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ANNUAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Medical Society of Clinton County,

STATE OF NEW YORK,

JUNE 6, 1860,

By F. J. D'AVIGNON, M. D.,

OF

AUSABLE FORKS.

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Address.

GENTLEMEN,—The By-Laws of the Medical Society of this county request its President to deliver a written address, annually, before the members. To-day this duty devolves on me, and indeed I feel myself incapable of performing the office of addressing you. My embarrassment is caused by the want of time in preparing something worthy of your attention. But the honor you have conferred on me, is so great and important, that I consider that energy must prompt me in securing your indulgence.

Over twenty-one years ago I was admitted as a member of this Society. Our lamented friend, Doctor Stevenson, of Chazy, had the kindness to move my admission. Since, the Society has met three or four times, and we have all neglected to meet again. Then the spirit of our profession drooped.

Eleven years ago, acknowledging our error, I saw that it was necessary to do something in order to stimulate the Brotherhood and elevate our profession, I have made it my duty to excite some interest in this northern section. With this view my friend Doctor Horace Nelson and myself wrote, in the newspapers of Clinton and Essex counties, an appeal to the medical profession, inviting them to meet us in Keeseville, that we might have some understanding with respect to the union and the promotion of our interest. We intended to have a journal published, and to be edited by several members. But unfortunately the meeting in Keese-

ville was not duly attended. No physician came from a distance but Dr. Shumway, of Essex. The journal was nevertheless published, and would now be in existence if it had not been for the absence of its editor. Doctor Nelson was obliged to move to Montreal; and his departure has been a loss to Plattsburgh and neighborhood. His medical attainments were such that he had no superior in this northern section. A good physician; his intimate knowledge of anatomy made him skillful in surgery. Study, energy and perseverance have sustained him and brought him to the high position he held amongst us. Montreal and other parts of Canada have the advantage of possessing his skill and observations.

Another member of the fraternity, Doctor Edward Kane, has also left this county. Universally esteemed in Plattsburgh, a good scholar, a well educated physician, he was desirous of knowledge and ready to sympathise with the the other medical gentlemen.

We had, last year, to mourn the loss of Doctor J. H. Patchin. From what acquaintance I had with the doctor, he appeared to me to be right. His reputation, as a physician, was good. A large circle surrounded him with praise and affection.

The death of our friend, Doctor Samuel Beaumont, is another blow to our society. A member of this society, as I understand, since its foundation, he has contributed much to sustain it. He has also much contributed in helping his late brother, William Beaumont.

As you know, gentlemen, Doctor William Beaumont, of the American Army, has added much to the medical science. His experiments and observations on Alexis St. Martin are known. The accidental shot in the lower part of the chest of St. Martin in 1822, then a young Canadian of 18 years of age, employed in the service of the North-West Fur Company, has resulted to the benefit of the medical faculty and also to the benefit of the whole world. His stomach having been torn by the lead could not be healed by either a natural

or an artificial process. Dr. Beaumont tried to effect a cure, in keeping St. Martin without food for two days, without any desired effect. The gastric juice secreted by the mucous membrane of the stomach would not allow the re-union of the torn walls of that organ. The consequence has been natural, a fistula or opening from the stomach, so much so that if St. Martin does not keep a compress to the aperture, in drinking water or swallowing anything else, that the whole contents of the stomach will pass out through that opening. This opening is about three-fourths of an inch wide and one and a half inch in length. Through this opening comes out a small part of the stomach, *i. e.*, the inner coat, which shows its different appearances, thick and swollen when under the work of digestion and thinner when the digestion is over.

Much can be written on this subject, the most important in physiology. For good reason, no animal can live without stomach better than without heart. Therefore this living man, the only one on record, is a subject of great interest.

I was very fortunate in 1856 to become acquainted with St. Martin. He came often to my office. I examined him several times, and indeed my satisfaction was complete. I wish that you, gentlemen, could see St. Martin, and see for yourselves the very man. He is still alive at St. Thomas, District of Montreal, Lower Canada. He is 56 years of age, healthy, sound in mind and body, lively.

Medical men should spare no trouble, must spare neither time or money to get an opportunity to witness a sight of St. Martin. Those who are pursuing the study of medicine, those who have added by their labor to the science, those who are still adding, will be happy to examine the man.

From such an examination, and by further experiments on the gastric juice, which can be extracted from the stomach, valuable results will be known, and valuable knowledge will be obtained.

I introduced St. Martin to Dr. Bunting, who took him for a few months and visited the principal cities of the United

States. Newspapers have reported their travels and the great interest felt by the American Medical Profession.

Another member of this Society, who has gone to the land of spirits, three years ago, Doctor Newell S. Fisk, of Chazy—one of the most humane, charitable and well disposed. I knew him well; we both, in 1832, attended the lectures of the learned Anatomist Lincoln, of Burlington, in Vermont. At the same time we enjoyed the privilege of listening to the rich instruction of Professor Sweetser.

Doctor Fisk was esteemed by all his class-mates—studious, punctual to the lectures, he had reaped a large amount of knowledge. His unremitting application to medical science has rendered him an efficient member of the profession. As a practitioner he was successful. Many patients he has treated. Many patients he has relieved. His amenity gave confidence to the sick. The sufferer was certain to receive help at his hands. His character was mild and even. His proneness to do good was the motor of his conduct, and indeed was the cause of his death. In helping a neighbor, in a conflagration, he fell from the building he was so eager to save; which accident disabled him from any more toil. He departed, regretted by all who knew him.

Gentlemen,—It has been my fortune to attend the State Medical Convention at Albany last February. Composed mostly of the most celebrated physicians of the State, their transactions could not be otherwise but interesting. Few hours brought forward the cream of the experience of many physicians, who, for years, have worked, observed and reflected on different subjects of medicine, who, at divers times, and repeatedly, have applied their knowledge to practice; and, who, by study and energy, have improved our profession.

The chair was well sustained by one of our most talented men, Doctor B. Fordyce Barker, formerly of the New York Medical College. He acted beautifully his part. And his presiding qualities are so eminent that I do believe that he has added much to the interest of the Convention—I could name several members of the Convention who are eminent

in different branches of medicine. You will remark in the transactions, published, all I could say about them.

Our fellow citizen, Doctor Samuel Shumway, was there; and his presence was greeted by all who knew him—I was, for my part, happy to meet him, and his company made me feel more at home.

Though Dr. Shumway was lately afflicted, under the rod of grief, after the loss of an amiable companion, the choice of his youth,—his duty, as a scientific man, prompted him to come to the medical council. Nothing is in his way, when he can be useful to the honor of his profession.

The Convention was entertained to a festival by Professors March and Armsby. They were, as usual, courteous and gentlemanly. Men who have done much, not only for medical science, but have improved and have added to the pillars of useful institutions of the capital of the Empire State. May they live long for our profession.

Gentlemen,—You will see in the last transactions of the State Society, valuable papers. I would draw your attention especially to a paper, written by Doctor Percy, on certain vegetable medicines examined with the microscope. The study has been intense and shows a great perseverance.

The papers of Doctors Squibs and Parker are equally full of interest, and show the result of a well educated mind.

The report of cases on hypodermic operation by Dr. Sturdevant, of Rome, in Oneida County, is also interesting and instructive. As you know, this manner of operating was brought forward by Doctor Trousseau, of Paris. It has been already extensively used on this continent. Indeed, the effects produced are so prompt and reliable that it has become a valuable mode of treatment. I have used it several times, with decided relief. In one case of Sub-Acute Rheumatism (ischiatric), George Prindle, of Palmer Hill, a Californian for several years, had returned, last fall, in good health. But winter being too cold, and especially too variable for him, he was led into the above mentioned disease. He was for two nights and one day in April last, without

sleep. I introduced in his leg, in the adipose membrane, about one grain of Sulphate of Morphine. In less than three quarters of a minute, he exclaimed that he could straighten his leg. He said that he had no pain. He got up, standing erect, entirely free of pains. Soon he went to sleep for an hour. Then was sick at stomach, vomited and felt better. For few days afterwards the pains occurred less often, but were severe. The instrument has been used occasionally with perfect relief. Of course it was not permanent, but prevented the stiffness of the tendons and took away so much of the intensity of the disease that, finally, he was restored to a tolerable state of health.

Another case, Mrs. Brouille had hurt the inside of her foot on a stick, which accident caused her much pain, excruciating pains, verging to tetanus. I relieved her in two minutes with the solution of Sulphate of Morphine. Next day, she had no pain, but her head felt bad, just with similar effect as if she had taken a large dose of opium. Two days after she went to her usual avocation.

It is customary in the annual address of the chairman of a medical society to give a bird's eye view of the diseases in the localities where such society is established.

I would remark here that, without speaking of common diseases which we have to encounter most every year, we have to notice particularly three sorts—Scarlatina, Diphtherite and slow nervous, bilious remittent fever.

Scarlatina has been raging very much. It has been uncommonly severe. The different phenomena, attending usually this disease have been, this last year, different. They have been mingling with certain characters, well demonstrated by French and English physicians, and also lately shown in the able paper on diphtherite in Albany by my friend, Dr. S. D. Willard, which you can peruse with interest in the State Medical Transactions of 1859. I will report briefly a case of diphtherite in my practice.

Russell French, a young man of Franklin, with good habits, on the 17th of April last, going home from a short

journey felt his throat sore, almost similar to the pains experienced by those who are affected with quinzy. That same evening, I was called, at his father's house, to see two children under the influence of scarlatina, and as I was ready to leave, he addressed me and said: Doctor, I am sick too. What is the matter with you? said I. I think a cold, sir. I feel headache and some sore throat, and that since few days. Dull pains all over me. Tired and sick at my stomach. My mouth feels bad. My throat feels dry and sore. I gave him an emetic followed with cathartic pills. On leaving I advised him that if he was no better in a day or two to not neglect but send for a physician. The emetic operated well. The cathartic did the same. Both brought out a large quantity of bilious matter. He felt some relieved but soon the throat became more affected. I was sent for on the 18th at 11 o'clock at night. I sent two doses of calomel and dover's powder, with the direction to give him a dose, and should he vomit it, give the other one immediately. So it happened. I ordered a blister on each side of the neck, to be followed with yeast poultice; that I would be, next day, with him.

On my arrival I found that the medicines, calomel and blisters had acted well; but the throat was worse. swollen—the fauces dark and seemed covered with a dark yellow scum or membrane. I took a probang armed with sponge, wet with a strong solution of nitrate of silver. I swabed the throat thoroughly and several times, which had the effect of breaking this kind of false membrane. So the young man exclaimed, after this operation: I feel a little better. I feel now as if there was a passage for my breath, on the left side especially.

I left him some snake root and squills, with direction to make a decoction, to use *ad libitum*, in order to expectorate and prevent, if possible, the disease from raging into the bronchial tubes. A gargle of one table spoonful of chloride of soda with a cup of boiling water to dissolve it and a tea cupful of common vinegar, to be used occasionally, to detach

such matter from forming in the throat; I left him few dover's powders in order to relieve pains he had in his stomach and bowels. He still complained of sickness at stomach, showing by this undoubtedly the existence of false membrane in the intestinal canal.

On the 21st I again visited him. His throat felt somewhat easier—same treatment. The bowels were sore and griped.

On the 24th, the throat nearly the same—but considerable gripings and diarrhea, resembling dysentery. Pieces of skins passed through his bowels which demonstrated that a false membrane, similar to that in the throat, had been also formed in and over the surface of the intestinal mucous membrane, and which had been destroyed by the treatment above mentioned. The mucous membrane then appeared very red, shiny and tender. In order to alleviate this ailment I gave a weak solution of nitrate of silver which did well.

Finding that he was weak, I prepared for him few powders of sulph of quinine, with the addition of brandy and water

Three days after I exchanged these powders for the solution of quinine with few drops of sulphuric acid, which treatment gave him some strength, and he recovered in a few days.

I will repeat the saying of several eminent physicians of Europe and of this continent, that the treatment is to evacuate the stomach and bowels. Then break up this false membrane and prevent its formation. Use freely blisters on the neck. And as soon as the patient feels weak order stimulants—brandy, quinine, with some mineral acids, either sulphuric or nitric.

The third kind of diseases mentioned is bilious remittent fever.

For two or three years we have been, at Ausable Forks, visited by this mean disease. In general the disease has not been fatal. Few have died. The disease has been insidious in its beginning. Lassitude, headache, some sickness at

stomach, bowels often costive. The bowels with tympanites—urine often scanty; in general we might resume and repeat the symptoms of such disease, described by the pathologists.

The patient usually, during the sickness, felt as though he was not sick, but still did not feel well. He felt "out of sorts." At certain period, daily, he would find himself with a little fever—would remark that he did not perceive the fever coming—knew that he had fever only when he was fairly in its power, but would leave him more suddenly; in this malady, as you know, quite the reverse of intermittents.

Now the question has been often asked: What is the cause of so many cases of fever at Ausable Forks? The place appears as a very healthy place.

The reasons assigned to these fevers by nosologists are effluvia from miasmatic regions.

In a conversation, last spring, with my friend, Doctor Samuel Haynes, of Saranac, on the prevalence of bilious remittent fever at Ausable Forks, he made me the remark that, in Vermont, a village was similarly visited by the same fever. And few days ago, as I was preparing notes to address you, I wrote to the Doctor, in order to know the name of the place in question. Very kindly the Doctor answered promptly to my enquiries. His letter was a very able dissertation, and gave me the history of the place, relating to the origin, progress and failure of the disease.

This place is Westford Centre, located on both banks of Brown's river, in the town of Westford, and county of Chittenden. Doctor Haynes says, "That Brown's river passes through Brown's River Valley—a hilly and mountainous region of country. It is winding in its course, and is bounded upon either side by a rich loamy soil with a preponderance of clay, which, in many places, is subject to inundation after heavy thaws or rains, in a few hours depositing an alluvial soil or matter, which upon the subsiding of the water, gives rise to miasmatic vapors, which gives rise to fevers of a bilious and typhoid type, &c."

The doctor remarks, in his letter, that a dam had been erected there twice, and twice it had been demolished. When this dam existed, the locality caused cases of fever; and when the dam did not exist, there was no fever. This locality in question," says the doctor, "is not more than a half dozen acres in extent, located some twenty-five rods below a mill pond, the water of which carries a saw mill on the right bank, a grist mill and small woolen factory on the left bank. Sawyers engaged at times in the saw mill, with their families, generally occupied the house and land above; family after family would suffer from remittent and intermittent fevers. Other families than sawyers occupied these premises and suffered likewise."

Similarly situated as Westford, Ausable Forks is a manufacturing place, at sixteen miles from Port Kent, several hundred feet above the level of Lake Champlain. It is surrounded with high hills, filled up with iron ore.

Twenty, and even ten years ago, the surrounding country was covered with forests of pine—which forests kept the soil damp and moist. It prevented the water from running into the river. But now what water is left in the soil, adjoining the stream of the Ausable, after heavy rains, is absorbed and leaves the ground in some spots dry, and in others damp. The stream becomes small, shallow, and discovers a great quantity of wood, roots, saw dust, chips, which have been soaked a great while, which become so many ingredients for fermentation, and so many germs for miasmatic effluvia.

Few years ago as I said, the neighborhood of Ausable Forks was a continued forest, and so thick that one was liable to get astray without a compass, or without a map to show the numerous log roads, through which were drawn so many thousands of logs every winter, and which afforded to our cities so large piles of fine lumber.

Twenty-one years ago, last winter and last spring, the first patient I went to see on Finch Ore Bed, five miles from my place, I lost my right direction and went to the village of

Clintonville. It was not without the help of a guide that I could go and see my patient.

Another time, returning from Black Brook, four miles distant, in the middle of a dark night, my horse took a road which led me to Wilmington, where I had never been before. I came to a house near the mouth of the Black Brook stream; I hallooed and a man came to the door; I enquired the name of the place. "Black Brook," said he. I replied, "Black Brook! I just came from Black Brook; it cannot be possible." "Yes," says he, "this place is the limits of Black Brook. You have to return back and take your right hand road and surely you will reach the Forks."

In those times the snow fell generally in November and December; it did not disappear before March. The ground was covered with snow, or else it was kept frozen during winter. It was for good effect, health and comfort. The summers were splendid, mild, temperate and charming; water freely in the natural channels, roaring and sliding to increase the sheet of the majestic Lake Champlain.

Perhaps it will not be out of place here to lay before you incidents in my practice, such as have occurred to you sometimes, and which incidents in the life of a physician will puzzle him.

I will remark that nothing of that kind could puzzle the late Doctor Samuel McClellan, of Rensselaer County. I was amused in reading the able biographical sketch of the same Dr. McClellan, by Doctor Thomas W. Blachford, of Troy, in the transactions of the State Medical Society of 1857, page 58. I must copy one of the Doctor's anecdotes *verbatim*, in order to show the case so beautifully described:

"He was called on a very hot day in July to visit a lady residing in a neighboring village, in consultation with her physician. The lady was of a highly excitable disposition, and strongly marked nervous temperament. She had been the subject of powerful excitement, and during this she had a dream which made a very deep impression on her mind already bordering on mono-mania. The case was represent-

ed to be hopeless. She dreamed that she was converted, that all her sins were forgiven, and that she had gone to heaven. Some of her weak, but well meaning friends viewed it as a premonition, and presumed that her departure was at hand. They gathered in crowds around her, and several of them praying all together, apparently vieing with each other who could pray the *loudest*, for her immediate entrance into heaven. At this stage of the Babel confusion the doctor arrived. He was amazed beyond measure at the scene before him, and for a moment scarcely knew what to do. He entered the room with a quiet noiseless step, almost unobserved by any one but the patient herself. Carefully avoiding the legs of those who were prostrate in prayer, he reached the bed-side; the eyes of the patient were riveted upon his. He felt her pulse carefully, and in a low whisper said to her, "Let me see your tongue." She immediately complied; after satisfying himself of the purely nervous character of her complaints, and the absolute necessity of perfect quiet, he suddenly turned around to a little man kneeling by the bed, and who seemed to be taking the lead, and as if he had been a child, quietly took him up under his arms, walked him carefully out of the room, allowing him not the least opportunity to remonstrate, and giving him a gentle push, said, "Friend, you go home, this lady will not go to heaven to-day." The room was soon cleared, strict directions for perfect quiet with nourishing food, and very little if any medicine, soon restored the lady to perfect health."

Last March I had been treating for sometime Mrs. M. for a bilious difficulty and derangement of the uterus. One day she was better, and I thought she would continue so. On leaving her, I prescribed and told her that I would visit her in about a week, unless she felt worse. In this case she must send. Before the time expired, she being worse, I was sent for. Arriving at the door, a man told me that my patient was so much worse that she was dying. I went in the house—found the husband in tears—the children lamenting, crying—one of the largest daughters and a female neigh-

bor were over the head of the patient, lamenting her loss for this world, and she, the sick woman, was talking calmly of the approach of death. She was dying happy, and going to heaven. I approached as near as I could, being prevented by the crowd of friends around the bed. I saw that the eyes of the woman did not appear to me as those of a dying person. Then I crowded myself. "Let me see," said I. "Let me see. I cannot believe she is dying." I felt her pulse. It was weak, but excited; her hands cold; the head natural; no profused perspiration; no contraction of features.

The attendants remarked to me that it was too bad to lose her—that she was going—that her hands were already cold. "No," said I; "I do not think her dying just yet; that it was nervous." Then she looked at me and said: "Am I not dying?" "No," said I; "you cannot die now." I found, on enquiry, that she had flowed considerably the day before, which made her weak, and a long protracted sickness was just the very thing to make her nervous.

I ordered counter irritants to the feet and warm bricks. Then gave her sweet spirit of niter, in repeated doses. About an hour and a half after, I came and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Madam, how do you feel?" "A little better," she replied. "Now you see that I can make you either better or worse?" "Yes," she said. "Well, you must take courage and everything will come right. You will do well, and get well." So it ended.

On the 2d June, 1859, Miss Mary G., 17 years of age next July—light and fair complexion—nervous temperament—in January was taken with lame side; could not lift anything, or even could not move the left arm; it was painful and appeared swollen, unable to bear any application. Such feelings increased in intensity until it occasionally made her breathing difficult and produced faintness—and though there was but a little palpitation occasionally, she expressed herself in saying that her heart was pressed; complained that her heart was beating in her throat, and at times seemed to be stopped. It lasted about two weeks, when she thought

that something must have broken internally. But nothing came up at that time. In the beginning of the month of March, she had symptoms much similar to those felt in January. First day of April, same recurrence. In the middle of May same symptoms and feelings, but more severe than the former attacks, because the cheeks, lips and nails were purple—more difficult in breathing, headache, faintness, &c. This spell was about a week lasting. The last thirty-six hours very bad; the last twelve hours in the afternoon, took her bed; next morning she raised her head from her pillow, her mouth being then empty, but after being raised, her mouth filled up with bloody matter—such as comes from a boil. This evacuation lasted four days. Trifle after the first commencement.

After these four days she was comfortable until a week ago last night, when she was taken with rheumatic pains in her back, next day to the right heel, then, the day after, on the 26th, from the right heel to the toes of left foot, and lasted until the 29th. On the 30th the pains were transferred to left knee and wrist. That same day, and during the night to the 31st, had more severe pains than in the middle of May, with a great deal of faintness, could not in this spell, as well as in the former, lie on her right side. It seemed as if something were pulling from the side, below the left breast about two inches.

In those paroxysms pulso 120, and urine high colored and scanty. I think that the character of the urine was due to the inflammatory rheumatism. She has no difficulty in swallowing—no sickness at stomach. But in this last attack, since the evening before last, she had eructation, in appearance not from the stomach, but from the spot above mentioned, (below the left breast,) without any smell or taste.

I had been called on the 31st, and I treated her only for inflammatory rheumatism; and therefore I gave her the root of colchicum and application of tr. iodine. About 9 o'clock P. M., (on the 31st,) as soon as she took a fourth powder of colchicum, (which by the by all sickened her stomach), she

vomited this last powder with the vehicle containing the powder, clear water. Then yellow matter, some also whitish matter mixed with folaments, membranes, thick and white, small bladders of water, which were not saved, and some harder substances were vomited from the spot before mentioned. Then immediately after two mouthful of yellow and green fluid substance were thrown up, evidently from the stomach. This left her weak and exhausted. The pain left the wrist on the 1st June. To-day, on the 2d June, she feels somewhat better, and has a pain in her right shoulder, pulse 80, water still turbid and scanty; yesterday and the two days before she was thirsty. The spot in question, she says is tender to the touch, still it feels sore and raw inside.

After such description from the part of the patient and attendants, I was rather at loss what to decide, but bound to find out the real ailment. I carried home some of the ingredients of the ejection. Before leaving, and in my enquiries about cough and soreness about the osophagus, I received the assurance that she had no cough, no soreness whatever, in swallowing, either before or after this mysterious abscess.

In the evening in looking with a weak microscope I saw curious and rather heterogenous matter for animal substances, having in view that the patient and her family or friends could not mistake the trouble, having all said to me that when she ejected those particles, the efforts to throw them up were certainly similar ones as those for ejecting matter from lungs, or such place, as before mentioned, that she was threatened of choking.

But before I finished my examination which was a serious one, being bent as a philosopher to find out some extraordinary substance, I got hold of one piece which appeared to me something too strange for animal, it resembled and was in reality the pulp and heart of a lemon.

I remembered then that the patient had wished for lemonade, and, in drinking this lemonade, she must have swallowed some of the hard substance of that fruit without

much maceration. This want of maceration accounted for the choking.

Few days after, I saw the patient ; she was comfortable, I told her father the result of my *studious examination* with the request to say nothing to the daughter about it, but let her enjoy the satisfaction that she had all thrown up its components, to the risk of choking to death.

Much could be written on this subject, which would bring the conclusion that the nervous systems is a wonderful apparatus of the man. When it is sound it will help to move one of the nicest pieces of mechanism, but when out of order by some reason, it will cause an awful trouble.

In the Transactions of the State Medical Society of 1859, you have undoubtedly read with pleasure the address of its President, Doctor Thomas C. Brinsmade. This gentleman has been living for many years in the city of Troy. He has grown with Troy. He is a man of thought and practice. His large practice has afforded him a large amount of acquirements, and his perseverance has caused him to do much for the reflexion of his medical brethren.

In the convention he is looked upon as a reliable authority. In his annual address, as President of the State Society, he has shown a great experience. He has shown what are the elements of society. He has pointed what are the duties of mankind. Indeed he has brought to a focus all the qualities necessary to a philanthropist.

I say philanthropist. The physician must be a philanthropist. He cannot be otherwise, because he must have in his heart the desire to relieve his fellow sufferer. Without such a character, he is mercenary, he is a mere machine, he cannot be an intellectual, a scientific man.

The inscription put on the coat of arms of this Republic is *E Pluribus Unum*, which renders well the meaning of association. An association is necessary as well to mankind as to other animal in creation. Association is seen amongst beavers to work and live together. The honey bees sustain and show the most beautiful system of government and so

on with other created beings. The man himself is by himself incapable of doing good. But associated he can do wonders. It is on this plan that governments of nations are established, companies of individuals work, and explain truly the saying, *united we stand, but divided we fall.*

I have, and so you have remarked that when members of our profession feeling themselves above others, and by selfish views despise other members, in the localities where such members reside, the healing art is not so energetic, but more powerless, such members are so self-confident that they forget knowledge. That they themselves are the only ones to give the orders. No other but themselves are the favored sons of Esculapius. With such feelings they soon harvest the fruit of their conduct. Science is at rest, and ignorance takes the place of knowledge. But members associated with other members will form a society. This society will unite the observations of its members. One will be happy to communicate anything which can adorn the Society. Intercommunication will promote a mutual improvement and the advancement of medical science.

The aim of medical science ought to be *Progress, Union and Friendship.* The want of friendly feelings is the very deadly instrument to progress, to give room to empiricism, quackery and ignorance.

Members of the profession who are fond of meeting their brethren and communicate their experience, their observations, their discoveries, their success or failure in certain cases, will excite a discussion. This discussion will bring on new ideas. Those ideas will bring on scientific researches, and the results will be pleasant and happy.

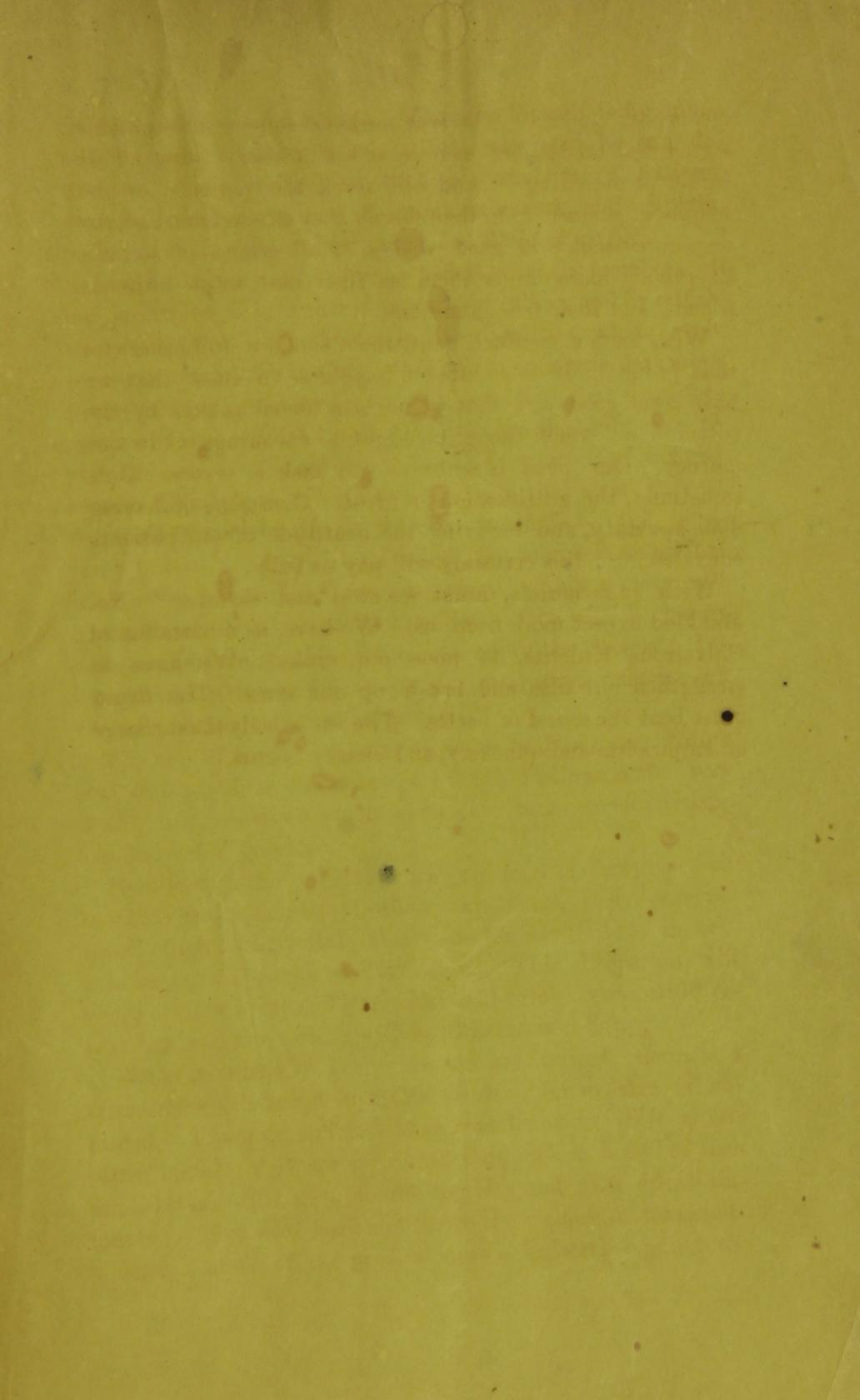
When members of our profession are united, there is a stimulus which brings on noble deeds. Knowledge is obtained. The poor sufferers have confidence in their physicians, because they are convinced that such a body of men must be scientific men, men of probity and men of attainments; Men who work and desire the welfare of mankind.

Such a state of the profession is a bulwark against the

creepers of quacks. The true medical men are a formidable legion that unqualified men cannot attack or injure. This legion is marching on and will reach the pinnacle of the temple of science. On their march they are sustained by the respect, esteem, and good wishes of all grades of society. Everybody looks upon them as their best, most intimate friends, and their true guardians.

With such a conduct, gentleman, can we feel otherwise than proud? It is a state of happiness to know that we have done good, and that we are considered as such by the community. Such thoughts ought to encourage us in our journey. Our path is arduous, our task is severe. But, sometimes, the gratification is great. Conscious of having done our duty, and receiving the gratitude of our patients convalescing; this certainly will pay us fully.

With such laurels, must we stop and slumber? No. Mankind expect more from us. We have, as a battalion of Chivalrous Knights, to press our ranks. We have to strengthen our files and brush up our arms. The drum must beat the sound of battle. The whole body must charge on empiricism and quackery, and victory is ours.



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