to decay, and that this growth is based on sound knowledge acquired by liberal investigation. Opposed to this is a faith which has a very comprehensive constituency, a faith which has been very well summarized by a modern English medical writer, Dr. James Johnson, and which I quote for three reasons: because it embodies the sneer which is a popular sentiment against legitimate medicine, because men seize so eagerly and with so great gusto upon any ridicule a man may cast on his own calling, no matter how truthless so long as it is derisive, and because the extract was prominently placed in the humorous department of the most widely circulated popular magazine in the country. He says:

"I declare my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and re-
"flection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary,
"chemist, druggist or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sick-
"ness and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a
"'*conjectural art*,' that the best physicians make mistakes, that medicine is

"administered by hosts of quacks, that it is swallowed by multitudes of people "without any professional advice at all, and that the world would be infinitely "more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy "from drugs, these and many other facts will show that the proposition I have "made is more startling than untrue. But as it is, drugs will be swallowed "by all classes, rich and poor, with the hope of regaining health and prolong- "ing life, and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpa- "ble indulgence of the appetites and passions."

If proof is asked for the statement that the public respect for legitimate medicine is not that to which, its practitioners claim, its dignity is entitled, dismissing all special cases, the one prominent fact that the public is tolerant of what it styles the different schools and practices of medicine, is answer conclusive.

Thus far, in this discussion, I have steadily avoided any direct allusion to the Science and the Art of Medicine; but any proper understanding of the difficulty in question, must bring these terms prominently to the front, for on these the issue pends.

Legitimate medicine elaborates the Science and on that bases its Art. All the manifold heresies of medicine with unanimous accord, confess the Art, but deny the Science.

That this misconception should be fully grasped is essential before it is possible to make good the pretensions of legitimate medicine. For a proper understanding of the merits of the case, let us accept two definitions, that are of the most general character and which, from their inclusiveness, can be generally accepted, viz.: defining Science as a systematic arrangement of general principles; and Art as a system of rules designed to facilitate the performance of certain actions.

The history of all medical heresy, no less than the history of the popular heresies of to-day, has been unmistakably consistent on two points: first, that it has never made any pretence to a Science, but has begun and ended in its claim to accomplish certain results by certain procedures; and second, that without exception, the end of its existence has been to promote the pecuniary emolument of its teachers. The implied claim is, therefore, and it is the popular objection, that the body is obnoxious to certain infirmities, that there are certain things to be done to relieve these infirmities, and that the discovery of the means whereby these results are obtained may be, indifferently, accidental or the

result of investigation, and that the knowledge of the appropriate use of these means is the doctrine of medicine. The intelligent use of means suited to the relief of disease is, unquestionably, the Art of medicine, and those, who believe that this is the end of the story, are thoroughly consistent when they allege that there are many ways to one end, and that any body of men who claim that they can cure disease by certain modes and can make good their claim, are entitled to the honorable distinction of a school of medicine. And it follows, legitimately, that so soon as this is admitted, a highway is thrown open for an interminable procession of schools.

Conjectural or no, if medical Art is all there is of medicine, or to put it again, if medical Art is all that is useful in medicine, then the heresies of medicine have the argument by undeniable concession, and are heresies no longer. Certain wants are to be supplied, the purveyors to these wants are supplying those most interested, and are driving a respectable trade. It must be admitted that there results considerable friction, as the facts show. Individual ingenuity is pitted against collective learning. Eccentricity no matter how erratic, insolent bravado no matter how blundering, conceit no matter how stupid, so long as a following is obtained, gain the prize of merit in that constituency. Of course this constituency is subject to great fluctuations. Reputations hang on a very brittle thread. The cow doctor was consulted in a critical case and though, as he said, he didn't know much about humans, he'd give a pound of salts to a cow, and he thought a quarter might do for the young woman. It proved a bad case of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, for in the style of the modern paragraphists, the mourners noticed a sweet smile on the face of the corpse and the procession did not reach the cemetery till after dark. The darkey's is a case in point. A southern planter was taken suddenly ill and, as the nearest doctor was a long way off, an old negro, of considerable repute on the plantation, was summoned to prescribe. The patient not improving, the doctor was obtained, who asked the darkey what he'd given. "Gib massa al'm and ros'n." "Alum and rosin! what for?" "Why I gibs de al'm for to draw the parts togedder, and de ros'n for to make um stick."

These are gross illustrations which set forth the principle that underlies all empiricism; a belief which contends that experience

is the one thing needful in medical art, that is, *mere* experience, without knowledge of principles; an empiricism, older than Pliny or Aristotle, who wrote of it; an empiricism which, all along the upward track of knowledge, has set itself in antagonism to scientific medicine.

It is to be asserted, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is not a single instance to be brought forward from the accumulated archives of the intellectual history of all time, where the professional advocates of these pseudo-schools of medicine have contributed one iota to the mass of human knowledge outside of the elaboration of their particular pet theory which is their stock in trade. Consistently they aver that the successful practice of medicine does not require it. If this be true and if this be all, the title of a learned profession is a misnomer beyond parallel.

Is it possible, in these days of the diffusion of knowledge that one should be driven to argue the inferiority of an Art, whose system of rules has been knocked into shape by hap-hazard experience, to the dignified composure of an Art which has been built up carefully and by slow processes, through successive generations of investigation, whose classified knowledge has unfolded the processes of Nature and moulded the Art in conformity thereto? Shall the community of intellect confess the conceit a novel one, that truth is a unit and cannot be dissociate, that each science is an analogue to every other, and that the broader the research the safer the guidance?

The truth then is before us, that there is need of a Science of Medicine on which to found the Art.

What is the Science on which the Art of Medicine is founded? Medical science is classified knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body, of its laws of growth and decay, of the influences that affect its integrity, and the laws by which they operate.

The element of interference is involved in the etymology of the adjective that defines the science. Medical, *medicus*, the healer, from Medeor, to heal, cure, apply remedies, and this from the ante-Homeric *μὲδομαί*, to provide for, to attend to. *Active interference for purposes of repair is the etymological genius of the*

Science. The study is inspired by the intent to affect processes by medicines, by agents, by any means whatsoever. The intent to affect is its distinctive character.

It is included in that department of Natural History known as Zoölogy, in its investigation of structure, function and habits. It assumes a foothold for itself as an independent Science, when that plane of investigation is reached where order is studied for purposes of interference and protection.

In common with all other Sciences, it seeks to establish general principles through the relation of facts. Observation and deduction are the conditions of its growth. Alone of the Sciences it seeks to provide for the restoration of order.

All other Sciences are tributary to it, not for study of similarity and correlation of law, but as their *results* can be turned to account in the purposes it proposes.

Let us state the problem in another form. There is a physical structure of the human body, its several components working according to certain laws, the purport of which is called *function*; that even in the most ideal conception of supply and demand, there is a tendency to the exhaustion of these energies, the combination of which is called *life*, and, as a practical fact, the conception of that ideal relation defies statement, for external influences, in myriad form, are working to impair the balance of function. To preserve or restore this balance is the need. The accumulated knowledge which is required to satisfy this need, systematically arranged, is Medical Science.

It is contended that there can be no Science when the mutations are so rapid, and extinction so sure. Of course, this begs the whole question, for if general Science has developed anything, it has authoritatively pronounced the universality of change and tendency to extinction of present modes of being. The objection is resolved into one of degree. It is complex because it draws from so many sources to promote its ends. "Medicine," says Whewell, "in its original and comprehensive sense, as one of the great divisions of human culture, must be considered as taking in the whole of physical Science." The complexity is increased, not because the relations are more occult than in other organisms, but because the element of repair enters in. The objection fades before the fact that, as a Science, its theories

are put at once to the crucial test. The Science and the Art are in the same hands, and the Art must be prosecuted to procure the means to develop the Science. "It does not plant itself on the dogmas of authority, precedent or tradition. Its doctrines are based upon the eternal and immutable laws of Nature, and are estimated by high scientific standards. Precedent and authority carry no weight here, except so far as they accord with the principles which science has proven, and has established as reliable guides * * * The *old* is valued only as it squares with the *new*. The *past* is estimated solely by the standard of the *present*."—(*Dunster.*)

There can be but one science of one subject. What facts are known relating to one subject must be related to each other. These accumulated facts, with their relations, are the materials for the Science of that subject. If the conception of the unity of Medical Science has been adequately indicated, it must be conceded that Medical Science is something wider and more comprehensive than has heretofore been confessed, and the imperfect comprehension that has obtained has been an injustice to its dignity. Almost its entire literature has been in antagonism to this conception. Not only has the irrational severance of medical and surgical learning endowed each with the appellation of a distinct Science, but the parceling out is the genius of the day, and the Sciences of Medicine have become more and more numerous as industry has been applied to the development of more and more restricted departments. The unity is lost in the prominence of details. As truth has been wrought out, the tendency has been to divide and subdivide, instead of to generalize and unify.

The history of histological, anatomical, physiological and pathological studies is unique in the fact that they have been elaborated by medical men, not as side-issues and for intellectual gratification, but as directly essential to their need. Dissociation of them from the body of Medical Science is a denial of their history in the very face of fact. But it is a violation of intellectual honor to apply this fundamental knowledge to certain departments, and on the basis of operative procedure, to elevate these departments into distinctive Sciences.

So far as I am aware, there are but three instances in the entire array of Medical journalism, where this unity is acknowledged by

the titles of these journals: one in Europe, one in Asia, and one in America. "The Dublin Journal of Medical Science," "The Indian Annals of Medical Science," and "The Half-Yearly Compendium of Medical Science." Outside of these the changes are rung in every conceivable form on "Medical Sciences," "Medical," "Surgical," "Medico-Chirurgical," and the like.

But if there be this unity in the Science of Medicine, the moss-grown, ivy-covered wall between Medicine and Surgery, that has defied the ages, must crumble; and with its destruction there shall ensue a breaking down of all barriers, and over the ruins the stately Science of Medicine shall collect itself into the majesty of single-handed strength. If there be this unity, objection can be unqualifiedly made to the abuse of terms in ranking the departments of Medicine as separate Sciences. As sub-divisions of the great Science of Medicine, they are but Arts of Medicine, fulfilling certain functions in the application of that Science. The disposition of thought engendered by otherwise regarding them, is inimical to a clear comprehension of the unity of Medical Science. The sweeping away of these barriers will obliterate their fragmentary character and compress them into a body of learning. If further argument were needed, it would seem that the question could be put beyond cavil by taking into account the purpose for which Medical learning exists. The singleness of that purpose must unify the power that would effect it.

Except by exhaustive statement, it would be presumptuous to rehearse, before this learned body, the history, progress, resources and acquisitions of Medical Science. In truth, this rehearsal would have but an incidental connection with my purpose. My aim has been solely to point out the fallacy and misconception through which the various forms of medical heresy have warped public sentiment away from a proper understanding of the exact grounds on which legitimate medicine is based, and to furnish the radical argument which shall lead up to the education of the people in a comprehension of the well-grounded claims of Scientific Medicine.

It ought not, indeed it cannot, admit of question that where there is misconception in a matter of so great importance as the relation of the medical profession to the public whom it serves,

that an attempt should be made by those most competent to clear up misunderstanding, and that this attempt should be adhered to until a satisfactory result is arrived at. Error is destructive always, and sows dragon-teeth broadcast to spring up armed men who shall assail truth with the sword. But on this issue the interests of civilization are intense and should be rightly informed, for after all it is the truth that men are seeking for; the professed skeptics are but few. So, on the part of the profession, the duty is not less important. It cannot destroy error by ridicule, and, if it stand still, without raising a hand in its own defense, it must suffer. "When bad men combine," says Burke, "the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle."

It is easy to see how the unrest of the profession should increase in the face of the triumph of medical heresy, and it is not difficult to forecast how probably, in view of the dependence of the Arts of Medicine on popular favor, disaffection might grow and the legitimate Arts of Medicine be sacrificed to the emergencies of life. It is, then, of the utmost importance, for the preservation of its own integrity, that the profession should be alive to the demands of the age, and secure itself beyond peradventure of inroad by bringing the public mind, face to face, with the catholicity, the stupendous progress, the multiform investigation and acknowledged achievements of Medical Science.

Do not misunderstand me for an instant. I make no complaint touching the position of medical men as individuals in their greater or less success. As things run, men get their deserts in this world. There is nothing so successful as success, in which is involved the truth that opportunities must not only be improved, they must be created. The unsuccessful man, conscious of some power that ought to lead to results, must reckon himself deficient in some qualities whereby that power can be utilized. Men are ordinarily ambitious of their own fortune, and if there be one who feels that there is an inadequate recognition of his merits, he must call himself to account for his failure. It is discreditable to depreciate any success honorably achieved, and while everything is fair in love and war, the *savoir faire*, no matter where applied, conditions the royal road. He who sits down to await the advent of fame, will be found sitting when his last trump

summons him into obscurity. All the latent energies in the universe are worthless till called into action. And the application is pertinent. We are conscious of so much power which is our common acquisition, that jealousy will crop out at times, and the airy forms of slander will, to our honor, be it said, rarely, attack fair fame. Medical men must meet the world as men meet it everywhere. Each can, by the force of his own character, gain for himself a respect independent of his calling. But the Science which the profession has elaborated, and from which it draws its resources, it must maintain. The very structure of our Science defies its prostration before mere purposes of gain; but it has rights which truth gives it, and which, for truth's sake, must be maintained. It must be set on the hill-top that all may see it, before its power can be recognized.

It will certainly hold good in the opinion of medical men, that the statement of Johnson, above quoted, is not temperate; and it is difficult to understand how the statement could have been deliberately made. Such wholesale assertions are pretty generally ill-judged, and this is no exception to the rule. The statement is smart and specious, but incorrect. It does not aver that drugs are altogether worthless for good and invariably do harm, but it asserts that if they could be banished, men would be better off. But the fact is that they are *here*, and the fact is they are *useful*. It avers also that as they are abused, they ought not to be used at all. It is difficult to seriously discuss a reform that would abolish things because things can be abused. Then should Mr. Bergh say that, as cruelty to horses not only damages the horse, but degrades the moral sense of the driver, therefore horses should be abolished. Now horses are a definite quantity, and could be swept from existence, if men should so agree; but nothing short of a general annihilation of things could abolish drugs. Now some men know, and most everybody believes, that drugs are useful, and it is highly probable that the premature pippin has driven the objector himself, at some time, to his paregoric. Of course he should have ascertained the maturity of his pippin, but then accidents will happen, and drugs will repair damages Excess is a contingent of all growth: no vice, no virtue; no right, no wrong. Wisdom shows itself in the proper use of things; unwisdom, which is either recklessness or

ignorance, declares itself in their abuse. There is no moral character in things, and the moral character of the individual is not affected, one way or another, by things which are at rest. So as long as drugs are in the world, and a proper education can turn them to useful account, it is a trifle foolhardy to assert that that education were better stifled, because those who do not and cannot possess it, damage themselves by drugs.

But the statement avers that Physicians sometimes make mistakes. I do not pretend to deny it Fatalities not unfrequently occur from ignorance or carelessness, which bring reproach on the profession. But, in a majority of instances, it may safely be asserted that such errors will be found to have their source in the inadequacy of preparation, which may be objected against most all professions, or in other causes inseparable from human imperfection.

Certainly if medical men and Medical Science are to be thus adjudged to indiscriminate slaughter, it is time some one should arouse out of slumber. For the more general a belief in the correctness of such statements, the greater the indignities that would be heaped on the mass of men whose lives are pledged to its support, and the more widespread the disaffection from their ranks.

On the other hand, if Medical Science was held in adequate esteem, confessedly, it would be authority in its own department, and its votaries would be inspired to greater effort to elevate its rank. and though subject ever to criticism in the exercise of their calling, that criticism would be on a higher plane, and would not trench, in any degree equal to the present, on the dignity and self-respect of the individual. The Science itself would protect the scientific body.

With this confession of the authority of Medical Science, would slink into oblivion the pestilential host of nostrums, not sooner than the distortions, untruthfulness, ignorance and dishonesty of the pseudo-schools of medicine which prey on the prejudices and fears of men; or if ignorance and credulity must exist, so long as the world stands, these corruptions of the truth would be driven to their boon companionship, excluded from corrupting intelligence.

And, still further, the dignity of Medical Science, once recognized, would give authority to its mission as guardian of the

public safety, and individual intelligence would be better placed in the following of advice as to its own interests.

How is this estimate to be enforced? Granting that there should be a unanimous concession as to the necessity of bringing Medical Science prominently to the front, so that its claim to be ranked among the Sciences could be made good in the popular estimation, and so that it should receive the homage of respect to which, as a Science of the first rank, it is entitled, difficulties without number marshal themselves forward to contest the wisdom of the several modes by which this scheme could be carried into effect. It is impossible to reject or gloss over these difficulties. In the first place, the scheme itself is revolutionary. From remoter periods than when the Priests of Isis held the prerogative of medical mysteries, and dealt them out for oboloi and drachmæ, up through the Dark Ages of Rosicrucian Arts, Necromancy and the Witches' Caldron, even to these better days, the serenity of medical learning has held itself aloof, in self-contemplating and dictatorial dignity, from the vain and babbling world. And this self-imposed dignity, if it has provoked the sneer of heresy, was well-grounded in one fact at least, that there were mysteries, and that these mysteries could not be trifled with with impunity, and on them impious and unhallowed hands should not be laid. But I protest now, as the argument I have thus far endeavored to make good is naught if not a protest, against this confusion of Medical Arts with Medical Science. The Arts require tools, and demand a special education for their use; but the principles on which these Arts are based, are eternal truths, and are, therefore, the property of mankind, as they are its heritage.

But again, another class of difficulties, swarming up from the first named, cluster around the general objection that the profession would be destroyed by the general diffusion of the knowledge which is its capital in business. There is the aroma of antiquity exhaling from this likewise. One of our own craft has told the story of how, many a century since, one Demetrius cried out to his fellow-workman, and set the City of Ephesus in an uproar against the overthrow of the worship of Diana, as that "thereby their craft was in danger of being set at naught." There is a general demerit in the objection. For the respect

which is inspired in the unlearned for intellectual power, enhances the authority with which that power enforces itself, even though there be utter inability to grasp the sources of that power; and though the cultivated may investigate the general principles of all Science, yet the special education required for the practical application of these principles, forbid any general participation therein. Faith in the efficiency of the "Jack at all trades," decreases with the diffusion of intelligence. And, on the other hand, no decent political economy would stand in the way of any progress, that would do away with any need, for the purpose of sustaining the labor that supplied that need. When Medical Science has risen to her completeness, and public sentiment is obedient to her authority, old age will have asserted his legitimacy, the nosology will have dwindled, and the medical profession, as it now is, will be an institution of the past. If the special duties of the profession be, by this means, diverted into other channels, what boots it? Civilization, which is progress, will crush the imbecile that flings himself afront her chariot wheels.

But how is this estimate to be enforced? By three modes, which, held as supplements one to the other, are to be combined as one force. By the profession bringing Medical Science out from its seclusion into the conditions created by the demand for Popular Science: by the profession forcing on the public consideration the lessons it alone is competent to teach; and by the profession throwing about itself such safe-guards as shall secure its ranks against occupation save by those who, by the gifts of character, industry, intelligence, and culture, are fitted for the high places of this calling.

From metropolitan centres to the outskirts of civilization, there is this demand for Popular Science. Great audiences throng the lecture-halls to listen in wonder to its startling revelations; journals are devoted to its exposition; it has its columns in the papers that penetrate to the remotest wilds. The best ascertained facts and the very idealities of speculation alike prostrate the knowledge-hungry listeners spell-bound in reverence at the investigations that have dared and conquered. But what of all that has been thus far ventured, even with the glamour of Tyndall's fame and the enterprise of Proctor, can compare in exactness of investigation, thoroughness of research, completeness of

results, and the startling character of the processes evolved, with many and many a score of the achievements of Medical Science, which are the every-day, familiar facts of the profession? Conceive the Doctrine of the Circulation put before the Academy foot-lights, with all the appliances of demonstration, with diagrams and models and manikins, microscopic and chemical analysis, vivisection and the calcium light. Display from the canvass, in the weird darkness of the room, the torrent of the blood rushing in impetuous force down through gradually diminishing and ramifying canals; follow it through the dim mysteries of its wonderful mutations, till it re-collects its turbid and more sluggish stream on the upward and widening grade: resurrect it by contact with the all-pervading energizer of being, till, flushed and instinct with life, it plunges again into the maelstrom that shall hurl it on its ceaseless round! Where, in comparison with the disjointed and fragmentary phenomena of light and heat; where the dreamy visions that fill up the infinite abysses that separate the frigid isolation of astronomical facts, is this one, wonderful, exact, complete, conclusive, incarnate demonstration of infinite wisdom and power! Penetrate, again, down to the very genesis of being, and build up, by histological synthesis, from protoplasm, through cell and fibre and organ and including frame, till the warm flush suffuses the Apollo. Convert the gross elements of material substance into chords that quicken into the most subtle sensations, whose central source trespasses on the Infinite. Follow out the display of the myriad results of Medical Science, by impressing the truth that they are not the accidents of pleasurable investigation, but have been wrought out through long generations of laborious endeavor, forever inspired by the hope to make more successful the applications of that Science; that hosts of men stand ready, at any moment, to be eloquent expositors of its latest refinements, and the demands for Popular Science are met. Whatever there is of regard and reverence for scientific truth anywhere, must be given to Medical Science, as in the first rank for elaborateness and utility.

Coupled with this, let the profession, through its organizations, general or local, oppose itself to the recklessness and ignorance that unsteady and shorten life, and in its own department preach to the people the sermons of right living, of which self-denial is

the unvarying theme. There is a recklessness that baffles all instruction; but, in the main, men are only too willing to abide by competent teaching, and the competency of the profession to unfold the problems affecting the general or the individual weal, ought not to be a matter in dispute. The demand for knowledge assumes the best it can get as the best of all. On the other hand, if the profession possess this knowledge, it ought to be made manifest. The test of duty is the only test that can stand. If it possess facilities that can stay disorder, it is criminal to all humanity if it does not use them. The late meeting of the State Society proved that the profession is alive to the issue In a discussion on drainage, men from all parts of the State urged, with intense earnestness, that preventible causes of disease should be studied for purposes of removal; that legislation could effect nothing, unless the instruction of the people preceded the legislation. General Viele said it was his experience that a "medical practitioner, wherever found, was a missionary domestic, civil and religious, and as such it was his duty to initiate reform." Dr. Agnew urged medical men, on their daily rounds, to force this knowledge on the consideration of men. Dr. Moore insisted that "as a body we must seek to enlighten the community, so as to secure general laws," and again, "we must inaugurate schemes that shall command general professional assent and press and press them on the attention of the people."

Not separated from these two, but upholding both in the public regard, stands foremost the unquestionable duty the profession owes to its own dignity in guarding well the entrance to its treasures. If the personnel be staunch and true, if it be well instructed and intelligent, if it be studious and liberal, if it be high-minded and loyal, it shall win its way. There need be, then, no fear that the estimate the profession puts upon itself, and that in which it is held in the public regard, shall be widely separate. An honorable profession, upholding a Science distinguished for its devotion to the public welfare, must be impregnably fortified in the esteem of men.

I have no word of plea for the men among us who have devoted their lives to the cultivation of the special departments of our Science, who are shielded thereby from the complications that beset the profession at large; no plea have I for the mag-

nates of our profession who, by their excellent gifts and wisely-applied industry, are exalted to be our teachers, and are reposing with the laurels of well-earned victory. They are our pride, and for them I have but congratulation and rejoicing. But I plead for the general practitioner, that he shall be such a well-instructed and honorable member of a learned and cultured profession, that the honor and respect which it has acquired may belong to him, as an integral part thereof. And I plead, from the very depths of earnestness, for the younger brother, that he may be protected from the annoyances that baffle enterprise and stifle enthusiasm; that the profession which has given him rank at the outset may be daily bettered by his judicious conduct; that he may be so protected by the organizations that promote unity of purpose, diffusion of knowledge and combination of effort, and that are our common safeguard against the assaults of misrepresentation and calumny, that the temptations to defection cannot successfully assail him, and that his life's purpose, in whatever emergencies of trial, may never swerve.

When these results shall have been achieved, when Medical Science shall have asserted itself among the elaborated systems of contemporaneous investigation, when its exponents shall have the regard due to their ministry, there shall have preceded decades of labor among the votaries of that Science informed with the sentiment which belongs to the genius of all the higher forms of labor, viz.: *faithfulness to one's calling, that the calling may be dignified, so that those who pursue it thereafter may labor on a higher plane.*

Shall I enforce this by authority? From Jurisprudence. Says Bacon:

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they, of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto. This is performed, in some degree, by the honest and liberal practice of a profession: when men shall carry a respect, not to descend into any course that is corrupt and unworthy thereof, and preserve themselves free from the abuse wherewith the same profession is noted to be infected. But much more is this performed if a man be able to visit and strengthen the roots and foundations of the

Science itself, thereby not only growing it in reputation and dignity, but also amplifying it in perfection and sustenance."

From Philosophy. Says Fichte:

"Genius is nothing more than the effort of the idea to assume a definite form. The idea has in itself neither body nor substance, but only shapes itself an embodiment out of the scientific materials which environ it in time, of which Industry is the sole purveyor."

From Statesmanship. Says Burke:

"The road to eminence and power from obscure condition is not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much *of course*. If rare merit be the rarest of all things, it ought to pass through probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and much struggle."

From Art. Says Sir Joshua Reynolds:

"Excellence is never granted to man save as a reward of labor. It argues no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation."

From Ethics. Says Edwards:

"If we are but fixed and devoted to our business, bent on high and holy ends, we shall find means to them on every side and at every moment, and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled spectre ships, which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind."

From Song. Says Grimwald:

"In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the mind shall light pass the pain,
But of the deed the glory shall remain."

Says the Marquis of Montrose:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts too small;
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

Says Longfellow:

" Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Says Macaulay:

" When the goodman mends his armour;
And trims his helmet's plume,
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily,
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter,
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old."

" And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods."

Let us stand by our profession, uphold, defend and make good its claims among ourselves and among all peoples. Let us, whose thought and sustenance issue from and abound in the support of man's physical power and integrity, first believe ourselves that the full evolvement of the principles to which we have given our lives, is to result in the finer and more fruitful development of the race, and then teach it on every hand that the physiological purity of the people is the working basis for the highest material and moral standards. Let us teach it to the younger brethren, that it may be handed down a heritage from one generation to another till the victory is won; and though we are in the struggle, and see but glimmerings of the light, the sure things of this Science will prevail, and her votaries shall yet enjoy the radiancy of her millenial noon.

" Blest, and thrice blest, the Roman,
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
And views that grand, victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And 'round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove."