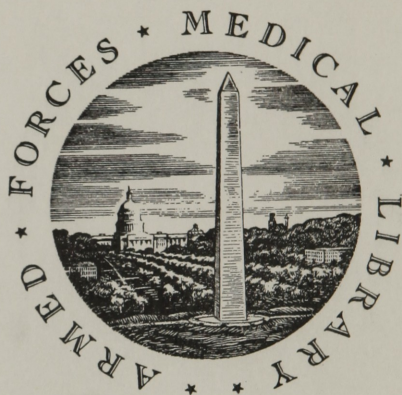




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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Mr. Dowell (J. N.)

AN

# INTRODUCTORY LECTURE,

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BY JOS. N. McDOWELL, M. D.

*Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery.*

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PUBLISHED BY HIS CLASS.

28334

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CINCINNATI:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE CINCINNATI CHRONICLE.

1832.

December, 1831.

DEAR SIR—

Appointed a Committee for such purpose We, in the name of your private class, respectfully solicit, for publication, a copy of your public address introductory to the present course of anatomical and surgical instruction.

SAMUEL YORKE ATLEE,  
BUELL EASTMAN,  
G. FRIES,  
L. DORSEY ANDERSON,  
CHAS. C. HILDRETH.

To JOSEPH NASH McDOWELL, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery.*

---

GENTLEMEN—

The estimate you place on my production, requesting it for publication, is greater, perhaps, than the piece deserves.

I, however, cannot refuse a class any reasonable request, whose candor I so much admire, and for whose honor and integrity I have the highest regard. The address is at your disposal.

JOSEPH N. McDOWELL.

To SAMUEL YORKE ATLEE,  
BUELL EASTMAN,  
S. FRIES,  
L. DORSEY ANDERSON,  
CHARLES C. HILDRETH, } COMMITTEE.



## INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

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It is not with the vain hope of reaching the triumphant height attained by the distinguished gentlemen who, in this place, have preceded me, that I seek to follow in their footsteps. But while they offer up their devotion in the inner part of the temple, I shall content myself to be found humbly occupying its portals.

It is remarked by a distinguished historian, that in every age and nation, the advancement of literature, science and the arts, has much depended on the zeal and enterprise of the rising generation; and in proportion as any of these departments have made rapid strides in improvement, and given additional comforts and resources to the human family, have those engaged in their improvement been arduous in their pursuits, and ambitious in the acquisition of fame for themselves, and an elevated standing for their occupation.

This position is too obvious to need illustration. Constituting as you do, a part of the rising generation of your country, engaged in the cultivation of an important liberal profession, it will be expected that you should not only sustain, but do much towards the advancement of the science to which you belong.

In the science of medicine, various have been the improvements, and to no department of human knowledge are the foregoing remarks more strictly applicable. And although the earliest attempts of man in the accumulation of knowledge, must have been to cure his maladies and prolong his existence, great yet are its imperfections. The scythe of the grim monster still sweeps its thousands to an untimely grave, and the miserable victim falling beneath his heavy stroke, still shrieks for assistance that cannot be given him.

Prompted by a desire to see our profession approach more nearly to perfection, I have chosen to direct your attention for a few mo-

ments, to some of the most prominent duties of the student of medicine.

Medicine has justly been ranked next to divinity in its importance to the human family—the former presiding as the guardian angel of health, the dearest and most desirable object of time—the latter teaching that which will secure our happiness in eternity. And although all have assented that health is paramount to every possession; and the study of that science which will give relief in sickness, or prevent its occurrence, should be prosecuted with a zeal and devotion equalled by that of no other occupation; ages have gone by, and thousands of years have flown, and man yet cultivates this invaluable art with a sluggishness and want of energy which becomes a being less liable to accident and disease, and more humbly endowed by his maker.

In the early cultivation of the science, ignorance and fanaticism guarded the portals of knowledge with a devotion which threatened the few with destruction, who, by their researches, were desirous of extending its borders. And in latter periods, particularly in this country, an apathy has pervaded the profession that has sunk it in the estimation of the world, and greatly diminished its real worth and respectability. Students have been received by their preceptors without a proper preparatory education, and after undergoing a certain routine of study, have too often obtained the distinguished title of *Doctor*, without regard to their qualifications. Thus has every section of our country been filled with physicians, whose knowledge is unable to sustain them in practice, and too limited to allow them successfully to cultivate the profession.

That a liberal and well grounded education is of the utmost importance to the student, for the successful cultivation of medicine, we will not now attempt to prove; but as students who are somewhat advanced in medical studies, whether your preparatory education be ample or deficient, let me affectionately persuade you to the adoption of that course of conduct, which will make you distinguished, and your profession honorable.

If then you desire to become what every high minded brother would require you to be, cultivate a proper *respect*, nay, an *ardent love*—a *devotion* for your profession. If you have engaged in medicine, expecting to make it your occupation through life, cherish higher hopes than that of heaping together the glittering dust of the world. But



if you have wedded yourself to medicine, with the hope of making a monied speculation—if you cannot *love* the partner of your choice, far better would it be that you now relinquish your pursuit. Rarely indeed, are great pecuniary hopes realized, and both the world and the profession will bear testimony, that the products of such connections are ever misery and wretchedness.

The student who engages in the study for the love he bears it, although his abilities may not be such as would, in the estimation of the world, warrant him in an exalted ambition; yet he is not fickle, unsteady, or easily discouraged—not soon disheartened or induced to relinquish his object; but is persevering, patient and self-denying.—Should disappointment the most bitter and discouraging extinguish his hopes, or luke-warmness on the part of those from whom he had reason to expect the warmest friendship and co-operation, sicken his heart, his zeal is never palsied; but on the contrary, his energies are greatly increased, and pressing forward, he achieves that which could not be possibly obtained, even by the more talented and ambitious, for the want of this peculiar virtue.

If we would promote the interests of medicine, or the happiness of man, it must be by parting with something which is dear to us. The way of philanthropy is ever up hill, and not unfrequently, over rugged rocks and through thorny paths; while the road that leads to honor must be traced through inhospitable regions, through cold and cheerless deserts, and over heights and precipices, awfully steep and difficult of ascension. But he who is devoted to his profession by an ardent love for it, readily exclaims, “None of these things move me,” and faithful to his charge, is seen to rise at early dawn and often linger on the field till midnight. He does not say to his profession—

“I did but purpose to embark with thee,  
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,  
While gentle zephyrs play with prosperous gales,  
And fortune’s favours fill the swelling sails;  
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,  
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar.”

No—but ardent in his attachment, he redoubles his energies to overcome every obstacle, and continues his devotion under every circumstance, and in every situation. The envious tribe of malcontents cannot drive him from his purpose, or turn him aside from the path of truth, honor and distinction.

There are those in the profession who are zealous in the acquisi-

tion of fame, but who are unwilling to endure its labors and its privations—men who are anxious to wear the laurel of victory, without exposing themselves to the perils of war, and these are they who ever envy the bolder, nobler spirits whose conquests have been preceded by labor, and followed by praise.

Want of success, the most discouraging consideration to activity, is not sufficient to drive him who loves his profession from the field; but in the expectation of future harvests, he still continues to plough and sow in hope. His object is too important to be relinquished for a few failures, and nothing but the demonstration of absolute impossibility can induce him to give up his pursuit.

In the various departments of science and the arts, the aspirants to distinction are numerous, but few indeed, reach with triumph the desired object. Some, fired with a zeal and devotion which would seem to warrant eminent success, press forward for a while with a speed that is incredible; but so soon as a barrier of magnitude opposes their progress, despairing, for the want of some important virtue, they sink, never to make another struggle.

Others, "pursuing with eagerness the phantoms of their imagination," burning with a desire to become renowned, direct their ambition to some lofty niche in Fame's proud temple, and for a period, would indicate by their industry and energy—by the regularity and system of their operations, a fair prospect of success. But a few disappointments—a few failures, and a few times realizing but little of what was anticipated, their energies are enfeebled, and they become slothfully negligent. The proud object which was their highest glory to achieve, becomes loathsome and disgusting, and they either turn their attention to other pursuits, or like the blighted tree, yield but an indifferent fruit.

But Gentlemen, he whose operations are resting on a desire to extend the borders of his profession, or are prompted by a pure, unsullied love for it, should he be pressed on every side, should he be assailed by the merciless storms of persecution, he lifts his head like the rock which, far from the land, towers above the ocean, and remains unmoved by the tempests, which agitate its waters. Or should he by the intrigues of his enemies, or the unfaithfulness of his pretended friends, be compelled to meet disappointment in every undertaking, like the untiring *Sisyphus*, whose stone was destined never to reach the mountain's top, he still continues to roll it.



While we would laud the love and devotion of the student to his profession, I will not, however, be unmindful to urge upon you a duty which is no less essential to success—to *be ambitious*. Although love of the profession, and an ambition to excel in it are virtues which are closely allied, the one may be possessed without the other. He who cultivates his profession with a mere desire to excel in it, may be regardless of its real advancement. But he who loves the spouse of his choice, and anxiously seeks for distinction, should he attain the desired station, side by side he lifts along with him the object of his affections. Ambition properly directed, seems to have no bounds to its achievements. History would be but an uninteresting detail of facts were it not illumined by the brilliancy of its exploits. It is the talisman that has transformed the plebian to the king, and lifted the humble tradesman to the high standing of the statesman and the philosopher.

Your ambition, Gentlemen, should not only excite you to become distinguished, but to the cultivation and reformation of the science—to rouse its members from their lethargy, and lift it above all earthly occupations.

The world at large, from the inefficacy of our remedies, and too often the misapplication of them, has become sceptical of its real good and will remain so until a diffusion of light and knowledge shall put to flight the groveling herd which pollute the temples of medicine, and dispel the darkness which as yet obscures the vision of human intellect.

From the days of Hippocrates to the present, such have been the prejudices of mankind against the profession and the cultivation of it, by the dissection of dead bodies, that the art of healing has laboured under circumstances the most difficult and appalling. And although medicine has had her martyrs in improvement—although the blood of a Servetus, a Vesalius and an Apponius has smoked upon her altars, yet such is the want of information among men—such are their superstitious fears, that these obstacles yet stare us in the face, and greatly impede our progress.

Prompted by a love for your profession, and an ambition to seek its triumph over its grim antagonist, while you associate in your various relations with the world, be as medical missionaries, proclaiming truth to an ignorant and a dying people. Disseminate that light, that information, which shall unshackle the human mind, and break to

pieces the fetters which have hitherto bound the most invaluable of all sciences.

By the enlightened policy—the valorous deeds of our fore-fathers, we can justly boast of a land possessed of greater privileges, of greater freedom of action and freedom of intellect, than any upon earth—a land, the laws of which, in most respects, are just, mild and wise, not as in some countries, written in blood. Yet France, enthusiastic France, who has ever held high the gleaming torch of science and improvement, is far before us in offering facilities for the rational cultivation of medical science. Let us urge, then, our fellow-citizens to the adoption of a similar policy, and be not ashamed to follow the example of a people whose influence, whose science, and whose valor will one day humble the crowns of Europe and emancipate the world.

It is to the honor and the interest of the physicians, as well as that of the community, that such regulations should be made in our institutions as are in theirs, and to work conviction on the minds of the people, should be the duty and ambition of every lover of his profession. Philanthropy loudly calls for the execution of the work—it is ours, and it must be accomplished. We cannot expect in the present state of affairs a hearty co-operation, but from the philanthropist and the informed, while we may anticipate a zealous opposition from the mass of mankind. Uncultivated and uninformed, they are taken up with mere animal sensations, and are but little acquainted with the pure enjoyments connected with the perception of evidence, or the apprehension of truth. The rapturous exclamation, *I have found it*, is rarely uttered by the multitude over any thing but the acquisition of wealth, or the gratification of the appetite. Those, however, who are engaged in intellectual pursuits, ought to be able to appreciate the pleasure of knowledge, and delight in its dissemination.

With the many advantages, however, we possess, with the privileges we enjoy in every section of this our happy country, a field is open to the pioneer in medicine, rich in resources as it is unbounded in extent. And with enthusiasm in its cultivation, and ambition to achieve its honors, the key may yet be found which will open its hidden treasures.

It is the glorious privilege of man, while other animals are confined within the limits which instinct has prescribed, to carry his observations beyond his own immediate wants, and to contemplate the uni-



verse at large. The earth he treads—the ocean he crosses—the air he breathes—the starry heavens on which he gazes: the forests, the caverns, and the mines he explores—all present to him abundant materials for his researches.

There are doubtless in nature, which every where surrounds us, truths of vast importance and deep interest, which, as yet, have never approached the horizon of human understanding. There are paths in the region of truth, which the vulture's eye has not yet seen, and which are hidden from the view of all living; but there are truths to be discovered of greater magnitude, more sublime in their character than those now known, and to be opened and exposed with all their richness and grandeur, to the world. The "great Newton, when on his death-bed, was congratulated upon the discoveries he had made in Physical Science, and with the modesty usually attendant on great attainments, he replied, "I have only walked on the shores of truth, and perhaps have picked up a gem or two of greater value than others, but the vast ocean lies before me."

If such was the conviction of this great and comprehensive mind, which looked deeper into nature than any that has adorned the annals of the human family, surely our ambition should be roused, and all our energies summoned, to seek that which will contribute to the felicity of man, and adorn our brows with the wreath of immortality. There can be no doubt but that, as yet, we have only looked on the surface, and seen some of the objects passing upon it; and that the vast ocean, with all its depths, its islands, and its continents, remains yet to be explored.

If then your taste or inclination leads you to the study of natural science, go search our native forests, in which, for centuries, nought but the howling beast, and the roaming savage have made their abode, and through which the eye of science has never gleamed. Go wander over our wide spread prairies and our delightful meads, with their thousand shrubs and flowers whose virtues are yet unknown to the botanist, and test the products of your researches.

Perhaps some plant may grow, some gum exude, some balsam trickle unheeded in the solitude of shade, which may offer relief to a malady as yet acknowledged beyond the reach of the remedies in our possession.

Go test the million springs which bubble on the mountain side and in the plain--on the meandering borders of our lakes and our rivers--per-

haps some gentle rivulet or stream, since the world began, has wasted its precious waters, the preserver of health, and the elixir of life, so ardently sought by the early cultivators of our science. Go quarry in our native mountains, dig for ores and minerals yet unknown. Break, by your researches, the slumbers of hidden treasures that have in secret slept since their formation, perhaps some substance may be found whose virtues will stay the unsparing hand of the plague and the pestilence, or pour the balm of health in the hectic bosom.

But Gentlemen, let me direct your attention to a still more lofty and important study in the volume of nature—the study of the human system. Know thyself, in its physical sense, is to the student of medicine of the deepest interest, and presents to him a study which, though it is at first loathsome and disgusting, is in the end delightful in the extreme.

The great author of our nature, in the formation of all things, reserved the human system to the last of his works, as if to make it more beautiful and more perfect than the rest. He in the beginning said, let there be light, and there was light: he spoke the waters and the lands into existence, and gave them bounds, and even when he peopled them with all the classes of organic life, with beings which were calculated to enjoy the beauties of his wide spread creation, there was nothing that announced a peculiar dignity in any of the creatures. He merely said, let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, and at the utterance,

“Bird, beast and reptile sprang from sudden birth,  
Raised their new forms, half animal half earth;  
The roaring lion shook his tawny mane,  
His struggling limbs still rooted in the plain;  
With flapping wings assurgent eagles toil,  
To rend their talons from the adhesive soil;  
The impatient serpent lifts his crested head,  
And drags his train unfinished from his bed.”

But man was distinguished by a more honorable birth. There seemed to intervene a pause in the Creator's work. The face of the earth was animated with beasts and fowls, and creeping things innumerable: all indeed was beauty to the eye and music to the ear; but while all could taste the bounties of nature, which they themselves contributed to variegate and animate, there was none endowed with the thinking principle, to recognize their obligations to their maker.

In the brief sketch of the historian, it is plainly intimated, that in con-



templating this last and noblest part of the design, a council was held in heaven, as to the mode of its accomplishment. Man was made—and how elevated in his mould! how varied in his powers! how delicate in his susceptibilities! how appropriate in his adaptations! Truly when the electric spark lighted the brain to action, and the heart, the noble organ bounded to send its vital rills to every pore: the God that made the being could but rejoice in the exhibition of his power.

Go then, prosecute with enthusiasm, and with energy, the study of this most beautiful system. Although the laws of your country may hold you culpable, let not your conduct arraign you before your conscience. Better would it be that you die in prison for knowledge' sake, than that a single human being perish for the want of skill, and the pangs of remorse follow you with unceasing torture.

Let your ambition tower to the knowledge of some new truth, which, like that of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, will open to the medical world a new field for theory, and develope new modes of operation in the cure of disease. The brain, the most beautiful and important organ of the system, around which the devoted student has lingered in study, and wept over his ignorance of its wonder-working power, perhaps by some lucky stroke, or by some unheeded circumstance, may unfold a treasure alike glorious to yourself, as it is profitable to the world.

Beside this, there are other organs which, as yet, have never but in conjecture, been assigned any function, organs which if properly understood, would doubtless shed great light on our pathology and therapeutics. In all probability we are approaching the horizon of some new discovery in Anatomy, which may revolutionize our theories and our practice, and cause them as widely to differ from the opinions and customs now received as truth, as do they, from those of the ancients.

Be persevering—be untiring, that this great truth may be developed by your exertions, and your names, your honors, like those of an Hippocrates, a Galen, a Rush and a Bichat,

“Still as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world unconscious of decay.”

But in all your ambitious deeds, whether for personal emolument, or for the good of your profession, spurn from your bosoms the green eyed passion of envy, and the still more hateful feeling of selfishness. These two loathsome passions, either by intention, or by some fatal

accident, seem to have been the peculiar legacy of medicine. They are, however, to be detected among all classes of society. "The feeling of the countryman of Athens who, upon being asked why he gave his vote to expel Aristides, replied, because he is every where called the just, is by no means uncommon. "The Ephesians expelled the best of their countrymen, with the public announcement of this reason, If any are determined to excel their neighbors, let them find another place to do it."

In the language of Bishop Hall, "to the envious man no action is safe from evil construction. When he receives a good report of him whom he emulates, he saith, fame is partial, and covers mischiefs, and pleaseth himself to find it false. And if ill will has dispersed a more spiteful narration, he lays hold on that against all witnesses, and broaches the rumour for truth, because worst. And when he sees him perfectly miserable, he can at once pity and rejoice. What he himself cannot do, others shall not. He has gained much if he has hindered the success of what he would have done and could not. He conceals his best skill, not so that it may not be known that he knows it, but so as it may not be learned, because he would have the world miss him. If he attains a sovereign remedy of a dying empiric, he will leave no heir, lest the praise should be divided. Finally, he is an enemy to God's favours, though they fall beside him. The best nurse of ill fame. A man of the worst diet, for he consumes himself, and delights in pinning: a thorn hedge covered with nettles: a peevish interpreter of good things, and no other than a lean, pale carcass, quickened with a fiend."

But the selfish man connects with his envy the hateful disposition to seek his own interests in opposition to the interests of others. He cares not whom he oppresses, so he can establish his own power—whom he vilifies and degrades, so he can increase his own fame—whom he impoverishes, so he can accumulate his own wealth—whom he distresses, so he can augment his own comforts.

Selfishness, in fact, is one of the worst of all human passions, when carried to extremes. It is the same propensity, only sharpened, guided and rendered more odious by the aid of reason, as that which exists in the tiger and the vulture, and which gorges itself to repletion, deaf to the piercing cries of the helpless victim, which struggles in his talons.

In addressing you, gentlemen, most of whom are natives of the West,



permit me to urge upon you yet another duty—a duty which you can but admit you owe yourselves and your country; a duty which you owe to the dignity and standing of the western medical profession. I refer to that unnatural disposition to seek from a distance men to occupy stations of honor and distinction among us; or, in other words, to rob ourselves of those honors the rich inheritance, which should be our highest glory to achieve. These things have we tested now sufficiently, and it becomes us in future, to make amends for the past. If we cannot by diligence and industry, secure these stations, we should feel it incumbent on us to aid others more worthy, of our western citizens.

The time has come when the west should assert her rights, and no longer look to the east to fill her institutions. Already under the most embarrassing circumstances has the west produced a few pre-eminent in medicine; and many, very many distinguished and talented men, both in the field and in the cabinet: at the bar, and on the bench. And no just reason can be assigned why, in a medical point of view, we should not be able to supply our institutions with our own talent, without the aid of other regions.

Like Cato, we should be jealous of the introduction of foreign medicine among us: and adopting the policy of our brothers in commerce, encourage home manufacture, and lay a heavy tariff on foreign commodities.

In conclusion, I would say to you gentlemen, that I yield to no one, in my convictions of the importance of a sound elementary education to a professional man. I hold it to be of the last importance, without which no very elevated reputation can ever be won or sustained. But at the risk of being considered heterodox in my opinions, I must beg leave to differ with one of my learned and eloquent friends, on a point connected with this subject, who, if I understood him correctly, was disposed to send the student home if he was deficient in education. Such would not be my advice, but on the contrary, I would say to him, having once put his hand to the plough, no man should ever look back.

It may be true that you have embarked in an enterprise without being equipped for the duties that lie before you, but this preparation can be made by the way side if you have that enthusiasm and love for your profession, without which no trophies of intellect have ever been won. To be ignorant of the fundamental branches of human knowledge

neither implies disgrace, nor forbids success; but to remain in that state of ignorance does both.

In the west, many allowances are to be made for the rising generation, in reference to intellectual attainments. The newness of the country; the scarcity of institutions of learning; the poverty of many of the pioneers of the west, have precluded young men from obtaining a regular education, and because they have thus been unfortunate, shall we coldly repress their noble aspirations for personal distinction and glory: *May heaven forbid*. I do not believe implicitly, gentlemen, in the power of colleges and universities in the production of great men. We have many college graduates around us, but if I were now called upon to point out those who are hereafter to become the statesmen, the orators, the professors in medical science, or the able expounders of the law, I should make my selections from those who have never trod the halls of a university. By sloth, all our early education may be lost and forgotten. But there is no rank, no station that cannot be obtained by the aid of firmness, industry, and above all, that heroic ambition and decision of character, which neither the sad vicissitudes of life, nor the smiles of prosperity can allure from the onward path.

If, gentlemen, you have these noble qualities, fear not, for all will be well. In the eloquent language of a countryman, who has risen by the powers of his own resources, from the humblest to the most exalted station in life, "I would not have you to resemble those weak and winding streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and turn back and creep around, and search out every little channel through which to wind their feeble and sickly course.

Nor would I have you resemble the headlong torrent, that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the mighty ocean, the noblest emblem of majestic decision, which in the calmest hour, still heaves its restless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens day and night with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed with an imperial consciousness of **STRENGTH**, that laughs at opposition."



## CATALOGUE

*Of Dr. McDowell's Private Class in Anatomy and Surgery,—Session  
1831-32.*

L. Dorsey Anderson,	Flemingsburg,	Kentucky.
Samuel York At Lee,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Horatio G. Ballard,	Paris,	Indiana.
Lewis H. Bascom,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Everard Bettle,	Wooster,	Ohio.
Samuel N. Bissell,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Stephen F. Bonner,	Shelbyville,	Kentucky.
John B. Brown,	Clinton co.;	Ohio.
Jesse Burgess,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Jesse Burns,	Augusta,	Kentucky.
Francis W. Campbell,	Wesley,	Tennessee.
James M. Campbell,	Flemingsburg,	Kentucky.
Clinton Campbell,	Maysville,	Kentucky.
Paul Carpenter,	Lancaster,	Ohio.
John A. Coburn,	Germantown,	Kentucky.
Henry E. Cowgill,	Greencastle,	Indiana.
Hiram Cox,	Dayton,	Ohio.
R. N. Cox,	Newport,	Kentucky.
Israel S. Dodge	Marietta,	Ohio.
Buell Eastman,	Rockford,	Indiana.
Richard Eberle,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Peter H. Eberley,	Lancaster,	Pennsylvania.
George Fries,	New Lisbon,	Ohio.
Nelson H. Gamble,	Newark,	Ohio.
B. F. Gard,	Marietta,	Ohio.
James A. Hardin,	Murphreysburg,	Kentucky.
Rufus W. Harris,		Ohio.
John A. Henricks,	Urbanna,	Ohio.
J. Hess,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Charles C. Hildreth,	Marietta,	Ohio.
G. Y. Holman,	Brownsville,	Tennessee.
James Hood,	Washington,	Ohio.
Preston N. Hornbeck,	Shepherdsville,	Kentucky.
Milton S. Hubbard,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
James S. Irvine,	Millersburg,	Ohio.
John R. Jewett,	Annarbour,	Michigan Ter.
A. P. Jones,	Rodney,	Mississippi.
Edward Kimball,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Alexander Kinmont,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.

William Kinmont,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
William H. Kinnicutt,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Calvin Lee,		Mississippi.
Ferdinand Lemert,	Dresden,	Ohio.
S. M. Letcher, M. D.	Lancaster,	Kentucky.
Peter W. Martin,	McCrearey,	Tennessee.
John C. McCrearey, M.D.	McCrearey,	Tennessee.
Marcus H. McFarlan,	Lincoln co.	Missouri.
Irvin B. Maxwell,	Bloomington,	Indiana.
Joseph Morris,	Springfield,	Illinois.
J. G. W. Mott,	Nachitoches,	Louisiana.
Henry Ormsby,	Hudson,	Ohio.
Robert Rands,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Corydon Richmond,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
E. Read,	Marion,	Ohio.
Joseph D. Ripley,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
William Ripley,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
William E. Ripley,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Thomas Robinson,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
John S. Rush,	Falmouth,	Kentucky.
William P. Sayle,		Tennessee.
Benjamin F. Somers,	Shepherdsville,	Kentucky.
R. W. Stearns,	Athens,	Ohio.
William C. Swanson,	Pulaski,	Tennessee.
Robert Talbott,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Isaac T. Teller,	New Carlisle,	Ohio.
Samuel Y. Thornton,	Belmont,	Ohio.
Earl T. Tibbets,	Cincinnati,	Ohio.
Robert J. Townsend,	Louisville,	Kentucky.
C. S. Tuley,	Rockville,	Indiana.
John Vail,	Smithfield,	Ohio.
William Woods,	Wooster,	Ohio.
Total 71.		









Med. Hist.

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