care the labored article by the same distinguished editor in the March number of the above Journal, will not be slow to perceive that all we complain of is at least tacitly admitted. I do not think that demonstrations of this kind can be appropriately placed upon a level with those of anatomy or pathology, although a different opinion may be inculcated by the above editor. But suffice it to say, that as the case stands at the present time, what we complain of is *now* denied by the Professor and a *part* of the class as being true. The circumstances and evidence which induced us to believe our understanding to be correct, it is not necessary for me at this time to state. The whole matter is about to undergo a legal investigation (not implicating any of the seventeen, however); and if it shall then be found that nothing was done but what was proper and calculated to subserve the cause of science, I for one shall feel much gratified, but yet cannot feel that the sin of what has been said and done lies at our door.

Yours truly,

Leroy, Genesee Co., N. Y., June 13, 1850.

S. BARRETT.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING PHYSICIANS.—NO. XVI.

HORACE GREEN, M.D., OF NEW YORK.

"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more, is none."—*Macbeth*.

"Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."—*Hamlet*.

THE mountains and valleys of Vermont have produced many distinguished men, whose names will long emblazon the scroll of fame, in politics, divinity, law and medicine. She, with her sister States of New England, annually pours out, west and south, her energetic and enterprising sons; who, settling in the wilds of the forest, soon make it bloom like a garden—or in the large city, acquire wealth or distinction, or both. Where are the sons of New England *not* found? Do you see a member in the halls of Congress from some wild and unknown district in the West? ten to one he is some enterprising New Englander, who a few years ago went there to "seek his fortune." And he has found it. But we need not dwell upon what the world so well knows.

Descended from a distinguished family, his uncle, Gen. Green, having figured in the revolutionary war, a twin son of his mother's old age, and one of a large family, who, like others, have scattered over the States, filling the various learned professions, Dr. HORACE GREEN early began that mental training and self-education so characteristic of his countrymen. Having taught school for a number of years, and obtained an English as well as a classical education, he soon found that the medical profession was that best calculated to satisfy the mental longings of a young and ambitious man. A new medical school had been established at Castleton, in his own State, and here he hied to attend the lectures of Eaton, of Woodward, and others. Having graduated, he soon selected an amiable and accomplished young ad of Rutland, to share the bliss

or woe of a medical man's life. I see it now, that cottage, with its little garden and *pale fence*—the noble mountains around, the running stream, the church spire, the store and the farm house, and the bank with the stately president; I see them all. The young doctor starts out in his sulky, a noble dog following him. Over hill, across streams, in every direction, he wends his way, to heal the sick, console the dying, and to dream of future renown and distinction. He walks proudly among the hardy mountaineers, and is as good a shot as they.

Feeling that the little country medical school had not done all that ought to be done for one who aspired to be a "head doctor," he tearfully bids adieu for a season to his young wife, and goes to the far-off city of Philadelphia, to study in the land of Rush, Physick, Wistar, and Barton, the great principles of medical science. He attends the University of Pennsylvania, and, after a hard season of labor, returns to his home and friends, bearing the best fruits of medical science which America can afford. Soon the fair mountain flower fades, and the beautiful cottage and grounds are shut up and deserted. They have lost their *life*. One pledge of her affection she leaves with her young husband, and then departs to a land free from sorrow and from pain. The tall and graceful form of the village doctor is bowed with sorrow. All things, the brook where they went fishing for trout, the hill-side where they strayed to gather nuts or the sweet juice of the maple; the mountain, whose shaggy side so often glowed with the "fire of the hills;" all, all remind him of joys lost, cut off and forever gone. He *cannot* stay among these scenes of his boyhood, and early happy, but now, alas! unhappy manhood. Leaving his babe in the hands of relatives, he wends his way to the great city of New York, and opens an office in the very midst of this great Babel of noise, of confusion, of wealth, of fame, and of struggling humanity. The change produces a re-action, a few friends are found, and they appreciate the Vermonter. With a sick friend he visits London and Paris, and there seeks those stores of knowledge, which even Philadelphia could not give. He makes the acquaintance of Johnson, the celebrated James, with whom a conversation ensues, in which the idea of a new treatment for a most prevalent disease is elicited. Addison, Owen, Samuel Cooper, Liston, and many others, are visited; and the great Hospitals of London afford material for study and close reflection, for his now matured mind. He then goes to Paris; attends the six o'clock clinics of Louis, of Roux, of Civiale, Rayer, Blandin, Andral, and many others. He returns to London, thence home, freighted with a goodly load of medical science. Hardly has he returned, when his reputation, which has flown to his native hills before him, induces the offer of a chair in the Vermont Medical School at Castleton, his respected *Alma Mater*. He accepts the chair of the Practice of Medicine, and temporarily returns to the haunts and the friends of his youth; retaining, however, his position in New York. Under his management, for he was the President, the school took that start which secured its present prosperous condition. Finding his practice in New York increasing, so that it was impolitic to leave it for Castleton, after two sessions he resigned the chair, and

confined himself exclusively to general practice. At the same time, he married a young, amiable and accomplished lady of Waterford, near Troy.

The practice suggested by a conversation with Johnson, in reference to the topical application of medical agents to the larynx, was successfully tried, and patients attended him, during his lectures in Castleton, to be treated in this way. Cato thinks he remembers the first patient. A grateful public soon openly acknowledged the propriety and practicability of the practice; and for ten years he has had abundance of patients from all parts of this continent, to be cured of chronic affections of the throat and chest. A valuable, practical work soon followed, published in New York and London, a second edition of which is now nearly sold. Applying the principle to the diseases of infants, particularly croup, many cases have been published by himself and friends, in which this fatal disease has been successfully treated by topical applications; and a small volume is the result of his observations. It is to be hoped that a second edition, revised and enlarged, of this work, will soon be prepared by the accomplished author. This discovery has not only given him reputation and a wide-spread fame, both American and European, but has gained him a large and lucrative practice.

Finding that practice alone, although enjoying one of the most extensive and lucrative in the United States, if not *the* most profitable, is not sufficient to occupy his mind, he with some friends applied to the Legislature and obtained a charter for a new medical school, in which all the branches of medicine are to be taught, under the title of the New York College of Medicine. His ever active mind will here find something to combat and overcome, as in other instances in his life's history. First, the trammels of ignorance were to be conquered; and, as by "teaching we learn," he adopted the usual plan of his countrymen, and taught and learned. Then a profession was to be gained. This done, a position in the profession was to be obtained—first taking what instruction was within reach, then going to a higher source, then proceeding to Europe, then obtaining a large practice as the natural fruit of all this study; then teaching others, and now placing himself in a position to dictate to hundreds and thousands of young men the principles, practice and professional courtesies of a profession which he so eminently adorns.

Personally, Dr. G. is tall and rather *sparse*; very black hair, now turning a little grey; a sharp black eye, rather a brunette; and gentle and kind in his address. His manners are quiet and dignified, those of a gentleman accustomed to good society. They say a poet must be born. Cato opines that this is equally true of a gentleman; and he further thinks that nothing so deforms a man, especially a medical man, as rough, uncouth, or clownish manners. If any man should be *gentle*, in the highest sense of the word, it is he who ministers to our diseased bodies and minds.

But we must close. A fine family of some five beautiful children, grace the board of the poor Vermonter. Wealth, troops of friends, and gratified ambition, are his. He has heretofore conquered each obstacle as it arose before him, and will doubtless, with his colleagues, build up

to a distinguished eminence the New York College of Medicine. Long may he live to enjoy the honors and emoluments of the profession which he has well and truly labored in.

CATO.

THE BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1850.

Hooping Cough.—Mention was made, in last week's Journal, of the discrepancy of opinion existing among medical men, in regard to the best treatment for burns in their primary condition. The same state of things exists respecting hooping cough, which is classed by some among the exanthematous diseases, by others as a *peculiar affection* of the bronchiæ, or as a malady *sui generis*. That it is a very troublesome and often distressing malady among children, there can be no doubt; and further, that it is a disease peculiar to the infantile state, is not questioned. Again, we are told that it is a self-limited disease, and should be classed among such diseases—that art cannot abridge it, or in the least palliate its symptoms; that our treatment, if any is made use of, must be of the expectant character. All this we have been taught to believe as true, and like unto the clerk at the altar give our response by saying amen, even if the word should stick in our throats. We are presumptuous enough to believe, that with proper observance and study of this peculiar affection, it may in a great measure be brought under our control, at least so as to modify its distressing symptoms, if not abridge it entirely. Medical knowledge, no more than any other knowledge, ever came by hereditary descent, or by inspiration; it is only by indomitable perseverance in the prosecution of our investigations of the phenomena of disease; that we are ever led to make any progress. Let every practitioner in medicine study well the cases under his care, banish all speculative theories, particularly those bordering upon absurdities—in fact, commence the pathological research *de novo*, and there cannot be the least doubt that a more satisfactory conclusion will be arrived at, than the one generally entertained. In a future number we shall have something more to say on the subject.

Perkins Institution for the Blind.—The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind has been received. It is quite voluminous, and exceedingly interesting, showing the increasing prosperity of the institution, and that it is the almoner of the greatest good to that unfortunate class, the sightless. Forty-six of the ninety-four pages of the Report are devoted especially to that physiologically interesting and world-renowned patient, Laura Bridgman. Dr. Howe makes a strong appeal to the benevolence of our wealthy citizens in her behalf, which we sincerely hope may have the desired effect. It is truly marvellous that a child, deprived of the senses of seeing and hearing, should in the short space of six or seven years acquire such mastery over letters, and that she can with readiness comprehend the meaning of others, and communicate her thoughts in a way to be readily understood. All this has been accomplished by the most untiring patience on the part of the director and superintendent, to whose indefatiga-