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VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MEDICAL CLASS

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT,

MAY 31ST, 1865,

BY

JOHN ORDRONAU, M. D.,

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BURLINGTON, VT., June 1, 1865.

PROF. ORDRONAUX:

Dear Sir: In behalf of the Graduating Class, we respectfully solicit for publication a copy of your Address delivered last evening.

Yours, truly,

A. O. AMEDEN,
G. L. REAGAN,
CHAPMAN C. SMITH,
SENECA S. CLEMONS,
C. M. FERRIN, } *Committee.*

BURLINGTON, VT., June 1, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:

I cheerfully accede to the request, expressed in your note of to-day, and place the MSS. of my address at your disposal.

I am, with great respect,

Very truly, yours,

JNO. ORDRONAUX.

MESSES. AMEDEN, REAGAN, SMITH, CLEMONS,
and FERRIN.

ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN :

In the name of a sublime and ennobling profession, I greet you at this threshold of its temple. I congratulate you upon having successfully passed through those weary years of zealous endeavor, patient endurance, and earnest self-devotion, which have secured to you, as a legitimate triumph, these well-earned honors. Nobly have you vindicated the just, and not overwrought, expectations of a widening circle of observers, and honestly have you won those crowns of merit, which the law of eternal justice insures to every true and persevering workman in a good cause. Great has been the task—greater the hope—greater still the reward. And I am sure I do but reiterate and re-echo the universal sentiment of your hearts when I say, that not one of those past moments of toil, fatigue, or weary climbing of heights that seemed receding at your approach—not a single day, or hour, of patient endeavor and well-doing in the past, is either regretted by you or looked upon as an over-price paid for the results accomplished. Past labor is ever sweet, and the memory of hours devoted to the culture of the good, the true, and the beautiful, will shed fragrance throughout life, and gild even its sunset hours with a halo of peaceful satisfaction.

It is with pleasure, therefore, and in behalf of an ancient and universal brotherhood, whose history is coeval with that of man, and whose benefactions stand next only to those of the Cross—that I welcome you into the Temple of Medicine. Having proved yourselves worthy to be inducted into her priesthood, and to minister at her altars, we extend to you the hand of brotherly communion, and pledge you the sympathy

and support of a common brotherhood. Yet, ere you cross this sacred threshold, I pray you to pause in deepest reflection, that, moved as well by a spirit of introspection and self-examination, as of historical remembrance, you may enter her tabernacle with "mute thanks and secret ecstasy;" draw the curtain from before the veiled Deity, with a pure and tender hand; and gaze upon that ancient shrine at which every tribe and nation, savage or sage have successively bowed, with humility, and awe-inspiring reverence. Here are the votive tablets; here the inscriptions of praise hymned by grateful suppliants who touched her altars, were healed, and went their way rejoicing. From this treasury of natural laws, Jewish and Egyptian high-priests, Greek hierophants, Roman pontiffs, Saracen and Buddhist pundits drew inspiration, prescribed laws for the moral government of mankind, and obtained healing agents for the mind or body of suffering mortals. Even the Fathers of the Church have been patient investigators within these walls, and have largely incorporated into their writings the laws of our physical nature as a system, whose knowledge would afford the best means of protection against the temptations of the flesh, and while preserving the health of the body would greatly conduce to that of the spirit; and in particular St. Clement, of Alexandria,* has left us, in the second part of his *Pedagogus*, a complete treatise on Hygiene, plainly exhibiting his acquaintance with that science into whose temple you are about entering as newly ordained members of her priesthood.

Behold too her history! It is as ancient as that of the ages, and is written in imperishable characters in the records of our race. Behold her triumphs founded ever in humanity and brotherly love. Behold her principles resting upon the eternal and immutable laws of nature, and in their legitimate orthodox application to practice, speculating never upon the credulity of the weak or the ignorant, but acting in obedience to the deductions of widely-spread analogies, and supported by the unquestioned evidence of centuries of experience. These are the foundations on which rest the canons of her practice; these the boundary

* Titus Flavius Clemens St. *Op. Omnia*, ed. Basil, 1856, pp. 20-30.

lines which you are to protect against encroachment, and, marching always in the van of the century, to wear your profession, as the glory of your life, the earnest of your usefulness, and the part foreordained of God in which to serve Him.

Fresh from your seats in the halls of learning, and borne along by that momentum which accompanies habitual cultivation of the mind; stimulated also by the warm impulses of youthful blood, it is natural that you should crave new fields of activity, and a broader sphere upon which to exercise the powers of dawning manhood. The possession of any talent, however humble, creates an obligation to employ it for the benefit of all, as well as of the individual owner, for

“ Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,—
Both thanks and use.”

Whoever, then, violates this primordial law of his being, and ignobly surrenders himself to the delusion that talents are of spontaneous action, and will develop themselves without effort; whoever believes that the triumph of to-day secures him a capital upon which he may slumber in inactivity for all coming years, invites a lethargy of the senses that will effectually entomb his future. “Life’s not a resting, but a moving.” The law of its physical organization is one of activity and change; the law of its moral nature one of progress and ascension; for, since the operation of the former is limited to the necessities of finite existence, the operation of the latter, by development, tends to carry us above original nature, and to bring us nearer the source of all Light—all Wisdom—all Truth.

Yet axioms of life, however much they may honor the philosophy which gave them birth, or immortalize the master whose lips first pronounced them, are practically of difficult application at the hands of youth. They tempt us by a glitter of absoluteness which disarms judgment, until, on seeking to apply them, we discover that they have made no provision for

the law of relation. They speak to us in the abstract; we live in the concrete. They speak to us as angels, while we find our neighbors, as ourselves, only men. Is Philosophy then the synonym of error, fallacy, deception? Surely not. It is well for the world that Plato wrote his Republic; Sir Thomas More his Utopia, or Sir Philip Sidney his Arcadia, if only to show what men might, in some more perfect state, aspire to achieve. Yet it would have been even more disastrous in the past, than it might be in the present (all impossible as it still is), to found communities upon any such ideas as those embraced in the foregoing systems. And they are useful simply as showing us to what serene and sublime heights of manhood the road to perfection leads, although they omit to tell us that this road terminates at the base of the Delectable Mountains, up which no finite foot can go. Hence, we are still left to move in circles, children all. Some seeking new toys or chasing butterflies, or worshiping old idols under new names. Peor and Baalim, and the "twice battered god of Palestine," garmented and garbed in modern attire, are still represented upon earth; while the "mooned Ashtaroth," long dethroned, has again been reinstated, and is daily worshiped with renewed honors, in all the modern schools of positivism. Whence it follows, that under one name or another, we are ever pursuing shadows. We question the stars—question our hearts—question Fate—interrogate Nature in all her varying moods, and hang upon her lips, hoping to extort the secrets of her store-house, and yet all meet at the final sunset with bowed heads and humbled pride to acknowledge that none have found the treasure sought for, because all have sought for it outside of themselves.

It is greatly to your credit, and an illustrious proof of your high moral courage, that you have dared to put aside the glittering temptations of the commercial world, to enter a profession proverbially impecunious, and the labors of which are seldom adequately rewarded in this life. Indeed, at the present day the liberal professions offer few inducements to the young compared with those of commerce. They are not, as formerly, avenues to wealth, and in the fungoid development which society has now assumed, they no longer constitute that intel-

lectual peerage which of right, and without assumption, has, until lately, always governed the intercourse of men in the polite relations of life. Even heraldry, the exponent of gentle blood and deeds of high enterprise and achievement, whether in arms or in arts, has been prostituted to blazon the blatant vulgarity of successful tricksters in the marts of trade.

In the metallic age in which we live, and with the expansive resources of our own land, rivaling in rapid creation of new avenues to wealth the lamp of Aladdin; and above all, with that universal cry of Gold, Gold, repeated through city and hamlet, as in those days of pagan Rome, when men unblushingly cried to each other in the streets,

“Ye sons of Rome, let *money* first be sought,
Virtue is only worth a second thought”—

—it is an evidence of true nobility of mind to be able to put aside the swollen inducements of the present, to forego the tempting offers of speculation, to sacrifice the immediate opportunity which promises so much and so speedily, for the purpose of working out in faith and hopeful assurance of ultimate success, the slow problem of a quiet, subdued professional life. It is true manliness indeed to embark upon this troublous sea of responsibility where so little of the world's sympathy will accompany you, trusting only in God and your own good acquirements. And yet the very act ennobles you at the start, while a sincere adherence to the canons of your profession, if persisted in, will bring you success and reputation. It is an immutable law of the Universe, that the zealous, faithful, indefatigable laborer shall not wholly fail. The years may seem long, and the reward slow to come, yet let him persevere, for it is on its way, and will often reach him when he least expects it. Despise not then the day of small things, nor weary of well-doing because of the occasional ingratitude by which it is met. Deem it rather an opportunity to cultivate the breadth and majesty of your own soul, as an example and a stimulus to the groveling natures about you. For, as soon as you have discovered that clay differs from clay in dignity, you will learn to estimate men at their true value, to read their

deformities of character through all the meretricious bulwarks by which they screen themselves from popular scrutiny, and to look upon them in many instances as mere machines moved by concealed wires. You have chosen that sphere in which true individuality of character can best be developed. The germ of all possibilities is within you, and it will rest with yourselves to determine in which direction these elements shall grow and fructify.

I do not propose, therefore, to lay down any absolute rules for the guidance of your lives. None in fact can be given. The very idea of moral liberty implies that there are none, but that to each is imparted full latitude to roam and range at pleasure, either "to scorn delights and live laborious days," or to be a vapid sybarite instead, remembering, however, that with the blessing of enlarged indulgence, goes also an inevitable responsibility for the manner of its use, as well as for the motives which have inspired its every enjoyment. It is well then to consider how much can be made with these poor threads of life—what web can be woven from them, and what limitations of organization, power or circumstance modify its extent and its utility. In the economy of nature there is certainly a place provided for every creature, and happy he who, overcoming all sentimental cavils as to the objects of his existence, soonest finds and accepts his appointed sphere, and bestirs himself with zeal and industry to dignify his calling. There is, too, a certain nobility of character developed by a mute acquiescence in the stern necessities of every station, which causes man to bear its yoke uncomplainingly, knowing that each true workman, in whatever field employed, must toil and suffer and wait, possessing his heart in the patience of Hope, and in faith of an ultimate reward.

" Mute

The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence—not bestowed
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day."

For, although at first sight the world seems wholly possessed—every acre owned—every house occupied—every chair filled—every field of labor teeming with workmen, so that each new comer appears not only as a stranger but an interloper, yet consider how each science and art by cultivation subdivides itself into innumerable branches, and every occupation thus becomes the parent of a numerous progeny, so that the more arts the more men needed to practice them; the more men, the more arts invented; and it is only when agriculture is neglected, and food allowed to fall behind population that the equilibrium of these mutual necessities is destroyed.

It is obligatory then upon us to do the best we can with our talents, our resources, our circumstances; to omit no legitimate effort, and to suffer no discouragement to paralyze our activity. And since it is not permitted all to reach the goal of their desires, it is accounted an honor to a man even to have made the attempt. The ancients had a saying that it was not permitted every man to see Corinth. Phaethon, though perishing as the victim of overweening ambition, has earned the immortal epitaph, “He fell in the midst of great undertakings;” and Addison, speaking through the mouth of one of his dramatic heroes, gives utterance to this majestic sentiment—

“’Tis not in mortals to command success,
Sempronius, we’ll do more—we’ll deserve it.”

How, therefore, shall you take these new, untried threads of life—these privileges and responsibilities of a high calling—and so weave them into your future days, as to honor the profession you have entered, and lay fresh laurels upon her altars? How climb, with self-reliant hearts, the rough heights to Fame—how journey over this great highway of trials, that each sunset may witness a fresh mile-stone of progress marking your career? Fortunately, I need coin no advice specially for this occasion, nor formularize a code of special instruction. Look only at the history of medicine. Follow the long list of illustrious names which adorn her annals, from the dim regions of antiquity to the present noonday of civilization, and behold what a wealth,

and a weight of contributions to science, art, and literature have been bestowed by her priesthood. The term Physician, in its true import, is not limited to mean a simple dispenser of remedies at the bedside—but rather a natural philosopher, one who comprehends the jurisprudence of nature, and the laws of Divine institution for her government, whether those laws relate to the stellar universe, to the humble rock which forms a page in the history of the globe's vicissitudes, or to the organic germ which, in obedience to a law of unvarying succession, is to assume its appropriate form of development, thence to be again resolved into parent dust. The true physician, then, must first of all things be a philosopher. Philosophy is the only proper foundation of any science, because it is the formal expression of that system of universal method which, under the generic name of law, has its seat in the bosom of God. Not only does it constitute the foundation of every department of learning, but it enters, also, into its superstructure and subdivisions, and forms a bulwark for its protection against errors within or foes without.

But a graver consideration also comes into view, which is, that a profession means something before and beyond a mere license to trade, and implies more than a legalized property in certain qualifications. Talents, the special gift of God, and a franchise to be used in cultivating intelligence under the sanctions always of the moral law, are not objects of barter and traffic, like the products of human industry; nor can their worth be estimated by any mercantile standards of value. Whoever has their seal upon him, wears the livery of the Deity, and should demean himself as one holding the threads of achievement in his own hands, and not as one waiting for the tardy coming of a patron, whose whims, even in rendering him a professional service, must be indulged. The practice of a profession should be, in spirit, a cultivation of science for the sake of science, and on the broad, catholic ground that the development of fundamental principles, constituting as they do the laws of the universe, not only does homage to the Creator, but ennobles the man who undertakes it in sincerity. Whoever, therefore, cherishes the “dry light” of science, and

makes her temple the habitation of his most earnest thoughts, will never undertake to perform a professional act, however trivial, without first invoking her aid. And, in return, she will reward his confidence with motherly generosity, for there is "no jutting, frieze, or coigné of vantage," but she will enable him to build some fame upon—no opportunity, however humble, but she will convert into a golden hour of achievement.

Furthermore, the physician is the true minister and interpreter of nature, and should be the most rigid follower of her laws in his system of practice. Let him imitate her in all his actions, and thus dignify his vocation by perpetually elevating it. Nature is never mean, never common, but dignifies all her acts by a certain grandeur and majesty of deportment. The same law which holds a planet suspended in a sea of ether, sustains a feather and the tiny mote floating in the sunbeam. The same law with equal majesty, as with equal care, watches over the safety of both small as well as great. A noble profession, then, can never become a mere trade of the hand or the eye, to be trafficked in as a commercial commodity, or should you attempt to make it so, the law of retributive justice will cast you out from this temple of humanity, as the sun casts off its effete particles into space, thence to fall into utter darkness and oblivion.

But, on the other hand, working earnestly and in faith; looking less at the immediate results of to-day, than at the whole future which they will color; it is singular, if you will but observe the lives of men, how many unseen agencies, devoid of human forethought, and justly credited to Divine interposition, are silently working together for the benefit of every true laborer. Nay, you cannot crush a faithful, zealous workman in any sphere, nor paralyze the wings of success upon which he is surely rising unto the high places of achievement. It is God's own ordinance that the diligent shall thrive; that the sower shall reap; in a word, that honest labor shall not go wholly unrewarded. With philosophy to guide the mind, and faith to warm the heart, we create new powers, and develop new faculties within us, sufficient to put the world of circumstances beneath our feet. The original purpose contemplated in that

spirit of ambition with which every noble mind is endowed, is, that it should not fall or grovel, but ascend constantly on self-sustaining pinions. The intuitions of our self-consciousness teach us :

“That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
To us is adverse.”

And although the progress of the human mind, whether measured by generations or ages, is not directly forward, like the path of the cannon-ball, but rather in cycles, each having its own apheliou, yet on the whole that progress is steady and sunward, and when viewed at distant intervals proves beyond cavil that the world of spirit is moving onward, and around a central, solar point of Truth, the God-head, in a constantly ascending spiral.

Again, this esoteric law of mind finds daily illustration in the external relations which it engenders, for, while the application of philosophy to mere forms of professional practice has varied with the generations which devised them, representing only the ephemeral opinions of the market-place, or the idol of some particular tribe, the spirit of any system, if founded upon fundamental principles of truth, endures through all ages. We care little to-day for the edicts or rescripts of Roman prefects or prætors, but the philosophy of the Roman law, embodied in the Institutes and the Code, will continue to command the homage of mankind as the most magnificent system of laws ever devised to regulate the complex relations of society. So, too, the decisions of Lord Bacon, as Chancellor of England, are swallowed up in the more magnificent philosophy of Bacon, the torch-bearer and father of the Inductive sciences. If the fountain only be pure, it matters little what the condition of the stream is which flows out of it. It may be turbid, or it may be clear but it can never rise high enough to contaminate its own source. The rules of practice established by the Fathers of Medicine have mostly been swept away by the floods of increasing light which succeeding ages have developed, but the humoral pathol-

ogy of Hippocrates;* the general principles belonging to the physiological anatomy of the Respiration and Circulation as described by Galen;† the Institutes of Celsus; and the elements of Etiology as laid down by Aretæus, expounding as they do with clearness and precision of expression some of the great primordial laws regulating the phenomena of life, and based upon fundamental truths which had never before been understood, and much less interpreted, have survived the scathing criticism of our meridional civilization, and are still taught under new names, and modified somewhat by the progress of modern science, in every orthodox school of medicine. Truth then is inextinguishable, and however much overlaid by erudition of knowledge, or superstition, will continue to re-assert itself with undiminished force.

Time does not permit me to undertake any review of ancient systems of medical philosophy, nor hardly to allude to the long catalogue of illustrious names whose biographies will well repay your perusal. Whoever you may be pleased to consider our modern Agamemnon, it will be well to remember that strong men, with strong minds, have preceded him; and that each year of the past centuries has added something to the patrimony inherited by modern times. Let us then not only respect, but regard with pride every name that has brought a stone, however

* The success attending the modern Brunonian system of practice should not blind us to a recognition of the merits of the humoral pathology, nor to the inconsistency existing between the general denial of it in our medical didactics, and our daily application of it in practice. We are constantly displaying the benefits of *blood-tonics*, *eo nomine*, forgetful that humoral therapeutics imply, as an inevitable condition precedent, a humoral pathology. Let us be more just to the fathers, and where principles are admitted stay not to quibble about words.

“*Multa renascentur quae jam cecidere; cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore, vocabula; si volet usus.*”

† Is it certain that Harvey discovered the *entire* circulation? Galen has many passages in his writings in which a very close resemblance to a just comprehension of its main features appears, and had not Servetus perished when he did, there is no knowing but that learned doctor might have anticipated Harvey.

humble, to the foundations of this temple, nor arrogantly conceive that true knowledge was only born with us. Tradition is undoubtedly inferior in character to written history, yet it has its value. The early philosophers, working with limited means, and supplying by conjecture what they had no absolute power of proving, are not to be wholly despised on that account. Let them not be overlooked because of the infirmities of the premises upon which their logic is founded, for they have saved us at least from the re-commission of the same errors. Measured by the light of their own times they were morning stars, and true heralds of the future day. But for such names in particular as that of the great master-Idealist Plato, the Materialist Aristotle, the majestic intuitional Hippocrates, the scholarly and profound Galen, the elegant and rhetorical Celsus, Oribasius, Aretæus or Paulus Ægineta—for these names I would ever have you cherish the most tender and filial regard. They were the fathers and the pioneers who first opened paths in the wilderness of materialism, and directed mankind into those realms of philosophy where Truth has her vestal shrine.

Nor must your admiration pause here. For, in proportion as the twilight of the human mind became dissipated by the revival of letters, and a more liberal spirit began to manifest itself in forms of government, science too made rapid strides in advance. There was a mental, as well as a physical Mediterranean to the ancients, which had also its Pillars of Hercules. That limited sea was formed of the four elements, and the law of their government was framed upon the dogmas of the deductive philosophy of Aristotle. The *sic magister dixit* constituted the limits beyond which no adventurer could go, and effectually barred the way against all caviling and further disputation.

Then arose a great mind in the person of VESALIUS, the Columbus of Medicine, a daring innovator, who first placed anatomy on the basis of a true system, and gave it a permanent place in the hierarchy of the sciences. Next followed the illustrious HARVEY, the patient, toiling, ingenious philosopher, who, although conscious of the truth of his magnificent discovery, yet modestly withheld it from public observation for almost a score of years, in order to doubly satisfy his own rigorous self-

criticism. There is so much beauty and simplicity in the character of Harvey, such roundness and symmetry of outline, and such a majesty of moral grandeur, as have deservedly placed him in the first rank of the world's benefactors. And annually, at the Royal College of Physicians in London, there is delivered a Harveyan lecture in his honor, at which the most profound homage is paid to his memory. Or, again, how can I adequately speak of the profoundly erudite *BOERHAAVE*, a living encyclopædia of knowledge, whose fame was the property of the whole world, being as well known in China as in Europe, and universally admired and revered as the modern Hippocrates. His aphorisms still rank among the best of medical classics, while his works, embracing almost the entire circle of the science of medicine, are justly considered the most magnificent contribution to that department which any single mind had, up to his day, ever made. But here so many distinguished names come thronging upon us, as we turn over the pages of modern history, that one hardly knows where to begin, and much less still where to end. If I could, without injustice to these immortals, be permitted to select a few representative ones, I would point you to that quaint and sturdy old philosopher and patriot, Ambroise Paré, the father of French surgery; or Sydenham, the English Hippocrates; or Cullen, the modern Galen; or Gregory, the modern Celsus; or Hunter, the indefatigable student, physician and philosopher, as also the founder of that magnificent and unrivaled Museum bearing his name, to which he was the chief contributor. Nor must we forget the great Larrey, "the most virtuous of men," as his own Emperor pronounced him; or the immortal Jenner, a benefactor of unborn millions; or Laennec, the inventor of Auscultation; or Andral, Dupuytren, or Louis; or Haller, Blumenbach, and Oken; names all, which shed an undying fragrance upon their age, and everlasting honor on the countries which gave them birth. You, also, are of their brotherhood. Their glory is part of your inheritance. And it is for you to see that these palms of victory hung by them in the Temple of Medicine are never tarnished by the smoke of an unholy sacrifice, or trodden in the dust beneath the feet of rash and sacrilegious intruders. Consider, therefore, how great are

the responsibilities resting upon you, to preserve and perpetuate intact the pure fame of this noble profession, which has required centuries to perfect itself in a masterly comprehension of those laws of nature on which alone it consents to build its temple. Consider how essentially catholic is its character, and how potent to unite men in a brotherhood which ignores all distinctions of tribe, nationality, or religion, and whose banner bears the truly Samaritan motto: *Opifer per orbem!*

Turning now to our own land, our young country, this last of Time's noble offspring, behold what a wealth of contribution she has already made to the cause of progress and science. Compelled to restrict myself on this occasion to what more especially belongs to the history of medicine, I pass over, not irreverently, nor without a quickening of the pulse, the undying names of Franklin, Fulton, and Morse. Theirs is a glory which belongs not to one age, but to all time; and so long as mankind shall avail themselves of the physical forces of the universe to aid them in conquering time, space, or gravitation, will their fame and their praise be recited by a grateful world. Yet let me speak more particularly at present, and in obedience to the more legitimate behests of this occasion, of those whom I would hold up to you as professional exemplars, and models worthy of your imitation. They were giants in their day, high-priests of science, and have left foot-prints on the sands of time which nothing can obliterate. As philosophers their memory should be dear to you. As Americans, it should be enshrined in a framework of pardonable national pride, because tending to show that our young Republic by some Divine endowment of precocity has, from the very start, stood in the van of progress and civilization. It required centuries for England to produce a Hale, a Hardwicke, or a Mansfield; a Harvey, a Hunter, or a Jenner; while in less than eighty years we have produced a Marshall, a Jay, a Parsons, a Story, and a Kent to adorn our jurisprudence, and a Rush, a Nathan Smith, a Mitchell, a Warren, a Mott, a Francis, a Jackson, and a Morton to place American medicine upon a high and enduring pedestal.

Foremost among those brilliant names, in point of time, is that of Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration

of Independence, and a man whose fame stands on the triple foundation of philosophy, medicine, and statesmanship. A profound and elegant scholar; an enthusiast in everything he attempted; laboring with a zeal which knew of no intermission, he literally "touched nothing which he did not adorn," and undertook no investigation which he did not exhaust. With a practice whose immensity has rarely been equaled; compelled to see and prescribe for patients who thronged his house even while taking his meals, and having, besides private duties, public ones at the hospital to occupy him daily, this indefatigable philosopher yet found time to write upon almost every topic of public concern in his day. And whether the subject related to the framing of an organic law for the government of a great commonwealth, or the treatment of disease, or the exegesis of a point in theology, he was equally at home and equally master of his subject. His medical notes and observations constitute a repertory of principles in therapeutics which long swayed the practice of our schools, and made him an overpowering authority for nearly half a century. Many of his doctrines, with the more recent and dazzling progress in science everywhere made, have been abandoned as untenable, for he was a zealous disciple of the learned and witty Guy Patin, and like him believed in the almost universal applicability of the lancet and purgatives, a system of practice which present modifications in the human constitution have shown to be generally reprehensible, and only exceptionally tolerable.

Another great intellect resembling that of Rush in many particulars, comes before us in the person of Samuel L. Mitchell. If there ever was a man of whom it might be said that he was born wise, *non doctus sed natus sapiens*, it was truly he. His genius, like an omnivorous flame, knew no bounds, but consumed with equal avidity, whatever was presented to it. He was master of almost every department of Natural Philosophy, and seemed intuitively to grasp every subject at a leap. Whether experimenting in Chemistry, investigating living organisms, terrestrial or marine, or diving into the depths of the fossil world, he was always the same flashing enthusiast; always the elegant scholar and man of letters. With much less method

than Rush, he was still, never idle, and so great was the versatility of his genius, that he would pass to and from subjects diametrically opposed with an ease and rapidity of manner perfectly wonderful. His mind was like a fulminating compound, which the least touch will explode. And the scale of a fish, the claw of a spider, or a vegetable spore, would furnish him a text upon which to dilate for a whole day. He was in correspondence with most of the European Academies of Science—established the first medical journal in our country—took an active part in politics—was professor in a medical college, and yet found time to mingle largely in society. Had he possessed more systematic concentrativeness, he might have left some enduring treatises on any subject to which he chose to direct his mind. Unfortunately for the world, his writings are mostly scattered through the pages of scientific journals where they are rarely seen, except by some literary explorer in search of antiquities.

Among many other names which come thronging upon us in common with the foregoing, and from which time compels me to make a selection, I would particularly mention that of Nathan Smith, one of the fathers of American surgery, a man of commanding intellect, the founder of several medical schools, a zealous student, and a skillful surgeon. Next in point of time, and towering in all the plentitude of talents, and great endowments, stands the honored name of John Collins Warren. From his youth an indefatigable student and laborer; a severe critic of self, imposing the most herculean tasks upon his mind, and satisfied with nothing short of its best efforts in whatever departments of science engaged, he seemed like a planet of the first magnitude, never to pale his burning light, but throughout a career of over forty years to maintain the same high standard with which, as a lad, he had taken the first rank in his class, and set out upon the journey of life. Urged on, not solely by "that last infirmity of noble mind," but obeying the higher voice of conscience, his patriotism and benevolence were as conspicuous as his talents, and infused themselves in the conduct of his daily life. Besides his published works, and numerous contributions to the serial literature of medicine, all of them of

a high and authoritative character, the country owes to him more than to any other man the erection of Bunker Hill Monument, an inextinguishable debt of honored remembrance which posterity will ever recognize. Nor must we omit in that connection the scholarly Thatcher, an industrious and toilsome laborer; a compiler of merit, yet more distinguished as a Historian and Biographer than as a Medical Philosopher. Next, Mott, the most brilliant of American surgeons, with a world-wide fame, and rightly considered as one of the fathers of the science, which he advanced beyond any other man of his day.

And lastly, since time does not permit me to indulge even my feelings of reverence, by repeating to you the long galaxy of distinguished dead, which crowd my memory, I would speak of one more only of these immortals, John W. Francis. No one ever met him but felt impressed at sight with the conviction, that he was an impersonation of nature's highest manhood, and stamped in every lineament with her unfading signet of nobility. Scholar, physician, philosopher, historian, philanthropist; a laborer in almost every field of science; a friend and worshiper of the muses; patron of the arts; a lover of youth, to whom especially he was both counselor, guide, and benefactor; the Mæcenas of every public enterprise that sounded to patriotism or humanity; loving whatever was noble, no matter where found; and ever ready to help honest merit struggling for her disavowed rights, or to rescue the memory of departed worth from the waters of oblivion; he was one of those men of whom nature is chary, and who are only occasionally found dotting the surface of a generation. His medical writings are scattered through the journals of his own day, and if collected, would form several volumes; while his miscellaneous compositions, including anniversary addresses,—biographical memoirs and historical sketches, are exceedingly numerous. They are all marked by a breadth and grasp of mind, a clearness of exposition, and a vigor and brilliancy of expression which fascinates the intellect, and at the same time warms the heart. For great as was his intellect, he was still greater in heart. His hand and house were open to greet every comer whether native born or stranger, and to help him on his way. Those only

who knew him intimately, could rightly appreciate the merits of his strong, globular nature; though all felt that when he died, it was as the fall of a great tree in the forest, whose place no man could hope to see again filled.

I have purposely selected these few lives as representative ones of the grandeur of character developed by a zealous cultivation of the physical sciences, blending itself with the regular duties of a practical professional life. And I have done so in order to show that the growth and development of the mind is not only assisted but hastened by enlarging the field of its labors, so as greatly to facilitate its grasp of those very subjects from which such collateral investigations seemed originally to argue a departure. There is nothing so dwarfing to the intellect as a monotonous and unvarying occupation. There is nothing which so encrusts it with a shell-like rigidity, cramping its growth and destroying its elasticity, as confining it solely to the contemplation of a single set of ideas. It is true that the work of life should occupy a dominant place in the catalogue of its duties, and like religion should, as far as possible, regulate its whole conduct. But this does not imply that it should be restricted to a tread-mill course of unvarying occupation. Far from it. Relaxation and development of the mental faculties may be obtained simultaneously by varying their employments. Variety is to the mind what repose is to the muscles; it both refreshes and strengthens. Man was created to be, not angular, but many-sided. The more he multiplies his faculties, and the more rootlets he puts out, the more sources of happiness he creates for himself, and the more closely is he knit to his fellow-beings. Every new art possessed, every new science mastered, adds a new talent to the mind; every new language acquired adds new friends; every fresh history read prepares us to find an open way and familiar places in strange lands.

Therefore would I have you, first of all things, serve with most zealous fidelity this new creed of your adoption, Medicine. I would have you not simply stand as inglorious idlers beside her altar, but bring to it daily some fresh leaf of your own culling, as a renewal of your homage and loyalty. I would have you hold up her ancient dignity by adding somewhat to

your own ; so that you might exhibit in character and deportment the ennobling influences of a profession which has a large element of divinity in it. Finally, I would have you remember that the first, great, and last purpose of your secular labors should be *eminence* in medicine, after which will come, as by a natural result, fame, possessions, and honorable station.

But after this first secular duty done, I would have you cultivate the Muses with glowing hearts and a manly purpose. Not by courting soft, Corinthian moods of self-indulgence, in which

“To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra’s hair,”

but in a vein of healthy and noble emotion, remembering ever that the æsthetic faculties are associated with some of God’s chief attributes, and when unperverted, bring us nearer to him in perfectness of heart. History, Poetry, Music, Painting—what subjects can better charm the aching mind, or lead it from the dusty paths of abstract science into the green fields and flowery meadows of the imagination, or beside the still, cool waters of forgetfulness? It is not by bread alone that man is fed, neither is it by science exclusively that the mind is completely developed. The affections, too, must be cultivated, and the heart kept aglow by a constant extension of its sympathies. Intellect by itself is cold, unemotional, impassive, and but half represents that Deity which is a spirit of love as well as of wisdom. Hence there is a hunger of the heart which reason alone cannot satisfy, nor even appease; a hunger for the beautiful—the sublime—the harmonious, born with our souls, and anticipating the existence of all definite ideas relating to form, measure or degree. It is indispensable to the completeness of one’s nature that this voice within us should not pass unheeded. For, when the heart and mind are in sympathy the work of life is easy, smooth, perfect; when either attempts it alone, it is as a broken thread in a woven fabric, which will constantly tell of the workman’s neglect. Cultivate then those noble faculties which, under the generic name of Taste, quicken the sensibilities, and

develop a spiritual vision within us that can look through the externalism of forms, and interpret those laws of beauty, harmony and mutual relation every where manifest in the works of the Creator. Art, by its translation of life, is the nearest thing to it. It amplifies our acquaintance with nature and our fellow-beings, beyond the possible limits of our personal reach, and gives an articulate utterance to those intuitions animating the universal heart, which, when roused into expression, make the whole world kin. Observe the difference between the man with the spiritual eye, and him whose vision is limited to the narrow horizon of an organic sense. The one sees only the gross image before him, the other sees through the symbol to the object signified, a Heaven's breadth beyond, feeling,

“The spiritual significance burn through
The hieroglyphics of material shows;”

and whether he translates it upon canvas, into the living marble, or the glowing utterances of immortal verse, alike impresses upon it the character of an embodied inspiration. It is the manifestation of this co-eternal quality of the mind which imparts such transcendent power to painting, sculpture and poetry, and gives immortality to the cartoons of Raphael—the frescoes of Guido and Michael Angelo—to the chisel of Praxiteles, Thorwalsden and Powers, and to the sublime and majestic verse of Homer, Dante and Milton.

And here we are reminded that it is not only in the dry and solemn paths of Philosophy that medicine has distinguished herself. She has ever been the handmaid of letters, and her priesthood among the most ardent cultivators of the good, the true and the beautiful. For it would be strange, indeed, if the study of nature, revealing, at every turn, the power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator, and the omnipresent law of beauty which pervades all his works, did not provoke a development of the æsthetic faculties in man. There is a poetry in nature which commands and compels our sympathy, even though so few are able to translate its intuitions into language. All feel, yet only few can give utterance to those nameless impressions

within, which cause the heart, at times, to reel with fullness. Hence it is literally true that "many are poets who have never penned their inspiration." How many poets are being constantly buried beneath the mountains of philosophy in law, medicine, or theology, it is difficult to say. But some at least have asserted their possession of this divine faculty, despite the cobwebs and cramping harness of professional life, and have risen on the wings of song to the highest measure of melodious utterance.

Of such bards medicine has had her full share, and their works have enriched the literature of many languages beside our own. To mention those only who have written in our own tongue, I would recall Akenside, the author of the Pleasures of Imagination; Armstrong, who wrote the Art of Preserving Health, a poem whose felicity of imagery and crystalline purity of expression is not excelled by any in the language; Darwin, the author of the Botanic Garden, a magnificent hymn of praise to the Creator's works; Crabbe, the author of various satirical poems; Garth, the translator of Ovid, and a poet of the first rank; and Mason Good, the translator of Lucretius. And, lastly, what shall I say of the unfortunate, broken-hearted author of the Traveller, and Deserted Village—Oliver Goldsmith—the friend of Johnson, whose life was one ceaseless conflict with poverty and duns? In the whole history of English literature there is not to be found a sadder illustration of shipwrecked genius than was his; and dying penniless in his attic, he could realize, alas, too bitterly, how much of hope and happiness it oftentimes costs

"To strictly meditate the thankless muse."

Looking nearer to us, and at home, I would speak also of the sad recluse Percival, a gentle-hearted poet, smitten by those harsh materialities of life, which he neither understood nor ever knew how to provide against, and, like Goldsmith, perpetually fretting his soul to ashes in a world where he found neither resting-place nor peace of heart. On him some malignant star seemed ever shedding its baleful rays, and he died,

wearily, worn and exhausted with that battle of life, which had been to him but one long, rainy day, dark, cold and gloomy, chilling the affections and withering every blossom of hope.

But a brighter name than his in medicine and high scholarship, ripe unto the core in every branch of philosophy, and a poet of no inferior merit, comes before us in the person of Bigelow. Had he obeyed the promptings of the Divine Spirit, and lisped in numbers when the numbers came, he might have placed his name beside those of our choicest bards. But Philosophy wooed him with too tempting a voice, and one small volume is all that he has given to the world; too little, alas, in itself, and yet enough to make us ache with regret over the sealing of so sweet a fountain. His *Eolopoëses* is a collection of lyrical satires, fresh, genial, piquant, without a breath of bitterness in them, and forcibly recalling the masculine muse of Crabbe.

And how shall I speak of one whose name is syllabled on tongues of air in every hamlet throughout the land, and on whose flashing utterances the nation hangs as did the Greeks on those of the Delphic oracle? How shall I speak of our own "cloud dispeller," Holmes; that favored child of the muses, nurtured on Parnassus, and who wields at will the thunderbolts of Jove, or bends with equal skill the silver bow of the Delian God? Quickly responsive to every noble emotion, his daily life is as a song of inspiration over which Minerva and Apollo seem, with rival jealousy, to be keeping a tutelar watch. His harp is ever attuned to melodious measures, and when he touches its cords, he rarely fail to strike the key-note of an intuition, while dazzling us by the sparkling verse through which it is delivered. He is the only "autocrat" in history to whom millions of hearts have paid a loving homage, or surrendered themselves as willing captives to his prerogative genius.

Thus may you perceive that a professional life does not necessarily forbid the cultivation of letters. Far from it. And it is so much improved and completed by them, that the simplest observation must convince you of the superior advantages possessed by him, whose mind is many-sided. Cicero, than whom none knew better, tells us, that all the polite arts have a

certain inter-dependence ; and this we discover to be true by perceiving that every new acquirement of the mind opens and smooths the way to another, and that every new art mastered, becomes a new and expansive faculty, which may be used as a stepping-stone in almost any direction. When the mind is weary of treading one particular path, it is refreshment to it to turn into another. Mental lassitude is the result of exclusiveness of occupation, and its proper and self-indicated remedy is variety. This variety Nature and Art supply. The former gives inspiration to the ideas, the latter an executive power to the intellect. Cultivate, then, some branch of study outside of your professional duties as a panacea against those leaden hours of weariness, which occasionally invade every life. Turn your gaze towards some of those broad and noble fields of investigation, full of suggestive elements, wherein are written the testimony of an infinite mind, prescribing laws of method and design for this universal frame. What nobler domain than that of Geology—the great book of Nature, in which are written in everlasting furrows and scars, on mountain peaks, in deep valleys, and on ocean shores, the history of the earth's convulsions? What more enchanting fields for the imagination than to re-people the planet with those monster forms which once swarmed upon its surface, or swam in its tepid waters? The ripple marks of that old, unchanging ocean, which, for so many centuries washed the shores of a pre-Adamite world, look up to you from the pavements you daily tread, the mute, yet eloquent witnesses of the innumerable past. And Botany, that realm of beautifying forms which subserves so many purposes of benefaction to man : Wood, for implements of every handicraft, and ships on which to found commerce, develop empires, and extend relations between distant lands ; bread-corns, and fruits ; medicines to soothe pain, and heal the suffering body ; together with the gentle race of flowers, innumerable in form, complexion, and fragrance, shedding a benign influence over the human heart, and superadded to all other blessings in token of God's tenderest solicitude for man's happiness on earth.

Allied to these by close affinity, is Mineralogy, the record of that exhaustless wealth which everywhere slumbers in the bosom

of our globe. Precious gems of every hue and of every variety of origin. Porphyry, obsidian, and agate of volcanic birth—the marbles of Carrara, formed of the remains of extinct animal forms—diamond, a transformation of charred wood—the gold of Ophir and California—the silver of Mexico—the copper of Cornwall or Lake Superior—and almost everywhere iron and coal, those twin arms of civilization, without which man could never have subdued the earth, or exacted tribute from the physical forces of nature. And lastly, that Protean and amphibious mineral Petroleum, which flows as another Pactolus through our land, furnishing oil and solid substances, and dye stuffs of rainbow magnificence, to excite our wonder, and make us feel how brief is still the span of our uttermost knowledge. How wide a field, even for recreation, does not each and every one of those sciences afford to the zealous inquirer after truth and beauty? Fathom as deep as you please, and still the plummet touches no bottom. Scratch as slightly and superficially as you may, and each sense is aglow with the new beauties of design which every step unfolds. Or, if you prefer it, the Fine Arts, more stimulating to some—more enervating and exhausting to all—open a tempting field for mental relaxation. Yet remember that the natural always overpowers the artificial in its influence upon the healthy, unsophisticated taste, and even the cunning artist who so faithfully translates nature upon canvas, needs to refresh and remold his inspirations, by frequent intimacy with her varying phases.

And in relation to this important subject of recreating ourselves mentally as taste directs, we should, also, not be blind to her suggestions in the direction of our studies. Taste often means aptitude, and when rightly interpreted, is seen to express the promptings of a special faculty. It is something more than a satisfaction, it is even a triumph to have discovered a talent within ourselves, enabling us to do some particular thing with facility and relish. It saves us a world of trouble, a world of friction against all manner of impediments, to learn at the start which path best suits our capacities. All are not born to climb. Some do best on level ground—some where the path is rough and devious; some, again, where the patience of hope is required.

Every one soon finds that he cannot excel in all things. Every man has a master somewhere, whom the world knows, if he does not. Anacreon excels Homer with the Lyre. Virgil excels Horace in descriptive power, and Milton excels even Shakspeare himself, in grandeur of conception and majesty of diction. Yet each stands alone on a pedestal of fame; each has been a recognized monarch of the intellect for centuries, swaying a wider empire over the human mind than was ever granted to King or Emperor.

Hence, while actively engaged in the general practice of your profession, I would advise you to push forward your inquiries with particular zeal in some one department for which you feel yourself to have an evident endowment. It is in this way alone that the science of medicine has been advanced, and its pathway strewn with the magnificent discoveries of Vesalius, Harvey, Jenner, Bernard, Hall, Brown-Séquard, Morton, and many others whom it is unnecessary to mention. Had these masters not pushed ahead and beyond the circular route of daily practice, where would anatomy and physiology now be?—where, but amid the Egyptian darkness of the Middle Ages, and in the realms of conjecture and hazy doubt? Had not Lavoisier, and Priestley, and Davy, labored as they did, where now would chemistry be? We should still be quoting Paracelsus, Van Helmont, and Basil Valentine, or seeking for the philosopher's stone with the Rosicrucians. Be not deterred by the dread of falling into specialism, from making explorations in any direction which taste may select, nor from pursuing your studies with reference to possible eminence in some department. While the practice of medicine, in order to be successful, requires a knowledge of all its various branches, it does not forbid—nay, it constantly urges—us to push forward our inquiries in some one or more departments, according as we have felt the want of light in these particular directions. And, supposing even that it should interfere temporarily with the increase of your practice, I would not have you abandon on this trivial account the high-road to some magnificent and immortal discovery which you may be treading. It is better for the progress and advancement of the profession itself that you should be a master

and torch-bearer in some one department, than a simple apprentice in all; for, certainly,

“An eagle’s life,
Is worth a world of crows.”

It is your duty, then, to bear the torch of light and learning beyond the point at which you have received it. Your induction into the priesthood of medicine imposes an obligation upon you, and impliedly exacts a promise that the profession shall be the wiser and the better for your labors in it. And that the field which you have plowed, and watered, and reaped, shall yield a harvest worthy to be entered among the annals of this noble science. But this can only be accomplished by earnest, concentrative effort, and by rigid adherence to the path selected at the outset. Concentration is power, diffusion is weakness. The sun’s rays emit no heat in space through which they are diffused, but when they are focalized, lo! a planet may be consumed by them, and the earth shriveled up as a scroll. Consider the amount of light, and the number of days required to perfect a single flower, and to paint calyx and corolla, pistil and stamen; and think, too, how that pencil of sunlight is compounded of various qualities of rays, each designed to perform a separate part in the great whole.

It is singular that, in a profession otherwise so catholic and liberal in its spirit as Medicine, this assumption of an universal mind in every member of it should be commonly insisted upon as a test of loyalty; and many a great intellect, which, if encouraged to follow its own bent, might rise to sublime heights of achievement, is kept chained in this tread-mill of tradition, in order to perpetuate what was never more than a figment of Greek superstition. Why not take example from the law, itself the essence of reason, the embodiment of logical method, and a system founded upon wide-spread analogies and universal deductions? I have never read that Lord Hardwicke, one of England’s greatest jurists, was considered the less a lawyer because of his superior excellence in Chancery law—or Lord Mansfield for his in Commercial—or Sir William Scott for his in Admiralty and International—or Sir John Nicoll in Ecclesi-

astical—or Chief-Justice Marshall, Judge Story, and Mr. Webster in Constitutional law. Nor again in the medical profession have I heard that Baron Dupnytren, or Sir Astley Cooper, Velpeau, Ricord, Esquirol, Conolly, Bérard, or Brown-Séguard, not to mention some of the most distinguished names in our own country, were considered any the less loyal because their lives had been devoted to, and their reputation founded upon, the development of a particular department of medicine. It is well to respect public opinion. It is not well to be enslaved by it. So long as you are loyal to the Fathers in Medicine, and believers in, and practitioners of their doctrines, will you receive the support and sympathy of her priesthood; after that you may, and it is, I repeat it, your duty to seek how best, by cultivating any special endowments of hand, or eye, or intellect, which the Creator has bestowed, you may advance the dignity and add something to the progress of this noble science. Let us not forget in what century we live. Great Pan is dead, the oracles are dumb, and the bondage of the human mind has no longer any rightful existence. It is an anachronism and out of place everywhere. The world moves, and those of us who will not mount the car of its progress, and assist in guiding its course, must submit to be crushed beneath its wheels.

Yes, it is a privilege to live in this glorious century, but more so to have witnessed the grand drama of a Heaven-ordained regeneration which our country has successfully acted before the world. It is something to have witnessed the uprising of a great people in obedience to that finger of God which is never pointed in vain. But it is still more wonderful to have seen a nation plucking from its bosom an old and legalized figment of organic law, involving an entire subversion of public opinion, without at the same time disturbing in the least the rhythm or the harmony, the vigor or the stability, of its civil institutions. It seemed as though the same Providence which had caused the sea to rise—the skies to thunder—the tempest to rage—the darkness to settle upon the waters, and the ship of state to be tossed as a bubble on the waves of dissension, had also taken the helm into its own hands, and guided the vessel into port. Who shall presumptuously claim any exclusively personal glory

for bringing us to this haven of peace where we would be. Not unto us—but unto Him, the great Judge and Arbitrator of the destiny of nations, belongs all the glory and majesty of this sublime national epic.

When kingdoms tremble through political convulsions they totter, when they totter they fall. Their safety lies in their stagnation. China and Japan, the embodiments of petrified immobility, have outlived all chronology; while the four famous monarchies of the ancient world, the theatres of great transitional events, have almost rotted out of history and been forgotten. The Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck, and the lonely columns of Persepolis and Palmyra in the desert, are the only remnants of the proud Assyrian empire. Osiris sleeps in the Isle of Philoe amid the ruins of his dismantled temple. The hundred-gated Thebes has not a solitary watchman upon her towers. Grass grows about the portico of the Acropolis at Athens, and desolation sits enthroned in the Coliseum at Rome. Not one of this proud train of Pagan empires but fell, sapped to the very core by violations of that ethical code which forms part of the law of nature and anticipates all positive and institutional legislation. Not one but had inwrought into its organic law injustice and oppression—sycophancy towards power—cruelty towards weakness—charity towards none. Surfeited with conquest, luxury, and vice, they were smitten in the dust, and made the servants of their own despised subjects, by that spirit of eternal justice which

“Never yet of human wrong
Lost the unbalanced scale—great Nemesis.”

Remembering that this mighty power of sleepless eye and unforgiving heart is ever driving the retreating criminal, be it man or nation, to some final tribunal of retributive justice, let us give thanks for our escape from those stupendous dangers which so seriously threatened our national life. For awhile, indeed, the face of Providence seemed veiled from our eyes, until Faith herself began to tremble lest we had transcended the measure of Divine forgiveness and been handed over to the sword of destruction.

But the great work has, at last, been accomplished: the regeneration is complete: the blot upon our national life, the traditional inconsistency in our Constitution have been expunged; and freedom of person, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and equality before the law, are now the prerogative of every human being under our flag. The storm, the smoke, the fearful din, the hot and murky atmosphere of war, the terrible debate of battle, the crushing sorrow of defeat, and the wild exuberance of victory, have each successively had their day, and each in turn passed away. Yet in the midst of this national deliverance from the agonies of a horrid civil war, and when the standard of the Republic has had restored to it every star that had once been eclipsed—in the midst of this transcendent triumph which is to close the temple of Janus and bring smiling peace to every fireside, none exult. Joy is subdued by sorrow. Victory is tempered by grief. A nation mourns her noble army of martyrs; her fallen, priceless sons; her unreturning brave, whose bones lie scattered from Gettysburg to Baton Rouge, on every field and mountain side made red by fratricidal strife. But not unremembered shall they be, whose young lives, like fresh flowers, have been offered upon the altar of their country's honor, and who have gone down to the grave covered with the dust of a holy war. Not forgotten shall be a single name which has acted any part, however humble, in this supreme, decisive hour of our history.

And chiefly for him, the gentlest spirit of them all; the wise, the pure, the merciful ruler, who bore the scepter of his mighty office with tenderness, not wrath, does the nation wear the deepest hues of mourning. That nameless crime which struck down a revered Chief Magistrate, and sullied for the first time the page of American history, fused, as by an electric touch, all hearts into one. Mountains and valleys, the busy haunts of commerce, the thronged avenues of cities, villages, hamlets, and firesides, have all re-echoed the spontaneous voice of horror, the wail of woe, which the "deep damnation of his taking off" wrung from every bosom. And far beyond the seas, in strange lands, beneath other skies, and syllabled in foreign tongues, the cry of indignant condemnation has been

taken up until it bids fair to circumnavigate the globe. To-morrow we are to ponder over the threads of that great life which has left such a blaze in the zenith. To consider how obscurely it sprang forth; how honestly it fought its way against the most terrible obstacles to well-merited preferment; with what humility it assumed the new and unaccustomed dignities thrust upon it, and with what open hands, ready to bestow concession upon every weakness, and to pardon every prejudice, it wielded the sword of justice. That life was not lived in vain. Its light is not quenched in death. It is indissolubly associated with the rebuilding of the Temple of Liberty, this time reared on a fair and enduring foundation. The great epic of our life-struggle through which he led us to a successful issue—as did his noble archetype, William of Orange, the free States of Holland—the tale of that great fray which almost rent a nation asunder, outlasting brass and marble, preserved in song and story, and handed down in sacred tradition from sire to son, and from generation to generation, will live as long as our language endures, or a race of freemen inhabit the earth.

Gentlemen,—The swift-winged moments admonish us to pause. The stars which looked down from the zenith upon your new birth, have passed far beyond, on their way to the horizon. The rite of your investiture has been performed. The symbols of office are in your hands. The signs of fellowship have been given. The mantle of responsibility is upon your shoulders. Henceforth you stand accredited before the world as masters of a science whose honor is confided to your keeping. See to it that no stain ever sullies your mantle. Walk uprightly, with a manly dependance upon God, in all your works, in all your ways. And, finally, practice your profession as not perverting it for selfish ends, but always administering its benefactions to the sick, “cautiously, chastely, honestly.”