

BROWN (A.P.)
Compliments of the Author.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

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BY A. P. BROWN, M. D.,



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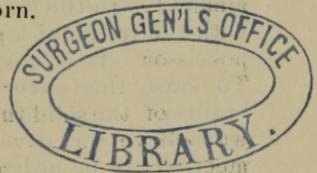


PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Texas State Medical Association:

The purposes of our Association are to modestly exhibit to you, in some way, the ability in our profession and the heart-felt interest we take in it; to show to you we are not unmindful of your best interests, the preservation of your health, and that we do strive to be worthy of the trust you so generously impose in us; and to better prepare ourselves to fully warrant your confidence and to extend the bounds of legitimate practice, and encourage and advise our law makers in the enactment of measures looking to the general good of the State; to learn and grow wise from the scientific attainments and practical truths gathered from the rich experience of those we meet at these annual convocations, and to impart each his learning to his fellow; compare experiences, the ripe results of which, will make us wise, practical, and of use to our fellow man, ourselves, and families, and enable us to pass the watchwords, here learned, far on down the lines to a posterity which we trust, becoming enriched by our experience, may further enrich and profitably benefit generations yet unborn.

“And through all future time,
Each grand achievement touches the sublime;
Within each field of learned labor lies,
For all who will contest, a fitting prize;
The higher flight demands the higher aim,—
’Tis only those that catch the heavenly flame.”



He who for long years of toilsome labor shows the silver lock, the bending form and tottering step is yet a learner. Not satisfied with the experience of others, he yet reaches out into uncultivated fields, if perchance, he may find something that will add to his proficiency. And, often finding closely observed fact of more profit than speculative reasoning, or prescribed rules by old authors, he brings these to us, in person or by representative, through our established sections, or records them in some of our medical journals. Others seeing this record, compares it with their own, and, if of investigating mind rather than opposing disposition, become the gainers. Thus while our science is not an exact one it is one of the most exacting. From the date of matriculation to the close of our professional lives we are necessarily and, if true to that profession, teachers as well as learners. Yet with all this study, investigation and labor—with the accumulation of thousands of years—there are many things in our profession which, like the promised land to Moses, we can see but not possess; for, far back in these ages measles, scarlet-fever and whooping-cough, were

often as successfully treated as in our present enlightened age. Many observers have attempted to determine the entity or producing cause of these, and many other well known and distinctly described troubles, and failed. Although yet on the border-land, we believe we soon will possess this coveted prize, and, as good pilots, steer the crafts, containing these ills, to a harbor of safety. Yet disappointment will come to all, and how to meet these casualties, sometimes blessings, will often tax even an inventive genius. No wavering or turning back is permitted. All must die. Change is written on the face of nature. No chemist's art has yet elaborated a panacea. The fountain of youth is yet beyond the horizon, and it is best for us that it is so, or else the knowledge of unpossessed facts would stay investigation, stagnate the brain, or remove the incentive to acquire greatness, or to do good. And to us might come the fate of Egypt's sages who, in lassitude begat of surrounding comforts and the enervating tendencies of her semi-tropical clime, stood still, then retrograded, then in abject poverty of mind and soul occupied stations intellectually inferior to some to whom, in her palmy days, she had been the bright encouraging exemplar. This being an acknowledged fact it is our duty yet to labor that we may eliminate the pretended and establish the true.

It is related that the eminent artist, Giotto, painted a portrait of Dante in fresco on the walls of Bargello palace, in Florence, where for five hundred years it had remained hidden by a coat of white wash. Something like the finding of this ancient piece of art, comes up to us in some of our investigations here. The rust of ages is scraped away. "Iron sharpens iron," and many a grand idea is given with as much freshness as in its originality. Hidden things are not always lost, (and we hope this is one of those occasions.) They are actually preserved by being hidden, and their revelation often comes at a most opportune moment. In the lonely chambers of the soul, many a wall is illumined with the fresco of a grand remembrance, lost for the time to all but its possessor. It is covered over with other thoughts and other cares. To erase this cover and bring to light the pent up knowledge in the brains of the solid thinkers of this empire State is our mission here, and we believe the covering from many frescoes are drawn aside at these meetings to be utilized and bear fruit, to the attentive observer of the word pictures here framed and hung out to view, for by our nomadic life we meet the owners of these frescoes, thereby mutually enjoy what might otherwise be lost, or forever remain hidden. A retrospect to the first origin of our profession reveals the touch of master hands and hearts, and minds alive with tender solicitude for the suffering. And, often as we read and compare the past and the present, we are astonished and full of wonder that such minds could come as near the solution of facts as we, and yet, for so long a time, remain away, or not be in possession of accomplished facts to many mediocres now well known. The day is not far distant, judging from the rapid strides of the last half century, when positive truths and settled facts, in our science, will reach so near universal adoption as to place inferiority at a discount everywhere. The student fresh from the halls of our universities will be fully equal to many of those who by long years of study and active practice now occupy high positions. This is the ultimatum we desire.

Experience is primarily a rude teacher, but a splendid expedient,

and lessons learned in her school are oft ineffaceable, and very profitable. The cries of agony from illy-narcotized patients, when boiling tar was applied to an amputated limb, touched the great heart of Ambrose Pare, and a ligature for the divided blood-vessel was the result of his study and experience, to avert danger and mitigate pain. Yet, even in this day, we hear learned professors decry this procedure of which their knowledge is the result. The true effects of medicines are thus only known. Empiricism can be intelligent, and should be encouraged. Some inventive genius is yet to perfect an apparatus to counteract Quinine deafness, or find some antidote, perhaps on the banks of our paludal streams. No school suggested to McDowell to dare and do the grand operation by which thousands of lovely women now live to bless his memory. The schools of his day cautioned against such procedure. The day in that epoch had arrived for some vast forward move, and the steady hand and master mind of the Kentuckian was equal to the occasion. The idea of liberating parenchymatous puss with Walter, Roser, Simon and Stone, by their peculiar method, to each of them was new, but none the less valuable because of the experiment, but of the intelligent kind, that bore the fruits of a noble purpose. Of these, so of many more, all along down the ages—each one bearing its fruit. In each is shown some grand discovery by which the healing art is benefitted and advanced, and no doubt in many a bosom is locked some valuable fact fearing to announce lest Empiricism should be charged.

As far back as we have any knowledge of medical schools and associations the members of these, have at times, not agreed often on vital points. Professional schism has even prevailed, and has often wrought injury, sometimes good. There are many things about which the most learned of our profession honestly differ, and the better will it be when we accept this inevitable fact, and do away with questions of casuistry or cease to engage in debates of polemical character. Yet men will differ in all the affairs of life, and even of the hereafter. We are but mortal, and too much should not be expected of us. One mind is trained in one channel of thought—another differently. By clash of arms the strength or weakness of a fort is tried. A West Point and Annapolis man laughed at the sand embankment of a heathen, though they soon unlearned, by dear experience, the fierce teachings of the grandest military schools on earth. All of us have not had exactly the same oral teachings. This would engender difference of belief, or a divergent belief might result from the manner of interpreting the didactic teachings of the same author. The university of New York teaches that yellow fever is of spontaneous origin on our gulf, while the university of Louisiana takes the opposite position. When out of such variance we can establish the truth, science is advanced and the interests of our fellow-man benefitted. It would seem rather desirable that a difference should exist in our minds that investigation should be pushed with a thoroughness that will eliminate all error, and place us on a solid base of truth. But for disputes of this nature Charlemaigne might not have established his new school of medicine, almost the first, out of which grew a desire for the teaching and spread of truth rather than the Benedicene hoarding of medical learning. In matters of church or state how many of you agree? Some believe in the infallibility of their family physician, some in amulets and charms,

some in the King's touch. All these fail, and when the question of who is to decide when doctors disagree, is answered, that in the majority of instances this difference is not so much in its fact, as the idea of what path shall be taken to approach the fact.

“The chain of circumstances, with fetters bind
 Too oft the best endeavors of the mind.
 We seek a remedy for human ill,
 Where neither pharmacist's nor doctor's skill
 Finds the elixir that can stay the drain
 Of wasted energy of nerve and brain.
 Unfortunate surroundings it may be,
 Or some harsh discord in the family,
 The lesson of experience, as taught
 In country practice dearly bought;
 What wonder if we often fail to please
 Ourselves, or bring to others strength and ease?”

Captious or peevish difference generally meets from an appreciative and intelligent patient the rebuke it deserves.

It sometimes occurs that obstinate persons, or those afflicted with the “Imp of the Perverse,” refuse to accept and follow knowledge clearly of general acceptance. A Roman Consul disdainful to learn the classic language of a conquered people exhibits less pride in ignorance than these. Characters of this kind sometimes gain access to our association and as some similars give no luster to our achievements, but rather retard a healthy growth of knowledge, for there is no one but in some degree is an example to others. These have their mission and destiny, and are tolerated because of the average charity of the human heart. By persuasive blandishments they engender the confidence of the unwary and even, “like Marius musing 'mid the ruins of Carthage,” take pleasure in the desolation they have wrought. Heaven spare the sick from gifted ignorance! Our German friends paraphrase these characters “Doctor fuer die Gesunden und Gott will helfen den Kranken.” And let us hope for the judgment of a Rhadamanthus with the furies Alecton and Megara to scourge these from our temple. To many, a plea for our profession is not necessary, that due consideration should be awarded to the true and just. Yet, the tares and wheat oft grow together, and while the survival of the fittest is not predicted of us (nor does nature in her wise compensation always afford relief), we are compelled to ask a just discrimination that we be not judged amiss. True greatness and inherent goodness, when not overbalanced by extreme modesty, always asserts itself, and inferiority soon “wears out.”

All beginnings of important discoveries have a wonderful influence on subsequent investigation. It is pleasant to sit on the banks of some mighty river and, with mental idealization, meander that stream to its source—meeting here and there a confluence, the combined union of which, makes a grand, irrepressible river. And, so it is a pleasing, and oft profitable task, to look back through by-gone ages and contemplate the characters most prominent in the different eras of our profession; to trace the peculiarities and now well understood mission of each, for every era is indelibly marked with the doings and teachings of some master mind, whose individuality is marked on his epoch. Stephenson's memory rises before us equally as we look on the Toy Motor or the Corlis Engine. So we remember, with pride, the name

of the patient botanist, who gave us a soothing balm or alkaloid, as well as he whose inventive genius constructed the ophthalmoscope or lithorite. From the very earliest efforts at the application of medicine and remedies to the cure of disease, with Pagan or Christian, the physician has been held in high esteem; and it did not require a Fennimore Cooper to tell the early physicians of these beautiful prairies in what esteem "the medicine man" was held. Hippocrates was held in such high esteem among the Greeks that they sought to Deify him. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius held the immortal Galen in such respect that he lavished many valuable gifts upon him, and desired that he should be the companion of his travels. And, but recently, a modern Rothschild, of this state, paid similar tribute to an honored Fellow of this association. These master minds who preceded ~~climbed~~ *ma* from a dead sea level of darkness, superstition and ignorance to the mountain peaks of light and strength—thus giving their successors a high point of departure in every subsequent investigation. Their hard earned goal is our starting point. We are very high because our predecessors climbed. What they achieved by much labor and thought we enjoy as a common heritage. Like dwellers on the plateau of some broad mountain we are unconscious of our elevated position until we approach a cliff and look down the canyon. So too, approach the elevated characters of the past and we see the depths out of which they raise themselves and us. No doubt the alluring light of some temporary success caused them and us to believe perfection well nigh attained. Yet Old Time's keen scythe swings on, and the harvest yet is ripe. No hand of man has yet stayed old ocean's wave, no structure can defy the cyclones sweep, no panacea nor close shut lattice can bar out the swift-winged messenger, Death. "It is appointed unto man once to die." Appreciating these facts, we apply ourselves to the ever-living present, for the best things are the nearest,—light in the eye, air in the lungs, flowers at your feet, duties at your hands. Then, while yet reaching out for higher attainments, grasp not at the stars but do your work as it comes certain that the ever-living present is for our enjoyment. The beautiful rainbow sitting on the wings of a retreating storm-cloud, whose awful shadows and flappings have been engulfing and shaking the earth, on the first sun-burst through the dark curtains of a tempest, makes a stronger impression on the mind than the clear shining of the sun after days of calm. So with us many a brilliant meteoric genius whose every word or touch lights up some hidden recess, or clears up some before undispeled darkness, for a while will dazzle us by the thought of his success. These are succeeded by a far more numerous class whose steady light, though less brilliant—and even ways and quiet lives are as useful as the former—arduous students deep thinkers.

“Attentive listners while others teach,
 Whose mission is to practice not to p. each,
 The privates in our noble army band,—
 The country doctors scattered through the land,
 Bear the knapsack, catch the fiercest fire.”

To the household they are invaluable, moving silently and with quiet dignity, born of honest, anxious toil; heroes of a thousand unsung successes. At home as much with the simple fever portrayed on

the baby's dimpled dreaming face as when clonic spasms rends the strong man, or eclampsia cyclone sweeps o'er woman's frame.

The statesman in a nations senate, hurling a phillipic against a Cataline, or the daring commander of conquering heroes scaling a besieged cities' walls and proudly waving his country's flag and glittering sword in the faces of an enemy, receiving their well-earned plaudits from a grateful and admiring people, feels not more pride of true greatness than does many an equally deserving modest hero at the bedside, who by some *coup d'etat*, some daring charge against intrenched disease, routes, scatters and conquers some fell destroyer. Oft for the time the brilliant achievement of one appears to greater advantage than the other, but the former is coupled with polemic unpleasantness, or war, death, and desolation, the orphans cries and widows tears; the latter with peace, life, and smiles of love, where loving hearts are commanders. In our profession, of all others, are to be found the grandest ideals of a true heroism. A Napoleon at "the head of the army" or Marshall Ney's plume waving in the thickest fight is to be admired. Close by their side the army surgeon did his whole duty. The mighty roar of terrific cannon at Valley Forge, Chalmette and Shiloh, and the hissing minnie balls at Vicksburg, dealing carnage on every side and making imperishable renown for gallant soldiers, daunts not the surgeons there, but with minds and hearts attuned for such occasions, right royally did they keep a "steady front." None of us can ever forget, but will remember with pride in our profession that self-sacrificing noblemen, by nature, our lost and lamented Manning, who on the altar of mercy and charity for the good of his fellow man freely offered up his young life. And I see before me now, and would do them honor in my humble way, many of similar natures and true nobility of soul, who have periled their lives and put aside for awhile the comforts of home in the interest of their fellow man. But recently that grand man, Pasiure, called for volunteers to go to that ancient home of literature and art, where cholera was sweeping the land of the Pharoes. Never yet has a similar call been unheeded by soldiers of our rank, and with a Spartan valor bred of the teachings of a noble school young Thuilet, accepted the call which was but to fall as heroes die. And his name is written high up in the pyramids and in the hearts of the children of the Nile, and as the dark-eyed Egyptian maiden, at each recurring anniversary of that noble death, places her feathry palm wreath on the gentle strangers tomb and waters his grave with her tears, she touches a sympathetic chord which by its electric impulse vibrates in loving hearts, e'en in distant Belton. Heroic Lieut. Rhodes plunging into the mad Atlantic and swimming to the rescue of perishing people on a wrecked Columbus stirs the philanthropist's heart, while on her deck briskly works the ship surgeon preparing restoratives for exhausted men and women. A grand old conquered hero retiring from Appomattox lives in the hearts of an appreciative people. His next door neighbor was the professor, yet in his life's labor ministering to the shattered frames and loved ones in a desolate land. And we are oft accused of the want of sympathy, even by the objects of our most tender solicitude. The genuineness of this sentiment is not always expressed by the cry of alarm or the visable terror. The injustice of such expressions has bruised and crushed many a noble heart whose every pulsation, perhaps neath a rugged exterior, was in full

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sympathy with an object or whom we dare not at the time give even the appearance of our true feelings. And in her twin sister, charity, none go so far as the members of our profession. Yet what the world calls greatness is attained by only the favored few. In our profession the occasion is offered to all to become great in some measure. The gentle, soothing voice to a frightened child, a sweet smile and laughing eye, from which fall soft sunbeams, or the soft touch to the nervous, fevered brow, photographs an imperishable picture of the face and form of he who gives such tenderness; and oft from the store house of memory are awakened pleasant recollections of the donor. Even some necessary duty, kindly performed, adds greatness in the eyes of an appreciative patient. As Professor Cabell filling any or all the chairs in a medical school, or like Napoleon almost in a breath dictating to his secretary's in every department of state, are many of ours equally as gifted, who can exercise all their professional duties, speed the plow and railway; talk theology, issue bills of exchange, or hold a senate spellbound with admiration, or, even in death, haunt and check an insolent government leader of the German Reichstag.

While it is pleasant to recount the noble deeds of the sons of Aesculapias it is far more pleasant to say something in praise of our gentle sisters, the heroines in our ranks. I would feel remiss in a chivalric duty did I fail to note their share in our work, and I am proud to record some encouraging word to her aspirations, and advocate her claims to a just and proper place in our ranks; for since the historic efforts of a Hygea, and of her loving sister Panacea, were given to the relief of suffering humanity, many noble names have swollen the list of those who by fortuitous circumstance or by peculiar inheritance, or special inclination, have proven to the world that woman can be true and great, even in the arduous duties incident to medical and surgical life, and not unsex herself. The fame of Tartula and Eros died not with the fall of the Roman empire; for their skill, as recorded in many valuable contributions to our literature, are yet in existence. Ladies of ample wealth have always patronized our science, and often materially aided in the establishment of colleges, hospitals and training schools, and many have given their time and talents, with credit, directly to our profession. Many a suffering soldier's face has lit up with joy at the approach of a Florence Nightingale, and at her gentle presence pain has become endurable. The name of Madame Jacobi is a household word in many a family of the metropolis. To the Princess of Anjou is due the credit of establishing the first organized hospital. A lady of that proud old Puritan stock gave us the first Board of Health. In several countries, notably the land of Confucious, none but female physicians are allowed to attend the sick of their sex; and while there is no imperative need for female physicians in a christian country, yet their claims to a proper rank and a just appreciation of their skill should not be ignored.

EVOLUTION.

Strange as it may appear, there are those who say they honestly believe and actually attempt to teach, that man is a descendant of, or has ascended from a lower organism, and that through long ages of gradual progress to a higher type of development, has thrown off his

original form and substance, and out of and through these changes, a perfect man was formed. Verily the monkey and the baboon, because of some similarity of anatomical structure to ours, are proclaimed our ancestors; and it is well that our association does not hold itself responsible for the opinions or declarations of its individual members, but grants absolute freeness of thought and expression, and opposes only when unphilosophical propositions run riot. Many ideas fraught with absurdity find expression in as learned bodies as ours, and it would appear a part of our duty in some measure to disabuse the minds of the people as to the acceptation of such illogical propositions by our profession generally. Materialism has wrought its frightful work in the minds of many, and spread its contaminations with its expressions. The larger number of our profession hold and teach man was created in the image of his Maker, full and complete in all the anatomical structure as we are to-day, and for all the past centuries have known our race to be, and no such divine formation nor great destiny was ever recorded or predicted of any lower organism.

To simply assert the positive fact on the one side, coupled with a denial on the other, is not sufficient for our purpose here. The ever restless mind reaches out for the reason in this all important matter, and to turn the entire machinery of our active minds to the contemplation and study of ourselves is as reasonable as to minutely inquire into any ordinary business matter of life. What man was in the past and what he is to-day intellectually, morally and physically, is a grand study, and we are compelled to consider what our ancestors were and what we are to-day, to arrive at any reasonable conjecture of what we are to become. It is a well observed fact that nature never repeats herself. In all created things no two are exactly alike, though similar degrees of difference, if not to the unaided senses are observed, yet a more minute or aided observation readily detects these differences. And, so equally true it is, no two intellects being exactly alike, some variety of thought is evident in all our search for truth; and, as minds and modes of thought vary in degree, so too, large difference might naturally be expected to result from similar investigation, even from those of apparent similar natures and both of sound mind. Truth is eternal, and no matter how wide the divergence of opinion and expression thereof, the premise being correctly taken, this ever-living principle, truth, will triumph. Our minds are of most delicate construction indeed, and it becomes a very interesting study to contemplate and analyze its results, to observe the electric flash of one or the steady observations and tardy acuteness of another taking form and developing into mature fruit. How grand the knowledge that no idea or thought is ever lost, and that no mind is ever full. Do we observe anything in the lower order of animal life even approximating man in this respect? In the unaltered specific peculiarities in all organized bodies—man does not partake of any, of which we know, by which we can infer evolution, as entertained by some. Can we conceive how, for ages of recorded observation, if evolution occurs, that no perceptible change has occurred in the physical structure of all organism whence the evolutionist would make us rise. Can a fair comparison of our knowledge of these enable us to deduce such facts? Yet, we are in honor impelled, as scientist and searchers after truth, if not in courtesy, to examine all these theories—all this manner of reason-

ing, all this philosophy of mind, by which some philosophers attempt to prove man to be of this humble origin, and rising to a higher sphere—a more perfect organism. Materialism and psychology cannot thus blend. Is man's greatest destiny here on earth? Is there no beatific beyond out to which the mind is to reach? An intuitive intelligence would even warrant such aspiration, but the philosophers of this school of evolutionist attempt a solution of this problem by natural selection, and, as if to satiate our longings, array for inspection and observation many facts in natural history. These of themselves are valuable as facts, but when compiled for this theory, absolutely prove no fact, in man's early existence that points to this selection. Earth, and all it contains, is made to contribute her quota of evidence to substantiate these theories. The rude implements of "The Stone Age" are brought in evidence to prove the infancy of the mind. At that time Brittons, perfect in anatomical structure, dressed in skins of wild animals, which were, long years after, Israel's regal power, before Abraham was IAM. Anthropologists tell us the minds of some tribes of men run in such channels that it is almost impossible to divert them, for any length of time, as the tribes of American Indians in the heart of New York, who for long years, have been surrounded by all the arts and sciences peculiar to an American Anglo-Saxon civilization. Their neighbors, the Ontarios, who, almost in primitive simplicity, dress as originally and feed on the same food, prepared in the same rude vessels of two hundred years ago, with all the enlightenment and civilization of two centuries, like their Niagara, daily pouring before them—with over a century of government care and watchful attention—they have not evolved. That the Bushman, of remarkable low stature, lives near by that perfect piece of anatomy, the Zulu, is not an evidence that the latter was ever as the former. The African, because of his imitative nature, and while associating with his white brother, readily assimilates, adopts his customs and ways, but lapses into semi barbarianism, with all her feticism, when the restraint of the higher civilization is withdrawn. The mongrel partakes most of the nature of the inferior parent; the Mulatto delights most in the ways of the African; the mule will show his stubborn ancestry; "the leopard cannot change his spots." How strange that intelligent men should ask our reason to sanction the opposite of these facts, and declare full satisfaction of such illogical conclusions? We protest the acceptance of a genealogy so inferior. How would your sense of propriety be shocked if you were asked to believe that at some future day when, some of this inferiority might crop out, your children should receive something like the following: "Mr. and Mrs. Mollusca De Smith, of Oyster Bay, request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter, Miss Arrabella Bivalve, to Col. Jacobus Baboni, of Congo Square." No! no! the DeSmith family is too respectable for such descent. Not while the Pyramids stand can we accept the stone-age theory, for scientist have successfully proven that these Pyramids, in every angle, stone, and all their internal and external structure, are full of wisdom, and was reared as a perpetual reminder of scientific and religious truths. A negative of the idea that inferiority existed in the anatomy of their builders, but rather asserting, as the Greeks and Romans believed, they had descended from the Gods.

Heroditus, the father of history, the first to record the existence of this yet unequalled piece of history and engineering skill, says: "How it came there at so early a period of the world's history, and for what purpose, has been one of the standing questions of the ages." This evidence from an authority, whose close research and patient investigation of historic events, is of more weight and *prima facie*, is sufficient to have us reject such evidence as point to these small stones—the "arrow-heads of Chalcedony," chiseled by some Hiewatha. The Mummy's silent answer to evolution is refutation itself, for the preservative qualities of these ancient preparations to-day defy the chemists' art. Does it appear the part of true wisdom to assert that the minds that devised and the hands that executed these evidences of a perfect man, long existing, and these mighty piles of masonry in such perfect mechanical construction, as to defy the competition of this enlightened age were the work of men whose minds were in their infancy? Indeed, no; they were aeschynites in chemistry, but perfect in anatomy. The honey bee, since first record, builds his home with the same geometric precision; the sweet singer weaves her nest—the counterpart of those in Eden, and the monkey lives in holes and among the branches of the trees, while man, by the cultivation of his mind, and not anatomy, daily rises higher.

Art and science, we know, have had their waves, which have thrown upon the shores of time vast records of the past. The brass tablets and granite monuments, inscribed with the labors of the artisan, unfold to us histories of cities long buried from sight. In the temple of Aesculapeas these mementoes are of unknown date, yet the same as those of our metropolis. Recent discoveries in Asiatic countries record a great proficiency with her people in ancient times.

The recondite and esoteric hieroglyphics of the Toltecs, the precursors of the cultivated Aztec, left a record of surpassing greatness. Mexico adds her quota to this record for her astronomically constructed pieces of ancient architecture, of which the early history is lost in an unremembered, unrecorded past, testify to the learning of the people of that day, and record their doings, the finished work of minds matured. And, even in our land, evidences of a high degree of culture are found to have existed in a people of whom we have no record.

Even the Comanche has no tradition of when the Mastodon was alive, whose skeletons are thick about Dallas. Their structure, and the sea-shells and shark skeletons found in close proximity are the same as those found in other countries—both dead and alive—and no evolved monstrosity. No Cardiff Giant, nor Lilliputian skeleton are there to attest the co-existence of man at that time or place.

What existed before the barbaric races of the North crushed out Roman civilization, is in part conjecture, but sufficiently accurate to establish a high culture for those long lost people. And, though a long gloomy darkness succeeded this conquest and held down the attainments to a higher cultivation of natural functions, there is sufficient evidence that these men dominated the inferior animals and were no part of their anatomy.

That cultivated intelligence is only the higher order of instinct, is the theory of this "would be" science, and that man is the product of progressive natural selection. This is asking this same intelligence to

dwarf itself to accomplish this ideality, and to believe that all the knowledge and intelligence we possess is cultivated instinct of lower animals. This is asking us to retrograde in our pride of ancestry. Nature, in all her laws, is perfect. Uncertainty does not exist, or mark, or mar, a part of her machinery. It is a well established pathological fact that hereditary diseases reappear even to the tenth generation. Then would it not be expected that somewhere in all this long line of ancestry that the inferior anatomical peculiarities of this lower organism, out of which man is conjectured to have arisen, would have reappeared? This has not occurred. The semitic tribes, the Latin race, the Anglo-Saxon, the Britton, the Negro, and Indian, by and through all history or tradition, were of the same anatomy and origine.

Chemistry teaches that no substance is ever lost, but exists in changed conditions, always of original elementary parts. Nature in herself shows a well-defined, unchanging purpose for everything. None of her works are for vain show. Each has its mission and destiny. Believing this, where, I ask this school of philosophy, are the minds of those millions of beautiful, symmetrically formed children who cut off in all the months of infancy, and whose sparkling eyes and changing expressions of face point to senses well-formed, and of original perfection? Does it enter into the minds and hearts of man to entertain the idea of future nothingness, for these uneducated minds? Or is it not rather more natural to believe there is a sphere more friendly to the perfect development than this of ours, where these young minds and senses are trained higher, and not by contact with inferiority? It does clearly appear to us that these recorded facts more clearly contradict evolution and natural selection than testimony remotely leading to such hypotheses.

Communities have a right to demand that the standard of their physicians shall be very high, for, by his avocation, he is brought into the most intimate relations of the family home. And, on the other hand, the degree of respect should not be grudgingly withheld. The motive which impels respect and honor for great learning and assiduous toil, coupled with the divine attribute, charity, we know is not the only one that incites this respect. Granting that it is the selfish motive of relief from pain, it is none the less sincere. The king and peasant all give honor to the physician, each according to his capacity. And is it not due? For how many even now before me might have been frightfully marked, cruelly maimed, or stricken in death, but for this grand corps, who so oft have turned the tide of pestilence from your homes—suffering all exposure for humanity's sake. And, if we appear to boast, we feel that we have an appreciative audience whose regal hospitality would evince no neglect of duty to the most humble of our profession.

Many often blame us for yet writing our prescriptions in a dead language. While this, to the unreflecting mind, may be some ground of exception, by a more careful study and examination of this ancient custom it will readily recommend itself. When we remember that many are of peculiar education, and have such preconceived ideas that they associate many diseases with the medicines proposed to be administered, and if our prescriptions for these are written in the plain dialect of the patient, his fears or apprehensions would be aroused, or

perhaps be stimulated by a nervous, fretful imagination to such an extent as to frustrate our purpose, or cause them to utterly neglect our directions. Our formula language is almost of universal use, and although dead, speaks eloquently from many thousand prescription stands daily.

The imprudent clamor in this utilitarian age for everything that is cheap extends even to our profession, and is full of danger to the sick. Sensitive physicians are troubled to decide, even in the discharge of known conscientious duties, when a parsimonious patron is wearing out lives too precious to be dispensed with.

From the land of the son of Lagus came the first knowledge of the healing art, which art was combined with that of priest. Aesculapius, the father of medicine, was held in such high repute that a grand temple was built for his use, and to commemorate his skill, which, becoming so great, Pluto became fearful lest his dominions should not be as speedily populated as was desired, interceded with Jupiter, who slew him.

Chiron introduced medicine into Greece; yet, the knowledge of our profession up to this date is mostly legendary, or largely mythological. Hippocrates, about the eighteenth in descent from Aesculapius, was the greatest compiler of medical and surgical facts of his or any preceding era, having written as many as sixty books, and these are the first of record for which a second edition was called, and also the first of which a translation was made, notably into the Arabic language, and were thought to be of sufficient importance and authority to be quoted by as learned an author as Plato. Galen was the most polished writer of his epoch, and did much to establish a high standard of medical literature, making it oft acceptable reading to scholars who sought general information. The Medici, for long years, because of their great learning and liberality, held power and ruled over the Florentine republic, and the papal power descended to a member of this celebrated family, who, though nominally of the profession, did little, individually, to advance medicine or surgery proper, yet gave much care and money to the advance of science, art, and letters.

The first school of medicine, as might be inferred, was established at Alexandria, the supposed literary cradle of the world. The famous Norman conquerer, Giscord, about the eleventh century, established the celebrated school at Salerno, in Italy, which for long years was the first in rank of all Europe, and its importance and influence was due to the patronage of the Benedicene Monks of Monte Casino. It was from this school the African and christian physician, Constantine, gave to the world his rich fund of medical learning, accumulated in his thirty-nine years of wandering and close observation and study.

From this school we have one of the grandest records of woman's true wifely nature. Sibyl, the beautiful and accomplished bride of Robert, son of William the Conquerer, seeing her martial husband sinking under the poisonous effect of a wound, although admonished of her danger, applied her dainty lips to the arm she loved above her life, extracted the poison and lived long to enjoy a rescued husband's love, and by her noble act (empyric), gave us a valuable lesson on the power of the mucuous membrane to resist poisons.

And 'twas here the poetic muse, through John of Milan, first sang of medicine and its cures.

“Salernia's sch ol in conclave high unites
To counsel England's Kings, and thus indites:
If though to health and vigor would attain,
Shun mighty cares, and anger deem profane;
From heavy suppers and much wine abstain.”

And the good people of Belton, and our wise committee of arrangements have shown much good judgment in duplicating the poetic lesson.

Aramathus, a teacher of this school, gave out a rule by which too many have gained notoriety and well-filled purses at the expense of truth, viz: “to the patient promise recovery; to his friends declare him very sick.” Even at this school the early initiative of patent medicine and quackery in all its high sounding deceptions, and blandishing allurements, was taken. Many ideas, to us very ludicrous, found a teacher in that ancient school. One was to feed fat toads to hens, and eat that part of the fowl corresponding to the emaciated part of the human body desired to be developed. This would lead us to believe that even in that remote day there were angular spinsters and vapid dudes.

The wise laws of Frederick II laid the first good foundation of law for the practice of medicine, and to this good day his wise laws have been very slightly improved on.

About the sixth century Greek literature in Italy became almost a sealed book even to people of liberal education; and, the works of Hippocrates and Galen began to be of traition, rather than classic literature. But works of such literary merit and great importance were not to moulder in the dust, for while to some was given the power to heal, this power was coupled with the power of tongues, in that cultivated christian gentleman, Constantine (the inventor of the truss), who, by his double gift, was able to rescue from oblivion the works of these great authors, and to give them to the Arabic people.

In the thirteenth century the idea of of special practice was being entertained, and Roger made the first effort as a specialist in surgery; and five hundred years after this first attempt we enjoy the full fruits of this effort to the profit of the specialist and great good to the people. From this time on, as literature and the arts advanced with christian civilization, other schools multiplied, and Bacon in England, Gui de Chanliac in France, established such schools of medicine as to eclipse all others—that no longer the literature of the Mediterranean is triumphant. Rivalry in other nations stimulated the effort of establishing other schools that far surpassed Salerno in her richest era.

The opening up and peopling of the great Western Hemisphere brought with them the need for medical schools; and, as the Yankee never half way accomplishes a grand idea, and with the experience of these schools in the past centuries, is it any wonder that we excell; and that in our schools are met the child of the Nile, Arabia's and China's dark skinned children, and the Savans of Oxford, Heidleburg, and Paris? Indeed, no; for the stability and brilliancy of the acquisitive medical mind of this country with the Fulton's, Howe's, Morse's, Edison's, and Eads have kept square abreast of all advancement, and by scientific attainments of high order, have established a

reputation for medical knowledge and surgical art far surpassing all others.

Far in the bleak regions of a frigid North the glorious sunlight is shut out for long weary, wintry months, but about the termination of this wintry night, a sentinel is placed upon the highest grounds with connecting posts on down to the habitable valley; and, as the first red streaks of solar rays break through the sensible horizon of this long, wintry night, first, from sentinels on the summit of the peaks rings out the glad acclaim: "the sun, the sun," then down to the last, this joyous news is wafted from post to post, and to the people. So, too, in the far distant past Aesculapius saw the light, and from this dark epoch he sounded a glad acclaim. From the sunny clime of Florence rang the welcome sound. Draco sang this light. Erastratus, Celsus, and Galen proclaimed, with no uncertain sound, the light they saw. Racamer (inventor of the speculum), from his proud eminence, discovered a light that brought to woman many joys. Velpeau, DePaul, and Ramsbotham's quick eyes caught the glow, and as the brightening rays fell upon their minds, true to their trusts, they passed the word on down to Meigs and McDowell, and to the mighty army of their day, who in turn passed the mystic word on down to Alabam's magnolia perfumed clime where Bozeman, Sims, and Nott stood as faithful sentinels on fame's watch-tower, and these great men proclaimed the light in grander tones than all their predecessors, until as if by one radiant scintillation from full orb'd suns, a halo of light fell on thousands who had groped in a long night of darkness, and all earth is made glad by woman's joyous smile where erst a while was naught but piteous groans and anguish unrelieved.

The immortal Harvey, looking back through the long dark ages, saw this light as its rich current coursed through the natural circulation. Ambrose Pare ligated this light as it fell upon his great soul. Malgaigne, reaching out, bound it to many a shattered frame, and transmitted on down to ready messengers, of whom was Dungleon, Erichsen, Claud Bernard, Gross, Frank Hamilton, and Stone, until yet another peak was reached, where stood Long, Wells, Guthrie, and Simpson, who proclaimed yet a more brilliant ray to all this gorgeous light, and ~~an~~ *Esmoek* and Lister, the Agnew's, a Bigelow, and Otis, shed their lights abroad until all obscurity is, as it were, transformed into a soft electric effulgence which defys and banishes the darkness that permitted blood and pain, and tardy reparation, and while these were all heralding the glad bright light, Eberly and Tanner, Rush and Wood, Watson and Trousseau, Barthlow, and our Flint, with the alembic light received from Chevreu, Fownes, Sir Humphry Davy, and a Draper, passed it yet on down to trusted ones who are here in your midst, shedding these lights into the dark chambers of many a weeping, clouded household, bringing joy and happiness to thousands all over this state. And the long, dark wintry night is over; bright happy spring is passed and harvest time has come; natural and accidental darkness has given away to a brilliant noonday flood of light that shines for all, and thrice happy the people who have this light, and the student who lives in this nineteenth century, for it is certainly the scientific era of the world.

