Maine physicians of 1820 : a record of the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society practicing in the district of Maine at the date of the separation / by James A. Spalding.

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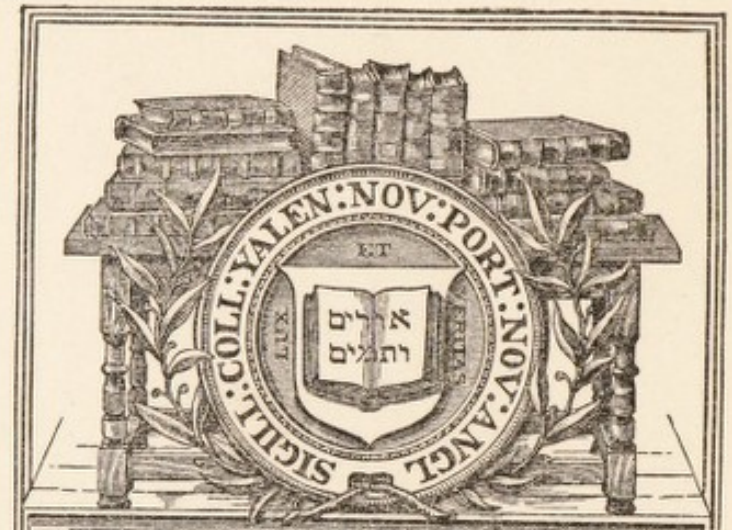

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of the

Massachusetts Medical Society

Practicing in the District of Maine at the Date of the Separation

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By

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INTRODUCTION

When I awoke on New Year's morning of 1920, I said to myself: 1920 has arrived, the Centennial year of Maine as a State, and erelong the newspapers will be filled with eulogies of the famous Politicians, Lawyers, Divines, Merchants, Lumber-Barons, Shipmasters and so on of 1820, but we shall look in vain, I fear, for any account of the lives of the Physicians who brought some of these heroes into the world, carried them safely through life and toward the end, lengthened their lives so far as they were able. So far then as concerns any Centennial Memorial to the Physicians of 1820, it seems to depend entirely upon me to put it into proper shape or indeed into any shape at all.

When I started out upon the great task of saying something concerning the Founders of the Maine Medical Society of 1820 I planned to include only such men as belonged to the new society by virtue of their membership in the Massachusetts Medical Society. I soon found, however, that it would be an affair of extreme difficulty a hundred years and more after asserted election of Maine Physicians to membership in the Massachusetts Society, to establish their actual status. For, many were chosen but did not all accept membership, and were not properly catalogued, others were elected and accepted their election but did not pay their dues, and others were elected but were not catalogued in their actual places of practice, so I have tried in vain to discover where they lived or what they did, even in the faintest degree. So I finally decided that it would be best to change my standard for entrance into this collection of lives, and to admit all prominent physicians of the time of the separation, whether accredited members of the Massachusetts Society or not, and to add at the end of my paper the names of those of whom only the faintest traces could be discovered after diligent research.

Let me now proceed to state briefly the origin of the Maine Medical Society of 1820, to follow this with an account of the life of the Founder, then with a narrative of

the careers of the original Officers, and from those onward to arrange the other members alphabetically to the end of the list, hoping that upon this foundation later material may be added for putting up a perpetual memorial which shall be worthy of their deeds.

Origin of The Maine Medical Society of 1820

"The Eastern Argus" of Portland for December 19, 1819, contained this Notice: "A Meeting of the Physicians of Maine will soon be called for, from the Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society residing in Kennebunk, with the idea of forming a new medical society to begin with the Declaration of the Sovereignty of the State of Maine in 1820."

This notice was inserted by Dr. Samuel Emerson of Kennebunk, whom I entitle the Founder of the Society. When the Maine Medical Society after its first meeting in 1820 was legally incorporated in 1821, Dr. Nathaniel Coffin of Portland was elected President, Dr. Jonathan Page of Brunswick, Vice-President, and Dr. Samuel Ayer of Portland, Secretary and Treasurer. Trouble arose at the start, and these officers resigned, but new officers were soon elected, meetings were held at Brunswick with seventeen members present at the first and in connection with Commencement at Bowdoin or at Augusta, and carried along with two addresses, five papers, and occasional reports of cases until the dissolution about 1845. One of the chief difficulties may have been too much joviality on the part of some of the members. As for the habits of physicians of that era, I note that on one occasion in another Society, one hundred members present disposed of 42 bottles of claret, 23 of Madeira, 41 of cider, and 11 gallons of lemonade flavored with more or less rum. Bad roads, also, must have prevented members from regular attendance. Physicians who were obliged to spend two entire days on the road from Berwick or Augusta or Thomaston to Brunswick and back, were not likely to make a great effort to attend. At all events, from various causes the Society died. If the members had held out a bit longer, the Railroads and the Prohibitory Law would have solved many difficulties about that time, and there would have been no interregnum between the death

of the Maine Medical Society, in 1845, and the foundation of the Maine Medical Association, in 1853.

We must not forget at this point to recall that district medical societies were formed at Augusta in 1797, in Knox and Lincoln in 1804, and in York and Cumberland about 1811.

DR. SAMUEL EMERSON of Kennebunk, who has every reason to be called the actual and original FOUNDER of the Maine Medical Society, was a boy fifer during the Revolution when he was about eleven years of age. We can imagine him strutting to and fro before the reserve forces of the American Army stationed at Cambridge, fifing shrilly on dress parade, and waiting ready to start the music and the march toward Bunker's Hill battle, if needed.

Musical he was as a child and musical he remained all of his life, for, once settled in Kennebunk for practice after finishing his education and his medical studies, he was a tower of ecclesiastical music in the Second Parish Church, not only singing often a sweet tenor solo, but playing the organ or the bass viol, or on rare occasions the cornet. It is said that he also served as conductor of an orchestra whenever a sacred concert was given in winter evenings, once a year at least, whilst he often marched at the head of the village brass band for Fourth of July processions or for the receptions of Presidents or of great men like La Fayette, for instance, when passing through Kennebunk in their promenades through Maine.

Dr. Emerson was born, I think, in Hollis, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard with high honors in 1785, and after travelling about with a country practitioner for a year or two, he came to Kennebunk somewhere about 1790, and spent there the rest of his long and busy life.

From his arrival onward he was a leader in the town, and a very hospitable man, loving to have people seated around his table. He liked to play pranks on others and was

not vexed when people joked with him about the barrelful of children which his bride, a Miss Barrell from York, would surely bring to him in the course of time. He did more than his share in establishing the Second Parish Church on a sound financial basis, and to keep it going, musically as well as religiously. For, he not only led the music and the psalms and hymns also, but he prayed often in the Weekly Meetings, and read sermons occasionally in the absence of the minister.

As a citizen he was the most versatile man in town, much given to public speaking at town meetings, and gatherings of every sort, and he delivered a Fourth of July Oration which has come down to us, and on another occasion he spoke his own verses trippingly, and being great on Masonry, he delivered a public oration on that topic to the gratification of all concerned, and another on music in Portland. He more than once led the village band, dressed as a Drum Major in his old let-out revolutionary uniform, served as toastmaster again and again at convivial suppers and dinners, particularly one given on a certain Washington's Birthday. Beyond all his performances as a citizen I reckon his speech of welcome to La Fayette when he visited Kennebunk on his progress through Maine, when Dr. Emerson spoke to him and the assembled people briefly, charmingly, and to the point. I doubt if anywhere La Fayette was more happy than at the remarks handed on to him so courteously by Dr. Samuel Emerson, June 24, 1825.

He also started a Social Library in the village, contributed to the "Village Visit*er*," medical themes of public value, and in his old age was Chairman of a Whig Convention.

Medically, he kept a case book of his lying-in patients, some three thousand in all, was Vice-President of the York County Medical Society, attended the first meeting for the foundation of the Maine Medical Society, and was elected chairman unanimously. He was one of its legal incorporators and at one time its Secretary, at another, one of the Censors, and he read before it one of the only five papers

ever read during its life of twenty-five years, and that was "On Delirium Tremens," said to have been well written, well expressed, and well worth listening to.

The longer he lived the harder he worked, and he survived into his 86th year, a man and a physician with a most enviable and very honorable record which it pleases me now to rescue once more from the dusty oblivion of ancient books and documents. Hail, then, to Dr. Samuel Emerson, the Founder of the Maine Medical Society of 1820.

NATHANIEL COFFIN, JR., the first President of the Maine Medical Society, was the son of Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, Sr., of Falmouth, now Portland, and was born in that town in 1744 and died there in 1830. His long life of 86 years embraced that period in surgery which began with the flat cranial wounds inflicted by scalping, and the deeper incisions made by knives and tomahawks of Indians, and continued on to the round or jagged and explosive wounds produced by gunpowder and bullets. His Father foresaw the need and the benefits to accrue from a medical education for his son, who, ambidextrous from birth, early took to surgical operations. He was accordingly sent to London in 1764, where he walked the wards of the famous GUY'S with John Hunter, the grand old man, and of St. Thomas with Abernethy, the keen physician, and others of that era. Coming home then, in season to take up the last threads of practice falling from the feeble hands of his aged Father, who died about 1766, young Dr. Coffin settled in his native town and practiced there the rest of his life. He was a good surgeon, probably the best man in Maine, and amongst his other cases it is pleasant to note his being sent for, for example, in a boat with six strong oarsmen to row him in hot haste down Casco Bay to some settlement where the savages had wounded men, women and children, in their devilish fashion of cruelty.

Dr. Coffin was early a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and in 1804, I find his name attached to a peti-

tion to that Society for power to set up a District Society in Maine, composed of members of the Parent Society. He did not long remain President of the Maine Medical, evidently displeased for some unknown reason, but it is well understood that once formed, he did his best to continue the Society's valuable influence in many ways.

He did valient service for the people of Falmouth when threatened with bombardment and destruction of every house in the settlement by Capt. Mowatt, and went aboard that officer's ship and remonstrated with him, but in vain, to abandon his cruel plans to annihilate the town. When the bombardment began, Dr. Coffin led the dismayed people into the wilderness, cared for the young, the sick, and the old people, and brought them back again in due season and helped them to his utmost in building their homes anew.

He had some oddities of life which may be mentioned, one of them being his fondness for walking barefooted in the dewy grass, long before Father Kneipp started his fashionable cult. He was a very religious man and supported the ministers of the town. He did a great deal of good work for the sailors, treated at one time a number of wounded pirates brought into Portland and endeavored to establish some system of Marine Hospital service, in which he was aided by Dr. John Merrill of whom mention is to be made farther along. He also at one time set up with others a private Hospital on Bramhall's hill in Portland. He worked hard and suffered greatly from a troublesome asthma, never dreaming, as now known, that asthma might be due to insufficiency of the pyloric orifice of the stomach and easily curable by a proper operation. He built at one time a house and office attached, facing upon our Monument Square of today, and leased a part, or the half of it, to his friend, Dr. Samuel Ayer, of whom we shall next in order hear.

Finally, we say with much deliberation of thought and statement, that Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, Jr., was a very distinguished son of a celebrated Father, and that he was the brightest example of a physician and surgeon combined, in

New England, at least, and in the era in which he did for years an enormous amount of good work for humanity.

In the long list of worthy citizens of Brunswick, a century ago, I find no name more highly thought of or more often mentioned than that of DR. JONATHAN PAGE, the First Vice-President of the Maine Medical Society of 1820. He was born in Conway, New Hampshire, in 1777, came to Brunswick at the age of 18, and after laboring as a farm hand and lumberer, teaching school and studying medicine, he was ready to practice in 1808, when he was just over thirty years of age. He rose steadily in public esteem, and was chosen a Senator to the General Court of Massachusetts, member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Councillor from that Society for Cumberland County for many years, Overseer of Bowdoin College, member of the Separation, and of the Constitutional, Convention, original member of the first State Senate of Maine, and later on elected to a second term; and finally he stood high in the town councils of Brunswick. Altogether his position in life was very high, considering the humble position in life from which by merit alone he rose.

He seems to me to have been more of a politician, later along in life, than a medical practitioner, but for this he is not to be blamed, for many physicians in that era were the ablest men in the community. Going about daily into the homes of all classes of people, they became the men consulted, not only concerning medicine, but concerning agriculture, business, and politics. For many reasons, and particularly in the case of Dr. Page, who had an unusual gift of conversation and much oratorical ability, such men were pushed forward into politics much more seriously than in our times, and in my opinion much to the advantage of the communities in which they practiced so many years.

Very little is known concerning the medical skill of Dr. Page, but the Lying-in Case book of Dr. Samuel Adams, which we shall presently reach, mentions that Page was occa-

sionally called in consultation in difficult cases of obstetrical practice. Page shared largely in the upbuilding of the Maine Medical Society, regretted its gradual decay, urged members to keep it alive by attending the meetings, and paying their dues; and in advancing the progress of medicine. He died in 1842 at the age of 65, a gifted man, highly prized in the town in which he had gone leisurely to and fro for nearly fifty years of his life; a good citizen, a clever physician, and a reliable, representative man.

DR. SAMUEL AYER (1786-1832), the first Secretary of the Maine Medical Society, had a wife who did great service to the medical history of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, by keeping a diary all of her life. It is rather a dull book to read, yet I have read it word for word, and from its pages by the exercise of some imagination and the art of putting this and that together, I have discovered many facts of medical value so far as concerns, for one thing, the medical career of her husband. Oddly enough, in all of her diary she never speaks of him as Dr. Ayer, but generally as Mr. Ayer, sometimes as Ayer, alone, and never as Samuel. Now, although she was much more concerned for the salvation of her husband's soul than for his success in medicine, she managed, but I think unintentionally, to write down many curious facts for the medical historian to utilize. Before going into these, however, let me say, from a religious point of view, that Mrs. Ayer felt that it was terrible for her husband to celebrate the Fourth of July jovially, on a Saturday, because it unfitted him for the worship of the approaching Sunday.

Samuel Ayer came from Concord, New Hampshire, where he was born August 31, 1786, and in the Class of 1807 at Dartmouth he ranked as a Phi Beta, and was so highly thought of personally, with his pleasant ways and open countenance, that immediately after graduating he was made a tutor, and given lodgings in the house of the President, John Wheelock. After a year or two Dr. Nathan Smith

took him in hand and carried him on to a degree of M.B. in 1810, and in the following year sent him to Philadelphia for a degree of Doctor of Medicine.

During his college life Dr. Smith often visited Concord, and was there introduced by young Ayer to the Connell family, where the petite Miss Sarah, weighing then as she says in her diary, about ninety pounds, was much admired for her delicate beauty, and whom Dr. Ayer married after graduating at Philadelphia.

I also like to recall the Connell family and Dr. Ayer and Dr. Nathan Smith collectively, because once upon a time when my Maternal Grandfather, Enoch Greenleafe Parrott of Portsmouth, was serving in the House of Representatives at Concord, he dined with the Connells and met there side by side Dr. Nathan Smith and Dr. Ayer, and his future bride.

Dr. and Mrs. Ayer came to Portland in 1811 directly after their honeymoon and lived there for eleven years. During that time we note from Mrs. Ayer's Diary, that Dr. Ayer attended on India Street, Md'n Kervin Waters, who had been wounded in the "Boxer-Enterprise" fight, and who suffered long from necrosis of the femur, but died despite all that Dr. Ayer and other consultants could do for him. Mrs. Ayer helped, then, to arrange the funeral for this officer, in which the military took part, and many children with flowers, in the long and mournful procession. Dr. Ayer was often consulted, too, by Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, Jr., and Dr. John Merrill, both of them Founders, and was very active in town affairs, whilst Mrs. Ayer was one of the mainstays of the parish of Rev. Edward Payson, oftentimes copying off entire sermons of his and even remembering his long extemporaneous prayers and inserting them into her bulky diary. Fortunately for the reader, the kindly Editor has ingeniously and ingenuously omitted them for modern reading. The Government also made Dr. Ayer a contract surgeon, in the Regular Army, in which position he examined recruits and treated disabled soldiers.

This office he accepted on the understanding that he should not be ordered away from Portland. A high official of the U. S. Army, however, had, it was said, a spite against a military friend of Dr. Ayer, and in order to hit the General Officer by a slap at Dr. Ayer, this physician was ordered to Louisiana. This order he protested against, and declined, and finally he resigned from the Army altogether. His practice then declining, he looked about for a livelihood for his wife and children, went into politics and worked hard for the Collectorship of Customs and the Post Office at Portland, but finally accepted the surveyorship at Eastport in the district of Passamaquoddy Bay, as we shall later note.

Dr. Ayer was quite a surgeon for those days and more than once amputated the hands and even the arms of men injured by premature explosions of muzzle-loading cannons used for patriotic celebrations. It is also pleasant to remember, that when Dr. Nathan Smith came into Maine to found the Medical School of Maine, he visited the Ayers in Portland, and also called in on them another year when he was in Eastport, to examine Charles Lowell, whose famous law suit, Lowell versus Faxon and Hawkes, will not be forgotten so long as medical historians survive. As final items in the Portland life of the Ayers, let it be noted that they lived at one time in the house of Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, Jr., in Monument Square, and that Dr. Ayer was an overseer of Bowdoin College.

During the period preceding the threatened Separation of Maine from Massachusetts, Dr. Ayer was very active personally and by letter, urging voters to plan for Separation, and I believe that it was a reward for such labors, that in 1821 he was appointed to be Surveyor of Eastport for the Passamaquoddy District. At all events, however, this appointment was obtained, the family moved to Eastport in the end of 1821, and there Dr. Ayer continued his eventful life in medicine. Dr. Ayer also corresponded actively with Governor King.

The Diary of Mrs. Ayer from this time onward goes on to tell that Dr. Ayer was well received by the neighboring

Physicians, such as Doctors Hawkes of Eastport, Faxon of Lubec, Whipple of Calais, and others; that he was called for consultations in Lubec, Machias, Calais, and Campobello Island; that he performed several amputations; that he operated upon a blind child and made her see; attended Dr. Faxon in his last illness; treated a case of eclampsia with opium after consultation with Dr. Balch of Calais; that he ligated the vessels and bandaged the stumps of both arms of a man, which were blown off by a premature explosion of a Fourth of July cannon salute; and finally that he attended many lying-in cases, Mrs. Ayer often going with him as a nurse and a religious consoler of the mother.

The neighboring physicians liked Dr. Ayer, he had a metropolitan reputation as a practitioner from Portland, he was a college graduate and had his medical diploma from Nathan Smith, and they also employed him in their families. So, too, as he was an excellent conversationalist, he was much in demand for parties, one of which, with the officers of the "Ossipee," a naval vessel then in port, went off in great style, if we can believe what Mrs. Ayer in her Diary mentions as being "Very Jovial."

Much more might be written concerning the medical career of Dr. Ayer, but suffice it to say, briefly, that just as he started out in college as a worker, he continued to work enthusiastically for medicine all of his life. Altogether, then, the life at Eastport with visits from Dr. Smith, General Ripley, the Judges of the Courts, and Navy officers and others, was very agreeable, the only shadow being the persistent religious forebodings of Mrs. Ayer concerning her husband's SOUL; he was too irreligious to suit her views of preparation for the world to come.

It happened two years before the death of Dr. Ayer, that he suffered on the wharf when setting off to see a patient across the water, a serious fall which injured one of the bones of a leg, and that slow infective inflammation followed. The injury finally healed, but remained tender and probably became a focus for another affection which invaded the lungs, and after an illness of a

few months in 1832, Dr. Ayer died in September. As became an official of the U. S. Government, he was buried with military honors, and minute guns to the number of forty-six were fired from the fort as the procession passed from the house to the grave, and a volley of musketry was fired over his resting place as a last tribute of respect for a good physician and faithful official of the Government.

Lack of space compels me to omit many other items of personal interest concerning the life of Dr. Ayer at Dartmouth. I have published elsewhere many particulars concerning a Commencement at that College, when Miss Sarah Connell went by stage to Hanover, was royally entertained by the President, the Faculty, and the students also, as the lovely fiancée of Tutor Ayer, later on to become well known as the First Secretary of the Maine Medical Society, of which he was an incorporator and honored founder in 1820, and remained renowned during his medical life in Maine.

Having now made a beginning with notices of the lives of the Founder and of the original officers of the Maine Medical Society, I propose to continue to the end of the list in alphabetical order. Although the first one next to be mentioned made more of a stir in the Medico-Historical world than most of the others, yet I trust that to the lives of each and all of the members, sufficient of anecdote will be attached to make all of the lives readable, even to the very last one on the long list. Patience, then, my readers, and you shall have your reward in due season.

On the twelfth day of May, 1815, the south wind blew warm and fresh into the village of Ellsworth, Maine, and all of the windows were flung open wide to let in the first breath of approaching spring. Dr. MOSES ADAMS of that village, a Harvard graduate of 1797, A.M. and M.D., and High Sheriff of Hancock County, had gone the rounds of his practice in the morning, and looked into the jail, wearing his uniform coat of High Sheriff, and had then enjoyed dinner

with his wife (who was Miss Mary Herbert before her marriage), and a Mr. Tuttle who was "choring" around the house. The children of Dr. and Mrs. Adams were at school, quite a distance away, having taken along with them their lunch in the morning, and were not expected home until after four o'clock in the afternoon. Just about two o'clock Dr. Adams told Mr. Tuttle that it was time for him to start for the grist mill for freshly ground Indian meal needed in the kitchen. Directly after starting off for the mill about two miles away, Mr. Tuttle happened to turn around twice, and on each occasion he noticed Mrs. Adams looking out of the windows and in his direction as if to assure herself that he was on the road to the mill. He did not see Dr. Adams at all anywhere about the house. Just what Dr. Adams did after Mr. Tuttle left, nobody ever knew, whether he went into the house again, or whether he set off into the village on some errand or other.

About two o'clock also, as she believed the time to be, Betsey Rice, a near neighbor, passed by the Adams home, and Mrs. Adams, putting her head out of the window, asked her where she was "a-gadding," and told her to be sure and come in on the way back and tell her the village gossip.

Betsey Rice did come back, just about four o'clock, and as she approached the house, people outside told her that Mrs. Adams had been murdered. She went inside, saw about twenty people in the living room, saw Mrs. Adams lying in a pool of blood, and a heavy bootjack and a bloody axe lying near the body. She thought that Mrs. Adams had been stunned with the bootjack and the deed completed with the axe. The blood on the face of the murdered woman as she touched it was hard, that on the floor partially clotted. To all appearances, the murder had been committed about two hours before, or directly after she had passed by the house.

A cry being made for Dr. Adams, he was at last found in the village Post-Office, built within the residence of Major Langdon, Postmaster and Deputy Sheriff, about five-eighths of a mile distant from the Adams home. Arriving at his

house after a hurried walk, Dr. Adams stepped unhesitatingly into the room where his wife lay dead, almost put his foot into the blood beside her, and turning to Mrs. Rice he exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Rice, ain't this a dreadful house!" Lifting the axe he added, "Oh, murderous weapon!" Then he said, "The deed of a vile murderer." Finally he said, "May God forgive the man who has done this!" Suddenly he put his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and exclaimed, "I have been robbed of over two hundred dollars." He thereupon stepped into the bed-room adjoining, on the ground floor of the house, fumbled around in a bureau drawer, and apparently changed his mind, for he then stood up after examining a parcel and said: "I have only been robbed of twenty dollars or so." He went on to say that the money, all of it in bills, had been hidden in a newspaper and then pushed in under clothing in the drawer. Mrs. Rice, who directly afterward examined the paper, testified later on in Court, that all she could see of any traces of money in the paper, was the distinct round imprint of a silver dollar.

Some large silver spoons were missing from a dresser drawer and were never found at all.

Although Dr. Adams knew that the coroner had been sent for, and that it was highly illegal to move the body before that official arrived, he insisted on having the body of his wife lifted at once from the floor and laid on a bed in the next room. In carrying out this removal, he appealed to the spectators, saying, "I, as High Sheriff, am witness for you all, one and all, that you only moved the body at my orders."

A post-mortem examination made that same evening, showed that Mrs. Adams had evidently been stunned with the heavy bootjack, and that then, whilst lying on the floor, the murderer had struck her with an axe on the right side of the neck, severing the large blood vessels and penetrating the vertebrae. There had been a clean-cut, violently-dealt, terrific blow with a heavy axe. The deed was done to kill, for sure.

Dr. Adams was at once examined for blood on his hair, hands, boots, and under his finger nails, or on his clothes.

According to some witnesses at the trial, a little was found in one or two spots on his coat, but according to others, there was no blood to be seen except a droplet on the Indian, embossed on one of the official Sheriff's buttons of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the coat having been worn all that day at all events, but possibly also on days before.

When it seemed from the testimony given off-hand at the Coroner's examination, that Dr. Adams, alone, had the opportunity to do the deed, he was arrested and held for trial for murder in the first degree.

The trial came off June 15, just a month later, at the Meeting House in Castine, the only building large enough to hold the crowd of people assembled. The church was then so crowded that several people were injured when there was a cry that the timbers in the galleries were giving away from the excessive weight. Chief Justice Parker of Massachusetts and two Associate Justices sat on the Bench, the State was represented by Peleg Morton, Attorney General for the Commonwealth, and at the prisoner's request the defense was conducted by Samuel Wilde, an able attorney from Knox County, and later on Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and one of Dartmouth's ablest graduates. Prentiss Mellen, another famous lawyer and later on a Senator from Maine, was with him.

An attempt in the beginning of the trial to introduce testimony concerning supposed inimical relations between Dr. Adams and his wife was made, but it was excluded.

The testimony went to suggest that Dr. Adams was alone in the house with Mrs. Adams after Mr. Tuttle had left and Betsey Rice had passed, and that he alone had the opportunity to do the crime. The medical testimony was brief, Dr. Oliver Mann, whose residence I do not find, describing briefly the contusion caused by the bootjack, the cut in the neck, and giving the opinion that blood thus poured out would coagulate in about two hours. The behavior of the prisoner after arriving home, when sent for, was gone into thoroughly, and various discrepancies revealed as to the asserted theft of money and its place of hiding and the amount.

All of the witnesses varied as to the time when Dr. Adams was said to have been seen leaving his house and arriving at various localities round about the village. The only clock that seemed to be correct was that at the Post-Office. On that clock the defense built its argument. It was shown that Dr. Adams was at Langdon's with medicine for Mrs. Langdon at an hour when he could not possibly have reached it after Betsey Rice had spoken to Mrs. Adams. It was proven, however, that the prisoner went away at once from Langdon's after leaving the medicine, but again, knowing the time when he left, it did not seem possible that he could then have gone home, killed his wife, and again reached Major Langdon's at the Post-Office for the second time that day at a certain hour, as shown by the clock. He was, among other alibis, proved to have knocked at the door of a certain patient of his about two, and to have asked for gin and water and a cigar. He went into the village store, and asked there for spirits and water, and it was again about two o'clock. At another point in the village, two men asked him to drop in and have a drink with them, but when he declined, they went into the house and going in heard the clock strike two, again. But this clock seems to have been out of the way largely, by the Langdon clock, and probably struck two on the half-hour as clocks will sometimes strike when the hands have been carelessly pushed forward or back.

The whole case hung on just where Dr. Adams was between two and three at the latest, when, according to all medical knowledge, the blood must have been clotting on the face of his murdered wife. According to the Post-Office clock he could not have been in his house near two, but according to other clocks he might have been and then ran hastily away to Langdon's, but of his running on that very warm day nothing could be proved. Wherever seen, he was walking, and not with rapidity. From three o'clock onward, until sent for somewhat after four, to go home at once as his wife had been killed, he was seen fixed and firm on two legs, perched in a chair in the Post-Office at Langdon's, smoking, reading the news, sipping a drink to keep cooled

off, and finally, after four, helping to assort the newspapers which had at that time come late in the afternoon mail.

If the arguments of the counsel on both sides had been preserved, which was, unfortunately, not the case at all, we might be able to decide for ourselves concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused. Unfortunately, the printed report of the trial contains no mention of any arguments. I may add, however, that an aged man informed Mr. Williamson, the Maine Historian, that the counsel for the defence argued that any stranger might have been in town that day, committed the murder and the robbery, and escaped without ever having been seen.

The Judge charged that the jury were not to go by what they thought, but by the testimony which had been sworn to in their hearing. As to the belief that a stranger might have done the deed, they were to consider if the testimony suggested any such possibility. If there had been a stranger in the town, and if certain property were missing, why, the defendant would be not guilty, because the crime might belong to the other man.

The jury remained out over two hours and finally returned with the unanimous verdict of Not Guilty, and Dr. Adams was freed at once.

Before I leave the case for good, it may be reconstructed as one of sudden anger, a quarrel over a trifle as will occur between married people. Perhaps the wife nagged Dr. Adams about the school mistress boarding with them a part of the time during the previous winter. Then the man, angered beyond control, flung the heavy bootjack, stunned the woman, and then he had to think. He thought that he was likely to be tried for assault and battery, and that he might as well swing for the whole thing. So, still seeing red, he ran into the yard, picked up the axe dropped by Mr. Tuttle, rushed in and finished the deed, and then ran, for an alibi, and his life. On the other hand, the lucky bottle of medicine, ready for a distant call on Mrs. Langdon, suggests premeditation of the deed.

The reader will have to take his choice of the dilemma and of the evidence.

Some might think that a physician, always provided with poisonous drugs, would, for a deliberate crime, prefer such a means, as unlikely to be discovered in those days of defective chemistry.

Had the limits of this paper permitted, it would have been nice to enlarge upon the circumstances of this extraordinary murder, to emphasize the little drop of blood on the Indian of the Commonwealth; the chances that this blood or other clots discoverable upon the clothing may have arisen from attending a woman in confinement or from bleeding a patient in the arm, so common in the practice of medicine in those early days.

Dr. Adams was generally regarded as having deliberately murdered his wife, for, although he practiced in Ellsworth for some years later, he never regained popular favor. And although he married again a woman of promise, Miss Mary Lawrence, he failed of public sentiment. Finally, he began to suffer from intense neuralgic pains, and so he left the village and passed the rest of his days in North Ellsworth on the road toward Bangor, where he died in 1839. Visitors to the house after his death, would always be shown in the wide fireplace of the deserted house, a circle, almost worn through the thickness of the ancient bricks, where Dr. Adams, day after day, and year after year, twirled around and around, the heavy tongs, in a perpetual circle of thought, uninterrupted by words.

Some men have the gift of doing some one thing which makes them forever memorable, so long as written documents endure. Of this sort of man, a most notable instance is that of DR. SAMUEL ADAMS of Bath (1744-1819), whom I am including in my list of lives, although he died a very short time before this Society of ours was actually founded. He comes in by virtue of being a great man about

the time of Separation. As will be seen, he deserves mention for his documents relating to Maine Medical History.

Born in Killingly, Connecticut, he had a good school education, studied medicine with Dr. Nathaniel Freeman of Sandwich on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, was active in medicine in Truro, Massachusetts, before the Revolution, and during the war served long and faithfully. I find him as surgeon to Col. Phinney's Regiment at Albany, then as surgeon in the 3d Artillery, and finally immersed in hospital service until about the fag-end of the War. At the age of 38 or thereabout he settled for civil practice in Ipswich, Massachusetts, as I have every reason to believe, the precise locality being difficult to prove a century later along. During the Revolution he became acquainted with General Knox, and, of course, with his own Colonel Phinney, so that later on he came down into Maine and settled in Bath as urged and advised by these officers of his friendly acquaintance. They knew him to be a very capable man. He did as they requested, and after practicing in Ipswich until 1796, he came over to Bath and spent there the rest of his busy life.

A very considerable note book, used all of his life by Dr. Adams, and entitled by him on the cover, "Lying-in Cases by S. A.," tells his readers briefly all that he did for obstetrics from the year 1782 until his death in 1819. This book, which is still well preserved in Maine's Historical Library, the gift of Mrs. Hartley Baxter of Brunswick, brings Dr. Adams' cases directly before us as if they had been noted but yesterday. It remains for him a monument more perpetual, so far, than one of marble or of slate in any cemetery.

His first case is dated at Ipswich, August 2, 1782, when he was 38 years of age. In that locality up to the end of 1796 he attended 485 cases, all of which he recorded briefly, but plainly, and each one is well worth studying in detail. Out of his first list in Ipswich I find instances of births at Wood Island at the mouth of the Merrimac, and at the Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth. How would the modern obstet-

rician fancy a rowing or sailing party, as of those days, twenty or more miles out to sea and another twenty back, in any sort of weather.

Removing to Bath in 1796, Dr. Adams delivered in and around that city some 1,115 women, until his death. His record is, as can be seen, exceptional. In his first series of 485 cases he never used the forceps once. Women must have been built differently then from nowadays. Nor did he lose a single Mother. His last case was on February 6, 1819, and he died rather suddenly not long afterward. A minute study of this "Lying-in Cases" shows that he met with one woman, his own fourth wife, who had brought into the world fourteen children, although of his own he never mentioned more than eight from his four wives. Twins were not uncommon in his practice. Labor was occasionally tedious but generally rapid. The membranes were now and then very tough. The funis was often short, oftener very long, and frequently convoluted around the neck, body, and arms in curious fashions. Two children were born with six fingers and toes on each hand and foot respectively. There were a few instances of supernumerary fingers on the bases of others. Infants weighed all the way from three pounds to the heaviest, which weighed eleven and three-quarters. He attended in labor the wives of Dr. Nathaniel Weld, and Dr. Timothy Waldron, both of Bath, but of whom few other traces are to be found in Maine Medical History. Finally, in a case of eclampsia with convulsions, "All the women in the room and house were frightened at nothing," but that opium given abundantly brought the patient out all right in the end.

And oh, so many times at the end of each delivery, he adds—"Went home at last; mother and baby doing well."

Dr. Adams mentions in his Lying-in Book that he kept a separate account in great detail of all of his difficult obstetrical cases, but, sad to say, this second note book has never yet been found.

I came across the other day a little bit of a note, neatly written to me some years ago by a lady, who at that time was nearly a hundred years old, and in it I read something to this effect:

"Dr. Samuel Adams did most of the midwifery in Bath for a long series of years, excepting that he had one rival, Old Granny Lombard, who would bring an infant into the world for a silver cart wheel (silver dollar), but who had common sense enough to know just when to get her dollar, anyway, and then to give Dr. Adams a chance to earn five, and his costs of travel, and to end the case properly."

The Lying-in Book of Dr. Samuel Adams of Ipswich and Bath, proves that the physician who wants his works to be known and to follow him so long as paper lasts, should make a record of all of his patients and leave word to his descendants, or family, that they shall be preserved when he has no further use for them.

DR. MOSES APPLETON of Winslow and Waterville was one of those pioneer physicians in the Kennebec Valley, whose career has already been related by me in Kelley and Burrage's American Medical Biographies, but deserves to be repeated here in briefer style than in that standard Biographical Cyclopœdia as one might call it. He was born in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, in 1773. After graduating from Dartmouth in 1791, he taught school and also studied medicine with the celebrated Dr. John Brooks, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, and was debating with himself where to practice what medicine he knew, when Reuben Kidder, a Dartmouth classmate, already practicing law in Winslow and Waterville, sent for him to come there at once, as Dr. Obadiah Williams, a Revolutionary surgeon of fame, and late of Vassalborough, was now getting on in life and would be glad of the presence and of the help of a younger man to ride to his outlying patients. Kidder offered him for an office, half of a log cabin which he was then putting up.

Dr. Appleton went up the Kennebec at once, and remained in Waterville for life. Dr. Williams, suffering from a painful tooth, was his first patient, and for a fee Dr. Williams sent to Dr. Appleton the next patient applying to him for advice. The two physicians worked together from the start, but Dr. Williams died before long, and Dr. Appleton was alone in the flourishing community. He had ninety-five patients the first year and soon became a leader in the town. He never was an exceedingly religious man, but he liked on occasions of emergencies in practice, to pray with and for a patient, and publicly, he often read the prayers and even a sermon from one of the numerous printed collections of that age, whenever it happened that a minister could not be procured. If you could not always get to church, in those days, you could get plenty of religion, for most of the books then printed taught nothing else than religion for those who could read. Prayer for the sick was, in those Colonial days, as efficacious as is the more modern laying on of hands or psychotherapy.

Much of Dr. Appleton's practice was based on barter; he gave his services, his medicines, and his time; he got his pay in boots and shoes, or in firewood, or in winter provisions of salted meats.

As time went on and his practice became as large or larger than that of various physicians who gradually drifted into Waterville, he accumulated property, established a Bank, was its first President, and was, as one might say, the leading citizen of Waterville. He served at one time on a committee for the establishment of the United States Pharmacopœia, was a councillor of the Massachusetts Medical Society for Kennebec County many years, and attended regularly at the expense of long journeys on horseback, the meetings of the Maine Medical Society at Brunswick. He survived into the year 1849, being then in his 75th year, and in dying, left behind him a name long famous in the Medical History of the District and of the State of Maine.

Some people cannot "for the life of them," as the saying runs, see any fun in hunting out the careers of any dead men,

or women, to say nothing of dead doctors. If they felt, as I do, that a few words ought to be said to perpetuate the memory of every man, woman, or child, who ever did any GOOD to any other fellow-being in this round world of ours, they would own up to a perfectly satisfied gratification in finally "placing" missing characters in medicine, somewhere on the map of the State in which they did their good works for others of their race.

Now the cause for these remarks is, that it had happened for a long time that I had been hunting, yet hunting in vain, for information concerning the life and deeds of DR. MOSES AYER, catalogued by the Massachusetts Medical Society as practicing in Augusta for several years, and thus entitled to be named as one of our Founders. Finally, when in the last stages of despair of ever finding him at all, I discovered that the man who had copied the old note books and ordered them to be printed as they now stand, had made a mistake in copying the place in which this physician practiced. For, final researches in the original manuscripts of the Massachusetts Society, reveal the fact that Dr. Moses Ayer practiced long and successfully in Norway, Maine, but never for a day in Augusta. If in the New Testament there is rejoicing over the finding of a lamb that has strayed, there is much more gladness of heart when the Medical Historian of this day finds the name and the actual abode of a long missing Founder of our Society.

Here now stands before us the true and genuine Moses Ayer, born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, March 21, 1785; son of Moses and Patty Kimball Ayer; and studying medicine with a clever practitioner, Dr. James Brickett of Haverhill and Newbury. After finishing his medical education and marrying when only nineteen Miss Lydia Hale of Newbury, he removed to Norway, where by abundant skill he soon established a living practice. He labored hard, also, to build up a parish church, and to help out the minister, in-

vested his savings in timber lands, and did his best to carry on at the same time a widespread country practice.

As he gradually increased his timber holdings he moved in 1827 to Sangerville, where he continued his business interests so extensively that he had but little time left for medicine, except chiefly in consultations with other physicians living in scattered settlements near by or whenever they failed to arrive in emergencies.

At last, however, as happens to men of business, but which ought not to have happened to Dr. Ayer if he had only kept his own health clearer in view than the size of his bank account, he became mentally defective, and was compelled to pass the rest of his life in retirement, with long lucid intervals interrupted with total loss of consciousness of all worldly affairs about him.

It is possible that the fiction attached to his name as a practitioner in Augusta, may have originated from the fact that at various times his friends sought for him some solace and benefit from treatment in various institutions and finally at the State Hospital at Augusta, in which at one time he remained for a considerable period for mental recuperation.

Dr. Moses Ayer attended one or two of the meetings of our Society, but he died in 1847 at the age of 62. With his rugged frame and bodily stamina, he would have lived longer and done even more good than he did in the community in which he first established his practice, had he been toward the middle of his life less busy in planning for the fortunate future of others dear to himself.

When a physician practiced in ancient Scarborough, a century or more ago, it meant a great deal more of a laborious occupation than it may mean in these days of improved travel, because such a practice then extended southerly into Pepperellborough (the Saco and Biddeford of to-day), eastward to Falmouth (now Portland), and into the back country westward to Buxton and the Salmon Falls of the Saco River. Over this large tract of country, scantily

furnished with people, and interspersed with insufficient roads and bridle paths, DR. ALVAN BACON practiced for forty years and more, starting in with a list of patients left over to him by the promotion of Dr. Robert Southgate to become a Judge of Common Pleas.

Dr. Southgate, by the way, deserves more than a mere passing mention, for he was a sterling patriot during the Revolution, and yet later on was accused of being a Tory, a stigma which he thoroughly cleansed from his reputation without much trouble. He furnished abundant saltpeter for powder during the Revolution, and spoke freely in its furtherance. Born in Scituate in 1741, he settled in Scarboro in 1771, retired in 1796 to be a Judge of Common Pleas for York County, and died at 92 in the year 1833. He left behind him the reputation of a capable physician so long as he practiced, and of a Judge whose decisions were regarded as so eminently correct, that they were never carried up to the Higher Courts of the Law.

Dr. Bacon came originally from Charlestown, Massachusetts, was admitted to the Massachusetts Society in 1806, and he practiced in Scarboro until his death after a long and painful illness in 1828, at the age of 77. He married into the widespread family of the Millikens, and was always known as a plain, outspoken country doctor, forceful in his manners, and in his medicines, alike. It is said of another practitioner in that neighborhood, that nothing in the world was the matter with himself, except that he was compelled to practice in the same old town with Dr. Alvan Bacon, who never gave him a chance to do a good job without his butting in for a consultation at the request of the family. He served in the militia as a surgeon and reached the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

He once created an enormous amount of excitement in the entire region round about, by making an unheard-of journey to the Territory of Florida and back, partly by land and partly by water, something wonderful in the way of a pilgrimage to the Sunny South, in the days of the SIMPLE LIFE.

In concluding this all too brief notice of a man of more than ordinary personality, let me quote this little anecdote concerning him, which has cropped up in an ancient letter lying here at hand.

When he was once called to see a man well known to him as a big glutton at both food and drink, he found him doubled up with pain, and suffering from an acute attack of indigestion; and this, in spite of frequent warnings from Dr. Bacon that sometime or other his over-eating would cost the gluttonous fellow his life.

"Well, sir," said Dr. Bacon, after giving him some powerful dose of a proper remedy, "Well, sir, here you are again, nearly dead. What sort of stuff have you been gorging yourself with this time? Same old horse and his saddle, too! No wonder that you are in such a dying condition as this!"

This brief anecdote shows off what we call the "Horse Sense" of Dr. Alvan Bacon.

Finally, this genial old practitioner left as a successor a son, whose name, like that of his Father, has come down to our days, a practitioner in Saco, as well as occasionally in Scarboro where his Father worked so faithfully.

Of Dr. DAVID BACON of Buxton, a member of the Massachusetts Society of 1817, and one of the founders of our Society, and dying at the place of his practice in 1848 at the age of 74, I find absolutely nothing with which to illuminate his life in medicine, except that there was such a physician born in Charlton, Massachusetts, in 1774. He married in due season, and his wife brought him six children, and then worked hard all the rest of her life to bring them up well and religiously. As for him, he travelled to and fro over hard country roads, and earned his large reward in saving both the bodies and, as he thought, the souls of his numerous though scattered patients. After long years of patient toil and trouble he was gathered into his rest. Peace be to him and to such men as he. We know from his abund-

ant years that he was a good, faithful old fellow in medicine, doing all the good that he could all of the time, and often sorry that he was not able to do a great deal more, and a great deal better for others than he had done in his long, lonely journey through the world.

It is to be hoped that a later student of Medical History in Maine will be able to find farther and more intimate details of the life of this worthy man, than I have so far succeeded in obtaining.

The will of MOSES BAKER of Nobleboro was probated January 15, 1827, and he must have died shortly before that date as this paper was written and witnessed in the previous August. From it we learn nearly all that it is possible to know of his medical career. Amongst his wishes, he asked that a prayer and nothing but a prayer be said over his remains, by his well-beloved friend, the Reverend Phineas Pillsbury, and that supported by six medical pall-bearers whose names next follow, Dr. Josiah Myrick, Dr. Benjamin Brown, Dr. Manning, Dr. Washburn, Dr. Elisha J. Ford and Dr. Lot Myrick, he is to be buried in a grave behind his house at Harrington's Corner, that to be covered over with lime mortar and upon it laid a marble slab with his name and dates. Of that grave or its protecting and descriptive marble slab no trace so far has ever been discovered in the town in which he lived for so many years. We know nothing of his place of birth or parentage or of the name of his widow or of her children. The court records, however, show a small estate hardly sufficient for the needs of the widow and children, and some litigation following over accounts and debts, so that it is wise to conclude that the marble slab on Dr. Baker's grave was never placed as he had planned and expected. His unknown grave remains grassed over forever.

The town records of Nobleboro throw a little light upon his career, several items showing him chosen school committeeman, selectman and moderator for several years, and he

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE

Seven years after the notice of Dr. Moses Baker of Nobleboro, was written, the following items were discovered and are here inserted at the last minute to finish the story of his life.

DR. MOSES BAKER of Nobleboro, the son of a Dr. Moses Baker, Sr., of Randolph, was born in that town in Massachusetts in 1746. He studied medicine with his Father who had removed to Canton near by, and there the younger Doctor taught school, practiced medicine as successor to Dr. Crossman, and married. His first wife dying in 1797, he married again, Miss Elizabeth Howard of Bridgewater, in September, 1813.

In the interval he had gone much into politics and spoke often for his party. In 1798 he was asked to deliver a Fourth of July oration. On the day before, the town was scattered with placards, more or less to this effect:

"M, stands for Moses, whose head is bare;
N, stands for Nothing, concealed up there."

When he began his oration, there was a fisticuff fight in the galleries, and on the floor, but the rioting was finally subdued, and the oration finished.

There was a "Great Gale" in 1804, during which the barn of Dr. Baker was blown down, his horses killed, and his house injured. These circumstances probably led him to move into Maine where he settled in Nobleborough. He was liked as a country doctor, and continued to work until the end, on some day in the first week of October, 1826, aged 80. Later on, his body was exhumed by a son, and probably buried in the old family lot in Randolph, or Canton.

he lived to be 83 years of age, coming originally from Scituate, Massachusetts. He studied medicine with Dr. Bela Lincoln on Cape Cod, and soon afterward made an attempt to obtain a practice in Gorham, but the field was small, Falmouth (Portland nowadays) with Dr. Coffin and other physicians, was too near for comfortable competition, so, discouraged, he removed to Barnstable, Massachusetts. He next served as a ship's surgeon at the famous expedition against Bagaduce, on the Penobscot Bay in 1779, and after that disaster he settled once more in Gorham. Later on he moved to Stroudwater where his former mansion, now known as the Hunt house, still stands in good repair.

Dr. Barker was an extraordinary man from the literary standpoint, and so far as my studies go I doubt if any physician in New England of his era equalled him in fertility of Case Reports, and delineation in well expressed language, of many advances in medicine and surgery alike. He was a profound student of medical books, and composed from them abstracts of useful information, which he made a habit of carrying about with him in his rounds of practice and of reading and discussing with his patients at their beds of sickness, and then prescribing accordingly. He had implicit faith in lime water, in his own Alkaline Treatment as he called it, all of his life, and utilized it in fevers to the exclusion of all other remedies. He furthermore wrote letters concerning it to the prominent medical men of his time, telling them of his results, urging them to try it, in turn, and then to report their results to him.

He seems to have had rather a contempt for the clergy of the day, as may be gleaned from the following anecdote culled from a Case Report of his.

After calling in Dr. Nathaniel Coffin in a case of tetanus, they proposed to treat the patient with rum and laudanum. The women in the house objected, and insisted on having a clergyman called in for prayer and consultation. This divine, when informed of the proposed treatment, remonstrated against sending the patient back to his Creator, "drunk with rum and poisoned with opium." The physi-

cians insisted, forced the treatment upon the patient, and he recovered. But Dr. Barker on another occasion remarked, that this temperate patient, offended at the compulsory treatment, afterward suicided in a pool of clear spring water, hoping perhaps in this way to cleanse his system of the poisonous remedies employed.

Dr. Barker was no mean surgeon as the times went, and he invented a valuable sponge tent for empyaema of which he was very proud. He performed many amputations and published accounts of them in Mitchill's "Repository," as well as cases of fracture and tetanus.

Nothing in my studies has been more delightful than to discover some of Dr. Barker's medical books with interpolated notes in his handwriting. It is a pity that his proposed "Biographies of Medical Men" fell through, and that his MSS. disappeared at his death, for, with his descriptive skill, many noteworthy biographical items might have come down to our day. I never read a more entertaining "Journal" than one of his with an account of a horseback medical ride from Portland to Rhode Island, interspersed with notes of the physicians whom he met and the valuable cases which they showed to him as he moved along. Truly, there have been but few physicians with the adventurous ability of Jeremiah Barker.

Another thing in his favor was the good terms on which he stood with his medical brethren, as proved by his reports of many instances of consultations with Coffin, Farnsworth, Folsom, and others of our Founders of 1820.

Finally, he was a "Sixty-Niner," meaning one of the sixty-nine people of 1825 who met at the Friends' Meeting House on Oak Street in Portland at the first temperance meeting in the History of the United States.

Dr. Jeremiah Barker was born in 1752, he died in 1835; he did his best to establish the Maine Medical Society, to put it on a good footing, to push it forward to a promising future, but he regretted, in his old age, that for various reasons it was never a perfect success.

The first actual romance connected with a member of the Maine Medical Society of 1820 is that of DR. BENJAMIN DIXON BARTLETT of Bath, and may be stated briefly and attractively in the following way. It seems that his Grandfather, Roger Bartlett, came over to Boston, Massachusetts, from Branscomb in County Devon, England, about 1748, but with no intention whatsoever of settling in this country; England was good enough for him. It happened, however, that from mere curiosity to see the buildings at Harvard, possibly also to compare them with those which he had before seen at Cambridge, in England, he went out to Cambridge, happened to meet there Miss Annie Hurd, fell in love with her at sight, and asked her if she would wait for him to come back and marry her if he could first go home and get his parents' consent. She accepted him on this condition, which he finally obtained, although very reluctantly, from his people, and they were married on his return voyage, October 6, 1749. Their only surviving son, Samuel (although there were several daughters also), married in due season Mary Barrett of Concord, Massachusetts, and they finally settled for life in Cambridge, near the College, where Mr. Bartlett was Register of Deeds for the County for many years.

Their son, Dr. Bartlett of Bath, as we know of him, was one of their twelve children, and was born in Cambridge about 1790. As a matter of course, he entered Harvard, was graduated academically in 1810 and medically in 1813. So now, we see how the chance crossing on the ferry of Roger Bartlett of County Devon, from Boston to Cambridge, eighty years before, brought Dr. Bartlett before us as one of our Founders. Such a romance is one of the proper sort, a romance of sentiment, and not like the romances manufactured today concerning inanimate pieces of iron and copper wire, called a Telephone, or of mere rails of iron, called a Railroad.

In addition to this true romance, Dr. Bartlett deserves and shall now have more eulogy from me, because he was one of the only two members of the Society ever invited to de-

liver an ADDRESS before the members at their annual meeting, Dr. Ariel Mann, of whom we shall later on hear more, being the other.

Whenever an address was to be delivered before the Society, the proceedings were carried out with considerable solemnity, the members meeting in Massachusetts Hall at Bowdoin, and after business was finished, lining into a procession headed by a brass band. When Dr. Bartlett delivered his address, September 4, 1827, twenty-five members were present, and joined in the procession to the Meeting House. Following them were the officers of the College, men of literary fame, and recent medical graduates. Dr. Bartlett had always had the reputation of being a very well dressed man, but on this occasion he outshone himself in a new suit of clothes, a beautiful tie, and hair well barbered. The Address occupied about forty minutes in delivery. The style was nice, and the language employed of the choicest. The themes ran as follows:

We need a Medical Lending Library for Members; funds should be raised for books; members could borrow as they saw fit and be sure to read them. The next idea was that Maine needed a better Anatomical Law than at present. Anatomy should be wisely and broadly taught as a foundation for medicine. The final topic was the monstrous quackery of the day all over Maine, so that medical education and above all examinations for fitness were indispensable. No lawyer could argue at the bar unless examined. No physician should be allowed to practice without examination of his skill.

After delivery of this attractive paper, the procession was formed again and marched back to a banquet with toasts for various members and guests present.

The entire medical career of Dr. Bartlett, evidently a distinguished physician, may now be summed up in this fashion. He practiced first in Concord, Massachusetts, after obtaining his diploma; moved down into Bath, where he practiced twelve years, and then, owing, probably, to calls to come home and take care of his parents in their declining

years, he went into practice at Cambridge for the rest of his life, and died there February 7, 1853, at the age of 63 years. Judging from his address which has been preserved to us, he was an elegant man in appearance, highly educated, and a man who set the style for other physicians to go by if they chose, or to be as undignified as suited their pleasure, indifferent to public opinion all of their lives.

DR. JAMES BATES, physician and surgeon in the U. S. Army, and at Hallowell, Norridgewock, and Yarmouth, in Maine, was a celebrated man in his time. Born in Greene in 1789, he studied medicine with Dr. Charles Smith of Fayette, and Dr. Ariel Mann, of Hallowell, and served in the War of 1812. His chief military work was to take care of and to bring home from Canada all the sick and wounded prisoners, a task which occupied most of his time for two years. He next went into a harmonious partnership with Dr. Ariel Mann at Hallowell, until a better opening appeared at Norridgewock, where he practiced for nearly thirty years, doing almost all of the surgery in that region. He is said to have amputated a leg in thirty seconds.

During this period he served two entire terms as Member of the House of Representatives at Washington, doing excellent constructive work as the Congressional Record shows us. He seems also to have written more medical papers than any other one of our Founders, and amongst these I note as of a high degree of excellence, those "On Encephaloid Tumors" and "On an Artificial Leech instead of Venesection." As might be said, his essays were peopled with new ideas. His medical library was choice and extensive; he owned many books in Latin, Greek and French, all bearing on the Science of Medicine.

He was in charge of the State Hospital at Augusta directly after its foundation, and might have remained there indefinitely, being interested in a study of the insane, had he not unexpectedly received an invitation from a deputation of the citizens of Yarmouth, asking him to come there and

practice for the rest of his life. He accepted this invitation and remained there until his death in 1867, at the advanced age of 92, from a slight yet sudden fall. His faculties remained largely unimpaired to the last. He was a clever speaker and often lectured on health, agriculture and temperance. He was firm in his opinions, but neither obstinate nor crotchety; he never pretended to be omnipotent in medicine.

The prolonged career of Dr. Bates is well worth recalling, and in ending this agreeable task, I must not forget to add a word concerning his son, DR. JAMES MACOMBER BATES, a very able member of our ASSOCIATION of today, who, like his Father, wrote many papers of high value and was an able debater at all of our Meetings. He lived beyond 80. Father and son are both WORTHIES in Maine Medicine. To their memory these few lines may serve as a pleasant remembrance; first of the veteran Father, and then of the words of encouragement and many consultations offered to me by the son at a time when I was struggling for a success in special practice, which I feared I should never attain owing to physical defects of hearing.

One of the finest buildings in Portland, the Baxter Block on Congress Street, is dedicated to the memory of DR. ELIHU BAXTER, who practiced medicine in various places in Vermont and Maine at the time of the Separation and long afterward, and ultimately in Portland, where he died suddenly in his eighty-second year, January 23, 1863.

He was a son of Elihu and Tryphoena Taylor Baxter of Norwich, Vermont, and after attending two courses of lectures at the Dartmouth School of Medicine, he practiced in Limington, Vermont, but did not remain long owing to a tragedy in his early medical life. He was engaged to Miss Clarissa Simms of Limington, but she was at that time not quite ready to be married. It happened, however, on the 28th of February, 1806, that there was a party of young people at her home, and as it was very stormy the guests

were apparently bound to spend the night there. Judge Simms, the father of the young lady, suggested that for something out of the usual line of fun, Dr. Baxter and his daughter should then and there be married. So, as an official, he issued the license, and then as official again, he married the happy couple amidst great amusement and jollification.

Six weeks later, being the first day of April, the young wife and her sister set off on horseback to their Father's home, but in crossing a river, the ice gave way, both of the ladies fell in; the unmarried one was rescued, but Mrs. Baxter was drowned. A boy ran to Dr. Baxter, crying, "Oh, Dr. Baxter, your wife is drowned." "Oh, yes," said he, "I know it," thinking it to be merely an April Fool joke. But soon enough the dreadful truth was proved, and running with utmost speed to the river bank, he found dead there, the recovered body of his lately wedded bride.

After a while Dr. Baxter removed to Maine, and becoming interested in lumbering, he practiced medicine in various places, at Alna, Wayne, Orono, and Gorham, his wanderings being due solely to the protection of his funds and those of his friends engaged in lumbering. In all that time, however, he practiced medicine zealously wherever he happened to be.

Some of his timber holdings, it may be noted in passing, were ultimately sold to the celebrated Dr. Parkman, who was later murdered by his friend, Dr. John White Webster.

Whilst practicing in Gorham, Dr. Baxter built the house now called the Baxter Museum and Town Hall as founded by his son, by a second wife, Miss Sarah Coyne, famous for doing more public good with his fortune than any citizen ever adorning the daily walks of life in Portland. Wearying at last of Gorham, Dr. Baxter moved into Portland, where he had a house and fine garden, first on Pleasant Street, and afterward on Brown Street, not far from the Historical Library of today.

Elihu Baxter was always interested in the medical advances effected abroad, as monthly exhibited in the famous

Braithwaite's "Retrospect," and on the arrival of each number he would read it steadily, day after day, until its contents were mastered for the benefit of his patients. He was a solid looking man, big of frame and features, with a long, narrow mouth, rather drooping at the corners, rather stern in the expression of his face, and with heavy cheeks and jaws. He was looking forward to a longer life, even on the day before he died, for he was apparently then as well as ever, but he had a stroke which ended his life. As a surgeon he does not seem to have been much at home with instruments, but he limited his practice to the care of expectant mothers, to young children, and to a study of the proper uses of medicine for the help of his many patients to whom he had much endeared himself by his thoughtfulness and constant deeds of kindness.

DR. ISAAC BERNARD of Thomaston is often mentioned in the political as well as in the medical history of Maine, and he deserves such mention, because he was a man of ability on both sides of the equator of education, as one may say. For he had a good medical education, of its sort, from Dr. Dodge, of whom we shall later hear, and he was gifted with the rapid tongue of a ready, witty, and political story teller. It was hard to catch him napping in any debate, either medical or political. I have never discovered that he had a medical degree, but that was not considered essential in his time. He practiced first in Union, and then in Thomaston as far back as 1787, where he at once "made up" to the Widow Hanson, married her and her money, and soon had reputation enough for any man. Her fortune brought him a commission in a company of Light Artillery, with a gay uniform and trappings. He also shone as town moderator for several years, and was elected no less than six times to the General Court in Boston, where he and his charming wife were made much of socially, what with her money and style and his witty talk. He also served as delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1820, and his name is here and there men-

tioned in the debates for which the Convention was famous, many sharp witted men composing it and directing its fortunes.

Dr. Bernard did a good deal of trading, of one sort and another, and had much success, but when he tried to make money out of the building of ships he came near being swamped in his own launching ways. He cut a big hole in his purse, it was said, in trying to do something with which he was not familiar. He should have stuck to his ointments, instead of greasing the ways for ships to slide down upon.

It does not appear from the records that he had a large practice, but when we look about at the country practice of some of the members of our profession of today, we have to confess that they have some leisure on their hands off and on. If, then, they will not study their books on medicine, they might as well do a little trading, after the fashion of Dr. Bernard. At all events, this gentleman and physician was agreeable to everybody, as a man of the world or of business, or as a practitioner of medicine. And those hints are worth remembering in summing up the character of all physicians.

Dr. Dodge of Thomaston, also, had two real rivals in medical practice, Dr. Bernard and Dr. Webb, of whom I regret to say that I know nothing at all except in this fashion; that Dr. Dodge tried to sweep both of these men out of his professional path with this epigrammatic sort of remark, which may as well find insertion here as in a later notice of the life of Dr. Dodge.

"Bernard has got a mighty fine eye for seeing the symptoms of diseases, but he don't know anything about medicine. Webb, on the other hand, knows a pile about medicine, but he can't see a symptom right under his eyes and nose. Now, if somebody could only roll those two fellows right up together into one man, why, we could get one real good doctor out of the pair of them."

Dr. Bernard's dates for birth and death are mythical and shadowy still, after much research, and until they are precisely defined, it is not worth while making a guess at either, unless it is to say, that he died somewhere about 1830, ten years after the founding of the Maine Medical Association.

DR. SILAS BLAKE was a good, all-round sort of a practitioner of medicine, nor was he in the least afraid of tackling anything surgical which came into his view in the little settlement of Bolster's Mills. He joined the Massachusetts Medical Society just before the Separation, his admission into that Society being much favored by the fact that he had seen considerable surgery in the service of Dr. John Collins Warren, although I do not find that he obtained at Harvard any degree in medicine. Outside of the mere tombstone fact that he died in 1851 at the age of 65, I know of only one occurrence in his entire life important enough to be recorded in this collection.

I find on a mere shred of paper culled from a long forgotten Case Book of Dr. Blake's, or copied from the margins of some worn-out text-book on surgery of a hundred years ago, say, for instance, an old Cooper's "Surgery," this unique item. Once upon a time a patient consulted him for a malignant growth of some unknown nature, and in an attempt to cure it, Dr. Blake ligated and ligated successfully the subclavian artery. Whether this operation is, or was at that date, much of an operation, I really could not say from personal knowledge, as I never have practiced surgery at all. In those days, however, as I have read, whenever a surgeon was timid about removing horrid looking growths likely to be followed by abundant or possibly a fatal hemorrhage, he would first ligate the nutrient artery, as it was then called, hoping not only to cure the patient by cutting off the blood supply, but to avoid the fatal hemorrhage if he tried to remove the growth by ordinary excision.

Dr. Dimond Mussey and Dr. Nathan Smith, and other surgeons of their ability, frequently performed such operations with famous results, and it is probable enough that Dr. Blake sought to emulate them in some osteoma of the clavicle or thereabout, when their services could not be obtained, owing to the separating distance, or lack of money on the part of the patient.

This is an odd anecdote with which to label and to pass down into Maine Medical History any of the Founders of

the Society; but, fragile and unsubstantiated as it forever remains, let it serve as such a tag for Dr. Silas Blake of Bolster's Mills: "He ligated the subclavian artery for a malignant growth and the patient lived long enough to say a great many good words for his wonderful yet unassuming skill."

Bloomfield in Maine seems, according to historical accounts, to have been situated on one side of the Kennebec River, and Skowhegan on the other. Nowadays they are united in the flourishing town of Skowhegan lying on both sides of the river, with a fine water power in between, once a wonderful sight to the eyes of the traveler in search of beautiful scenery, but which in our era, has been "developed" into a concrete dam, with an enormous "spillage" of water power.

Bloomfield, also, seems to have had at one time more physicians, and to tell the truth, more charlatans within its borders than any other place of its size in Maine. Amongst the odd lots of medical men of the village we may mention Dr. Steward, who utilized the oil of rattlesnakes for deafness, and the grease, sizzled out of dead cats, for the shingles and allied skin diseases. Another curiosity in medicine was Dr. Mann, the editor of "The Down East Screamer," an advertising medical broadside, and who claimed noisily for a long time afterward, that Dr. Valorus Perry Coolidge, the Waterville murderer, did not die and suffer a post-mortem examination at the State Prison at Thomaston, but was permitted to escape, and was seen again and alive in California, but without a heart. "For," as Dr. Benjamin Franklin Buxton of Warren, who did the post-mortem, exclaimed, "I cut it out of him on the table at Thomaston, Maine."

Dr. Samuel Wilder also lived here at one time, and he was the author of a pretty good book on the history of Medicine, although rather inclined to down the Allopaths and cry, Hail to Eclecticism.

Surrounded by such men DR. JAMES BOWEN, possibly from Rhode Island, where multitudes of Bowens flourished in that era, settled in Bloomfield about 1800, and soon obtained so solid a reputation as a man, physician, and politician, that he was elected to the General Court at Boston. Whilst there attending a session, he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. As a result, also, of his success in obtaining votes for his party, he exercised a wide influence in the distribution of offices in that portion of Maine for several years.

After practicing a dozen years or more, Dr. Bowen felt the need of wider and deeper studies into the science of medicine, and so betook himself to the Medical School at Woodstock, Vermont, then in charge of Dr. J. A. Gallup, who lectured with skill, operated with confidence, maintained a hospital with a free clinic for the poor and public teaching at the bedside of the patients, and, best of all, after a single course of lectures and a fee of $100, licensed his students to practice medicine anywhere, handing them a diploma furnished by Colby University at that time, lately founded, down East, in Maine.

This may appear a deceitful and a dishonorable way of giving or of obtaining degrees and a diploma to substantiate them, but thousands of practitioners of those days had no degree at all, at any price; so that from some points of view Dr. Gallup's scheme was proper, for Colby insisted on a written thesis and an attested written examination by the Medical Faculty before issuing a diploma. At all events, it soon had many poor imitators throughout the nation, in more than half of which, we may add and emphasize the fact, that the medical information and education therein obtained, was a good deal below the level established by Dr. Gallup.

The physicians of Bloomfield were continually on the move, because many of their clients were on the move, themselves, not only into other towns in Maine, but toward the West, and their physicians went with them, too, looking for a steady and increasing practice from a personal introduc-

tion from former patients. Dr. Bowen, however, was one of the few who did not move along at all, but, supported by his political influence, and his political friends, and his education of a higher stamp than that acquired by other competitors, he remained for life, and proved himself year after year a man of sound medical learning and of honesty in his dealings. He died in 1856 at the age of 79, a man and a physician, well preserved physically and mentally to the very last.

It has been said of Dr. Bowen, that happening to live on the same street between two charlatans, he hated to pass the door of either, so in leaving his own house he crossed the street to avoid them, and on returning home he came down on the other side of the street and then crossed directly to his own front door.

Some physicians are famous as practitioners of medicine, pure and simple, others flourish as great surgeons, and there is still another class of quiet, thoughtful men who make their mark in the world of medicine as instructors of young men interested in medicine and trying to make out of it a means of doing good and also of making a living. Of this third class, DR. JAMES BRADBURY of Parsonsfield is a noted example in the history of Maine Medicine. His method was to choose his young men, and to take them to see his patients at the bed-side, where he would teach them the diagnosis; how to act in a sick room; how and when to bleed; how to apply a poultice, or a plaster, or a bandage; and how to treat a fracture, after diagnosticating its actual seat, and then how to apply the proper splints. Many teachers, too, of that era, it may be said in passing, were very clever in the manufacture and comfortable fitting of splints. Others revelled in poultices and their manufacture.

Returning to the physician's office after some long country ride, students would be handed various books with accounts of the diseases which they had just seen, and from them they would make notes for thought. Then they would

note what they had seen just before with the teacher, and compare the differences between the books and the patient. After a few later questions, the student would go to the apothecary department of the Doctor's office, and fill out prescriptions, compound and divide powders, compound and roll out and divide pills. All such work was taught from spring until the next winter, and then the student, if he had money, would attend a course of lectures given by men at a Medical School, supposed to be more learned than the personal instructor. After two years of study and even a single course of lectures many such students would have obtained enough self-reliance to go out into the world of practice, and they would do well in time.

Such, briefly, was the old way, and it had its advantages in teaching self-reliance and taught symptoms and their value. Additionally, the personal element was educated, so that students knew what people were, mentally and bodily.

While all this instruction was going on, the teacher himself was learning more and more of medical practice, because he was continually intent to make his students see what he saw, and learn what he knew, and so one stimulated the other to excellent work.

Dr. Bradbury, who had a great reputation as a teacher of medicine in York County, having as many as fifteen or twenty scholars who became celebrated, was born in York, April 2, 1772, studied with some local practitioner in the manner above mentioned, and as later cultivated by himself. After three years of this, he settled in Parsonsfield for a practice of more than forty years, dying in 1844 at the age of 72. Amongst his most noted students were Dr. Eleazer Burbank of Poland and Yarmouth, close at hand on my list, and Burleigh Smart of Kennebunk, a very clever surgeon, estimated from the surgical standards of his era.

Finally, we have to recall that a son of Dr. Bradbury was the Hon. James W. Bradbury of Augusta, U. S. Senator for several years from Maine, a very famous statesman in the times in which he flourished.

DR. BENJAMIN BRADFORD of Livermore lived to be 80 years of age, dying in 1864, well down into our times as one may truly say. There was a time in his career when everybody rushed in to join the Universalist Church, because everybody believed that under some such scheme of religion all were to be saved. God was going to be good to all, and that included the good, the partly bad, and the really wicked. Into the hurly-burly of religious excitement, Dr. Bradford was unexpectedly and most vehemently hurled when he settled in Livermore about the time of the Separation. Having then embraced Universalism and helped to build the church edifice with his own hands here and there, and endowed it with some small sums of money from his earnings, he soon received, as one might say, some sort of a reward in the small salaried office of Postmaster. This office brought in some revenue, made him ultimately many acquaintances, and finally led to other offices with a higher wage. After being Postmaster for a while, he was also made Town Treasurer when that office was vacated by Dr. Prescott upon his removal to Paris, Maine, not so far away, and of whose life we shall later on hear some mention.

Dr. Bradford proved to be a safe and sane official, did good service in both offices, and held on to both of them for many years. In fact, no opponents or rivals appeared against him. He lived to be over 80 and practiced a bit, "to the bitter end," as might be said facetiously. When people talk about physicians "retiring" because they are getting old, or older, they are ignorant of the saddest fact of all that can occur to a physician, which is, that with age, practice retires from him more than fast enough to suit his longings to practice and to continue to make even some small living to the very end. No doctor ever "retires" from practice, for his practice retires from him. The man who voluntarily says that he will retire, does so to his final grief, and spends the rest of his weary life looking about for the finest tree from which to hang himself as a sight for fools, and thus to end his regretful and regretted decision. Work whilst you can, for soon nobody will hire you at any price;

you know nothing, your experience of years is as nothing, when weighed in the balance with modern ideas, hopes, schemes, and cure-alls placed there by younger hands.

ROYAL BREWSTER, M.D., had a handsome, resounding name, and he made the most of it when he went his medical rounds in Buxton (or Buckston) as I have seen it called in ancient documents. He lived spaciously and had an office also in the home of Mr. John Muchmore, who, as the old history books quaintly relate, wore "coverlids," whatever they may be, as a sort of wearing apparel, in all sorts of weather such as the open country affords, all the year round. These coverlids may have been a sort of gigantic quadruple coachman's cape, as some have suggested to me, or they may have been some sort of apron or overalls. If any antiquary can fill the gap in my knowledge in this respect so far as concerns the landlord of Dr. Brewster, he shall have my thanks in a note to this Life, if ever it is printed.

Dr. Brewster was one of those men who like to do things; to push the villagers along; to be enthusiastic over town progress; to get into town affairs when no one else volunteered; and to do all that he did in the best shape. That was his reputation; a good, sound, reliable physician; after that a first-rate inhabitant of the Village of Buxton, eager to keep the roads in decent shape the year round; glad to have the town-house and the schools and the cemetery neat and well kept, and the town finances in good condition, safely deposited, and with good credit when money had to be borrowed in anticipation of taxes uncollected. He early set the fashion of driving to see his patients in a chaise, when the other physicians in the county were still sticking to saddle horses and saddle-bags flapping up and down on both sides, as they wearily plodded along the dusty roads in summer, muddy roads in spring and autumn, and over those covered with ice and snow the rest of the year.

In addition to the items above painfully collected concerning Royal Brewster, let it be added that he came from

Connecticut, was survived by a widow who was Dorcas Cobb, the daughter of a Divine, and that he died in 1835 aged 67. He rarely, if ever, wrote medical papers, but Dr. Jeremiah Barker, the great man of Gorham and Portland, consulted with him on two occasions, once for Cynache Maligna, and again in a serious fracture of the legs. In both of these instances Dr. Barker was satisfied with the good advice obtained; and the patient was gratified with a cure for a small extra fee expended for the consultation of two men of eminence in medicine.

Dr. Brewster's house is still standing, a handsome piece of antiquity inside and out, with panelings and a room with a balustraded gallery.

DR. BENJAMIN BROWN of Swansea, Massachusetts; Bristol, Rhode Island; Boston; Bristol and Waldoborough, Maine, born in 1756 and dying in 1831, was an instance of medical versatility not often equalled. "Bennie," as he was called by his friend and old crony, Captain Samuel Tucker, U. S. N., of Bristol, Maine, was a capable surgeon and physician, and he even did more than ordinarily well as Member of Congress from Maine, but if he was proud of anything in his life, it was in his ability to sing "Scots Wha Hae Wi Wallace Bled," as no one else could sing it. For he gave this lovely ballad on every suitable occasion with an *elan* which electrified his hearers, and as Captain Tucker used to say, "Why, Bennie, your singing of the old ballad would wake up a worm that had been dead for a thousand years."

It happened about 1780 that John Adams was off for France as the United States Ambassador, and that he had passage in the frigate "Boston" commanded by Captain Tucker, and that with him as ship's surgeon sailed Dr. Benjamin Brown. Later on these two friends saw service on the "Thorn," a privateer captured by the "Boston." Captain Tucker then settled in Bristol, Maine, where a monument was put up to his memory a hundred years and more after his death. Dr. Brown practiced in the places above

mentioned and finally settled in Waldoborough, where he had a fine experience in practice and especially in surgery. He was also chosen to the General Court of Massachusetts more than once, and in 1815 he was sent to Congress where he did good service on committees for lighthouses, commerce and navigation.

In all probability the happiest time of his life was when John Adams, then ex-President of the United States, picked up Captain Tucker on his road through Bristol, and then paid a visit to Dr. Brown, where they had plenty to eat, drink, and to sing. From Dr. Brown's the trio went on to Thomaston, where they paid, as Roosevelt would have said, a "bully visit" to General Henry Knox and his wife. Some writers have claimed that it was John Quincy Adams, the son, who made this historic visit to his old friends, but it seems rather far-fetched that a young man, comparatively, like John Quincy Adams, who had only seen Captain Tucker and Dr. Brown when a child of twelve, should have taken the trouble to call on these old men, simply because they had once sailed with his Father and himself to France.

As for Dr. Benjamin Brown he would have been over 80 at the time of a visit from the younger Adams, and could hardly have possessed at that age any voice at all with which to sing any ballad, to say nothing of "Scots Wha Hae."

One of the most interesting episodes in the medical life of our good old Founder, Dr. Brown, was when he presented to the Supreme Court at Machias an affidavit in the famous law suit of Lowell versus Faxon and Hawkes, in which he testified that he had seen nearly a hundred instances of dislocation of the femur, and thought that the physicians in the case ought to have recognized the precise condition of that joint in the leg of Mr. Lowell. He said, also, that he had never had any trouble in reducing such dislocations by the steady use and force of pulleys. But like all the other surgeons summoned in this case for plaintiff or defendant, all of them were wrong, as proved by the post-mortem examinations many years afterward. We can only wonder what all those surgeons would think were they to witness the wonder-

ful powers of the X-rays of today, in clearing up the diagnosis of dislocations of the femur, such as Charles Lowell suffered from, and Dr. Faxon and Dr. Hawkes treated to the best of their ability.

I find also that Dr. Brown was chosen by the Massachusetts Medical Society to look up the income, taxes, and condition of timber lands in Maine, belonging to the Society, and that he satisfied its officers with his final report. He was, moreover, for many years the Councillor of that Society for the counties of Knox and Lincoln.

One more amusing story must not be here forgotten, and it runs to this effect; that the Father of Dr. Brown had a twin brother, Jeremiah, and that they not only looked tremendously alike, but each of them had lost a portion of the same finger from the same hand, so that it was very difficult to tell them apart. "Bennie" Brown used to say, that he never could tell his Uncle Jeremiah from his Father, Daniel, or vice versa, except that each of them smiled and snickered whenever he happened to call one of them by his wrong name.

All in all, the career of Dr. Benjamin Brown at sea, at home, in medicine, and in politics, entitle his memory to high esteem and respect as a man who knew much and had travelled far, and seen many strange sights beneath the skies.

DR. ELEAZER BURBANK was born in Scarborough September 7, 1793, practiced at Poland from 1818 to 1838, and from that year onward at Yarmouth until his death in 1867.

Every man has attached to his career a distinguishing trait or anecdote which serves to mark his journey through life and to commemorate him when his works are finished. The anecdote which characterizes Dr. Burbank is, that after studying medicine with Dr. James Bradbury of Parsonsfield and taking a course of lectures with the famous Alexander Ramsay at Fryeburg, where he dreamed to estab-

lish the greatest medical school of the age, he was informed that the best school at which to take another course of lectures was at the Dartmouth Medical School at Hanover. When he talked it over with his Father, and found that neither he nor himself could raise the money for the fees and the fares, as one might say, though most people then traveled on horseback, young Burbank walked all the way, more than a hundred miles, from Scarborough to Hanover, and back again when the course was ended. This anecdote proves his determination and his pluck to carry it out to the end.

Another anecdote which proves that he was an educated man and probably knew his Latin better than most of us in these days, is, that when his wife, Sophronia Ricker, whom he married at Poland, brought to him a son, he named him Augustus Hannibal; Augustus for the noblest Roman of them all, and Hannibal for the greatest Carthaginian commander in war.

Although Dr. Burbank did not get a degree from Dartmouth, probably because although he could write a thesis, he could not afford the cost of a degree, he settled in Poland in 1818, being then twenty-five years of age, and he practiced there twenty years successfully. One day about that time it happened, as we shall note later along, that Dr. Gad Hitchcock died in Yarmouth, Maine, and left a vacancy not easily filled. Soon after this sad event, a deputation of leading citizens arrived at Poland and invited and cordially urged Dr. Burbank to come and take the vacant place and the waiting patients.

The invitation to Yarmouth then genially and gratefully accepted, was made agreeable from the start; he was at once interested in the Academy and chosen an officer and trustee; he was made much of politically and twice was elected with good majorities to the Maine State Senate; he was also highly thought of in the church and served as Deacon for several years until he declined election again.

I knew his son, Augustus Hannibal, very well indeed, and remember him as a very witty and humorous man who

used, for instance, to ORDER the town apothecaries to furnish spirits to his patients standing in need of their stimulating effect. I am sure that he must have inherited this trait from his Father, as I judge from remarks in a funeral sermon which was preached soon after the death of Dr. Eleazer Burbank, on March 30, 1867. In that sermon we learn that the first to welcome to the village the preacher on that sad occasion was Dr. Burbank, and now, in his turn, the divine was standing sentinel, ready to open to the departed physician the gates of heaven, in which both of these men sincerely believed.

I find very little concerning the medical career of Dr. Burbank, either at Poland or at Yarmouth, or in the records of the Maine Medical Society, but there can be no doubt that from the fact of a sermon being preached directly after his death, he was considered to be a man for whom such an honor was not too great a reward from the leading clergyman of the town, and which was listened to by a large congregation of lamenting friends.

At the last moment before handing in this life to the printer, I find that Dr. Burbank lectured often in Yarmouth on health and allied topics every winter, and that he was particularly vehement as an anti-slavery speaker on many public occasions.

DR. EDMUND BUXTON, a man of high renown in and around Warren for many years, a sterling country practitioner, a man good for all possible emergencies of country practice in the days when the roads were hard indeed to travel, I believe, came down into Maine in his thirtieth year and somewhere about the year 1800, from Reading, Massachusetts. He was born in 1770, had a good school education for those days, and obtained his medical education from a local, friendly physician, whose name, I regret to say, has disappeared from historic view.

He was rather blunt in his way with doctors and possibly more than firm with his patients. There is a little story

belonging to his name, which comes in here very much in the nick of time, in the absence of other information concerning his life. When doctors would say to him, in asking an opinion, that their patient had a Kind of a fever or a Sort of a fever, he would snap out with, "Damn it, man alive, there is no Kind of a fever or Sort of a fever. The patient either has a fever or he has not. That is the way to talk, my man."

Riding home from a meeting of the Medical Society he would say to some fellow-practitioner at his side, "Well, old man, I don't see that these city doctors know much more than we do when it comes to curing patients, no matter if we don't use the latest drugs."

Dr. Buxton, as I have said, rode about the country for years of steady practice, but came to a sudden death in the summer of 1828 and in his 59th year, his horse stumbling as he drove along with a loose rein, thinking probably of some difficult case. Perhaps the old horse was weary from a long and tedious ride, but however it happened, Dr. Buxton pitched forward, hit his head on a rock on the roadside, and died instantaneously. Medical men in our days meet with accidents in motor cars from speeding or careless driving, but in the early days of the Maine Medical Society some fell from horseback, others were thrown from chaises or buggies, and with fatal results.

Edmund Buxton left as an heir to his practice, a son, famous in Maine Medicine, Benjamin Franklin Buxton, President of the Association, a "Forty-Niner" to California, and the man of whom it is said that he permitted Dr. Valorus Perry Coolidge, of Waterville murder fame, to go to California without a heart, for said he, many a time and oft, "I cut it out in the State Prison at Thomaston, myself, and it weighed nine ounces and a half."

Dr. ROBERT CARR of Minot comes down to our days rather quaintly remembered, because his name was given to so many children born in and around that village where

he practiced for many years and brought those children safely into the world by his exceedingly skillful obstetrical knowledge. Few men knew better how to leave everything to nature, or when to interfere to the best advantage for mother and child, alike. He was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1783, and studied medicine there with a very famous practitioner, John Barnard Swett, who, by the way, was a companion in arms with Dr. Jeremiah Barker on the ill-fated Bagaduce expedition, and returning to Newbury fell victim to the yellow fever which raged there one summer, imported from the West Indies. As his tombstone says, Dr. Swett "Was ruthlessly torn by death from the arms of his bleeding family."

After getting a firm footing in Minot, Dr. Carr went back to Newbury and brought back his bride, Miss Polly Chase, who blessed him with five fine children. He was a hard-working, laconic sort of a man and sacrificed himself, year in and year out, to educate his children. He survived into 1852, dying on the fourteenth of July in that year, and he was at that time seventy. He had long borne the reputation of a very honest man, a very reliable doctor and friend. As one of the Founders of the Maine Medical Society I give him this very brief mention, regretting that more cannot be discovered and printed historically concerning what seems to have been a very uneventful life, but which, if we judge from the life of all country doctors, was daily filled with surprises in life and death; some living when not expected to live, and others dying whom up to the last moment he hoped to save for future good to themselves, or to dependent families.

Bethel, Maine, had the reputation a century ago of having within its borders three of the ablest medical men in the State, Carter, Grover, and Mason. The first on the list is DR. TIMOTHY CARTER, who, according to the portraits that have come down to us, was, undoubtedly, one of the handsomest men who ever practiced medicine. I never saw a handsomer face in my life than that shown in his portraits.

He was born in Ward, Massachusetts, November 27, 1768, and his Father, a carpenter, dying suddenly from a fall from a ladder, the boy was thrown on his own resources at the age of eleven years. He studied medicine ultimately with Dr. James Freeland of Sutton, Massachusetts, married his daughter, Fannie, and went into partnership with his father-in-law. He practiced in Sutton until 1799, when he heard of an opening in Bethel, which he accepted at once and for life. His practice grew rapidly and embraced a circuit of fifty miles in every direction from that flourishing town. His experience with country roads was great, and oftentimes he travelled through the forests, his path marked only by spotted trees; in other words, trees which had been barked to indicate the road to follow. He became in succession and simultaneously, Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, and Justice of the Peace, and selectman for several years. His handwriting still preserved in the town books, is neat, and his figures accurate. He liked to see people married so much, that from the many couples whom as a Justice he joined together in matrimony, he never received a cent for his services, because he made it a rule to hand back to the bride, secretly, the fee which the bashful bridegroom offered him. This is also said of another physician who was a Justice in the same town. He was Superintendent of Schools for a long time, but for his services in caring for the children and teachers, buying books, and supplies, and keeping the schoolhouses in good repair, or building a new one, now and then, he took nothing at all for his labors; it was his contribution to education, he said. He was what we may call a public-spirited citizen.

Amongst the young men who flocked to him for medical instruction, were Cornelius Holland and John Grover, of both of whom we shall soon hear much to their advantage.

Dr. Carter was, as I have said, the handsomest of all of our Founders, and personally, a man whom no one could meet without feeling a strange admiration, combined with respect, for his commanding, stately personality.

He was as well as ever on the 25th of February, 1845, but died suddenly that day from heart disease, leaving a genial memory amongst a host of friends and patients.

LUTHER CARY, son of Zechariah and Susannah Bass Cary, was born in Bridgewater, now the famous shoe town of Brockton, in Massachusetts, in 1763. He married in due season, Abigail, daughter of Benjamin and Deliverance King of Raynham, Massachusetts, and moved into the Town of Turner, County of Oxford, District of Maine, in the year 1798, hoping there to get a living as a physician. His previous education had been in the common schools, and then in the office, apothecary shop, and chaise of Dr. James Freeland of Sutton, Massachusetts, of whom we have just read in the life of Dr. Timothy Carter. From him he learned the ins and outs of drugs, obstetrics, and fevers, which were the chief items for medical practice in those days. It is possible that his connection with Dr. Freeland led him to go down East into Maine, as Dr. Carter had already gone with successful results at Bethel.

The demeanor of Dr. Cary at the second meeting of the Maine Medical Society in 1821, was so excellent, and his way of talking so persuasive and convincing, that when the members were informed of the resignation of Dr. Coffin from the Presidential chair, Dr. Cary was unanimously chosen as his successor. He filled the position until 1835, when being then over seventy he begged leave to retire on his well-earned laurels. The very kindest and unbounded thanks of the Society were then voted to him for his dignified behavior in the chair for so many years, and his resignation was regretfully accepted.

Dr. Cary was also early chosen as a Justice of the Common Pleas for Oxford County, and Judge of Probate likewise, positions which he filled to the perfect satisfaction of justice and to the heirs of decedents until about 1845, when he resigned. He gradually weakened with years, and died July 13, 1848, being then almost eighty-seven to a day. He

left a blessed memory as a sterling physician, an upright Christian gentleman, a highly dignified presiding officer of our Society, and a trustworthy Judge.

His wife brought to him twelve children, and all of them remained courteous to their parents, the genuine sign of good upbringing around the family hearth and table.

LUTHER CARY! The name of itself sounds sturdy, capable, and venerable, looked at and judged from every point of view.

CHANDLER is a name that used often to be heard of, in the circles of medicine in Maine, a century ago and more, one of the two physicians of that name, and brothers likewise, being named Benjamin, and the other, Seth. As but little has come down to us concerning their medical adventures, I will include them both in the same single biography. Benjamin, the younger of the two, I name him first, and alphabetically, was born in 1782 at Duxbury, I think, on Cape Cod, if memory serves me well, had a simple school education in his native town, studied medicine, and taught school simultaneously, and finally obtained his medical degree. I also note that during his lifetime he was fond of taking pupils in medicine and making good doctors out of them. He settled first in New Gloucester, then in Hebron, next in Livermore, and in 1811 I find him working hard in Paris, where he continued for the rest of his life. He was so well thought of that he was elected to the General Court at Boston, surgeon general in the militia, and finally appointed Judge of Probate for the County, when Judge Dana, a famous lawyer, retired. He also served as surgeon of the State Militia for several years, looked fine in his uniform, had good luck in getting recruits, but never went into war service so far as I have been able to discover, for the enemy did not invade that part of Maine. He was a good citizen, and when anything needed to be done for the village, the cry was this: "See Dr. Chandler, let 'Ben' do it, he knows everything." He had no children though twice married.

He worked too hard, trying to be both a judge and a physician, and he died in 1827 at the early age of 47, much missed in Paris. He was an unobtrusive man in his way through the world, but very agreeable in his conversation, and very much liked.

As for his elder brother, Seth, very little can be said, except that he had a flourishing practice in the town of Minot; that he made much of obstetrics, and that he was once elected to the General Court in 1816, after a previous defeat in 1809, and so had a chance to spend part of a winter in Boston, where he cultivated some of the great men in medicine in that city. Dr. Seth lived way down into 1839, and died at the age of 72, which shows that he was born way back in 1767, and was very much older than his brother Benjamin. Imagination also, if used by me, ought perhaps to have taught me, that in those days, the youngest son was, by religious custom, named biblically, like the sons of Abraham; Benjamin being the son of the Father's old age.

I emphasized in the beginning of this collection of lives the fact that some of the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society were incorrectly catalogued, and amongst them it seems as if I should include DR. DANIEL CLARK, who is named in the catalogues of the parent society as elected in 1813 and then living in Portland. Perhaps this may be true, but of that physician in Portland, clues are missing so far. There was a Daniel Clark an apothecary in this town several years later, but whether he was the man of whom we are in search or not I cannot positively say. Research at North Yarmouth shows us a physician of that name at the date in which we are interested; in fact, there are several notes concerning his dwelling and practicing in that town. Or again, once happening to be reading a history of the town of Thomaston, traces of Dr. Daniel Clark from North Yarmouth were also to be found, so that we can be positive that the Dr. Clark of North Yarmouth was the same physician later on practicing at Thomaston.

When a man wandered from place to place as Dr. Clark probably roamed from Portland to North Yarmouth and then to Thomaston, it is by no means unwise for us to imagine that the same spirit of roving sent him back once more to Portland, and that in that city he carried on, in connection with some sort of practice such as an elderly physician might possess, a reputable business as an apothecary.

However all of these surmises may be, I pass no judgment concerning their truth, and leave this indefinite, unfinished clue for some later searcher for ancient doctors in Maine at the time of the Separation, to follow up, with hopes that he may place for us successfully the true location of Dr. Daniel Clark of the Massachusetts catalog.

DR. JAMES COCHRANE of Monmouth and Rockland, is a very interesting character in medicine, standing forth like a solitary mountain peak for sagacity in practice and geniality in daily life. He was born in Windham, New Hampshire, in 1777, descending from a Scotch family which had migrated from Scotland to Londonderry in Ireland, and thence to Londonderry and Windham in New Hampshire, in search of religious liberty and freedom from Romanism. After a course of study wth some physician whose name has not come clearly down to our days, he moved into Maine, settled briefly at Limerick, but in 1806 he was living and practicing in Monmouth. There he flourished for thirty years, varying his mentality toward medicine a little by going into the side issue of a general country store with a cousin of his, which I am sorry to find did not prosper, the partners not getting along at all together.

Dr. Cochrane was courteous, suave, agreeable to everybody, punctilious in his professional engagements and he never was known to neglect a patient, although for several years he had no medical competitors for ten miles around in all directions. His wife, on the contrary, was what people call an aggressive sort of a woman, dominating in her conversation, never giving anybody else a chance to speak, and a vivid

Methodist; whilst her good husband was irreligious to a degree, but absolutely reliable and truthful under all circumstances.

After a while he was chosen town clerk, and the books, still extant, show careful handwriting and precise accounting for town expenses. As a reward for such excellent services, he was finally made a Trial Justice, and here shall follow a brief story of his judicial wisdom.

A poor laborer, out of work, with a sickly wife and half a dozen starving children, sneaked into the grain shop in the village and asked for corn to grind, offering to pay in labor at once, or by credit when he got the chance and the money paid for his work. Both were refused as worthless. The man then edged off into a shady part of the shop where grain was kept, purloined a little corn, stuffed it carelessly into his bag, sneaked along to an open window, tossed out the bag, and then walking out of the front door, he walked leisurely and carelessly and apparently aimlessly behind the shop, and made off with his plunder to the mill, and got it ground without remark. He was, however, detected very soon afterward owing to some chance remark of the miller, and brought before Judge Cochrane for trial. The evidence was offered as above hinted at, and guilt decreed. Then Judge Cochrane waited a moment and went on in this fashion:

"You, Mr. Shopkeeper, for refusing to trust a man for bread for his sick wife and ill-fed children, I fine you a bushel of wheat. You, Mr. Miller, for grinding corn which you suspected was stolen, I fine you a dollar and a half, and I order you to add to the Indian meal a bushel of wheat well ground. You, Mr. Sheriff, for serving a warrant on this poor fellow, and MYSELF as Justice for sitting on a mean trial case like this, I fine us both two dollars each. And yourself, confessed thief under mitigating circumstances, I order you to take home on one shoulder without shifting your load a single time, the bushel of wheat, and the fines which I impose in silver coins, and to make your way home as fast as you can without resting anywhere on the road. Finally,

call on Dr. Cochrane tomorrow morning, and he has a job for you already laid out." And then, amidst curious applause at such odd sentences and fines, the Court adjourned for the day, or rather sine die.

Impulsive and visionary to a degree as Dr. Cochrane finally became, he set up in a little place like Monmouth a school for languages, painting, embroidery, the fine arts and French, and in order to set a good example he sent to it his children and hired as its teacher, a sister of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, one of our Vice-Presidents, as we all remember. Dr. Cochrane paid the bills for this school out of his own pocket, but it finally languished and died for lack of patronage. The idea was good, but too far ahead of the times in which it was established.

By and by, as his lack of interest in medicine languished, he took to architecture and drew the plans and superintended the building of the Court House at Augusta, which, for all that I know, may be standing to this day, doing its work in good shape.

His versatility finally lost him his practice, I fear, though I am not sure, and he was compelled to remove for farther subsistence to Rockland, where, after regaining his lost reputation as a physician by sticking to his practice until all knotted up as to his joints with sad and painful chronic arthritis, he left the scenes of his labors forever in the year 1850. Many anecdotes are attached to the name of Dr. Cochrane, but these here mentioned are as useful as any in characterizing his genial ability as a man and as a physician.

The name of DR. DANIEL CONY and of the Cony Family of Hallowell and Augusta remains famous today in Maine after more than a hundred years since one of its members first settled in the northern part of Hallowell and later on moved into the town of Augusta. The first that I find concerning Dr. Cony, later to be better and more familiarly known as Judge Cony, is that he was born in Tewksbury, Massachusetts, served as a soldier during the Revolution,

and then coming home safe and sound, he studied medicine with Dr. Curtis of Marlborough, Massachusetts. After obtaining a license to practice he came down into Maine about 1789. He was a courteous, genial, conversational, much given to bowing and saying pretty things, sort of a man, and by this style of behavior toward people of all classes he early obtained an excellent practice in Hallowell, which continued after his removal to Augusta. He was the first President of the Kennebec Medical Society in 1797.

Wearying after twenty years of his long drives, night work, and small fees he dipped into politics, was elected to the General Court, then to the Legislature, and ultimately, like several other FOUNDERS of the Maine Medical Society, he was appointed Judge of Probate for Kennebec County in 1820. Physicians of those days, after getting to be forty or fifty years of age, became Postmasters, Clerks of Court, Judges of Probate, or of Common Pleas, because they were the best men to be obtained for the places. They all had a good education; they could keep books; most of them were genial men, knew what they wanted and how to get it without shaking fists at people as is the fashion with many politicians of today. They understood the art of gentle shakings of the hands, or even of the gallant way of touching the tips of ladies' fingers. In this manner they got ahead in life. Educated men of that era didn't have the brokers' offices of today for a resting place after spending four years in a college education. They worked hard before graduating, and harder if possible afterwards, to keep busy and happy, and to deserve the positions with which their fellow-citizens had honored them. Judge Cony on the Probate Bench was a model of what such an official should be. He dressed the part properly, and he acted it attractively. The lawyers liked his decisions regarding their fees, and heirs of decedents agreed to take their shares without complaint or carryings up to the Court of Law.

Dr. Cony was very highly thought of in the Massachusetts Medical Society, into which he was elected in 1792. He attended the meetings in Boston more than once, he was

a permanent Councillor for Kennebec County, and he was elected an Honorary Member after years of faithful service to medicine in Maine and in Massachusetts both, one of the two Honorary Members, only, ever elected from Maine. This I emphasize to show his honorable position in medicine.

As age advanced, Dr. Cony became rather odd in his ways, but people forgot it and forgave it considering his long and faithful services in the community, if he happened on a Sunday to walk up the broad aisle of the church in a long plaid coat, louder in color, perhaps, than the many-colored coat of Joseph of the Bible, and his white-haired, rather bald head covered with a red Revolutionary cap, whilst he beat audibly upon the floor with a cane taller than himself by a foot or more and tipped with an ivory shepherd's crook. This cane, by the way, he held in his left hand as he had suffered not long before, as can be read in one of his letters, a slight paralysis of the right hand in 1819, when Separation was being loudly discussed in the highways and byways of every community in Maine.

Judge Cony lived to be 90 years of age, dying in 1842, but retaining his affability of manners to the last. He was well known for his kindness to his servants, and yet he rather preferred to have them keep their precise position in life, as between the Master of the House, and the well known physician, and the Judge of the County. From this point of view, a brief story to bring this biographical notice to an agreeable end, is well worth telling here, as handed in to me very lately by a lady over ninety years of age like the Judge himself.

Once upon a time he had occasion to ride on horseback from Augusta to Wiscasset on business concerning the Probate Court, and he took along as travelling companion an old Irishman, a sort of factotum of the family for many years. As they ambled along the road, side by side, the Judge and the old fellow chatted together merrily enough. But when at last they came into sight of the scattered houses on the main street of the village, the Judge turned aside a bit in his

saddle and said in a low tone, "Now, Timothy, you may fall behind a little whilst we are riding into town."

Tim did this properly at first, but becoming rather uncertain of the precise and correct distance which he should place and maintain between Judge and servant, he was heard more than once, quite audibly to passers by, to say loudly to the Judge, "Am I far enough behind ye now, Judge Cony? Judge Cony, am I far enough behind ye now?"

ISAIAH CUSHING, M.D., of Thomaston for many years, was a Harvard graduate of 1789 and a man of excellent medical education, and after considerable research he proves to have been a physician whose life is well worth recording in this list of Founders. He arrived in Thomaston from Scituate, Massachusetts, with a good record, and he worked well and faithfully as a physician for some years, but sad to say, after a while he became altogether "too fond of the Cup," as was a common expression of those days for steady tippling of intoxicating liquors. Some slight accident to a patient, due, as he feared, to his being in unstable equilibrium at the time, pulled Dr. Cushing up with a sharp rein. He remonstrated with himself; he acknowledged to himself the folly of his ways and of his daily life; and he moved out of town to Nobleborough, where his enticing, fascinating, and boon companions could not get at him. He soon improved enormously, and was cured of drink. He came back to his practice in Thomaston after a year, or possibly two, but sad to relate his wife died, and he became despondent. One day, therefore, not long after the death of his companion in life, he was found dead near her grave, and lying about the body were phials suggestive of opium or other poisons.

Dr. Cushing and Dr. Dodge, both of Thomaston, and of the latter of whom a notice will soon appear in this collection, did not love one another all too well, and Dr. Dodge carried his dislike to such an extreme as to hope, publicly, that he never should have to die, to be buried in the same cemetery with that mean Cushing. As hard luck, how-

ever, would have it, Dr. Cushing died first, and was buried. Dr. Dodge died soon afterward and was buried directly alongside of his old rival in medical practice!

This reminds me of the story of King Edward VII. remonstrating with a friend of his for too plainly showing his dislike to another man. "Never," said the politic King, "never let anybody see that you hate them, because you never can tell when you may have some use for them."

So Dr. Dodge had use for Dr. Cushing, even if dead, for Cushing's lot was the only one just then vacant in the cemetery into which to place the one who died the last of the two lifelong rivals, although the jealousy was almost entirely on the part of Dr. Dodge.

Dr. Cushing was one of those men who occasionally give utterance to a taking, and a coarse sort of wit toward his patients of the stronger sex as one may say of those not women. From this point of view, as a striking anecdote, it has been said that a patient of his was renowned for the biggest nose in Knox or Lincoln Counties, look at it in profile view, or nose to nose as some might smilingly suggest. It happened that this man became a chronic sufferer, a silly, constant complainer of imaginary symptoms and diseases, a genuine malingerer, making himself always worse than he really was. As a result of such behavior the patience of the visiting physician was oftentime very much tried. One morning, Dr. Cushing, who was getting sick of treating a man who was not sick at all, but feared that he was on the point of death, dropped in, and after the usual "Good Mornings" were interchanged, he said, "Well, old fellow, how are you on this fine morning?"

"Oh, I am all sort of discouraged this morning, and it isn't a bit fine, although you say so.'"

"Well, well,'" replied Dr. Cushing—a pause—

Then Dr. Cushing—"How's your nose this morning?"

"Nose! My nose! Why, there's nothing the matter with my nose, as you can see for yourself if you will only take a look."

"Oh, well," said Dr. Cushing, picking up his bags and his gloves and making for the door, "Oh, well, if there's nothing the matter with that, you will soon be better, for your nose is the biggest part of you." And he slammed to the door and ran laughingly to mount his horse a-nibbling the grass outside on the little patch of land beside the road.

Some of the town histories of Thomaston or adjoining towns entitle DR. DODGE of Thomaston by the name of Elihu, others call him Elisha, yet after all, the true state of affairs was that his name in full was EZEKIEL GOODMAN DODGE. As I make him out, from a medical point of view, he was a big talker concerning his own prowess, and this is borne out by the story of his views of other practitioners in his part of the country as already noted by me in the life of Dr. Bernard previously printed in this collection. He was so busy trading that he had no time to study medicine, to follow its advances, or to take advantage of improvements offered by other men of bigger caliber. Very little has come down to us concerning his medical abilities, but we have plenty of stories concerning him as a man of business whenever he had finished the medical work for the day.

As a mere man and citizen of Thomaston, he was sleek, cute, much given to swapping crops, or horses, or any sort of beasts of burden, and what with his easy ways with the girls, and his fascinating smiles and wiles, he must have been what we call a sad dog; yet, for all that, he was mighty proud of that sort of a reputation. There was a trader in Thomaston known as Col. Healey, and he with Dr. Dodge formed a partnership entitled Dodge and Healey, general traders in goods of all sorts. They built a vessel and called her the "DODGEHEALEY," and she proved to be a clipper, like both of the partners in the firm, hard to beat in trading or in quick finance.

Dr. Dodge once happened to be calling professionally on some people in a distant part of the town, and he noticed that the women were very busy making a sort of attractive

lace, which the good physician immediately saw could be made to sell for embroidering women's underwear. So obtaining a vow of secrecy from the women, he bought up all they had, contracted for more, and began to display it in his shop as "Real Holland Lace." It had a tremendous sale until people found out its origin, and then having been cutely sold, they all took it as a joke and nudged the Doctor for having been so smart as to take them all in so neatly and so profitably. As one might say, he was the first profiteering physician amongst the Founders of the Maine Medical Society, although it must be said that quite a number of them were never by any means averse to making money out of pills and herb tonics every springtime, to say nothing of buying available timber lands and not paying too big taxes upon them.

Here is one more worth-while anecdote concerning Dr. Dodge, and with it shall end this brief notice of a genuine character in trade and medicine alike.

There came a time in the career of Dr. Dodge when he was obliged to make a rapid "getaway" from the scenes of his medical practice, and as fast as his high stepping mare could carry him, he was off for Bangor, and did not cease moving eastward until he was safe and sound in the Provinces. For it was claimed, and claimed very vehemently and loudly, that he was getting too fond of loaning money to the needy at a very high rate of interest, known by the harsh name of usury. The people made much talk about it; Dr. Dodge was picked out as the worst offender of the sort in the town, and he had to leave to save himself from imprisonment in his own county jail. Finally, the indictment against him was quashed, and he returned to business and to his dwindling practice, which he soon built up again into its former flourishing extent. He had not loaned money at usury to the women, and they backed him up to farther success in medicine. His quarrel with Dr. Cushing, and his opinions of his rivals may be found elsewhere in this collection, and if readers have already forgotten them, let them be looked after in the notes concerning Dr. Cushing and Dr. Bernard, compatriots of his.

Ezekiel Goodman Dodge has had plenty of stories told concerning his adventures in life, but nobody has ever helped me to the date of his birth, place of birth, education, or even of the year in which he died. All that I know is, that he was a member of the Massachusetts Society, elected in 1812. All of the other items needed for a complete life he seems to have dodged (to make a poor pun), so as not to be caught up after death and enrolled upon any tombstone biography. Some unkind people used to say that after loaning money to the sick, the worse they became in health, the higher the interest he demanded from them.

OBADIAH ELKINS DURGIN, M.D., of Portland and Deering, Maine (1795-1879), came nearer to fame than any other physician in Maine who did not actually "arrive," and precisely how this happened I will relate here briefly, for those who happen to be interested.

Born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, he attended there the common schools, and the Boscawen Academy for a classical education, and studied next with excessive zeal at an Astronomical and Mathematical Institute established by Dudley Leavitt at Meredith, New Hampshire. Dudley Leavitt, by the way, issued for several years an Almanac, which had a wide circulation all over New England. He came from Exeter, New Hampshire, and lived to be over 80, known for life as Master Leavitt, and in his old age as Old Master Leavitt.

Young Durgin then attended in succession three courses of medical lectures at the Albany, New York, Medical School (a successor of Fairfield), at Dartmouth, and at Brown University, where he finally obtained his degree about the time of the first meeting of the Maine Medical Society. He practiced originally at Sanbornton, N. H., as the records of the New Hampshire Medical Society show, and after a while moved into the larger field of Portland, where he resided for many years until chronic illness and old age drove him out to Deering, a suburb of Portland, as it was

then called, and the name still survives amongst elderly people of today.

In his practice he proved a faithful man, a good man for medicine, but nothing of a surgeon. The distinguishing feature of his career was his long continued and interesting experiments in the utilization of sulphuric ether by inhalation to insensibility to pain, in place of the dangerous habit-forming use of opium and its derivatives. He discovered the benefits of ether by accidentally using it for the relief of personal pain following chronic affections of his joints, and then extended its use amongst his suffering patients. Unfortunately for his actual fame in using ether in surgery, Dr. Durgin never happened to think of trying in surgical opportunities his sulphuric ether apparatus, which he personally invented and from time to time improved. In point of fact, his practice was so exclusively medical, he saw so little, if any, surgery, that it never occurred to him to extend his inhalations of ether to insensibility, and to use them for operations.

It is possible, also, that his much tried health gave way, so that he was forced to abandon his promising experiments prematurely. So that I am obliged to claim simply, that he came near to fame, to great fame, as the discoverer of the untold value of sulphuric ether in surgery, but that he never happened to cross the border line between its medicinal and its surgical uses.

The date of the invention of his portable inhalation apparatus for his own use, first, and then for his first patients, afterward, long antedated the year 1840. There was a time when I had some interesting documents concerning this precise date, but, unfortunately, they are not now at hand to verify it accurately.

Dr. Durgin continued his practice out at Deering, here a case and there a case, but did not do much work, because he suffered so much and could hardly move about, but almost up to the end of his life, in 1879, at the age of eighty-four, he tried to help others get well, even if he could do nothing for

himself, except to rely on his own ether inhalations as needed.

I hardly know whether to say anything at all concerning DR. JOEL R. ELLIS of Augusta or not, because I have never been able to discover his middle name, the place or date of his birth, or any facts concerning his practice in Augusta or other localities, as all family papers were ruthlessly cast into the fire by another generation. My memory, however, of his descendants is so vivid, that I may as well take a middle course, and in telling what I know concerning Dr. Ellis, complete my brief sketch with what I knew more, and better, concerning those who came after him. Joel R. Ellis was a Harvard graduate, academically in 1803 and medically in 1806. He settled soon afterward in Augusta, and was living and practicing there when elected to the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1817.

He lived in a brick house near the gas works and close beside a sand bank which was called Ellis Mountain, and from which material was hauled for building purposes. He joined in with others trying to raise Merino sheep, with which to stock farms, at $50 a head, but this came to grief. He is licensed as a retailer of country goods, in Augusta, and paid there one year, at least, a tax of $100 on his property. He was an Episcopalian by birth and education, but in trying to form a union church in Augusta he went over for life to the Unitarian church.

He died, according to the Harvard General Catalogue, in the year 1828, when he was probably some 45 years of age. He was always very fond of his Alma Mater, and when a son was born to him in 1825 he gave him the name of Joseph Willard, a Harvard President under whom Dr. Ellis had taken his degree. This son was graduated academically at Bowdoin in 1846, and medically at Jefferson in 1849. He practiced the rest of his life in Augusta, dying in 1863, even younger at the date of his death than his Father had been

before him. He was very fond of phrenology and once examined the bumps of many legislators at Augusta.

I will now go on to say that it gave me the greatest pleasure that I know of in my life to extract cataracts from both of the eyes of this son's widow, so that with both eyes she could continue to read diamond type for thirty years at least, and would have done so longer, had she not died suddenly from pneumonia after her eightieth birthday. This complete restoration to perfect sight in both eyes was especially welcome to this lady, because she was exceedingly deaf, and without her sight, life would have been indeed difficult for her during so many years. During the extraction on one of her eyes, the cataractous lens jumped out and lay yellow and shining upon the pillow as she involuntarily squeezed her eyelids together. The accident was odd, but harmless, indeed actually beneficial, for the lens capsule came out with it, and no secondary needling was needed as occurred in the first eye operated upon.

Let me add in a reminiscent strain that a lady, a personal friend of this widow, suffered also from cataracts, and, as I later learned, sent inquiries concerning my church and religious habits. Having discovered that I attended church regularly, and occasionally also read the service in the absence of the Rector, she employed me to extract her cataracts. As one might say from a religious point of view, "The truth shall make you see." In other words, finding me true to her ideals that a surgeon should be religious, she gave me the chance to give sight to her eyes, and as the Book of Genesis says: "Let there be light and there was light" to the confiding patient, a friend of the Ellis family.

And, as I began to say, but somehow was interrupted, if Dr. Joel R. Ellis had not had a son, these two great successes in restoring sight to the blind would never have come into my practice, or have had the chance to be related here; more, I repeat, as reminiscences of my own life than any memoir of that one unknown Founder of the Maine Medical Society, Dr. Joel R. Ellis of Augusta.

If DR. CALEB EMERY of Eliot had not died so soon and so suddenly or if he had lived longer and then died suddenly as he did, he would in all human probability have attained a very high position in Maine and in the Nation also, not only as a physician and surgeon but as an original character and politician. For he was unsurpassed in medicine, in York County anyway, and he was different, in politics for one thing, from most of the men who try to follow its winding paths in their methods, plans, and schemings.

As a physician he was enrolled in the ranks of the Massachusetts Medical in 1809 at the early age of 21, and settling at once in Eliot, he soon became prominent as a public speaker, the foundation of his meteoric political career. People liked to hear him speak, his voice was pure and resonant, and talking either as he did in the purely oratorical style of the Nineteenth Century, then still all powerful, or conversationally appealing to the people to try to lead clean, healthy lives, and to keep as well and as cheerful as they could, he always had ready listeners. He delivered a Fourth of July oration in 1825, and for an hour he held his listeners spellbound with charming eulogies of the departed Washington, and of the living Lafayette, who had but a short time before passed through Eliot on a tour into Maine. Reading this printed eulogy a hundred years later and without the appealing voice, the mere words do not attract the Twentieth Century mind, nor would they find much resonance in the ears of today. Truly the telephone and the dictograph have deleteriously altered the psychical effect upon their hearers of former orators; few of us could keep awake nowadays in trying to listen attentively to the rotund periods of former orators of our nation.

Just in the same way as Dr. Emery charmed assemblages of people all over Maine, so at his home in the ever-widening circle of his practice of medicine he charmed and soothed the feeble, the sick, and the dying. His kind words soothed many and carried them over the dark river when their time had come. So, too, the despairing and the despondent he,

with his magic voice, lifted up and caused them to endure the beds of pain.

Living on cheerfully in his same habitual state of apparently perfect health, looking forward with gratified eagerness, tempered with doubts of his nomination and election as Governor of Maine and from that to higher offices in the gift of the people, Dr. Emery died suddenly February 15, 1831, only 43 years of age, and his brilliant medical and gifted and stainless political career was run. The name of Caleb Emery still awakes a responsive vibration in the County of York, although it is almost a century since he departed from within its bounds.

Farnsworth Hall at Bridgton Academy is named after an ancient family, the earliest physician in its ranks of whom we have any real knowledge being Dr. Samuel Farnsworth, who practiced at Bridgton even before the opening of the Nineteenth Century. His son, DR. SAMUEL FARNSWORTH, JR., was one of our Founders, and a very illustrious man, promising, even in his youth, and fulfilling his promise as the years of practice rolled off behind him. He was born in 1791 and was graduated academically from Dartmouth in 1812, and medically in 1816. I think that his medical education was spun out to four years owing to his taking service in the War of 1812, of which a trifle more shall be said further on in this notice. Whilst he was in college he was a very amusing writer, trying to express his thoughts clearly, yet briefly. I find amongst his literary efforts of this part of his life a good paper "On the Choice of a Wife," and he took part in a college society debate, "Are Novels Beneficial to Society," both of which show evident talent for composition. During his medical course he took down and wrote out in readable form his "Notes on Lectures Delivered by Dr. Nathan Smith," which have medico-historical value even of today; whilst his medical essays "On Persistence in the Medical Life as a Means of Success," and "On Tuberculosis," as well as his "Notes on Typhus at Hanover," though brief, contain important and valuable contents.

Whilst still in college, Leander Gage, a young medical student, apparently from Maine, was a boon companion with young Farnsworth, and together they played many simple and merry tricks on one another, and on other students in the College and Medical School. I will anticipate the course of events in the lives of these two young fellows, both members of the profession and Founders later on, by saying that when Dr. Leander Gage settled in Newry, he wrote over to Dr. Farnsworth in 1820 or thereabouts, asking him to come to his rescue in the case of amputating the leg of an injured man at Newry. Lacking instruments and even a proper saw, Dr. Gage asked his old friend to bring over his surgical apparatus, and "any old saw, even a carpenter's saw will do," and help him out. If Dr. Farnsworth could not do this, then Dr. Ingalls was to be asked. I mention this little consultation, because it is the only clue that I find at present concerning either Dr. Gage or Dr. Ingalls, and is a minor point in Maine's Medical History, but worth preserving until more light is thrown upon the lives of both Dr. Gage and Dr. Ingalls.

Many letters still extant as interchanged between the older Dr. Farnsworth and his two sons both together at Dartmouth, show the extreme interest which the Father took in both of his boys. With "Sam" he was generally in good humor, but there was in one of his letters considerable fault-finding because, as he said, "Sam," by going into army service in the War of 1812, which he did as surgeon's assistant or a similar office, lost an entire year of civilian practice, which was worth much more than any army practice. The old gentleman seemed to forget that boys are generally willing to get into war on any conditions. After all it can be easily shown that the Father was right, for his son's regiment never saw any fighting, and, of course, no war medicine or surgery, just camp diseases. For all that, patriotism is a duty once in a man's life, and the State of Massachusetts paid Sam the large sum of $58 for his services.

Young Dr. Farnsworth remained as much given to writing after graduation as before, and just as fond of little

pranks as a grown-up as he had been as a college boy. He was just as fond, too, of going to singing school with the girls at Gorham Academy when a student, as he was of going with the girls to the singing school in Bridgton when he was a busy doctor. He was bright, pleasureful, and a charming conversationalist. As a physician, he was highly considered, and it is a pity that he should have died so young, comparatively, dying in 1842, only 50 years of age. He was always close shaven, and wore the white stock much affected by beaux of his age, tradition informing us that they were worn thrice wound around the neck and must have been very uncomfortable except in winter.

Little floods of light are, by these trifling tales, thrown around the careers of three physicians, the two Farnsworths, and Dr. Leander Gage, in York and Cumberland counties. It is to be hoped that later on more anecdotes concerning them may be unveiled. These little stories might be called the moving pictures of a century ago in medical life.

DR. DUDLEY FOLSOM (1769-1836) settled for practice in the village of Gorham directly after the sudden and tragic death of young Dr. William Bowman, of whom the following very curious story is told. Before relating it, let me say that some people having read this story before, have never been able to see any rhyme nor reason in it in the least degree; judge, therefore, for yourselves.

Dr. William Bowman of Gorham was talking with a patient of his one afternoon on the last day of his twenty-ninth year, saying that he believed that he was the happiest man in the town, for, said he, in his own words, "Tomorrow will be my thirtieth birthday, and not a single one of all of my family, parents, brothers, or sisters, have ever entered their thirtieth year. Now it lies straight open before me." With these words upon his lips, he set off for his home, but was instantly killed before reaching there, a beam from the steeple of the church, then under repair, falling upon his head and crushing him instantly to the earth.

Dr. Folsom was at once engaged by this young man's best patients, and became in time a successful practitioner. He stood high in the estimation of the people and served them, it is said, five successive terms as their Representative in the General Court at Boston.

His house got afire one cold winter night, but he and his family were rescued from death. Later on the townspeople all flocked to the raising of a newer, better, and bigger home for him, in spite of snow and hard sledding for timbers. When, too, there were rumors of a British attack on Portland in the War of 1812, he donned his gay uniform of a Surgeon of the District Militia, and set off for a field of battle, which, however, he never reached, for fighting never took place. At all events, he proved his preparedness without delay or hesitation.

Dr. Folsom went in the village by the name of "Doctor Dudley," and here is an anecdote which I picked up the other day from an old man over ninety, which brings in that nickname very aptly, quaintly, and skillfully, true or fictitious as the story may be.

One of those odd, eccentric characters, known in every village community as crusty, peevish, fault-finding, and miserly to the last degree, was deadly sick, and although hating to spend a single cent, he yielded to others and called in "Doctor Dudley" to help him out in his fight for existence. He dreaded to leave his money behind for others to waste. When, after several visits, no improvement was visible to the Doctor, or perceptible by the mean patient himself, he asked the Doctor point blank just what sort of a chance he had of ever getting better at all, to say nothing of ever getting perfectly cured. When "Doctor Dudley" shook his head, and told him that his chances were pretty poor of living even another week or so, and that he might as well make his will and get ready to leave everything behind him, the old fellow got mad "all through," as the expression runs, and sitting up in his tousled bed he shouted:

"Well, if I really have got to go for good, I want the stone cutter to put on my tombstone, which must be cheap, mind

you, just this and nothing more: My name, followed by the letter 'D' seven times repeated."

"Why, Tom," remonstrated "Dr. Dudley," "what in the name of common sense will all those seven D's stand for?"

"Just this, you miserable Doctor; Do Dear Devil Decently Damn Doctor Dudley, for he deserves it for not curing me after all these visits, all this medicine wasted, and all this bill for useless medical services."

Dr. Dudley Folsom of Gorham, I rank as a competent village practitioner, amusing and attractive also, as a man. He died at the age of 67. His career was beneficial to his patients, satisfactory to himself, and his memory was highly cherished by his descendants.

I know very little concerning DR. ELISHA JONES FORD, of Gardiner, quite a politician at one time in his medical career, and a member of the Maine Legislature once or twice. He practiced first at Alna, then at Jefferson, and finally at Gardiner, from which place he may hail in this collection of lives of Founders. The one very interesting episode in his life is, that, wherever he may have been born or wherever educated in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, he had his medical education from traveling about in the chaise and practice of an old-time physician, Dr. Peter Whitney of Gray, who was born in Harvard, Massachusetts, in 1772, and settled early in Gray, where he carried on an ordinary country practice, but had a good reputation as a teacher of medicine. He owned an excellent medical library and offered it freely to his students. He died early in life as the result of the mental shock inflicted upon him by the sudden death of a very promising son, Cephas, who, after graduating from the Bowdoin Medical School in 1825, died in June, 1826. His heart-broken Father soon followed him.

Dr. Ford was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society about the time of the Separation, and when he was on a visit to Boston. I do not, however, discover that he ever attended a meeting or discussed a paper. As for his

connection with the Maine Medical Society, he was undeniably a Founder, and also attended the meetings, and likewise did his share to prevent the Society dying from mental gangrene. When he went into politics as previously mentioned, he did so more for the benefit of the people of Gardiner and some special patients of his own than he did for his own advancement, although the office of Representative helped out his practice a bit, as widened and enlarged acquaintance invariably helps. He was a faithful physician; he never neglected his patients; he was prompt in his engagements, and he remained on very friendly terms with people with whom he had any acquaintance.

Outside of his one political adventure he lived a quiet, uneventful life. Born July 25, 1787, he died January 22, 1858, leaving an agreeable memory amongst those who had employed him, and with others who liked him as a citizen whom they met daily in their village walks. He was a trustworthy man, take him all in all, and, as I have said, he studied medicine with Dr. Peter Whitney of Gray, whom we would like to find, if any traces remain beyond a book or two with his name on the front inside cover.

Very little is known concerning DR. LEANDER GAGE who was born in Bethel in 1791, studied at the Dartmouth Medical School in 1813, and settled for life, I believe, in Waterford, Maine. There is a single item concerning him in the notice already provided in this collection concerning Dr. Samuel Farnsworth, Jr., of Bridgton and North Bridgton. Dr. Gage was a very humorous sort of a man and played many tricks as a student at Hanover. Dr. Dimond Mussey, the famous surgeon whom some called the Red Diamond, so bloody were some of his very famous and extraordinary operations on haematomata and such growths filled with blood, took quite a fancy to young Gage and wanted him very much to hand in his thesis and get a regular degree for the sum of twenty dollars, which was small compared with some fees demanded from unwary medical stu-

dents in those times. Gage, however, pleaded poverty, or promised to pay and hand in a thesis when he had taught long enough to save the money. I do not find, however, that he ever came up to the scratch, as Dr. Mussey wanted him to do, and was convinced would be for his future benefit all round in life. As is well known, however, many a Founder of the Maine Medical Society never had a diploma, but knowing just as much as other educated physicians of the times, having attended the same courses of lectures, they would stand as good a chance to succeed in medical life as if they had finished off the course and sealed it with the seal and sealing wax of a duly signed and attested diploma. It is a good deal like the men who write a great deal for medicine nowadays, but many of them never seem to flourish half so well in real, practical management and coaching into their offices of plenteous patients, as those who write nothing at all, but know how to attract human nature to believe in what they say and do, medically and especially surgically.

Dr. Gage practiced mostly, if not exclusively, at Waterford, and was a man of so good standing in the community that he once came very near being nominated or even was nominated, but failed of an election, to Congress. He was a Founder in good standing, a very active member in the Oxford County Medical Society, and a councillor (censor) for many years in succession; evidently a man to be trusted by his fellow-practitioners in medicine.

His adventure with Dr. Farnsworth in amputating a leg, with the tools and saw which he borrowed from Dr. Farnsworth, will be recalled with some amusement and interest from the life of Dr. Farnsworth already adorning this collection.

Dr. Leander Gage died at Waterford in 1842 at the age of 51.

Dr. JOSEPH GILMAN of Wells (1772-1847) was famous in York County for many years, because he was a man of striking appearance and vivid character, causing end-

less conversations, whisperings, and gossip by adopting Hopkinsism, a species of damnatory religious belief, which stirred to and fro in their assemblages an enormous mass of people all over New England at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The idea was, that you could sin all you wanted to, provided that you were perfectly willing to be damned eternally for what you did, if God saw fit.

Curious are the vague wanderings of the human mind when religions and faith are concerned! Every generation sees some new twist in the mentality of all sorts of people, and strange to say, mostly in the minds of the educated.

Dr. Gilman settled in Wells about 1794 and was early attracted to religion as a means of medical practice. Pray with your patients as companions in the faith; pray that they may be cured of their afflictions; let them pray with you and for you, so that you may receive from on High strength and ability to cure them surely and rapidly.

He attended at one time the same church with Dr. Samuel Emerson, but although he was neither envious nor jealous, nor did he hate Dr. Emerson, yet he left that church because he preferred Hopkinsism, and could no longer abide the senseless doctrine of universal salvation as preached in the church which Dr. Emerson almost owned, as one might say, as his unique place of worship, and for his melodious celebration of religious music. Then Dr. Gilman set up a church of his own, as we may again say, partly with his own money and partly by his great personal magnetism and religious influence, and was for years its fountain head. He was likewise a tremendously generous man, but he never could have received much, if any, deductions under our present laws of income, as paid to organized charities, because he gave so largely to individuals in need, and as he saw them in his daily path through life, and in his medical practice.

He was fiercely opposed to the Separation from Massachusetts, attended two early and preliminary conventions where separation was considerably advocated, but he voted first, last, and always against it, as directed by his patients

and other people living in Wells. Feeling got so high in that village at one time, that it was voted almost unanimously to secede from Maine, if finally separated from Massachusetts, and to ask that the town be incorporated into the State of New Hampshire. Finally, there was a third and an actual Separation Convention, but Dr. Gilman had by that time been turned down and out by a change of feeling and votes in his own town, and he could no longer oppose the inevitable Separation, long since overdue. He accepted what came, but he never was satisfied with the result and remained embittered against it for the rest of his life.

The Massachusetts Medical Society thought so highly of Dr. Gilman that he was chosen as the permanent Councillor for the County of York. He established and kept alive the York County Medical Society and was its Treasurer for several years; he attended the two initial meetings for the establishment and incorporation of the Maine Medical Society, and ever afterward remained eager for its continuation and progress. I find, finally, that he was considered so excellent as an instructor in medicine, that he had several students in his office year in and year out for a long period of time, but none of them became so famous as those educated by other practitioners in Maine.

When Dr. Gilman died, he left in York County the enviable record and reputation of a Saint in Medicine, if we can believe the truth of all that was said concerning him in the sermon preached at his largely attended funeral, and repeated by special request on the Sunday following to a weeping audience of former patients and life-long friends.

JAMES SCAMMON GOODWIN, for many years a faithful practitioner at South Berwick and Saco, comes next in our list of Founders. Named as he was for Col. James Scammon, as it says, still, on his tombstone, "a man of infinite wit and story telling," he himself could make and take a joke and tell a story when he felt like it, though generally

rather laconic in his speech. He was a son of Major-General Ichabod Goodwin of Revolutionary fame, was born in South Berwick in 1793 and died in Portland from sheer old age in the year 1884, in his ninety-first year. I knew him well, was often in the house where he gradually declined from mere weight of years, and if I had not then been a young fool and thinking more about medical practice than medical history and antiquities, I should have undoubtedly obtained from him more than a single story, such as the one which I here reproduce to illustrate the life of Dr. Goodwin himself and to show off early surgery in Maine.

As I recollect it, this story ran in this fashion, as Dr. Goodwin told it to me one evening.

"When I was thirty-two years old and had learned a bit of surgery, there was a young woman of twenty or thereabouts in Saco, who had long suffered from a white swelling in the knee joint, as we used to call it, but which they call a tuberculous knee nowadays, I think. I said that the leg ought to come off above the knee joint in order to save the patient's life. Other doctors had been called in, in consultation, but each one of them and all of them refused to have anything to do with 'murdering the patient,' as they harshly called my suggestion that amputation ought to be done and done at once. So I got the patient's consent and got Mr. Ether Shepley, then a young lawyer in the town, and your wife's Grandfather, Dr. Spalding, and we offered prayer and sang a hymn with the patient. Then I set to work as rapidly as I could, and Mr. Shepley proved to be a first-rate assistant with the vessels, whilst two bystanders held the poor girl. Everything went off well that day, at least. We had a very anxious time during the convalescence, and everybody in town was wondering how our scheme would end. Finally, it came out all right, and the patient grew up to be over seventy and more, before she died." She praised daily to the end of her life the skill of her doctor and of Judge Shepley, as he finally became, and might have been President of the United States had he allowed himself to be a candidate for New England in 1852, when a New England

candidate named Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, was triumphantly elected President.

Dr. Goodwin practiced first at Saco, and was doing very well, indeed, when a deputation of citizens from South Berwick called in on him and invited him to return to the place of his birth. He worked there for a series of years and then returned again to Saco, when he was needed there once more to take the place of some physician who had died or removed elsewhere. Finally, afer the age of seventy-five he retired from practice and lived in Portland with his relatives until his death from old age. I do not remember that he ever wrote or read medical papers of his own in any Societies, or that he printed any in Medical Journals, but I remember well that he told me more than once of his adventures in medicine, case reports as one might call them. The best one of them all as I recall it, I have printed above. I am glad to add the name of this old friend of mine to the medical annals of Maine more permanently than has hitherto been done.

And, I had almost forgotten to say, and it is important to remember, that James Scammon Goodwin was a Dartmouth graduate of 1811, and a medical graduate also at Dartmouth of 1814, and was honored with a Phi Beta Kappa degree in 1849; proof, after all, that he was a man of genuine scholarly attainments which did not desert him even in his advanced years. In his class were Amos Kendall, Postmaster General, U. S.; Joel Parker, the wonderful New Hampshire jurist, and Ether Shepley, who helped him in that life-saving operation.

OLIVER GRISWOLD of Fryeburg deserves mention not only for his own instructive example in medical and social life, but for his great intimacy with one of the world's most famous anatomists, Dr. Alexander Ramsay, who after years of wandering from far-off Edinburgh and amidst the Atlantic Coast States of his country, settled for life in this same small country village, where he hoped to establish an

Anatomical Institution, worthy of his fame. The story of this man has been abundantly unfolded in medical biographical dictionaries of late years, so that in this book there is no need to amplify his romantic adventures. What would we not give, however, to know something of the many conversations between these two men so different in character, but both intent on advances in anatomy and medicine!

The Griswolds came from Connecticut, and settled in Lebanon "City," a mere village near Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, and there Oliver was born June 2, 1777, educated in the village schools, and then at Moore's Indian Charity School connected with Dartmouth College. Finally he studied medicine with some local physicians, and attended a course of lectures at the Dartmouth Medical School in 1806. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1814, and besides attending one meeting of that society, at least, he took, some years later, what we would call a post-graduate course of study, in the form of lectures at the Bowdoin Medical School in the days of Dr. Nathan Smith.

Griswold at Fryeburg became a Country Doctor; attending to all sorts of diseases, and injuries, and in addition to that he became a farmer on a large scale, a lumberer, a carpenter and joiner, a brickmaker from clay-pits found on his farm, a plaster grinder, and a miller for grinding all sorts of grains, most of which he raised on his large farm. He married Sarah Fessenden, the lovely and educated daughter of the Rev. William Fessenden of the village, and was chosen a deacon in the church. His influence in the community was broad-spread, and unique, and he was the first citizen next to the minister. Alongside of him also at one time was Daniel Webster.

The Doctor was tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather ascetic in countenance, active in his movements and perpetually busy. He read and studied at his leisure, his children were finely educated by their talented mother, and the household was not only charming for its hospitality but it was a wide-open home for all who asked to enter for safety and for

care and comfort so far as its rooms would admit. In their generosity, however, they went too far for their own personal needs, for their very best parlor had only wooden-seated chairs and in its centre a common rag mat. They gave broad-spread, to their own comparative poverty.

Then came sudden grief in the death of a promising boy of twelve, and the deaths, later on, of two charming daughters, and last and worst of all, the happy and unique couple became involved with a rum-maker and seller on some controverted points in church doctrines, and admitting those schisms without a thought for the future, Dr. Griswold found himself deprived of his deaconry, and his wife and family exiled from their church. Asking for dismission, it was refused. They obtained, however, some consolation from the other village pastor and his people, but they were not their own to whom they had been used. Then Dr. Griswold's practice began to dwindle, and he was at last compelled to remove, to labor with his son-in-law, Dr. William Swasey of Limerick, where, however, he was soon attacked with erysipelas and snatched away from all who were dear to him, in 1833, in his fifty-sixth year.

Dr. Griswold passed away, leaving a memory of a Christian gentleman and generous physician. The eulogy concerning him and his lovely wife and children by Hon. Judah Dana is accessible to all in the library of the Maine Historical Society, and is well worth reading, as a unique picture of a plain, unadorned Country Doctor of the early years of the Eighteenth Century.

JOHN GROVER (1783-1866) was the second of the great trio of excellent physicians of whom the town of Bethel has every right to be proud, Carter, Mason, and himself. He was a man who made much of his abilities and he was learned in the languages. He not only had a fine command of Latin and Greek as then taught in the colleges, but he took infinite pains at one time in his youth to go to Montreal, where he spent two years for the sole purpose of learning how to read and speak French.

Previous to this long visit, I note that he had already learned enough of pharmacy to become a hospital steward in Portland, and elsewhere, during the War of 1812, and then to enable him to study medicine with Dr. John Merrill of Portland and finally to go into practice at Bethel. He must indeed from his stewardship and his studies in Portland with Dr. Merrill, one of the first Marine Hospital surgeons of the day, have seen considerable routine medical practice when he settled down in Bethel. He was probably better fitted thus for a country doctor than many a diplomatized physician who had been taught from the books, but had seen only a few actual cases of disease. He rode horseback in his practice, but he was often seen to stop on the road coming home from a patient to figure out mathematical puzzles on the tops of fence posts, or on the sides of his medical books. So, too, just as he had in his youth been active as a farm hand, or in driving logs with his life in his hands, in jams in spring freshets, so in medicine he showed abundance of self-reliance.

He served on the Constitutional Convention of 1820, and, with a large, pleasant voice, he was very much of a public speaker, worth listening to on topics of public value. I do not find that he held political offices, but he served as a surgeon of the militia for thirty-five years.

Dr. Grover had a large, solid face, and he wore a very curious thick tuft of beard on his chin, giving his face a curious appearance, but rather befitting the solidity of the man.

He took a long horseback vacation to the West some years before his death, and concerning this tour, as well as the diseases and the doctors he met on the way, he wrote a very considerable memoir, which I regret not yet to have found. As I noted above, he lived to be over 83 years of age, and remained hale and hearty to the end.

DR. ENOCH HALE, JR., of Gardiner will long be remembered for his curious chemical experiments and his

numerous medical papers published in current medical journals in New England. He was born in West Hampton, Massachusetts, and was led to study medicine from listening to the remarkable chemical lectures of Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale. He obtained a degree at Harvard and then entered the office of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, from whom he obtained a love for Chemistry and Natural History lasting through his entire life. He was graduated at the Harvard Medical School in 1813, his graduating thesis being based on "Animal Heat," a topic which received much attention at that time. Its publication attracted attention abroad, and a criticism concerning it was printed in London. The enthusiasm for medicine communicated by Dr. Bigelow to his favorite pupil followed him wherever he practiced.

Thus he took the exceedingly great trouble, one excessively cold winter night, with the thermometer marking fifty degrees below zero, to climb to the masthead of a vessel lying at the wharf at Gardiner, carrying in his pocket a flask of metallic mercury and a saucer, in which he exposed the metal to the action of the very lowest temperature ever known on the Kennebec. Whether he succeeded or not in congealing the mercury remains unknown to me, but the spirit to try it was indicative of the exploring mind of the student.

He wrote papers of much value, "On Spotted Fever," "On Cold Fever," and on "Cyanche Maligna" (Diphtheria), which devastated the Kennebec valley one season. During this epidemic his mortality was small, compared with the results obtained by other physicians. Finally, I note that his reputation for writing papers was so well known that after returning to Boston he was elected Orator one year before the Massachusetts Medical Society, discoursing agreeably on "Typoid Fever in New England."

Dr. Hale was a physician far above the average, and he labored so hard that he was obliged to leave Gardiner and retire to Boston, where he died at the age of 58 in 1848. He was a successful physician, a delightful conversationalist, a writer of excellent English, and an ardent lover of Chemistry and Natural History, upon which subjects he

spoke publicly at the Lyceum. He was a Founder who ought never to be forgotten for his great services in Medical Maine. Nor should we forget that he was an officer and a very early member of the Boston Medical Library so famous in our day. Last and not least, he early discovered "Peyer's Patches," his book on "Epidemics" ran to 250 pages, and he twice won the Boylston Prize; once writing "On the Stomach and Urinary Organs," and a second time "On Intravenous Medication." He also opened a private school for boys and managed it and them, most successfully.

Hail to the name of Dr. Enoch Hale, Jr., of Gardiner!

The HALLS of Alfred, Father and Son, both named ABIEL, did noble work in the profession for many a long year, but they left so few traces behind them that it is difficult to define its extent, except by legendary evidence from the lips and letters of the oldest inhabitants. Abiel, the Father, was born in 1769, and as a mere youth fought in the ranks of the Revolutionary Army, and after medical studies with some local practitioner whose name remains unknown, he settled in Alfred for life. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1813, served as its Councillor for the County of York for many years, and was a leader in York County medical circles all of his life. He was at one time President of the York County Medical Society, presiding at a meeting held at Jefferd's Tavern in 1810. He was interested in Public Health and printed in the "Village Visiter" of Kennebunk a first rate popular paper on "Spotted Fever," telling readers its symptoms, its dangers, and what to do until the Doctor came.

He delivered the Fourth of July oration at Kennebunk in 1809, and everybody enjoyed it, because it was different from the usual oratory in honor of that day, not as long nor so bombastic as usual.

It is said that Dr. Hall was the original utterer of that famous saying to the messenger sent in hot haste by a doctor, when called to an urgent case, "Go and get Whiskey,

Gin, Rum, or Brandy, and see that you get them there before the doctor arrives." Last of all, "Father" Hall was a man of firm religious beliefs, President of the York County Bible Society, and died in 1829 at the age of 60.

His Son, ABIEL, JR. (1787-1869) followed in his Father's footsteps and had even a larger practice. He was a skillful obstetrician and keen diagnostician.

He was followed by a Nephew, JEREMIAH of Wells, a noted country doctor, and a power in politics in York County for many and many a year. I knew him well and was glad to be of service to him in keeping some hearing for him in his practice. So now, all in all, the HALLS of Alfred and Wells practiced in the same region for well over a hundred years, each of them doing good work, each adding to the sum and substance of medical knowledge, and each advancing medicine in York County. Each set to the other an example worthy of following. They were men of ability, weighed in the scales of medical knowledge then in vogue.

The student of American Medical History will not find another physician who so much occupied the public gaze for the ten years between 1820 and 1830, as DR. MICAJAH COLLINS HAWKES of Eastport. For, during those years, the medical magazines and newspapers of the day made very frequent mention of the famous case of Lowell vs. Faxon and Hawkes.

Dr. Hawkes, the son of Matthew and Ruth Collins Hawkes, was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, July 16, 1785, educated at Phillips-Exeter with such men as Edward Everett, William Willis, and others, and then studied medicine with Dr. William Ingalls of Boston, who was at that time trying to build up a school which should give better education than that at Harvard, but he did not quite succeed.

Before obtaining his diploma Dr. Hawkes served as Ship's Surgeon on the "Boxer," Captain James Lawrence, "Never give up the ship" Lawrence, in her great fight with the "Peacock" and from his experience with the wounded he obtained much surgical knowledge. During this combat, he received a slight wound which made him a little lame for life. He came back to Boston, and finally obtained his diploma at the Medical School connected with Brown University, in 1814. He then married Miss Sallie Wheeler of Salem, and practiced in Boston. In 1817, in response to an invitation from citizens of Eastport, he removed there for practice for the remainder of his life. He had a large practice, did a great deal of obstetric work, and about all of the surgery in that part of the State. He also served as Contract Surgeon to the military garrison, and toward the end of his life he was Collector of the Port.

The case of Lowell vs. Faxon and Hawkes, the central point in the career of Dr. Hawkes, was substantially this: Charles Lowell was thrown from a horse and dislocated a hip joint. Dr. Faxon of Lubec was called, but had sense enough to see that he knew nothing of so complex an injury, and was glad to call in Dr. Hawkes, who, to his own satisfaction, reduced the dislocation. Dr. Faxon, by the way, was a plain country doctor, a medical graduate of Brown in 1787, and was about 60, but he knew nothing of surgery. When the dislocation returned, a few days later, malpractice was charged against both attending physicians.

It was generally admitted that the plaintiff had left his bed and walked a considerable distance within two weeks after the dislocation had been reduced. Contributory negligence was also set up as a defence beside the claim on the part of the defendants of the use of ordinary skill.

The case dragged through the Courts for five years or more, one jury differing from another, until finally the Court decided that it must be withdrawn, each to pay his own costs. In this way the case ended for the physicians, but Mr. Lowell walked lame for life, and in his will ordered a post-mortem examination to be made. At that time it was

found that all of the physicians were wrong as to the position of the head of the femur. In fact, nothing but the X-rays of today could have settled the diagnosis. Those who are curious, can see the bones with the pelvis in the Warren Anatomical Museum, and near at hand my brochure with a full account of the entire suit. Dr. Nathan Smith, Dr. John C. Warren, Dr. Benjamin Brown, Dr. Buxton, and many others, testified at the various trials.

From this time on, Dr. Hawkes practiced as of old, drove about with his famous horse, "Ridgeway," pulling a chaise with a flamboyant picture of the Good Samaritan on each side of the top. A similar picture was painted on the façade of his hospitable mansion. Those in Eastport should examine the handsome wainscotting within, just as Dr. Hawkes caused it to be made for himself. He also tried to get rid of robins eating his cherries, by tying bells all over the branches of the tree, but it did not work. A good deal concerning Dr. Hawkes can be found in the diary of Mrs. Ayer, already mentioned, for Dr. Hawkes and Dr. Ayer saw a great deal of one another when the Ayers removed to Eastport, about the time of the famous law-suit, and stayed there until the death of Dr. Ayer in 1832. The two men got along nicely together.

Dr. Faxon died in Machias at the age of 65, and Dr. Hawkes flourished into the year 1863, thus living to see service in the War of 1812, and to cheer off the volunteers for the War of '61. Of Dr. Hawkes we can say that what with his contest in the "BOXER," and his battle with Lowell, he fought the "GOOD FIGHT" and came off victorious each and every time.

RICHARD HAZELTINE (1774-1836) was a bright instance of those few men who take many years to find themselves, in medicine, or in any profession. I do not find that he had any other medical education than that obtained by studying with some general country practitioner, but, at all events, he passed successfully the examination of the

Censors of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1796, and practiced for a while in the Western District of that State. He next moved to Lynn, Massachusetts, and was elected a member of the State Medical Society in 1803. Not long after that he migrated into Maine and practiced at Doughty's Falls, wherever that may be, and after that I find him in active correspondence with Dr. Jeremiah Barker, Maine's greatest medical writer of that era, and with Dr. Lyman Spalding of Portsmouth. He also wrote papers of high literary merit for Dr. Mitchill's "REPOSITORY," one of especial value being "On Spotted Fever." He also made much talk by his plan of issuing blanks for the enrollment of diseases by physicians scattered here and there, with the idea of collating them for publication en masse in some prominent Medical Journal. The idea was in this way to collect the history, symptoms, and treatment of diseases in various parts of the country. Dr. Hazeltine also worked zealously in behalf of the York County Medical Society, and was its Secretary for some years. He discussed one or two of the papers read before the Maine Medical Society.

He had a hobby for connecting the weather with epidemics. He reported an instance in which it snowed in York County for eight days with hardly a let-up, so that roads were impassable. When this great mass of snow melted off with great rapidity under warm April skies, freshets abounded, the earth was soaked, and much sickness prevailed, due, in his opinion, to the excessive moisture. His style was attractive and his descriptions vivid in all of his papers.

In a word, after drifting through three States, Dr. Hazeltine "found himself" at last, in North Berwick, where he became well known as a medical writer and practitioner. I emphasize also, that he was the only physician from Maine ever chosen as Orator for the Massachusetts Medical Society in that distant era before the Separation; and that in 1816 he acquitted himself nobly in this honorable position, by his address on "Phlegmasia Alba Dolens," or "Milk Leg" as it is familiarly called by the laity.

There are rumors that in his old age he returned once more to Lynn, and died there, but these I have, so far, been unable to confirm.

GAD HITCHCOCK! What a Name! How incredible, too, that any one member of the Hitchcock family so named, should have unloaded it on to a member in the second generation, and that owner to have passed it on again to a member of the third, as actually happened to the Hitchcocks of Pembroke, Massachusetts. At last, however, the spell was broken, for one of the fourth generation married into the Thaxters, and their children adopted that name, so that there were no more Hitchcocks, Gad or otherwise named. Hunters for the Hitchcocks should bear this in mind in their genealogical researches.

Rev. Gad Hitchcock, the First, preached valiantly and religiously after his graduation from Harvard in 1743; his son, Dr. Gad Hitchcock, of Harvard, 1768, was a splendid surgeon in the Revolutionary army. And here let me insert the fact that the Harvard Alumni Magazine for April, 1890, has a remarkable paper on Dr. Gad Hitchcock and other Harvard Revolutionary Surgeons, well worth reading, to say nothing of taking a look at the portraits added to the literary contents. Rarely do we see so able a paper.

It is to be regretted that we know so little concerning the life of Dr. Gad Hitchcock, the second Doctor by that name, or of the third of those named Gad. He passed his life in Yarmouth, was interested in the Academy and induced the young to get education within its halls. He was a perpetual Councillor for Cumberland County from the Massachusetts Medical. He was a great friend of Dr. John Stockbridge of Bath, for these two boys had studied medicine together with Dr. Gad Hitchcock, Sr., at Pembroke, after the war was over. They were fond of one another, and when Dr. Gad, Jr., found Maine a profitable ground for practice, he sent for Dr. Stockbridge and advised him to settle in Bath; near enough for friendship and not too close for com-

petition. Their friendship was exemplary in its way. Physicians are solitary men; they make but few friendships with other physicians until they have practiced many years, and then they long at last for a genial companion to talk over cases, symptoms, diseases, and the fruits of their long experiences.

So then, all that I can do is to sum up the mere facts; that Gad Hitchcock, Jr., studied with his own Father, settled in North Yarmouth, as it was then called, about 1815, and died there in 1837, in his 49th year, cut off all too soon in his usefulness. Let me not forget to add, as a last annotation, that during the Revolution, Gad Hitchcock, the Army Surgeon, fell in love with the daughter, Sadie, of his own regimental Colonel, and that she was the lovely mother of Gad Hitchcock, Jr., of our Yarmouth of today; a pleasant romance to remember.

DR. CORNELIUS HOLLAND will long be remembered in Maine for his interest in Dr. Valorus Perry Coolidge, of Waterville, who, after a trial for murdering an intimate friend, was sent to the State Prison for life. He is said to have escaped by the connivance of the medical staff, to have been seen, recognized, and talked with in California, long after his death and post-mortem examination at Thomaston. Dr. Holland helped young Coolidge to be a teacher, a medical student, and a physician at Waterville, and always pushed his fortunes in every way. After the burial of the body sent from the State Prison, it was exhumed three times, and on each occasion Dr. Holland recognized the body as that of the young man whom he had known from childhood. But, even to this day, there are men who believe that Dr. Coolidge was permitted to escape by the doctors, because he was a doctor himself, and that he was actually seen in California. No arguments can shake their faith, although they have not a written word of proof for their assertions.

Dr. Holland was a genial, story-telling sort of a man, who settled first in Livermore, and then at Rumford Point, a vil-

lage built on a point of land jutting out into the Androscoggin just above Rumford. He was an early member of the Massachusetts and of the Maine Medical Societies, and helped out the Maine Society as well as he alone was able. Rather shy in medicine, he had nerve in politics, spoke at the Separation and the Constitutional Conventions, was a member of the first Senate, and then of the House of Representatives in Maine, and finally went to Congress for two successive terms.

It seems that once on his journey to Washington he met with a surgical adventure well worth recording here.

The stage coach on which he was journeying on the last stage between Baltimore and Washington, December 6, 1830, broke down as it was going down hill, the horses got frightened and started galloping at breakneck speed, the driver was thrown by the roadside, and Dr. Holland being on the front seat, jumped for his life. The stage went on, and was knocked into a thousand pieces.

When the passengers were picked up and carried into a neighboring farm-house, Dr. Holland was of great first-aid service in setting the broken arms of two of the women passengers, and then, much to his own amusement and amazement, he fainted away from a welt on the back of his own head, which he had been too busy to remember when tending on the wounded. After a supporting drink from a handy flask, he, too, was laid abed alongside of the wounded women. He soon recovered, however, and went on to Washington with Mr. John Anderson, the other member of Congress from Maine, a resident of Freeport, and a fellow-passenger.

Dr. Holland was a first-rate man on Congressional Committees, but there is not much to be said of his speeches on any important topics of legislation, as might be expected in the presence in Washington in those days, of the great Giants; Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others like them.

He was a hospitable man, liked to have people drop in and talk with him, and he had in return much to say of Washington, and of his adventures there. He was a sound

adviser, and a capable obstetrician. Born July 9, 1783, he survived until June 2, 1870. The latter part of his life was clouded by loss of sight from cataracts, which he seems to have left unoperated. He endured partial blindness, but was cheered by daily visitors with news of the village and of the world outside. In thinking of him, we cannot but wonder what he would today think of the wonderful development of Rumford Falls, not so very far from the scenes of his daily labors, and which in his country drives he must in their original beauty and majestic flow of water, have greatly admired.

DR. SILAS HOLMAN of Hallowell was a very well educated physician from the Class of 1813, Harvard. After obtaining his medical degree, three years later he settled in Hallowell and gradually obtained an excellent family practice amongst the better classes of that fine old town on the Kennebec. In addition to his labors as a physician, he gave much time to the composition and public delivery of a series of Instructive Talks on Public Health, doing everything in his power to promote this in the town and surrounding country. He was likewise firm for Temperance, not a miserable, bullying prohibitionist, but he argued for temperance in meats, in vegetables, even in bread and butter; and also wanted temperance in drink, at a time when most people, young and old, drank three times a day, and mostly, plain New England Rum. The very name, "NEW ENGLAND," shows how common it was to the people of this part of the country. The rum barrel was in every home, ready for one and for all who wanted a drink. Rum, and Molasses and Water. The quantities of such a mixture consumed were prodigious. And yet there was not a tremendous sight of drunkenness!! It must have been a better, purer Rum!

Dr. Holman, as I say, began a series of lectures on alcohol for one of his topics, and delivered it year after year to increasing audiences. His title was "The Trial of Alcohol," as if he were trying its merits in medicine and its demerits

to health. Others have claimed that his title was "The Trail of Alcohol," showing its snaky course everywhere. Whichever title is correct, there can be no doubt that the speaker was in earnest for Temperance in all of the concerns of daily life.

Dr. Holman was a refined speaker; he did not rant; he did not run down those who talked the other way; he spoke in a scholarly fashion, and he dressed well his part. In this respect he was a model for physicians to follow, but most of them, sad to say, did not, but went about roughly dressed and not always with beards or hair well trimmed.

This excellent physician and philanthropist died about 1860 in his sixtieth year. Dates are not so very important concerning good men of his character, so much as some slight clue to the good which they did in spite of public opinion and underhanded opposition from the liquor dealers. Such men offer a public example of courtesy, of faith in what they believe as for the best for all concerned.

Men like Dr. Holman tried their best to weaken, and gradually to destroy the habit for drink, just as they also decried gluttony for food, and brutality of manners and lack of common courtesy to those around them and at their own firesides. Their aim was also to build up a dietary, to get better cooking, dishes better and more neatly served, and to establish a mode of living which would be uplifting and of positive advantage to all those who cared to follow such valuable instruction. In other words, Dr. Holman was a welcome Reformer; not a man detested for trying to force upon an unwilling people reforms of which they really had no idea, except that the bad things of life should be destroyed, without making any effort to amend them gradually.

Old JOHN HUBBARD or, more politely speaking, DR. JOHN HUBBARD, SR., of Readfield, was an eminent Founder of the Maine Medical, and he was practicing in that village when his name went on the list of members of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1808, long before our

State Society was incorporated. He lived and labored in Readfield until his sudden death in 1838, at the age of 79.

Coming into Maine at an early age, he soon took great interest in the beginnings of the popular and political movements tending to a separation between the District of Maine and the State of Massachusetts. The longer he studied and investigated the state of affairs, the more urgent became his feelings that some such step should be taken, at once, by the people of Maine. As far back as 1794, when one of the Grievances Conventions was held in Portland, and the delegates had a chance to express their opinions freely and openly, Dr. Hubbard as a delegate from Kennebec County, was earnest and vigorous in his opinions in favor of Separation, and he seems to have done even more than his share to bend popular opinion towards the actual accomplishment of the deed as soon as possible for it to be arranged.

Outside of these public affairs, Dr. Hubbard remained a peaceful practitioner in his country village, lived to enjoy the sovereignty of Maine, and also to congratulate himself on the noble advancement medically and politically of his son John, which ultimately placed him in the Governor's chair not long after his Father died.

This son, whose life has many times been written, briefly deserves here some mention alongside of the life of his Father, and I must say simply that he was a Dartmouth graduate of 1816; a teacher in Virginia; a medical graduate at the Jefferson Medical College, and a very able physician at Hallowell. Finally, he was the first Governor of Maine who sacrificed his entire political career in obedience to his feelings concerning the real value of the prohibition of free rum daily in almost all the homes in the State. Knowing that he would be defeated if he signed the law, he did sign it in spite of all political advice. It cost him a second term as Governor, and it cost him chances for a nomination for Senator at Washington, and a Presidential nomination. For he was a big man mentally, and he would have gone far if he had only truckled to partisan politicians.

Here, then, is our toast: To the memory of Old Dr. John Hubbard, the Separator, and to his great son, the first Governor with courage to sign a prohibitory law.

DR. HUNTINGTON of Bowdoinham, Uriel by name, was a quiet, unobtrusive physician, and yet an active member of the Maine Medical Society, who was born in a part of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, known as Bozdar. He was the son of Theophilus Huntington of that town, and it seems to me that only a man with that odd name, could have chosen a name like Uriel for a son of his, although he may have been a very learned and eccentric man who wanted to show off his knowledge. However this may be, I may say that careful search for the education of Dr. Huntington has so far failed to place him in any College, although in family genealogies he is said to have had a degree from Bowdoin. The catalogue of that College, however, does not name him. The records of the Maine Medical Society show him as a constant attendant at the meetings, which may be accounted for possibly by the fact that he lived near at hand, and that it was not any great effort for him to ride over some dozen miles or more to the annual meetings.

He married in due season Miss Betsey Bailey, and brought her down into Bowdoinham. She honored him with five children, with whom I regret to say she had no luck at all, for four died early from tuberculosis, and the fifth died in the West Indies. I do not know whether this son was there as a seafaring man, or in search of health. It should not be forgotten that a century ago, a good many tuberculous people migrated to the Tropics in search of warmth, believing that warmth would cure their ills. Heat was then the cure for tuberculosis, not mere fresh air.

Dr. Huntington was a steady-going physician, and a steady-going Baptist; and when he passed out of life, about 1840, he left the memory of being a good Christian, and a good physician. I regret that I fail to find more annotations concerning the medical career of the physician with the

funny name of Uriel. That being so, let me add, that Uriel was one of the seven archangels stationed in the sun. Milton calls him a mere archangel; Longfellow, "The Minister of Mars," and the Book of Esdras in the Apochrypha, has more to say about him. Theophilus, the name of Dr. Huntington's Father, means the love of God; and so the Father may have named the son Uriel, for the "Light of God."

Some physicians enjoy a wide reputation in their places of practice, but they leave so few clues in the shape of medical papers, public addresses, or documents of any sort, that it is almost impossible to trace their lives. A hundred years after the height of their reputation has been reached, they remain undiscoverable and inaccessible to the ken of the diligent historian. Such so far have been the results of a patient investigation concerning DR. JOSEPH HUSE of Camden, who seems to have been born in Methuen, Massachusetts, in 1796, to have been educated in the Atkinson Academy, and to have studied a year each with Dr. George Osgood of Andover, and Dr. Frank Kittredge of Tewksbury, both in Massachusetts, and to have been elected a member of the Massachusetts Medical in 1813, whilst practicing in Camden. He shows himself to us as a man of skill, and of that sort of mental balance as to be able to live in amity with his medical competitors, willing to look after their patients in emergencies, or actual absence, and glad to have them come back to work again so as to relieve him from working too hard, or driving far. Finally, he consolidated a real and a positive friendship with Dr. Jacob Patch, a neighboring physician, whose oddities will be detailed somewhat briefly farther along in the list of Founders.

Dr. Huse went considerably into politics in the campaign of 1840, and traveled on to Washington as a member of the Electoral College which voted for Harrison for President.

He was early married, but soon lost his lovely wife, and used often to be heard playing sweet melodies to her spirit on his mellifluous flute in the cemetery near her grave.

Dr. Huse died in 1847 in his seventy-fourth year. He was famous as having great luck with his fever cases, bred in those days by lack of cleanliness about the homes of patients. He insisted on good nursing in fevers, plenty of actual rest abed; "Lie there just as long as you can and until you feel your strength coming back; take just as much food as your appetite demands, and the very least amount of medicine which any humane doctor shall dare to inflict upon your stomach."

After all, what higher service could any physician a thousand times more famous than Dr. Huse, do in a community, than to teach ordinary rules for health and against disease, and to cure the people as quickly as he could, so that they could get to work to income earning again as rapidly as possible?

Joseph Huse, it is interesting to note as a part of Maine's Medical History, was followed by a son who continued and carried on his Father's practice, their united labors in Camden covering a hundred years, it is claimed; a record unique in Maine's Medical History, unless equalled later on by the Ross family in Kennebunk. Benjamin Dudley Emerson, the last of the Huses, as a Doctor, died in 1924.

JOHN ANGIER HYDE of Freeport, a man of high reputation in his day, was born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, July 10, 1771, and he died at Freeport, February 8, 1857, in his eighty-sixth year. He was sent from Rehoboth to Boston to study medicine with William Ingalls, who had a most famous reputation in those days. He did much surgery, first amputating the arm at the shoulder joint, for instance, and he established a school for medical instruction in Boston, which he hoped to make even better than the one at Harvard. In this, however, he failed, but in one way he succeeded; for the competition of his school compelled the faculty of the Harvard Medical School to come over to Boston, instead of dwindling at Cambridge far from clinical material such as it was in those days. Dr. Ingalls, by the

way, finally abandoned his Boston school and was made surgical Professor at Brown. He drove faster horses, it is said, than any other doctor in Boston, was devoted to politics and served often as toastmaster at effervescing banquets in Boston.

To resume, young Dr. Hyde came to Freeport in 1794, and married there in 1796 Miss Priscilla Wharff of that village, and their descendants, or one of them at least, is still practicing medicine skillfully and with confidence. The happy pair, Dr. Angier Hyde and his wife,had eight children in all. Dr. Hyde does not seem to have written on medicine at all, but he was a prolific speaker and debater at Medical Meetings, and was a steady attendant at the annual meetings of the Maine Medical Society at Brunswick. If the short distance which he lived from Brunswick is alleged as a reason why he never failed to be present at a meeting it might be well worth while to remind present-day people of these awful nine miles of mud, bog, and stones once lying between the two towns at almost all seasons of the year.

The name of Hyde is short and brief, and his life, for lack of information procurable, shall be a perfectly reflected image of his name.

It seems rather odd to note next in order the name of DAVID JONES of North Yarmouth, as it was then called, the Yarmouth of today, as that of a physician of skill, rather than that of a sea captain or sailor; for "Davy Jones' Locker" is a saying famous to children as of a hero of our navy and merchant marine many years ago. Here now we have it belonging to a physician, who not only had a good reputation in his lifetime, but happening to leave his instruments, particularly those which he used in dentistry, in the possession of his widow, she continued the reputation of her husband by her skill in "plugging" teeth, and in extracting such as were offensive or loosened.

I know nothing of the parentage, birthplace, or education of David Jones, and only this much of his life before he

settled in Maine, namely, that he served twice as a naval surgeon in our wars, once on a vessel commanded, so it is said, by brave Commodore Decatur, and a second time on a privateer. After this he settled on land and made and saved so much money that he bought a farm, paid cash down in silver dollars, and was in point of fact so well off that he also hired a man to cultivate it, whilst he pocketed the profits accruing from the efficient work of a man who was really honest on a farm. Dr. Jones was one of the first Maine physicians to make a farm pay, and we may call him famous in Maine Medical History as a successful medical farmer, and a first rate agricultural physician.

In reading one of the excellent papers of the famous Dr. Jeremiah Barker I found mention of a consultation which he once held with Dr. David Jones in a case of serious injury from a falling tree, I think, and in which he was pleased with the surgical skill displayed by Dr. Jones. I also find that Dr. Jones was elected a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1803, and that in 1804 his name is to be found on a petition to that Society to establish a District Society in Maine, including the counties of Cumberland and York. The appearance of his name on this petition shows the high opinion of his medical influence as evidenced by his medical friends asking him to put to it his hand and seal. He served as Overseer of Bowdoin for several years. Outside of these dates I find nothing to fix the length of time during which Dr. Jones practiced medicine in Maine. He owned a book on "Physic and Surgery" written in Latin by John Riolanus, Physician to the Queen of France and England, published by Nicholas Culpepper and W. R., of London, in 1661. This book I last saw in the bookcase of the late Dr. Anson Morrill Andrews of Gray, in 1920, and was delighted to see the autograph of David Jones.

There are more physicians by the name of Kittredge than by almost any other out-of-the-way name. One Kittredge had eight sons who practiced medicine; Harvard has

ten on its catalogues; Dartmouth, a few, and other colleges also. I, for one, was brought into the world by Rufus Kittredge of Portsmouth, and one of my earliest remembrances is of his saying, "This boy is very sick with the croup. I fear he will not live through the night." Yet here I am, and my next duty is to say something about the largest physician ever practicing in Maine; and his name was ASAPH KITTREDGE, once living in North Paris and later in Paris. He was born in Brookfield, Massachusetts, in 1793, studied with his father, yet another Dr. Kittredge, and had a Boston degree in 1812; probably from Dr. William Ingalls, of whom we have elsewhere heard. He served in the War of 1812 as a steward and ship's surgeon, on a privateer, and had considerable to do in naval surgery. In 1815 he happened to go on horseback down to Paris. Whilst doubting whether Ohio did not offer him a better chance for a living from medicine than this country village, a patient sent for him, he helped her, and soon he had his share of the medical practice in and around Paris and North Paris. This he carried on with much success until the year 1866, when he fell into a decline from an obscure spinal affection, accompanied with frightful pain, which could be but slightly alleviated. Removing to New Haven, Connecticut, he died there February 6, 1868, at the age of 75.

He was the largest physician ever practicing in Maine, I truly believe, for he weighed at least three hundred pounds. But for all those pounds of weight, he was not gross nor fat, but big boned, bulky, and heavy, in hard flesh. His energy was tremendous, and he could get over the ground with speed hard to beat, like the elephant, as we know, moving apparently gravely, yet going fast with immense bulk. He hated drink as the fiend incarnate, but he loved his tobacco, and was never more cheerful and contented than with his after-dinner pipe, and people sitting around, all more or less talkative. He loved to do his share in conversation, and that consisted largely in going over his adventures on privateers in the War of 1812, and in discoursing on the curious cases which he had seen treated and cured.

One of the most beautiful friendships in medicine between Father and Son that I have ever discovered in my studies of the lives of physicians in Maine, or elsewhere, was that existing for many years between DR. ISAAC LINCOLN of Brunswick, and his remarkable son, "DR. JOHN." Of their relationship in this point of view let this anecdote give proof.

Whilst the devoted Son was listening to the beatings of his Father's heart on nearly the last day of their lives together, the old man laid his hand affectionately upon the head of his son kneeling beside him, and whispered, "It is hard to part, John, for our companionship has been long and sweet."

Isaac Lincoln was born in Cohasset, Massachusetts, in 1780, and he died in Brunswick in 1868. He was well educated as a youth, graduated at Harvard in 1803 with Samuel Weed, of whom we shall in due order hear, taught a while, and at the same time studied medicine with Dr. Thomas Thaxter of Hingham and Dr. Samuel Adams of Ipswich, and later of Bath, and of whose "Case Book" we have already heard in this Collection. He settled for practice in Topsham in 1804, and was a successful physician. He finally had so many patients in Brunswick, compelling him to cross the Androscoggin so often, and occasionally so difficult to accomplish, that he finally moved to Brunswick for good and for all.

He was soon elected an Overseer of Bowdoin, and never missed a meeting in sixty years. He did all in his power to found the Maine Medical Society, and to bolster up its vacillating fortunes. He might easily have gone into politics, but with many offices opening to his choice, he declined them all. He loved the wide open practice of medicine, rather than the secret side of active politics. He was a good man of business, clever as a practitioner, and not over-obstinate in his diagnosis or his ideas of treatment. He was a public-spirited man, and urged the planting of trees all around about in the streets of Brunswick. Years afterward, men would say, "I daresn't cut down a single one

of those trees for fear that old Doctor Lincoln would haunt me."

One day a patient consulted his son, and Dr. Isaac, in reply to a question, said: "Oh, yes, do give him a bit of medicine; enough to cure him; but be sure that you don't give him enough to turn his stomach."

Henry Longfellow, long time a resident of Brunswick, to say nothing of being a Professor of Languages at Bowdoin, was at one time rather opposed to the idea of having or of joining in with a Fire Company in the village. He talked so discouragingly at a meeting to vote on the question of buying a Fire Engine, that Dr. Isaac finally jumped to his feet and shouted at Longfellow, "Well, Henry, don't you be surprised if you find your house set afire some day, when people hear that you won't help us to have an engine."

Dr. Lincoln remained very active till well along to the end of his life. It is said from this point of view that a neighbor met him on the street one cold, blustering winter's day after he was more than eighty years of age, and he asked the Doctor what he was doing out on a cold day like that.

"Oh, I've just been down to the end of Harpswell and Great Island to see two patients."

"Quite a long drive of twenty miles or more for an old gentleman on such a cold day as this," replied the friend.

"Oh, just a good morning's work, a good morning's work," said Dr. Lincoln, and with such a mentality and such excellent physical strength he went on to the end of his long life, highly thought of by all who knew him, and everybody did know him as a very able physician and a most cultivated man and scholar. He was an ornament to the town and an honor to the medical profession.

TIMOTHY LITTLE (1770-1843) was educated at Phillips-Exeter Academy, and was a physician of fame in New Gloucester and Portland. He stood high in these two communities, in which he practiced for fifty years, and his medical brethren also had great confidence in his judgment

and opinions. Thus it happened that even after Maine had separated from Massachusetts, and the two Societies had also legally separated, some differences persisted. Amongst these was the question of the payment of back dues before the acceptance of resignations from the Massachusetts Society, and the validity of licensures granted by the parent Society, and others. These disputes culminated in 1827, when Dr. Little was sent by the Maine Medical Society as a Committee of one, to Boston, to put things into order. This he accomplished so successfully that, upon his return and the reading of his Report, he received the thanks of his grateful brethren in Maine, and nothing further was heard of any difficulties.

He also served faithfully as censor for several years, this duty consisting largely in examining candidates for fitness.

Although he was a good physician, he was chiefly known as an anatomist, and his preparations, made by himself and his pupils, were given ultimately to Dr. Nathan Smith and his successor, Dr. John Doane Wells, when the Bowdoin Medical School was founded.

As a teacher, Dr. Little also had a very considerable reputation previous to the date of the foundation of the Bowdoin School, and when that was in running order he advised his scholars and applicants for instruction to attend there, rather than to rely on old-fashioned methods.

Amongst various anecdotes reported concerning this interesting man, I find that he is reported to have said to a patient congratulating him on his forty years of successful practice: "Well, I don't know whether my many patients have got a cure from taking my medicines, or in spite of them."

He was an absent-minded man, young or old, for he was thinking of his patients. One day at the family dining table much gossip was flung to and fro concerning a new carriage and a span of horses being lately set up by a prosperous Portland family. Dr. Little seemed to be paying no attention to what everybody was chatting about across the table, and sat immersed in his thoughts. Fully a week after-

ward, during a lull in the family conversation around the same table, Dr. Little, without any suggestion concerning the former new carriage affair, burst out with this:

"Carriage; carriage; who was talking so much about a new carriage just now?"

Dr. Little was a very able medical writer, and an oration, or address, of his before the Cumberland District Medical Society, and still existing in print, is by no means indifferent reading, even nowadays, when medical fashions, practice, and thought have changed so much. All in all, he was a practitioner high above the average of the era in which he so eminently flourished, and set so lofty an example of duty to his patients as the first aim of every physician. He was chosen to represent the Maine Physicians at the Massachusetts Medical Society meeting about 1830 to discuss the payment of dues from Maine to the mother society after the Separation; and his work was commended by his Brothers in Medicine in Maine.

Born in Newbury, Massachusetts, October 27, 1776, he died in Portland, November 26, 1849; his widow, Eliza Lowell, surviving him.

NATHANIEL LOW is still remembered in York County as a physician and politician in two generations, Father and Son. The Father was practicing at South Berwick in 1786, and in that year attended a Grievance Convention in Portland, when complaints against the encroachments of Massachusetts upon Maine were loudly uttered and very keenly by Dr. Low. To him, July 4, 1792, was born a son, whom his father educated personally, and ultimately he obtained from Dartmouth an academic degree in 1809, and a medical in 1813. Meanwhile, Dr. Low, the Father, was practicing, studying meteorology, and publishing an Almanac, old copies of which, in good condition, command what is called in the Greek fruit shops a "FANCY" price at auction sales.

Young Nathaniel had taught in the village school during his college and medical lecture life, but immediately after

obtaining his degree he took up the threads of his Father's practice in his native village with much success. Nevertheless, his mind was bent more on politics and literature than on medicine, so that, being gifted with the art of speaking, he went into the Maine Legislature, then edited a newspaper, "The American Patriot," in Portland for two years, and finally was appointed Postmaster of Portland. Here he did good service until he was turned out by Andrew Jackson on the theory that "To the Victors Belong the Spoils."

Dr. Low then returned to South Berwick, but having in 1824 been elected a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society, he had much practice across the line, and finally removed to Dover, and later on was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature.

During his life at Dover he published a clever pamphlet on "Principles of Animal Life;" literary papers of sound value; and poetry, the quality of which I have not been able to estimate, owing to its rarity in the Libraries.

The Records of the New Hampshire Medical Society show off the rather pugnacious character of Dr. Low. He seems always to have been in hot water over one thing or another, and finally he was allowed to withdraw after much refulgent courtesy exhibited on both sides. He lived until April 2, 1883, being at that time in his ninety-first year, remaining to the last a fine example of a determined, opinionated practitioner of medicine, combined with the fundamental suavity of the genial politician, inevitably necessary for perfect success in that sort of a life.

ARIEL MANN! How sweetly that surname sounds! It has always seemed to me that Dr. Ariel Mann of Hallowell was foreordained to a great career simply from his name. In point of fact, the medical journals and the newspapers and the memories of the oldest inhabitants give proof of the high position which he reached in medicine, and in citizenship, and which he won largely by his own efforts. In the Legislature he served on Rivers and Public Canals committees.

I note that he was elected to the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1813, that he was one of its Councillors for Kennebec County for years; that he did much to build up the Maine Medical Society; that he contributed papers of value to the medical magazines, and that then, overworked and weakened by tuberculosis, he died in 1828 at the early age of 51. He lasted seven years more than was at one time expected, by rigid living out of doors, and watchfulness in exercise and diet. He was a first rate surgeon, good at fractures and dislocations, abundant in those days when nearly everybody was lumbering; understanding frost bites thoroughly and saving many fingers and toes even when gangrenous from such a cause; and by his cleanliness his wounds healed with greater rapidity than those of any other surgeon of that era. Surgery in those days was, of course, nothing in comparison with the vertiginous heights of skill nowadays attained, but every era has its own standard, and so, measured by that of a century ago, Ariel Mann was a surgeon of great ability. Of this we get a slight idea from the Records of the Town of Chesterville, some thirty miles from Hallowell, where, in 1809, a laborer was terribly injured by the fall of a tree with a resultant compound comminuted fracture of the leg. Three physicians were called in, but merely shook their heads and asked that Dr. Mann be sent for. It took, of course, much time for the message to be carried those many miles and for Dr. Mann to obey it, but arriving at last upon the scene, he saw at once that amputation was imperative to save the man's life. This was done, and successfully, and the man lived long, with ability to get about and do useful, gainful work.

Dr. Mann was the second Vice-President of the Maine Medical, and in September, 1823, he delivered the first Annual Address before its members. This is brief, but rich in contents; the value of medical books; the need of reading and of annotating them for reference; the art of understanding what they teach; the necessity of studying new diseases as appearing in Maine, as well as of carefully investigating tuberculosis in its varied forms; lumbar abscess,

gout, and especially typhoid; physicians ought to consult oftener for benefit to patients and themselves; finally, all practitioners should be licensed or graduated at a good Medical College, and duly examined for fitness before they could legally collect their bills for services.

Dr. Amos Nourse, of whom we shall directly hear, was a partner of Dr. Mann once upon a time, and just as Dr. Nourse became a Judge of Probate for Sagadahoc County, so Dr. Mann followed in his steps in Kennebec. Such promotions were not uncommon in those days, for physicians were leaders in public opinion, they had self-reliance, and owing to their education they could carry on such offices more successfully than the average citizen. Dr. Mann, therefore, weakened by tuberculosis and long country rides, gave up some of his practice and was a Probate Judge the remainder of his life; six years in all. He died in 1828.

Other physicians in my list of Founders were partners of Dr. Ariel Mann, and many who ultimately became great practitioners were students of his, for he had a great gift for instruction. He never quarreled with his partners, but he so overshadowed them with his greater and innate ability, that they went gladly elsewhere after a while, so as to get into the light of the sun.

I am sorry that a more extended life of Ariel Mann cannot here be introduced, but I hope that in this brief, flash-light sketch I have revealed a few characteristics of the man with the sweet-sounding Christian name; Dr. Ariel Mann of Hallowell, one of the very ablest medical men of all time in Maine. I am glad to say even these few words concerning his brilliant career.

Dr. MOSES MASON, Jr., the third of the celebrated physicians of Bethel, was, as his portrait suggests, rather a heavy-jowled man with thin lips and long white hair. He wore also a narrow black tie done up into what we now call a Butterfly Knot, at a time when almost every remaining man wore a stock wound thrice about his throat. His

Father came from Dublin, New Hampshire, and had been a soldier at Bennington with General Stark. He came across the line into Maine about 1799, when his son Moses was about eight years of age. The boy was educated in the common schools, later studied medicine with a brother-in-law, Dr. James Ayer, and when fitted, he settled and practiced in Bethel for life. He soon had a good business, and he carried it on uneventfully the rest of his life.

After a while he became Postmaster in the village, not because he wanted the office, but because nobody else would take the place. Before his time there was no Post Office at all, the mail coming over irregularly from Waterford, the nearest town on the regular post road, but only when some kind citizen was good enough to haul it over. Dr. Mason used to say that the sweetest music he ever heard in his life was the sound of the Post Horn rippling along the highway on the day when the first regular mail arrived in Bethel for him to distribute.

He also served as Justice of the Peace for many years, and was always managing to get some sort of a fee out of bashful grooms, and then neatly transferring it into the hand of the blushing bride as his wedding gift to her. There was a time, also, in his advancing years when he took pride as a citizen in overseeing the village cemetery and taking care that the grass was regularly cut and the plots well kept. In a word, he was a nice man for the town, a plain country doctor, and kind to his patients. Other than that, he cannot be called a shining light in medicine.

His greatest fame now rests upon the fact that he went twice to Congress, where he greatly enjoyed listening to the debates of the Political Giants of those days, and in telling village listeners all that he had seen on his long journeys to and from the Capital, and all that he had heard in the Senate and House of Representatives. Governor Fairfield's "Letters" (without any index, be it said with keen regret) speak of Dr. Mason with regard and kindness. They once walked from Washington to Harper's Ferry with Senator Shepley and others—and to Mt. Vernon, which Dr. Mason considered

nothing much of a farm except that Washington is buried there. Governor Fairfield also makes this curious remark concerning Mrs. Mason who was in Washington for the winter with her husband: "Mrs. Mason used to be a school teacher and appears well, although a Calvinistic Baptist."

He served also on the Governor's Council, was long a Trustee of the State Hospital at Augusta, and investing his savings and inheritances in timber lands, the town in which they were situated was named MASON in honor of the fine old Gentleman, Congressman, and Physician from Bethel.

He continued his daily rounds almost to the last of his life, and died in 1866, aged over seventy-five.

After a long-continued study of the men who practiced medicine in Maine a century ago, I believe that the most forceful, original, and daring character of them all was JAMES McKEEN of Topsham (1797-1863). After a common school education he entered Bowdoin, and whilst there he was attracted to the meteoric career of Napoleon, so that he followed with maps and pins those dashing marches across the face of Europe, which then held the world spellbound. He was also devoted to astronomy, and night after night could be seen lying on the campus tracing the constellations, marking the paths of planets, and looking for meteors. He completed his medical course at Harvard and was a Founder of our Society. Although a very young man, he tried hard to keep the Society alive by his presence and his papers. He spoke chiefly, at the meetings, on "Ethics," "Medical Education," and "Tables for Fees." Finally, at the death of that genius for Anatomy, Dr. John Doane Wells, he delivered an extraordinary eulogy. Amongst his published papers I note "The Influence of the Imagination on the Foetus in Utero," and a second "On Retroversion of the Uterus," both of which were well received.

During an epidemic of Yellow Fever in New York, Dr. McKeen closed his office and went on to study the disease. On the journey he traveled a long distance with Daniel Web-

ster, whom he did not know at all, but who made upon him a wonderful impression as together they discoursed on various topics. When finally they came to a parting of their ways, Dr. McKeen said: "I never met a man in all my life whom I liked better than you, and I do wish that you would tell me your name." "Why, sir, I am just Daniel Webster from Boston." "Well, well," replied McKeen, "I don't wonder that everybody admires you, for I never met with a better talker, and I have traveled much."

I conclude this Yellow Fever epidemic episode by saying, that on his return to practice Dr. McKeen printed a paper concerning it.

After being appointed Professor of Obstetrics in the Bowdoin Medical School, Dr. McKeen set off for Dublin, and as drafts on Europe were scarce and exchange dear, he was obliged to carry a thousand dollars in silver coin. Moving from one boarding house in Dublin to another, after a warning as to the bad reputation of the first, he was attacked by two thieves, but, bags of silver in his two hands, he drove both of them into disastrous flight by smashing them each in turn over the head with "Very Hard Cash" to pay them for their assault. This story he told with much glee in the Dublin Court when arrested for noisy conduct in the streets.

Returning home, he occupied the Chair of Obstetrics at the Bowdoin Medical School for fifteen years, and after that the Chair of Theory and Practice of Medicine.

Dr. McKeen possessed much suavity of speech and presence of mind, and if perchance he found that he had forgotten to bring certain drugs in his hand bag for a complaining patient, he would say, "Well, I guess I won't leave anything new for you today, but the next time I come over, I will have the latest novelty, sure to cure."

When the Androscoggin was frozen over and the snow well tramped down, it was a sight to see Dr. McKeen standing up in his sleigh, cracking his whip, and urging his horses at full gallop across the icy road. It was, as one might say, one of the winter sights of Topsham and Brunswick to see Dr. McKeen go sleighing on the river.

When Dr. McKeen had reached his fiftieth year of practice, he adopted a very unusual method of celebrating so great an event. Instead of waiting, and waiting in vain, in all human probability, for an invitation to a dinner in his honor, he took time by the forelock and invited to his own hospitable board such of his class as were living, and many of his medical friends. It has not been told me, but I do hope that such an invitation shamed them into buying him a bit of silver in honor of the semi-centennial in medicine.

What a lack of kind-heartedness and of courtesy prevails amongst American Physicians in this respect. One would think that all of his colleagues would be glad indeed and very happy when any good physician had reached his semi-centennial in medicine, an event so rare in medical history, and so worthy of being commemorated, and would make him so happy by gathering around him, that he never would forget so auspicious an event in his life.

One of the first, if not actually the first surgeon in charge of the United States Marine Hospital service in Portland, was DR. JOHN MERRILL, whose descendants are still active in national political life. Dr. Merrill was born in Conway, New Hampshire, in 1782, his parents having then lately removed from Haverhill, Massachusetts. He had an unusually fine education for a boy of those days, having four years at Phillips-Exeter, four at Harvard, graduating in 1804, and three more in medicine in Harvard, graduating as M.B. in 1807. Harvard also gave him an honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1811. No wonder that with a start like that in life he did well.

He came down from Conway about 1807 and settled for practice in Portland for life. He took an active interest in the Separation discussions, did his share to establish the Maine Medical Society on a firm basis, at all events, was a member in good standing of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and long a Councillor from that Society for Cumberland County. He also attended some meetings in Boston of

the parent Society, and, in a word, as the saying goes, he was a man who strove to improve the standing of his medical brethren in Maine, as well as to improve the health of the citizens of Portland.

Mrs. Samuel Ayer, early mentioned in this list of Founders, speaks of Dr. Merrill as a personal friend when they lived in Portland, and when they removed to Eastport she had occasion to consult him more than once when under the weather on a visit to Portland. Dr. Ayer also consulted with Dr. Merrill in difficult cases during the years up to 1821.

Dr. Merrill had a very considerable reputation as an instructor in medicine, and from his acquaintance with sailors was enabled to show to his scholars cases due to exposure and, during the winters, many frost bites with gangrene. Amongst his best scholars was Dr. Grover of Bethel, of whom mention has already been made.

Perhaps the most eventful incident in the life of Dr. Merrill was when Dr. Nathan Smith came over from Brunswick to be an expert witness in a famous murder trial, during which he staid with the Merrills, and, of course, Dr. Merrill made the most of his chances to listen to a remarkable trial.

Two men quarreled, and agreed to fight it out, each to hold the other by the stock, which was a cloth wound thrice around their throats, with the left hand, and then to pummel their faces or bodies with the right hand until one or the other gave in. Brutally the fight went on until suddenly one collapsed, and a boy witnessing the fight, ran for Dr. Smith, who happened to be in Brunswick lecturing, and he, arriving, found the man dead. The question before the Jury was whether the man was choked to death, or pummelled to death, or whether, having originally a weak heart, he died from constriction of the neck throwing into that weakened heart more blood than it could aerate. The verdict of simple manslaughter, with recommendation to the mercy of the Court, as the slayer had a large family to care for, met with general public favor. All this arising from a mere dispute

as to whether one of the men had used nails for repairing, instead of screws as he should have done!

Dr. Merrill continued in practice almost fifty years, passing away in 1855, in his 73d year, offering a fine example of the educated gentleman and educated physician also, and his career proves that a college education carried to its ultimate development, did not prevent him from being a sympathetic adviser for the sick, rich or poor as they might be, educated or ignorant. He died during the terrible excitement in Portland in June, 1855, caused by the notorious Rum Riots and death of Robbins; a coroner's jury sitting on the case for almost a month.

Finally, Dr. Merrill lived and practiced most of his life in a house still standing on Spring Street, with very steep steps leading up to the front door, as so necessitated by a declivity in front of the mansion. When patients complained that it was hard work to climb those steps to see the Doctor, he would reply that it was easy anyway to go down after getting cheerful advice from him, and paying their fee for advice and medicine!

AMMI RUHAMAH (accent this, if you please, on the first syllable as correct) MITCHELL, of North Yarmouth, Maine, was a man of exceedingly forceful personality, which made his name known far and wide as that of a first rate physician and surgeon. He was also a public leader, and a speaker, whose highest aim in life was to improve the education and the religion and the health of the people amongst whom he passed his laborious life. Daily, he asked the blessing of the Creator, not only on his poor brains and weak hands, but upon the contents of his medicine chest, and his surgical cases. His wit and his mirth also when visiting his patients went far to back up his fervent prayers for their diseases and sufferings. As it was often said, "He joked his patients into better health and completed his cures with prayer." His fund of amusing stories, which he carried about with him, and passed along in his daily practice, was apparently inexhaustible.

The newspapers of his era speak favorably of his "Eulogy on Washington" in 1800, and of another on "Reverend Tristram Gilman," of North Yarmouth, who preached far and wide in New England, with genuine and fervent eloquence. Motorists by the thousands daily pass, without a glance, the monument to Mr. Gilman just outside of Yarmouth Village of today, but none of them think of the man to whom it is dedicated, as a part and parcel of the life and practice of Dr. Mitchell, the subject of this sketch.

I also note with satisfaction that Dr. Mitchell once read a glowing paper on "Sacred Music" in Portland, but which was a mere Prelude to a sacred concert and oratorio abundantly enjoyed by a large audience.

Dr. Mitchell was one of the very few physicians of that era who enjoyed a medical education abroad, for he sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as assistant Ship's Surgeon on the Frigate "America," presented to France by our Nation in place of one of her ships destroyed by fire. Arriving in Paris, young Mitchell had plenty of chances for an entire year to walk the wards of the Parisian Hospitals with Dr. Meaubec, Surgeon on the "America." Arriving home at last, he was wondering where to practice, when a patient sent for him, another followed, and so it went on from day to day and year to year, and he passed his entire life in the delightful village of his birth.

His one crying fault was living year in and year out in a terribly unsettled state of his monetary affairs. He could never deny a borrower; anybody wishing to be "accommodated" with a loan, was accommodated without a question of ever paying back. He never settled his accounts either on one side of the ledger or the other, debit or credit, so that no living soul could tell whether he had paid the bills that some said he owed to them, or that people ever had paid to him the money that they owed for long unsettled medical services. With tears pouring down his cheeks, the minister, at the funeral of Dr. Mitchell, paid to him a glowing tribute of affectionate regard, but he did not fail, just as if he had been then and there present, to scold the dead physician for caus-

ing sorrow, trouble, and affliction to his own household by his lifelong neglect of his worldly business affairs.

Brief, regretfully brief, as is this notice of one of Maine's most famous Medical Worthies, a permanent councillor of the Massachusetts Medical Society and incorporator of the Maine Medical Society, it cannot be closed without emphasizing the fact that he worked actively and religiously and enthusiastically as ever up to the very last moment of his life, for he was found dead on a country road, returning from a patient; his horse walking into the shed with the empty chaise being the first that was known of the Doctor's death. He died May 14, 1824, after some forty years of steady, satisfying medical practice, in his sixty-second year. Few men have ever accomplished so much for any community as was accomplished by Ammi Ruhamah Mitchell, named first for an Uncle, and secondly for an Aunt; for it is really said that Ruhamah is a proper name to be bestowed upon a child of the weaker sex, but in some mysterious way it has occasionally, as in this present instance, been bestowed upon a splendid man.

Dr. HOLLIS MONROE of Belfast was a son of Dr. Philip Monroe of Surry in New Hampshire, not far from Keene. Dr. Philip Monroe must have been a man of means, for he sent his son Hollis, born in 1789, to the Medical School at Yale, then presided over by Dr. Nathan Smith, who had left Dartmouth six years before. Young Monroe went down to Belfast immediately after obtaining his diploma, meaning simply to act as an assistant to a leading physician there during an epidemic of small pox, but he remained for life. One case led to another, he liked the place and the people, and they liked him, so that he was a success in medicine. He was very fond of botany and natural history, and made it a point to go into the public schools and to talk in an offhand, pleasant way with the children, who liked to listen to whatever he had to say. He also spoke in the Lyceums, which offered series of lectures on all

imaginable topics winter after winter, and were centers of education nowadays neglected. He also liked to talk and he liked to listen, but he did not care for stories or gossip. You had to talk intelligently to have Dr. Monroe for a listener.

He was so careless about money that he would now and then go to the bank and ask for a loan, and would then be surprised to hear that he had money there on deposit. He was fond, too, of hard cash, and often carried a great deal of silver coin. "You could see it for your money," he would say. He was very ingenious, making many dental and surgical instruments.

Dr. Monroe spoke so much in public that he may be excused for not writing medical papers to any great extent, and for not attending meetings of medical societies which he rather shunned. But outside of his botanical diversions, he devoted himself to his practice, riding thousands of miles in all sorts of weather, and always making keen observations of what nature was doing and showing.

By his advice his younger brother, Nahum Parker, came to Belfast about 1840, and the presence of the youthful competitor illuminated the elder brother's life. He continued to work long and late over his patients, caught a "Lung Fever" after exposure in a rainy summer, and died from congestion of the lungs June 21, 1861, a worthy man in Maine Medicine, and, as those who knew both could testify, a living image of his Father before him.

People say to me that they cannot see any pleasure in hunting up the stories of all these dead doctors, and I tell them that there is a romance in the lives of almost every one of them. The story of DR. JOTHAM MOULTON of Bucksport may be taken as an instance of this sort, and shows how I come across attractive clues in all of my researches, no matter in which direction they lead. This physician is found in the catalogues of the Massachusetts Medical Society as elected in 1813 and practicing then in Bucksport. I asked information concerning him in every direction, but

got no clue until I happened to discover one in a book on the Moulton family. There I found that he was born in York in 1771, and that in 1812 he married Mary Farrar of Hanover, New Hampshire. From this clue I went to the Dartmouth College lists, and found that four Farrar boys of Hanover went through the college with honor, and that George of the Class of 1800, taught school in Bucksport. Here then comes in the romance, that Mary Farrar, his sister, must have made him a visit at one time to put his household affairs in good order, met Dr. Jotham Moulton and fell in love with him. As he proved to be the son of a Brigadier-General of the Revolution, why, he was a good match for Mary, and they were married and went to live together for life in Bucksport. Then, again, just as Mary Farrar made a change in the life of Dr. Moulton, so her marriage to a physician induced her brother George to abandon his other projects to study medicine, in due time to practice in Londonderry, New Hampshire, and to become a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society as Dr. Jotham Moulton was of the Maine Medical Society.

This then is a romance in the true sense of a love story, and not the sort of "Romances" of today concerning the Telephone and various other things made of metals of all sorts, into which "Romance" could never enter.

Dr. Moulton originally came to Bucksport about 1795, and practiced on horseback and with his saddle bags, but later on in a suitable chaise for the rest of his long life. He worked hard to make both ends meet, as most country doctors are compelled to do.

The most famous event in his life, next to his marriage, was when, in company with Dr. Hosea Rich, of whom we shall hear later on, he attended the wounded at the Battle of Hampden in 1814, which made a great deal of talk in those days and later on. For, during this battle, Dr. Rich and Dr. Moulton were removing a bullet from the leg of a soldier, when the enemy stormed into the improvised hospital so that the patient and his doctors were separated. Some years later Dr. Rich met his former patient and returned to him

his bullet, which he had carried about ever since its surgical removal.

Soon after his marriage to Mary Farrar, Dr. Moulton built a small house, but as his family increased, he put up a bigger one. In spring and in summer all of the rooms were wide open to the country air, but in the autumn, everything upstairs and down, except a big Living Room, was shut off for better heating, and then in that single room on the ground floor, with beds and screens for the sake of modesty, they all flocked together, and slept and lived and ate; doing the cooking over a big log fire kindled in the enormous fireplace, and never going out all winter. This sort of life was convenient and comfortable anyway, even if not totally sanitary from modern points of view.

There is a story that in lack of dentists in those days in that part of Maine, Dr. Moulton extracted teeth by laying the victim on the floor, with a man on either side to hold him down, and then with a torturing instrument called a cant-dog, such as is still seen in lumber camps for rolling logs over and over, only on a smaller scale, of course, he caught hold of and extracted offending molars. So ends a brief sketch of Dr. Jotham Moulton, which may prove of interest from the odd way in which, when I had abandoned hope of ever finding anything at all about his career, I discovered a romantic clue which may have by this time amused my readers. After a long and entirely successful practice he died in 1857, more than 86 years of age, a medical patriarch, and well worth knowing a little, as here he has been depicted.

The name of DR. JOSIAH MYRICK had long been looking out at me from my lists of Founders, asking to be found, and asserted to be practicing at New Castle long, long ago. But after a search of a year in that town and its neighborhood and in various libraries, not a trace could be found from any living man, woman, or child, or from any documents. Finally, just to show what a little bit of a clue leads to, I was sweeping my eyes along the shelves of an extensive genealog-

ical library, when I happened to notice a book on the "MERRICK" family. There did not seem to be any visible connection between the names of Myrick and Merrick, and yet as I listlessly opened to the introductory chapter, I found the assertion that the two names were identical, to say nothing of "MIRICK" and quite a number of other variations in spelling. Turning then to New Castle in the index of places mentioned in the book, it was the work of a minute to discover the man so long looked for in vain; Dr. Josiah Myrick of New Castle, Maine. This is indeed the man, and a Founder in our Society, though obscure in his dealings with it, or his attendance at meetings, but his autograph signature is on the Records, although it has no date.

Here, then, we have a chance to print brief annotation concerning Dr. Myrick. May some other genealogist, medical, or town historian, follow out to greater success this curious clue when my old fingers have rheumatically dropped it owing to advancing years.

So then, it now appears that Josiah, the son of Josiah and Rachel (Doane) Myrick, was born September 20, 1769, in Eastham, Massachusetts, that he married September 24, 1789, that is to say, about his twentieth birthday, Mary Baddock Clark of Brewster, Massachusetts, down on Cape Cod, who, as her record says, was born in 1765, and was therefore older than her boy husband. Whether she wooed him or he her, the records do not state, but in all probability she was the offender in the rather unevenly matched marriage. After teaching a little and farming a while, and getting some crude medical education, Dr. Myrick and his wife came down to New Castle, Maine, where there were others by the same name, and probably of his own family, and there he practiced as a capable country physician for more than thirty years, and, in fact, until his death April 9, 1828.

Dr. Myrick left amongst other children a son, Lot by name, who studied medicine with his Father and obtained a degree. He was born November 6, 1792, married Elizabeth Carleton Dole in Alna or some adjacent village, and he ultimately removed for practice to Augusta, where he sur-

vived until the year 1863. He belonged to the Maine Medical Society, not as a Founder like his Father, but as an active member, and also to its successor, the Maine Medical Association of today.

I note also for Historical purposes that Daniel Myrick, probably a brother of Josiah, who practiced in Kittery and Skowhegan, married Lois Osgood of Bluehill January 3, 1796, and was living in Newcastle in August, 1810.

There is a question in my mind concerning the admission of DR. DAVID NEAL of Pittston and Gardiner into the ranks of our Founders, but as we claim that he was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and others, that although elected to membership, he never accepted or paid his dues, yet he was, undoubtedly, a practitioner of considerable local fame at the date of the Separation. He was also elected a member and attended meetings of the Maine Medical Society. It appears that he was born in Kennebunk in 1789, and after medical studies with Dr. Gilman of his native town, and Dr. Benjamin Page of Brunswick, he was practicing in Pittston in 1811. His practice gradually extended up the Kennebec River on both sides, so that finally he removed to Gardiner and remained there for life. After the Bowdoin Medical School was established, Dr. Neal attended there a course of lectures, somewhat after the fashion of post-graduate study of today, and obtained an honorary degree.

He was a bright, witty, humorous sort of a man, filled with stories as much against himself as against the other fellow, and he is said to have invented or discovered and told fresh stories almost every day of his life to his numerous patients. He preferred wit to drugs in his practice. He did not live very long, or he might have made more money than he actually did in timber operations (in lieu of surgical), and listened in on more nice stories wherever he went, and then passed them along to anybody who seemed to stand in need of being amused into good health.

Dr. Neal died in his fiftieth year, and was a most pleasant man to meet, even if you did not care very much for the skill of a doctor who was perhaps too fond of joking about himself and others. Nevertheless, he laid aside his fun on serious occasions and satisfied the claims of emergencies in his medical practice. Some of his stories ought to have found a place here, but I have none to print. Old letters and old books say that he was always telling good stories but they never tell you a single one. How then can I? Let us leave him with a witty reputation.

DR. AMOS NOURSE of Bath, and also, before his settlement there, a partner with Dr. Ariel Mann in Hallowell, offers a perfect picture of the medico-political career of several physicians of high standing in the era to which this collection of lives is dedicated. These men were for a series of years eminent in medical and surgical practice. Then they went into politics, either from overwork on country roads, or from failing health, or as a better means of getting a living, obtaining office, often they ended their careers as Judges of Probate, or of Common Pleas.

Dr. Nourse was educated at Phillips-Andover, graduated at Harvard, academically, in 1812, and must have been very smart with his books, for he is the only one or two of all of our Founders who was a Phi Beta Kappa. He then taught for a while in order to pay for further medical lectures, and studying at intervals with a distinguished practitioner of Boston, Dr. John Randall, he obtained his medical degree at Harvard in 1817. He then settled in Hallowell, where he practiced with much success alone, and in partnership with Dr. Ariel Mann until 1846. He was then appointed Collector of the Port of Bath, and moved there for practice. Not long afterward, a vacancy occurring in the office of the Judge of Probate, Dr. Nourse was appointed to that position.

He continued in his medical practice in spite of these offices, and was made Professor of Obstetrics at the Bowdoin School, following Dr. James McKeen. He drove over to

Brunswick daily during the course of lectures, and was a success in that Chair. The students liked him because he made it his business to find out if they had understood each lecture, and if they had not, he took great pains to go over them until he discovered, by examinations, that the students at last understood all the disputed and knotty points in presentations and deliveries.

Dr. Nourse stood so high in public esteem that when in 1830 a vacancy occurred in the U. S. Senate from Maine, he was appointed to fill the position until a successor could be chosen by the Legislature. In point of fact, had he lifted his hand, he could have been elected to succeed himself, but he was obliged to consider his health and his business.

Strictly impartial in his Will decisions, after his appointment as Judge of Probate, he remained a favorite in legal circles. As President of the Maine Medical Association in 1855, his address on "The Faults and Defects in the Cultivation of our Profession," was well considered, and he contributed to Medical Journals several papers of sound value.

From this brief sketch we note that Dr. Amos Nourse was a first-rate, all-round, many-sided, energetic, and active man, and able to do many things well. He died in 1877 at the age of 82 from paralysis, leaving the memory of a man of faithfulness as an official, skillfulness in obstetrical emergencies, and by his manners as a gentleman endearing himself to all with whom he came into contact. He went about for many years with a clean shaven face, all but a little fringe of beard low down in his neck as was rather the fashion with some physicians of that era, and he discarded the old-fashioned stock early, and wore about his neck a simple collar, with a narrow black or colored tie.

People visiting Belfast a century ago, would have seen going to and fro in the streets a short man, walking fast in spite of his slight stature, and dressed in sober Quaker gray. "Who is that little Quaker?" strangers would ask. "You are right," Belfastians would reply, "he is our little Quaker,

Dr. Osborne. Everybody calls him odd, but he is a first-rate doctor."

So now I will call your attention to an oddity in Medicine, Osborn the Odd One, or DR. JOHN SCOLLAY OSBORN, who was born in Epsom, New Hampshire, in 1771, and after studying with some local practitioner, he settled in Belfast in 1792 and practiced there the rest of his life, rarely, if ever, taking a vacation.

Like many other physicians of those days, he began to practice with but small medical knowledge, but enthusiasm and youthful ardor carried him far along in his healing path. Boldness and lack of fear brought him through many an emergency, although he must often have wondered just what next to do. After all, however, is not the same feeling still extant in all young men beginning to practice upon the human body, and the human mind, when all of their studies heretofore have been from mere printed books, mere adventures, as it were, of other doctors in their own practice?

Unfortunately for Dr. Osborn, he was led astray and peered too often into the CUP, in the days when New England Rum was on every table, and all that you had to do was to help yourself to all you could drink. It has always seemed to me that drinking then was not for the desire to get drunk, but to keep warm. Houses were mostly huts, open to the cold most of the year. Even if you wore woolen underclothes and never changed them all winter long, or even wore them night and day for months without a change, chilliness would at times occur, and the remedy was drink; rum hot with water, or rum cold with molasses.

So then, it happened that Dr. Osborn got habituated and was in great danger of being a common sot, when something occurred in 1815 to awaken his mind to his awful condition. What it was, no one ever knew.

On a fine day in the spring of 1815, the door of Dr. Osborn's home opened, and he came out dressed as a Quaker, suit, hat, and all. This garb he wore until his death. From that day he never drank a drop. But he did not play the tem-

perance game or set up as a prohibitionist, he simply dropped his fool friends and his rum, and said nothing about the affair. He studied his books as never before, and went about doing all the good that he could, until the end of his life in 1831 when he was about 60 years of age.

He served as an Assistant Surgeon in Colonel Brewer's Regiment for some time, and did good work.

The best story that I have heard of Dr. Osborn is to the effect, that he was once visiting a woman, as a patient, when a thunder shower came up. She became frightened, and said she was afraid of lightning.

"Don't thee be afraid, Betsey, just look at me and see that I am not afraid." So speaking, he ran to a window, flung it wide open to the heavy rain, and stood there a moment in triumph, when suddenly a thunderbolt came right into the open window, hurled Dr. Osborn suddenly to the floor, and darted across the room for the chimney place.

Dr. Osborn remained very much alive, but after that he never attempted to open a window during a thunder shower.

Previous to his sudden change of garb, Dr. Osborn had been a most irascible man, flying into a temper on the least occasion, uttering shocking profanity, and often roaring with rage. But later on he exhibited tremendous self-restraint, in overcoming his natural infirmity. He was devoted to his patients, and making friends with any and all of them, he clung to them for life. He was a good man in the emergencies of town and country practice, and after his reformation he worked hard and long, day in and day out, until his death, February 13, 1831. His good deeds caused all the darkness of the years previous to 1815 to be totally forgotten in the life of the Little Quaker Doctor of Belfast.

AMOS OSGOOD of North Yarmouth was a good man and deserves mention because he was followed by a good son, and really a better physician than was his Father. Dr. Amos was born in Conway, New Hampshire, March 23, 1792, and studied medicine at the Institute established at

Fryeburg by the famous and irascible Alexander Ramsay, an expert in anatomy, natural history, natural religion, and the minute anatomy of the brain. One of Osgood's companions at Fryeburg was Dr. William Sweatt, of whom we shall later hear.

After passing a stiff examination by the censors of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1819, Dr. Osgood was licensed to practice, soon settled in Waterborough, and finally in North Yarmouth, where he practiced forty years or more. He was a big, tall man, weighing over two hundred, but in spite of his size, he was active. He did good service as a physician and obstetrician, and married Miss Lucy Bacon Chase, by whom he had a well-known son, Dr. William Osgood, to whom I refer later on.

Dr. Amos was an easy-going man, and he loved to linger in the church and chapel when religious services were going on, and he experienced religion every time that a revival prevailed, but neither he nor his crony, the bell ringer, could ever get up courage enough to join the church. This used to be a standing joke in the village; Dr. Osgood and the sexton have almost "jined" this time. He practiced medicine well into his eighties, and delivered a woman of a child when arrived at that age. He had also a fine farm, and he could tell stories better than most men, but as most of them were rather vulgar for our day, they have to be omitted here, yet they were "fetching," as they say, in their application.

He died March, 1874, being then in his 82d year, and hearty to the end.

His son William was graduated at Bowdoin in 1846, and after obtaining his medical degree, helped his Father along in the hard riding part of the practice. Like his Father, he was a big, solid man, and tremendously muscular. "Babe" Ruth could not hit a baseball harder or as far as William Osgood, as I know from seeing him do it. He kept his muscles in tone with hammer and anvil in a blacksmith's shop, doing a bit of the work, also, now and then. I had a good deal to do with him in my youth, and he often asked me to prescribe for his patients, and I as often enjoyed his hospitality.

He had a delightful voice, and it was pleasant to listen to him in the debates in the County Society before it fell into ruin from differences between the members over the admission of a quack doctor from the West; and also in the State Medical Society, before which he read papers of solid contents, and discussed those written by others. He was at one time Vice-President of our Society.

I had almost forgotten this bit of a story, but it can go in here as well as earlier in this notice.

William Osgood taught school for several winters during his College course and when studying medicine, and as his sisters used, as it was said, to "NOSE" him around at home, he, as teacher in their school, took secret revenge and delight by discovering chances to punish them a bit with the ferule.

Just as his Father had survived his wife several years, so Dr. William, in turn, survived his; and he died, much to my personal regret, on Christmas Day, 1894. He was a kind, genial companion, friend and careful adviser to all who knew him and employed him.

A famous physician of the Kennebec valley at the end of the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Century was DR. BENJAMIN PAGE, SR. His son of the same name and of even greater medical fame than his Father, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1770. It is related of him that during a fire in his Father's house he dashed in and brought out all by himself an enormous and valuable desk, which, later on, he never could lift from the floor on which it rested after being hauled into place. He was graduated at Phillips-Exeter, and studied medicine with Dr. Thomas Kittredge of Andover, the same physician who had eight sons, all of whom became physicians, and so account for the enormous number of Dr. Kittredges in New England History. This old Dr. Kittredge died of angina after an eight years struggle with it.

Dr. Page came to Hallowell in 1791, and was elected into the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1808. In Hallowell

he had access to the books and anatomical collections of his Father, and many people employed him at once out of love for the name. He was also allowed free use of the very remarkable library of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, many books from which still survive in the State Hospital at Augusta, and are well worth reading even in our exceedingly enlightened days.

Dr. Page had the pleasure of including in his list of patients, a son of Marshal Ney, and also Talleyrand, the extraordinary Frenchman, both of whom happened to fall ill during a visit to Dr. Vaughan, of whom one had heard and the other had personally known in Paris during the French Revolution. He also had great success in an epidemic of spotted fever which devastated the Kennebec valley, and of which he wrote a classical account, including causes, symptoms, and treatment, in which, by the way, he had great luck, as he fancied, by omitting or using very sparingly the calomel and the jalap and the bleeding so widely cultivated by other physicians. In his long practice, he laid much stress in all inflammations upon the judicious use of opium.

Contrary to the ideas of Dr. Silas Holman, Dr. Page favored the use of stimulants in his practice. As one might say, he believed in their value in cold New England in lieu of steam radiators of today.

His consultation practice extended into Canada, and he had a handsome record of infants safely brought into the world, without much use of forceps.

It is rather a pity that quotations from the papers of Dr. Page cannot be intruded here, but brevity is the soul of a biography. None of them may be voluminous.

Dr. Page married in early life Miss Abigail Cutter of Newburyport. They lived together in harmony for many years. Their only quarrel was once upon a time over the naming of an infant still unborn to them. They finally agreed to write down the name, to draw lots to see which should name IT, and to agree before witnesses to abide by its decision. Drawing their papers, it was found that each

had chosen the same name, and odder still, when the infant was born, the name chosen by both fitted precisely to the sex. That name I could tell, but why not leave it for you to guess at as they did!!!

The essays of Dr. Page still exhibit a broad view of medicine, particularly of medical treatment. He was skilled equally with drugs as with the use of the pen. As he advanced in years he became more and more of a philosopher. He never discussed religion. He never discussed politics. He was abstemious in food and in drink; he was bright and witty in conversation, and was always willing that others should have their chance as words flew across and darted in and out amidst a circle of friends, medical, civilian, or feminine; for he believed, as I do, that life is well worth living when you can talk with a charming woman. He died serenely at the last at the age of 74; genial, big-hearted, big-minded, and liked by all who came into the wide circle of his all-embracing friendship.

DR. JAMES PARKER was born in Boston in 1768, and after obtaining his medical degree he was urged on by rumors of the richness in timber and increasing population in the Kennebec Valley, to settle in Gardiner. He soon pre-empted land on Bowman's Point, which jutted out into the Kennebec at its junction with the Cobbosseecontee River. He went into politics early, and once, when a Member of the General Court at Boston, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Whilst in Boston, also, he got much training in politics, in legislation, and in medicine alike. He was prominent at the Separation from Massachusetts, went to the first Legislature of Maine as a State, and served for two terms at Washington in the House of Representatives. He was much of an agitator, a strict Jeffersonian Democrat, insisted on non-intercourse embargoes, and even "War with England" at all costs, and on the slightest of pretexts. Embargoes ruined our trade, of course, but it was "worse for England." These little items in the

life of Dr. Parker I mention, because they show how some men are unfriendly, and how some governments become unfriendly, although the people may be peacefully inclined, and in favor even of a League of Nations.

Dr. Parker married a daughter of General Henry Dearborn, who had been a physician at Nottingham Square in New Hampshire, but who threw physic to the dogs, went into the Army after Bunker Hill, served with honor, and became a Major-General. He consulted occasionally with his son-in-law, with Dr. Tappan and others, but did not practice. This marriage was of great family advantage to Dr. Parker.

As for his medical skill, it is related of Dr. Parker that at one time there was a serious epidemic of yellow fever, supposed to have been imported into the Kennebec valley in a ship with rum from the West Indies. Dr. Parker referred his good results at this time to a judicious use of calomel and jalap in small doses.

Dr. James Parker, physician and politician, in his time very famous, but now almost totally forgotten, left this world and his political and medical worries behind him November 9, 1837, when he was about sixty-nine years of age. Some people considered him the ablest politician of his time, and worthy of national fame; but nowadays who recalls him, either as a physician or a politician!

One of the most extraordinary and truly eccentric personages ever practicing medicine in Maine, was DR. JACOB PATCH of Camden. He really loved medical practice; he was tremendously interested, also, in the education of children, and he was crazy over his very fine collection of coins, leaving behind at his death, amongst others, some hundred or more of gold, the value of which, if now extant, could only be estimated by the thousands of dollars, according to the inflated coin prices of today.

Now, when Dr. Patch was tired of practice (but where he was born, and where he got his degree, and when he died, I would dearly love to know, but have never yet discovered),

he would close his office door, deny himself to patients, and hire out for a school teacher for a year or even two. When he was weary of the school and of the school children, he would resign, shut himself up like a miser and revel in his coins, gold, silver or copper, as the case might be, until they, too, dazzled and wearied him, and he went back to medicine for a while.

He was also an oddity in the ranks of physicians, because he really liked his medical competitor, Dr. Huse, and was glad to hand over to him all of his cases whilst the freak against medical practice and in favor of coins or children was most rampant in his brain. Coming back to his normal condition, Dr. Huse would advise those patients of Dr. Patch to consult him at once and once more as of old.

There are still many stories extant concerning Dr. Patch, but the best of them all seems to me to be this one. He was once upon a time all packed, bag and baggage, ready for Boston, and the Medical Society there to be attended, but when he walked down on the wharf to take the sailing vessel on which he had engaged passage some time before, he was totally disgusted to find that the wind being strong and fair, the Captain had set sail a full hour before the time advertised. He stood on the wharf for a few minutes, gazing at the vessel fast disappearing down the Penobscot Bay, but he said nothing. Finally, he grabbed up his bag and shouted to the only person to be seen on the wharf, "Well, I'll be consarned, but I am that mad that I am going to get to Boston if I have to hoof it all the way." So off he started on foot, and he walked so well and so steadily, that arriving in Boston and inquiring if the coaster from Camden had arrived, and finding that she had not yet hitched up at the end of Long Wharf, he tramped down there, and after an hour or so had the great pleasure of holding out his hand to the skipper and giving him a downright scolding for leaving home an hour before the time advertised. Dr. Patch had had his sweet revenge at last, for head winds delayed the packet soon after leaving Camden. Dr. Patch had once more revealed to his friends another odd kink in his character.

Of his beginning, of his works, and of his ending in this world, history tells us nothing at all, except that as he was a contemporary of Dr. Huse, he probably flourished between the years 1780 and 1850 or thereabouts. Would that we had more stories concerning this Character in ancient medicine in Maine.

It is curious, off and on, in our research after historical facts and individuals to come across them most unexpectedly after long and painstaking investigations. Only the other day after hunting down a missing physician from the ranks of medical "separationist" practitioners of Maine, I had the delight of my life. For hunting around in a dusty stack room I spied on the top shelf of a gloomy alcove a row of musty, unattractive books. I fingered high,—stretched aloft for one; it came down into my hand, dust followed it, but it opened of itself, and there on a certain page I saw with happiness unequalled for a long time, the name of WILLIAM PAYSON, member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, practicing in Foxboro, Massachusetts. Happy, I say, because for six years I had been hunting for that very man in Fair Haven, Maine, in which town he was catalogued years ago as practicing in the year 1813.

One clue led to another, and the missing Dr. Payson is no longer a mystery, but a man very much alive, once upon a time and at last, thanks to this bit of luck, pretty truly labelled.

Leaving the "Register" of the year 1814 of the State of Massachusetts and where I had first discovered a clue and hunting amongst the printed town records of Foxboro, in Norfolk County, I noted the birth of William Payson, March 25, 1780; his active duty as town clerk in 1810-1814; his marriage June 7, 1812, to Abigail Warren; the death of a daughter, Anne Warren, named after her mother, August 4, 1815; the marriage of a William Payson again, perhaps the widower, perhaps a son by his first marriage to Katharine Rhodes May 16, 1839; the death of another William Payson in 1835; but either of these two may have been father or son

and nobody can actually tell us in these latter days, but the father is said to have lived until 1853.

And now for the mystery of Dr. William Payson, for he was, according to the Catalogue of the Massachusetts Medical Society practicing in Fair Haven, Maine, in 1814, and that is all. But Fair Haven was absorbed by the town of St. Albans in 1809, and so we must reconstruct the life of Dr. Payson in this illuminating fashion.

I take it that he was the same man who was born in Foxboro in 1780, that he studied medicine there with Dr. Shadrac Winslow, a character in the town, and that hearing of a good opening in Maine or getting an offer from the town of Fair Haven, he went there previous to 1809 and then was disappointed in the outlook and the annihilation of the small settlement by the adjoining town; and so returned to Foxboro where he acted as town clerk, continued his medical studies, married and took over the practice of old Shadrac Winslow, in his declining years.

As a mere sketch of the career of an almost unknown physician, who actually did settle and practice for a while in Maine, before the Separation, these few lines are reluctantly advanced, in hopefulness that sooner or later more distinct, undoubted and actual facts for the elucidation of Maine's one medical mystery, may be solved by patient study and research.

DR. LA FAYETTE PERKINS of Weld and Farmington has been a difficult personage to discover, simply because in the catalogues he is repeatedly named as living in Weld, whilst actually the greater part of his life was spent in Farmington, in whose histories I have at last made some interesting discoveries concerning his career. He seems to have been born in Boston, and to have obtained a degree from Harvard about 1814. Previously to this, however, he had an appointment as Ship's Surgeon on a private armed vessel, "The Argus," which made a long voyage, encircling the British Isles, but making no captures until coming home. She at last reluctantly dropped anchor in the port of Nantes.

Resting there a while, she started for home and had the great good luck to capture two British ships with rich cargoes, and from the prize money thus obtained Dr. Weld obtained a fair start in life.

After resting a while, attending the medical lectures in Boston, and obtaining his degree, in form, he settled in Weld, at the invitation of a number of people who promised to give him their medical business, and to cut off for him ten acres of good wood land for three years in succession. This little item is well worth recording as a noteworthy picture of various means offered to induce a physician to settle in a new village a century ago. Some physicians of that era looked for a guarantee of some sort of a living before they promised to undertake the hard life of a country practice in those early days in Maine.

Under these conditions Dr. Perkins lived in Weld until 1836, when the population not increasing fast enough for his ambition for practice, he removed to the more flourishing and more attractive town of Farmington, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1874 in his 81st year. The site of his former home, by the way, is that later occupied by the "Maples" Hotel.

Dr. Perkins wrote one clever paper on "Life," but otherwise did not write papers or discuss them at the Meetings. He was a prominent figure in the Separation Convention of 1820 and the subsequent Constitutional Convention, the shorthand reports of both revealing him as freely expressing his opinions in a vigorous fashion. His ideas as thus publicly offered were constructive, and can still be traced in the Constitution of Maine.

"Old" Dr. EBENEZER POOLE is still mentioned in Oxford County, where he practiced for some years in Andover, and was succeeded by a brother, Sylvanus, uneducated to medicine at first, but who overcame many obstacles and finally proved to be an excellent physician with a diploma to back up his hard-earned skill. Ebenezer Poor was born in

Andover, Massachusetts, October 28, 1765. He was weakly in his youth, remained weakly all of his life, expecting to "die daily," as the Apostle teaches us; but in spite of the forebodings of his parents, his own fears, and his lack of stamina, he actually lived to be over seventy years of age. He was early taken to East Andover, Maine, as Andover was at first called, where his people had already made beginnings of a settlement. He had a good education, he taught school off and on, and he was still another of the large number of students with that sterling teacher in medicine, Dr. Thomas Kittredge of Andover, with his eight sons, all of whom became doctors in due season. He settled for medical practice in Andover about 1790, and not long afterward he was appointed an assessor of Oxford County. He never remained long in any one place of practice, being, as it was said, of a roving disposition. Others have suggested that he left one place and moved to another just to please his wife, who, as the proverb runs, was a wanderer, from being born under the Belt of Orion. However this may be, or whichever of the twain was to blame, we next find Dr. Poor practicing in Belfast and becoming in due season Clerk of Courts in 1816, in which position he was much respected by the Bench. After that he is to be found in Castine in 1821 filling the same office as before, and ultimately in 1829 returning to Andover, where, I think it may be safely stated, he remained for the remainder of his life.

He seems to have taken much to politics, perhaps because it was too hard on his frail body to go about practicing on rough country roads at all seasons of the year, and I find that in addition to the office of Assessor for Oxford County and the Court of Clerkships which he occupied, that he was at one time Senator from the District of Maine in the General Court at Boston. He was also prominent in Hancock County, as favoring the Separation from Massachusetts.

Medically, he was well thought of, and regarded as a safe physician about the house, although he favored heroic doses of drugs. Born in 1765 he lived into the year 1837. Poor, as he was by name, as people said after his death, he did not

remain so all of his life, but is believed to have accumulated considerable property, long before the end of his wandering life.

Mrs. Samuel Ayer, in her Diary previously referred to in this Collection of lives, often wrote romantically of meeting and conversing for hours with a very dear friend, Harriott Porter, daughter of DR. AARON PORTER of Saco and Portland. Mrs. Ayer always spells the name as I give it, although the editor of the Diary may be at fault in deciphering the handwriting, and she often disapproved in writing of the frivolity of dear Harriott with the gentlemen of Portland.

Dr. Porter came down into Maine from Boxfield, Massachusetts, after studying with that same Dr. Thomas Kittredge of Andover, Massachusetts, who had eight sons who practiced medicine, and he settled in Pepperellborough, which embraced then the sites of the cities of Saco and Biddeford of today. The country round about was scantily settled, and was, in fact, a wilderness. There were no good roads. A physician in order to make his visits to outlying farms, had to make his way as best he could on horseback along mere threads of bridle paths with trees and bushes sweeping across his face. Coming to a brook, he either had to wade, with unknown depths of water beneath, or to cross on so-called "Pole Bridges," being two poles laid across from bank to bank, and the space between filled in with branches of trees or bits of wood; precarious enough for foot travellers, but often letting a horse's hoof split through at risk of life to both the horse and its rider. Add to that a rain storm, a dark night, wolves howling, foxes yelping, owls hooting, or drifting snows in winter, we can faintly imagine the practice of medicine in those days, when a physician would be called ten miles to a sick child or to a lying-in woman. How did physicians ever survive so laborious a life!

Dr. Porter practiced in some such a fashion for nearly forty years.

Foreseeing before the Revolution that war was coming, he laid in drugs for ten years use, and when the Revolution came, he served in the Army as Steward or Assistant Surgeon, then returned to Saco, and finally retired to Portland about 1810.

When he married Pauline King, the daughter of the celebrated Richard King of Scarboro, he created a sensation by putting up a brick two-storied house, for all the others in town were of wood, and merely a story high with an attic. Such a home was as wonderful then as our first Sky Scrapers for office buildings of today. Dr. Porter was one of the founders, also, of Thornton Academy.

Dr. Jeremiah Barker, our Great Medicine Man of Maine, was once called to Saco to see with Dr. Porter some forty-three cases of yellow fever imported from the West Indies in a brig, "The Fever Brig" so called, mostly owned by Dr. Porter. In this epidemic Dr. Porter lost a beloved son, Moses.

Dr. Porter, born in 1752, survived until 1837, being hale and hearty to the end of his long life. Those who are in search of curious epitaphs can see that of Dr. Porter in the Eastern Burial Ground in Portland; on whose tombstone we read, "Here rests the Tabernacle of Dr. Aaron Porter: aged 85 years."

Dr. Porter lived in the three-story brick house still standing at the corner of Free and Center streets in Portland. He died in the house of his daughter who married into the Longfellow family. Porter in Maine, a county township, was named after him, he owning land in which the town was incorporated.

DR. JOSIAH PRESCOTT, who passed a considerable part of his medical life in Farmington, so that his career is chiefly mentioned in the History of that town to the exclusion of the Histories of other towns in Maine, was one of those restless men who are never content to stay in one place, but are always hoping to improve their condition of life by a constant change of scene.

The Catalogue of Dartmouth College says that he was born in Winthrop, September 2, 1785, and that he got his medical degree at that college in 1810, in company with Dr. Samuel Ayer so often mentioned here. Dr. Prescott settled first in Livermore, and before long was appointed Postmaster and Treasurer of the town, but removing next to Farmington, his offices were filled by Dr. Benjamin Bradford as already mentioned in this collection. Leaving, I say, a steady practice at Livermore for reasons unknown to me, he established another in Farmington. Unable still to live long in any community, he left after a year or two and settled in Belfast, where he established a hydropathic "cure" which lasted a few years.

Uncertain still just what to do, he returned to Winthrop, the place of his birth, and established there a more ambitious Hydropathic Institute than before at Belfast, and which for several years enjoyed a high renown for the relief and cure of various chronic diseases of a nervous or cutaneous character, or origin. Here, too, he published a book or pamphlet, which I have never yet been able to discover, but entitled in "Williamson's Bibliography," "A Physician's Diary or Vindication of the Truth and Exposure of Errors," which sounds like a defence of his hydrotherapeutic views; but I will not guess at the contents, fearing to fall into unauthorized statements. The person who will but find and forward to me this Essay in book, pamphlet, or brochure form, will receive not only a reward and abundant thanks, but the thanks likewise of a good many more physicians and antiquarians in Maine who are curious enough about State Medical History to know more than they know at present. At all events, as we learn from other and numerous sources, Dr. Prescott's ruling thought and one idea for years was this, "Pure Water Is For The Healing Of All The Nations On This Earth."

The only other paper by Dr. Prescott which I have discovered, was one "On The Operation of Bronchotomy" read before the Maine Medical Society, and which shows him to have been a successful surgeon. In addition, also, to some

lively tilting in the newspapers of the day on Hydrotherapeutics, there is mention in the Maine Farmer for 1843 of a law suit, which, although poorly reported, sounds somewhat like a suit for libel in the case of Camp-Meeting John Allen, instituted by Dr. Prescott against Dr. Staples, a Thompsonian, or believer in the cure of every disease by puking with lobelia. The "Vindication" pamphlet above mentioned has been discovered and proves to be a pamphlet referring to this law suit.

Dr. Prescott was prominent at the time of the Separation, but never obtained any high political offices for which he at one time struggled with the crowd. His advocacy of Aquarial Medicine, as Hydrotherapy may be called, never seems to have brought him permanent fame, or fortune. He served in the State Legislature, did yeoman service in obtaining funds for the foundation of our first Insane Hospital, and was a candidate on the Republican ticket at one time for the Electoral College at Washington.

He practiced, as I have just said, at Belfast, then after this interlude, at Winthrop, and finally retired to Farmington, where he died October 5, 1864, in his 79th year.

Taking all in all, then, Dr. Prescott was a bright figure in Maine Medical History, and one concerning whom we wish that more material were at hand. The only defect in his life was lack of persistence; he disliked to live long in any one place. Much as he liked some people, he did not want to meet them in any small community every day of his life, and in the slang of today he just hated to "Stay Put" anywhere in Maine, for any length of time.

DR. CALEB REA and his son, DR. ALBUS REA, were physicians of renown in Maine before the Separation and afterward, and together they deserve notice in this set of lives. Caleb, the Father, was a son of Dr. Caleb Rea of Danvers, Massachusetts, who followed the expedition against Fort Ticonderoga in 1758, the year in which Caleb, Jr., the son, was born. Dr. Caleb Rea of Maine studied med-

icine with the famous Dr. Holyoke of Salem, who not only observed a very rare transit of Venus across the face of the sun in 1756, but lived to be over one hundred years of age, and practiced after he was ninety. He had many pupils, first and last, and none of them did him greater credit than did Dr. Caleb Rea, who also studied later on with Dr. Putnam of Danvers.

Dr. Caleb Rea entered the Navy as a Ship's Surgeon during the Revolution, and in this position he learned much practical information concerning the care and treatment of the sick. At the close of the war he continued to act as Ship's Surgeon in the Merchant Marine, and voyaged around the world, completing his third year of that period of his life in walking the European Hospitals. He finally settled in Windham about 1788, and carried on successfully the daily duties of a country practitioner until his unexpectedly early death, December 29, 1796, when he was under forty years of age.

Dr. Caleb Rea married in 1781, Sarah, daughter of John White of Salem, a merchant of the old school, and she, with four children, survived.

Dr. ALBUS REA, their fourth son, was born in Windham in February, 1795, and was christened John White after his maternal Grandfather. Later on, however, he assumed the given name of "ALBUS," which, for mere gratification, although everybody is aware of it, is the Latin for WHITE. What became of the "John" I never knew, but "ALBUS" he remained for life, and was proud of it, for it showed his descent and his Latinity.

He obtained a medical degree at Bowdoin, and practiced in Portland all of his life. He was a man of elegant appearance, large like his Father before him, and he had a fondness for ruffled shirts when they had long ceased to be in fashion except with himself. A good many children born around Portland during his practice here, were named "Albus" after Dr. Albus Rea, who had brought them into the world.

Dr. Albus was odd in his dress and odd in his religion, for with Dr. Timothy Little he embraced the mystic views of Swedenborg, and founded in Portland a Swedenborgian Church; and finally, he was odd again in embracing homeopathy with all of its dilutions and quintessences. And yet, after all, the doctrines of Hahnemann did an enormous amount of good in one way, in that they swept away forever the abominable doses of pukes and purges, which in many instances of weakened and diseased hearts, must have produced a rapid death.

HOSEA RICH of Bangor (1780-1865) is an exceedingly interesting figure in Maine Medicine for many reasons, and particularly because he continued in active practice for more than sixty years, and is said in his 85th year to have successfully extracted a cataract on a very elderly patient, perhaps older than himself.

Born in Charlton, Massachusetts, October 1, 1780, he studied medicine for five years with intervals of school teaching, with Dr. Eaton of Dudley and Dr. Thomas Babbitt of Stourbridge, both of Massachusetts. Failing, in spite of a well founded education, to obtain a paying practice either in Rhode Island or in New Jersey, he went on a voyage as Ship's Surgeon to Port Au Prince in the West Indies. Coming home after a year and finding that a sister had married and gone to Bangor to live, he followed her example. Arriving in Bangor July 4, 1805, he remained there the rest of his life.

When the British forces attacked Hampden on the Penobscot River in 1814, Dr. Rich, who was surgeon to an Infantry Regiment, took charge of the few wounded in an improvised Hospital, in which he had just extracted a bullet from a wounded man, when the enemy rushed in and separated patient and surgeon. When they met again, years afterward, Dr. Rich approached his patient with a smile, and asking him to call at his office, he there presented him with the bullet which he had so well got rid of so long before.

"It is quite a while since we met, Doctor, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Rich, "that bullet blew us pretty far apart."

Dr. Rich's BILL for his services rendered at the Battle of Hampden, reads in this way:

Sept. 16, 1814. The State of Massachusetts Debtor to Visit and dressed 5 persons wounded, being of those wounded at Hampden on the 3d Inst. $5.

Cheap indeed, we may well say, and the wonder really is, was it ever paid?

Dr. Rich's famous case of a leather thong foolishly pushed by a man in a spirit of bravado into his bladder, where it became encrusted with crystals of oxide of lime, but was finally extracted by the lateral operation, carried abroad by a Bangor Physician, and exhibited to curious and admiring surgeons in Dublin and elsewhere in Europe, brought to him much gratified renown, for he had extracted it successfully and without injuring the long-suffering patient. This Case of the thong, with details of its extraction, can be found in the Transactions of the Maine Medical Association for 1867, together with a biographical notice of the career of Dr. Rich.

Dr. Rich did not attend the meetings of the Maine Medical Society at Brunswick, because they were at too great distance for him to reach on horseback, but he compensated for his absences from the old Society by frequent attendance at the meetings of its successor, the Maine Medical Association of today, and of which he was for one year President. Whether, as such a member, he wrote papers or not, is not precisely known, as in that period of its existence no papers or addresses were published, or they have temporarily disappeared.

The first capital operation which he performed was an amputation high in the femur, in 1809, and his last one was the cataract extraction before mentioned, in 1865. I must also commemorate at this point his unique amputation of a leg above the knee, January 26, 1844, the patient having been

mesmerized by Dr. Josiah Deane, who had great skill in producing the mesmerized condition. In this instance, the man was mesmerized daily for a month in succession, and immediately afterward on the thirty-first day, the amputation was done. After it was over the patient said, "I am tired of waiting all the morning for you to fix my leg." But it had already been removed, and the incisions sutured and dressed by Dr. Hosea Rich.

Dr. Rich was married in 1803 to the Widow Fannie B. Goodall, and she presented him with eight children.

Taking all in all, Dr. Hosea Rich was a very remarkable surgeon, and it is well worth our while to turn back now and then, to reflect upon the marked abilities of men of his stamp. In doing this, we have to remember that the surgery of today was gradually built up on the foundations of the ruder surgery set in motion by Dr. Rich and men of his calibre. They had to learn to operate and to save life without anæsthetics, with defective instruments, uneducated nursing, and unsatisfactory preparations for operations; but they succeeded in reducing largely the horrors and sufferings, and the extreme mortality of the generation before their own.

Walking ponderously toward us with his six feet of height and his two hundred pounds of weight and swinging jauntily his heavy ironwood cane of which he was very fond, or riding skilfully on horseback as was his wont in his daily practice in and around Wiscasset, I note DANIEL ROSE, a man famous in the political and medical history of Maine. The son of Samuel and Naomi Rose, he was born in North Bradford, Conn., January 31, 1772, and educated at Yale where he was graduated academically in 1791. He studied medicine, taught school, and practiced in the State of his birth, and then came down into Maine and settled in the town of New Milford (now Alna), then in Boothbay, and next in Wiscasset where he became a leader in medicine and in politics. A Medical Society was founded there, and he

was chosen President. The Massachusetts Medical Society elected him a member. The War of 1812 came along and he entered the army as a volunteer-engineer, building a fort and drilling soldiers. After that he continued in medicine and politics, spoke often in favor of the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, went to the General Court at Boston, was chosen to the convention for accepting Separation and at the election after separation he was chosen unanimously as Senator from his county. In the convention he dominated the assembly and obtained the Governor's Council, as an essential part of the Constitution, and in the Senate he was chosen its president. During an interregnum with no Governor-elect, he as President of the Senate was virtually Governor of Maine and might have been nominated and of course elected as Governor, had he not declined the proffered nomination much discussed before the nomination and annual election. Careful reading of the reports of the separation convention, and of the Senate sessions, only emphasize the prominent character and position of Dr. Rose. He was a great man in Maine.

About this time he became imbued with ideas for reforming criminals and after mature deliberation started to establish in Maine a State Prison to be under his wardenship. He unfolded his plans for the building and for the punishment deserved by those who broke the laws. The prison was built substantially as he wished, and he was made warden, and at the same time supervising physician, positions which he held for four or five years when he wearied of the task. Perhaps he saw by that time the absurdity of his ideas of solitary confinement in a narrow cell with a hammock to sleep in, a block of wood to sit on, coarse common food to eat three times a day and just enough light in that solitary cell to enable the prisoner to read the New Testament and no other literature for the time of his sentence, be it one year or for life. It might have been a bit too much for humanity to endure. But those, be it remembered, were the days when poor insane people, of every degree, were laden with chains and fetters as a means of cure.

The newspapers of that time occasionally mentioned an escape from the Prison with a reward of $20 offered by Dr. Rose.

During the building of the State Prison an open letter was printed in the "Eastern Argus" accusing Dr. Rose of a cruel disposition, and fearing that he would be harsh with the prisoners. In a succeeding issue a writer refers to the urbanity and kindness of disposition of Dr. Rose to the workmen and declares that he was known everywhere for a genial man and easy to get along with.

Dr. Rose had, as I should have before mentioned, been a land agent between Maine and Massachusetts regarding division of timber lands belonging miscellaneously to either State, had done good service in that office, and after retiring from the State Prison in 1828 he was made Land Agent for Maine and removed to Augusta where he seems to have lived during his term of active service for the next few years. Later on he retired to Thomaston where he died suddenly at the last, October 25, 1833. He had been looking death in the face for some time before and had made a careful will amongst the odd items of which we find that he left his ponderous cane of ironwood to his life-long friend, Ruggles; a large medical dictionary in French and Latin to Dr. Ludwig of Waldoboro, and to a third whose name was John Paine, as very lately discovered, a handsome patent rifled-gun, warranted to pick off wild game to perfection.

Medically he belonged to the Massachusetts, to the Maine, and to the Knox and Lincoln Societies, was an officer at various times in all three, and was fond of reporting cases, interesting in daily practice.

It is well worth putting here on record that Dr. Silas Holman, another doctor from Kennebec County, helped Dr. Rose in the division of wild lands and that Dr. Rose's own son, a physician also, followed in his father's footsteps and was one of those present when as State Prison doctor, the famous post-mortem examination was made on the body of Dr. Coolidge, who after this anatomical preparation was said to have been seen still alive in the wilds of

California, and out there to have been cared for in sickness from small-pox, by a woman from Rockland or thereabouts.

Dr. David Rose seems to me, one of the ablest men, politicians and physicians, that Maine has produced, and we are not likely soon to gaze on his like again in the history of our State.

One of the shining lights in the medical history of Pepperellborough, now known as Saco, was DR. RICHARD CUTTS SHANNON, who was graduated from Harvard in 1795, studied medicine with Dr. Jacob King of Dover, New Hampshire, and then received an appointment as Ship's Surgeon in the Navy. He tired of the service in a year or so and settled for life in Saco, where he soon gained an extensive country and village practice, taught several students the rudiments of medicine, took in students to board from the Academy, in the founding of which he was a leader, and did considerable business in building houses and in improving the town. He built for himself a big three-storied brick house, had a mirror in every room, and in every hall, and filled it with an enormous amount of furniture, old silver, pictures and china. He also filled his office with surgical instruments, more than forty in number, and three hundred medical books, the titles of which as noted in the inventory of his estate, prove that he owned the best of foreign books of medical reference. If he studied them, as we have no reason to doubt was the case with an educated man, he must have been a very well informed physician from every point of view. He also owned considerable land and neat stock with horses, and it makes the mouth of the collector of rarities water, as they say, to read the inventory of chairs, sideboards, solid mahogany sofas, and bedsteads, which he once owned, and which were so cheaply appraised after his death. Those old bits of furniture held on to to these days, would be worth fortunes to their owners.

During an epidemic of yellow fever, brought from the West Indies, as was supposed, with a cargo of rum and molasses, Dr. Shannon was of great service to the towns-people.

He was much given to Family Prayer, and no matter even if patients were waiting for his medical services, they had to wait also on the Lord until family prayers and hymns were properly completed morning and night.

I note with satisfaction that Dr. Shannon left in his desk the names of one hundred and thirteen patients who owed him money for services. I am sorry that they did not pay him, but I am glad that he had so many chances to do good for those who probably could not pay, or like those of today who never intended to pay when they sent for or called upon him. In one of his letters I note also, as a sign of his practice, that he treated dropsy with blisters to the feet and ankles, and relieved his patient.

This brief notice of a physician, dead more than a century ago, shows how an almost hopeless research through the dusty records of old law libraries, finally reveals to the trailer of the career of facts in a physician's life, a few characteristic items of high value to the history of early Maine medicine.

Dr. Shannon, I am also very glad to say, was a man who put a copy of the Bible on board of every vessel sailing out of the Saco River, for the benefit of the captain and sailors. This he did under the auspices of a Bible Society for Sailors and Sea Captains, which once flourished in Maine.

After a hard working career, Dr. Shannon died all too early in the 51st year of his life in 1822. In this brief span of life he had done a great deal of good for the people who entrusted their lives and their ailments to his care, nor should we forget the benefits which he conferred upon the community by improving the public schools and school-houses, and endowing Thornton Academy.

It is a pleasure toward the end of this long list of physicians to discover one who stands out a bit from most of those who have already been annotated as a good deal of a character; not too obtrusive for that sort of a personage, but with just enough amusing traits to make his portrait a thing of considerable medical value.

Now we have as a mere fact, that SAMUEL SMALL, a physician, first in Jay and then in Wilton, was born in some humble village in New York in 1785, and after practicing long in Jay and in Wilton, died in 1869 in his 84th year. His widow, Elizabeth Barnard Small, born in Dixfield, lived to be a hundred years of age. Dr. Small was always known as a gentleman, both in his dress and in his manners, which were very courteous to all whom he met in daily life. He never took advantage of any circumstances, however slight, to raise a blush on the cheek of a woman, or to hurt the feelings of a child. He was very fond, too, of children, and although he never attained the pediatric skill of modern days, his results with children were excellent, and his mortality was minute.

He was a prominent member of the First Maine Senate, and a medical examiner during the War of 1812. He was much given to making and of taking jokes even at his own expense, and it is related of him from this point of view that he once examined a drafted man named Gilbert Winslow, who claimed some physical defect, although he looked as strong as a bull. One day when Dr. Small was thinking over the matter as to making an honest decision, Winslow called again. It happened at that very instant, that just outside the doctor's office the champion village wrestler had been throwing all comers with apparent ease. Dr. Small looking on, at last exclaimed, "Well, I hardly know what to say about your claim for physical defects, which really looks rather shady to me, but I tell you this much, that if you will just go out there on the green and throw that old boaster, Bill Brose, the champion, your alleged disabilities will be allowed, and you escape the draft."

Gil Winslow stripped, wrestled long and hard with the champion, and at last laid him flat on both shoulder blades to the entire satisfaction of the entire village, the people of which had by this time crowded about to see the great wrestling match.

Finally, Dr. Small called the victor into his office and said, "Well, Gil, you've done it fine, I am sure. Now I will

do as I said, and here's your exemption papers, but you must see for yourself how mighty hard it is on the Army to lose a big, healthy looking giant like you from the ranks. You know that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking exemption, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself for letting you off so easily. Get out, you big rascal, Gil."

Somebody once wondered in his presence where on earth the world was going to at this rate of extravagance, and Dr. Small spoke up and said, "Well, as for me, I should like to live and enjoy life until I was about 85, and then I should like to be headed up in a barrel of rum for ten thousand years, and at last come out again and see just what on earth was going on! I don't believe I should find it very much changed after all."

Dr. Bradford and Dr. Cornelius Holland, who have already been depicted in this work, once made a bet for the drinks for the three of them, and any casual spectators, that the first of these physicians seen hurrying in any unseemly speed to any patient for any cause whatsoever, should stand treat, the bet to be paid at the next County medical meeting.

When that arrived and Dr. Small entered the room, the other two made a dash for him, held him up by the sleeves, and shouted, or at least one of them did the shouting, "Here, Small, the drinks are on you this time. You were seen driving 'Hell bent like Governor Kent' not long ago, and yet you bet that no doctor should be seen hurrying to any patient in any unseemly fashion."

"I hold up my hands and acknowledge the corn," said Dr. Small. "To tell the truth, I was going at a frightful speed the other day, but the real truth of it was, that the old horse was fresh out of the stall, he hadn't been driven for all the day before, so he broke into one of his wildest gallops, and I was too tired and too lazy to try to stop him! Gentlemen, what will you take?"

And all of the members present, as was the fashion, took something.

When Dr. Small became old, his horse died, and he could not buy another, being poor, and then his money fell so low

that he was obliged to sell his cow. When one of his sons, a physician in a neighboring town, heard of this through neighbors, for the old Doctor had said nothing about his finances, the son sent a cow to be put into the old Doctor's pasture. When the son came over to help the old man out, he found him chuckling over his good luck in getting a good milch cow for nothing. Then he began to whimper, because he had the sudden thought that he would have to let the cow go as a stray that had not been advertised for.

"I wouldn't do that, Father, for the cow is yours. I gave her to you as a present."

"Well, if that is so, then the Lord must have sent it, but surely the Devil drove her here;" and he long continued to enjoy good milk.

A mere pun is a poor sort of a pin on which to hang a biographical notice of one of the Founders of the Maine Medical Society of 1820, but there can be no doubt that BURLEIGH SMART of "The Port" was Smart by nature as well as by name. He was born in Effingham, New Hampshire, in 1797, and had a good classical education at Effingham Academy and Phillips-Exeter, where he learned, for one thing, how to use good English and to write excellent papers. He enjoyed a clever descriptive style of writing all of his life. Few men of his era equalled him in the least in the gift of description.

Having learned what the Academy could teach, he made his way across into Maine, and became one of the favorite medical scholars of Dr. James Bradbury, whose career at Parsonsfield has already been mentioned, in brief, in this book. He next got a license to practice, as many physicians in those days did, who did not care to pay twenty dollars for a degree, and likewise to be burdened with the composition of a thesis.

Burleigh Smart settled first at Kennebunkport, and later he moved into the village of Kennebunk, where he passed his life. I find also that at one time he lectured at a Medical

School, but precisely where I have never yet discovered. He contributed two excellent papers, at least, to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, one of them being read before the Maine Medical Society, "A Case of Deposition of Earthy Matter in the Intestines from a Depraved Appetite," and another very clever paper on "Conical Cornea," which he cured by careful incisions at the equator of that tissue. He also wrote a third paper on "Tetanus" which was very promising. Next to Dr. Jeremiah Barker, he wrote more papers than any other Founder.

He had an unruly son whom he was obliged to lock in an attic with a window in the roof too high for him to reach and escape. His forte was the care of heart diseases and indigestion, and he was in great demand all over York County in consultations for difficult cases of this sort. He did some successful operations on blind people. He also spoke much in public on Temperance in meat and drink, and after enjoying perfect health all of his life, he died suddenly in his armchair without any previous symptoms.

I consider Burleigh Smart one of the most capable of the Founders of the Maine Medical Society; he gave promise of skill in his youth, and his age did not belie that promise as given.

After this notice was in type I discovered a humorous story about Dr. Smart which is worth inserting. It seems that in a letter to a friend he rather chuckled about the low taxes demanded from him on his $5,000 house with stocks and bonds; say eighteen dollars and ninety-five cents in full; and then was next heard of ranting loudly and wildly in Town meeting, on "the burdens of unequal taxation." The receiver of the letter then present, smiled a good deal to himself, and we will join in with him on a joke by Smart.

It hardly seems possible that the little town of Winthrop could have contained in its list of inhabitants a century ago a famous surgeon like DR. ISSACHAR SNELL, famous, if we are to believe all that we hear concerning his skill and extensive practice as a lithotomist. Yet we have no reason

to doubt the old chroniclers of the day or stray notices in newspapers.

Dr. Snell was born April 16, 1775, at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, obtained an academical degree at Harvard in 1797, and then studied medicine with Dr. Waldo of Randolph, and in Franklin with Dr. Miller, who was a good surgeon. He then settled in Hallowell about 1800, later moved to Augusta, and was building up in that town a good practice when a number of people from his native place, Bridgewater, settled in Winthrop and sent over for him to start a practice there.

Whether it happened that the water of Winthrop tended to the formation of stone in the bladder or not, at all events, many cases began to crop up and to increase in number, and Dr. Snell soon found himself famous, and continued so for several years, as a lithotomist over a large centre of population. When overwork began to tell upon him, he returned to Augusta after twenty years or more and practiced there chiefly as a consultant in surgical cases, mostly of stone. How many lithotomies he actually performed, and what percentage he cured, I have never discovered, but as he continued to be employed beyond his seventieth year, his results must have been good so long as he operated. Nor have I discovered by what method he operated, but as the lateral operation was then mostly in fashion, Dr. Snell probably followed that as being the best.

The splendid career of this hardworking surgeon, one of whose record Maine has just reason to be proud, was terminated in a moment. For on the 14th of October, 1847, when he was over seventy-two, his chaise tipped over a stone in the road, he was thrown out against it, and instantly killed. As some said at the time of the sad event, he cured many of the stone, but a stone killed him.

Dr. LAWRENCE SPRAGUE is a physician concerning whom you can find a great deal said in magazines and newspapers touching on Masonic affairs and societies of a fraternal and benevolent nature. If, however, you search for

information of his medical work, you find little, if any thing, of value. His membership in the Massachusetts Medical Society dates from 1811, and he had a good reputation in Hallowell where he practiced most, if not all, of his life. He was called a man easy to get along with; a genial fellow; hand in glove with many people. Fine, they would have called him, were he alive today, and if people were discussing his character. He was a fine man, was the common phrase for Dr. Sprague. That expressed it exactly. He had a great gift of speech, not only with women and children, but he had at his command the true art of Oratory. Such a man must have been nice to his patients, kind to children, and not too strict in his orders to the sick. He must have been easy on them, as the saying goes. He liked to talk soothingly to his patients, rather than to scold them into health, as it were, with strict orders to take drugs and medicines of disagreeable dosage and taste.

When Separation came to the fore, he advocated the idea most earnestly, and was glad indeed when it came to pass as he had prophesied and hoped so ardently.

His chief fame for posterity seems to have depended largely on a most eloquent Oration delivered at the installation of a Masonic Lodge in 1820. It seems odd, with such a promise, that more of his literary productions and possibly medical essays have so far failed of discovery. I offer the clue to future medical historians to follow when they get the chance and the inspiration.

From all that can be discovered, Dr. Sprague stood well with his competitors in medicine, and after a very active life in various paths of usefulness, was cut off in 1853 when he was almost seventy years of age.

His forte in practice was what he called "Diet" and a roborant tonic. He gave an abundance of simple spring water, beef, mutton, and veal steaks; and brandy and water. One patient of his, a girl of eighteen, in a "decline" had a tonic of bark and a gill of brandy daily. Her father, however, remarked: "Strange to see, she is no better yet, after five weeks with Dr. Sprague."

Some physicians are obliged to struggle to obtain a chance for a paying practice and then to wait for a long time for success. Others are luckier and are invited to take the patients of some physician already successful, but compelled for various reasons to abandon the field and look out for himself as his own patient. Of the lucky kind, I name DR. JOSEPH LOWE STEVENS (1790-1879) of Castine, who dropped into a nest already warmed and with plenty of chicks of patients hatched out, and others merely waiting to be incubated into paying cases. But what Dr. Stevens got, in due season, he deserved, whilst others as lucky have been utter failures, blasted as it were at once into idleness by taking things too easy.

Dr. Stevens studied with Dr. Gad Hitchcock, the Revolutionary surgeon, in Pembroke, Massachusetts, and at the same time with Dr. Gad Hitchcock, Jr., of whom we have already heard at North Yarmouth. Another student under the same roof, Dr. Moses Gage, settled in Castine. Dr. Stevens continued his studies at the Harvard School, and attended the first lecture ever given by John Collins Warren of ether-operation fame. Obtaining his Bachelor of Arts degree at Harvard in 1810, and his Doctorate of Medicine in 1814, Dr. Stevens practiced five years in a small undiscovered village in Massachusetts, until at that time good fortune came into play for him.

When Dr. Gage fell ill in Castine in 1819, with the classical symptoms of tuberculosis, and decided that his only chance for life consisted in immigrating to a warmer climate, he chose Havana as his place of refuge, and invited Dr. Stevens to Castine to take up his practice. When he arrived, Dr. Gage called a meeting of the influential citizens and introduced Dr. Stevens as a good fellow and a worthy successor. Dr. Stevens made so fine an impression, that all of those present agreed to give him their ailing patronage in proper occurrence.

Dr. Gage, it may here be said, obtained a good practice whilst under treatment in Havana, dared once more a few months in a New England climate, but paid the penalty of

his rashness with a tuberculous relapse, which no warm tropical breezes could evermore a second time relieve.

Dr. Stevens practiced in Castine way down into our own times, dying there in vigorous old age, in 1879, over 88, a fine old man in medicine in every respect. He had the great good fortune to be present when a magnificent lot of old French and Belgic and other foreign gold and silver coins a couple of centuries old, were unearthed in Castine in 1841, and secured some of the finest specimens, which he cherished and gladly showed to admiring visitors at his hospitable home. He enjoyed all of his life a high reputation as a physician and surgeon, his clientage extending all the way up and down the Penobscot Bay and on either side of the river, from its mouth to the head of the tide at Bangor. He travelled so much on the water in journeying to his patients, that he really might be entitled an aquatic practitioner instead of a mere doctor who rode along on dusty or muddy or frozen roads as most of those in Maine have done during all of their lives.

I have always had a very high opinion of DR. JOHN STOCKBRIDGE of Bath, because some years ago I had a nice letter from an old lady of 98 or thereabout then living in Bath, in expectation of her centennial, and in which she wrote convincingly of the skill of Dr. Stockbridge.

"He brought me into the world safely, and I trusted him so much, that he also delivered me of most of my children, or, in fact, as long as he had good health. I trusted in him, and he never failed me or mine."

John Stockbridge, a descendant five times removed from John the first of that family, and who came over in "The Bleeding Heart" in 1635, studied medicine with Dr. Gad Hitchcock of Pembroke, Massachusetts, and of Revolutionary fame. After Dr. Gad Hitchcock, Jr., his fellow-student at Pembroke, had settled in North Yarmouth, he suggested to Stockbridge that Topsham was a good place for practice and was wide open for a doctor. So Dr. Stockbridge came Down East about 1804, and practiced at Topsham with good

results for about a year. Wearying then of so much crossing of the Androscoggin as his patients at Brunswick and Bath demanded, he removed to Bath and practiced there until his death in 1849. He wrote one or two medical papers, one of which particularly, "A Case of Poisoning from Eating Cicuta Maculata," attracted much attention. Dartmouth also gave him an honorary degree in 1822, and that was something great.

I find also that he married Theodosia Gilman, daughter of the Rev. Tristram Gilman, who brought him twelve children, one of whom was Dr. Tristram Gilman Stockbridge, famous down into our times.

Dr. John Stockbridge, like many other doctors of that era, rode about to his patients on horseback, and wore leather breeches, which made a vivid impression on children, so that they remembered them to their dying days, as a fine prevention against the pangs of spanking with handy hair brushes.

The fine and successful career of Dr. John Stockbridge terminated in 1849 on the 3d day of May after more than forty years of practice in Bath.

MOSES SWEATT of Parsonsfield (1787-1862) was a handsome looking man, with sparkling, humorous eyes, patriarchal hair pushed back abundantly and carelessly over a broad, high forehead, a clean shaven upper lip and cheeks, but with a mere fringe of beard, way down on his collar, such as men favored in those days when his portrait was painted. I have also sometimes fancied that men used to leave that fringe of beard as an excuse for shaving, and possibly as a sort of frame for their features when limned by the painter. He looks like a man whom we should have been "pleased to meet," as the fashionable greeting of the day is passed along in conversations.

Moses Sweatt was born in Portland, some say in 1787, and others in 1788, but they all agree that he learned the trade of a carpenter, but the longer, or rather the shorter, he

sawed boards, the more his mind turned to the sawing of bones, as was the slang for medical studies long ago. Finally, the stress was too hard to resist, and he began to study medicine with Dr. James Bradbury of Parsonsfield, carrying on with his studies his trade as carpenter and builder of farm-houses, barns, and sheds. He took a course of lectures at Dartmouth, demonstrated for Alexander Ramsay of Fryeburg, who was then at Hanover lecturing on anatomy, and after entering upon practice, he attended ten years later, a course of lectures with Dr. Nathan Smith when he came to Bowdoin in 1821, and whom he had known so well in 1809.

He opened an office in Parsonsfield, but still discontented with his previous medical education, he spent a winter at Castleton, Vermont, which then owned a Medical School very celebrated at that time, and with a fine Board of Instructors.

Dr. "Moses," as he was by this time called, to distinguish him from his brother "William," of whom mention shall immediately follow, had a great reputation for making good all possible sorts of fractures; he had fine results even without our famous X-rays, whilst his cures of compound fractures was a by-word in York and other counties. His political career in Maine was also very successful, for he was often seen at the State Capital as Representative or Senator.

He was very much in favor of everybody having a good education, and urged wherever he went that every child should be educated just as well as the parents' means allowed, and he gave of his time and of his money to the foundation and upbuilding of Parsonsfield Academy, still famous as a centre of education.

He was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1819, did his share of work in the Maine Medical Society as long as it lasted, and was a celebrated practitioner and surgeon in York County for fifty years, I should say. Then suddenly, the very soul of him gave way at the early and sudden death of his favorite son, John; he was crushed to the earth, and never was the same man or the same physician again. "Oh, John, my Son; my Son, John!"

Some families run to medicine, as is a well-known fact to the genealogist, although few have ever exhibited eight physicians in a row, as could be done by the sons of Dr. Thomas Kittredge of Andover, Massachusetts. In many instances, however, two sons in medicine have not been uncommon. Rarely, however, do we notice two instances in one family in which both sons attained so high a rank in medical practice as occurred in the case of Moses and William Sweatt of Parsonsfield. Moses has already been mentioned, and I now have something brief to say concerning his younger brother, William, who was active in Hollis for many years.

WILLIAM SWEATT, the second son of Jonathan and Sarah Ayers Sweatt, was born in Portland, October 16, 1794, and remained there until his parents removed to Parsonsfield in 1800. Jonathan was a cabinet maker by trade, and is said to have descended from the Huguenots. Being in reduced circumstances from the burning out of house and home, they lived very economically, but the boys were determined on education, by hook or by crook, so the two studied medicine, Moses first, as we have seen, and then he took William into his office. William had been a carpenter, like his brother, but was ambitious to do as his brother had done before him. He was weary of being a sawer and hewer of wood, and medicine seemed a proper relief and remedy. So he studied with Moses, went to Fryeburg to hear Ramsay, went to Dartmouth, and had a course of lectures there, and at last settled down in Hollis, with a good deal of practical knowledge gained by study with his brother and practice in his office for a year or two, and a modicum of theoretical knowledge culled from lectures listened to attentively and annotated at the time of delivery.

From Salmon Falls, a village in Hollis, he practiced in a circle of fifty miles, and not only satisfied people, but he maintained so high a degree of vitality that he was appointed a Surgeon to a Regiment in the Civil War of 1862, when in his sixty-sixth year, and his fortieth of practice.

His two wives were half sisters named Dunn. Both of them proved to be humane and kindly women, and of great assistance to their husband during his hard life as a country doctor.

It is indeed pleasant, as I draw near the end of my labors concerning these men of Maine, to come across so genuine an instance of two brothers working so well together in one County for the benefit of the people and with life-long credit to themselves. Congratulations to the memories of Moses and William Sweatt, brothers in medicine and surgery, well skilled in both.

The early life of ENOCH SAWYER TAPPAN, afterward to become a charter member, founder, attendant on the first meeting of the Maine Medical Society, and a practitioner in Gardiner, was tinged with a melancholy aspect, which seems to have pervaded his entire career. Delicate in health, his parents were over-religious in his upbringing. Eager for life, yet earnest in character, he was held altogether too closely in the leash of parental devotion to a strict religion. His Father was Hollis Professor of Divinity at Harvard, and we know or we can imagine what that must have meant for children in the eighteenth century.

Young Enoch, named additionally Sawyer, after a maternal Grandfather, was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, in January of 1785, was put to books as a mere infant, was "Fed Up" on them (as I venture to say, using slang of today), early and late, with the result that he was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1801, being then just sixteen. Younger graduates have been known in our day, but they have wider opportunities to develop their early precocity.

Soon after obtaining his degree the boy lost his Father, and was then obliged, owing to the unsettled and undeterminable condition of his Father's estate, to teach school for a living, although he longed to begin his medical studies. Perhaps this was all for the best in the end, as it taught him to be more independent and self-reliant than he had ever

been before. He finally attended lectures at the Harvard Medical School then at Cambridge, and obtained his degree in 1805.

Directly after obtaining his right to practice he removed to Augusta for life, and became a physician of such good standing that he was soon made a member of the Massachusetts Society, and later on an incorporator of the Maine Medical Society. Outside of these very faint items, nothing whatsoever seems to be known of Dr. Tappan's ability or career as a physician. In point of fact, a life so brief as his is only placed here on record in the hope that other investigators may discover additional facts, in time, and by deeper study than a busy practice now allows me to make.

I will add, however, a brief note on the pronunciation of the name, which varies now and then and always will vary, I fear. The stickler for proper pronunciation will insist that the name should be pronounced Toppan, while others will urge plain Tap-pan.

As a final hint, let me say that we can imagine Dr. Tappan losing his temper now and then over the actual way in which he was sure that his name ought to be pronounced, just as I recall good old Christopher Tappan who lived in Portsmouth, my native place, and was always fuming when anybody failed to call him Toppan.

Dr. Tappan of Augusta, although delicate as a child, seems to have outlived that failing, for he lived into the year 1847, dying in his sixty-sixth year of blessed memory.

The Records of the Maine Medical Society contain no name so often written upon its pages as that of DR. JACOB TEWKSBURY of Oxford, for I believe that he attended the first and every remaining meeting from its foundation in 1820 until the Society died. He spoke whenever a paper was brought up for reading and discussion, presented reports of cases, briefly, and was a shining light in the Society first, last, and always. His connection with the Massachusetts Medical Society began in 1818.

He was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, May 27, 1782, the son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Merrill Tewksbury, and after a good school education as then furnished by those in authority, he studied medicine with two well known local physicians, Dr. John Brickett and Dr. ——— Chase. He had just finished his twentieth year when he was invited by some settlers in Hebron to give them medical attendance and advice, in what we now call East Oxford. This invitation, so unexpected, he gladly accepted, and rode on horseback, and carried saddle bags well filled with needed drugs and instruments for fifteen years. He then removed to Oxford Village, and drove around in a gig at a tremendous pace always. He was much given to compounding his own drugs, and when people wanted medicine, but did not want to pay fifty cents for a mere call, he was not at all unwilling to sell a dose of paregoric or of Syrup of Squills for a mere quarter of a dollar. This sale he would accompany with a bow and some such phrase as this: "Well, Lafayette, here's your paregoric. How's the folks at home?"

Dr. Tewksbury practiced in Oxford, dying at the comparatively early age of 62 in the year 1848. He left two sons famous in medicine, Samuel, who did great work as a surgeon in Portland, and helped largely to build the Maine General Hospital, but was much disappointed when the right for any reputable physician to treat their own patients inside its walls was denied point blank. Another son, Jacob, I think, by name, practiced successfully in Buenos Aires in the Argentine, and then in San Francisco, and is believed to have accumulated considerable property. Altogether, then, in his own benevolent career as a country doctor and in those of his two famous sons, Dr. Jacob Tewksbury is well worth remembering long, and even permanently, in Maine Medical History.

DR. STEPHEN THAYER of Waterville was born in Uxbridge, Massachusetts, in 1783, studied medicine with that extraordinary surgeon, Dr. Reuben Dimond Mussey, at

Ipswich, and stood alongside of him when he performed some of his astounding and bloody operations for inoperable hematomata by ligation of the nutrient arteries or for cancerous growths of the Superior Maxillary. Dr. Mussey, however, was prouder of his skill on the bass viol than of his operations, and once gave a concert on that uncouth instrument for the members of the New Hampshire Medical Society, after carrying it a hundred miles on top of a stage coach.

After young Thayer had passed through the circuit of books, drugs, and seeing patients from Dr. Mussey's chaise, he moved into Maine and practiced in Vassalboro, China, and Fairfield. He finally settled in Waterville, where he passed his advancing, but not his declining years, for of those he had none, as he worked steadily to the end. I add, also, at this point, that Dr. Thayer was commissioned as a Surgeon in the Militia of Massachusetts in the War of 1812, but I do not find that he obtained much more medical benefit from that than from the mere honor of the title.

Dr. Thayer had much to say about Separation in 1820, and attended the Convention which settled it for good and all. He was a man of brilliant speech, and he went through life sparkling with witty stories, and exhibiting a most unkempt, shaggy head of hair, when his portrait was painted for the picture of him which has come down to our days.

The most important historical item of his long and memorable career was the part which he played in the tragedy, and in the dramatic trial of Dr. Valorus Perry Coolidge for murder at Waterville in 1846. If Dr. Coolidge had had his way at the post-mortem examination, which, by the way, he very considerately performed upon the body of his own victim, and personal friend, the intestines and brains containing traces of the prussic acid employed in the murder, would have been cast into the cesspool and never reached the convincing chemical investigation.

Dr. Thayer, suspecting Dr. Coolidge from the start of the investigation, insisted on saving these tell-tale anatomical documents, and thus prevented a serious miscarriage of

justice. He also proved an excellent witness at the trial; precise in his testimony, just for both sides, never condemnatory of a brother physician, for he knew that medicine and analytical chemistry in those days were far from any exact science, after all.

Dr. Thayer survived into his 79th year, dying at Waterville in 1852, and leaving a name forever memorable in the history of the Maine Medical Society, and in that of the State of his adoption.

The three THEOBALDS, all physicians of repute, Grandfather, Father, and Son, practicing in and around Wiscasset for almost seventy-five years in all, deserve and shall here have considerable attention in our long list of men who practiced in Maine before and after the Separation of 1820. Around their lives, however, so many legends have been woven, that extensive curtailment will become necessary, although for actual, unequalled picturesqueness all of them ought to be touched upon, and at considerable length. Nevertheless, let me not take up too much space with all that they did.

Now, it happened in the reign of good George the Third of Great Britain that ERNST FRIEDRICH PHILIP THEOBALD was born in the little village of Doeringheim in Hesse Cassell in Germany, December 2, 1750. The boy grew up to manhood, obtained a high degree at the University of Goettingen in 1774 and became in due course, after proper medical and theological studies, a Surgeon and a Chaplain in General or Baron Riedesel's Division of the British Army fighting in America. Unfortunately, he was captured with the whole of Burgoyne's Army at Saratoga, and was finally paroled as a Prisoner of War at Winter Hill, now known as Somerville, I think, in the State of Massachusetts.

Here ended one great episode in his adventures in life; he had been sold by his Monarch to fight for him in America against his own colonial people; this was not the fault of the

man, but of the times in which he lived. The second episode in the life of Old Doctor Theobald, as he may now be named, consisted in his looking around for a place in which to practice and to live instead of returning home to Hesse Cassell. He gave this much thought, no doubt, and finally decided to go down to the German settlement at Waldoboro, then in a flourishing condition. Amongst those sturdy colonists he practiced, and he preached, and he buried those who died, and he married those who fell in love with one another. Later on he moved to a wider field in Pownalborough, afterward called Dresden, to please the German element thereabouts, as well as to attract new German settlers, looking for timber and farms. After a while he married Miss Sallie Rittal; to be precise, on February 2, 1781; a French Protestant of Huguenot descent. He was finally naturalized and practiced mostly in Dresden for the remainder of his life, which came to an end in 1809.

Dr. Theobald, the first of the name, had a great deal of trouble all of his life with a certain element in the neighborhood in which he lived when at Pownalborough, for they were continually hounding him down as a "Hessian," with all the emphasis and the sneer that the word can be made to suggest for a man who sells his services to fight against foreigners. They could not understand, or they did not want to understand, that the Hessians did not sell themselves, but were sold as serfs by their asserted owners, with no fault attaching to themselves unless it was that they did not commit suicide rather than fight against their inclinations. So one fine morning in 1796, the barn doors, doors of the schoolhouse, of the church, and many trees, were placarded with slanderous bits of paper, upon which Dr. Theobald was accused of being a renegade, a cattle thief, and a grave robber; the last supposed to be the most heinous of crimes, even if the body snatched was only that of a lately hanged murderer. Referring to that, it may be said that one John O'Neill had been hanged for the murder of Michael Leary in 1788. The grave was found disturbed, and the body, as asserted, was carried off for dissection by various physi-

cians, the chief of which was, on the placards, said to be Dr. Theobald. As the saying ran for a long time afterward:

"For two quarts of rum and a dozen of ale,
They robbed the grave of Johnnie O'Nail."

Dr. Theobald, both as an educated clergyman and physician of good repute, was offended and enraged by these outrageous placards, brought suit against his defamer, who was easily discovered by the handwriting, and carried the case up for trial. The jury gave him very promptly a verdict for $250, and when the case was appealed to the highest Court, this verdict was not only upheld, but the damages were trebled to $800, and the defamer was compelled to pay all the costs of both courts, amounting, as an old document states, to the sum of $253, and three cents; for I love to be as precise as is the account before me.

After that affair, Dr. Theobald was left alone to show himself as a good and blameless citizen and a competent physician according to the standard of those days. He performed several successful surgical operations. His estate as inventoried at his death in 1809, by Dr. Samuel Adams of Wiscasset, not Dr. Samuel Adams of Bath, by any means, but another physician by the same name, showed some $3,000 in cash, seventy acres of land, four horses, six cows, twenty-one sheep, a fine cider mill, a considerable amount of drugs and tinctures in good order, a good collection of surgical instruments, five handsome waistcoats, a large collection of notes receivable for money loaned right and left without much thought, and plenty of doctor's bills unpaid and uncollectable, even by process of law. He wished to be buried in a Recluse Cemetery, left ten children, and cut off with a single dollar every child who dared to contest the will. He also made a verbal agreement to call, in the spirit, on Dr. James Tupper, a neighbor, but no mention of their meeting in this way, has come down to us.

His son, DR. PHILIP ERNST THEOBALD, practiced in Wiscasset after a thorough medical education from Dr.

Samuel Adams of that town, who, by the way, later removed to Boston, where he died, and had a reputation of a steady practitioner of medicine. This, the second Dr. Theobald, lived until 1842, dying at the age of 62. There is considerable derogatory and defamatory gossip concerning him in a pamphlet, "Trial of Call versus Clark," of 1837, from which we learn that Dr. Call sued Dr. Clark for libel, asserting that Dr. Clark was going about openly accusing Dr. Call of killing a patient by the unskillful introduction of a catheter to empty the bladder. Dr. Clark claimed that Dr. Call was unskillful to the last degree, and that Dr. Theobald was on the same platform. But when we recall the fact that such talk came from the physician who had been "cast" in damages of $500 for libel, some bitter words are likely to ooze out, especially when printed in a pamphlet largely given up to a "vindication" of his own immaculate skill and character.

The third Doctor THEOBALD, FREDERICK PAYSON by name, was born in 1813, practiced with much renown in Farmingdale and Gardiner, but he died early in 1857. He was a pleasant man to deal with, but delicate from tuberculosis, which finally terminated his life. With him ended the race of Theobalds as physicians. They were picturesque characters all round; real personages; actual men; vigorous and adventurous. Their individual careers ought indeed to have been recorded here to much greater length, but too much space cannot be given to one family to the exclusion of others.

People living in South Berwick and its neighborhood still recall the name and delightful presence of DR. CHARLES TRAFTON, who practiced first in North Berwick, and then for the remainder of his life in South Berwick. He was born in Georgetown, Massachusetts, in 1787, and was educated there and in Boston; but his principal medical education was obtained from riding around with Dr. Joseph

Gilman, one of our Founders, originally from York, and later in Wells. It is also claimed that young Trafton studied at the Medical School established in Boston by Dr. William Ingalls, famous for one thing, in that good, bad, or indifferent, as he may have been as a practitioner, he drove the finest pair of horses in Boston, although he failed to drive the Harvard Medical School out of existence.

Dr. Trafton came into North Berwick in 1811 and practiced there until 1817, when he went to Boston for further medical studies, was admitted into the Massachusetts Medical Society, and then returning, he settled in South Berwick. He became a very prominent Jeffersonian Democrat, was an Elector for Harrison in 1840, and generally kept well in touch with State and National politics, although I do not find him prominent in office.

As a physician he was really clever with splints for all sorts of fractures, could fashion them with immense rapidity, and showed remarkable skill in adapting them to the broken or dislocated bones. He specialized in splints, if we may say so tautologically.

He early professed religion, and from his acquaintance with Dr. Gilman he adopted the Hopkinsism of the day and was an exemplary young fellow; nor did intercourse with humanity in his practice lead him into too materialistic views of the universe and its people. He was many years a deacon, and gave much money for music and the minister. He did not write much for medicine, but he was a man who would rather pray for his patients than try to describe their cases. When they got well, it was due to prayer and medicines combined; he acting as a divine agent; simply that and nothing more. He departed from the scenes of his Scriptural Practice, as we may say, in 1855, when in his sixty-seventh year, highly prized in the Christian community in which he lived and died.

DR. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN (1751-1835) can hardly be called a Founder of the Maine Medical Society, for he hardly

attended any of its meetings or practiced medicine to any great extent, but he was often called in consultations with physicians in Hallowell, where he lived many years, made so profound a study of medicine, wrote so many medical papers, and was the only other physician in Maine, Judge Cony being the other, who was elected as an Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, that he really deserves some brief though handsome mention of his career.

Dr. Vaughan was a member of the British Parliament who sympathized with the French Revolution, and imbibing many of its ideas, crossed over to Paris, went through many terrible days during the guillotining campaign, and finally escaped to Switzerland. William Pitt was willing to have him return to Parliament, but Vaughan preferred to come to America, where he had relatives in Boston, and as a retired parliamentarian, physician, patriarch, and philosopher, he lived in Hallowell from 1797 until his death in 1836, aged eighty-five years in all.

Born in Jamaica, he was educated at Cambridge University in England, medically at Edinburgh, and for some time he practiced in London. Here he wrote pamphlets on tropical diseases as observed by himself as a youth in Jamaica and as communicated to him by medical friends in the island. In London he was hand-in-hand with the leaders in British medicine, until he drifted into politics, as stated briefly above.

It happened after his death that his large medical library was scattered, but enough of it drifted ultimately into the State Hospital at Augusta and still remains there, well worth the time of any student of former medicine to pore over. For in addition to the actual contents of old magazines and books, many of them are of high historic value owing to the marginal notes made by their former owner. The students of medicine, I repeat, will find in that small collection of medical books, much that is well worth his time and thought.

A more extensive biography of this celebrated man, politically and medically, can be found in the two editions of Howard Kelly and W. L. Burrage's "American Medical

Biographies," and to those, the attention of students interested in this topic is here referred by me. There can be no doubt that the physicians of Massachusetts recognized the lofty medical abilities of Dr. Vaughan when they gave him the high honor of an Honorary Member. They saw then as we can see now after a century, that he was a force in medicine, advancing its progress by his keen conversational powers, his well approved skill in consultations with many physicians living near his home, and above all by his literary ability in writing Case Reports and medical pamphlets of permanent value as they occurred to his mind to elaborate from time to time. In no instance is it truer than ever in the case of Dr. Vaughan, "Things Written Remain." The physician who writes and prints his thoughts and ideas, leaves a permanent record of his ability, small, moderate, or immense.

Last of all I note this personal item, that during a great epidemic of small-pox or of fever, Dr. Page of Hallowell was called over to Wiscasset, where there were many patients, but few physicians, and that during his absence Dr. Vaughan attended daily to Dr. Page's patients until he could return in honor, having terminated the mortality in Wiscasset, and left the remaining cases in proper care for recovery.

A few letters of Dr. Vaughan to Dr. Page are preserved in the Library of the Maine Historical Society and show his fondness for bleeding and for digitalis, now known as foxglove by the people at large and a hundred years and more, later, still used actively for diseases of the heart.

Dr. Vaughan is also said to have imported from London in 1799, some canned vegetables in tin; and from this small item we see that the canning industry is by no means an American invention.

William Willis is known to all historians and biographers of Maine as the writer of one book, at all events, a delightful "History of Portland," and it is a very great pleasure and satisfaction to me near the end of my long labors in hunting

up the careers of the founders of the Maine Medical Society, to discover that he was so well acquainted, personally, with DR. SAMUEL WEED of Portland as to be prepared to write in one of Portland's newspapers directly after his death an excellent sketch of this well known physician. From that source I borrow now the chief points in the life of a man who had a very striking career in Maine medicine.

Samuel Weed, the son of Ephraim Weed, a hard-working farmer, was born in Amesbury, Massachusetts, January 10, 1774, and from boyhood up he tilled the soil and had but one aim in view, namely, to get an education and to be a physician. When he was seventeen, he had earned enough money to spend a single year at Phillips-Exeter Academy, and during the next five years he worked on the farm in summer and taught at Amesbury and Bradford, ever saving of his earnings, in order that he could go through Harvard.

After struggling along in this persistent fashion he was able to enter that University in the Class of 1800, in his twenty-sixth year, the oldest man in the class. He had no sooner been matriculated than, like the other Freshmen, he was hazed unmercifully, not only by the Sophomores, the best of whom he laid on their shoulders, and held them there in wrestling, but men of the Junior Class who ought to have been ashamed of themselves, threw at Weed six of their best men, holding in reserve, all fresh, a seventh. Young Weed threw all of these six, but was finally worsted by the seventh contemptible rascal. Shame to them all; I say it a century later.

Beaten in that way only, Weed went through college, the man of all men to be feared in a contest or in a sport. In his class I notice, with pleasure, the face and form of our good friend, Dr. Isaac Lincoln of Brunswick.

After graduating in 1800 with high honors, young Weed was still hampered for lack of funds with which to study medicine, so he taught at Framingham and other places, and during his vacations he rode about in the practice of Dr. (and Governor) John Brooks, a famous physician and politician. Under his hospitable roof Samuel Weed had the great good

fortune to meet as equals other well-known physicians of the day, amongst them Aaron Dexter, chemical professor at Harvard, Dr. Isaac Rand, famous for his small-pox inoculation encampments, and for traveling way into Newfoundland in 1761 to see the Transit of Venus across the face of the sun. And here let me say that it is nothing short of wonderful to see, as I once saw, a similar transit; the sun thrown across the room upon a screen through a circular opening in the window shade, and a little black dot, the planet Venus, meandering slowly across its disc. Nor should we forget as another guest Dr. John Collins Warren, then fresh from studies in Europe, and his interviews with the two Hunters, John and William, and with Edward Jenner.

As a result of such an apprenticeship in medicine, Dr. Weed remained for life replete with anecdotes concerning those medical worthies of the past. To hear him talk of his years with Governor (and Doctor) Brooks was a treat to Portlanders interested in medical or biographical history.

Ten years after graduating from Harvard, Dr. Samuel Weed came to Portland, had at one time an office on Main Street, which sounds to me much like the Free Street of today, and found as competitors, Doctors Coffin, Ayer, John Merrill, and Erving, the three former of whom have been depicted already in this collection of lives. Erving was good enough to leave erelong for retirement in Boston, Ayer removed to Eastport in 1821, and Weed had at last a chance to try to make a living on paltry fees of fifty cents each, mostly with a chance to charge dearer for medicines, and medicines then were dealt out lavishly. He proved to be a patient, persevering, persistent sort of a physician; rather overcautious; apparently, at times, uncertain just what to do, what was best for the patient; but in the end if you gave him plenty of time, he obtained the correct diagnosis, and if we judge from his results, he gave the proper treatment demanded.

Dr. Weed was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1816, he was one of the five members at-

tending the first meeting called to establish the Maine Medical, and he maintained to the end of his life his interest in that Society.

Up to his seventy-eighth year he worked harder than most physicians, did his share of medical practice, followed the latest ideas in medicine as they appeared in the magazines, and made a great many friends, many of them more liberal toward him, I believe, than most of us are ever likely to find, as this final incident in his life shall prove.

Walking on the ice in January, 1852, he fell and dislocated a femur, or fractured the bone in its capsule, and was condemned to lie quiet the rest of his life. His friends, fearing that he had saved but little for the needs of advancing years, and knowing that he would never practice again, joined in giving him an annuity of $500. This handsome sum for those days was duly paid quarterly to the gratification of the mildly protesting old man. Are we ever likely to record a similar benefaction to another Maine physician? Hail, then, to the memory of those kind men of Portland who were so good to kind Dr. Samuel Weed. He deserved it, and the givers shall have their reward at this late mention of their kindness so many years ago to a broken-down old physician and a lifelong friend.

His dates are 1774-1857; years, 83.

And now, very friendly and very tireless reader, the time has come for us to part. Little did I think when I began this series of lives, that I should find so many men concerning whom to say a few words of praise, or that I should in imagination visit so many settlements, large and small, in Maine, the State of my adoption. But we have reached the last on my long list of Founders, and I venture to say that you will agree with me when you have read it, that the last life is as good as the first, or, in other words, that the interest has remained continuous to the end.

I began early with a murder, and end with the simple story of the BODY OF A CHAISE PAINTED WHITE.

DR. ELIAS WELD, son of the Rev. Ezra Weld of Braintree, and Anna, his wife, who were married in 1774, was a genial country doctor who belonged to the Massachusetts Society in 1811 and was a Founder in its Maine successor. He practiced at Hallowell in the valley of the Kennebec for many years, and was very much thought of as a kind physician. People in those days liked to know as much as we now know by telephone, whether the doctor was coming to somebody lying ill. They had no swift motors, no telephonic wires, in those days, so Dr. Weld thought of giving early notice that he was coming by painting the entire body of his chaise a shining white so that it could be seen from the sick bed a long way off across the river or up and down the road. Would that I could add that the shiny chaise was pulled by a fine white horse, but old letters say nothing of such a coincidence.

Some doctors do wonderful operations, others great cures, many have fine obstetrical records, some have been Judges of Probate and Clerks of Court, but is there a prettier anecdote than that of Weld of Hallowell and his old White Chaise? Imagine a long, warm, summer day, an overworked matron lying ill and waiting for the doctor sent for hours ago. See the young girl by her mother's bedside; she goes to the window once more, and she sees away across the flowing waters of the Kennebec and moving amidst the greenery of the country roads, the old white chaise; and she darts to her mother's side and cries: "Oh, mother, Doctor Weld is on the road! I can see his white chaise. He will soon be here, and your troubles, sorrow, and pains, will disappear when he speaks his kind message and gives you his healing medicine. Oh, how glad I am that the Doctor is coming at last! There, there!" ———

Dr. Weld, after years of doing good, died, much lamented, in his eighty-first year; practicing to the very last of his life.

So ends an imperfect account of most of the leading physicians of Maine at the time of the Separation from Massachusetts. Upon this foundation let us hope that future researchers will build a handsomer monument to their memory.

Eight years ago this book was finished. Although my opinions concerning some of these physicians have since then changed, it is better to let them stand as they are than to make alterations at so late a date after the Celebration in 1920, of the Separation of Maine from Massachusetts a hundred years before.

Portland, November, 1928.

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