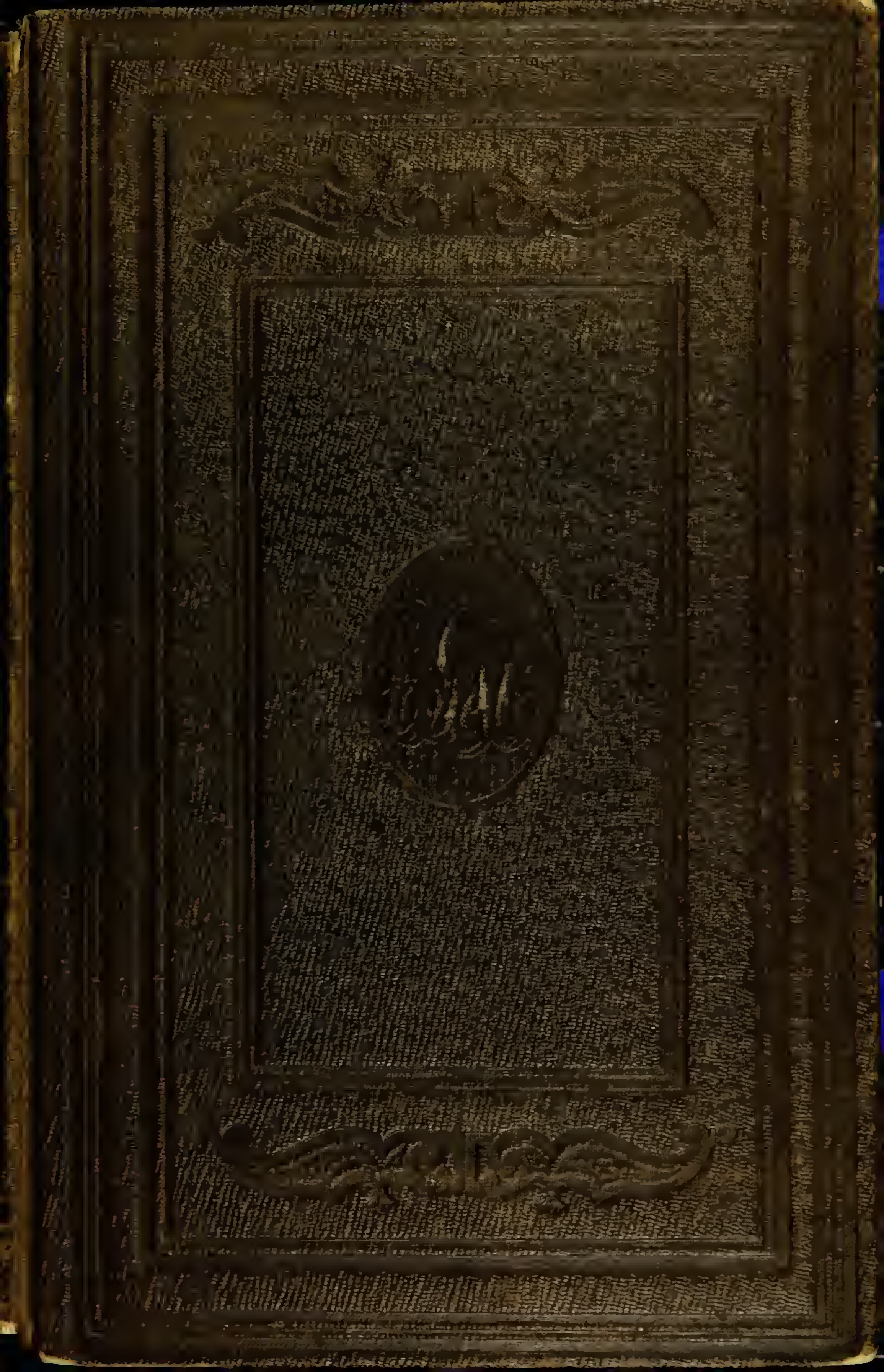

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C. Caldwell M.D

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

WITH A

PREFACE, NOTES, AND APPENDIX,

BY

HARRIOT W. WARNER.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, AND CO.
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PREFACE BY THE EDITRESS.

The Autobiography of Dr. Caldwell was composed during the last seven or eight years of his life. It was also revised, corrected, and prepared by himself for the press, and committed to my care, to be preserved, and presented to the public, when the proper time should arrive for its publication. It was my earnest wish to leave it untouched by any other hand. On submitting it, however, to friends and publishers, it was pronounced somewhat too voluminous to be printed entire; and it became necessary, therefore, to abstract from it such portions as could best be removed, without detracting from the interest and character of the work.

Wholly unaccustomed to such an office, and entirely unassisted in its execution, I am not without serious apprehensions that the task may have been very imperfectly performed. I make this statement, therefore, in order that, if there should appear in the body of the work, any discrepancy or other imperfection of manner or matter, it may be attributed to the true cause; for the work, as given from the hand of its author, was singularly congruous and complete.

It was my original intention to append to the author's name, on the title-page of this book, all the degrees and titles of honor which have been conferred upon him by the numerous universities and societies, literary, scientific, and philosophical, of which he was a member, both at home and abroad.

Finding them, however, to be inconveniently numerous, and remembering, moreover, that, in his lifetime, he took no pains to

collect and preserve such testimonials, nor ever appended a single title to his name (that of M. D. alone excepted) in any of his printed publications, I have deemed it most consistent with his character and mode of acting, to give his Autobiography to the public under the sanction and influence of his *name alone.*

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FEW words in the English language have been so variously interpreted as the term history. Yet so general is its use, and so high its importance, that none deserves to be more accurately defined, and, in its meaning, more exactly understood. Without such definiteness and precision, more or less of mistake and disorder, if not of actual confusion and contradiction, must occur in the productions of the clearest thinkers, and the ablest and most accomplished speakers and writers, that express themselves on the subject.

The term history is of Greek origin, and is derived from a word which signifies, according to the different purposes for which it is employed on different occasions, *a witness*, *a judge*, or *an umpire*.

Retaining, in all cases, therefore, a sufficient remnant of its original and literal meaning to serve for the recognition of its sameness, it has been defined, according to the views and objects of the several writers, who have spoken of it to that effect, a narrative of events—a witness of the times—the light or lamp of truth—the remembrancer and teacher of life—and the messenger of antiquity.

But the definition of history which, all things considered, appears to be most significant and comprehensive, as well as most correct, and therefore preferable to every other, is, that it is that form of writing, which records and teaches truth and philosophy, by fact and example. For, if it do not teach "philosophy" as well as "fact," it is so far defective.

This is, in a particular manner, the most appropriate definition of individual history, or biography—especially of *autobiography*, provided it be executed with ability and faithfulness. In such a case, it reflects life as an aggregate of fact and philosophy, with as much accuracy as the mirror does the image of the object placed before it. For it is not to be doubted that, other things being equal, each individual, in consideration of his more correct and thorough knowledge of himself both bodily and mentally—especially of the grounds, motives, and consequences of his actions, no less than of the actions themselves, is better qualified than anybody else, to give a true account of his own life and character, and to render them as instructive and useful as their materials will admit. He can, with much more certainty and precision, tell, under what circumstances, and from what influences he performed or refrained from performing certain actions, adopted or rejected certain opinions and measures, and engaged in or declined certain enterprises, which presented themselves to him, and thus make his narrative more instructive and valuable, by enriching it with the true constituents, and the positive relations of cause and effect, than it could be rendered by any other person.

Under such advantages of information and knowledge, nothing but feelings excessive and ungoverned, misdirected, or in some other way perverted and deranged, can so detract from the fitness of the narrator to write his own history, as to render it unproductive of a beneficial result.

The feelings referred to as most likely to interfere with the accuracy and deduct from the value of the writer's narrative, are various, and some of them directly opposed to each other in their action and influence.

The chief and most formidable of them are excessive self-esteem and love of approbation, which, acting singly, or in co-operation, impel the individual preparing his own history, to aim

at an inordinate and unmerited degree of standing and applause, by representing himself as the chief or one of the chief personages, and most effective agents, in every interesting scene and enterprise described by him. In opposition to these two strong and imperious feelings, is an excess of modesty and diffidence, inducing the self-historian to forego, in his narrative (by an entire omission, an inadequate representation, or some other mode of diminution or concealment of scenes and events), the amount of reputation and distinction, to which, from the part he performed in them, he is justly entitled. I need hardly add, that a predominance of the faculty of cautiousness, or secretiveness, or of both united, may readily, in cases which, without being specified, must present themselves to every one, make the autobiographer swerve from truth. Nor would it be difficult to refer to other feelings, which, when in a state of excitement, are but too well calculated to produce the same effect. Indeed, deep feeling of every description, is unfriendly to accuracy of perception, representation, and thought. While, by augmenting pathos, and rendering expression more elevated and intense, it may add to the force and effect of eloquence and poetry, it withholds from philosophy its purity and soundness, and from history the invulnerable authenticity which should always characterize it.

In proof of the incalculable value that may be imparted to autobiography, as a source of instruction in the philosophy of human conduct, that of Dr. Franklin may be confidently adduced. Of that wonderful man, the biography written by himself—plain, simple, and unlabored, as it is—contains, notwithstanding, an amount of philosophical teaching tenfold more abundant, genuine, and useful, than could have been incorporated in it, by all the other biographers on earth. It is hardly sufficient to call that composition the autobiography of Franklin. With but little metaphorical extravagance, it may be pronounced Franklin himself; consolidated and pellucidly embodied in the essence of his own words; still living, acting, thinking, and feeling, with each spring of action, whether of body or mind, together with the action itself and its several consequences, as distinctly visible as if they were inclosed for exhibition in a cabinet of crystal.

If the representation, made in a preceding paragraph, of the several causes, so adverse and influential as to be likely to de-

tract from autobiographical impartiality and candor, or entirely to subvert them, in behalf of their opposites, partiality and deceptiveness—if that representation be true (and I have no reason to apprehend that it will be controverted), then, for a person, engaged in writing his own biography, strictly and conscientiously to aim at, and accurately attain the just mean between the extremes of the contrary and conflicting causes, is no easy task. Nor is it one, which, however ably and perfectly executed, is rewarded by security from envy and obloquy, or even by protection from contradiction and injustice. Far otherwise. He who engages in it must be unusually sanguine and unsuspicious, and limited in his experience and knowledge of men and their practices, if he believe or even hope that he will escape the charge of vanity or self-conceit, or be shielded from some other more disparaging and offensive imputation. Provided his account of himself be in any marked degree commendatory and flattering, he must deem himself exceedingly fortunate, and kindly treated, if he be not suspected and publicly accused of an attempt to attract admiration, and attain celebrity, by studied fiction, or deliberate falsehood—or by both united.

In my own case, should the memoir I have commenced be prepared and published, the danger of an accusation of this sort will be not only imminent, but peculiarly annoying, if made on account of the difficulty, not to say the impossibility of meeting and refuting it. For, as will hereafter more fully appear, there exists not a human being, who is competent satisfactorily to testify to either the truth or the falsehood of an account, by whomsoever it may be given, of the first twenty-five years of my life. The reason of this may be briefly rendered. There is not now to be found—it is believed that there is not now living, any individual, whose acquaintance with me was sufficiently intimate to authorize him to testify to a single fact respecting me, during those years—except, perhaps, my mere existence, and to my having been reputed an indefatigable student. No inaccuracies or objections, doubts or cavils, therefore, alleged in relation to my memoir during that period, can be conclusively either discredited or confirmed. My own statement, being the only testimony on the subject that can be adduced, must be admitted as true, regarded as doubtful, or rejected as false.

By these difficulties, however, my course shall be neither impeded nor changed. At no period of my life have I ever, in a matter of moment, "put my hand to the plough, and looked backward." Nor shall I do so now, by conforming to the practice of either the backslider, or the irresolute. Having commenced the story of my life, I shall tell it truly, though by readers who are strangers to my native feelings, and my habits early formed, and never departed from, I may be suspected of occasionally spicing it with fiction or fable. By those to whom I am sufficiently known, no suspicion of the kind will be entertained. And as respects the tribe of fault-finders by profession (for such beings have an existence), whether they be cavillers, snarlers, wise and wary doubters, or habitual contradictors, I hold them now, when approaching the close of my life, in the same calm and unalterable disregard (not to employ a harsher term) in which I am known to have held them since its commencement.

In no other than this straight forward and fearless way, can I illustrate and effectually recommend certain springs and principles of action, which, on all important occasions, have moved and governed, and, with but few, if any exceptions, benefited me, since my childhood. Nor can I, in any other mode of proceeding, make, by means of them, so promising an effort to benefit others. And, in a case so plain and significant, so essentially connected with manly independence, and involving the performance of duties which ought to be held sacred and inviolable—in such a case, I will not give cause to have myself deemed a delinquent in any scheme of useful action, from an apprehension of danger or mischief to myself, in consequence of having engaged in it. The man who will not, when necessary, incur hazards, for the sake of acting well his part in life, with a view to the promotion of the welfare of others, and the acquisition for himself of a well-founded and lasting reputation, will never achieve success, much less distinction, in relation to either object. Confirmatory of this view of the subject, is the well-known apothegm: "Nothing venture, nothing win." And though the maxim is expressed in language as homely as it is simple, yet, having withstood, undiminished in its credit and popularity, the dint of time and experience, for thousands of years, that fact alone furnishes

abundant evidence that it is founded in truth. For nothing short of truth can bear unchanged the sweep of ages.

To those who have been carefully observant of the progress of human affairs, and sufficiently retentive of the events it exhibits, it would be superfluous to offer further proof of the truth of these remarks. To them, they are abundantly proved by their own observation and experience. Such individuals know it to be true, that more or less of hazard to either reputation, standing, influence, or all of them, is a never-failing concomitant of a resolute and independent attempt to aid in the production or promotion of striking and important discoveries and improvements, and of the benefits which result from them—especially if they involve any very obvious amount of novelty or change in things of long-established existence and repute—things incorporated with the partialities and prejudices of the public. And it matters but little whether the change be in principle or hypothesis, opinion or practice. It is assailed by opposition and clamorous contradiction, and its author by denunciation, and, perhaps, persecution. Instances in proof of this are coeval with the history of man, and have occurred with a frequency that cannot be numbered. So truly has it been remarked, by one of the most sagacious and virtuous of men, that "envy, detraction, and opposition are a tax, which every man must pay for an attempt to become eminent;" and, he might have added, more especially if his attempt prove successful. To this maxim I have never either witnessed or heard of an exception. Every individual that I have ever known, or been fully informed of, by history or otherwise, who, by his own talents and exertions, has rendered himself conspicuous and useful, whether by new and unusual means, or by new modes of employing means already in existence—every such individual who has, in any way, fallen under my notice, has had to encounter some form of dissatisfaction and malevolence, especially from some of his superiors in years, and of those who, because they are his elders, hold themselves also, as of necessity, his anteriors and superiors in knowledge and experience. Nor can the case be otherwise, until such a revolution shall have been produced in the character of man as to have given to his intellectual and moral the requisite ascendancy over his animal faculties. Then, but not before, will the iniquitous proceedings referred to have

an end. Then, but not before, will men look on those, by whose enterprise and exertions they have been thrown into shade in reputation, standing, and influence, without envy, heart-burning, or calumny.

Does any one, fresh in youth and inexperience, regard this as a gloomy and censorious report, uttered by the lips of disappointment and chagrin, and not as a faithful representation of the events which human society exhibits? If so, let him embark in any pursuit he may choose, and mingle in the bustle of active and aspiring life, until he shall have attained the maturity and experience of manhood, and his opinion of it will be changed. He will acknowledge it then to be neither fiction nor exaggeration; but an unvarnished statement, conceived under the influence of sound intelligence, and framed in the simplicity and sobriety of truth. He will then deal in facts and maxims derived from the storehouse of ripened and substantial knowledge; whereas, he had previously but sported with anticipations and fancies drawn from the flowery, but crude and evanescent creations of hope.

Does any one, actuated by mere curiosity, or by other motives higher and worthier, or still less defensible, feel inclined to inquire, why, under the sombre views and discouraging forethoughts just stated, I have embarked in the precarious and responsible enterprise of writing the history of my own life, and of adding to the weight of my responsibility, by embracing in it the reminiscences of my own time? To this question, regarding it as proposed, I reply, that several considerations have concurred in involving me in the task.

1. I have been not only requested, but entreated and importuned to engage in it, by sundry individuals, who have persuaded themselves that it may be rendered both interesting and useful, and who have a claim on my compliance not easily resisted.

2. No person, but myself, can execute the work, except from materials furnished by myself. Of this the reason is plain, and has been, in part, already stated. Of all my contemporaries, as heretofore mentioned, none who were my comrades in my early years, are now living; or, if so, I am a stranger to the fact. And were they even alive, and brought to the task, there are various

reasons why none of them would be qualified to act as my biographer.

More than half a century has elapsed and done its work since we separated from each other; they remaining in the region where we were born, acting as choice or necessity influenced them; and I removing to a distant one, in eager pursuit of knowledge and its concomitants. Since that remote period, therefore, they have been entire strangers to the events of my life; and their previous knowledge of me must be swept from their minds by the checkered and eventful current of time. Nor is this all.

My books, from the time I was able to read them, and other sources of useful instruction, were the chief, if not all of my real companions; while my school-fellows and other acquaintances were the companions of one another. The end which I held constantly in view, and labored almost exclusively to attain, was useful knowledge and its applications, together with certain manly and not inelegant personal accomplishments; while the end at which they aimed, in fact, though not in pretension, was, to an unreasonable extent, mere pastime and amusement. And to this wanton consumption of time corresponded the condition of their subsequent standing. A youth of idleness was succeeded by a lifetime, if not of ignorance, of humble mediocrity in science and letters.

With the few of them, who were at all inclined to cultivate their minds by scholastic exercises, I occasionally spent hours, at their own request, chiefly for the purpose of aiding them in their studies. In affording this aid, I had also in view my own improvement; for I became convinced, at an early period of my life, of the truth and value of the Roman adage: *Qui docet, discit:* he who teaches, learns. Not only, therefore, were my pride and ambition gratified, by an opportunity of showing my superiority to my fellow-students, by the magisterial process of instructing them in their lessons; I soon became sensible that that process added not a little to the accuracy of my own scholarship; for every feeling of nature participant of self was concerned in showing that I possessed an accuracy which enabled me to explain with readiness difficulties in their tasks that were inexplicable to many others, who wer more than my equals in years, as well as in the time they had spent at school. Nor is it pro-

bable that my accuracy would have been as great as it was, had I not been proud of exhibiting it; and had I not, on that account, labored the more steadily and earnestly for its attainment. And that I might on the same principle, and by similar means, still further improve it, I became afterwards, for some time, myself the principal director of an academic institution. To young men, moreover, who are ambitious to become thorough-bred scholars, and who may have an opportunity to do so, I recommend the adoption of a similar measure. During the time I thus employed myself in teaching others, I improved, in correctness and accuracy of scholarship, more than did any pupil under my care. And every young man, in the capacity of a teacher, may do the same. In truth, he cannot well fail to do it, provided he possess a sufficiency of self-respect, and be duly sensible of the dignity and deep responsibility of his office.

I have said that with my school-fellows, and other acquaintances, especially such of them as were idle and heedless as to the cultivation of their minds, I never familiarly and cordially associated. To this, however, an exception existed. During the hours regularly set apart for relaxation from study, and free indulgence in corporeal exercise, I was usually in the midst of those most eagerly and strenuously engaged. In my devotion to this employment, my design was not merely to escape from my books, give to my intellect relaxation and rest, and thus somewhat uselessly pass away my time; I had objects in view both important and interesting to me. I aimed at the preservation of health and hardiness, the augmentation of bodily strength and activity, and the improvement of myself in certain forms of athletic exercise, which were regarded as manly and useful accomplishments, and in which the youth of the place were accustomed to indulge. And, as I took part in such gymnastics at all, I determined to do so to the highest practicable effect. I therefore contended for superiority in them with the same earnestness and resolution which I habitually manifested in more elevated pursuits. Nor did I fail to convince myself that ambition, exertion, and perseverance were sure to prove in both equally the source of excellence and distinction. No sooner, however, had the time for corporeal exercise and training expired, than I left the gymnasium, withdrew to the re-

tirement and quietude of my study, and engaged, with renovated industry and ardor, in the cultivation of my mind.

After the remarks which have been made, it need hardly be added that a steady perseverance in the course of action just described, was not long in giving me, as already intimated, a decided ascendency in scholarship over my less attentive and laborious fellow-students. Nor was that its only effect. With my teachers it bestowed on me a corresponding elevation in favoritism and standing. Nor did it stop there. It gave me, as a youth, a highly flattering degree of celebrity in the surrounding country, and ultimately led to my election at a very early period of life to the directorship, heretofore alluded to, of a large and respectable literary academy. Such were some of its advantages. But it had also its disadvantages, which deserve likewise to be mentioned; for all things human (especially if selfish feelings be awakened by them) are but a mixture, if not of actual good and evil, at least of something so closely approaching them as to be productive of very analogous effects—of convenience and inconvenience—likes and dislikes—commendation and censure—rewards and acts designed as punishments, with their natural consequences. It is not to be supposed that the bestowal of a marked degree of approbation, accompanied by occasional tokens of distinction, so flattering to me, and virtually condemnatory of negligent and comparatively ignorant members of the school, who, instead of commendation, were often the subjects of admonition and rebuke; it is not to be imagined that such a condition of things added in any measure to my popularity with the mass of my fellow-students. On the contrary, among the habitual idlers and time-spenders of the institution, it materially detracted from it. The reason is plain. I have usually found that those who wantonly neglect the cultivation of their minds, when the requisite means are placed within their reach, are as destitute of magnanimity and justice as they are of industry. Their sense of demerit in themselves renders them envious and hostile toward merit in others. This truth is in perfect harmony with the invaluable advice of Polonius to his son Laertes:—

> ———————"To thyself be true,
> And it will follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And it follows as naturally in the converse, that those who are untrue to themselves, neither do nor can fail to be in some way false to others. In truth, it should be moulded into a maxim, and regarded as such, that those who are faithless to themselves are faithless to the world, and should never be trusted. Were a maxim of the kind adopted as a general rule of action, and judgment, it would be abundantly operative in the prevention of evil. But to proceed in my narrative.

With such members of the school as were attentive to their studies, and ambitious to excel in them, I always stood remarkably well—perhaps for two reasons—I took pleasure in aiding them in the solution of difficulties, which, meeting them in their lessons and other exercises, puzzled and annoyed them; and, in all my intercourse with them, I treated them with studied respect and courtesy, and never assumed, in relation to them, a single air of superiority, on account of my reputation for superior scholarship. Nor, even with the idlers of the school, was I ever on what could be justly called "bad terms." For this there also perhaps existed two substantial reasons. Though never intimate, or very cordial with them, my deportment toward them was politely civil; and it was well understood that as I never offered neither would I tolerate offensive behavior; and that, in every emergency, I was prepared and prompt to act my part, and take care of myself. And the experience of a long life, somewhat diversified by situation and incident, has confirmed me in a belief, which I then entertained, that our best protection, in all cases, consists in civility and preparation for action, and in courage and firmness when engaged in it. Add coolness and self-possession, and the provision is complete. Whether by land or sea, in civil or military, public or private life, I have always relied on them; and they have never proved insufficient for my purpose. A paragraph or two more on civility and courtesy, and I shall take leave of them. Nine-tenths of the people of christendom, as there is reason to believe, are strangers to the powerful and extensive influence of these two attributes of good-breeding, and their concomitant advantages.

Young gentlemen about to visit Europe, in quest of improvement, have often called on me for letters and advice, to aid them

in their travels. On handing to them letters of introduction, I have usually addressed them to the following effect :—

"These letters, besides making you known to the persons to whom they are addressed, will probably procure for you a breakfast, a dinner, or a supper, or all of them, and there their influence will end, and leave you to receive alone the fruit of your own subsequent conduct. And the passports, which you carry with you, will procure for you admittance into, passage through, and departure from the different kingdoms and countries you may visit, and will be no further serviceable to you. You may moreover lose them, before reaching the places to which you are bound, an event which will render them entirely useless. All things considered, therefore, their value is comparatively small.

"But you may carry with you another article, as a portion of yourselves, which you cannot lose, except by the act of your own will, and which will never cease to serve you in your enjoyments and interests, as long as you may live. It is good-breeding—manifested by propriety, civility, and courtesy of behavior. In supplying you with all you may want or wish for, it will be second only to the contents of your purses. And should your purses even, by accident or misfortune, be lost, or become temporarily empty, you may, in many cases, rely on it, until they shall have been replenished, or your misfortune in some other way repaired. To good society it will make you at all times welcome, render you an agreeable and cherished member of it, and enable you to derive from it all the benefits it is calculated to afford. And from society of an inferior order, it will rarely if ever fail to secure to you a becoming degree of civility and respect. Of the truth of these positions my own experience has furnished me with abundant and conclusive testimony. And if to good-breeding be added a strictly moral deportment, manifested by its characteristic observances, the power and influence of the two will be hardly resistible."

In the year 1821, I made, in London, in a spirit of wager, a very decisive and satisfactory experiment as to the effect of civil and courteous manners on people of various ranks and descriptions.

There were in the place a number of young Americans, who frequently complained to me of the neglect and rudeness experi-

enced by them from citizens to whom they spoke in the streets. They asserted, in particular, that, as often as they requested directions to any point in the city toward which they were proceeding, they either received an uncivil and evasive answer, or no answer at all. I told them that my experience on the same subject had been exceedingly different; that I had never failed to receive a civil reply to my questions—often communicating the information requested; and that I could not help suspecting that their failure to receive similar replies arose, in part at least, if not entirely, from the plainness, not to say the bluntness, of their manner in making their inquiries. The correctness of this charge, however, they sturdily denied, asserting that their manner of asking for information was good enough for those to whom they addressed themselves. Unable to convince them by words of the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to them the following simple and conclusive experiment.

Let us take together a walk of two or three hours in some of the public streets of the city. You shall yourselves designate to me the persons to whom I shall propose questions, and the subjects also to which the questions shall relate; and the only restriction imposed is, that no question shall be proposed to any one who shall appear to be greatly hurried, agitated, distressed, or in any other way deeply preoccupied in mind or body, and no one shall speak to the person questioned but myself.

My proposition being accepted, out we sallied, and to work we went; and I continued my experiment until my young friends surrendered at discretion, frankly acknowledging that my opinion was right, and theirs, of course, wrong; and that, in our passage through life, courtesy of address and deportment may be made both a pleasant and powerful means to attain our ends and gratify our wishes.

I put questions to more than twenty persons of every rank, from the high-bred gentleman to the servant in livery, and received, in each instance, a courteous, and, in most instances, a satisfactory reply. If the information asked for was not imparted, the individual addressed gave an assurance of his regret at being unable to communicate it.

What seemed most to surprise my friends was, that the individual accosted by me almost uniformly imitated my own man-

ner. If I uncovered, as I usually did in speaking to a gentleman, or even to a man of ordinary appearance and breeding, he did the same in his reply; and when I touched my hat to a liveried coachman or waiting-man, his hat was immediately under his arm. So much may be done, and such advantages gained, by simply avoiding coarseness and vulgarity, and being well-bred and agreeable. Nor can the case be otherwise. For the foundation of good-breeding is good-nature, and good-sense; two of the most useful and indispensable attributes of a well-constituted mind. Let it not be forgotten, however, that good-breeding is not to be regarded as identical with politeness; a mistake which is too frequently, if not generally committed. A person may be exceedingly polite without the much higher and more valuable accomplishment of good-breeding. But to return from this digression.

3. A third reason why I have assumed the responsibility of writing this work, is, not only a hope, but also a belief, that it will be more or less useful to those who may peruse it. Indeed, to whatever extent the allegation may be construed into self-conceit and self-praise, I do not hesitate to assert that it will most certainly be useful in no inconsiderable degree, provided the proper application be made of its contents. It is composed, in part, of the matured and selected fruit of long-continued and oft-repeated observation and experience; and, I need hardly say, that fruit of that description, unless entirely neglected, misunderstood, or in some other way misused or abused, can never fail to be salutary in its influence.

When, as an inexperienced youth, of an ardent spirit, and a high-toned temperament, I myself first embarked on the untried ocean of life, with its open turbulence and lurking dangers; a code of directions, physical and moral, as correct and abundant as I am willing to persuade myself this work contains, in language and example, would have been to me a treasure whose value I shall not attempt to compute. It would have been no less important to me than is a correct and skilfully executed chart to the adventurous young mariner, not yet instructed and sufficiently disciplined in the school of experience. By apprising me of the perils of the voyage before me, and exciting my vigilance and care to avoid them, it would have saved me from many a disaster that befell me; and being now before the public, I trust

it will serve a like purpose to those who may consult it for information and counsel. That it may be the more instructive and useful, it is neither overwrought nor fictitious; it is genuine history—the most unerring teacher of man. It contains an account of my life in its true character—marked, like the lives of other men, with some valuable qualities, and some faulty ones; the latter, with their natural effects, to be avoided, and the former imitated as far as they may offer examples or rules of action tributary to the production of useful results. And if I mistake not, my life, made up as it is of faults and virtues—some points to be liked and imitated, and others to be disliked and avoided—marked by some incidents, and the temporary conditions produced by them fortunate and desirable in their tendency and effects, and other incidents, and the conditions resulting from them, adverse and undesirable, is calculated, through the relation of cause and effect, to give instruction, and shed satisfactory light on two points, important to all men, but especially to the young and inexperienced; and they are as follows:—

Men, neither ignorant, wicked, nor worthless, but of good intellect, sound morals, and respectable standing, fall into faults and difficulties from a thoughtless impulsiveness, and a want of resolution and firmness to resist temptation; not through premeditation and design. They are, therefore, though unfortunate, and in some degree culpable, yet comparatively innocent.

But they must extricate themselves (if they ever be extricated) by very different and even opposite means—reflection and steadiness, moral resolution, calmness, and persevering firmness. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that a tithe of the mental penetration, labor, and trouble necessary to relieve a man from difficulties and dangers into which he has thoughtlessly precipitated himself, would, had they been resorted to, have effectually saved him from them. In that respect, moral evil and misfortune closely resemble corporeal disease; to prevent them is easy, to cure them difficult—often impossible.

From its oft-repeated connection with the faults and misfortunes in which men become entangled, I may, with sufficient propriety, here observe, that there is perhaps no word in our language that propagates so much error, and, by means of it, does

so much mischief, as the term *accident.* As an excuse for a misdeed, or even a serious injury, it is sufficient to say, that it was done by accident—which means, or is intended to mean, that it could not have been avoided; and that hence the commission of it bespoke no crime or fault on the part of the individual committing it.

Now, this conception and explanation involve an indirect but positive untruth, with all its mischievous and diversified concomitants and consequences. The act, misdeed, misfortune, or accident (no matter by what name it is known, or from what quarter it comes) might have been prevented by a sufficient degree of knowledge and care—I mean, a degree of knowledge which might have been acquired, and a degree of attention and care which might have been bestowed. The author of the evil, therefore, has been, by omission, an actual delinquent; or, by commission, an actual transgressor. By intention, ignorance, or heedlessness, some natural law, established by the Deity for the wise and beneficent regulation of things, and the prevention of the mischief consequent on their derangement, has been violated or neglected. On the shoulders of some one, therefore, culpability rests. Let no natural law be broken, disregarded, or in any way contravened, and neither accident nor misfortune, fault nor crime will ever occur, to produce any form of either physical or moral disorder to detract from the comfort and happiness of sensitive beings, and mar the beauty and harmony of creation. For, the laws established for the government of the universe, if uniformly and fully observed, and allowed to operate without obstruction or hindrance, are abundantly sufficient to obviate all occurrences of the sort. Either this is true, or creation is not what I believe it to be—the perfect product of an all-perfect Being. For, a being perfect in all its attributes, can neither do nor meditate things defective, or marked by any departure from perfection—

> "Say not, then, man's imperfect—heaven in fault;
> Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought." POPE.

In this great truth are involved, not only the highest interests, but the very essence of all that is valuable, whether in morality, religion, or the common affairs of life. So far, nevertheless, are men from making the requisite exertions to carry into effect the

only scheme of action which the doctrine recommends, that very few of them, even theoretically, recognize either its truth or its importance; yet is no tenet either more veritable and plain, or more useful and felicitous.

4. Were I to give a fourth reason for having engaged in the preparation of the present work, I might represent it as consisting in the pleasures of retrospection. And to the man, whose life has been passed in the active and conscientious discharge of his duty, those pleasures are of a high order; and, provided his years are greatly multiplied, and have been wholly devoted to enterprise and business, they are proportionably numerous. To those persons, moreover, who are correctly informed in relation to the ever-changing mental conditions, views, and sentiments of man, in his journey through life, it is well known that his enjoyments are different at different stages of it.

In the morning of life, the youth looks forward almost exclusively, through the bright vista of expectancy and hope, and feasts in imagination on little else than anticipated delights. He has not yet learned practically the business of retrospection; because his stores of the past are but scantily filled; and even on the articles they contain he sets comparatively but little value, in consideration of the fact that events have hitherto passed too lightly and fleetly over him either deeply to impress or permanently to interest him.

In the meridian of life, man derives his enjoyments from all things around him; because his engagements direct his attention to them all, and give him an interest in them. His schemes of business induce him to look on every side—his desire of wealth or some more attractive and exciting form of ambition, ahead—and his memory, behind, that he may treasure up from experience the results of the past, for the uses of the present, and the wants of the future.

But of man, at an advanced age, the chief amount of sublunary enjoyments is retrospective. Nor can the case with him be otherwise. Retired from business—perhaps become unfit for it—between him and all schemes of future enterprise and ambition an insuperable barrier being interposed, and his desire, as well as his ability to engage in them being extinguished—and his interest in the transactions and scenes superintended by his junior

contemporaries, being also greatly diminished—under these circumstances, he draws on the past, through retrospection and memory, if not for all his enjoyments, certainly for a large proportion of the most vivid and gratifying of them. And, to no small extent, the more distant from him, in point of time, the immediate scenes and sources of them are, the more lively is his recollection of them, and the more pleasure do the remembrance and contemplation of them afford him. Thus do even the sports and joys of his childhood, the loves and associations of his youth, the tenderer and deeper attachments of his early manhood, and the arduous and praiseworthy efforts and successes of his maturer years, all in succession, occasionally revisit and salute him, arrayed in the freshness, and possessed of the impressiveness, which originally characterized them. Nor is it the recollection of fortunate and agreeable occurrences only that now give him pleasure. Far otherwise. The retrospect of the dangers that have threatened, and the disasters that have befallen him, and of the manner in which he conducted himself in the midst of them, is often a ground of abundant delight to him. To the truth of this, my own experience amply testifies. To some of the most perilous, and apparently, at the time, the most hopeless occurrences and scenes of my life, I now look back with a degree of pleasure scarcely to be surpassed. Nor is this delight the result merely of my escape from danger. It arises (as far as I can judge) almost entirely from sundry memorable and impressive incidents which occurred at the time. The pleasure derived by me, from the retrospective contemplation of one ocean-scene of gloom and peril, in particular, in which I was concerned, and to which I shall more fully advert hereafter, arises in great preponderance, from my recollection of the surpassing fortitude, and cheerful resignation of a few refined, accomplished, and delicate women, who were my associates in danger, and to whom I took occasion to offer encouragement, and to render some services, which their male connections were too much prostrated by terror and sea-sickness to be able to perform.

Such are some of the enjoyments, which time, unsparing of most other things, leaves as a precious treasure, to the man in years. And an oft-felt consciousness of the renovated brightness and vigor, which a recollection and survey of them are calculated

to impart, have probably had some influence, in persuading me to engage in the composition of my own biography. The employment is pleasurable to me.

Hence the palpable error, so frequently committed, of asserting, that some one has performed a very important and disinterested action. By no intellectual, reflecting, and benevolent man or woman—has such an action ever been performed. The importance and usefulness of an action cannot fail to impart to every person of benevolence and reflection, who is acquainted with it, a lively interest in it, whether it be performed by him or herself or by other persons.

No thinking and feeling man, therefore, has ever performed, or can ever perform an action perfectly disinterested. I do not here allude to an interest either pecuniary, political, theological, or social. I speak of that instinctive, heart-felt interest, which every good and truly benevolent individual necessarily feels in the performance of a good action.

In fine, man lives for enjoyment of some sort. And without enjoyment he does not wish to live. Hence, in whatever gives him either pleasure or pain, he, from a law of his nature, feels an interest and cherishes a wish to prevent the latter, and to promote the former. The man who, without a moment's thought, plunges into a stream, to rescue from death even a drowning enemy, feels deeply interested in his attempt, and would be unhappy had he neglected it.

Should any one allege, in consequence of remarks which have been heretofore made, that the retrospect of my boyhood and youth cannot be in a high degree delightful to me, on account of the very limited number of my early attachments, my reply would be to the following effect: Though I have stated those attachments to have been few, I have not represented them as correspondingly weak and mutable. Far from it. On the contrary, they were peculiarly ardent, powerful, and lasting—the more so, unquestionably, because they were few. For it will not be denied, that the necessary effect of indefinite or even very extensive division is, to diminish and weaken, in things of mind, no less certainly than in those of matter. In defence of this opinion, reasons believed to be sound and irrefutable may be easily offered.

It is a principle, not to be controverted, in the philosophy of human nature, that each individual of our race possesses a given amount of vital strength, including strength of mind, as well as of body. In the various forms of exercise and action which mark the diversified career of life, this strength is expended through sundry channels, and in various ways, under the denomination of vital functions. And, all other things being equal, the more numerous those channels are, the smaller and weaker must of necessity be the current of vital force that passes through each of them, because each of them constitutes a part of the whole. And so does the current that passes through each of them. Hence, when the attachments of an individual, which are but particular names for different sorts of vital action, are very numerous, they are also correspondingly small, feeble, and mutable. A general and indiscriminate lover, admirer, or so-called friend, therefore, is tantamount to no real admirer, lover, or friend at all. He resembles what is denominated a "universal genius," a smatterer in many things, but accomplished in nothing. To express myself in more homely, but not less significant and correctly descriptive language, he partakes too much of a certain kind of shallow knowledge-monger, termed a "Jack of all trades and master of none." From this truth, the following important inference, altogether practical in its character, may be drawn.

Let him who is bent on the attainment of true distinction, standing, and influence, limit his studies and pursuits in number, else he will inevitably fail in the accomplishment of the end he has in view. To speak in more definite and significant terms:—

What is called a "universal genius," is a creation as fabulous as the phœnix or the griffin. It exists only in fiction, not in reality. No man has ever yet possessed it—consisting, as the expression represents it to do, in a fitness for the pursuit and attainment of eminence in every sort of knowledge. Whoever has, therefore, expended his energy in an attempt to distinguish himself in a branch of science, for the study of which he was not well qualified, has, by the measure, detracted more or less from the distinction he might have acquired, in some other branch, to which his qualifications were better suited.

To this rule the history of our race does not present us with a single exception. It is as true of the most highly as of the

moderately and lowly gifted—of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and the admirable Crichton, as of any other individuals. Had the great Roman orator wasted less of his mental energy in paying court to the Muses, he would have bequeathed to us a reputation marked by one vanity, and one intellectual weakness the fewer. The same may be said of Paracelsus, Vanhelmont, Cardan, and others, had they thought and written less about occult science, its source and influence—of Cuvier, had he consumed less of his time in the consideration and pursuit of affairs of state—and of Laplace, had he devoted himself more exclusively to mathematics and astronomy, and left to ecclesiastics and casuists the mysteries of theology. Each of those personages, by aiming at too many attainments and performances, expended a portion of his vital strength, as well of his time, in an unprofitable if not an injurious manner.

Of nearly all the illustrious men, of whom, as respects their studies, I have any special knowledge, correctly might I speak to the same effect. They have all attempted to shine in some degree, if not to attain pre-eminent lustre on too many points; to produce, by their individual labors, not one, or even two brightly beaming stars; but a blazing constellation. To this indiscreet practice, Newton had the wisdom to come nearer to an exception than any other illustrious man. To astronomy, with its immediately collateral and auxiliary branches of science, he almost exclusively confined his researches. And hence his occupancy of perhaps the loftiest niche in the temple of true and enduring fame, to which man has attained.

Leibnitz possessed a genius equally as powerful and profound, and much more resplendent than that of Newton. But he expended it on too many subjects. He attempted to erect to his own fame sundry monuments, each different from all the others, while Newton attempted to his fame the erection of but one. No wonder, therefore, that the one pyramid of the latter was loftier and more magnificent than either of the numerous pyramids of the former. In confirmation of the sentiment here expressed, Newton has left on record the declaration, that if he surpassed other men, in any power, it was that of "continued and unrelaxing attention to a given subject."

After these remarks, on the courses pursued by the illustrious

dead, might I venture to speak of myself, I would say, that, on the point here referred to, no one can be, as a student, more injudicious, and more unjust to his reputation and standing in science than I have been to mine. Had I confined my studies to a few subjects, and bestowed on each of them sufficient attention, I might, as I feel persuaded, have done something to distinguish myself, and transmit to future times a record of my existence and labors, of a much higher and more creditable order, than anything now in my power to bequeath to them.

On the point here referred to, then, let no one follow the example I have set; but let my recorded mismanagement operate as a warning of error and mischief, and be carefully avoided. Let every one, whose object it is to be useful and distinguished in science and letters, be careful in the preservation of his casual thoughts and facts, by recording them in his private journal as soon as practicable after their occurrence, concentrate his powers and resources on a few subjects, and render, as far as possible, all his knowledge in some way subservient to their elucidation, and sedulously secure from loss and destruction whatever he may write. These latter directions, in particular, if strictly and judiciously executed, he will find, in the course of his life, extremely useful. Though many of an author's publications and manuscripts may be useless to others, each one of them, however light, brief, and trivial, may, by judicious policy, be rendered more or less important and interesting to himself.

But I have not yet finished my account of the different means and influences which, in my long and somewhat diversified career, have aided me in the performance of my intellectual tasks, the discharge of my moral duties, the execution of my promiscuous enterprises, and the formation of my character, and which will give similar aid to other persons, provided they be similarly used by them.

The means and influences here referred to, though different from each other in their nature and mode of acting, all co-operated to the same end—the production and continuance of unrelaxing industry, ambition, and perseverance, and to the increase of knowledge, and other attainments and accomplishments, and of the facilities of acquiring them. But, that my remarks may be fully understood, and be productive of the amount of usefulness for

which they are intended, and, I trust, not altogether unfitted, I find that they must be presented in language more definite and explicit.

The causes to which I have alluded as influencing my conduct, and rendering it more meritorious than it would have probably been without them, consisted chiefly in certain strong incentives to action deemed important and useful, and in a brief code of maxims and rules for its government. Many, perhaps most of those regulators of conduct were derived by me from books, or from the conversation of persons my superiors in years and intelligence; but, youthful as I was, some of them were the product of my own mind, framed out of materials collected by observation and experience. It is believed that a record of a few of them may be interesting and useful. If they proved beneficial to me (and I am confident they did), they may be made, I say, by proper usage, to render to others a similar service.

When but a boy, my pride and restless spirit of rivalry and competition induced me to assume it, as at once a principle and a rule of action, that whatever of a high and honorable description and useful result, any boy of my age engaged in the same pursuit, and occupying the same rank in life, or perhaps any rank, whether higher or lower, had done, or could do, I ought to be able also to do, and would do, if possible, should a suitable opportunity for the deed be presented. Nor did I ever fail to make the effort.

This sentiment, with the resolution which accompanied it, and bestowed on it its practical character, led me into many an arduous contest, both mental and corporeal (for both sources of power and action were involved in it), some of which were not of the most pacific sort, though, as far as I now remember, they never amounted to positive battle. The career of high-wrought competition and struggle thus created, gave to me a degree of activity and strength, self-confidence and general efficiency, to which there is but little reason to believe I either would or could have attained without it. At an early period of my life, the result of this system of self-training made me be regarded as a remarkable boy, likely in manhood to gain influence and distinction. Nor can a doubt be entertained that it contributed its share to whatever efficiency I may have subsequently manifested, and to the success

that may have rewarded my several schemes of enterprise and adventure.

Respecting one topic, in particular, of no small interest and moment, it implanted in me a belief, which is well known to have mingled with my sentiments through life, and, as often as called for, on suitable occasions, and by suitable occurrences, to have characterized my actions. The belief alluded to is, that the natives of the United States are by nature, to say the least, on a par with the natives of any of the countries of Europe; and that, therefore, under similar advantages of education and training, they are in all respects their equals, perhaps their superiors, in every form of rivalry and contest.

At the period referred to, the opinion of the Abbé Saint-Pierre, and of certain other fanciful writers, that all the natives of the new world, of whatever description, whether of the human race, or of similar races of the lower orders of animals, were inferior to those of the old world, was, by many individuals of our own country, admitted as correct, and gravely defended. In truth, among certain classes of our native inhabitants it was, perhaps, however degrading and mortifying, and I may confidently add, however palpably fallacious, the predominant notion. And by emigrants then recently from Europe, it was more especially, and at times very impudently asserted and encouraged—indeed, as far as my recollection on the subject may be trusted, it was the general opinion in the United States; certainly, its prevalence was very extensive. Hence, when, in his *Notes on Virginia*, Mr. Jefferson stated his views in opposition to it, he was believed to do so as an American who loved his native land, and defended it from motives of pride, as well as interest, rather than as an impartial and enlightened philosopher and zoologist.

In the course of one of the Abbé Saint-Pierre's animated harangues on his favorite notion of the degeneracy and inferiority of the men of America, the following ludicrous event took place in Paris between him and Dr. Franklin, when the latter gentleman was ambassador near the French Court. That the anecdote may have its due point, and be the better understood, it is necessary to state that the Abbé was very considerably below, and Franklin still further perhaps above, the middle size of man. I need hardly add, what the reader will himself immediately per-

ceive, that the scene was signalized by one of those triumphant home-strokes in argumental dexterity in which the great American was unrivalled.

At an entertainment given on some public occasion, the two philosophers were present; and such was the arrangement (no matter whether by accident or design) that the little Frenchman, with half a dozen of small Parisians on his right and left, was seated on one side of the table, and Franklin, with about an equal number of six-feet-high Americans on his right and left, on the other side, directly opposite to him.

Either of his own accord, or more probably by the contrivance of Franklin, who was surpassingly dexterous at all sorts of humorous and good-natured expedients calculated to insure to him victory in debate, the Abbé commenced an elaborate and most learned descant on the inferiority and degeneracy of animated nature in the new world. But at first he confined his remarks to the inferior animals. He spoke with great earnestness and fluency of the vast pre-eminence, in size and strength, of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the lion, the tiger, and the giraffe, of the old world, compared to the same qualities in any of the native animals of America; and, as may well be supposed, he exulted not a little in what he regarded as proof conclusive of the soundness of his hypothesis.

Here Dr. Franklin very civilly interposed a few words, the purport of which was a desire to know whether, in the Abbé's opinion, the human race also had degenerated in the new world? This the Abbé felt to be an unwelcome question, embarrassing as it was to his long-cherished hypothesis, and bearing, as it did, with no light pressure on his courtesy and good-breeding. But no matter; nothing was deemed by him either sacred or sound which did not, in all respects, accord with his philosophy. With every possible expression and manifestation, therefore, of high-bred Parisian politeness, he affirmed his belief of the degeneracy of man under the deleterious influence of the American climate.

Franklin rejoiced at this decision, because it placed the little Frenchman completely in his power, and gave to his own *ruse*, in relation to him, the most perfect success. His reply, therefore, which was brief, was to this effect:—

My opinion, Mr. Abbé, is in opposition to yours. But the ques-

tion between us cannot be correctly resolved by words. It is not a matter of common argument, but of actual demonstration. It can be decided only by observation and comparison. Will you, therefore, with the three French gentlemen on each side of you, have the goodness to rise from your seats, and stand up, while I, and the three Americans on each side of me, will do the same, and the company present will favor us with their judgment on what they may see?

The proposition being accepted, was instantly carried into effect. And then were seen, standing erect, on one side of the table, seven Frenchmen, each about five feet six or seven inches high, and slim in proportion; and on the other side seven Americans—Franklin himself, whose height was five feet ten or eleven inches, being the lowest, while each of his companions was full six feet high, and all of them possessed of broad frames and swelling muscles.

A result so inexpressibly ludicrous attracted the eyes and excited the merriment of every one present, the waiters themselves not excepted. There stood, facing each other, competitors for pre-eminence in size (the comparison and decision to be made by those immediately around them), seven natives of the Old and seven of the New World; the latter so vastly superior in all their dimensions as to convert the spectacle into little else than a contrast of giants and pigmies. The consequence was that there came down on the poor Abbé an outbreak of irrepressible laughter, which, for the time, swept his hypothesis, like chaff before the wind, and, in a manner the most significant and decisive, announced his discomfiture. He bore his defeat, however, with perfect good-humor, acknowledged that Monsieur l'Embassadeur had out-negotiated him, and gained a temporary advantage over him, but contended that his opinion was notwithstanding correct, and that coming time would secure to him the victory.

To myself as a boy, at a period not long after that of the event just related, there occurred a very favorable opportunity to test the truth of the dogma respecting American degeneracy, at least so far as boyhood was concerned. And it was eagerly embraced and strenuously acted on without delay.

As pupils in the same school where I was receiving the rudiments of my education, were six European lads, of about the same

age and size with myself. Of these, three were from Ireland, two from England, and one from Scotland. And, so recently had they arrived in the country, that neither of them had as yet exchanged a shade of the ruddy complexion of his native land for the more imbrowned and manly complexion of our Southern States, where, as will hereafter appear, I myself had been born, and where I then resided.

Between those youthful Europeans, and about an equal number of native Americans (I myself being one of them), very much resembling them in size and years, a contest for superiority soon commenced, and was carried on by each party, with great resolution, perseverance, and zeal. Nor was it confined to any one kind of excellence or accomplishment, but embraced every sort, corporeal and mental, of school-boy and youthful exercises and attainments. The art of pugilism was alone excluded from the list of our sports, on account of its aptness to lead to resentment and battle.

This contest, which our youthful pride raised to such consequence, as, in our own estimation, to invest it with nationality, and render it, in some measure, a second revolutionary struggle—this contest, I say, however uncertain in its issue it might have been deemed at first, did not long continue doubtful. From its very commencement, so successful were the Americans in almost every trial of every description, that they soon ceased to consider their antagonists as worthy, much less as powerful and formidable rivals. And their success and superiority suffered no material change, except that of regular increase, until their triumph was complete. Not a single European boy, though some of them were dexterous and clever, was judged pre-eminent in a single point. So uniform was the result of nearly every trial, and to such an extent did the discomfiture of the young foreigners prevail, that the poor lads became dispirited and cowed, and, in their pride of both person and country, so deeply mortified as to contemplate an immediate abandonment of the school. This design, however, was met as soon as discovered, and its accomplishment prevented, by the more manly and magnanimous of the young victors, who promptly took under their protection the vanquished party, treated them with marked kindness and respect, and pro-

hibited those who were less liberal-minded from exulting over them.

Nor was this the only occasion on which I was engaged in trials similar to that just narrated. In at least a dozen of similar instances have I been concerned during my youth in like contests (for I took measures to produce them), and almost uniformly with a similar issue. In every trial were the Americans more or less triumphant. Hence the opinion, which I formed in boyhood, and still retain, because I think it true, that, instead of being a degenerate race, Caucasian natives of the United States are superior in natural endowments to their European ancestors. And that the same is true of the African race, no one informed on the subject can doubt. Those negroes born and reared in this country are, in both body and mind, very strikingly superior to their African progenitors. And that the male descendants of Englishmen and Irishmen born in America generally surpass their fathers in stature, is a fact, of the truth of which I have long ago convinced myself by actual admeasurement on an extensive scale.

Hence also, in proportion to the amount of our native population, it is believed that we have had, in the United States, within the present century, a larger—I was near saying a much larger body of able and distinguished men, than has appeared in any of the countries of Europe. But they are chiefly men of active business and public affairs—civil and military, mechanical and commercial. Our time for distinction in science and letters has not yet arrived. But it is approaching, with encouraging rapidity, and (may its foreshadowing be trusted) promises to be a period of unrivalled glory. Notwithstanding the rude and impotent taunts of certain British writers, no other nation has ever, under like circumstances, produced, in an equal period, half, perhaps quarter as many able and distinguished works of mind, in the forms of closet compositions, and public speeches of various kinds, as has the United States, within the present century—especially within the last twenty-five or thirty years of it.

It is believed, moreover, that the improved original condition of the native American mind has not yet reached its utmost elevation—but is still rising and ripening with the progress of time. For there is reason, if not for conviction, at least for strong suspicion, that up to the present period, the constitutions of our

native population have not felt and realized the entire effect of the ameliorating influences, physical, intellectual, political, and moral, which our country possesses, and dispenses to its inhabitants—I mean that the Caucasian race, or rather the Anglo-Saxon variety of it, have not yet inhabited the United States long enough to be thoroughly naturalized and acclimated in it—that they have not yet experienced, in their organization, and native endowments, all the changes and improvements, which the great aggregate of new or modified causes, natural and factitious, constantly acting on them, especially in the northern temperate zone of the New World, is calculated to produce—in a word, that they have not yet had time to become thorough-bred natives of the country where they have been born, and which they now inhabit. Nor will they, in all probability, be thus metamorphosed and accomplished for ages to come. And, until the consummation of that change, the complete power, efficiency, and productiveness, corporeal and mental, of the man of America, having never been manifested and witnessed, cannot possibly be known.

Were I asked the reason why I believe in the natural superiority of the American mind over the mind of Europe, my reply would be to the following effect:—

I believe in the superiority referred to, because, if I mistake not, the belief comports with the result of observation—all the circumstances of the case being duly considered.

Waiving this reason, however, my belief rests on another, which I consider less disputable.

The strength and general excellence of the mind depend on the size, tone, temperament, and general excellence of the condition of the several organs of the brain. This position is as sound and tenable, as is that which maintains that the power and efficiency of muscles are proportionate to their size, tone, temperament, healthfulness, and degree of innervation. And, to every correct and enlightened physiologist, this latter truth is as clear and satisfactory as is that involving the maxim that "things equal to one and the same thing are equal to one another."

But there exist two classes of causes, one of them called physical, and the other moral, which, in their full and fair operation, tend as directly and necessarily to give to the organs of the brain size, strength, tone, and all the other elements of excellence, as

vapor does to rise, and rain-drops and other ponderous bodies to descend. Of these causes, the physical ones, consisting chiefly of atmospherical air, light, caloric, electricity, water, and food, may be regarded as on a par with each other in point of quality and quantity, in the New World and the Old. But, in the former (the New World), especially in the United States, the case, as respects the moral causes, is exceedingly different. They consist of the various pursuits and employments, modes of enterprise and influence, whether civil or military, commercial, naval, or connected with the arts, which are calculated to give exercise, and, as its natural effects, all the elements of activity and excellence to the brain. And in comparison with their condition, in every other country, they predominate not a little, in amount and value, in the United States.

In this country, such is the nature of our free institutions—I mean the boundless facility and encouragement they afford to ambition and enterprise of every description, with all their concomitants (our social condition being in perfect harmony with them)—that the human brain experiences, among us, vastly more of excitement and exercise, than it does among any other people on earth. And that excitement and exercise, I say, adds to the size and strength of the brain, and augments its excellence, as the organ of the mind, with as much certainty, as does a like condition of action increase the size and strength of the blacksmith's arm, and of the lower limbs of the pedestrian, and the opera dancer. Of actual necessity, therefore, if the mind of the United States be not, by nature already superior to that of any other nation (which I believe it to be), it must become so, in the progress of time. It may be erected into a maxim, and safely regarded and acted on as such, that, all other things being equal, the greater amount of national freedom which any civilized people enjoy, the greater will be the strength, the wider the grasp, and the higher the tone and standing of their minds. I mean, of course, their minds, as fashioned by the hand of nature, independently of the effects of education. And being, like all other constitutional qualities, hereditary, native mental superiority becomes, in time, a settled and permanent national characteristic.

Am I asked by what means a man may increase the power and activity of his native mental faculties? I answer by augmenting

the size, and raising to a higher order the tone and temperament of the cerebral organs, to which the mental faculties, whose improvement is required, belongs. And the requisite increase in the size, temperament, and tone of the organs referred to, can be easily effected by suitably exercising them. Employ them in action, judiciously and skilfully, as respects time and degree, each on its appropriate object—and the work is done. Under such treatment, the cerebral organs are certainly improved in power, readiness, and adroitness of action, as muscles and joints are, under similar training.

These remarks lead me, with sufficient directness, to offer a few thoughts on the truth and importance of the apothegm, that, where nature alone makes one individual a man of great distinction and usefulness, education and training make thousands. Indeed, it would be virtually true to assert, that education and training alone actually produce great distinction and usefulness; while, at furthest, nature does nothing more than lay the foundation for them, by bestowing on men the requisite capacities.

Dr. Priestley was in the habit of offering himself as, at once, an illustration and proof of the truth of this position. Often has he assured me, in presence of other young men, by way of encouragement, that all his ascendency in science and letters over those who had been his school and college fellows, he owed to his ascendency over them in industry and perseverance in study. In his own plain and rather homely language, he frankly declared, that some of his fellow-students were "smarter lads" than he was, and could do more in a given time; but that, during the long English school and college vacations, they bestowed their time on mere sports and amusements, or spent it in idleness; while, during the same periods, he lost not from his studies, of some sort, so much as a single day. And no sooner were their college and university courses ended, than their philosophical and general literary studies were also ended; while his own were but little more than fairly begun. From an ardent love and insatiable thirst for knowledge, he still devoted to the cultivation of the field of it just referred to, a given portion of his time, and appropriated the remainder to the study of a profession, or of some new department of science.

The results of those different modes of proceeding by young Priestley and his late fellow-students, were themselves equally

different. The latter gentlemen, who had abandoned scientific studies, necessarily retrograded, and lost much of what they had previously learned; whereas the former one, who perseveringly adhered to them, made still further progress in them, and thus, by a compound gain, left far in his rear all who had been at first alongside of him, and probably some who had been, at one time, in advance of him. The final issue was, what must always more or less ensue in such cases, that he became the illustrious philosopher, enlarging by his labors, to a vast extent, the boundaries of science, and by his writings, replete with original matter, instructing every portion of the civilized world in which a taste for science had been awakened; while the less industrious and ambitious associates of his early years loitered through life in comparative idleness, toiled along in professional mediocrity, or made their way in some other condition more obscure and less creditable.

Now, though I am far from contending that all the industry and perseverance they could have practised would have moulded each of those individuals into a Priestley; yet, I do contend, that a steady and strenuous course of the kind would have brought them much nearer to such a model than they ever approached, and might have rendered them, in some of the walks of life congenial to them, even distinguished men, and benefactors of their race.

Might I again refer to the course and incidents of my own life, and their consequences, I would say, that most of what I have accomplished, beyond the attainments and achievements of the acquaintances of my youth (and the surplus is not inconsiderable), has been the result of my superior ambition, industry, and perseverance. The following anecdote of my youth tends to the confirmation of this truth, and shows how resolute and aspiring was my spirit, and how lofty my aim, at that early period. In the course of the first winter of my attendance on the lectures in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, the late Dr. Blythe, then a clergyman, who had settled in Lexington, Kentucky, visited Philadelphia with a view to the procurement of pecuniary contributions toward the erection and establishment of what was first the Lexington, or Kentucky Seminary, but was afterwards merged in Transylvania University. I asked him,

as an acquaintance, to accompany me to a lecture by Dr. Rush, who was then in the zenith of his life and celebrity.

Seated by my side, and seeing me deeply absorbed in listening and taking notes, Blythe said to me, in an undertone: "I suppose, from your earnestness and industry, that you intend to be yourself a professor hereafter?" My reply, as my interrogator, during his subsequent lifetime frequently stated, was equally prompt and decisive: "Yes, sir; I shall never be satisfied until (pointing earnestly toward the lecturer) I be seated in that chair, or in one equal to it." And I was in earnest; not in either a banter or a jest. Nor did the ambition, which was already kindled, cease to burn in me, with the uninterruptedness of a vestal fire, until it was gratified. And, had it not been for an unlooked-for and insuperable combination of adverse circumstances, I should have occupied the very chair which had been filled by Dr. Rush; and, in that case, never perhaps have seen the Mississippi Valley.

But my view of the matter in question (however manly and independent it may be held by persons of old-school sentiments and habits, and in whatever degree it may be accounted abstractedly and morally correct) was, as the issue demonstrated, indiscreet and impolitic, in its relation to success. Young men, therefore, who are competitors for office or place, will not be likely, during this era of artifice and intrigue, to enhance the probability of their attaining their object by adopting it as a truth, and sternly adhering to it as a rule of action. By this remark, however, I do not mean to condemn it as a departure from rectitude. Far otherwise. It bespeaks an adherence to that attribute, and ought to be a rule of action by both candidates and electors; and, where honor, honesty, and competency prevail and direct, it is the rule with both.

But I have not yet made known to the reader what the view entertained by me on the subject, and to which reference has been made, actually was. That he may judge of it for himself, then, it shall be now stated, and is as follows:—

I both hoped and believed, that, provided I should make such acquirements in medical science, medical history, and their collateral branches, in general literature, especially in Belles-Lettres composition, and in the art of public speaking, as to be able to present, with respect to those accomplishments, a stronger claim

to the chair in question than any other candidate, and an equal one in reference to all else pertaining to fitness of standing and character; I felt persuaded (or at least endeavored to feel so), that, under the circumstances, the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania would regard it as their duty to elect me to the chair as soon as it should become vacant.

In this, however, I was mistaken. Dr. Chapman, possessed of more tact than I had, at least than I chose to employ, even when so much was at stake, conciliated the good-will and favor of the Board of Trustees; and the chair was bestowed on him; notwithstanding the almost universal admission, that my qualifications for it were not a little superior to his. I presented, moreover, to pupils a much better example than he did, in relation to industry and perseverance in study. For, in relation to that highly and justly distinguished gentleman, it is and has been known, during his whole life, that he is an irregular student—or rather, that he cannot be correctly said to be a student at all. He is not even an extensive reader of original works, but depends for his knowledge of them almost entirely on reviews, united to conversations with those who have perused them. By nature he is abundantly gifted with intellect, acquires knowledge from books and other sources with uncommon facility, and, as a man, ranks with the most high-minded and honorable of our race.

Were it not, moreover, for the nasal twang of his voice, he would be pre-eminently eloquent; and even with that vocal defect, he ranks with the most eloquent teachers of the day; I shall further add, that, after his elevation to the chair, he had the candor to acknowledge that he was more indebted, for his success, to the friendship of the Board of Trustees, than to any other cause.

One reminiscence more on the subject. To show Professor Chapman's opinion, at the time, of my qualifications to teach, truth warrants me in stating the following facts. And I make the statement with no design to insinuate that the Professor was not capable of making himself his arrangements for teaching. Far from it. He was capable—abundantly capable. But he had not yet made them.

To aid him, therefore, in the duties of his chair, I wrote and published, at his request, my *Notes on Cullen's Outlines*, to which

he subsequently, for several years (I know not how many) referred as the text-book of his lectures.

I also furnished him with manuscript lectures, which I had prepared for my own use, on "General Pathology." Those he returned to me; and they are now in my possession.

During the first winter of his labors in the chair which had been occupied by Dr. Rush, I likewise composed for him the outlines of his Lectures on eruptive diseases.

I repeat, that I have made this statement, not in disparagement of Professor Chapman (who is one of the most distinguished medical teachers of the day), but as a reminiscence of the connection which subsisted between him and myself; and of the favorable opinion he entertained of my qualifications as a medical teacher, a scholar, and a writer.

From an early period of my life I was actuated by a form of ambition, and a love of disquisition and mental contest, which not only marked in me somewhat of a peculiarity of native mind and spirit, but tended also to strengthen them.

I never read a book of any description, without making, from the beginning to the end of my perusal of it, a continued effort to detect errors and faults in it, and to determine how, in my own view, they might be corrected and amended. This was the case very especially in relation to poetic productions, and to works on the philosophy of nature, as she presents herself in the phenomena and general economy of our globe. And even in reading novels, romances, and other forms of moral fiction, I rarely failed to fancy, that, in their trying toils, perils, and adventures, the heroes and heroines of the story behaved, in some way, improperly; and that, had I been in their places, I would have acted differently, and to better effect.

That this turn of mind, and its consequent course of action were and are equivocal, in their tendency and effects, producing a mixture of good and evil, cannot be denied. While they create in those whom they actuate, a disposition, when reading, to observe and remember, examine and compare, with more accuracy than would otherwise be practised by them, they carry the spirit and habit of doubting so far as to make an approach to settled skepticism, if they do not actually terminate in it.

Not only does a course of this kind surpass every other mode

of inquiry and research, in producing a strict attention to the book of nature, and awakening a high veneration for its contents, with which those of all works from the press are diligently and faithfully compared; it proves the cause of a comparative if not a complete indifference toward the contents of the latter sort of books; unless they are found on a thorough comparison, to correspond in all respects with those of the former. The slightest difference between them causes, as it ought to do, an immediate discredit and rejection of the doctrines, systems, and theories contained in even the most favorite and popular productions of the human pen.

From the action and influence of the causes just referred to, so powerful, in many cases, does a predilection for the direct evidence and authority of nature become, as to throw more or less into disparagement and disbelief, not only all things deemed unnatural, or supernatural, but even such as are only unaccountable and wonderful. Hence, the well-known fact that a mental habit of the kind I am considering, which, at first, is but incredulity and doubt, is often strengthened and ripened into actual infidelity.

That, in the opinion of some of my connections, this view of the subject came too near being verified, in relation to myself, is not to be denied. For I did not refrain from scrutinizing, and even criticizing certain portions of the Old and New Testaments, and comparing them with and testing them by what has been correctly termed the "Elder Revelation," (the Word of God, spoken through the works and ways of nature,) any more than I refrained from doing the same with productions altogether human. Nor, resolved as I was on fair and impartial criticism, and through that, on the disclosure and defence of truth alone, do I think that, in the course I pursued, there was anything incorrect, or in the slightest degree blameworthy. On the contrary, I contended in my youth, and still contend, that of those doctrines and creeds believed to be connected with our everlasting condition, the soundness and purity ought to be more thoroughly and unsparingly scrutinized and tested, than should those of beliefs and opinions of a less solemn and important nature. Such appears clearly to me to be the decision of reason and common sense, however much fanatics and bigots may condemn and denounce it. The weightier a creed is, and the more essentially it is believed to involve our

endless happiness or misery, the more cautiously should it be adopted and relied on, and the more conclusive should be the evidence by which it is sustained.

Allied in character to my disposition to detect and expose the errors of opinion, and the falsity of reputed facts recorded in books, was another quality which I possessed, and habitually manifested, in debating societies. It was a propensity to array myself in discussion, on what I knew, or at least on what was believed to be the wrong side of the question under consideration. in order the more certainly to produce discussion, by my advocacy of a paradox, and make a show of my ingenuity and ability, in defence of error. For I contended that error alone required ingenuity and ability in its defence—truth being susceptible of defence by an exposition of facts so plain and simple as to be quite feasible to the most common abilities.

In consequence of my indulgence of this ambidextrous turn and power of mind, active and animated discussion was rarely, if ever, wanting in a debating society, when I was present. And thus were intellectual adroitness and vigor necessarily acquired by speaking members, beyond what they would have possessed, had the practice referred to never been introduced. And, at times, perhaps, the truth of some controvertible point was rendered more obvious than it would have been had not the controversy been held. Of the course pursued by me, such were some of the advantages.

But that course had also its counter-column of disadvantages. not only to others, but also to myself.

In the view of those members whose minds were neither very clear, nor vigorous and discriminating, truth was not unfrequently rather obscured than brightened, by the sophistry employed, the cause of error temporarily strengthened, and its mischievous accompaniments and consequences more widely diffused.

Nor on myself did that influence promise to be altogether harmless. I either discovered or fancied, after a time, that if my actual perception of truth was not impaired, my sacred regard for it was likely to be shaken and unsettled, the fervor of my zeal to distinguish it from error perhaps somewhat abated, and my resolution, in all cases, to aid in defending it diminished.

Nor was this the whole amount of the mischief that threatened

me. I further discovered that a young man, of a lively and ardent imagination, and an inventive and ingenious mind, may take ground in debate on the side of a contested point, which he knows to be unsound and indefensible, and yet in the course of a few earnest discussions of it, by the very witchery of his own sophistry, seduce himself into the belief that it is founded in truth. In plain terms, that he may, to use a common and homely form of expression, "make the wrong side of a question appear to be right," not only to others, but even to himself.

No sooner were these discoveries made, their truth established, and the entire compass of their prejudicial effects detected, than I abandoned the defence of known error, and resolved, during the remainder of my life, to defend in discussion no position not believed by me to be true. And such is the only course which honesty and sound morals permit us to pursue. Since the date, moreover, of my resolution on the subject, to that course I have strictly adhered.

With this, I close my perhaps unwisely protracted series of preliminary remarks. To the intelligent and attentive reader, the fact itself is too plain to render it necessary for me to acknowledge it, or even refer to it, that they are desultory, without system, and, in many places, without much affinity between topics, which the narrative brings into immediate connection.

Notwithstanding these faults, however, I am unwilling to resign the belief, already stated with sufficient confidence, that they contain matter worthy to be examined, reflected on, treasured up, and practically employed, by the youthful and aspiring, as awakeners of praiseworthy sentiment, suggesters of correct thought, and safe and useful guides of action in the multifarious pursuits and transactions of life.

CHAPTER I.

My ancestral name—Whence derived—Uncle Davy—My father—My mother's family—Col. Murray—His exploits—My birth—Mecklenburg County, North Carolina—Go to school—My teachers—Progress—Begin Latin—Build a log study—Lose my parents—Teach in an academy—Remove to another—Resolve to study medicine.

Of my ancestral connections I shall say but little, because my knowledge of them is very limited, and, even of that which I possess, no inconsiderable proportion is traditionary, rather than historical. May a time-worn family legend be credited, they were, on the paternal side, of French descent; and their original name was Colville. At a remote period, as the legend informs us, three brothers of that name rendered themselves conspicuous, and, of course, very obnoxious, in some forbidden adventure of state. So far did they carry their reputed crime as to incur by it a liability to capital punishment. In consequence of this they were outlawed, and a price was set on each of their heads. An attempt being made to arrest them, one of them fell in defending himself; while the other two, escaping uninjured, fled to Great Britain, which they chose as their future home; the elder settling in England, and the younger in the north of Ireland. From those two brothers, whose name, either immediately, for concealment, or slowly, by the mutation which time produces on proper names, as well as on other forms of arbitrary speech, have sprung all the Caldwells of the British isles, and their numerous descendants in the United States.

Such is the tradition. For its authenticity I hold myself in no other light responsible than that of having recorded it substantially as I received it in a letter, addressed to me nearly fifty years ago, by a very venerable paternal uncle, then at his hereditary home, in the north of Ireland. As reminiscences of various sorts are to make a portion of the book I am writing, I hope I

shall be indulged, by the courteous reader, in introducing a few respecting my kinsman, who, whatever niche he might have occupied in the temple of fame, was far from being either a common or an insignificant personage. Be it borne in mind, however, that I never saw him, and must, therefore, draw on report (a sad deceiver, in many cases, though not so, I believe, in the present one) for all I purpose to say in relation to him. The record I am about to make is deemed the more appropriate to my present purpose, as it serves to show, to a certain extent, "what sort of stuff my ancestral family was made of." For he, of whom I am about to speak, was not, in many of his uncommon qualities, greatly dissimilar to several of his kinsmen.

Uncle Davy, as he desired and delighted to be familiarly called by all his kindred (no matter what might be their real relationship to him), but Sir David Caldwell, (the name which he received from everybody else), was an Ajax in personal strength and courage, and, when opposed and chafed, scarcely inferior to that hero in fiery resentment and steadfastness of purpose. Yet was he, when properly approached and addressed, as flexible in yielding and following, as he was, under the influence of opposite circumstances, stubborn in resistance, intractable in resolution, and positive in command. While no form of danger from assailants, however powerful and formidable, could move him, except to repel or return it, a kind word, a mild entreaty, and a suppliant look, from the feeble and unprotected, were sufficient to lead him to any reasonable concession or act of beneficence in his power. To what I have already said of him, I need hardly add, that he was a stanch monarchist, patriot, and aristocrat; prepared, at all times, to fight and fall for his king, country, and paternal inheritance.

There was but one branch of science in which Sir David was thoroughly skilled, and that was heraldry. In it he took great delight, and was proud of his attainments in it.

As far as I am informed on the subject, he was the only devoted and thorough-bred genealogist that ever belonged to the Caldwell family. But his devotedness and love toward it were, in ardor and amount, altogether sufficient for scores of families.

That he might trace the Caldwell genealogy up to the very root of that of the Colville family, he made a voyage to France,

and spent a year in travelling through Normandy, the reputed place of residence of his ancestors, and in ransacking heraldic libraries, and poring over huge antiquated tomes with which they furnished him, before he condescended to pay a visit even to Paris. And when at length he made his visit, it was not to admire and enjoy the beauties of that metropolis, but to examine, on a broader scale, repositories of heraldry.

During this sojourn in France, Sir David collected materials, out of which he constructed a spacious genealogical map of the Caldwell and Colville family, which was proudly suspended in the great hall of his ancestral castle.

At the period of Sir David's youth, all the young gentry in Ireland were carefully trained in the use of arms. In swordmanship, the most fashionable and elegant branch of the art, he became peculiarly dexterous and celebrated. In the use of the broad, as well as of the small sword, his surpassing strength and activity, united to great acquired skill, the uncommon length and quickness of motion of his arm, and a degree of fearlessness and self-possession which nothing could appall or disturb, rendered him, as was believed, unequalled in his day. Even the admirable Crichton, admitting the truth of all that has been reported of him, was scarcely his superior. He never himself *gave* a formal challenge to combat, and never declined acceptance of one when received. He was twice summoned to meet a champion with the small sword, and each time disarmed his antagonist, and took possession of his sword.

In matters of money, Uncle Davy was, at times, so utterly self-inconsistent that he seemed to have two minds, the very opposites of each other. When under the influence of one of them, his pecuniary outlays were wantonly extravagant, and, under that of the other, he was a miser. Of the matchless restrictiveness of the latter he made one manifestation, which, among many others, deserves perhaps to be recorded.

Having no very exalted opinion of physicians, he was always, when indisposed, his own doctor. On one occasion, being more than usually deranged in health, he sent to an apothecary, purchased from him some medicine and directions for taking it, and began its use; but so unsuitable was it to his case and constitu-

tion, that each succeeding dose rendered him worse and worse, until his condition became alarming.

Under these circumstances, his friends and household entreated him to desist from taking the medicine, and call in a physician; but he refused to do either, declaring that he could not afford to throw away a heavy sum of money on the drugs of an apothecary (perhaps half a crown), and that he was therefore resolved to swallow them to the last drop and grain, be the consequence what it might. And he did so, unmoved by the distress, and, for once, even by the tears of those around his sick-bed, notwithstanding his customary sensibility and ready concession to that form of appeal. But he fortunately recovered, according to his own account of the matter, "naewithstanding the pooshen of the apothecary and his ain crookit temper;" and then bound himself by a promise "neer again to gie grief to other folk better than himsel, by acting like a spoiled brat for sae silly a raison."

Though the practice of deep table-drinking was universal, in his day, among the gentry of Ireland, Sir David was, notwithstanding, in person, a man of exemplary temperance. Never, in either body or mind, was he known to falter or lose his propriety, from the influence of wine. Nor did he waste his time unnecessarily at table. Leaving his friends and guests in the banquet-room to their enjoyment of the joke, the song, and the wine-goblet, he betook himself to the regulation of some of the concerns of his estate and his tenantry, or to the benefit and pleasure of exercise and amusement in the open air.

Such was Uncle Davy (*alias* Sir David Caldwell), a high-bred gentleman; who, notwithstanding the oddities and foibles which made part of his character, was the pride of his family and the idol of his tenants; who never forgot or deserted a friend, nor yielded to an enemy; who was regarded during his life, and is probably remembered even now, as the advocate, at least, if not the guardian of the upright and the orderly, and as the terror always, and at times the avenger of evil-doers, within the sphere of his action.

Another peculiarity of Sir David was his uncommon longevity. The precise age to which he attained I have not been able to learn, but have reason to know that it amounted to at least one

hundred and ten years—I think, to somewhat more. Nor am I informed to a certainty, of the time of his death. The event occurred, however, not far from the year 1810. Neither am I accurately apprised of the manner and circumstances of his decease. Intelligence, however, received many years ago, from an Irish gentleman, who had some knowledge of him, gives me ground to believe that he died of an acute disease, having been spared almost entirely, notwithstanding his vast accumulation of years, the infirmities and disabilities of centenarian age.

Supposing Sir David's genealogical account of our ancestors to be correct, I am a descendant of the younger branch of the Colville family. But, whether correct or not, I am of pure Hibernian descent, my father and mother having been natives of the county Tyrone, and province of Ulster, in the north of Ireland; from which they emigrated in 1752—the year in which the calendar was changed from old style to new.

My father being a younger son, received but a slender inheritance, in the expenditure of which there is reason to believe he was not very sparing. He bore, in his youth, a lieutenant's commission in the royal service, where, on one or two occasions, he so distinguished himself, as to attract the favorable notice of his commander, and, more flattering to him still, of Sir David, his elder and wealthier brother, who did not fail to declare his conviction that "that spendthrift young dog, Charley, if he did not break his neck in some of his freaks, or fall in a duel, or be killed in some other mad-cap affray, would yet become a general—ay, and a brave one, too." The young lieutenant, notwithstanding his wildness and extravagance (which, however, he afterward abandoned), possessed indeed many qualities well fitted to excite and secure the attention and regard of a man like Sir David. Besides having proved himself one of the most gallant of soldiers, he was a youth of uncommon personal comeliness, activity, and strength, a bold and elegant horseman, and, like his elder brother, and for the same reasons, surpassingly expert in the use of the sword—the broad as well as the small—and on horseback as well as on foot. In proof of the correctness of these latter remarks, I myself saw him, when very near his seventieth year (I being a small boy), attacked by two young cowards (such they must have been) on horseback, each armed with a cutlass, he on foot,

and having no weapon of defence but a young bark-covered hickory-stick, which he carried as a cane—as a *staff*, he did not yet need it. With that he instantly disarmed the young ruffian, who, having dismounted from his horse, first approached him, snatched up his fallen sword, and instead of cutting him down with it, as he at first intended, turned the blade, as it descended with great force, gave him with the side of it so severe a blow on the head, as to prostrate and stun him; and then, rushing on the other, who had also dismounted, put him to immediate flight. He then took possession of the two horses (a couple of young kinsmen having come to his assistance), and quietly led them (unmoved by the remonstrance and entreaty of the discomfited knights, who, in deep mortification, followed him) to a neighboring village, that the adventure, as he said, might be terminated in the presence of a sufficient number of substantial witnesses. Having reached the place, and collected around him a number of persons, some of them looking grave, others laughing, and all wondering what was about to be done, he formally restored the captured horses and sword, utterly disgracing their cowardly owners, by a circumstantial recital of the preceding scene.

My mother was also of a family of highly reputable standing, but of no wealth, being a descendant (in what degree of consanguinity I know not) of Colonel Murray, who acquired great and lasting renown, during the famous siege of Londonderry, in the year 1688–9, by sundry feats in arms, but especially by meeting, on a challenge given and accepted in the field of battle, and killing, in single combat, Lieutenant-General Maimont, the most celebrated and heroic warrior in the besieging party—or indeed in the entire army of King James. The event had in it so much of the dashing and romantic chivalry of former times, as to deserve a brief descriptive notice.

The two champions commanded each a resplendent regiment of cavalry, in the hostile armies, and took part in the celebrated battle of Pennyburn Mill, just without the walls of Londonderry. Being the two most bold and gallant horsemen, as well as, from their splendid attire and high bearing, the two most conspicuous officers in the field, they necessarily attracted the attention of each other, in the movements of the day. Twice moreover they met, either by design or accident, exchanged and

parried a few cuts, with their swords (perhaps to try their mutual dexterity and mettle), and then swept triumphantly on in the tumult of action, staining their blades in less generous blood.

Their third meeting was on a challenge from Colonel Murray. in which it was formally stipulated that, though in the field of battle where death was around them, and between two armies as anxious spectators, they were to try their prowess and skill in arms alone, unaided by friends and undisturbed by foes.

One extract from a contemporary rhymer, though rather turgid and pompous, shows, in very bold and sounding terms, the exalted estimate set, by the writer, on Colonel Murray and all his movements.

> "Next unto thee (Londonderry) thy hero's praise I'll tell,
> By whose brave deeds the Irish army fell.
> Assist me Muse! whilst I their praises sing,
> With whose fam'd actions all the world doth ring.
> Hector was by the stout Achilles slain;
> Thrice his dead corpse around Troy's walls was ta'en.
> The Rutulan king the great Æneas slew;
> From David's sling a weighty stone there flew,
> Which sunk the proud Goliah down to hell—
> By Murray, Maimont, the French general, fell."—Lib. iii. sect. 1.

In fine, whoever will look into the productions of his contemporary eulogists, will perceive that those writers represent Colonel Murray as scarcely less than the alpha, the lambda, and the omega—the beginning, the middle, and the end, of the defence of Londonderry against the arms of King James. But to return from this episode.

Some time after his marriage, my father, to whom no very promising prospect of early promotion in military rank presented itself, soon found his pay, as lieutenant, insufficient to support his family, in the style in which he was ambitious to live, under the eye of his more opulent relations. And though Sir David cordially proffered him a home in his castle, when stationed in its vicinity, and liberal assistance elsewhere, he was of a spirit too proud and independent to accept the offer. He therefore disposed of his commission, emigrated to America, and settled in the (then) province (now State) of Delaware—Newark being the place of his immediate residence. Having remained there, for a few years, until by industry, frugality, and every other form of

prudence and good management he could bring to his aid, he had augmented his means to a sufficient extent to justify in him another effort to better his fortune; that effort was immediately made. In pursuit, therefore, of the object which constitutes the end and aim of civilized man (to improve his own condition, and provide for his family), he removed to a tract of country which constituted, at the time, the western frontier of the populated portion of North Carolina. In that region, which, but a short time previously, had been the home of the savage, whose haunts and hunting-grounds were still but a short distance remote from it, in Orange, now Caswell County, on Moon's Creek, a small branch of Dan River, about twenty miles south of the southern border of Virginia, he purchased a farm of considerable value, erected on it a "log cabin," and there took up his residence.

In that (then) wild and sequestered spot, on the fourteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two,* did I make my advent into this "breathing world."

I was the youngest child of a large family, several of whom, as I understood, had died before my birth; and of the remainder all but three, two brothers and a sister, died during my boyhood. I was also the only child of my parents that was born in a southern State. To none of my family, my father excepted, did I bear any strongly marked resemblance. But as often as I now look into a mirror, his image, in advanced life, is vividly before me.

During his residence in Delaware, my father had been a dealer in various articles of merchandise. After his settlement, however, in Carolina, he devoted himself chiefly to the cultivation of his farm. And, having but few slaves, he, in common with my two brothers, during their minority, labored in his fields, in both seedtime and harvest, with his own hands.

I being greatly the junior of my brothers, and also considerably younger than my sister, and therefore, I presume, the pet of the family, was destined from my childhood, for a liberal education. The cause of this destination I am not prepared very posi-

* Dr. Caldwell having left (at the time of writing this passage) a blank to be filled with the exact date of his birth, it has been supplied from an old Bible in which his age at the time of his marriage is recorded.—Editor.

tively to state. It could not have been the influence of the custom or fashion of the place in which I was born. On no other boy, within my knowledge, was such an education designed to be bestowed. I alone, within the whole vicinity, was to be a scholar.

My father's family mansion was neither very large nor very commodious. Every room in it was appropriated to some indispensable domestic purpose. I had, therefore, no apartment in which to pursue my studies alone and uninterrupted. And that, to me, was a serious grievance. For, though many persons profess to study closely and without annoyance, in the midst of noise and bustle, such is not the case with myself. I have never been able to apply my mind to any investigation or form of thought, with either intensity, profit, or satisfaction, much less with pleasure, except in silence, at least, if not also in solitude.

To remedy this evil, when but a boy, I spent an entire school-vacation term, amounting, as just mentioned, in the erection of a small but neat log cabin, about twenty paces distant from the family dwelling-house. True, I did not erect the entire building by my own labor. But I superintended and directed the whole, and performed in person no inconsiderable portion of the work. I shall never forget how severely I blistered my hands, by the helve of the axe, in felling and hewing small and straight young white-oak trees, to make logs for my study. But, notwithstanding the uneasiness produced by the blisters, their stiffening my fingers, so as almost to unfit me for using my pen, and the unsightly appearance they communicated to my hands, I steadily persevered in my enterprise, until the fabric was completed.

By the close of the vacation, my homely domicil, just sufficiently capacious to hold a small bed and table, and a few plain rush-bottom chairs, was finished. And in that place of noiseless retirement did I spend many a long and lonely night, from dark till near daylight, engaged in some form of mental exercise, when I was supposed by the family to be reposing on my pillow.

Such, at this early period of my life, was my ardor in quest of knowledge and letters, my determination to attain them, and, if possible, to excel in them. Aud, had I not thus labored, I could never have succeeded in any reputable degree in the accomplishment of my purpose. For this assertion I could render several plain and substantial reasons, one of which is as follows: My

teachers were miserably deficient in qualifications and means to instruct, as well as in industry and conscientiousness to that effect. I was compelled, therefore, to depend, in a great measure, on my own resources.

This, however, is a general truth, involving others no less than myself. Every person, whatever may be his opportunities, must be self-taught, else he is not thoroughly taught at all.

So rude and letterless, and so lamentably destitute of the means and opportunities for education was the tract of country in which I was born, that notwithstanding all the exertions my father, and a few of his most enterprising neighbors could make, no school for me could be procured, until I had completed a portion (more, I think, than the half) of my ninth year. And to it I was obliged to walk a distance of more than three miles, along a slight and devious foot or cow-path, through a deep and tangled forest, infested by wolves, wild-cats, snakes, and other animals, whose relation to man was the reverse of friendliness. But, though I occasionally saw those lawless rovers of the forest, they neither injured nor annoyed me, nor excited in me the least apprehension of danger; or, if I felt a little dread of any of them, it was of rattlesnakes, vipers, and moccasons, or yellow-heads, too near to some of which I, at times, incidentally trod, with unprotected feet—in plainer and more significant language—barefooted. For, except during the frosts of winter, and I was dressed for some particular purpose, my foot was never incumbered by a shoe; and I need hardly add, that when equipped in shoes, those appurtenances were, in material and structure, sufficiently homely.

During the period of my life which I am now describing (and to myself it was one of peculiar importance, in its relation as well to the development and constitution of my body as to the habits of my mind), the following (Sunday excepted) were my daily movements:—

After an early country breakfast, I set out for school, carrying with me, for my dinner, a piece of Indian-corn bread and a bottle of milk fresh from the cow. This was provision made for my body; nor was I forgetful of a like provision for my mind. As tributary to that purpose, I also carried along with me my book or books, and in due time my slate and pencil, which I brought

home with me in the evening as my companions and instructors until bedtime, before which period I rarely dismissed them.

Under these circumstances, I was left free to pursue my own course without being disturbed by requests to take any concern in the business of the household; an indulgence which contributed much to my gratification, and not a little to my benefit.

In the course of my first year at school, I became decidedly the best speller and reader in the institution; though several of my school-fellows were much older than I was, and had been two and three years under tuition. Yet, when I first entered school, a bare knowledge of the alphabet constituted my only attainment in letters. Within the year, I also acquired such command of my pen as to write a plain, bold, and ready school-boy hand (though I have never written an elegant one), and so far mastered figures as to pass with credit, and comparative *éclât*, through the elementary processes of arithmetic, and to become expert in the solution of questions in the single and double rules of three, as well as in the form of calculation called practice; and, in the crude and almost letterless community in which I resided, such attainments were regarded as reputable scholarship.

In less than another year I learned, of my own accord, and in my own way, to compose letters, addressed to imaginary correspondents (for I had no real ones), of which, however, I now regret that I never preserved, or even thought of preserving, a single composition. For, though not much enamored of whimsics, toys, or any sort of empty curiosities, I confess I should be gratified to see one of those crude productions, even a pattern of which for imitation I had rarely if ever seen, and toward the framing of which I had never received a single suggestion. Besides serving as a mirror, reflecting the original cast of my mind, before art had done anything to alter it, so remote is the period when it was brought into existence, that it might be regarded somewhat in the light of an antique, the growth and relic of a foregoing age.

Nor is all yet told. Added to my attainment in the art of letter-writing, I had also within the same period (long before the end of the second year) acquired all the remaining technical school-knowledge (and he possessed no other sort) which my teacher could impart to me.

Before the close of my second scholastic year, my father removed his residence and family from Caswell to that portion of Mecklenburg which now forms Cabarrus County, not far from the southern border of North Carolina. In that tract of country, which was not quite as unenlightened and barren in opportunities and means of education as that which he had left, he settled for life, and commenced the cultivation and improvement of a new and very valuable body of land.

Here I again entered a common English school, and, in five or six months, had the good or bad fortune, according as the case may be considered and construed, to be accounted a better scholar than my teacher. This fact, however, when taken in the abstract, and strictly interpreted, spoke but moderately in behalf of my scholarship. The standard by which my attainments were measured was far from being a lofty one. In plain terms, my teacher was again an illiterate, coarse, and conceited empty head; but very little if at all superior to the preceding one, of whom I have already spoken. I ought rather to pronounce him inferior; his intellect being in no respect better, and his temper much worse. He often severely and vulgarly rebuked boys, and inflicted on them at times corporeal punishment, on account of their deficiency in lessons and tasks, which he had shown himself to be unable effectually to expound to them.

Such were the two individuals; both of them dolts by nature, and disgracefully letterless and uninformed, to whose superintendence my English school education was intrusted. And here that course of education terminated. The entire period of it extended but little beyond two years; perhaps to two and a quarter.

Early in my twelfth year I commenced the study of the ancient languages. Here again I led, in part, the life of a forester. The school-house, to which I daily repaired, was a log cabin (the logs of it unhewn), situated in a densely wooded plain, upward of two miles distant from my father's dwelling. And my Dominie (so every teacher of Greek and Latin was then denominated) was, in some respects, of a piece with the building in which he presided. Though not cast in exactly the same mould, he was as odd and *outré* as Dominie Sampson. Yet was he a creature of great moral worth, being as single-minded, pure, and upright, as he was eccentric and unique; and he had an excellent intellect. To me he

was extremely kind and attentive, took boundless pains in my instruction, and, in no great length of time, taught me as much of Latin and Greek, English composition, and the art of speaking (alias declamation), as he knew himself. In "speaking," he taught me, or I acquired myself much more; for, in that accomplishment, he was lamentably deficient. Nature had irrevocably forbidden him to be an orator. His lips were so thin and skinny, tight-drawn, yet puckered over a set of long projecting teeth (making his mouth resemble that of a sucker), that he could never utter a full masculine sound. In his base tones he sputtered, and squeaked in his tenor; and the treble chord he could not reach at all. His person resembled a living mummy. It was little else than a framework of bone, tendon, and membrane, covered by a dingy skin, so tensely fitted to it as to prevent wrinkles. His entire figure was unmarked by the swell and rounding of a single muscle.

Still, I say, he was clever, in the highest and strongest meaning of the term. Besides instructing me much better than any other teacher had done, he gave me whole tomes of excellent advice, which was highly serviceable to me in after years; and which even now, in the winter of my life, I remember with a flush of gratitude and pleasure.

Soon after I left his school he left it also, and repaired to Princeton (in New Jersey), to fit himself, by higher and ampler attainments in college-learning, for the study of divinity. His sound scholarship and general merit being there discovered, he received soon after his graduation, as Bachelor of Arts, the appointment of first tutor in that ancient and respectable institution. His performance of the duties of the responsible station to which, though unasked for, he was thus promoted, was all that could be desired—faithful, conscientious, and able. But his tenure of it was brief. About nine months from the time of his appointment, the united toils of teaching and professional study struck him down, in a violent fever, accompanied by an inflammation of the brain, which, in less than a week, proved fatal to him.

Many years afterwards, I visited the cemetery where the relics of my early benefactor were deposited, and, not without some difficulty, found his lonely and neglected grave, honored only by its mouldering contents. Indignant at the disrespect with which it

had been treated, I had the wild weeds that grew around it plucked up, a covering of fresher sods laid over it, and a more respectable head and foot-stone erected, to mark more lastingly the consecrated spot. I next, with my own hands, placed in the earth around it a few flower-bearing plants, and then gazing on it for a moment, not perhaps without a moistened eye, bade it a feeling and final farewell. Poor Harris! Grow on and around his grave what may, neither the nettle nor the thorn, the brier nor the thistle, can derive from his clay congenial nourishment. He was one of the purest impersonations I have ever known of what is most valuable and attractive in mildness and amenity, unsophisticated kindness and good-nature.

I entered next an institution called an academy, in which, together with the ancient languages, were taught a few branches of science to which I was a stranger. Much to my regret, however, I found that also to be but a meagre concern. The teachers of it, though neither actually weak nor ignorant, were equally remote from being, in any measure, powerfully gifted, or extensively informed. But the worst feature of their case was, that they were destitute alike of skill and faithfulness in the art of teaching. But, far from having on me the slightest influence, through a disposition on my part to follow their example of idleness and neglect, that example but rendered me the more industrious and energetic; for I now clearly perceived that, for the accomplishment of my education, I must depend almost entirely on my own resources. To this view of the subject I adapted my measures, with all the assiduity, judgment, and firmness I could bring to the enterprise. And, by the close of my fourteenth year, I had made myself master of all the school and academical learning that could be furnished by the institutions of the region in which I resided. Perhaps I might amplify my representation of the case, and say that I now possessed as much attainment of the kind referred to as could be imparted to me at any institution then in the State of North Carolina; for, as yet, the University of that State had not been founded.

With this, I close the account of my literary pupilage in the South, but not of my literary education. That process I still continued, with unabated ardor, though I changed materially the

mode of conducting it; a measure which formed an epoch in the history of my life.

I was now virtually alone in the world, having followed both my parents to the grave, and to no control, except theirs, had I ever submitted; nor from any other source could I deign to take counsel. Too young, as well as, in my own opinion, too superficially educated to enter on the study of a learned profession, and not having at immediate command a sufficient amount of funds to enable me to repair to one of the distinguished northern colleges for the completion of my elementary education, I was induced, by a complimentary invitation, and the prospect of a liberal income, to place myself at the head of a large and flourishing grammar-school, situated in a remote and wealthy section of the State. That institution had at all times previously been under the direction of gentlemen somewhat advanced in years, and of acknowledged scholarship; and it contained, at the time of my appointment to it, several pupils from five to ten years older than myself. On different individuals, accordingly as they stood related to me, these circumstances made different impressions, and awakened in them different feelings and emotions. Among those who were friendly to me they produced, not unnaturally, some apprehension that, under my administration of it, young, inexperienced, and comparatively characterless as I was, the institution would decline in standing, and I lose the favorable repute for school-learning, steadiness, and efficiency, which I had already acquired. And certain individuals, who were envious and jealous toward me, flattered themselves with *a hope* to the same effect. And I confess that, sanguine and enthusiastic as my temperament was, and sufficiently confident as I was in my own capability and firmness, I was not myself entirely free from doubt on the subject. But that doubt I carefully concealed, and spoke and acted with confidence and resolution. For I had already learned that a strong will, a dauntless spirit, and promptness in action, are powerful means to insure success; while doubt, diffidence, hesitation, and delay, are prophetic of failure. I therefore, with boldness and promptitude, advanced to my purpose.

The gentleman who had preceded me in the direction of the school, acted toward me with a degree of kindness and liberality

which was highly honorable to him, and which I have never ceased to remember with gratitude.

In the government of the institution I found no difficulty. Discarding entirely the levity of youth, in which I had never but very moderately indulged, and assuming a deportment sufficiently authoritative, mingled with affability and courtesy of manner, I commanded, from the first act of my official duties, the entire respect and deference of my pupils. The elder and more intelligent of them conformed to order and good government from a threefold motive—the decorum and propriety of the measure, in a social and gentlemanly point of view—a conviction that submission to rightful authority is a moral duty, which cannot be violated without disrepute among the enlightened and the virtuous—and a sentiment of self-interest; for they had the sagacity very soon to perceive my ability to bestow on them lasting benefits, and my resolution to do so, provided they should deserve them.

A given portion of time excepted, which, for the benefit of the school, I deemed it my duty to devote to social intercourse, my intellectual labors became now more incessant and intense than they had been at any previous period of my life.

The exercises of instructing, directing, and governing during the day, were comparatively but amusements. My real labors were performed by candle-light.

That I might manifest a proud and triumphant preparation and capability to communicate instruction with readiness and ease in all the branches belonging to my departments, and establish a high reputation to that effect, I ran over, every night, before retiring to my pillow, the matters of recitation, especially those of the higher orders, that were to come before me on the following day. Or, if I had any number of evening engagements ahead, which were to be of some duration, I examined in one night the subjects of recitation for the corresponding number of succeeding days. For my resolution was settled, never, if able by any possible exertion to prevent it, to be found unprepared for my duty in the slightest particular.

Owing to these habits of unfailing punctuality and industry, accompanied by corresponding energy and perseverance, this was

one of the most instructive periods of my life. It gave me more exalted and correct ideas of precision and accuracy in intellectual action, than one person in ten thousand entertains, or than I had previously entertained—though I had always prized and endeavored to a certain extent to practise them. It also taught me experimentally the great importance and value of strict attention, as the source of accuracy. Nor did it fail to confirm my belief of the truth, and elevate my opinion of the usefulness, of Dr. Priestley's favorite and oft-repeated motto: "Qui docet, discit:" he who teaches others, instructs himself.

During this period I certainly learned more, I have reason to believe *much* more, than any pupil under my tuition. But whether I actually learned a greater amount or not, what I did learn, I certainly learned much more thoroughly and accurately than any of my pupils—because I was positively, and on principle, resolved to do so. And resolution, properly directed and sufficiently persevered in, can and does accomplish everything within the scope of human power.

That some portions of the foregoing narrative will appear to many persons extravagant, half-romantic, and perhaps even fictitious, I am prepared to presume, if not to believe. But that consideration does not move me. My own memory confirms and my love of truth approves of all I have written respecting myself. Neither the cavils nor the skepticisms of others, therefore, give me the least concern. Those who know me will believe me. The doubters and disbelievers, should any such exist, will be persons to whom I am not known. Hence their opinion will be negative, because it is without evidence, except what they may derive from their knowledge of themselves.

Should such skeptics allege that they could not have done what I assert to have been done by myself, and that therefore I did not do it; in that case, while I have no just ground to deny, nor do deny, their premises; they have none to affirm, and cannot justly affirm, their conclusion. The elements of their syllogism have no natural connection with each other. Their logic is therefore unsound and nugatory.

From this institution, which was called the Snow Creek Seminary, from being situated on a stream of that name, not far from the foot of the Bushy Mountains, in North Carolina, I was invited

by a body of gentlemen of standing and influence, to engage in the establishment of a school, of a similar character, about fifty miles distant, in a still wealthier and more cultivated tract of country. This invitation was flattering to me, on account of the high and growing opinion of my ability and qualifications which it manifested, and I promptly accepted it. To become the founder and father of a literary institution, about the commencement of my eighteenth year, was deemed by me an achievement not unworthy of my ambition, though already sufficiently high and enthusiastic. I accordingly embarked in the enterprise, without delay or hesitation, planned it with my best judgment and skill, aud urged the practical measures of it with all the ardor and energy of my nature.

And, without going into details and specifications, it may be sufficient to say, that agaiu was my success both rapid and brilliant.

At the head of the Centre Institute I continued for two years, during which time my studies were of a more miscellaneous character, than they had been at any previous period. My reading was general—almost exclusively, however, of a substantial and instructive nature, very little of it being either calculated or designed for purposes of amusement. Though it did not exclude works of *science*, technically so denominated, it consisted chiefly of history in its several departments; biography, travels, public speeches by distinguished orators, sermons included, ably written letters, and poetry. Though novels, romances, and other works of moral fiction, were not entirely neglected by me, they were read only in company, attended by comments and illustrative remarks, with a view to afford by them agreeable entertainment, and such instruction as they might be calculated to impart, and never during my hours of solitude and labor in my study. Nor did I fail to devote some portion of my time to a study in which, from my boyhood, I have peculiarly delighted—that of the philosophy or theology of nature, under a strict comparison of it with the theology of revelation, two branches of knowledge usually called "natural and revealed religion." I need hardly observe, that such exercises contributed not a little to expand and enrich, mature and strengthen my mind, and thus prepare it the more effectually for the study of whatever professional calling

I might subsequently adopt. For it is a mockery to call divinity, law, and medicine "learned professions," unless those who profess and pursue them, are *learned men*. And I blush for the professional degradation of my country, when I feel myself compelled to add, that such is far from being the case in the United States, under our present disgraceful neglect of letters.

At that era of my life I also commenced, in a more special and pointed manner, the study of human nature; not by the perusal of printed books, but of the Book of Nature. I mean, by observation on people around me. My first object was, to attain such a knowledge of human nature as might qualify me, in all cases, to hold intercourse with individuals, and society at large, in such a way, and on such terms, as might be most becoming, safe, and useful, as well toward others, as in relation to myself. Nor did I confine my studies to the acquisition of the knowledge of man, on a very limited scale. I extended them into that branch of natural history, denominated Anthropology, embracing the whole history and philosophy of man. In this enterprise in science I was induced to engage, by the late Reverend President Smith's celebrated Essay on the *Causes of the Variety of Color and Figure of the Human Race.* About that time the work made its appearance, first in pamphlet form; and was afterwards, in a second edition, enlarged to a treatise, occupying an octavo volume of four or five hundred pages. From my first perusal of that work, I expressed my disbelief of the hypothesis it contained, and, as will be hereafter more fully represented, subsequently reviewed it, with perhaps more severity than was either necessary or commendable. Notwithstanding my deep engrossment, by graver engagements, I found or created, during this period of my life, sufficient leisure to be able to hold, at times, a moment of light and sportive intercourse and dalliance with the muses. "In humbler English," as Peter Pindar expressed himself, I wrote and had printed, in, I think, the only newspaper then published in North Carolina, a number of brief articles, which the world called poetry. (And, be it a misnomer or not, they still bestow on such productions the same name.) Rhyme and blank verse, they certainly were. But, that they were deeply instinct with the spirit of poetry, I am not prepared very positively to aver. Be this however as it may, not one of them can be now adduced, to

testify either for or against my poetic endowments. Like the "baseless fabrics" of many other "visions," they long since dissolved, and left "not a wreck behind."

Having never designed to officiate as an instructor of youth for more than a few years, the time had now arrived when it was incumbent on me to make choice of a profession for life. I had been educated expressly for the Presbyterian pulpit—my family having been, through many generations, strict adherents to the Presbyterian sect, and most of them very sternly wedded to its distinctive tenets, principles of government, and form of worship. But, very early in life, and for sundry reasons satisfactory to myself, I had firmly resolved, and made my resolution known to those most deeply interested in it, not to devote myself to that calling. And I expressed a predilection for the profession of law. This choice, however, my father, during his lifetime, had so feelingly and inflexibly opposed and condemned, that, after his death, I did not consider it respectful to his memory, to persevere in my design. I therefore determined to decline the drudgery of all civil vocations, and to serve my country in a military capacity. But partly by an appeal to my feelings, and in part by argument, I was induced to relinquish that intention also, and to select for my destiny the profession of medicine. During this period of vacillation (the only one I remember to have ever experienced) I allowed several individuals who were my seniors in years, and who were supposed to be also my superiors in wisdom and knowledge of the world, to approach me, in the capacity of so many mentors, and tender to me their advice, respecting the suitableness, respectability, and advantages of a profession. But, though I listened to the remarks of all of them with courtesy and apparent respect, I attached to them, for what I considered a just and competent reason, but very little importance. The opinion and arguments of each of them differed from those of all the others, to such an extent as virtually to neutralize one another, and lose their effect. I was therefore obliged to draw on my own resources, and finally rely on my own judgment. And in schemes and enterprises of my own, I have rarely if at all, since that period, been troublesome to others by soliciting their opinions—I mean, the opinions of several on the same subject, and at the same time. It is seldom that a number of advisers take a sincere

interest in the person, or his concerns, who solicits their advice. Each adviser, therefore, as he is deemed wise by the solicitor, and more especially, as he deems himself wise, is much more apt to speak in gratification of his own pride of opinion, and with a view to support it, than for the exclusive benefit of him at whose request the opinion is given.

The remark that, "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety," has virtually passed into a proverb. But it does not possess the positive and unsophisticated truth indispensably necessary to render it a proverb. The benefit actually derivable from the advice of a "multitude of counsellors," provided it prove beneficial, is much more attributable to the judgment and wisdom of him who receives, than of those who tender advice. The latter only furnished the raw materials of decision, while, out of those materials, to render it valuable, the former must frame the decision himself. And the composer of a well-adjusted aggregate or compound requires a much greater amount of intellect and skill, than he does who merely supplies him with the ingredients of it. The construction of a watch or steam-engine is a higher effort of genius than is the mere supply of the materials out of which they are made.

In confirmation of the truth of the position here maintained, the example of Washington (and the records of man furnish none superior to it) may be successfully adduced. In all cases of moment and difficulty, in the field, he consulted his officers, in a council of war ; and, in the like cases, when in the chair of the chief magistracy of the nation, he did the same, in relation to his constitutional advisers. But, having fully possessed himself of the views of his council, he formed his decision, by deliberate reflection, in the solitude of his cabinet. And it may be truly said of him, that no other mortal, whose life stands on record, has ever committed so few mistakes as he did, in so diversified a contest, with so many new difficulties of such magnitude and intricacy.

But no inexperienced youth, unversed in the ways and transactions of the world, and unacquainted with the difficulties and dangers of life, and the means and modes of meeting and vanquishing them, can thus select and avail himself of the truths, and reject and escape the errors scattered through a mass of dif-

ferent and conflicting opinions and arguments. Let every such youth, therefore, who may need advice, and be in quest of it, instead of applying to a "multitude of counsellors," select a single individual, in whose wisdom and judgment, friendliness and fidelity, he can fully confide, and, in calm and deliberate counsel with him, decide on the agitated subject in question. It might seem rash to deny that, by such a procedure, good may be achieved. But, individually (though the remark may perhaps be ascribed to my vanity), I have always been most successful in my schemes, when I have acted at my own risk, and as my own counsellor. But, to return to my narrative, and commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Salisbury—My Preceptor—Dissatisfaction—Determine to go to Philadelphia—My friends in Salisbury—Henderson—Rev. Dr. Hall—Rev. Dr. Archibald—Military escort—First view of Washington—Its effects on me—Leave Salisbury.

I HAVE already observed, that, in relation to the choice of a profession, having consulted others, and seriously reflected on the subject myself, I had finally resolved to devote myself to medicine. And that resolution was accompanied by another, which should be deliberately formed, and conscientiously executed, by every youth, who aims at profession, office, or any other sort of public employment, as the occupation of his life. It was, that, conformably to what I had already done, in my previous studies, from motives of ambition, self-respect, and moral duty, I would now endeavor to do again, with all the resources I could bring to the task—attain to eminence and practical usefulness, in the profession I had chosen. Nor have I ever been faithless to that determination.

The better and more certainly to effect my purpose, by availing myself of the highest advantages for medical instruction that were then afforded by the tract of country in which I resided, I removed to the town of Salisbury, and placed myself under the tuition of a gentleman of reputation and standing, who had been not long previously graduated in medicine, in the University of Pennsylvania. But, in relation to the advantages for improvement which I had anticipated, I encountered a sad and mortifying disappointment. Though my preceptor was a man of respectable talents, and no inconsiderable stock of knowledge, and though he was exceedingly attentive and communicative to me, in conversation, that was almost the only source of which I could avail myself. He had no library, no apparatus, no provision for improvement in practical anatomy, nor any other efficient means of instruction in medicine. Had it not been for his appa-

rent and I believe sincere attachment to me, and my regard for him, as the brother of my former and only favorite teacher, Harris, of whom I have heretofore spoken, I would not have continued with him three months. But, from an unwillingness to mortify him, or in any way disoblige him, I protracted my stay for about a year and a half—an instance of self-neglect which I afterwards sincerely regretted—because it involved the most unqualified and indefensible waste of time I have ever committed.

Satisfied, however, at length, that I had already deferred too much to a sentiment of mere delicacy, to the gratification of my preceptor, the acquisition and retention of his friendship, and to a fruitless, though sincere desire on his part to serve me, I determined no longer to submit to a self-sacrifice which had become painful to me, and to a loss of time which could never be redeemed. Provided, therefore, with what funds I had already procured by my own exertions, and which I hoped to be able to increase, by the sale of a small patrimonial estate, I determined to proceed to Philadelphia, and prosecute my studies in the medical school of that place, which was then, as now, the most celebrated institution of the kind in the United States.

Before taking, however, a final leave of Salisbury (for I have never since beheld it), I shall pay a brief and transient tribute of remembrance to a few of my associates in that place, and refer to an event or two which occurred in it during my residence there, and in which I myself bore a part.

I have spoken of my Salisbury acquaintances as associates: but the term is a misnomer. They were not associates, but persons who were known to me. I merely lived among them, but was not one of them. Though I often met them, ate occasionally at the same table with them, joined in the same dance, and, at times, walked the street in company with them, still (one alone excepted), I held with them no internal companionship. My only real companion at the time (and he was something still more rare and highly valued by me—a friend) was a lawyer, by a few years my senior, possessed of splendid talents, commanding eloquence, and towering ambition. His name was Henderson; and, classically and carefully educated from his boyhood, he was a man of fine literary taste, an excellent Shakspeare scholar, and well

versed in English poetry in general; especially in that of the highest order.

Instead of joining clubs, to eat, drink, joke, and frolic, as most of the other young men of Salisbury did, he and myself met on stated evenings in our own studies, to read, converse on, and criticize specified works in polite literature, and sometimes manuscript articles of our own production. And, from that source, we derived not only rational and high gratification, but also valuable improvement in letters.

Even now, after the lapse of more than half a century, I have a vivid and grateful remembrance of the pleasure and benefit imparted and received by our mutual and earnest efforts to that effect.

Henderson had two sisters, by far the most accomplished women of the place, but not beautiful. One of them was married, and the other single. I sincerely admired both, but loved neither, and passed in their society many delightful hours.

My friend, who possessed much more elegance and superbness of mind than of person, had the misfortune to become passionately enamored of a young lady of striking beauty and high accomplishments, who passed a winter with his married sister. But, to his grievous disappointment and deep mortification, he was unable to awaken in the fair one a corresponding affection. His want of success he was induced, by the tattle of the town, to attribute to my influence. The tale reached his too credulous ear (sincere and impassioned lovers are always credulous of unfavorable rumors), that I intentionally placed myself between him and the lady, and had contrived to render myself the favorite. I was intimate with her, and frequently visited her, professedly and positively as his friend and advocate. Yet did he allow that intercourse in his behalf to be converted, by secret insinuation or open gossip, or by both united, into a ground of apprehension by him, that, while I was pretendingly pleading his cause, I was actually pleading my own. His awakened suspicions and fears on the subject he had the candor or the folly (I hardly know which to call it, but it was probably an amalgamation of both) to impart, under great agitation, to me.

For his groundless, and, toward me, most wrongful suspicions, I rebuked him sternly—perhaps acrimoniously—withdrew my-

self in a great measure from his society and entirely from that of his sister's family.

Thus was I, without any actual fault of my own, but entirely through the mischief-making instrumentality of others, thrown into the very worst kind of solitude that man can experience; having but little intercourse, and no companionship with the hundreds that were around me, and being resolved now to make no shadow of change in either respect. And, to augment the evil, this sacrifice, on my part, brought neither relief nor the hope of it to poor Henderson. His suit continued, as previously, unsuccessful and unpromising.

In this condition of things, which, to him, somewhat inclined as he was by nature to melancholy, appeared to be hopeless, he became spiritless and gloomy, neglected law, literature, and social intercourse, and was at length attacked by what his physicians denominated a brain fever—in language more intelligible perhaps to the mass of readers, by a febrile affection accompanied with delirium.

No sooner had this visitation come down on him, than, forgetting the wrong and injury he had done me, I hastened to his sick-bed, nursed him, watched with him, rendered him every practicable service, and administered to him every comfort and consolation I could devise and command.

His delirium, wild and fiery at first, changed to stern suicidal insanity—and he meditated self-destruction. That propensity in him I had for some time suspected, and at length detected what I considered proof of it by the following incident:—

My afflicted friend told me (which was true) that his hearing, in one of his ears, was defective; but that, if I would favor him with one of my pistols, loaded, and allow him to discharge it, close to his ear, the report, he felt confident, would remove his deafness.

This disclosure, confirmatory of the suspicion I already entertained, increased my vigilance and assiduity to such an extent, that, for an entire week, I neither left his room, nor slept, as I verily believe, a single moment.

During this period he was also a stranger to sound and refreshing sleep. At length, having become a little less gloomy and more tranquil than usual, he told me he thought he should

be able to sleep, provided I would darken his room, by closing the window-shutters (the time was afternoon), and allow him to be alone.

I reluctantly complied with his request; and, apprehensive of disaster in my absence, I returned to his room, in a few minutes, and, to my unspeakable horror, found him weltering in his blood, and breathing, or rather bubbling through a fearful gash in his windpipe.

During my brief absence, he had been busily employed, having attempted suicide in three several ways—by endeavoring to beat out his brains with a large iron bolt; by aiming at the same end by standing erect in his bed, which his strength of desperation enabled him to do, and precipitating himself toward the hearth, with a view to strike the corner of an andiron with his head, which he failed to do; and ultimately by cutting his throat with a razor.

By neither plan, however, did he succeed in his design. Though the wound inflicted by him with the razor was deep and appalling, it divided no main bloodvessel, and was not, therefore, fatal. The blood, moreover, discharged by it contributed to the removal of his fever and delirium. Hence his health of body and soundness of mind were finally restored. But the injury done to his trachea so deranged his organs of speech, that his voice, which had been splendid, was irreparably impaired. The object of his passion, moreover, having returned to her father's, his love fit was soon at an end, and he again devoted himself intensely to the business of his profession. And, though his voice was now rough and guttural, and the brilliancy and attractiveness of his rhetoric were gone, the strength and compass of his mind, his sagacity and penetration, and his power in analysis and argument, and readiness in debate were undiminished, and they all increased with his advancement in years and experience, until he ultimately rose to the head of the bar in North Carolina, and retained that station to the close of his life, an event which occurred about his fortieth year. He once allowed himself to be elected a representative to Congress, where he greatly distinguished himself, especially by his speech on the judiciary question. But the vote of the House on it being, in his opinion, unrighteously adverse to his party, he

resigned, in disgust, his seat in the chief council of the nation, and never again appeared in the capitol.

Another early acquaintance, of whom it is peculiarly pleasing to me to speak (though he was advanced in years when I was but a boy), was the Rev. James Hall, D. D., of Iredell County. In piety he was peculiarly signalized; and his aspect was more venerable and apostolic than that of any other man I have ever beheld. His intellect was also of a high order, especially in mathematics, astronomy, and mechanics; and, in the power and majesty of pulpit eloquence, he had no superior.

In mathematical and astronomical science he gave me my earliest and most instructive lessons. And he was certainly one of the first, if not himself the very first constructor of a steamboat. And the invention was original with him, not derivative. I witnessed myself the movement of his first model (a structure five or six feet long), over a small pond, on his own plantation. But he was too deeply engrossed by his clerical labors to pursue his invention to any useful effect.

I have said that Dr. Hall was a man of great and moving pulpit eloquence. Of the truth of this, the following occurrence gives ample proof:—

On a sacramental occasion, in Poplar-tent congregation, in Cabarrus County, the assemblage of people was far too great to be contained in the meeting-house. The time being summer, suitable arrangements were made, and the multitude were seated beneath the shade of a dense forest of ancient oaks; and Dr. Hall addressed them from a temporary stage erected for the purpose. In the course of his sermon, which, from beginning to end, was bold and fervent, he took occasion to liken the condition of a heedless and reckless sinner to that of a wild and unthinking youth, crossing, in a slight batteau, a deep and rapid river, a short distance above a lofty and frightful waterfall.

On each bank of the stream were members of the family and friends of the young man eyeing, in wild distraction and horror, the perils of his situation, and loudly calling to him, in screams of terror, to ply his oars and press for the shore. But he either hears them not, or disregards their supplication; and in perfect negligence and apparent security, giving only with his oars an occasional stroke, gazes on the beauties of the landscape around

him, the azure of the heavens, the birds disporting in air above him, his faithful, but terrified dog, crouching by his side, and looking him affectionately and imploringly in the face; he gazes, in fact, on everything visible, except the waterfall, near to him, and the gulf beneath it, toward which, with fearful power and rapidity, the current is sweeping him. But, suddenly, at length awakened from his revery, he hears the distracted and piercing calls of his friends, sees their bent bodies and extended arms, as if outstretched to save him; beholds the cataract, over whose awful brink he is impending, and, horror-stricken at the sight, starting up and convulsively reaching out his wide-spread hands, as if imploring a rescue, and uttering an unearthly shriek of despair, is headlong plunged and swallowed up in the boiling gulf that awaits him.

So completely had the words of the orator arrested and enthralled the minds of his audience, so vivid and engrossing was the scene he had pictured to their imaginations, and so perfectly, for his purpose, had he converted fiction into reality, that, when he brought his victim to shoot the cataract, a scream was uttered by several women, two or three were stricken down by their emotion, and a large portion of the assembled multitude made an involuntary start, as if, by instinct, impelled to an effort to redeem the lost one, and restore him to his friends.

Never did I, in any other instance, except one, witness an effort of oratory so powerful and bewitching; and, in that one, I myself was materially concerned, and in it a twofold source of influence was employed—impassioned eloquence and scenic show. It occurred very many years ago, in the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, during the performance of "Alexander the Great." The "Rival Queens" were personated; Statira, by Mrs. Wignel, afterwards, by another marriage, Mrs. Warren, and Roxana by Mrs. Whitlock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons. In the murder scene, so completely successful were those two accomplished actresses, that, in my fascinated view of the matter, playful fiction had given place to vindictive reality, and, when Roxana drew her glittering dagger, preparatory to the murderous act she meditated, I (being seated in the stage-box) sprang to my feet, and would have disarmed her in a moment, had I not been prevented by a gentleman in the box. Whether any person but myself

now remembers the event, I know not; but its effect at the time was memorable and ludicrous. It drew from pit, box, and gallery, directed toward myself, a round or two of hearty laughter and applause, and utterly spoiled the after-part of the play, by changing it from tragedy into comedy or farce.

Still further to evince the versatility and value of the powers, both bodily and mental, of the Rev. Dr. Hall, at the most unpromising period of our revolutionary war, in the South, when thick clouds were gathering on the horizon of freedom, when the hopes of the most sanguine and the hearts of the bravest seemed ready to fail, and every service of every patriot was called for in the contest—at that period of gloom and incipient despondency, the equally brave and venerable Hall, to the sword of the Spirit, which he had long and successfully wielded, added that of the secular arm, by soliciting and readily obtaining, on two conditions, proposed by himself, a captaincy in a regiment of volunteer dragoons, to continue in service for at least a year, unless sooner disbanded by the termination of the war. And the conditions were, that his company should be raised by himself, and that he should act as chaplain, without pay, to the regiment to which he might belong. Whether he received pay as captain I do not remember, but believe he did not.

On these terms, he was soon, at the head of a full and noble-looking company, on his march to the seat of war, where, as often as a suitable opportunity presented itself, he never failed to distinguish himself by his gallantry and firmness. An excellent rider, personally almost Herculean, possessed of a very long and flexible arm, and taking, as he did, daily lessons from a skilful teacher of the art, he became, in a short time, one of the best swordsmen in the cavalry of the South. Being found, moreover, to be as judicious in council as he was formidable in action, he received the sobriquet of the Ulysses of his regiment.

On the capture of Lord Cornwallis, believing the war to be on the verge of its termination, and persuaded that he could now more effectually serve his country in a civil than in a military capacity, having declined the acceptance of a proffered majority in a regiment of select cavalry about to be formed, he resigned his commission, and returned to the duties of the clerical profession.

It was long after this that I became, for a time, his private pupil in mathematics and astronomy. And, notwithstanding his previous stern and formidable qualities as a soldier, he was now one of the mildest and meekest of men. After a lapse of more, perhaps, than twenty years from the period of my pupilage under him, I saw him for the last time, in the city of Philadelphia, as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and had the high gratification of affording him relief from a troublesome complaint, produced by fatigue and exposure in travelling.

From the superior size of his person, the form and grandeur of his head and countenance, the snowy whiteness of his hair, of but little of which he had been shorn by the hand of time, and from the surpassing venerableness of his whole appearance, he was by far the most attractive and admired personage in the reverend body of which he was a member. He was instinctively regarded, by all who beheld him, as the rightful Nestor and ornament of the Assembly. He died, not long afterward, at the advanced age of about ninety years, bequeathing to posterity a reputation rarely equalled, and never, as I verily believe, surpassed, in moral rectitude, pure, fervent, and practical piety, and usefulness in the wide sphere of his diversified labors in the Christian ministry, by any individual our country has produced.

One reminiscence more of my Salisbury acquaintance, and I am done. The object of it was also a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Archibald, who was so strongly made up of heterogeneous qualities as to be, in some respects, strikingly unique. Most assuredly, I have never seen his like, nor have I ever read or heard of any human being, in civilized society, except an idiot or a lunatic, so slovenly, so absorbed in himself and mentally absent from all things around; so forgetful at times of the proprieties of life, and inattentive to the condition of his own person.

Dr. Archibald, who was a resolute patriot, and had been a revolutionary chaplain, was a man of solid judgment, fertile and vigorous in thought, classically educated, and extensively versed in church history, and the entire stock of technical knowledge which specially belonged to the learning of his profession. He was also sufficiently trained in polite literature to be, at the time, one of the most accomplished clerical writers in the South; and, though, in the delivery of his sermons, he made neither preten-

sion nor approach to what, in the common acceptation of the phrase, is called "pulpit eloquence," he was, notwithstanding, one of the ablest and most instructive preachers of the day. In the amount of his valuable and appropriate knowledge for sermonizing purposes, the correctness, perspicuity, and force of his logic, and the abundance and aptness of his illustrative analogies, he had no superior; and, in his eccentricities and oddities, he was also unsurpassed—perhaps unequalled.

For several years he was stationed, as pastor, in Poplar-tent congregation, and resided about six or seven miles from the meeting-house.

He possessed, as his fellow-traveller, a horse almost equal to himself in years, called Old Dun. I say his *fellow-traveller;* for he had accompanied him during his services, as chaplain, in the war. He could hardly be called his riding-horse, as he seldom mounted him, but either led him, by a hempen halter, or allowed him to follow, the halter and bridle-reins being thrown over his neck, or trailed along the ground. In this way did the two companions continue for many years to travel, both short distances and considerable journeys, through fair weather and foul, over good roads and bad ones, often by night as well as by day, with but little variations. Scores of times have I witnessed, on Sunday mornings, the arrival at Poplar-tent meeting-house, of the Rev. Doctor and Old Dun, the latter following, and the former preceding, perfectly "bare-foot," his shoes in his hand, and his stockings dangling on his arm or over his shoulder—or, during his more careful moods, perhaps crammed into his coat-pocket. At other times (and very frequently), the gentleman made his appearance, at church or elsewhere, wearing shoes and stockings, the former unfastened, and the latter unmatched, one being blue, and the other black, white, or gray, according to the run of accident (for no choice had been exercised in the matter), and either one or both pushed, or otherwise depressed to the ankles, the legs naked, and the knees of the breeches neither buttoned, buckled, nor tied.

In warm weather, that erratic being, exceedingly sensitive to heat, and subject, when in exercise, to be deluged by sweat, was in the practice, for the promotion of his bodily comfort, of disrobing himself when preaching, in the following manner.

First, off went his coat, and was hung over the edge of the pulpit, or placed on the seat behind him. In a few minutes afterward, his discomfort from the temperature still continuing, his waistcoat followed it. Next, came a like dismissal of his cravat or neck-band. Then followed the unbuttoning of his shirt-collar and wrist-bands, and the rolling up of his sleeves above his elbows—and thus (in the expressive, but not supra-refined language of the pugilist), "stripped almost to the buff," did he continue his labor. And, if not prevented, by a hint to the contrary, he closed the scene by descending from the pulpit, at the termination of the exercises, leaving behind him his whole wardrobe. This picture, extraordinary and perhaps fictitious as it may appear, is neither a fancy-piece nor a caricature. It is true to the life and the letter, as I myself have several times beheld it. And the following anecdote is equally correct.

The Doctor having set out on a journey, accompanied by Old Dun, passed his first night at the house where I resided, intending to travel near twenty miles, before breakfast, next morning. I slept in the same chamber with him, and, to forward him on his way, rose before daylight in the morning, and awaking him (he slept heavily and snored loudly), had Old Dun duly equipped and hitched at the gate. As soon as the Doctor was prepared for a movement, I walked out with him, and proposed to accompany him, for nearly a mile, to a public highway, along which he was to travel. We accordingly set out, and, passing Old Dun, unnoticed by his master (perhaps I should say his associate), walked somewhat briskly (the morning being keen), conversing on various topics, until we reached the road. When about to take leave of the traveller, I said to him: "Pray, sir, where is your horse?" "Ah! really," said he, "I had forgotten him." And, had I not thus referred to his old and well-tried comrade, he would have passed on without him, to what distance no seer can tell.

The intelligent reader will hardly be much surprised when he is told, that, among the various fantasies and deviations from sobriety and consistency of this most fantastical and anomalous man (the tithe of whose dissimilarities to other men has not been set forth by me), one should have been, his departure from the orthodoxy of the Christian faith, of which he had long been among the stanchest and ablest champions. Whether surprising,

however, or otherwise, such was the fact. And his formal dismissal from the Christian ministry was the immediate consequence.

One reminiscence more, connected with Salisbury, shall close the history of myself in the South; at least, in that particular part of the South. It was during my residence in that place, that I had first an opportunity of seeing and approaching the person of General Washington, and the gratification of being noticed by him. The circumstances of the case were as follows:—

Some years after his first election to the chief magistracy of the Union, the General made the tour of the Southern States; to all of which, Virginia excepted, he was personally a stranger. In his journey to the South, he travelled by the eastern and low-country route; but, on his return, journeying in North Carolina, by the western and hill-country road, he passed through Salisbury.

On learning that such was the course he purposed to pursue, the youth of note in the place, high-toned in feelings of State pride and patriotism, and not disinclined to military pomp and show (I being one of them), met in a body, as if by an instinctive impulse, on the call of another young man and myself, organized themselves into a company of light dragoons, and elected, as their captain, a gallant and gentlemanly officer, and a splendid swordsman, who, in our revolutionary war, had distinguished himself as standard-bearer in one of the corps of Lee's legion of horse. The leading and most highly-prized object of the company was to meet General Washington, at the confines of South and North Carolina, and escort him, as a guard of honor, through about two-thirds, in breadth, of the latter State.

When our company was organized and fully equipped, we rode as fine and richly caparisoned horses, wore as costly and splendid uniforms, and made as brilliant an appearance as any cavalry company of the same size (fifty-five, officers and privates), which the General had ever reviewed. Of this fact (no doubt the most highly-prized one that could have been communicated to us) we were kindly and courteously assured by himself. My rank in the company was that of standard-bearer.

Instead of the whole command proceeding in a body to meet the President (such was Washington at the time), a detachment of thirteen privates (one for each State) was dispatched to meet him at the southern boundary of North Carolina (a distance of

about seventy or eighty miles), welcome him to the State by a salutatory address, and escort him to within about fifteen miles of Salisbury, where the whole company was encamped to receive him.

Of this detachment, chosen by lot (for no private was willing to yield to another the eagerly-sought honor and gratification of belonging to it), I was, with the highly-prized approbation of my comrades, appointed to the command. And never was man more proud of an appointment. I would not have exchanged my post for that of Governor of the Commonwealth. I was to receive the President, at the head of my escort, and deliver to him, in person, the intended address of welcome into my native State. And my supposed fitness for a very creditable discharge of that duty (for, as heretofore mentioned, I was accounted an excellent speaker), had contributed not a little toward my appointment to the office.

In a short time my address was mentally composed, and committed, not indeed to paper, but to my memory; and I often repeated it, silently, when in company, but audibly, when alone; thinking of but little else, either by day or by night, except the strict discipline and soldier-like appearance of my little band.

At length, flushed with high spirits and bounding hearts, we were in full march toward the boundary line of the State.

From the time of our advance within ten miles of the place of our destination, I kept, in my front, three videttes, distant a mile from each other—the nearest of them being a mile from the head of my little column—to convey to me half-hourly intelligence respecting the approach of the President, who was understood to travel alternately in his carriage and on horseback. At length one of my *look-outs* returned, at full speed, with information that a travelling carriage had been seen by him, and was then about a mile and a half in his rear. Instantly, everything was in complete preparation for the coming event. Had an enemy been advancing on us, or we on him, our excitement could not have been more intense. Our column was compact, our steeds reined up to their mettle, but held in check; each man, his cap and plume duly adjusted, seated firmly and horseman-like in his saddle, and our swords drawn and in rest, the sheen of their blades

as bright and dazzling as the beams of a southern sun could render it.

In this order we advanced slowly, until a light coach made its appearance in our front, and became the object of every eye of our party. The day being warm, the windows of it were open, and my first glance into its interior plainly told me that Washington was not there. But his secretary was; and he informed me that the General was on horseback, a short distance in his rear. Proceeding onward, the movement of a few minutes brought us in full view of Washington, on the summit of a hill, seated on a magnificent milk-white charger, a present to him by Frederick of Prussia, near the close of the revolutionary war. Nor is it deemed an inadmissible deviation from my narrative to add that that present was accompanied by another, from the same royal personage, still more highly complimentary and honorary—an exquisitely finished and richly ornamented dress-sword, inscribed, in gold letters, "From the *oldest* to the *greatest* general of the age." When a courtier, of supple knee and oily tongue, ventured to differ from Frederick in relation to the sentiment expressed by this inscription, and even presumed virtually to contradict him, by saying: "Sire, permit your subject to believe that you are yourself the greatest general of the age;" the monarch replied: "No, I am not; Washington surpasses me. I conquered *with means;* he has conquered *without them.*"

The circumstances of my first view of the great American were as well calculated to render the sight imposing, not to say romantically picturesque and impressive, as any that the most inventive and apt imagination could have devised. The day (the hour being about 11 A. M.) was uncommonly brilliant and beautiful, even as the product of a southern climate. The sky was brightly azure, its arch unusually lofty and expanded, and not a cloud interposed to detract from its radiance. I was ascending a hill of sufficient elevation to shorten materially the distance to the horizon, which rested on its top; and the road leading up it was lined, on each side, by ancient forest-trees, in their rich apparel of summer foliage.

In the midst of this landscape, already abundantly attractive and exciting, just as I had advanced about half-way up the hill, the President turned its summit, and began to descend. The steps

of his charger were measured and proud, as if the noble animal was conscious of the character and standing of his rider. On the bright canvas of the heavens behind them, the horseman and horse formed a superb and glorious picture. As the figure advanced, in the symmetry and grace of an equestrian statue of the highest order, it reminded me of Brahma's descent from the skies. True, the charger did not, in his pride and buoyancy, "paw the bright clouds, and gallop in the storm;" but he trod with unusual majesty on the face of the hill.

As I approached the President, an awe came over me, such as I had never before experienced. And its effect on me was as deeply mortifying, as it was unprecedented. Never had I previously quailed before anything earthly. But I was now unmanned. Not only did I forget my oft-repeated address, but I became positively unable to articulate a word. My imagination had placed me, if not in the immediate presence of a god of its own creating, in that of a man so far above the rank of ordinary mortals, as to be approximated to that of the gods of fable. Having advanced, therefore, to within a becoming distance from him, I received him, in silence, with the salute of my sword. I could do no more; I became actually giddy; for an instant my vision grew indistinct; and, though unsurpassed as a rider, I felt unsteady in my seat, and almost ready to fall from my horse, under the shock of my failure, a shock trebly strengthened and embittered by its occurrence at the head of the band I commanded, and under the eye of the man I almost adored. My employment of the term "adored" is neither unpremeditated nor inadvertent. It is deliberate and earnest. For, were it alleged in disfavor of me, that I actually idolized the illustrious personage then before me, I could hardly appeal to my conscience for the incorrectness of the charge.

Quick to perceive my embarrassment, and equally inclined and prompt to relieve it, Washington returned my salute with marked courtesy, and, speaking kindly, paused for a moment, and then desired that we might proceed, I riding abreast of him, on his left, and the privates of my escort falling in double file into the rear. This opportune measure set me more at my ease; but still I did not venture to open my lips, until my silence rendered me seriously apprehensive that the President would deem me wholly incompetent to the complimentary duty on which I had been

dispatched. And that thought produced in me a fresh embitterment. But many minutes had not elapsed when my condition and prospects began to brighten.

Fortunately, I possessed an intimate and accurate acquaintance with the people and localities of the tract of country through which we were to journey, as well as with its general and special history, both remote and recent. And it had been the theatre of several memorable enterprises and scenes of battle and blood, during the revolutionary war. Most of the conflicts had occurred between Whigs and Tories; but some of them between the troops under General Greene and Lord Cornwallis. And respecting each and all of them, I had learned so much from my revolutionary father and brothers, who had been engaged in several of them, that my familiarity with them was almost as minute and vivid as if I had been an actor in them myself. But, before speaking of them, I held it to be a duty, which I owed to myself, to apprise General Washington of the cause of my failure, on first approaching him, to tender to him the salutation to which he was entitled, and which I had intended.

As soon, therefore, as I had recovered the complete command of my mind and my tongue, I frankly, and, now, with no lack of readiness and fluency, communicated to him the cause of my previous silence. I told him that I had been dispatched by my commanding officer, with the escort which I led, to meet and salute him, with a becoming welcome, to the State of my nativity. My mortifying failure to discharge that duty I entreated him to attribute to the deep and irresistible embarrassment I had experienced on my first approach to him. This explanation was closed by an assurance, under a manifestation of feeling which must have been obvious to him, that his presence had for a short time so completely overawed me, as to deprive me entirely of the power of utterance; and that it had been hence impossible for me to greet him with any other salutation than that of my sword; which, I added (perhaps too ostentatiously, and, therefore, improperly), I would have been proud to have wielded, under his command, in the late war, had I not been too young.

Giving me a look, if not of *approval*, certainly of neither dissatisfaction nor rebuke—

"Pray, sir," said he, "have you lived long in this part of the country?"

"Ever since my childhood, sir."

"You are then, I presume, pretty well acquainted with it."

"Perfectly, sir; I am familiar with every hill, and stream, and celebrated spot it contains."

"During the late war, if my information be correct, the inhabitants were true to the cause of their country, and brave in its defence."

"Your information *is* correct, sir. They were, almost to a man, true-hearted Whigs and patriots, and as gallant soldiers as ever drew swords or pointed rifles in behalf of freedom. In Mecklenburg County, where we now are, and in Rowan, which lies before us, a Tory did not dare to show his face—if he were known to be a Tory. It was in a small town, through which we shall pass, that Lord Cornwallis lay encamped, when he swore that he had never before been in such a d—n—d nest of Whigs—for that he could not, in the surrounding country, procure a chicken or a pig for his table, or a gallon of oats for his horse, but by purchasing it with the blood of his soldiers, who went in quest of it."

"Pray, what is the name of that town?"

"Charlotte, sir, the county town of Mecklenburg, and the place where independence was declared about a year before its declaration by Congress; and *my father* was one of the Whigs who were concerned in the glorious transaction. We shall arrive at Charlotte to-morrow morning," I continued, "where you will be enthusiastically received, by five hundred at least—perhaps twice the number, of the most respectable inhabitants of the country; a large portion of whom served, in some capacity, in the revolutionary war—several of them, I believe, as officers and privates, under your own command. When I passed through the town yesterday morning, a large number of them had already assembled, and the crowd was rapidly increasing. And they are exceedingly provident. Convinced that they cannot all be supplied in the town, with either food or lodging, many of them have brought with them large and well-covered farm-wagons, for their bed-chambers, and enough of substantial food, already cooked, for a week's subsistence. Others again have already erected, and

are still erecting, for their temporary residence, in the midst of a beautiful and celebrated grove (where a victory was gained, by a company of militia riflemen, over a party of Tarleton's dragoons), the very tents under which they slept as soldiers, in the service of their country. And they are about as obstinate and noisy a set of gentlemen as I have ever met, or ever wish to meet again—especially when in a hurry. I was obliged, much against my will, to hold a long parley with them, yesterday morning, when I wished to be in motion to meet you, lest you might anticipate me in reaching the boundary line of the State."

The General was evidently pleased with my narrative, and so diverted by the increased freedom and ease of my manner (for I was now perfectly myself), that though he did not actually smile (for he very rarely smiled), he seemed at times, as I fancied, more inclined to a little merriment than to maintain unchanged his habitually grave and dignified aspect.

Reference was then made to several events of note, which had occurred in the southern revolutionary war. And respecting one of them, in particular, of great brilliancy, and no little moment, I was astonished to find that I was much better informed than Washington himself. To such an extent was this true, that he appeared to be even more astonished than I was. Indeed, from some of the expressions used by him, I was at first apprehensive that he was incredulous of my story. This induced me to speak with more energy and positiveness than I had previously employed, and to specify a few of the most striking and memorable incidents of the affair. I allude to the battle at Ramsauer's Mill, in which about three hundred Whigs, then fresh from their homes, and who had never before been in a field of battle, attacked and defeated, with great slaughter, in a selected and fortified position, twelve hundred Tories, and made six hundred of them prisoners.

The reason why I was better informed than Washington, respecting this gallant and sanguinary action, is plain and satisfactory. It had been fought in an obscure and rather frontier situation, in the South, by two bodies of militia, and had never been fully recorded in print. To Washington, therefore, no opportunity to read an account of it had been presented; a formal dispatch respecting it had not been forwarded to him,

because it had no immediate connection with the regular army; and the sphere of his operations being in the North, little or no correct intelligence in relation to it had been communicated to him through any other channel.

But very different had been my opportunity to acquire information with regard to that action. With a large portion of the Whigs engaged in it, my father and brothers were acquainted at the time; and with not a few of them I myself became acquainted, as a youth, at a subsequent period. Nor was this all. One of my brothers had himself been deeply concerned in the battle, having led into it about sixty of the most disciplined and expert riflemen in the country.

From my early boyhood, therefore, I had been familiar with the details of the "Battle of Ramsauer's Mill," having heard them recited scores of times, in the form of a fireside and exciting story.

I need hardly remark that, by the indulgent attention with which the President honored my narratives and representations, and the kind and complimentary replies he occasionally made to me, I was highly gratified. He at length inquired of me whether he might expect to meet at Charlotte any of the leading members of the convention which prepared and passed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and especially whether my father would be there. I replied that my father was dead, and that Dr. Prevard, the author of the Declaration, was also dead; that, of the members of the convention still living, I knew personally but two—Adam Alexander, who had been president of the body, and John McKnitt Alexander, his brother, who had been its Secretary; that they were far advanced in life, and lived at some distance from Charlotte, but that I felt confident their ever-green spirit of patriotism, united to their strong desire to see him, would bring them there, should they be able to travel.

On the evening of that day, having arrived at the head-quarters of the troop to which I belonged, I surrendered my place to my superiors in rank, and received from Washington, in their presence, a compliment—peculiarly gratifying to me, as well on account of the manner of its bestowal as of its own import—on what he was pleased to pronounce my "honorable and exemplary deportment as an officer, and the interesting and valuable informa-

tion I had imparted to him respecting the country and its inhabitants" through which I had escorted him.

During Washington's stay in Salisbury, I was much around his person, in the capacity of junior master of ceremony, and when the General left Salisbury, on his way to the north, I again, at the head of a new and larger escort, attended him to Guildford Courthouse, the celebrated battle-ground of Greene and Cornwallis, a distance, as well as I now remember, of about sixty miles. Having there conducted him over the field of action of the two armies, according to the best information I could collect respecting its localities and limits, we returned to the Courthouse, where, conformably to my orders, I reluctantly took leave of him—he, to proceed on his journey to the then seat of government, and I to retrace my route to the South. Nor, highly flattered as I had been by his notice of me, and even by occasional marks of his apparent partiality toward me, and sincerely attached as I had become to his person, was the act of leave-taking, on my part, without much more emotion than I believed I should experience.

Having paid to him, at the head of my little squadron, the farewell ceremony, in military style, and being about to issue the command to move forward, Washington beckoned me to approach him. Having eagerly advanced to within a suitable distance, he bowed in his saddle, and extended to me his hand. That act, accompanied, as I fancied it to be, by an appearance, in his countenance, of marks of feeling, again completely unmanned and silenced me. As, on first meeting him, I was able to greet him only with my sword, I could now bid him a personal farewell in no other way than by the pressure of his hand; and, observing my emotion, my eyes once more swimming in tears, he returned the pressure, and addressed to me a few words, thanking me courteously for my devoted attention, and what he was pleased to call my numerous services to him, and hoping to see me during the prosecution of my studies in Philadelphia, to which place I had apprised him of my intention to repair, he again pressed my hand, and was forthwith in motion.

For a moment, I fancied my behavior to have been so unsoldier-like, that I almost hesitated to assume my station at the head of my escort; but, casting a look toward it, as it stood

motionless in column, I perceived several of its members, some years older than myself, and noted for their firmness, wiping the moisture from their eyes, as I had just done from mine, and that sight did much to reconcile me to myself. It convinced me that the scene I had just passed through had been a moving one; and that, when affection is awakened, it is not unmanly for even a soldier to weep. I therefore replaced myself at their head, and led my comrades back to Salisbury.

Though the few facts and opinions respecting Washington contained in the foregoing pages are not, as I flatter myself, altogether without interest, yet do they give but a very partial and incompetent view of that wonderful man. They speak of him as little else than a mere courteous and unostentatious traveller, everywhere all but idolized by the people; but they do not unfold the grounds of the ardent devotion and veneration he received; nor can that ground be made sufficiently known, except by a suitable reference to the several exalted offices held by him at different times, the duties of which he so illustriously discharged. To be made known as he was to those who have never seen him, and who, therefore, judge of him only from common report, or even common history, which is not much better, Washington must be correctly analyzed in his personal appearance, and in the several characters in which he figured—as a man, a warrior and a commander of armies, a statesman, a patriot and sage, a chief magistrate, and a writer of the English tongue. In some of those high and various capacities, I have endeavored to give a brief account of him, in a public address which I subsequently delivered, and which may (should it be deemed advisable) be printed as an Appendix to this work.

The transactions just recited, occurred, I think, in the month of August, 1792, and on the first of the following October I set out for Philadelphia, to prosecute my studies under the auspices of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

In the execution of that design, I journeyed on horseback to the sea-coast of my native State, and thence by water to New York. From that city, which, compared to the immensity of its present size, was then but a village, I proceeded by land and water to the place of my destination.

In this long and circuitous journey, but few incidents occurred

to me worthy of either remark or remembrance. In my overland passage to Swansborough, a small village situated on the sea-coast of North Carolina, where I shipped for New York, I travelled through a wide belt of sandy country, generally overshadowed by forests of lofty pines, traversed, in some places, by half stagnant and dark-colored streams of water, with oozy margins, and in others overspread by extensive marshes. In the latter situations, I found, on inquiry, according to my expectation, that most new-comers were destined to undergo what is called a seasoning, consisting in two or three successive visitations of intermitting or remitting fever, in the autumns of as many succcssive years. And I further found, that even the acclimated and the native inhabitants experienced, if not annually, at least frequently, more or less annoyance from the same form of disease. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances so subversive of health, and repeatedly so unfriendly to the duration of life, I was surprised to learn, first from information communicated to me on sound authority, and afterwards from personal observation, that, even in the sickliest places, there existed many instances of remarkable longevity, in some cases extending to the verge of a century, and, in a few, beyond it. The latter I observed chiefly if not only among the African race. Hence it did not surprise me, as it did many others, to find in the census (for 1840) of North Carolina, a record of more than three hundred centenarians, upwards, I think, of two-thirds of them negroes. Though fully equal to them, however, in longevity, and I believe also in fruitfulness, the native population of the low and flat region of North Carolina is greatly inferior to that of the hill and mountain regions, in size, strength, and activity, a fact which soon and very forcibly arrested my attention. In proof of the productiveness of the inhabitants of the low country, one instance presented itself, not a little to my surprise, at the time, and which, in my subsequent travels and observations, in different countries, I have never but once seen equalled.

Calling one morning at a private dwelling (there being few inns on the road which I travelled) to procure breakfast for myself and food for my horse, I observed within the houses, and on the grounds around it, an uncommon number of children, of various sizes and ages, ranging apparently from those of two or three, to those of fourteen or fifteen years. Believing them, of course, to

be the product of three or four families, residing either in the same building or in several very near to each other, I paid at first but little attention to them. Finding, however, in the immediate place, but one man and woman, and there being no other dwellings within sight, I concluded that they were the members of an adjacent school. But, on observing them somewhat closely, I discovered between most of them an evident family likeness. Nor was that all. I further perceived that their difference in size and apparent age resembled very much that of the elder and younger children of the same family. Inquisitive as I was, even at that period of my life, after materials connected with the history and philosophy of the human race, that discovery awakened my curiosity; and I resolved on a thorough investigation of the subject of it.

I learned by inquiring of the matron of the house, when her husband was employed in the stable with my horse, that their family consisted of three and twenty children—all of them her husband's and eleven of them her own. She told me, that theirs was the largest family she knew, though several of her neighbors had twelve children, and most of them as many as eight.

My conversation with my landlady being finished, I proceeded on my journey, and reached Swansborough in a few days.

Though I had previously both studied and taught the principles of navigation, I had never, until now, seen a sail-vessel, and, of course, had no practical knowledge of ships. I therefore, without making any inquiry as to her character and fitness, embarked immediately in the only vessel in port bound for New York. And now, knowing as I do somewhat more about sea-vessels, their magnitude, strength, and safety on the ocean, nothing could tempt me to embark in the same craft, on the same voyage, and at the same season of the year.

Though not an incident worthy of recital occurred in my progress from New York to Philadelphia, yet is the reminiscence of that portion of my journey, in one respect, replete with interest. My passage from city to city was made by water to South Amboy; thence by land to Burlington; and thence again by water to Philadelphia. And, with all the speed I could command, it occupied nearly forty-eight hours, and not one of them an hour of inaction. But such are the improvements in the science and practice of locomotion, made since that period, that the same journey is now performed in six hours.

CHAPTER III.

Philadelphia—Eloquence—Pulpit—Bar—Mr. L——s—Mr T.—His daughter—Medical school—The Faculty—Shippen—His appearance—Character—Punctuality—Rush—His introductory—Khun—Wistar—His character—His classical learning.

I AM now (October, 1792) in Philadelphia, the largest city in the United States. New York being in no small degree inferior to it, in both commerce and population. Nor, in these respects, did the latter city begin to gain, with any considerable rapidity, on the former, until the occurrence of yellow fever in the year 1793. During nearly four months of that fatal year, not only did the pestilence alluded to spread desolation and dismay throughout the city of Philadelphia; it threw over the whole country a panic and gloomy apprehension of evil altogether unprecedented, from a like cause, on this side of the Atlantic. Nor is it believed to have been exceeded, by the terror arising from a pestilential visitation, in any other known portion of the globe. For some time after the alarm had reached its height, the crowded roads and rapid retreat of the citizens into the adjacent country, resembled the flight of the inhabitants of a city, about to be sacked and burnt, by an invading army. And so thoroughly, I say, did that alarm penetrate the entire Union, that no onc from any portion of it ventured to approach the infected spot. This fearful state of things banished, during its continuance, all the coasting trade from the wharves of Philadelphia to those of New York; and the dread of its annual return did the same thing during the following summers. Add to this, that the navigation of the Bay of New York is open during the winter, while that of the Delaware Bay is ice-bound; and the two obstacles united, shut up the port of Philadelphia against a very large proportion of the coasting trade of the Union, and left open to it the port of her more fortunately situated rival. Such was the commencement

of that career of commercial success, which, within the last forty years, has given to New York such a vast and still increasing ascendency over her sister cities, in population and trade. And, to render that ascendency permanent, various and powerful causes have contributed. But to proceed more directly in the course of my narrative.

On my arrival in Philadelphia, I was virtually as complete a stranger as was Franklin when he entered it, upwards of sixty years before me. In the entire population of it, there was, as far as I was apprised, but one person to whom I was known, or who was known to me. He was a native of Salisbury, and, like myself, a student of medicine, who, during the preceding winter, had attended the lectures in the University of Pennsylvania. He had been, however, from the time of our first acquaintance, privately unfriendly to me, and was prevented from being publicly so, only by an unwillingness to meet the consequence.

But, notwithstanding his dislike of me, he called on me as soon as he was informed of my being in the place, and, with apparent candor, tendered to me his services. The acceptance of his offer I promptly declined, without even thanking him for making it: because I could not reconcile myself to the practice, of which I knew he had been guilty, of sacrificing sound principle to insincere profession. As far, therefore, as he was concerned, I took myself into my own keeping, and held no further intercourse with him. And after having squandered in idleness and dissipation a handsome paternal estate of his own, and nearly all the property bequeathed by his father to two sisters, of which, as their guardian, he fraudulently took possession, and used as his own, he died, a few years ago, in Nashville, Tennessee, intemperate, penniless, and alone, in a cellar. Yet did no young man whom I knew at the time enter professional life under more propitious auspices, had he correctly availed himself of the advantages in his power.

I bore with me to Philadelphia two letters of introduction, to gentlemen of whom I knew nothing, save their names and occupation. The first of the two, on whom I called to deliver my letter, I found to be so utterly different, in all his external attributes, from what I had hoped and expected him to be, and so entirely wanting in such qualities and accomplishments as would

alone have justified and reconciled me to myself in holding companionship with him, that a scheme was immediately devised by me to bar the formation of so unpromising an acquaintance.

Intimating a suspicion, or, at least, a possibility, that I might have committed a mistake in calling on him, I asked him whether there were not in the city another gentleman of the same name with himself. He, much to my gratification, replied in the affirmative. My next inquiry related to the place of residence of his namesake? This question also having been answered to my satisfaction, I rose, and, thanking him for his politeness, took my leave and never troubled him with another visit.

The other gentleman to whom I bore a letter, was a very intelligent and respectable mechanic. To him I had been directed by my preceptor, under an expectation that I might become, for a time, a member of his family, as he himself had been.

In this design I succeeded, and continued to reside with him until after my graduation, a sojourn which included a period of four years. By a course of civility and respect toward him and his wife (a deportment to which they were amply entitled), I soon became and remained a favorite in the family, and received from them many and very valuable services. Not only did they act toward me with great kindness, and afford me every requisite accommodation, during my pupilage; immediately on my attainment of the doctorate in my profession, they employed me as their family physician, and procured for me the patronage of many of their acquaintances. And never was a favor more opportunely bestowed. For, not only had I expended, in my education, and in the purchase of books and other articles, the last dollar of my patrimony, and of the funds procured by my own exertions, I had contracted several debts, which, however light they might have been to many others, were to me both heavy and seriously annoying. Yet was I, by the favors referred to, enabled to discharge them, at a much earlier period than my indulgent creditors were prepared to expect. But more of this at a future time.

To proceed in my narrative, I was now, as must be obvious to the reader, about to commence what may well be denominated a new life. As already mentioned, I was in the largest city of the United States, in the capacity of an entire stranger, wholly inex-

perienced in such a community, unaided by any counsel on which I was authorized to rely, and, therefore, obliged myself to devise and execute my schemes of action, and thus work out my own destiny, with my own resources, and by my own deeds. But, to me, who, since my fourteenth year, had relied on myself alone, and had never yet failed in a single project, in which I had engaged with determination and forethought, those privations offered no discouragement. Added to a preceding series of successful adventures, and a disposition sufficiently sanguine and irrepressible, I possessed youth, and health, and hope, habits of industry fully confirmed by years of trial, an ardent thirst for knowledge and distinction, unyielding resolution, and a fearless spirit of enterprise and perseverance, and these are attributes of mind and body which stand related to us in the character of *friends* that neither slander nor betray us, and, if judiciously directed, rarely fail to insure success to us, whatever be our pursuit. And it will appear hereafter, that to me they were not the harbingers of failure. For I need hardly add (having heretofore expressed myself to the same effect), that I commenced my studies in the University of Pennsylvania, under an irrevocable determination to succeed and distinguish myself in them, provided all my resources of mind, opportunity, industry, and labor could secure a result in itself so important, and so earnestly craved by me.

As I arrived in Philadelphia about the twenty-third or fourth of October, a week or ten days had yet to elapse before the opening of the medical lectures. To gratify, therefore, my present wishes, and prevent, as far as practicable, subsequent interruptions, I availed myself of the leisure thus afforded me to take a survey of the city (which I had already half determined to make my place of permanent abode), and to visit the most remarkable objects of curiosity it contained.

In the execution of this plan, the first visit of inspection I paid was to Peale's Museum. And this fact I mention, not for the sake of embracing an opportunity to speak of the great interest and value attached to that establishment, at the time, but rather the reverse. The interest it excited and its value, like itself, were exceedingly circumscribed. Though I do not say that it was the exact counterpart of the "needy shop" of Romeo's apothecary (whom sharp misery had worn to the bones), in which—

"A tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered to make up a show."

Though I do not say that the museum was an exhibition of precisely this description, I *do* say that it was a very meagre and miserable one. The whole collection was contained in the front parlor of a house, on the northeast corner of Lombard and Third Streets, not, I think, more than eighteen feet square. Yet such was the growth of that collection, effected almost exclusively by the industry and perseverance of one man, and, perhaps, two of his sons, that it since filled nearly every spot of one of the most spacious edifices in Philadelphia. That vast augmentation of the number, value, and variety of articles was made, by the individuals referred to, in little more than half a century. And the collection finally became nearly, if not quite as extensive as that of any of the royal museums I have visited in Europe, which are the accumulations of several hundreds of years. Peale's Museum may be regarded, at present, as a well-provided breviat of the productions of our globe. Such are the effects to which, under the direction of judgment and a spirit of enterprise, even single-handed industry and perseverance are competent.

Having been always a passionate admirer of eloquence of a high order, and presuming that the orators of Philadelphia, the largest, and most literary, and most intellectually accomplished city in the Union, were distinguished masters of it, I was peculiarly anxious to witness their performances, and to fancy myself listening to the overwhelming rhetoric of a Pericles, or a Cicero, a Bossuet, a Whitfield, or a Henry. And I was resolved to derive my first draught of delight from the eloquence of the pulpit.

Conformably to this determination, on the first Sunday after my arrival in the metropolis of the country, I repaired to Christ's Church (the St. Peter's or St. Paul's of the city), to banquet on the oratory of some eloquent Episcopalian. Being late in my arrival at the church (for I had no particular desire to witness the introductory exercise), just as I entered, the Reverend Mr. McG. arose, dressed in full pulpit costume, to commence his sermon, and ex-

hibit a specimen of his long-practised oratory. And to me, an extraordinary specimen it was.

The appearance of the speaker, unpromising as it was (and nature, in her most frolicksome mood, could hardly have rendered it more so), was exceeded, if possible, by the failure of his performance. His oratory, instead of being (as I had anticipated) the most highly finished and delightful I had ever listened to, was much nearer being the most defective and miserable. Not only was it tasteless and unattractive, it was a rare and high-finished specimen of unsophisticated unpalatableness. From the beginning to the end of his sermon, the gentleman so courtesied, bobbed, and tip-toed from side to side of the pulpit, and so finically gesticulated with his hands and arms, as actually to resemble a conceited dancing master moving in a minuet. And his utterance was precisely the counterpart of his action. Nor was the substance of his discourse much more commendable.

Take the preacher and his performance, "for all in all," I had never witnessed a more unprepossessing spectacle in a speaker, or a more repulsive failure in rhetoric.

But great as was my disappointment, and deep my dissatisfaction and regret, I was not yet discouraged in my hope; nor had my eloquence-seeking ardor in any degree abated. I still, therefore, believed that there were in store for me more accomplished exhibitions in oratory, and higher gratification as their product.

It was understood that, on the evening of the same day, at early candle-light, the Rev. Mr. G——, a Presbyterian clergyman, much younger than the Episcopalian of the morning, and of much higher repute in the art of speaking, was to preach a stated, and, of course, a studied, well prepared, and carefully delivered sermon.

Thither, therefore, I repaired, with an eager step, not merely trusting, but firmly believing, that I was about to be recompensed for my previous disappointment. And that my enjoyment of the *cœna attica* — the banquet of eloquence — might be the more exquisite and complete, I managed matters so as to have myself conducted by the doorkeeper or sexton, to a seat immediately in advance of the pulpit, and at a distance from it suitable to my purpose.

Under these circumstances, when the psalm-singing and prayer by another clergyman were finished, and the speaker of the

evening rose and advanced to the front of the pulpit, my heart fairly throbbed with anticipated delight—for his appearance was prepossessing and full of promise. But a few minutes were sufficient to dissipate the illusion.

No sooner had he formally assumed his attitude as an orator, thrown toward the several divisions of the house a corresponding number of devout and solemn casts of his eyes, and commenced his discourse, than I felt an impulse of disappointment, mingled with feelings of dissatisfaction and disgust, that was actually painful to me. Could I have made my way to the door, without being noticed, I should have promptly left the house and returned to my lodgings. But that was impossible. I was therefore compelled to brace myself to the Herculean task of sitting a full hour under the influence of a discourse, marked, in its delivery, by a degree of drawling sing-song, and snuffling nasal twang, that would have better suited the time of Oliver Cromwell, than the close of the eighteenth century; and that would have fallen more aptly from the tongue of a "Praise-God-Bare-bones" of the former period, than from that of a much lauded orator of the latter.

Thus vanished, like a vapor, the anticipation I had cherished, of being highly gratified by the pulpit oratory of the celebrated city of Brotherly Love. Yet had the steadiness and intensity with which I had regarded the preacher, throughout his whole discourse, been so obvious and striking, as to attract the notice of the very intelligent and respectable gentleman, who had kindly accommodated me with a seat in his pew. This fact I had an opportunity of learning immediately, in a way that was pleasing to me at the time, and which subsequently led to a profitable result. To myself, therefore, the reminiscence has been always gratifying, and to the reader will not, I trust, be entirely the contrary.

On grounds of courtesy I felt myself bound to accompany to the door of the meeting-house the gentleman and his family, in whose pew I had passed the evening, thank him for his civility, and then take leave of him.

As the evening was cool, I wore my travelling fur-cap, having around it a narrow gold-lace band, and my travelling surtout, with a sable-skin collar. With these articles I had provided myself, by advice, as a protection to my southern constitution,

against the temperature of a Philadelphia winter. I also carried a handsome but substantial sword-cane, as a protection against certain other evils, should they at any time present themselves.

This costume being *unique* in the place (I mean in the congregation) could not well fail to attract attention. This, moreover, I observed to be actually the case, with regard to Mr. T. (the initial of my new friend's name), and his wife, a very comely, matronly lady, but more especially in relation to the younger branches of the family who had accompanied their parents to the place of worship. From some remark made by the gentleman, as well as from what I observed or fancied, in his deportment toward me, I felt inclined to believe that he was desirous of knowing somewhat more respecting me than he had yet learned. And to gratify him in that desire, if indeed he entertained it, I had no objection. Perhaps I even experienced myself a slight desire to the same effect.

Instead, therefore, of taking leave of him, as soon as we reached the door, observing that he turned along Arch Street, toward the River Delaware (the course which I myself intended to pursue), I stepped along with him until we came to Third Street (its name, however, being then unknown to me), when I said to him: "Pray, sir, what street is this?"

"Third Street, sir!"

"Will you have the goodness, sir, to inform me, whether the City Tavern" (the place where I had taken temporary lodging), "stands on this street?"

"It does not, sir! it stands on Second, near the corner of Dock Street."

"Then I must find my way there, if practicable."

"O! sir, nothing can be more easy. Our streets are so straight and regular, you can't miss your way."

"Not, sir, if I were as intimate as your citizens are, with all the courses, objects, and angles of your streets. But an entire stranger to them, as I am, I have seen many a dense and pathless forest, in which I could find places much more easily and certainly than I can in Philadelphia, straight and regular as its streets are. Clustering trees, in the backwoods of the South, are objects and landmarks much more familiar to me, and more easily remembered, because I have held more companionship with them, than

with rows of brick houses, all so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish any one of them from its fellows."

All this I said, with a light and careless half cavalier air, for a twofold purpose—to affect more ignorance of the city than I really experienced, and thereby to draw on myself still further notice—and to show that, new and embarrassing as my case might be to me, I was quite easy under it.

"Are you then," said Mr. T., "so great a stranger in Philadelphia?"

"Just as great, sir, as three days sojourn in a place which I never saw before, and in which I am neither known to anybody, nor anybody known to me, can make me—and, I may add, in which, after a stroll of an hour or two, night before last (I know neither where nor in what direction) I had some difficulty in finding my way home again."

"It shall be my care, sir, that you fare better to-night. The City Tavern lies directly in my way home; and if you will accompany me, I will show you the house."

"That I will do with pleasure, sir; not, however, without one slight misgiving."

"And pray, what is that?"

"Why, sir, you are laying me, by your politeness, under so many obligations, that I shall never be able to cancel them; nor perhaps have any opportunity even to make an effort to that effect—and I do not like to be in debt."

"That account will be easily settled."

After this brief and decisive reply, we passed on for a moment or two, in silence, toward the City Tavern, and the dwelling of Mr. T.

The party consisted of two gentlemen, Mr. T. and myself, and three females—Mrs. T., who was leaning on her husband's arm, and two others, one of them about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and the other about eleven or twelve. The pavement over which we were passing, being somewhat irregular and rough—rendered so by the "wear and tear" of time, and the tread on the bricks of the multitudes that daily passed over it—the younger of the two girls stumbled, and would have fallen, had I not caught and supported her.

Availing myself of this little accident, I said to the gentleman, somewhat gayly, perhaps, in manner, but sincerely in disposition:

"To convince you, sir, of my desire to return, as far as possible, some of the favors you have so kindly conferred on me, I hope to be permitted so far to take care of these two young ladies, whom I suppose to be your daughters, as to assist them in walking over this time-worn pavement of yours, which is as ragged and rugged as a back-country highway guttered by wagon-wheels."

While thus speaking, I placed myself between the two girls, and, offering my arm to the elder, took the younger by the hand, and said to her, with a slight pressure of it, and in a kind and protecting tone: "Now you are secure, and have nothing to fear from these ugly brickbats."

At the same moment, the mother, looking round, and seeing the position I had taken between her two daughters, said to the elder, in approval of my offer: "Betsy, take the gentleman's arm." This the young lady immediately did, in an easy and graceful manner, as if familiar with the practice; and thus we passed onward, without any further conversation, except a few commonplace remarks made by me to the elder daughter.

At length Mr. T., making a halt, and pointing to a large adjacent building, said: "This, sir, is the City Tavern; you will, therefore, allow us to bid you good-night."

"Not yet, sir, if you please," was my reply. "I do not like half-done work. You have very kindly piloted me to my lodging; and, with your and your lady's permission, I shall be much gratified by attending your daughters home, and protecting them from any further accident in these streets of yours, which, as you say, are straight and regular enough; while very little, as I think, can be said in favor of their smoothness." So on we went, until our arrival at Mr. T.'s door.

After a pause there, as brief as it could well be made, I lifted my cap to take leave of the party, when the mother courteously invited me to enter the house. Regarding this in the light of a mere compliment, and having no desire to spend any more time in my accidental adventure, I promptly, but civilly, declined the invitation, on the plea of wishing to prepare letters for the South, to be dispatched by the mail of the next day.

"But," said Mr. T., with something like banter and archness in his manner, "will you be able to find your way back to the City Tavern?"

"I presume so," was my somewhat dubious reply.

"I really doubt it," said he, taking me by the arm. "To make short work of the matter, come in, take a glass of wine, and, with your permission, I will be once more your guide to the City Tavern."

At the same time, the younger sister, who had just separated herself from me, took hold of my hand again, and gave me, in a gentle pull, and an affectionate look, a much stronger invitation than that which I had just received from her parents. Accordingly into the house I went, the little girl actually leading me, seated myself as requested, drank a glass of wine, conversed, for a few minutes, on some everyday topic, and then rising, begged Mr. T. not to take the trouble of reconducting me to my lodging, earnestly assuring him that I could certainly and easily find the way myself. But my entreaty was bootless. To neither argument nor persuasion would the gentleman even listen, much less yield to them. I therefore accepted the offered civility, took a respectful leave of the family, and set out on my return, accompanied by the head of it.

No sooner was I again in the street than I perceived, what I had previously suspected, that Mr. T. was desirous of acquiring more knowledge of me than he yet possessed. He courteously and delicately asked me my name, my place of residence, and my occupation, especially whether I was not in military life, telling me that, from his first sight of me, he had believed me, from my costume and bearing, to be a young officer from the army, then in the West, under the command of General Wayne. I willingly satisfied him on these points; and by this time, though we had walked slowly, we were at the door of the City Tavern. And Mr. T., declining an invitation to accompany me to my chamber, on account of the lateness of the hour, cordially shook my hand, wished me a good-night, and courteously invited me to visit his family, as might be convenient and agreeable to me.

Nor did I afterwards fail to receive from him more substantial evidence confirmatory of my opinion. For, though I did not, during my pupilage, consume time in formal visits to his family, I maintained a very friendly intercourse with it, until the time of my professional graduation, and my engagement in practice. During the whole of this period, moreover, which amounted to

four years, the younger daughter of the family, whose affectionate feeling I had awakened, in the manner I already stated, continued to manifest toward me the attachment of a sister to a brother. And, while yellow fever was spreading havoc and dismay through Philadelphia, in the year 1797, I had the gratification of rescuing her, as was generally believed, from a very formidable attack of that pestilence. Not only the event itself, but the circumstances attending it were peculiarly interesting to me, as well as useful.

The story has been already committed to paper and published, by my permission, in Boston, anno 1834, in a prize dissertation, entitled "Thoughts on Quarantine and other Sanitary Systems."

In the page where it commences, I have represented the mischief often done, by timid physicians, to their patients laboring under diseases deemed contagious, by their reluctance to approach them, their prescribing for them at a distance, and the unmanly timidity they manifest, when near to them, in their mode of examining their symptoms.

I need hardly remark, that the event just narrated was as useful to me, in my capacity as a physician, as it was gratifying to me in that of a man. Not only did it secure to me the place of family physician to Mr. T. and many of his friends, it gained for me the confidence of persons attacked by yellow fever (not a few of whom soon afterwards employed me), and this introduced me, in a few weeks, into a greater amount of contingent and family practice than I could have reasonably anticipated in as many years.—Nor did any material portion of the professional business, thus acquired, pass from me into other hands until twenty years afterwards, when I resigned it, on receiving an invitation to migrate to the West, and commence my career, as a public teacher, in Transylvania University. Such is the opportunity of success in his profession which a single, and even a slight incident, may place within the power of a young physician, provided he has the industry and the ability to improve it, and turn it to the account of which it is susceptible. But to return to my narrative.

Though twice disappointed in my anticipation of delight from Philadelphia eloquence, I was neither discouraged in hope, nor

deterred from a further pursuit of the much-desired and long looked-for enjoyment.

On the morning of Monday, therefore, the day after my double disappointment in relation to pulpit eloquence, I repaired to the court-house, where I was told that Mr. L——s, the ablest jurist and counsellor, and the most eloquent bar orator of the place, was engaged to speak in a case whose magnitude and importance would call forth the manifestation of all his powers. When I reached the house, the eager and rapidly increasing multitude which I found in and around it, induced me to hope at least, if not firmly to believe, that a banquet of eloquence was about to be served up, sufficiently rich, abundant, and racy to make ample amends for the meagreness and insipidity of the two at which I had been recently a guest. Determined, therefore, to have my full share of it, I forced my way through the dense mass of human beings that stood before me, until I reached the outer bar of the court; and there I took my station, resolved not to surrender it, except to recognized authority, or to some individual venerable from age, and, no such authority or claim interposing, I maintained it, by stern mental and muscular resistance, notwithstanding several earnest and vigorous attempts to displace me.

At length the judges appeared and took their seats; silence was commanded and attained, the requisite preliminary business was finished, and the orator arose; and my first glance at him was the reverse of encouraging. A more unsymmetrical, ungainly, and to me, for the moment, unpromising figure, in the image of man, I had rarely if ever beheld. He was tall, gaunt, and ill-shaped, and as loose-jointed as if the muscles which held his limbs together had been half paralyzed. For a man six feet two inches in stature, his trunk was very disproportionately short, and his lower extremities of course equally disproportioned in longitude. By his sides, moreover, dangled a pair of arms of almost as inordinate and unseemly extent as those of the long-armed ape, and far too fleshless to fill his coat sleeves. His cheeks were lank and hollow, his complexion dingy, his face thin and hatchet-like, his upper lip short, even to deformity, and his nose, in like deviation from symmetry and comeliness, far too long. In truth, so strikingly, not to say enormously, was this the case with that projecting and shapeless feature, that, in its length and downward hook,

it bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the nose of the tapir; and, as he stood at the inner bar, his whole form, attitude, and general appearance constituted a model of human ungracefulness equal to the most finished that fancy could frame. A little further and more discriminating scrutiny, however, convinced me that he possessed in his appearance, notwithstanding its general repulsiveness, several strong and redeeming points. Those consisted chiefly in the large size and excellent shape of his head, which, added to the dignified cast they bestowed on it, betokened no ordinary degree of power, the somewhat stern intensity of his brow, and the fire which, steadily streaming from his eye, illuminated his countenance, and gave evidence of mental ardor and activity. These were marks of promise and efficiency which did not escape me.

At length the gentleman commenced his address in a voice almost as deep, sonorous, and unmusical as that of a mastiff, and not greatly dissimilar to it in sound. Hence, I soon afterwards learned, from the half-whispers around me, that he was known by the coarse nickname of "Mastiff L——s." But, wanting in melody and gracefulness as his remarks and gesticulations were, they were powerful, direct to the point, and generally conclusive; because the action, though awkward, was sufficiently natural and full of meaning; and the remarks, though characterized by neither grace nor refinement, were founded in truth, clearly and forcibly expressed, and logically arranged. And, as an evidence that they were so esteemed by those who listened to them, and whose duty it was to examine and weigh them in the scales of reason and conscience, they were triumphantly successful in the verdict they obtained.

Still, however, the eloquence of Mr. L——s was far from satisfying me. That the gentleman was profound and accurate in his acquaintance with jurisprudence, rich in matter of illustration and argument, and masterly in his employment of them, I was thoroughly convinced. But he was far from being what the world calls an orator; nor was he any nearer to my own conception of one. Having heard much better, certainly much more attractive speaking by Alfred Moore, General Davie, my young friend Henderson, and other orators, in the South, I felt confident that there must be also much better and more attractive eloquence

in the North; nor did I abate in the steadiness of my resolution to avail myself of the earliest opportunity to listen to it; and, as Congress then, and for several years afterwards, sat in Philadelphia, I passed many delightful and instructive hours in attending the debates of the House of Representatives and the Senate, when the most distinguished speakers in the latter body were King, Vining, Rutledge, and Ellsworth; and in the former, Harper, Bayard, Randolph, Giles, Madison, and Ames. The last-named gentleman, in particular, was decidedly one of the most splendid rhetoricians of the age, or, indeed, of any age. Two of his speeches, in a special manner—that on Jay's Treaty, and that usually called his "Tomahawk Speech" (because it included some resplendent passages on Indian massacres)—were the most brilliant and fascinating specimens of eloquence I have ever heard; yet have I listened to some of the most celebrated speakers in the British Parliament—among others, to Wilberforce and Mackintosh, Plunket, Brougham, and Canning; and Dr. Priestley, who was familiar with the oratory of Pitt, the father, and Pitt, the son, and also with that of Burke and Fox, made to myself the same acknowledgment, that, in his own words, the speech by Ames, on the British Treaty, was the "most bewitching piece of parliamentary oratory he had ever listened to."

Having adverted to Mr. Madison as a speaker, I deem it due to the memory of that great statesman to add that, in my estimation, justice to his eloquence and power in debate has never been done. Though he was neither a rhetorician nor an orator of the highest order, as those terms are usually understood, yet was he, with perhaps one exception (Mr. Giles), the readiest and ablest debater I ever listened to, in the House of Representatives, or in any other deliberative body. In the British Parliament, I never heard his equal in debate—I mean, in the abundance and fitness of his matter, and the judgment and promptitude, the keenness of point, and the unerringness of aim, with which he employed it. Yet was his keenness so polished by gentlemanly courtesy, that it seldom if ever gave the slightest offence. Of him, on account of his amenity and inoffensiveness in debate, correctly may it be said, as Moore has said of Sheridan, that from the arena of controversy, he

"Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on his blade."

But, no more of the charms of oratory for the present. Something much more important to a student of medicine now claims my attention. The session of the medical school has opened; and I am in full and eager attendance on the lectures; determined, as already mentioned, to derive from them, as far as possible, all the instruction they are calculated to impart.

At this period, the medical school had been in existence about forty years; and its Faculty was organized, and its chairs filled, as follows:—

A chair of Anatomy, Surgery, and Midwifery—Dr. Shippen, Professor, and Dr. Wistar, his Adjunct.

A chair of Theory and Practice of Physic—Dr. Khun, Professor.

A chair of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice—Dr. Rush, Professor.

A chair of Chemistry—Dr. Hutchinson, Professor.

A chair of Materia Medica—Dr. Griffitts, Professor.

Dr. Shippen, being the oldest of the Faculty, both as a professor and a man, and having been one of the original founders of the school, opened the session, in some style and pomp (all matters of ceremony at that old school aristocratic period were more stylish and pompous than they are at this day of homespun republicanism), by the delivery of his introductory lecture. And the performance was neither very imposing nor attractive. Though Dr. Shippen, who, in stature and figure, countenance, and general appearance, and style of manners, was one of the most elegant and gentlemanly personages of the time; and though possessed of an excellent and well-cultivated mind, he was a polished, and, when excited, an *impressive*, if not an *eloquent* public *speaker;* yet was he far from being accomplished in the art of *reading*. And, having previously written his lecture, he read it, from a manuscript before him, in a dull, cold, and monotonous manner. Nor is the most exceptionable characteristic of the exercise yet represented. The authorship of it was not his own, but belonged to his favorite, much admired, and oft-quoted master, Dr. William Hunter, brother of the celebrated John Hunter, of London. That gentleman had composed it early in life, as a standing introductory to his annual course of lectures on anatomy and midwifery. If I mistake not, moreover, it was the only one he ever

delivered. He delivered it, I mean, as his standing annual introductory. And, considering the high standing of its author, it was but a commonplace production. The subject of it was the *organic composition of a man.* I mean the number, arrangement, union, general uses, reciprocal subserviences and names of the most important organs indispensable to the formation of a human being. And though the theme is a rich and beautiful one, and furnishes matter for a splendid philosophical discourse; yet such was not the lecture long previously composed on it, by the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, and delivered, at the time, by the scarcely less celebrated Dr. William Shippen. I need hardly say, therefore, that the entire display, taken as it was, in composition and recital, did not greatly enhance my estimation of Philadelphia eloquence.

On the day following, Dr. Rush's Introductory was delivered. And it was a performance much superior, in all respects, to that of the preceding day. It was the Doctor's own composition; and though, as already stated, that gentleman was a very ordinary public speaker, he was one of the best public readers I have ever heard. As a mere colloquist, moreover, having cultivated, with great attention and care, the art of conversation, he was uncommonly eloquent, correct, and interesting. In his lectures, and other public discourses, which he sometimes pronounced, he never attempted to be, in delivery, lofty, exciting, and impressive, except by reading. When he attempted to extemporize in public, which he rarely did, he dropped, in an instant, from his usually elevated pitch of reading, to a plain and unpretending conversational manner. In truth, he was less animated and exciting, in his public extemporizing, than he often was in private conversation, in his own family, and in other domestic circles. Somewhat surprised at this, and being sufficiently intimate with him to venture on such freedom of inquiry, I once asked him the reason of it. And, in reply, he frankly related to me, in substance, the following anecdote:—

During the revolutionary war, he was an ardent and thoroughgoing Whig; and, though possessed of no turn or taste for soldiership himself, he often attended public meetings on military affairs. On one of those occasions, the object of which was to procure recruits for the American army, either as *regulars* or

volunteers, he was loudly and earnestly called on to address the meeting, and excite as many as possible of the crowd to enroll themselves as soldiers in the cause of their country. With this request he deemed it his duty to comply.

The meeting was held in the place then called, in plain Quaker language, the "State House Yard," but now, in reformed, and more fashionable and courtly style, "Independence Square." To simplify and facilitate the mode of proceeding, the multitude was marshalled, in a column, along one side of the avenue, which passes through the square, fronting it, and immediately on its edge. And the order was given, that all those who were inclined to take up arms in defence of their country, should express their willingness by advancing over the avenue, and forming in column on the other side.

Under this arrangement, the Doctor commenced his patriotic harangue—but with very little success. For a time, not a man moved, but all stood as still as if they had been statues. At length, however, a few passed over the avenue; and the orator closed his speech, which had been addressed exclusively to the intellect of his audience. It awakened none of the warlike passions; nor had the Doctor either turn, tact, or power to produce such awakening. He had only attempted to convince his fellow-citizens, as reasonable men, and faithful patriots, that it would be virtuous and useful in them to enroll themselves, without delay, and, at the risk of their lives, determine to serve their country in arms. But, though his argument was correct, its truth undeniable, its logic sound, and its language clear, classical, and pointed, yet was its issue a mortifying failure. The reason was obvious. Its manner of delivery was tame and colloquial. It was accompanied and enforced by neither declamation, fire, nor appropriate action. Nor did the Doctor, when speaking in public, feel himself competent to a bold and exciting manifestation of either—more especially of *action*, which Demosthenes proclaimed the first, second, and third most essential elements of oratory. And, though the sentiment of the Grecian orator was extravagant, and ought not to be inculcated, as a maxim, in the art of speaking, yet it is in part both true and important. Without action, let a public address, designed to excite to action be, in matter, language, and argument, of an order as high and excellent as

talents, learning, and practice can make it, its effect will be feeble, perhaps a nullity. Nor, according to this well-known principle of human nature, is it possible for it to be otherwise. Of this truth Dr. Rush was speedily and thoroughly convinced.

His very sensible and argumentative, but conversational address being finished, and having failed to produce the much desired and important result, a call was made for a Mr. W——, a counsellor-at-law, of talents and learning, and a popular speaker, who had often, with great success, addressed juries of various descriptions, and in different sorts of cases, and who was abundantly familiar with the leading springs of human action.

Immediately on the summons, the orator appeared, with a flushed countenance, a flashing eye, and a throbbing pulse, and commenced his harangue—for it was a harangue, and bore no resemblance to a premeditated speech. It did not occupy more than eight or ten minutes, was accompanied by no small amount of strong, varied, and significant action, and contained nothing even akin to reason or argument. It consisted of short sentences addressed exclusively to manly or rather daring and high-toned feelings and passions, forcibly expressed, in language so fiery as almost to threaten with blisters the lips of the speaker. Every portion of the address, moreover, was densely interlarded with certain current and exciting words and phrases of the day, some of them loved and admired, and others hated and scorned by Whigs and patriots, and often dextrously employed by public declaimers to fire the spirits, and rouse to action the war-passions of the populace. I need hardly say, that among such terms and expressions were the following: "Freedom, Glory, and Independence!" "Slavery, ignominy, suffering, and chains!" "To emulate the heroes of Lexington, Bunker's Hill, and Saratoga!" "To avenge the massacres of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife on its worse than savage authors, the British emissaries! To protect our wives and our children, our hearths and our altars, from the insult and rapacity of the ruffians of Britain, and hireling marauders! To merit, in the strife of the battle-field, the approbation of Washington and his heroic associates!" "Victory or death!" "Washington will applaud your bravery or condemn your cowardice in the field of battle, and the spirits of Warren, Montgomery, and Mercer, will herald them with joy or indignant

sorrow in their abodes of bliss!" "A free and independent country or a glorious grave!" "Washington, Hancock, and Adams forever!!"

"By a harangue of this description," said Dr. Rush, "Mr. W. was so successful in the work of soldier-making, that he left scarcely a man under fifty years of age on the peace side of the State-house avenue; and even I myself felt half inclined to pass the Rubicon, and exchange my pill-box and lancet for a cartridge-box and musket. But," added the doctor, in his terse and significant manner, "I learned that day what I ought to have known before, that I am not calculated for an *extempore* speaker. And I mean to profit by the lesson; I have never since repeated the effort; nor is it my present purpose to do so hereafter."

The introductory lecture by Dr. Rush was a performance of a high order. In matter it was instructive, in style and manner interesting and attractive; it was elegantly recited, or rather read, and its general tone, and the adroitly Americanized spirit of it were judiciously fitted to give it favor and popularity with an American audience. In a virtual but not very direct comparison of the American with the European people, the entire equality, not to say the actual, though half-concealed superiority, which, in several respects, the professor assigned to the former, was to me a circumstance peculiarly gratifying. The passage in the lecture which contained the sentiment, being pronounced with well-timed and strongly-marked animation and emphasis, drew from the whole audience a burst of applause, and actually thrilled through me with an influence and emotion, which half raised me from my seat, and attracted the attention of those who were in my immediate vicinity.

One reason why I felt so keenly the sentiment of the professor, and derived from it such uncommon gratification was, because it came from so distinguished a personage, and was in all respects so precisely in harmony with my own. It was, therefore, in no ordinary degree, flattering to my pride. Another reason was, that it brought suddenly and vividly to my recollection some of the most exciting scenes of my boyhood, in which I had strenuously and successfully contended, by various experiments, deemed conclusive, in favor of the truth of the opinion in question; to prove, I mean, the equality at least (in my own belief the natural

superiority), of the man of America, or rather of the United States, to the man of Europe.

No sooner had Dr. Rush closed the public exercise of the day (only one introductory was delivered each day, during the first week of the school session), and I returned to my study, than with a mind filled and delighted with what I had heard, I prepared a brief and hasty, but sufficiently spirited and confident notice, in form of a review of the entire lecture, but especially of that portion of it which favored the doctrine of American superiority, in its relation to the fancied claim to the opposite effect preferred by Great Britain and other European nations. After adducing several arguments in support of the doctrine maintained in it, I closed my notice with an animated and lofty commendation of the performance in all its leading attributes, specifying in particular its sound, appropriate, and instructive matter, its polished and classical style of composition, and its eloquent delivery; and, on the following morning, the article signed "A Medical Student," appeared in the *Aurora*, a popular newspaper, edited by B. F. Bache, a grandson of Dr. Franklin. Nor did it fail to excite in the class considerable attention and curiosity, accompanied by open inquiry, and whispered suspicion, respecting its authorship.

Several of the pupils, who, for reasons not then known to me, were not altogether friendly to Dr. Rush, pronounced the critique *ironical*, declaring that no one competent to the production of so able and tasteful an article, would pass, except in irony, so extravagant and unmerited a panegyric on so faulty a lecture. In opposition to remarks of this description, which were evidently tinctured with unfriendliness of feeling, others declared the lecture to be excellent, and the criticism judicious and sound, except that, on a few points, it might, with propriety, have been even more eulogistic.

In this discussion, which became, in a few minutes, quite general, and waxed in a few more sufficiently warm, I took actually no part, and apparently but little interest. The latter condition of things, however, was only apparent; for, though my lips were closed, my eyes and ears were abundantly open, and sensitive to all that was passing around me.

This discussion was, however, brought to a close by the entrance of Dr. Kuhn, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic,

who entered, in all his unbending stateliness and formality, prepared to deliver his introductory discourse. Nor, whether he was regarded mentally or corporeally, in his person, movement, manners, dress, or address, or in the conceptions, habits, and general action and condition of his mind, can any being, in the figure of man, more rigidly, stately, and formal than he was, present itself to the most inventive and fertile imagination. He was, by far, the most highly and minutely furnished specimen of old-school medical production I have ever beheld.

To begin with some of the most valuable characteristics of the members of that school. His preliminary education, preparatory to the study of medicine, was sufficiently extensive, well-directed, and sound. In other words, he was a scholar; had a respectable acquaintance with the several branches of natural science most nearly allied to medicine, and did not, as is too much the fashion in these latter times of reputed equality among men, commence his professional studies with his mind deplorably crude, uninformed, and undisciplined.

His medical education was also conducted on an extensive plan. It was begun in Philadelphia, when Pennsylvania was but a British province, and carried as far as the professional means and resources of the place, at that early period of the colony, admitted. But no medical school existing, and, of course, no degree in medicine being at that time attainable on this side of the Atlantic, Dr. Kuhn's professional education was subsequently prosecuted and finished in the schools of Europe, under the most able and distinguished teachers of the day. Among those were the celebrated Linnæus, as well in the capacity of a private as a public teacher, the elder Monroe, and the no less celebrated Dr. Cullen. The entire term of Dr. Kuhn's pupilage was not, I think, less than from six to seven years. Such were some of that gentleman's old-school advantages. Among his less valuable attributes, derived from the same source, may be mentioned the following:—

His hair, unusually coarse and strong, of which nature had furnished him with an exuberant abundance, and given to it so firm and permanent a setting, that, at the age of seventy-five, he possessed, perhaps, as much of it as he did at that of twenty-five; that appendage of the head his hair-dresser so arranged as to give

it the resemblance of a fashionable wig, well pomatumed, stifly curled, and richly powdered. His hand and bosom-ruffles were full and flowing, his breeches were black, his long-skirted waistcoat white or buff, and his coat snuff-colored. In his hand he carried a gold-headed cane, in his waistcoat pocket a gold snuff-box, and his knee and shoe-buckles were of the same metal. When moving from house to house, in his professional business, so sternly and stubbornly regular were his steps, in both extent aud repetition, that he could scarcely be induced to quicken or lengthen them, either to escape from a thunder-gust or a hail-storm, to relicve colic, to arrest a hemorrhage, or scarcely to save the life of the most mcritorious of his patients.

Though some of those qualities, taken separately and in the abstract, must be considered as, in various respects, troublesome and exceptionable, yet were they, in their united influence, useful to their possessor.

They rendered the entire economy of his life a specimen of unsurpassed regularity and order. During nearly half a century he went to bed at precisely elevcn o'clock P. M., and rose at precisely half-past five A. M. In summer, he breakfasted at precisely seven o'clock, in spring and autumn at half-past seven, and in winter, with equal precision, at eight. In summer, he made his first morning professional visit at half-past eight o'clock, in winter at nine, and in spring and autumn at the momeut midway between the two. Throughout the year he made his last professional morning visit aud entered the door of his dwelling exactly ten minutes before two P. M., and returned home from his last evening visit at ten minutes before seven.

In his attendance on his patients he was equally regular and equally precise. He entered each sick-room at a given time, speut a given number of minutes in examining and prescribing, and never suffered the slightest deviation to be made from his directions. Weak sage tea was a favorite beverage, which he often prescribed as a drink for the sick. If, as was sometimes the case, the kind nurse or attendant took the liberty of saying to him, as he was moving toward the door, to make his exit from the room: "Doctor, should the patient want to drink a little toast-water, or lemonade, I suppose I may give it to him?" he would turn and reply, with oracular solemnity and decisiveness:

"I have directed, or I have said, weak sage tea. Good morning, Madam." And, however stern and forbidding this decisiveness might occasionally appear, it was characterized by sound judgment and the dictate of experience. For it is a practical, and, therefore, a momentous truth, that the nurses of the sick do much more mischief by the abuse of their discretionary powers than could possibly result from their confinement to the most positive directions. Hence, to prevent mischief from that quarter, the practitioner should be exceedingly limited in his allowance of such powers.

In cases of consultation with other practitioners, Dr. Kuhn was punctual to a minute, in his arrival at the place of meeting; and, if in five minutes the other physicians did not also arrive, he uniformly left the room, and would on no account turn back with them, should he even meet them within a few feet of the door. Did they request him to return with them to the sick-room, or to converse with them on the spot, respecting the case he had just seen, he promptly and peremptorily refused to do either, assigning as his reason, that he had another engagement, within a certain number of minutes, and that he could not allow their want of punctuality toward him, to render him unpunctual in his intercourse with others. The effect of this exactness, was to render breaches of engagement with him much less frequent than with other physicians. Nor was this its only beneficial result.

Further conveniences and advantages derived, by Dr. Kuhn, from his punctuality and system, were, that he held and exercised an absolute command of his business, and never suffered it to take command of him; that he was therefore never compelled by it either to break an engagement or to be in a violent hurry to keep one; that, during certain parts of every day, he was at leisure, and might, for a time, exercise either his mind or his body, or both of them, in the way most agreeable to him; and that thus, monotonous as his course of life was, generally considered, it was in fact more diversified in some respects than that of most other physicians. But to dismiss the consideration of the private practitioner of medicine, and speak exclusively of the public teacher.

According to expectation, and in conformity to his habit, just as the city clock gave her first stroke of twelve, Dr. Kuhn entered

the lecture room, where the class was in waiting, and ascended the platform, from which he was to speak; and, as soon as the last stroke of the clock had ceased to reverberate in our ears, he commenced his Introductory. And though its matter was neither inappropriate nor uninstructive, its style, manner, and delivery were mere commonplace. So far was the address, moreover, from containing an original thought, that no portion of it appeared to be even the professor's own. From beginning to end, it was in substance but a transcript from the writings of Cullen. It was therefore no unsuitable preface to the Doctor's course of lectures, all of which were strikingly characterized by the doctrines and notions of Cullen, and not a few of them actual copies of his lectures.

I need hardly add, that so open a copyist could not long retain his station as a public teacher, in a school which had already attracted no small share of the attention of the community; and while some of his colleagues, as well perhaps as other physicians, who did not hold professorships, but aspired to them, were decidedly hostile to him, and anxious for his removal. Accordingly, not more I think than two or three years after the fearful visitation of Philadelphia, in 1793, by yellow fever, from which Dr. Kuhn took shelter in the country, he resigned his professorship, and became from that period an ex-professor, and a private practitioner. His retirement, however, from the school did not deprive him of much if any of his very extensive and lucrative business. He was the physician of the wealthy citizens, who had also taken refuge in the country from yellow fever. Hence they withdrew from him, on account of his having imitated and accompanied them, none of their patronage. It is due to his memory, moreover, to say, that, though a very ordinary and uninteresting lecturer, he was an uncommonly skilful and successful practitioner.

Of these latter qualifications I attained an intimate knowledge; because I had occasion to experience them in my own person. From a combination of circumstances which need not be mentioned, I was once attended by him, in a severe but brief attack of bilious fever. And, as I then believed, and still believe, the judgment and skill which he manifested in the treatment of my case, could not have been surpassed. Nor were the salutary

effects of his prescriptions the only things in his professional intercourse with me that attracted my attention, and excited in me an interest toward him. Not only was I gratified by the strictness and uniformity of his attention in every particular, but, serious as was my complaint, and severe my sufferings, I was not a little amused by the singular punctuality of his visits, and his unvarying self-consistency and precision in all other respects. During a portion of my sickness, he visited me three times a day. And, by my watch, which hung near the head of my bed, I could predict, within less than a minute, the exact time at which he would gently tap at my chamber door.

On the resignation of Doctor Kuhn, Dr. Rush was elected to the vacant chair, being also allowed to retain that which he had previously held. Hence the reason of the multifarious and self-conflicting nature of his professorship, from that period to the close of his life—embracing, as it did, the theory and practice of physic, the institutes of medicine, and clinical practice. I have called the professorship "self-conflicting;" whereas, I had better, perhaps, have used one or the other of the terms *self-misrepresenting*, or *self-misinterpreting*. Why? Because the *theory of physic* and the *institutes of medicine*, though not strictly, are virtually synonymous forms of expression; while the title of the professorship, from the manner in which they are used in it, expressly represents them as of different interpretations. Nor would it be easy to show my statement to be erroneous, were I to say the same of the *practice of physic* and *clinical practice*. They are phrases which but express different modes of the same sort of instruction. To teach medicine *practically* is their common object. These views were among the reasons why I labored for many years, by articles from the press, private argument, and public addresses, to have that professorship divided into two—one of them embracing the Institutes of medicine alone—and the other, the practice of physic as usually taught, connected with a bi-weekly hospital clinique. Another reason of my attempt was, that the professorship was far too multifarious and extensive in its duties. Few men are qualified by taste, turn of mind, ability, and education, to perform all those duties. And no man either now does, or ever did exist, competent to the due performance of them all, in a course of lectures lasting but four months, six lectures only

being delivered each week. Even an effort to such effect I then declared preposterous. And now, after the experience of thirty years more, I repeat the declaration with augmented confidence.

Though the arguments which I urged for the division of the chair were never openly met and answered—because they were unanswerable—yet, during my residence in Philadelphia, the division was not made. For this delinquency in the Board of Trustees (for a delinquency it certainly was) there existed, as was believed, a reason, which, though powerful and operative, was neither liberal nor honorable—but the very reverse. Had the division been made, by the sentiment of the whole community the professorship of the institutes would have been assigned to me. And some of the most popular and influential of the professors were unwilling that I should become a member of the Faculty.

Be the cause of their action or want of action on the subject, however, what it might, but a short period had elapsed, after my removal to the West, when the division of the professorship, for which I had so long contended, was virtually made. At a subsequent period it was formally made; and the chair of the Institutes is now occupied by a gentleman of an active and well-informed mind.

The chair of the Institutes, which I held in the medical school of Lexington, was erected by the Board of Trustees expressly for me, at my own request, when invited by them to take precedence and direction in the organization and establishment of that institution. Nor did my friends in Philadelphia hesitate to allege that that measure, in Transylvania University, had an influence in the introduction of a similar chair into the University of Pennsylvania. And I know myself, that the arguments in favor of a division of the professorship in question, which I had, long previously, published in pamplets, and otherwise urged, were ultimately used for the accomplishment of the object, in whose behalf they had been employed by myself. True, to the common sense of every one, who candidly examined the question, and had the capacity to comprehend it, they were plain and satisfactory. Yet did they not, while I remained in Philadelphia, produce the result for which they were calculated and intended; though they were made as clear then, and as skilfully and forcibly

pressed, as they were or could be at any subsequent time. And, as already intimated, the reason appeared to be twofold. While I remained in Philadelphia, it was known that I would immediately avail myself, with almost certain success, of the division of the chair, an issue which a few men of standing, who had an interest in the matter, were anxious to prevent. But no sooner was a course of lectures on the philosophy of medicine opened in the school of the West, than it was deemed expedient that an effort to teach on the same subject should be made in the principal school of the East. And, as far as I am informed in the case, all that was done was but an effort, a mere pretext without reality, a show without substance. The Professor of the Institutes lectures, I am told, but twice a week—delivering in all not more than thirty lectures. And if that be the case, I have no hesitation in saying that it would be more to the credit of both himself and the school, that he should not lecture on the subject at all. Taught by the experience of more than the fourth of a century, I positively assert, that a hundred lectures on the institutes of medicine, amount to but a limited and incompetent course. For, of all the branches of the profession, that is by far the most extensive and diversified. And I need hardly add, that in point of elevation and profundity, interest and beauty, it stands preeminent; because it is the life and spirit of all the other branches. Without it they would be utterly scienceless and lifeless.

Of the introductories of the other two professors, Hutchison and Griffitts, I shall not speak for two reasons. Neither were the lectures performances of any peculiar merit; nor did their authors attain to any celebrity. Dr. Hutchison died of yellow fever, in 1793, when comparatively but a young man; and Dr. Griffitts, though an excellent practitioner of medicine, was a very ordinary writer, and had neither tact nor talent to read, recite, or speak *extempore*, in a public capacity. Like Dr. Kuhn, he was a living and striking proof that, without being in the slightest degree fitted for a public teacher of medicine, a physician may be a successful practitioner of it. And of the entire medical community, forty-nine members out of every fifty, and perhaps a much larger proportion, exhibit, each one in himself, conclusive testimony to the same effect. Yet how widely different from this is public opinion? No sooner do young men receive their de-

grees in medicine, than a proportion of them—far from being small—feel confident of their competency to the high function of public teaching; and, provided a vacant chair in a medical school present itself, they are anxious to enter it—not only by fair and honorable means—but too often by means unprincipled and detestable. And if no vacancy offer, in a school already existing, they are ready to conspire with a few other M. D.s, as mature in mind as themselves, and as well provided in learning, science, and other qualifications, to *create* one.

Respecting another gentleman connected with the Philadelphia Faculty, in 1792, I deem it due to him to make a few remarks; I allude to Dr. Wistar, adjunct Professor of Anatomy, on whose literary and professional education neither time, attention, nor expense had been spared. He was possessed of wealth, and had spent several years in Europe, in the most popular schools, and under the most celebrated masters of the time. In point of scholarship—in the common acceptation of the term—he was greatly superior to any of the professors. In evidence of this, when, as was then at times the case, any candidate for a degree in medicine wrote his inaugural Thesis in Latin, or was desirous of being examined in that venerable tongue, the pupil and his production were handed over to Dr. Wistar, because, of all the members of the Faculty, he was best prepared, if not *alone* prepared, for the duties of the occasion.

When I myself was under examination for my degree, Dr. Shippen, who was somewhat inclined to what is termed fun, and innocent mischief, having heard me reported as the best linguist in the class, and suspecting, perhaps, that I valued myself on that school-boy attainment, transferred his duty on the occasion to Dr. Wistar, in order, as he good-naturedly and playfully said, that he (Dr. Wistar) and myself might talk to each other in Latin, like the Younger and Elder Pliny, and afford him an opportunity of judging which of us was best entitled to be proud of his scholarship. And the experiment being immediately made, we both gained credit for the manner in which we acquitted ourselves For, though taken by surprise, neither of us faltered or manifested any mortifying deficiency, but spoke with readiness and no great want of accuracy, notwithstanding we had made no preparation for the task imposed on us. And we were highly complimented

on our scholarship by the venerable professor who had called us to the trial.

Dr. Wistar being, at the time of the commencement of my pupilage in the Philadelphia school, comparatively young, was one of the most sensitive and quick-tempered of men, and had yet acquired but little reputation as a public teacher. Indeed, in that respect, his standing was beneath what it ought to have been, and what it would certainly have already become, had it not been for the misfortune of his extreme sensibility. For, through that, he often experienced such embarrassment and confusion, as detracted very perceptibly, as well from the instructiveness as from other less important, but still interesting and valuable qualities of his lectures. In fact, on many occasions, I have seen him so agitated, by the most trifling occurrences, as to be scarcely able to proceed in the plainest and most familiar anatomical demonstrations. In one instance, when he was lecturing on the digestive apparatus, I saw him so deeply disconcerted (nobody but himself knew why), as to misname almost every portion of the alimentary tube, and every organ connected with it, and to misrepresent their special functions. From some loose and wandering fancy that made its way into his mind, he wound up that lecture of accidents, by bestowing on the *sphincter ani* a misnomer so odd and ludicrous, as to produce, in the class, an irresistible and indiscriminate outbreak of laughter—in which the Doctor himself had the good sense to unite, and, by that means, escape at least a share of the embarrassment he must have otherwise experienced. As indicative of the organization and temperament of that gentleman, it is worthy of remark that not only were his fits of agitation more easily and frequently excited than those of any other individual I have ever known, whether male or female; but they had also the appearance of being more dangerous. His head was unusually large, his neck short and thick, his chest capacious, and his heart corresponding to it in size and power. Of that condition of things the effect is obvious.

In his paroxysms of agitation, mingled, as they often were, with a spice of dissatisfaction, not to call it anger, the blood rushed to his head in large amount, and with great impetuosity, his face flushed to crimson, his eyes not only flashed and even seemed to protrude, but he was at times assailed by a threatening vertigo—

the more threatening, in consequence of his belonging to an apoplectic family, and possessing himself an apoplectic figure. Though in cases of common danger, his spirit was manly, firm, and fearless, yet these considerations awakened in him, necessarily, some degree of apprehension, and induced him to avail himself of every means he could devise, and every exertion he could make to subdue the inordinate sensitiveness of his system. And, in time, he succeeded to such an extent, as to render his fits of agitation much less frequent, violent, and dangerous, than they were at an earlier period of his career.

Nor was it his health alone that was placed in a better condition by this change in his excitability. So far as an ability to exercise his talents was concerned, his mind also was greatly improved. In such a degree, now, did his will hold the mastery over his other mental powers, that he could employ them undisturbed, and in their full vigor, on any subject he might select, and in any sort of effort he might choose to make.

Subsequently to this victory over an infirmity of his nature (a victory which any one who resolutely attempts it, and steadily perseveres in his attempt, may certainly gain), he became one of the most fluent, self-possessed, and instructive lecturers our country has produced—not, however, one of the ablest.

But, though he professed and publicly taught surgery for many years, and was thoroughly versed in that branch of knowledge, he never became a distinguished operator. No sooner did he engage in an important operation, than the primitive sensibility of his system returned, his hand became unsteady, and his mind at times perceptibly discomposed. In consequence of this, did any unexpected event occur, even an unlooked-for jet of blood from an artery, the expedient best calculated to remedy the evil seldom, if ever, presented itself to him with promptness—much less with coolness on his part.

I have said that, at the commencement of his career as a public teacher, Dr. Wistar did not receive credit for the abilities (I mean the *native* abilities) which he actually possessed. Far otherwise, however, was his lot, in the middle, and toward the closing portion of that career.

At those latter periods, his reputation was as far above the true standard of his talents, attainments, and manifestations, as it had

been previously below them. The public, as if in regret for having once underrated him, now overrated him, in an equal degree, in order that, by excess in the latter case, they might make the requisite atonement for defect in the former.

As a practitioner of medicine, he never attained an elevated rank. To Kuhn, Rush, Physick, and other Philadelphia physicians that might be named, he was, in that respect, not a little inferior. In his examinations into the symptoms of his patients, he was always annoyingly, and, to many of them, often injuriously circumstantial, minute, and fatiguing. He would, on some occasions, circumambulate the beds of the sick two or three times, eying their countenances from every point, feeling their pulses repeatedly, and interrogating them respecting the feelings experienced by them in almost every part of their bodies. And he often put questions to them, the relevancy of which to the case before him I was unable to discover. In another point of view, Dr. Wistar's practice exhibited a want of mental clearness, decision, and strength. His prescriptions were too complicated. His recipes, I mean, were compounded of too many different ingredients. Medical practice of this sort is the offspring of mental obscurity and indecision. To me it clearly testifies that the practitioner, at a loss what precise remedy to administer to the sick, administers a *multifarious* one, in the hope that some of the ingredients of it may in some way do good. Thus, if but a single drop of shot from the fowling-piece, take effect, the bird aimed at by the sportsman may fall. The ablest and most successful practitioners of medicine I have ever known, employed the simplest remedies, and the fewest of them. And they usually also consumed much the shortest time in examining symptoms, and deciding on prescriptions.

Such, however, is not the opinion of every one; nor even perhaps of a majority of those, who deem themselves highly qualified to judge. In the estimation of such persons, Dr. Wistar's prolonged examinations of his patients, and the complexity of his prescriptions, enhanced, in no small degree, his reputation and standing. The reason is plain. They were regarded by them as evidential of his great attention and cautiousness, sagacity and judgment. By the same individuals, on the contrary, physicians who examined and prescribed with

promptness and simplicity, were held comparatively regardless of the suffering and fate of their patients, and ignorant of the special virtues of medicinal substances. Such are and must be the blunders of those, who pretend to judge of what they do not understand.

Though I do not pronounce Dr. Wistar altogether an anomaly (for there exist many persons who partially resemble him), yet did he possess, in his character, several extraordinary and contradictory elements. In some respects, his mind was disjointed and out of balance, and therefore often incorrect in its movements.

Although I am confident that in conversation, writing, and public address, he never intentionally deviated from the truth; in some of his transactions, he scarcely adhered to it. In his professional and other engagements, he seldom failed to violate his promise. And that practice is a perpetration of a species of untruth, and I might add of injustice; because it robs of their time those toward whom engagements are broken. And, to men immersed in business, time is, in many cases, the most valuable sort of property.

The Doctor was certainly the most unpunctual man in relation to his professional engagements (I mean on the score of time), I ever knew; and the most ready, pleasant, and plausible in apologizing for his delinquency. His failure in punctuality, moreover, became in time so inveterate and habitual, as to extinguish in some measure, the regret he ought to have felt, and which perhaps at first he did feel on account of it. In one instance, however, I had an opportunity of making him feel very keenly the full amount of the fault he had committed.

In the autumn of 1811, I had, for some time, a stated consultation engagement with him, at nine o'clock every morning. This, as usual, he regularly broke, and as regularly apologized for the breach, until I entirely ceased to expect punctuality from him.

During the time of this joint attendance, I was called to visit a patient in New Jersey, twenty miles distant from the city of Philadelphia. Having finished my morning calls, in the city, I mounted my horse about twelve o'clock, visited my remote friend in the country, remained with him until two o'clock next morning, and then set out on my return to the city. The roads being h in some places, and muddy in others, and having lost

nearly half an hour of my time by inadvertently mistaking my road, I did not reach Philadelphia until within a few minutes of nine o'clock, the hour of my engagement to meet Dr. Wistar. Instead of first calling at my own house, therefore, I passed directly to the dwelling of my patient, gave my horse to a servant, directing him to be held near the door, and entered the house in horseman's costume and condition, booted, spurred, and specked with mud. This arrangement was made by me, partly for the purpose of rebuking Dr. Wistar by facts, instead of words, on account of his unpunctuality, should he on this occasion prove unpunctual; an event which I did not consider even doubtful, much less improbable.

At half-past nine, the door-bell rang; and in a moment afterward the Doctor entered the parlor, where I was waiting, somewhat disconcerted, for he had seen my mud-bespattered horse at the door. As soon, moreover, as he entered the parlor, I looked at my watch, a significant act, which, for some time previously, I had ceased to repeat, on his making his appearance, because I had found it to be entirely useless. This renewal of it, however, arrested his attention; and his eye next fell on my muddied boots and spurs.

These several circumstances united so excited him as to produce, to some extent, one of his former habitual blushes. He said, however, with a smile, and in a cheerful tone, "You appear, sir, as if you had been taking a ride in the country this morning."

"Yes, sir," was my reply; "I have travelled from Burlington this morning."

"From Burlington in New Jersey?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, that is a distance of twenty miles! is it not?"

"It is so accounted, sir; and when the road is as sloppy and deep as it is at present, the calculation seems rather below the reality."

"Pray, sir, how long have you been here?"

"Rather more, sir, than half an hour" (looking again at my watch); "I entered this room about two minutes before nine."

All this I said intentionally in a tone of unusual mildness for me, when under the feeling of a recent disappointment; because I felt convinced that the Doctor would feel my virtual rebuke

the more keenly, on account of its being administered without emotion. And my opinion was correct. He was deeply mortified, apologized seriously, and earnestly promised to practise with me, in our subsequent meetings, more punctuality. And for a time his promise was strictly observed, but not permanently. In him, a reform in the fault of engagement-breaking, free from relapse, would have been a marvel, because it would have been tantamount to a revolution in his nature.

Yet would such reform have been of great importance to him. He was himself by far the severest sufferer from his want of punctuality. In consequence of it, his business was always ahead of him—had command of him—and dragged him after it; instead of his having command of it, compelling it to follow him and be subservient to him.

During his business hours, not only was he without a moment of actual leisure, he was always in a hurry, or rather a bustle, often out of breath and forever out of time. Owing to this annoying confusion, which clung to him, as a portion of his nature, his professional books were said to have been very irregularly kept by him. By that irregularity, however, no one but himself was ever suspected to have suffered. It was said and believed that he never presented an exorbitant bill. On the contrary, all his bills were uncommonly moderate, and some of them singularly and ludicrously low. The reason was, that he very often neglected to make daily entries in his books. And those which he failed to make daily, he entirely forgot, and never made them at all.

He belonged by both birth and marriage, to a large and wealthy Quaker connection, and was family physician to perhaps every member of it. Of each family, moreover, it was the desire that his bills should be rendered and settled at least towards the close of every year; and to that effect did they repeatedly solicit him, but in vain. No account could he be induced to present to any of his connections, without difficulty; and against the females of the connection (although very wealthy), he never made either charges or entries. Nor, from the latter would he accept money, however frequently and earnestly it might be proffered to him. The only expedient, therefore, to which those just and high-minded women could have recourse was, to send to him occasion-

ally presents of plate, sets of dinner, supper, and breakfast china, valuable books, marble busts, choice paintings, and such other articles of use or ornament, as they might deem suitable. But it was requisite that they should strictly conceal from him the quarter from which the presents came. In default of that expedient, the articles would have been returned.

But, with all these oddities and deficiencies on his head, Dr. Wistar was singularly beloved and respected. In social, professional, and scientific life, his standing, in the estimation of the community, was elevated if not pre-eminent. As already mentioned, his practice as a physician and surgeon was extensive; and had he not neglected his accounts, would have been highly lucrative. But his hereditary wealth, and his income, as professor, supplied him with means more than sufficient for all his purposes whether of comfort or convenience, luxury, elegance, or ambition; and he had no propensity to accumulate and hoard. Having been, for many years, senior Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, he was at length promoted to the Presidency of it, and thus seated in the same chair that had been occupied by Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Jefferson. He was, moreover, as far as I am informed, the first person in Philadelphia who held regular *soirées*, or evening *conversation* parties, of a literary and scientific character. And, for several years after his death, those meetings continued to be held by his friends, in commemoration of him, in their original style, under the name of "Wistar Parties." Nor do I know that they do not still survive. But, if so, it is in a degenerate condition. Twelve or fifteen years ago (perhaps more), they had ceased to have in them even a spice of the true *cœna attica*. They had been metamorphosed into fashionable and sumptuous eating and drinking parties. They were gay and mirthful, and therefore, to those whose chief delight is in hilarity and pleasantry, sufficiently attractive. But their dignity had departed, their literary conversation had become commonplace chat, they were shorn of their last ray of science, and might be called, in the least exceptionable meaning of the phrase, scenes of sensuality. They were now held also most frequently at the houses of men who had no claim to anything higher than gentility and fashion. Their mere name was the only one of their primitive attributes which they still retained.

When Dr. Wistar first commenced those parties, they were comparatively small. More than ten or twelve gentlemen rarely appeared in them; and they were principally strangers of name and standing, mixed with a few of the Doctor's most intimate and extensively informed associates, who were themselves instructive and accomplished in conversation, and pleased with corresponding powers in others. The association thus constituted, was identical, in design and character, with the *conversazioni* so customary in Europe.

In those intellectual and delightful little parties (for they were strongly characterized by both qualities), Dr. Wistar adroitly contrived to be himself much more of a listener than of a talker. Yet were his conversational powers of a high order. His practice in his parties was to open a conversation on some interesting topic, by making in person a few remarks or inquiries respecting it, in order to render it a theme of discussion by others of the party, whom he knew to be well-informed in relation to it, and prepared to shed light on it. And, other things being equal, the newer and less known it was to himself, the more apt was he to introduce it as a theme, and the better pleased to hear it ably handled; because, from such a source, he derived more fresh and novel information, and added more to his stock of knowledge, than he could do, by listening to conversation on a subject already familiar to him. And, as the amount of his professional business, and the irregularity with which it was conducted, prevented him from reading and investigating to any great extent, or very valuable effect himself, one of his leading objects, in the institution of his *soirées* was, to profit, as far as possible, by the result of the reading and investigations of others. Nor did he hesitate to acknowledge that such was the fact, and often to thank members of his party, when about to take leave of him, for the pleasure and instruction he had received from their conversation. Nor is there any reason to believe that the compliment he thus paid them was untrue or insincere. It was not, I mean, the language of mere commonplace politeness. For, it is an incontrovertible truth, that, from well-digested and matured conversation, or public address, a greater amount of correct and substantial knowledge may be drawn, in a few hours, than can be in as many days, or perhaps weeks of interrupted and irregular readings.

I have said that Dr. Wistar was but an ordinary writer. In proof of this, on the death of his friend, benefactor, and patron, Dr. Shippen, he delivered by appointment, on the life and character of that distinguished teacher, a public discourse, intended for the press. I say that it was intended for the press; not because its author told me so, but because such was the universal expectation and belief; and such also is the uniform destination of discourses of the sort, when pronounced by such a man as Dr. Wistar, on such a man as Dr. Shippen. A single exception to this I do not now remember—save in the fate of the rejected address in question.* To the press that production never found its way.

Dr. Wistar died, if my memory fail me not, of a disease of the heart. Some of the valves of that organ, I think, were ossified. The funeral honors conferred on him were as impressive as they could be rendered by sincere and extensive sorrow, deep solemnity, and the slow and silent movement of an immense procession of his fellow-citizens, that followed him to the grave.

He was subsequently commemorated by two public discourses, under the auspices of two scientific institutions to which he belonged. One of those was the American Philosophical Society, of which he was President at the time of his death. Under the direction of that body, his commemorator was very appropriately the Honorable William Tilghman, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, who was subsequently elected to succeed him in the presidency of the institution.

The other public body, by which he was commemorated, was the Philadelphia Medical Society, by whose action the office of commemorator was devolved on myself. The two discourses were published, and somewhat extensively noticed and reviewed. And, as is always and perhaps necessarily the case, the reviewers differed in decision respecting their merits, some giving a preference to one and some to the other, according as they were influenced, mostly, I am willing to believe, by their taste and judgment, but also in part, as I am persuaded, by their feelings of friendliness or unfriendliness toward their authors. On two topics,

* It would appear that the discourse delivered by Dr. Wistar on the life and character of Dr. Shippen, *was* subsequently published, about the year 1818—although Dr. Caldwell was not aware of the fact.—Ed.

however, public opinion was unanimous; that, as related to matter, Judge Tilghman had produced the fullest and best biographical memoir; and that, in style and manner, mine was the best composed and most respectable eulogy. And the reason of these two points of reciprocal superiority were obvious, and may be briefly stated.

I, though far the younger man, was, in an equal degree, the most practised writer. I had, therefore, the acquired skill of expressing myself on paper as a disciplined artist. For composition is as genuine an art as painting or sculpture. I had also probably derived from nature a more liberal supply of imagination and fancy, and had certainly employed and cultivated them to a greater extent than the honorable Judge, and thus, perhaps, somewhat surpassed him in the literary, and more refined and attractive qualities of composition and thought. The reason why he had the ascendency in the matter of his discourse, was as follows; and the reader will judge for himself whether, on such an occasion, it was either liberal or manly, or on any ground justifiable.

Mrs. B., a near kinswoman of Dr. Wistar, then resident in Princeton, New Jersey, was known to have in her possession, a number of interesting and valuable documents, containing an account of the early education of that gentleman, as well as of his course and engagements at a later period. As soon, therefore, as I had received the appointment to prepare and deliver on his life and character a commemorative discourse, I addressed a letter to that lady, soliciting of her the privilege of examining those documents, and selecting from them such matter as might be suitable to my purpose. To that solicitation she cordially assented; and an early day was specified, on which my visit to Princeton was to be made, and the documents inspected. But, before that day (early as it was) had shed abroad its morning light, a messenger in behalf of Judge Tilghman (but whether by his immediate agency, or by that of some of his friends and partisans, I never knew) arrived, post-haste, at Princeton, got possession of Mrs. B.'s memoranda of her kinsman, and conveyed them to Philadelphia, where, as I then thought and still think, I was very illiberally and unjustifiably (not to employ terms of deeper reprehension) prevented from inspecting them. In the course of my

address, I alluded to the stratagem as the cause of my deficiency in biographical matter. And, though my language was milder than the occasion would have warranted, it stung so severely the individuals who had been, or were suspected to have been, most immediately concerned in the transaction, that they never forgave me.

Had I received from Mrs. B. the memoranda of the life of her kinsman, the Honorable Judge Tilghman should certainly have seen them. The competition between him and myself would have been thus rendered a fair one. Had he then surpassed me, I would have congratulated him on his triumph, and united in his applause. But though we still remained on terms of courtesy, he forfeited by the measure much of the respect toward him which I had previously entertained. Most assuredly, if he did not deport himself ungenerously towards me in person, he availed himself of the co-operation and aid of those who conducted the intrigue, and to whose movements he was privy. The maxim of his own profession, therefore, *Quod fecit per alium fecit per se*, was directly applicable to him. But, to return once more to the tenor of my own story.

CHAPTER IV.

Lectures—Mode of attending them—Notes—Critics—No parties—Mrs. Rush—A party at her house—Rush's lectures—Analogy—Unity of fever—Dr. G——tts—His manners—Dr. Barton—His appearance—Courtesy—Character—Henry Moss—Dr. Woodhouse—His skill in chemistry.

The first week of the session of the medical school having closed, and the introductorics being finished, I am now to be considered in close and ardent attendance on the didactic lectures, determined to profit by them to the utmost extent. The more certainly to succeed in this general and leading determination, I am under the adoption and influence of several subordinate and auxiliary ones, the following of which were found, on trial, to be highly advantageous to me:—

To attend the lectures so regularly and punctually, as never, when in health, to be absent from one of them; never to be out of time in reaching the lecture-room, or to lose a single act or thought expressed by the teacher; to take notes on the topics deemed most important; never, during the delivery of a lecture, to allow my mind to be engrossed or diverted by anything foreign from the subject and matter of it; always to occupy, as far as practicable, the same seat in the lecture-room; and never to lay my head on my pillow, until satisfied on two points—that I had added somewhat, during the day, to my stock of knowledge, and had made the best estimate I could of the character, amount, and usefulness of the addition. Nor, arduous to sluggards and idlers as this self-imposed task may appear, did I experience any real difficulty in its accomplishment. On the contrary, resolution, industry, and perseverance not only, in a short time, made it easy and pleasant; they furnished me with ample leisure for other collateral and advantageous pursuits. During certain stated hours, I read with attention many favorite works, in verse as well as prose, wrote letters to the South, and critical paragraphs

for newspapers, and held with the muses such dalliance and sport, as to perpetrate, and publish in the periodicals of the day, not a few scraps of *rhyme*, at least, if not of poetry. In truth, I became at that period of my life more fully convinced than I had ever been before, that, except from some unforeseen and unforeseeable preventive, a man of sound health and respectable mind will rarely if ever fail to surpass, in no small degree in performance, his own most sanguine calculations—provided he draw to a sufficient extent on determined energy and untiring industry. And if he decline to do this, he will seldom succeed to his satisfaction in any enterprise of either usefulness or repute. But let me not fail to add that, to accomplish with certainty my projected scheme of study and improvement, I was compelled to be a strict and unswerving economist of time. While too many of my fellow-students were walking the streets, or amusing themselves in cheerful company, I was alone in my study; and, during many hours of the night, while they were asleep, I was engaged in some sort of mental occupation. In a word, I was industrious, and they were idle. And I need hardly say, that morally no less than intellectually and physically, these two conditions are the antipodes of each other. The former is the fulfilment, the other the culpable neglect of duty. And no less opposite are they in their effects. So true is this remark respecting my industry, that, during the first three years of my residence in Philadelphia, I never, though often invited and even importuned, spent an hour in parties of mere social enjoyment, nor passed an evening out of my study, except for the purpose of attending medical, scientific, or literary societies, or of mingling and conversing with individuals, by whom I expected to be improved in knowledge. And during the whole of that period, though always respectful and affable to my class-mates, I was not actually familiar with one of them. My only intercourse with them was in the lecture-rooms, the medical societies, of which there were then two (the American Medical, and the Philadelphia Medical) in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and in the streets. I never visited any of them in their lodging-rooms, nor did any of them, except on business, visit me in mine. And, that I might be as much alone as I might choose to be, I refused to be associated with any one, as a fellow-lodger, paying a moderate premium for the exclusiveness of solitude. For, to have the

requisite command of my time, and be completely master of myself, I knew it was essential that I should be companionless in my study. In one particular, only, did I apprehend, from the members of the class, any difficulty in maintaining the entire regularity of the course I had determined to pursue. And that was my claim on the same seat, especially in Dr. Rush's lecture-room, which I had selected, on the occasion of his Introductory, and was solicitous to retain. Not only was it one of the most convenient seats in the room; it was also one of the most conspicuous. And there existed reasons (no matter what some of them were) why I was not unwilling to be seen and observed, particularly by the professor himself, whose acquaintance it was my earnest desire to form. But my wish and determination were, that the overture to that effect should come from him. For I was known to no one in Philadelphia by whom I could condescend to be introduced to him. And both pride and cautiousness forbade me to introduce myself, lest my advance might be received with coldness—an event, which, constituted and situated as I was, would have forever estranged me from any further personal intercourse with him.

Time passed on, however, and nothing to discourage or dissatisfy me occurred. My seat, as I made on entering the room no hurried movement or perceptible effort of any description to seize it, but merely looked and calmly stepped toward it, as if it were my own, was uniformly and courteously resigned to me, until my claim to it seemed recognized as a personal right. So far toward me was that kind and accommodating observance extended, that I never experienced the slightest difficulty in retaining my position.

My several articles on Dr. Rush's lectures, I had written in the retirement of my study, and, under the cover of night, deposited myself each of the manuscripts in either the post-office or the letter-box of some newspaper. Nor had I whispered to any one the secret of my having composed them. I felt, therefore, an oft-recurring impulse of curiosity (not, I think, altogether unnatural) to know the cause, why the authorship of them was so universally ascribed to me? Hence, on one occasion, when several of the young men, assembled around me, spoke openly of the articles, as my criticism; I asked them, with an exhibition of

surprise in my manner (not altogether unreal), why it was that they so confidently imputed the authorship of them to me?

At this question they at first only laughed, but on my repeating it with some degree of earnestness, one of them, still smiling, said to me, "Do you really wish to know why you are believed to be the author?"

"I do."

"Then I will tell you. When a newspaper containing one of your critiques (pray excuse me, sir, one of those believed to be yours) is handed to you, or laid on your desk, you never read it, but just look at it, and hand the paper to somebody else. And that neglect to read tells us plainly enough, that you know already what the critique contains."

"As to my not reading the articles, in the lecture-room," I replied, "that is a circumstance from which for the plainest reason your inference cannot be legitimately drawn. I resort to that place, not to read newspapers, but for other and to me more profitable and agreeable employments. If I bestow my time and attention on newspapers at all, I do so, when no higher and more important occupation has a claim on them. Your reason, therefore, for ascribing to me the authorship of those notices is altogether invalid. You may make of it a ground of *suspicion*, if you please, but all your ingenuity can never manufacture it into matter of *proof*."

"Well, well," said he, good-humoredly, "you may talk about the critiques, as seriously and logically as you may think proper; but I am sure that you are the author of them; and you will not look me gravely in the face, and deny it."

"That," said I to my antagonist, fixing my eyes steadily but good-humoredly on his, "that is, I suppose, what in your logic you call a *clincher*. For the present, therefore, I am disinclined to reply to it."

At that moment Dr. Rush, whose arrival we had been expecting, for the last three or four minutes, entered the room, and ascended the platform, from which he lectured.

The Doctor was in the habit then, as most public teachers are now, of examining his pupils daily on the matter he had submitted to them on the preceding day. But, as a general rule, the examinees were those only who were in attendance on their second or

third course of lectures. From this rule deviations were never made by him, except at the request of the pupils themselves. On that morning, however, the Doctor deviated on the other side, and asked me, whether I was willing to be examined during my attendance on a first course of lectures? My reply was, "Perfectly willing, sir, provided you examine only on what you have first told me."

"That condition shall be observed, sir," was his rejoinder.

And he immediately proposed to me several questions, all but one of them drawn from his lectures, traced back to near the beginning of his course. The questions derived from his lectures I promptly answered. But when he propounded to me the question not thus derived, I replied, after a moment's reflection, "I can answer that, sir, in my own way, but not perhaps in yours; for you have not yet favored us with your solution of it."

"True, sir, I have not. Well, let the answer, if agreeable to you, be given in your own way."

"Certainly, sir;" and to my answer, promptly submitted, he said with a slight smile, and in a tone of approval—

"Very well. I perceive that you remember perfectly what you have heard from me, and know what you have not heard."

To the compliment I returned, in my seat, a slight bow of thanks; and having put to other pupils a few questions, his lecture was delivered, as I thought, with unusual excellence, and corresponding effect. But possibly my own condition of feeling (for it was elated and delightful) might have somewhat influenced my judgment and taste in so favorable a decision.

The few incidents of that morning, unimportant as they may appear to others, were very far from being unimportant to me. On the contrary, I have always looked back to them as the dawn of a new and exceedingly interesting era of my life—the era of my intimacy with one of the most illustrious physicians of the day; and that, though it was subsequently interrupted, and ultimately changed to entire estrangement, was notwithstanding, during its continuance, in many respects, and in no ordinary degree, both gratifying and useful to me.

Previous to the occurrences just recited, I had been frequently told by some of the pupils who had some intercourse with him, that Dr. Rush was highly pleased with the critiques on his

lectures, and regarded me as their author. To those tales, however, I paid little regard, because I considered them of doubtful authenticity. But soon after the day of which I have been speaking, I was induced, by another incident, to believe them true.

One morning, when I was seated in my study, Dr. Rush's eldest son called on me and told me that his father and mother would be pleased to see me at tea in the evening, and received from me an immediate acceptance of the invitation. For, though I had inflexibly determined not to waste my evenings in common tea-drinkings, a visit of the kind to the family of Dr. Rush, where, to me, the intellectual would be much more gratifying, and also much more highly valued by me, than the bodily repast, was a treat and a source of improvement not to be neglected. Accordingly, I was true and punctual to my engagement.

When, in the evening, I rang his door-bell and sent in my name by the waiter, the doctor himself received me in the hall, ushered me into the parlor, introduced me, in flattering terms, first to Mrs. Rush and his eldest children, and then to his corps of private pupils, who, as I afterward learned, had been invited to meet me. Had I been opportunely apprised of that part of the arrangement, it is by no means improbable that I would have declined the visit from an apprehension that some of the new acquaintances thus and there made known to me might probably annoy me by their visits. But, by prudence and firmness, aided by a spice of occasional policy, that mischief was prevented.

As soon as the general introduction was finished, and I again approached Mrs. Rush to make another bow, and address to her a few more civil words, I discovered, to my surprise, that I had been talked about in the family; and that she knew more of my history than I had believed to be known by all the inhabitants of Philadelphia. She even spoke of events connected with me which I myself had almost forgotten. At length she adverted to the fact of my having led the escort of General Washington through the State of North Carolina. Her knowledge of that adventure so surprised me, that I begged her to inform me through what channel she had become possessed of it. "For, certainly," said I, "Dr. Rush cannot have informed you of all this."

"Oh! no," said she; "though the doctor has often spoken of you, he did not tell me that; I learned it from Mr. N—w—n, who knew you in Salisbury. He has called here several times since the commencement of the lectures, and has told me all about you. He appears to be very much your friend; for he always speaks of you in the highest terms. Yet, you and he are so unlike each other that I do not see how you could ever have been so intimate."

"Intimate!" said I, "permit me to assure you, madam, that we never have been intimate. And before we can ever become so, either he or I, or both of us, must be greatly changed."

These words were uttered by me with a look and in a tone which convinced her that the gentleman was in no very high favor with me, and the conversation respecting him was abruptly closed.

During the time of the evening meal, considering myself still under the auspices of Mrs. Rush, I gave to her my chief, if not my exclusive attention. But that being finished, she having to superintend her household concerns, transferred me to the doctor, in conversation with whom I passed the remainder of the evening —at least that portion of it which I was willing to abstract from my regular studies. And a conversation so exciting and attractive, in manner as well as matter, I rarely, if ever, had previously enjoyed. For, as heretofore stated, Dr. Rush's conversational powers were of an elevated order. Nor did he either toy with them or spare them on the occasion referred to. He tried them for a purpose which he rarely neglected, to the very "top of their bent." For, from the commencement of the conversation, it was evident that he designed to make by it a deep impression on me— to gratify, instruct, and perhaps surprise me—and thus attach me to himself and his doctrines as a medical follower. And, in part, he succeeded. During the whole conversation, I was delighted by the ease and elegance of it, and, at times, even surprised by coruscations of its brilliancy. The entire scene of the evening, moreover, attached me to the highbred gentleman and his hospitable family. But nothing could have enlisted me to the professor as one of his retainers. To a condition so lowly and foreign from my nature, I could no more have stooped than I could have done to that of a groom or a footman. A leading motto with me, was

then, had been from the time of my earliest remembrance, is yet, and will never be changed, during my power to think:—

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

Had I known at the time, as I afterwards learned, that Dr. Rush intended by the interview to which he invited me, to engage me as an adherent to his views and opinions in medicine, instead of holding views and opinions of my own, to whatever extent my vanity might have been gratified by the overture, my pride, which was far the stronger feeling of the two, would have instinctively rejected it, and probably have erected it into a permanent barrier to my future intimacy with him. He habitually sought out, and seldom failed to discover, the best gifted and most promising young men of his class, on their first arrival in Philadelphia (and if they were also well educated, so much the better), and, by attention and kindness, attached them to him as a man. This being done, he considered them prepared for the reception of his hypotheses, doctrines, and opinions, through the channel of their feelings. For he well knew that what generous young men strongly wish to be true, they are strongly inclined to believe to be true. The reason is plain. In youth we are much more disposed to consult our feelings and to be governed by them, because they are vigorous and intense, than to be guided by our judgment, because it is immature and comparatively feeble. And to no man was this truth more familiar than to Dr. Rush. Nor did any one act on it more frequently or more successfully.

As soon, therefore, as he had sufficiently conciliated the feelings of the most prominent and influential young men of his class, especially of those who were adroit and conspicuous as debaters in the medical societies, he began the attempt, not merely in his public lectures, but still more earnestly and successfully in private interviews and conversations, to imbue their minds with his favorite opinions, as well in the practice as in the science of medicine. This statement I know to be true; because the scheme was practised by him on myself. And the conversation of which I have spoken was the first act of it.

Of that conversation I am inclined to believe that I spoke incorrectly, when I alleged that it was designed to instruct me. Certain it is that, for a substantial reason, it did not instruct me.

It embraced, almost exclusively, subjects on which I was already informed—on nearly all of them, as a young American and a semi-backwoodsman, very correctly, if not extensively informed. Nor was he either backward or restricted in doing justice to my attainments in them.

They consisted almost entirely of academical and collegiate acquirements; such as a knowledge of ancient and modern languages, mathematics, astronomy, natural, moral, and mental philosophy (the latter branch being then called metaphysics), English composition, and polite literature generally—more especially the master works in English poetry, among which I might name in particular, Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden, Pope, Young, and Thomson.

In most of these branches of knowledge, especially in the academical and collegiate ones, the doctor found me much better versed than he was himself; because I had been much more recently a student in them. Besides, he had never distinguished himself at college except in English composition, and, I believe, in moral philosophy. With the ancient languages, mathematics, and astronomy, his acquaintance was extremely limited. Of chemistry he knew nothing—and but little more of metaphysics or natural history. In truth, he was much more of a scholar than of a philosopher; yet did his scholarship consist chiefly in his knowledge of the English tongue; and what might be called his learning, consisted in his acquaintance with medical literature, and with belleslettres compositions of a modern date. To the literature of the ancients he was a stranger. Even the works of the physicians of Greece and Rome he never read except in translations.

Inasmuch, then, I say, as the conversation referred to embraced only topics, in the knowledge of which I was fully Dr. Rush's equal, I did not derive from it any instruction. Nor, as I was subsequently convinced, was it his design to instruct me in it, but to ascertain, from a knowledge of my talents and attainments, whether I was qualified to aid him in the support and propagation of his medical doctrines; and whether I could be induced to engage in the enterprise.

Very different, however, were my expectation and wish, in making him a visit. They were of a much more humble, and

perhaps, also, of a much more selfish description. To know him and become known to him, and to derive from him some sort of medical information, were the only objects to which I then immediately aspired. To a certain future project I was not indifferent. For even at that early period I more than dreamed of a medical professorship. But that was a consideration too remote to influence my movements, and form them into a plan, on the occasion in question. Yet, in less than six months afterward, owing to my intimacy with Dr. Rush, and the friendly and favorable terms in which he usually spoke of me, a few of his own pupils, possessed of envious and perhaps malicious spirits, and babbling and lawless tongues, the instruments of those spirits (whose overtures to become familiar with me I had, at first, civilly, but when too much importuned and pressed on the subject, perhaps somewhat cavalierly declined)—with a view to the production of a breach between the doctor and myself, those young meddlers had hatched and insidiously circulated a story, that I had, at first by flattery, and afterward by direct solicitation, prevailed on him to receive me as a private and "confidential pupil," for the purpose, to use their own language, of breeding me up to the trade of lecturing; for I had already composed and read two papers (one to each of the medical societies) on two subjects, which he had induced me to select, because they were interesting and somewhat novel; and because I had conversed with him on them, in his study—some of his private pupils being present—and he was pleased with the views expressed by me in relation to them.

No sooner had this fabrication reached me, than, deeply indignant at the unmanly and parasitical spirit it imputed to me, I called on the young men who were said to have been, in some way, concerned in the circulation, if not in the concoction of it. But they all promptly and positively disavowed the slightest agency of any description in it; and only one of them acknowledged that he had been previously even apprised of its existence. And, in refutation of their disavowal, I had no conclusive or very probable evidence. I then waited on Dr. Rush, under excitement too strong to be concealed, informed him of the whispered slander (for it was only whispered), and begged him to contradict and crush it with as little delay as possible. And I added, in a manner sufficiently firm and impassioned: "A rumor so foul

and malicious must not and shall not be attached to my character."

"You have bestowed on the story," said the doctor, "its proper name; it is but rumor; which, as the poet assures us, has a hundred tongues (and, had he doubled the number, I should not have contradicted him), and rarely does even one of them tell the truth. Give yourself no uneasiness about so idle a fiction; it will not be believed."

And after a brief pause, he added: "If you will now promise me to pursue this matter no further, I promise you that it shall trouble you no further."

"To your kind proposal," I returned, "a condition must be attached, and held inviolate. Should I be apprised, hereafter, of any offensive tattling on the subject, by young men of my own standing, I will instantly take measures to adjust the case in my own way, irrespective of every source and form of influence to the contrary. On that condition alone shall my immediate prosecution of the affair be suspended."

Here, our negotiation ended; and I had reason to believe that the doctor acted promptly and efficiently in the business; as not a whisper, in relation to it, was ever afterward conveyed to me.

But I am again ahead of time and its concomitants, and must therefore turn back to the point of my narrative at which I left it.

I have said that Dr. Rush had a special object in view, in the first visit to which he invited me. And that was to ascertain whether, from my talents and qualifications, I was fitted to become an agent in the promotion of his professional ambition—and whether I could be induced to engage in the enterprise. And for the procurement of information on these points, he managed his case with no little judgment—for he appealed directly to observation and experiment, and managed his appeal with sufficient adroitness.

Convinced, as he probably was, that should I adopt his doctrines, I would fearlessly and faithfully do battle in their defence, as long as I could sustain them by arguments deemed sound; yet, had he ground to be also convinced, or at least strongly apprehensive, that I would no less certainly decline their adoption, and contend against them, unless they should satisfactorily appear to me, *on examination by myself*, to be founded in truth. In plainer

terms, he had seen enough of me to have been persuaded that on all subjects, I would independently and irrespectively think, investigate, and decide for myself. Notwithstanding, however, these barriers to my fitness for a retainer in his retinue, Dr. Rush deemed my future advocacy of his doctrines an event so desirable, that he made arrangements to secure it by every suitable measure in his power. And it will appear hereafter, that, furiously assailed, in various ways, and from various quarters, as they often were, I proved their advocate, and came to their rescue when endangered, on every topic in relation to which I deemed them sound and sustainable. Though too proud and independent, therefore, to be moulded into a retainer, I was too firm in my attachment to truth, not to be an inflexible ally in its defence, when I deemed it in danger.

As the lectures of the school went on, Dr. Rush's daily examination of me, connected with his unusually frequent notice of me, by some remarks addressed to me, or brief conversation held with me after his lecture, and my obviously increasing familiarity with him, became a topic of observation by the whole class, and to a part of it was probably a source of dissatisfaction toward me. For, in every institution for the instruction of youth, he who becomes with his teacher a decided favorite, never fails to be an object of envy and dislike to some of his fellow-students, especially to those whom he most surpasses in regular habits and sound attainment.

Meantime, not a week, perhaps, passed in which I did not publish in the newspapers one or two favorable notices of some portion of Dr. Rush's lectures. And though I had never acknowledged myself the author of those articles, yet, that I was so, had now become the confident and proclaimed belief of every one who read them, and made any inquiry respecting their authorship. And I persisted in the practice throughout the session, chiefly for two or three reasons. It was a pleasant amusement to me, and almost the only one to which I resorted. It preserved, if it did not improve my facility, force, and correctness in composition, and it induced me to think more closely on the lectures, especially on those portions of them on which I commented, as well as on topics associated with those which they immediately involved. For, no one who duly respects himself and his com-

position, will write and publish on any subject, without bestowing on it such a degree of attention and scrutiny as may lead to a thorough and correct understanding of it. And few men examine topics with such severity and profit, unless they design to discuss them, and to give, in some way, publicity to the results of their labors.

At length I published an article of greater length as well as more studied and elaborate, than any of my anterior ones, and which also attracted much more of the attention of the class, and excited in it far more conversation and remark. It was on one of Dr. Rush's lectures, in which he adverted to a difficulty in relation to one of the views previously submitted by him to the class, which he did not himself find it very easy to solve. Of this difficulty I offered a solution, in a newspaper article, which the doctor complimented very highly in presence of the class, pronouncing it new, and much more satisfactory than any other that had been previously given. Though, doubtless, not a little gratified by this applause, known as I was to be the author of the paper which received it, I sat, during the bestowal of it, apparently more unconcerned and indifferent, than perhaps any other individual in the class. And I afterward declined, even more strictly than usual, to hold with my fellow-students the conversation respecting the article, in which they several times attempted to engage me.

On the present occasion, even Dr. Rush himself manifested a disposition to draw from me some expression, or to excite in me some emotion, which might be construed into an acknowledgement of my being the author of the article. But he failed in his effort. For, when he put to me, in his examination of me, several questions which bore on the difficulty, whose solution I had attempted, I answered them in such a way that no interpretation to subserve his purpose could be affixed on either the matter or the manner of my reply. Apparently amused, therefore, by what he probably considered a well-acted scene in the drama of "concealment," he said, with a smile barely perceptible, and a significant look, "I am satisfied," and commenced his lecture.

In the course of his lectures, the doctor had frequently advanced opinions in which I could not concur with him, because,

in the abstract, I thought them wild and fanciful rather than natural and sound; and in his attempts to prove them, his arguments were composed entirely of analogies instead of facts, many of them, in some cases, exceedingly loose. Having already, however, learned that he was extremely sensitive on the subject of the favor or disfavor with which his opinions were received, unusually pleased in the former case, and displeased or at least dissatisfied in the latter, I manifested no positive non-concurrence in them, even when examined in relation to them; nor did I express with my usual promptness and cordiality, my unconditional assent to them. To this midway and non-committal course, so different from that which I had always habitually, and I may say instinctively, pursued, I was by no means reconciled. I regarded it as indicative of a condition of mind neither independent nor manly. But I was induced to adopt and persevere in it for two reasons. Being young in years as well as in the study of medicine, reserve and modesty in the case were most becoming in me; and, in my connection with the professor, I was anxious to continue on the friendliest terms.

At length, however, he broached to us his hypothesis (he called it his doctrine) of the *unity* of fever—that all fevers are the same—and that they consist in a *convulsion of the arterial system.* The annunciation of this singular notion, so different from any and everything I had previously heard, thought, or dreamed of, fairly startled me, and drove my belief into open rebellion. And, had I been then examined on the subject, my disbelief, under the impulse of the moment, would have been exhibited in words. Nor, were my sentiments toward the hypothesis at all propitiated, by the attempt of its author to sustain it by nineteen analogies (subsequently published in his *Outlines of a Theory of Fever*), some of them far-fetched, others greatly overstretched, and all of them unaccompanied by pertinent facts. Had it not been for my determination not to miss either the whole or any part of a lecture during the course, I would have declined to attend Dr. Rush's lecture on the following day, or have entered his class-room at so late a period as to escape an examination by him. For, my reluctance to be examined on a new-fangled hypothesis and its mode of defence, both of which I must in honesty condemn, was seriously, not to say painfully embarrassing to me. On further

reflection, however, I resolved to do neither, but to trust to accident or expedient to relieve me from my embarrassment, or to sustain me under it. Nor was my trust disappointed.

Fortunately for me, the doctor had learned that some of the private pupils of Doctor Kuhn had found fault with his theory of fever, and, by their representation or misrepresentation of it, had induced their preceptor to notice it in his lecture, which was delivered at a subsequent hour of the same day. Deviating, therefore, from his customary order, he, on the day following, commenced his examination with them, as the subjects of it, and so far protracted the process (with which he never occupied more than fifteen minutes, and usually not more than from five to ten), as to reserve no time to put a question to me. Nor did he, in any of his subsequent examinations of me, or private conversations with me, during the remainder of that session of the school, recur to the subject.

But, though I rejoiced at not having been interrogated on the hypothesis of the *unity* of fever, and especially on the doctor's analogical defence of it, I was haunted by a desire, which gradually increased and ultimately ripened into a resolution, to make some manifestation of my opinion respecting it. But I also resolved to do so with a becoming degree of modesty, caution, and mildness. I soon found, however, that to frame such a resolve, was much easier than to execute it. For, to express sound and well-defined facts with all the delicacy, decorum, and suavity our language and kind feeling can be made to admit; yet, bring them into conflict with even the strongest and most unexceptionable analogies, much more with very weak and defective ones, point and arrange them with judgment and skill, and urge them with even moderate force, and their effect is necessarily immediate and fatal. The analogies, however numerous their host, eloquent and attractive the style that communicates them, or consummate the skill with which they are arranged, fall of necessity in shattered fragments, or vanish like mist under the mid-day sun. They may be so employed as to enrich and ornament poetry and rhetoric; but neither talent nor ingenuity can render them subservient to the purposes of philosophy. And, on the occasion referred to, somewhat in this way did I frame my argument against the notion of the unity of fever, and the mode of reasoning adopted in proof

of it. Nor was this the limit of my remarks. In elucidation and establishment of my position, I contended that, were I permitted to avail myself of all the analogies, and conceal all the differences between any two, three, or more objects in nature, I could, to persons unacquainted with them, prove their identity. Thus, gold, iron, copper, and lead are metals which are lustrous, ponderable, hard, malleable, and soluble by heat. Therefore, gold is iron, copper, and lead; iron is gold, copper, and lead; copper is iron, gold, and lead; and lead is iron, copper, and gold. A man, a monkey, a pig, a goat, and a sheep have eyes, ears, teeth, skins, flesh, and bones. Hence a man is a monkey, a pig, a goat, and a sheep; a monkey is a man, a pig, a goat, and a sheep; a pig is a man, a monkey, a goat, and a sheep; a goat is a sheep, a man, a monkey, and a pig; and a sheep is a goat, a pig, a monkey, and a man.

I further observed, that we can judge of things, and classify them only by their phenomena, not by their essence; because of essences we have no knowledge; that if the phenomena be different from each other, the things themselves must also be different. That position I pronounced incontrovertibly true. Hence, I contended, that, as the complaints called fevers exhibit phenomena as widely different from each other as are the phenomena exhibited by different species of plants and animals, we are no more authorized to arrange the former under the term and predicament of identity or unity, than we are to group the latter in the same way. I represented it, moreover, as a matter of doubt, whether, under changes of circumstances and conditions, the characteristic marks of animals and vegetables do not exhibit as many and striking varieties, as do the leading and characteristic symptoms of fevers.

The evidences of painstaking and judgment exhibited in this article, were of a much higher order than those which had presented themselves in either of my preceding ones. And though, in composing it, I had made intentionally some alteration in my style and manner, yet was its authorship, by the whole class, ascribed to me; and not only by the class, but also by Dr. Rush. When he referred to it in his lecture, which he did on the day in which it made its appearance, I fully expected that he would select it as the subject of my examination; and I

nerved myself to reply to him, with all the calmness and comity I could command, and with an equal degree of candor and firmness. But my expectation was groundless. Not a little to my gratification, the topic I was examined on was altogether different. He spent, however, several minutes in commenting on the article, commended the ingenuity and dexterity of its argument, as well as the scholarlike style of its composition, but pronounced the principles on which it was founded altogether erroneous. He was perceptibly dissatisfied with its design and tendency, not improbably because he was disappointed in them; having both wished and hoped that the author of the critiques, which had all been so favorable and complimentary to him, would be also the advocate of his hypothesis of fever.

On several previous occasions, he had, in great apparent sincerity and earnestness, enjoined on the pupils, as a duty to their own characters, as well as to their profession, to maintain with firmness their independence of mind, and, in all matters of importance, to think for themselves. But, on the present occasion, that injunction was completely abrogated by him. For, in words too clear and definite to be misapprehended, he gave them to understand his opinion to be that their province, in that school, was to receive instruction from their preceptors—not to impart it to them; in still plainer terms, to admit implicitly the truth of his opinions, and, on no account, presume to controvert them. And such was the positive tenor of his exactions, as will more fully appear, in some of the future details of my narrative. He was inordinately ambitious to be deemed an original, and to become the founder and leader of a sect in medicine. As respected, therefore, the reception or opposition of his doctrines by his pupils, he was one of the most arbitrary and intolerant of men. In consequence of this, he rarely, if ever, failed to break, at some period of their pupilage, with the most highly gifted young men of his class; while his implicit adherents and followers were comparatively feeble minded.

Sufficiently apprised, as I now was, that this trait was one of the predominant elements of his character, I resolved to be influenced by it, in my future deportment toward him. Though no consideration of the kind could withhold me from forming opinions in opposition to his, did truth, or what I deemed to be truth, make a call on me to that effect; yet did I not consider it either

necessary in itself, discreet in me, important to science, or useful to the community, that I should incur his dissatisfaction, and forego my intimacy with him, by giving present publicity and currency to those opinions. Notwithstanding, therefore, my dissent from him on sundry topics presented in his lectures, I cherished that dissent in silence for the present, determined on its subsequent employment, if requisite; and, meantime, on certain points in his lectures, which were handsomely discussed by him, and respecting which he had my full concurrence, I published a few more complimentary critiques. And, by those acts of attention, and well-meant partiality toward him (for I had as yet commended the lectures of none of his colleagues), aided by debates in defence of his opinions, occasionally held by me, in the medical societies (intelligence of which was uniformly conveyed to him); by those expedients, I continued on amicable and excellent terms with him, until the close of the lectures. And I then adopted a measure thought likely to strengthen them; an effect which, apparently, it did not fail to produce. I say *apparently*, because subsequent events, to be recited hereafter, rendered me then, and still hold me strongly doubtful touching the positive friendliness of the professor's feelings in relation to me. In truth, so independent was my spirit, and my purposes so unbending, that I not only doubt whether I was ever a genuine favorite with Dr. Rush; I am persuaded that I never was. Nor, drawing my inference from the governing propensities of human nature, do I venture to say that I deserved to be. To become really his favorite, it was essential to be more or less his parasite, and cling to him, at least in appearance, like the vine to the forest tree. And I need hardly add, that I was wholly disqualified to play a part of that description.

My design, on becoming a member of the Philadelphia School, was, to remain and pursue my studies in the city, until I should receive the honors of my profession. Soon after the close, therefore, of the course of lectures of which I have spoken, having first, according to the best view of the subject I was able to form, arranged in my own mind the plan of study I might most advantageously pursue, until the commencement of the next course, I waited on Dr. Rush, frankly unfolded to him my general scheme, and asked the favor of his opinion and advice in relation to it. I

then, in order to bring the whole subject the more immediately and completely before him, and to be the more benefited by his decision, submitted to his inspection a sketch of my contemplated plan, to the following effect:—

So many hours for reading medical and scientific works—so many for works on polite literature and history—so much time to be devoted to the examination and study of the cases of the sick in the Pennsylvania Hospital—so much to various sorts of composition—and so much to exercise, eating, and sleeping. In this scheme of engagement was included an attendance on two courses of lectures, to be delivered during the summer—one on Botany and Natural History, by Professor Barton, and another, by Dr. G——, on the Brunonian doctrine of medicine.

Having thrown his eye over this plan, he said to me, in a sprightly tone, and with a pleasant look: "Your plan is objectionable, I think, in two points."

"Have the goodness, sir, to name them."

"You have allotted to yourself no time for amusement, and too little, I fear, for exercise, eating, and sleeping."

"My amusement," I replied, "will consist in my dalliance with polite literature, especially with poetry, and the enjoyment of botanical excursions; and seven hours (the space I had allotted) are amply sufficient for exercise and repose. I rarely sleep more than four hours, or, at farthest, four and a half out of twenty-four, which will leave me the command of two and a half, one for my meals, and one and a half for exercise. And that is as large a portion of time as a young man, engaged in the study of a profession and in the general cultivation of his mind, and who means to deserve the name of a student, can devote to those purposes. Besides, sir, my resolves on this subject are not so positive as to be either immutable or inflexible. An occasional and slight departure from them, for the sake of relaxation, should circumstances require it, will be quite admissible."

"With these provisos," said the doctor, "your scheme is admirable. I cannot suggest to it any amendment. Had I prescribed a plan of study to you myself, it would have been much less strict and laborious. Let that framed by yourself be executed with judgment, energy, and perseverance, and, with your talents, there is no honor in your profession to which you may not con-

fidently aspire, and ultimately attain. But your health must be cared for. And remember, that in relation to that, and in everything else connected with your studies, you may command my services."

And thus ended an interview, which had been highly gratifying to me, and proved afterward useful.

Having returned from Dr. Rush's dwelling to my own, my course of study, for the next seven months, was immediately commenced, and pursued with ardor and energy, under a strict adherence to the scheme already described—a single and inconsiderable point excepted. I did not attend Dr. G.'s lectures on Brunonism, for the following reason.

The funds which I had brought with me to Philadelphia were already exhausted; and my remittance from the South had not yet arrived. This statement I made to Doctor Barton, when I called on him to enter his class on botany, and added, "I shall not, I fear, be prepared to pay you for your ticket in less than from three to four weeks—and I am very unwilling to miss any part of your lectures."

The doctor's reply was prompt and courteous.

"That is a matter of no moment, except to yourself. I know what it is for a young man to want funds, when far from home; for I have myself very keenly felt the evil. Here is my ticket, sir, pay for it when convenient."

A few minutes having been passed in conversation with the professor, I took leave of him, called on Dr. G. for the procurement of his ticket, and gave to him the same account of my pecuniary destitution, my expectation, and my wish. But very different was the reply received.

"Where do you lodge, and what is your name?" said the gentleman, in a sharp tone, and with a prying look.

Surprised by the substance, and not pleased with the manner of the question, my first impulse was to leave the room without answering it. But, after pausing a moment, and perceiving no impropriety in gratifying the interrogator's prurient curiosity, I replied carelessly—

"My name is Caldwell, and I lodge at Mr. T. P.'s, in Front Street."

"Ha; yes," said he (noting the gentleman's name and mine on

a scrap of paper); "yes, I know Mr. T. P.—quite a clever man. But my rule is to pocket the money, when I issue my ticket; nothing equals ready-money business, sir."

"Then," said I, rising from my seat, and embodying in my look and manner all the scorn I had at command, "I shall not be the cause of separating you from that which seems so dear to you;" and, without further parley, I walked toward the door.

Perceiving his error, in supposing that I would waste time in chaffering about terms, he rose, and, following me, exclaimed, in an altered tone: "Oh, sir, I did not think you would be offended at what I said. I only meant to tell you what my rule is; but you know I can alter it, to accommodate it to the circumstances of my pupils."

"I am not now, sir, nor likely to be hereafter, related to you as a pupil," was my reply. And thus ended our interview.

As there have been, in and about the city of Philadelphia, several physicians and professors of the same family name, it is requisite that I designate the gentleman of whom I am about to speak, as Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D., first Professor of Botany and Natural History, then of Materia Medica, and lastly of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. Under the latter appointment, he was the immediate successor of Dr. Rush, after the death of that distinguished teacher; and, according to my present remembrance, he occupied the chair during but two sessions, before his own removal from it, by the same cause.

The character of that gentleman was so extraordinary a compound of incoherent and jarring, not to say contradictory elements, that to delineate it correctly is no easy task; and, to augment the difficulty of the task, his character was as fluctuating as it was self-inconsistent.

I have known but few men who made, at first sight, on common observers, a more vivid and favorable impression than Dr. Barton. But that impression was neither profound nor lasting; because he was himself as wanting in real profundity, as he was in steadiness and consistency with himself. In person, though not critically handsome, he was manly and striking. In stature, he was considerably above the middle height. His figure was well proportioned, his features strong, and his countenance lit up

by eyes inordinately large, black, and full of fire; and, by his affability and fluency in conversation, he exhibited those traits to great advantage. But the fire from his eyes was that of feeling and passion, rather than of superior genius and of that pre-eminence of intellect to the possession and reputation of which he certainly aspired; for he was one of the most irritable and passionate of men. Yet did he possess no small amount of what is usually, though not very accurately, termed genius; and, in observation and the mere collection of facts, his intellect was uncommonly active, and not unsuccessful. But, in the higher operations of intellect—judgment, discrimination, and the exercise of reason—he was far from being distinguished. On the contrary, he was so strikingly deficient in them, as to commit more numerous blunders in his efforts to signalize himself in them than any other man I have ever known, who possessed, in public estimation, a standing so elevated.

For those blunders he was indebted chiefly, perhaps entirely, to the excess of his pretensions and claims over his abilities and attainments; and his excesses related equally to science, scholarship, and a precise knowledge of the contents of books—in each of which he was ambitious to be thought unsurpassed, if not unrivalled. A memorable scene occurred between him and myself, in the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, much to the amusement of most of the members.

In the discussion of a subject, in which I took an active part in opposition to him, having previously made due preparation for the contest, he found himself so entangled by a toil of his own sophistry, that an escape from it by argument was altogether hopeless. He therefore made an attempt to overwhelm me by an avalanche of authority. But, unfortunately for him as a debater and a lover of truth, his device was a blunder, and his authority a fiction. His reference was spurious; and, to his deep mortification, it was made to a volume which, but half an hour previously, as an act in preparing myself for the occasion, had been taken by me out of the library of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and was then in my pocket. I therefore placed it in his hand, and asked the favor of him to show me the passage alluded to by him; asserting, at the same time, with sufficient firmness, that it was not in the book. With marks of disappointment,

embarrassment, and vexation (the latter, perhaps, predominating), he hastily glanced from page to page of the work, and, finding in it nothing to his purpose, acknowledged himself mistaken, said that, through forgetfulness, he had referred to a wrong authority, but that in another publication, which he indiscreetly named, the opinion was contained.

I said to him, with an emphasis on one of my words, "Are you *sure*, sir, that the sentiment is there?"

"Perfectly sure," was his reply.

The Philadelphia Library being at hand, and open, I repaired to it immediately, and returning in a few minutes with the doctor's second book of reference, and, presenting it to him, requested him to turn to the controverted opinion, under a perfect conviction that it was not in the volume, and that he would, therefore, encounter another defeat.

To be thus vanquished a second time, by a young man, who, but a few years previously, had been his pupil, was an event quite too mortifying to be patiently borne by him. After an awkward and unsuccessful attempt therefore to explain and palliate his blunder, and perceiving on the countenances of several members of the college, with whom he was no favorite, a sarcastic smile, indicative of their gratification at his discomfiture and perplexity, he offered as a plea a professional engagement, and left the room under high excitement—not to say, in a paroxysm of anger. This, however, was but a single instance out of very many, in which he incurred mortification and ridicule, by exposures of his overwrought pretensions to book-knowledge and science—especially to an acquaintance with novel and unaccountable things.

The malady was constitutional, and, notwithstanding the multiplied checks it subsequently received, remained with him and seriously injured him, until the close of his life. Among those persons acquainted with the infirmity, his ungovernable propensity to exaggerate deprived both his lectures and writings of the respectability and value which the pearl of truth alone can bestow, and rendered them probably less estimable and useful than they ought to have been, and were actually calculated to be. Suspicion not unfrequently outruns reality, in relation to a

writer or teacher, who has been found to be even occasionally unobservant of accuracy.

He was also somewhat unscrupulous in using, as his own, discoveries in science made by others and confidentially communicated to him. On myself he committed two plagiarisms of this description. Of these two predaceous acts, one related to the animal, and the other to the vegetable kingdom; in both of which departments of nature the gentleman claimed to be all but omniscient; while his actual knowledge in them was limited almost entirely to that derived from books. From the book of nature he drew but little, as an original inquirer. Of course his addition of original matter to books from the press was equally limited. The instances of plagiarism just alluded to were as follows.

Within a few years of the close of the eighteenth century (say in 1795 or 1796), appeared in Philadelphia Henry Moss, a native of Virginia, who for about two months engrossed a large share of public attention. He was of African descent, full-blooded, and, until the age of twenty-five or thirty years, possessed of a complexion unusually dark. About that period, with no symptom of indisposition, other than an unusual degree of chilliness during cold weather, his complexion underwent such a change that, with the exception of a few small spots on his hands, and one or two on other parts of his body, the skin of his whole system became of a chalky whiteness. The hair of his head and his beard experienced the same change of color, and became also more soft and pliable. His eyes retained their native hue, and his person and features their form and proportions.

The cause of this singular change of complexion was a theme of wonder to every one, and became to Dr. Barton and myself a subject of investigation. And we formed in relation to it different opinions. The doctor, for what reason I never knew, believed the coloring matter to be washed or in some way removed from the skin, by perspiration, while I, having convinced myself, by experiment, that such was not the fact, attributed its removal to the process of absorption. My reason for this opinion was, that I found the whole *rete mucosum*, the seat of complexion (which is much thicker in the African than in the Caucasian skin), to be wanting in Henry Moss, except in those spots which

retained their color, where it still remained. And I felt fully persuaded that that membrane, in common with other solids of the body, could be removed only by absorption. Nor was this my only ground of conviction that Dr. Barton's opinion was untenable.

The colored spots on Moss's skin were, at the time, in the process of disappearing—and the weather was very hot. I therefore induced him frequently to excite, by exercise, a copious perspiration, that I might ascertain, by suitable tests, whether the fluid perspired, by the colored portions of the skin, was *itself* colored. And I found that it *was not*. Hence my conviction that the rete mucosum and its color were not washed away by the fluid of perspiration, but removed by means of absorption. To the absence, moreover, of that membrane did I attribute the morbid sensibility of Henry Moss to a low temperature. The intervening membrane being absorbed, the true skin was protected from a cold atmosphere by nothing but the cuticle. And to the bloodless whiteness of the cutis vera was attributable the chalkiness of the complexion.

These facts and inferences did I frankly communicate to Dr. Barton, in a conversation with him on the subject. The consequence was that he abandoned his theory, adopted mine, and immediately prepared an article on the subject for the College of Physicians, or the American Philosophical Society (I forget which), and made no reference in it to me as the author of the doctrine, though every fact and idea contained in it had been communicated to him by me. Such was the gross injustice toward me of the first of the doctor's acts. And the second was in spirit much the same.

In or about the year 1797, I made a series of very interesting and successful experiments on the stimulability of plants—the first of the sort, as I then believed, and still believe, that had ever been made in the United States; and, as far as I was then, or am now informed on the subject, among the first that had been anywhere made. But they have since become so common and familiar, as to be successfully performed everywhere.

My object, in instituting my experiments, was to ascertain whether I could, by articles merely stimulating, but not known to be nutritive, accelerate the growth of plants—more especially the

blooming of flowers. The chief stimulants, whose action I employed, were caloric (warm air and warm water), camphor, assafetida, and volatile alkali. Those substances I applied to flower-buds, or rather to the branches or stocks which bore them, leaving others of the same sort and in a like condition untouched. And the former never failed to expand with the most rapidity, and to exhibit evidence of the highest degree of life and vigor. Of the leaves of plants, and of tufts of grass, the same was true. Those judiciously stimulated were most flourishing. These facts I also communicated to Dr. Barton, who, as often as we met, rarely failed to inquire, with apparent interest, what I was doing in science and letters—especially in botany and natural history—the two branches embraced by the professorship which he then held. On the occasion just referred to, he inquired of me whether I had prepared for the press an account of my experiments on the stimulability of plants. I replied that I had extensive notes on the subject, but had not yet reduced them to the form of a paper for publication; nor would I do so, until the termination of another set of experiments, which were then under way.

Immediately after this interview, the doctor commenced himself a course of experiments on various plants, analogous to those which I had previously performed and made known to him, and the result was the same. Those stimulated were most rapid and vigorous in growth and bloom. Nor did the professor experiment only; without ceremony, or loss of time, he wrote and published an account of his experiments, making not a shadow of reference to myself. Of this proceeding I took no notice at the time, except to two or three gentlemen who had witnessed my experiments, and were apprised of their priority to those of Dr. Barton. Neither, for the reason already stated, had I yet prepared any written account of them, other than my notes, which were full and circumstantial, and taken immediately at the time of their performance. By means of them I was amply prepared to vindicate my claim to the priority, in experimenting on the subject, not only over Dr. Barton, but over every other inhabitant of the United States. And I was resolved to do so, as soon as a suitable opportunity to that effect should present itself. Nor was it long before such an opportunity occurred.

Mr. C., of Philadelphia, a medical student, who was about to

take a degree in medicine, preferred to me a request to recommend to him some interesting and unhackneyed subject, as the groundwork of his thesis; and I committed to paper and placed in his hand the following title: "An Experimental Essay on the Irritability of Plants." On doing this, I said to the young gentleman: "It will be necessary for you to perform experiments on the subject yourself, in which I will assist you; and I will furnish you with notes on a series of similar experiments which I have performed, to which you may refer, in corroboration of your own, provided their result coincide with that of mine, which cannot, I am confident, fail to be the case."

To work the young gentleman went, labored faithfully and successfully at his experiments, wrote a very good thesis, referred to me as the first American who had handled experimentally the subject of vegetable stimulability, and to Dr. Barton as the second, whose experiments had contributed to the confirmation of mine.

In conformity to the requirement of the Medical School of Philadelphia, at the time, the thesis was printed, and a copy of it presented to each of the professors.

No sooner had Dr. Barton thrown his eye over the essay, than he sent for its author, and angrily demanded of him why it was that he had given to my experiments on "vegetable stimulability" a prior date to his. The young man calmly replied:—

"I did not give the prior date to the experiments; they possessed it themselves, before I had any knowledge of them."

"On what authority, sir, do you say so?"

"On the authority of a set of notes, which I have in my possession, attested by Dr. C——h, and Dr. C——r, who saw them performed."

"Have those notes been published, sir?"

"I believe they have not."

"Then, sir, my article, which has been published, is entitled to the priority; because the public have first seen it, and been first instructed by it. I must, therefore, insist on your giving it the priority in your thesis."

"That I cannot do, sir, without the permission of Dr. Caldwell, to whom the matter will have to be referred."

"Very well, sir; let the reference be made, and Dr. Caldwell

and I will decide on our respective claims to priority the first time we meet."

Thus was the matter put to rest; conscious that he was in the wrong, feeling himself completely in my power, and not doubting that, if further provoked, I would give publicity to the whole transaction, the doctor asserted no further his claim to priority. On the contrary, to mask the chagrin which he certainly felt, he used, with apparent good humor, to complain of me because I had not published the discovery myself, as soon as I had made it, in order that the world might be informed of the condition and progress of philosophical botany in the United States.

Though Dr. Barton's extra-professional inquiries and mine did not run in precisely the same channel, yet, connected as they were with the same departments of nature, they not unfrequently brought into collision our sentiments and remarks. On another point in anthropology, besides the cause of the change of complexion in Henry Moss, our difference in opinion was wide and radical. I allude to the original peopling of America. He contended that the stream of population, from the old world into the new, came from the northeast region of the former (the country of the Tartars), into the northwest region of the latter, and thence diffused itself throughout the northern continent of it. In more definite language, he represented the Indians of North America as descendants of the Tartar race of Asia. And the only reason assigned by him for this opinion was some faint resemblance which he found, or fancied, between a few vocables common to the languages of the two immense and greatly diversified bodies of people. On the discussion of this topic, it is not my purpose to labor at present, as I once labored.*

Another point, on which the doctor and myself clashed in opinion, was the productive cause of cretinism and goitre. Those diseases he ascribed, in an article which he published, to the same sort of malaria which produces intermitting and remitting fever; yet it is well known that in Switzerland and other mountain regions, where the former maladies prevail most extensively and in their most deplorable forms, the latter rarely, if ever, appeared.

* [The opinions of Dr. Caldwell on this subject, may be found in his treatise *On the Peopling of the Continent of America.*—Ed.]

To that article I replied, not altogether without effect, in a paper printed in 1801, and contained in my earliest volume of *Medical and Physical Memoirs.*

In the same volume is contained my reply to a paper on the "Winter Retreat of Swallows," which had recently appeared in the *New York Medical Repository*, a periodical of high standing at the time, but which has been long discontinued. The writer of that paper contended that the swallow is not a "bird of passage;" but that, instead of migrating to a warm climate, it passes the winter in our own climate, in hollow trees, the clefts and recesses of rocks, and even buried in mud and sand, at the bottoms of ponds, lakes, and rivers, from which they emerge in the spring, and take possession of their aerial abodes. And to this hypothesis, extraordinary and ludicrous as it is, Dr. Barton was far from being unfriendly; though he did not inculcate it, in his lectures on natural history, he admitted the possibility that it might be true; and he cited, in favor of it, the authority of several distinguished naturalists, without, therefore, positively adopting and defending it; neither did he avowedly disclaim and reject it. He literally admitted the possibility of a physical impossibility—that a swallow can, at or near the end of summer, plunge to the bottom of a deep pond, lake, or river, inhume itself in mud or sand, lie there in a torpid condition until the month of March, and then, resuming active life, ascend to the surface, and, bounding into its native element, enter, with freshness, on the sports, loves, and labors destined to occupy it throughout the season. Can credulity and folly "out-Herod" this?

Yet was that hypothesis gravely discussed and countenanced by such naturalists as Ray, Willoughby, Catesby, Linnæus, Kalm, Pennant, and others, and not rejected as promptly and decisively in his writings as it ought to have been, and, in his lectures, even favorably treated by Dr. Barton. As far, however, as I am informed on the subject, he never again, subsequently to my article on it, referred to it in his lectures with any show of approval.

In the intercourse between the doctor and myself, the preceding incident created no interruption, nor any appearance of discordiality. We met and conversed, as usual, with courtesy and marks of mutual good will. But a subsequent event produced

between us a very unwelcome degree of estrangement, and, on his part, of resentment and groundless crimination.

But, that the statement I am about to make may be the more completely understood, and my own conduct, on the occasion alluded to, the more successfully vindicated, it is requisite that, before any further progress in my narrative be made, I detail the leading circumstances of the event which produced the breach between the doctor and myself.

At the time now referred to, it was the custom, in the medical school of Philadelphia, for those who were candidates for the honors of the institution, not only to *write* inaugural theses, but also to have them printed, and to defend them in public, on the day of graduation. This custom, which induced the candidates to write under the influence of all the resources they could bring to the task, was productive of many very valuable essays. But, as only a small number of copies of each were printed, and that number distributed in separate pamphlets, those essays conferred neither benefit on the community, nor lasting reputation on their youthful authors.

To remedy this evil, a committee of the medical Faculty was appointed by the Board of Trustees to collect the theses, and republish annually a thousand copies of an octavo volume, containing not less than four hundred, nor more than about five hundred pages, consisting of some of the most valuable of them; and the committee was composed of Dr. Barton and Dr. Woodhouse, the two youngest professors in the school.

Of these, Dr. Woodhouse, who was much the junior of the two gentlemen, though possessed of talents, was exceedingly indolent, wanting in energy, and more devoted to his table and his pillow than to his study and his library. He slept, or at least consumed in bed, at least ten hours of the natural day, declaring that a shorter period of sleep was wholly insufficient to preserve health of body and activity of mind. He allowed himself, therefore, to be completely under the control of Dr. Barton, who, though always busy and hurried, was remarkably irregular, unpunctual, and negligent, in all his transactions.

From four to six months after their appointment as the committee of publication, the two professors engaged, as their printer and publisher, Mr. Thomas Dobson, at that time the principal

bookseller in Philadelphia; and there the business of their committeeship was closed. Months and years passed away, without the performance of another act in promotion of the *Thesaurus Medicus* of the University of Pennsylvania—the title which the collection, when published, was intended to bear.

In this condition of things, Dr. Rush, still solicitous that the scheme should be accomplished, applied to me, entreating me to negotiate with Mr. Dobson, or some other publisher, a new contract, and become myself the editor of the work.

Young as I was, and ambitious to be respectably and usefully employed, I agreed to the proposal. Perfectly aware, however, of the probability that I was about to come into collision with gentlemen possessed of tempers not very deeply imbued with the sweets of Hybla or the dews of Hymettus, I deemed it advisable to act with circumspection and care. Hence, I waited on Mr. Dobson, procured from him a certificate testifying to his abandonment of his contract with Dr. Barton and Dr. Woodhouse, stating the cause of that abandonment, and asserting his determination not to renew the contract with them, should they ever make an overture to him to that effect.

These things being accomplished, I forthwith formed a contract with Thomas and William Bradford, printers, binding them to print, publish, and vend for me the *Thesaurus Medicus*, under the title of "Select Medical Theses;" furnished them immediately with the requisite matter from other sources, accompanied by a "Preliminary Discourse," and an "Appendix," from my own pen; and the first volume of the work appeared in the autumn of 1805, a few weeks before the assembling of the Philadelphia medical class. Nor, as it was eagerly sought for and purchased by the pupils, and by many of the physicians of Philadelphia and the neighboring country, had the publishers any cause to regret their having made themselves the proprietors of it.

The Appendix, which consisted of three papers on the "Vitality of the Blood," enhanced not a little the reputation I already possessed, in the United States as well as in England. Dr. Lettsom, and several other distinguished physicians of London, Dr. Darwin, of Litchfield, and Dr. Beddoes, then in the zenith of his fame, complimented me highly on the production. A letter, addressed to me by the latter gentleman, contained the following passage:

"The vitality of the blood can be no longer even plausibly denied or doubted. Your papers have conclusively established the doctrine."

Even Dr. Rush, who had been until that time one of the most stubborn opposers of the doctrine, now adopted it, and taught it in his lectures for several years, referring to my papers for evidence confirmatory of it. But, when he subsequently became inimical to me, he abandoned it in his lectures, though he never became again its public opponent. So true is it that even distinguished men allow their public teaching to be swayed and perverted by their private feelings!

In the following year (1806), another volume of *Select Theses* was published, under my direction, and the work was then discontinued. Nor was the cause of its discontinuance either unknown to the public or creditable to any one of the Philadelphia medical professors; and to the Professors Barton and Woodhouse it was strikingly discreditable. The reasons for the stopping of the work, one of which was irresistible, may be briefly stated:—

Dr. Rush, when he urged me to become the editor of the *Thesaurus Medicus*, promised to recommend it to his class, and thus aid in the promotion of its sale; and, as related to the first volume, his promise was redeemed. But, when the *second* appeared, though in no respect inferior to the first, his recommendation was withheld. As far as I could inform myself in the matter, he made not, either publicly or privately, in his lectures or in conversation, the slightest reference to it, in his intercourse with his pupils.

The reason of his silence (at least the chief reason), I ascertained to be, that the recommendation bestowed by him on the first volume had been dissatisfactory to his two colleagues, Dr. Barton and Dr. Woodhouse, on his popularity with whom he set a higher estimate than on the redemption of his promise to me.

Mortified by the issue of their neglect and delinquency, as the proposed editors of the *Select Theses*, and galled by the event of my having superseded them in that capacity, Drs. Barton and Woodhouse had formed a determination, and concocted a scheme to disparage the work and prevent its continuance. And their first device, in the execution of their scheme, was to withdraw from it the patronage of their influential colleague. Having accomplished that, they proceeded to the formation and execution

of another measure of vengeance and mischief. And in that also they were successful. It was to the following effect.

Complaints were occasionally uttered by a few of the candidates for graduation, in the medical school of Philadelphia, on account of being compelled, by one of the by-laws of the institution, to have their theses printed. Some of the grounds of this complaint were, that, from a scarcity of funds, they could not conveniently meet the expense; that, being quite unversed in the art of composition, the process of preparing their dissertations was exceediugly irksome, laborious, and time-wasting; that, when prepared with all the carc and skill their authors could bestow, the productions were, as specimens of literature, scarcely less crude and discreditable than the exercises of schoolboys; and that, in consequence of a want of experience and mental maturity in the writers, nearly all the theses were professionally barren and useless.

Availing themselves of representations of this description, which, I need hardly say, were more specious than solid, Drs. Barton and Woodhouse moved, and by management ultimately carried, a resolution in the Faculty, by a majority of one, to abrogate the by-law, which rendered it obligatory on candidates to have their theses printed. And the sanction of the measure by the trustees of the University was obtained by a similar manœuvre. Thus, by a single vote, in gratification of the temper of two delinquent individuals, was dried up forever the very fountain of the life blood of the *Thesaurus Medicus*, and its fair promise of usefulness destroyed.

Such is a faithful record of the reason why the custom of publishing medical theses in the University of Pennsylvania, from which resulted no inconsiderable issue of very excellent dissertations, and which was annually increasing in number and improving in quality, was stricken down and abolished. I shall only add, that the whole transaction was a deliberate sacrifice of the interests of professional science and literature to the resentment of two men, whose official duty demanded that they should protect and promote them.

To the memory of Dr. Barton, however, it is due to say that, by introducing into his lectures on materia medica no small amount of botanical knowledge, together with copious expositions

of the principles and practice of therapeutics, he was eminently instrumental in giving to the chair of that branch of the profession, the respectable rank it holds at present, in our schools of medicine. And this fact I record with the more readiness, and the higher gratification, on account of the unfavorable remarks, in other respects, which truth has compelled me to make in relation to him. For, to commend is a much more pleasing office than to condemn, even when the subject of commendation is an enemy. Previously to the promotion of the doctor to that chair, the lectures delivered from it, in the United States, consisted of very little else than dry details of the names, classes, imputed properties, doses, and modes of preparation, and exhibition of medicinal substances.

I have said that Dr. Barton failed as a teacher of the theory and practice of medicine; but that he taught materia medica with ability and effect. To it may be justly subjoined, that, as a teacher of botany he possessed also at least one very high and important quality—an earnest and exciting enthusiasm, by which he induced his pupils to engage in the study of the science with a corresponding earnestness, accompanied by a resolution to teach themselves. And, as I have already intimated, I now repeat in plainer and stronger terms, that the most valuable and lasting benefaction a public teacher can confer on his pupils, is to implant in them a spirit of study and emulation by the influence of which, as springs of action and incentives to energy and exertion, they cannot fail in the attainment of knowledge. All the real science a public lecturer can, in a brief course of lectures, impart to his hearers, is in itself of little avail. But, if he inspire them with an ardent love of science, and teach them in what way they may most easily and effectually render themselves masters of it, he discharges his duty, and is a distinguished benefactor, not only to them, but to the community where they reside.

Dr. Barton held a highly respectable rank in the Medical School of Philadelphia, but was never one of its pillars of support. He was subject to hereditary gout, which attacked him first at an early age, and often revisited him in irregular paroxysms. It assumed, at length, the form of hydrothorax, and terminated fatally before he had reached his fiftieth year.

Of Dr. Woodhouse, my notice shall be brief; because he did not attain character sufficient to entitle him to one of much extent.

Though a man of very respectable talents, yet did his habitual indolence prevent him from either reaching a high rank, or figuring in a spacious or a brilliant sphere. His appointment to the chair of chemistry, which he held for several years, was made, not as a reward for anything he had ever done for science, nor on account of his personal or professional popularity; it was accomplished by the influence of Dr. Rush, whose pupil Dr. Woodhouse had been, and who, also, for other reasons, felt a very eager interest in his occupancy of the chair. The contest for the place at the time of his appointment, was earnest and ardent.

The competitors for the professorship were Dr. Woodhouse, and Dr. Seybert—the former, as already mentioned, a pupil and partisan of Dr. Rush, and the latter of Dr. Wistar, the two principals being deeply hostile to each other. In such a crisis, I need hardly say, that the leading if not the sole objects of Dr. Rush and Wistar were alike personal. Neither gentleman felt any special regard for his chosen candidate, except from the consideration that he would be his own retainer, and, as such, would aid in giving him *party strength* in the institution. The respective claims of the two candidates having been vigorously pushed for several weeks, the day of election at length arrived, the vote was taken, and Woodhouse was chosen, though Seybert was, at the time, the most experienced chemist. The former gentleman, however, awakened and roused to action by the event, began immediately to prepare himself for the duties of his new and promising career, with a degree of zeal and energy to which he had been previously an entire stranger. Nor is it aught but justice to him to say, that his improvement in the science he was destined to teach was signally rapid. He became, in a short time, so expert and successful an experimenter, as to receive from Dr. Priestley, who had just arrived in the United States, very flattering compliments on his dexterity and skill. That distinguished gentleman, on seeing him engaged in the business of his laboratory, did not hesitate to pronounce him equal, as an experimenter, to any one he had seen in either England or France. And he had visited the laboratory of Cuvier himself. To everything, however, but experimental chemistry, Woodhouse soon became again comparatively dull and indifferent. But for that form of the science, he retained until his death, a predilection and fond-

ness, which were denominated, with sufficient aptitude, in technical language, his "elective attraction." At times, his devotion to it and the labor he sustained in the cultivation of it, were positively marvellous—not to say preternatural. To the young men who attended his lectures, he, to use his own words, recommended "Miss Chemistry as their only mistress," the only object of their devotion and homage. During an entire summer (one of the hottest I have ever experienced), he literally lived in his laboratory, and clung to his experiments with an enthusiasm and persistency which at length threw him into a paroxysm of mental derangement, marked by the most extravagant hallucinations and fancies. He even believed, and, on one occasion, proclaimed, in a company of ladies and gentlemen, that, by chemical agency alone, he could produce a human being.

The special object of his experiments at that time was the decomposition and recomposition of water. The agent employed in his processes was of course caloric. And no alchymist in pursuit of the *alcahest*, or the philosopher's stone, ever labored in his vocation with a wilder enthusiasm, a more sublimated intensity, or a perseverance more stubborn, than he did, immersed in a temperature intolerable to any human being possessed of natural and healthful sensibility.

As already mentioned, the weather was almost unprecedentedly hot; and his laboratory was in sundry places perpetually glowing with blazing charcoal, and red-hot furnaces, crucibles, and gun-barrels, and often bathed in every portion of it with the steam of boiling water. Rarely, during the day, was the temperature of its atmosphere lower than from 110° to 115° of Fahrenheit—at times, perhaps, even higher.

Almost daily did I visit the professor in that salamander's home, and uniformly found him in the same condition—stripped to his shirt and summer pantaloons, his collar unbuttoned, his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, the sweat streaming copiously down his face and person, and his whole vesture drippingly wet with the same fluid. He himself, moreover, being always engaged in either actually performing or in closely watching and superintending his processes, was stationed for the most part in or near to one of the hottest spots in his laboratory.

My salutation to him on entering his semi-Phlegethon of heat

not unfrequently was: "Good God, doctor, how can you bear to remain so constantly in so hot a room? It is a perfect purgatory!" To this half interrogatory, half exclamation, the reply received was usually to the same purport. "Hot, sir—hot! do you call this a hot room? Why, sir, it is one of the coolest rooms in Philadelphia. Exhalation, sir, is the most cooling process. And do you not see how the sweat exhales from my body, and carries off all the caloric? Do you not know, sir, that, by exhalation, ice can be produced under the sun of the hottest climates?"

Such was the professor's doctrine; nor have I the slightest doubt of his belief in its correctness. So deep is the hallucination in which alchemy first, and afterward chemistry, its lineal descendant, have, in many cases, involved the minds of their votaries and rendered them permanently wild and visionary in their action. It is not, I think, to be doubted that alchemy and chemistry have deranged a greater number of intellects than all other branches of science united. Even at the present day it is hardly short of lunacy to contend, as many chemists do, that chemical and vital forces are identical.

Dr. Woodhouse, phlegmatic and saturnine as he usually was, possessed and displayed at times some of the crotchets which characterize genius. He held the chair of chemistry not less, I think, than nine or ten years, and delivered at the commencement of each course the same introductory lecture, unchanged by the addition or alteration of a word. Yet was it in both matter and composition, a crude and rather common-place sophomorical production. Nor was it at all improved by the doctor's delivery of it, which was dull and monotonous.

Dr. Woodhouse's didactic lectures rarely occupied, each of them, more than forty minutes—and often not near so much. And when interrogated on the subject, the reason he rendered for such brevity was, that "no man could dwell, in discussion, on a single topic more than five minutes without talking nonsense."

He died of an acute disease (apoplectic, if my remembrance be correct) before his fortieth year, leaving behind him no memorial, scientific or literary, to speak of his existence to future times. He died also unmarried, and therefore without a family.

CHAPTER V.

Yellow fever in Philadelphia—Flight of the inhabitants—Commerce arrested—New York—Difficulty in obtaining lodgings—Fever Hospital—Writes on domestic origin—Dr. Rush—His courage and firmness—His judicious practice—Calomel—Its efficacy as a remedy—Rush's dose of "ten and ten"—Rush's opinion of the domestic origin of yellow fever, supported by Aretæus, Jr.—Schuylkill water—Mode of debating—Close of medical session—Translated Blumenbach—Plan of study—Diet—Exercise—Failing health—The brain multiplex—Gall—Spurzheim.

THE year 1793 was one of the most memorable that Philadelphia has ever witnessed. And the memorableness of it arose from the desolating, and in some respects revolutionary sweep of pestilence, under the name of *yellow fever*, which the city sustained during the summer and autumn of it.

The sweep was desolating from its destruction of human life, and temporary banishment of a large portion of the inhabitants; and revolutionary from its influence in producing, for a very protracted period, no inconsiderable change in certain kinds of the commerce and business of the city, and in the opinions of physicians and of the citizens in general, respecting the causes and nature of a given class of diseases, and the most effectual means of preserving health.

It has been already mentioned that the visitation of yellow fever, in the year 1793, gave the first obvious impulse to the ascendency of New York over Philadelphia, in the coasting trade, and the business connected with it; and of course it contributed, in a corresponding degree, to the superior augmentation of the growth of the former metropolis. And, from that period until within a few years of the present, its ascendency, in both respects, has been regularly increasing.

Nor did the calamity which Philadelphia suffered in 1793, produce less effect in the change of public opinion on certain interesting and important points respecting the means of preserving

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health, and the nature and sources of given sorts of disease. But, waiving for the present, the consideration of those topics in a body, it is my purpose to treat them somewhat in detail in the course of my narrative.

It may not be altogether uninteresting or useless in me briefly to remark in this place, that pestilence rarely, if ever, descends on a city or tract of country so suddenly or secretly as not to give, to physicians of observation and judgment, some significant premonitions of its approach. In the changes which occur in the aspect and character of the common diseases of the place, the "coming events" may be correctly said, as a general rule, to "throw their shadows before." The diseases referred to, besides being marked by new symptoms, become more severe, obstinate, and dangerous. To such an extent is this statement often verified, that affections which had been previously altogether mild and manageable, become unexpectedly so rebellious and intractable as to resist the ablest and most skilful treatment, and terminate in death.

Such was the condition of things in Philadelphia in the spring and the early part of the summer of 1793. The most experienced and skilful physicians of the place were equally astonished and alarmed at finding themselves frequently foiled and defeated in their treatment of complaints, which had previously yielded with entire facility. And this continued to be more and more the case, as the season advanced, and the weather became more intemperate and dry. For a prominent and characteristic feature of the season was the prevalence of a distressing drought. For nearly or quite three months, not a drop of rain descended to water the parched and dusty streets, and cool the burning atmosphere of the city. Nor do facts forbid me to add that a never-failing concomitant of the visitations of pestilential epidemics is some sort of meteorological irregularity. In some instances, lightning and thunder are greatly superabundant; in others, equivalently wanting. I have witnessed both occurrences in Philadelphia, where, from 1793 to 1805, inclusive, yellow fever prevailed epidemically seven times.

During the spring and the first two summer months of 1793, I pursued with regularity and intenseness my settled scheme of study, neither wasting an hour, nor neglecting a proffered and

practicable expedient for my improvement in knowledge. But, early in August, the storm-cloud which had for some time presented a threatening aspect, burst on the city in a tempest of pestilence, produced among the inhabitants the utmost dismay and confusion, and drove from their customary channels all sorts of pursuits and occupations, whether public or private, and whether connected with commerce or the arts, science and letters, or social intercourse. In the midst of this general consternation and partial dissolution of society itself, it was impossible for my engagements to escape participating in the temporary wreck.

The first serious inconvenience I experienced arose from the flight into the country of the family in which I lodged, to avoid destruction by the supposed contagion of the prevailing disease. For, on its commencement, two opinions respecting it were nearly universal. That it was deeply contagious, and almost necessarily fatal. And, indeed, the latter opinion, in particular, was favored by facts too numerous and confirmatory to be witnessed without apprehension and dismay. For, of those first attacked by the epidemic, very few recovered. And this, be it remembered, is true of every malignant pestilential disease. To its earliest subjects it is fearfully fatal. For this result, several probable, if not certain, reasons may be rendered.

Those first attacked have, for the most part, constitutions shattered by dissipation and irregularity of life, or, from other cause are debilitated in their conservative powers, and therefore strongly predisposed to the malady. For want of a due sense of danger, medical aid is not early enough employed: and, even *when* employed, physicians are not at first sufficiently versed in the best mode of treating the complaint; for the successful treatment of new and malignant maladies can be learned only by experience.

From the next family in which I took lodging I experienced the same inconvenience. In a few days after I had become a member of it, the house was deserted in a panic from a similar cause; and I was compelled to search for other accommodations. And a like desertion was repeated several times more, until it became impracticable for me to find a suitable residence in any part of the city. From the sickly sections of the place every one that could command the requisite means had already fled, or was

preparing to fly. And in the healthy sections (for some continued healthy during the whole season), the inhabitants became unwilling to receive new lodgers, lest contagion lurking in their systems might engender the disease.

Under these circumstances, my perplexity became extreme. For I had determined not to retreat into the country, but to continue in the city, and, if prevented from improving in knowledge by attending lectures on botany and reading books from the press, to turn my attention to the book of nature by some sort of an attendance on the sick, and endeavor to derive useful knowledge from that source.

While in this state of embarrassment and uncertainty as to the course I should pursue, I was informed by Dr. Rush, whom I had apprised of my earnest desire to become acquainted with the epidemic, that, at a short distance from the city, a hospital for the reception of pestilential patients had just been opened, and that a few qualified young men were wanted in it as resident pupils and aids, to prepare and administer medical prescriptions, superintend the nurses, and render such other services as the establishment might require. He added that no compensation for such young men was provided, except their subsistence; and that, as yet, the dread of contagion and death had entirely prevented applications for the place. Delighted with the opportunity thus presented to me, my answer was prompt and even enthusiastic. "I dread neither, sir, and will immediately present myself." And having uttered these words, I bowed and hastened toward the door on my way to the hospital. Recollecting, however, that I was a stranger in Philadelphia, I returned to Dr. Rush and said to him in a tone, the purport of which he well understood, "Nobody at the hospital knows who I am." "I will tell them, sir," was his reply. And he immediately wrote and handed to me a note containing the following words:—

"Mr. Caldwell, the bearer of this note, is desirous of becoming an aid in the City Hospital; and he is as well qualified as he is willing to perform the duties of the place."

BENJAMIN RUSH.

Having received this, with sincere gratitude, but unable to express my thankfulness in words, I warmly pressed the hand of

my benefactor, hurried to the door, set out for the hospital, and, in less than an hour, was busily engaged in my new occupation.

And from the first moment of my entrance on it, my engagements and duties were as abundant and pressing as they were melancholy and momentous. In my capacity as a medical assistant, I was alone; for, as yet, no other pupil had tendered his services. The dread of contagion still kept aloof those young men, who would otherwise have eagerly availed themselves of the advantages of observation and experience in the treatment of disease which the institution afforded. The nurses were also few and inexperienced, and the provisions and arrangements in all respects limited, crude, and insufficient for the occasion. In fact, the whole establishment being, in its character as a hospital, the product of but two or three days' labor, by men alogether unversed in such business, was a likeness in miniature of the city and the time, a scene of deep confusion and distress, not to say of utter desolation. The hospital edifice was large; several rooms of it were already filled with the sick and dying; patients in a like condition were hourly arriving from the sickly portions of the city; and with a frequency not much inferior, the dead were leaving it on their passage to the grave. No apartments being yet prepared for the use and accommodation of the medical assistants, I was obliged to eat, drink, and sleep (when, indeed, I was permitted to sleep), in the same rooms in which I ministered to the wants of the sick. And not only did I sleep in the same rooms with my patients, but also at times on the same bed. To such an extent and in so striking a manner was this the case, that, when exhausted by fatigue and want of rest, I repeatedly threw myself on the bed of one of my patients, either alongside of him or at his feet, and slept an hour or two, on awaking, I found him a corpse. At other times, under similar circumstances, I have received from a patient, on some part of my apparel, a portion of the matter of "black vomit." And I was inhaling the breath of the sick, and immersed in the matter which exhaled from their systems, every hour of the day and night. For I was perpetually in the midst of them.

These facts I mention, to show the risks I incurred of suffering by contagion; and, indeed, the utter improbability, not to say the impossibility, of my having escaped it, had the disease been con-

tagious. But it was not until some years afterwards that I became fully convinced *that it was not*, for my first belief, received from books (the writings of physicians), private preceptors, and public lecturers had been the reverse. And it was a resort to the book of nature alone—I mean to a succession of natural events—which presented themselves to my observation, in the course of my experiments and practice, that produced the change.

Having become familar with such facts, and being convinced that they were facts, I at length abandoned my belief in the contagiousness of yellow fever, and published, to that effect, an article of some length in one of the newspapers of the day.* The communicability of yellow fever from the sick to the well, was as firmly believed in at that time, and as resolutely maintained, as was the communicability of smallpox itself. And of all contagionists, Dr. Rush was one of the most extravagant and stubborn. And he persisted in his belief for many years, in opposition to all the facts and arguments that could be arrayed against it. Yet did he subsequently receive the credit of being the author of the doctrine of non-contagion. And with many persons he retains that credit to the present day.

My paper in denial of the contagiousness of the epidemic, not only attracted notice, but was replied to and opposed by several writers, who differed from me in opinion. This drew from me a rejoinder of some earnestness, which I followed, and supported by several other papers on the same subject.

The month of November was fast passing away, and, contrary to the usual custom, the medical class was but beginning to assemble. The true causes, and the only time of the prevalence of yellow fever not being yet understood, the dread of contagion, which

* The papers here referred to, were afterward collected and republished in *Caldwell's Medical and Physiological Memoirs*. They furnish the first eight numbers of the second "Memoir" in that work, entitled: "Facts and Observations Relative to the Origin and Nature of Yellow Fever."

It may be worthy of remark, in this place, that Dr. Rush, in his *Medical Inquiries and Observations*, vol. iv. page 268, repudiates his former opinion of the contagiousness of yellow fever and plague, and says: "For the change of my opinion upon this subject, I am indebted to Dr. Caldwell's and Mr. Webster's publications upon pestilential diseases, and to the travels of Marini, and Sonnini into Syria and Egypt. A note in Dr. Caldwell's *Memoirs*, refers to Mr. Webster's publication as being *subsequent* to his own.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

pervaded the entire Union, still kept the young men lingering at home, or slowly and cautiously entering Philadelphia in small and scattering numbers, somewhat like the wreck-timbers of the fleet of Æneas, "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." At length, however, though the class of the winter, all told, amounted to less than a hundred, a sufficient number had arrived to induce the professors to commence their lectures; and the introductory of Dr. Rush was a performance of deep and touching interest, and never, I think, to be forgotten (while his memory endures) by any one who listened to it, and was susceptible of the impression it was calculated to make. It consisted in a well-written and graphical description of the terrible sweep of the late pestilence; the wild dismay and temporary desolation it had produced; the scenes of family and individual suffering and woe he had witnessed during its ravages; the mental dejection, approaching despair, which he himself had experienced, on account of the entire failure of his original mode of practice in it, and the loss of his earliest patients (some of them personal friends); the joy he felt on the discovery of a successful mode of treating it; the benefactions which he had afterward the happiness to confer, and the gratulations with which (after the success of his practice had become known) he was often received in sick and afflicted families. The discourse, though highly colored, and marked by not a few figures of fancy, and bursts of feeling, was, notwithstanding, sufficiently fraught with substantial matter to render it no less instructive than it was fascinating. Though fifty-two years and more than seven months have passed over me since the time of its delivery, yet are many of the representations it contained as fresh in my memory as the occurrences of yesterday; and were I master of the pencil, I could accurately delineate the figure, countenance, attitude, and entire manner and appearance of the professor, as he sat at his desk.

Nor was the lecture entirely sombre, lugubrious, and pathetic. Far from it. Among other topics, the doctor referred to the abuse and persecution he had sustained from the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, as a body, and from several individual physicians of the place, on account of the extent to which he had carried bloodletting in his practice in the epidemic, but, more especially, on account of a purgative dose he had introduced,

which, in size, was denounced as perfectly enormous. It was a mixture of ten grains of calomel, and ten of jalap—a dose which is now accounted moderate, at least, if not diminutive. But, previously to that time, calomel had never been so copiously administered in Philadelphia, nor, as far as I am informed, in any other part of the Middle or Eastern Atlantic States. From three to five or six grains of that article had been regarded, until then, as an ample dose.

In his representations of the wrongs he had thus suffered, and of the calumnies and invectives with which he and his practice had been assailed, the doctor was sufficiently sarcastic and trenchant. Nor were his remarks altogether unspiced with humor and ridicule. Of the denunciation of his purgative dose of *ten and ten*, as it was contemptuously called by his enemies and revilers, he gave the following terse and ludicrous account:—

"Dr. K–n," said he, "called it a *murderous* dose! Dr. H–ge called it a *dose for a horse!* And Dr. B–t–n called it a *devil* of a dose!—Dr. H.," he continued, "who is *nearly* as large as Goliath of Gath, and quite as vauntful and malignant, even threatened to give me a flogging. Dr. H. flog me!—Why, gentlemen, if a horse kicks me, I will not kick him back again. But here is my man Ben" (his coachman) "whose trade is to beat beasts. He is willing to meet Dr. H. in my place, and play brute with him as soon as he pleases. I have that to do which belongs to a *man*."

Dr. Rush being naturally a man of a very susceptible temperament, became so highly excited by the scenes he witnessed, and was himself engaged in, during the prevalence of the epidemic, as to make, at times, in both words and actions, certain wild and extraordinary manifestations. He was said, for example, contrary to his usual custom, to talk aloud to himself, while walking the street alone, and, at the same time, to look and gesticulate as if he were conversing with one or more persons who accompanied him. He was further reported to be much more than usually dogmatical in the assertion of his opinions, and more impetuous, irrespective, and overbearing in his manners.

These and other like stories (whether entirely untrue I know not, but doubtless greatly exaggerated), were collected by the doctor's enemies, and inserted in the public prints, in order to injure him, by showing him to be insane. And, to some extent,

they did injure him. Among many others, the following anecdote respecting him found its way into the newspapers; and the doctor himself acknowledged to me that it was substantially true —and, at the same time, smiled at its ludicrous extravagance.

Many physicians having deserted their posts and fled into the country, and not a few of those who had remained and done battle with the pestilence being sick, medical aid was exceedingly scarce, and difficult to be obtained. Under these circumstances, so distracting and calamitous, Dr. Rush, who had received an urgent call to visit a sick friend, on the border of Kensington most remote from the city, was seen passing over a bridge in that suburb, where the epidemic was raging with great violence. And by the same route he was expected to return, which proved to be the case.

No sooner was it known that the doctor was, in a short time, to pass the bridge again, than, from all parts of the village, the friends and connections of the sick hurried to the place, to procure from him visits, if possible; and, if disappointed in that, directions how to relieve the suffering, and save the lives of those that were dear to them.

When on his return, therefore, the doctor arrived at the bridge, he found his passage over it completely obstructed, not by dozens or scores, but actually by hundreds, who, with one voice, implored his aid in a manner the most earnest, and in terms not to be resisted by obduracy itself.

To visit, however, *all* the cases to which he was invited, was impossible. And every consideration bearing on the subject forbade a selection. He must visit all, or visit *none*. Without descending from his curricle, therefore, he let down the top of it, and requested the crowd to approach as near to him as they could, in his rear and by his sides, leaving open the passage in front. His request being complied with, he addressed to the anxious listeners a few conciliatory remarks, and then subjoined, in a voice that all could hear: "I treat my patients successfully by bloodletting, and copious purging with calomel and jalap, in doses of ten grains of each for adults, and of six or eight for children—and I advise you, my good friends, to use the same remedies."

"What," said a voice from the crowd, "bleed and purge every one?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "bleed and purge all Kensington!—Drive on, Ben."

And immediately the wonder-stricken multitude was far in his rear.

"Such advice and conduct," said the professor's assailants, "are the result of positive madness, or of something worse. The author of it, therefore, is unworthy of public confidence, and ought not to be permitted to enter a sick room."

Such were some of the scenes and events produced by the memorable pestilential epidemic, which swept over Philadelphia in 1793, rendering it, for a time, the abode of unprecedented terror and dismay, hurrying to their graves, in the short period of three months, several thousands of its inhabitants, injuring irrecoverably, for a long period, certain branches of its commerce, and darkening it, for a season, with the gloom of bereavement and the badges of mourning. Though I do not deem myself a man of the most susceptible temperament, nor do I believe that I am so deemed by any one to whom I am known; yet, so deep and indelible is the impression produced on me, by that memorable visitation, that, even *now*, after the lapse of more than half a century, as often as I see the two figures 93, or hear them named, some of the scenes of the calamity are revived in my memory, with a degree of freshness bordering on that which they originally possessed. But to return to the more regular branch of my narrative.

A promise which I made to Dr. Rush respecting the doctrine of domestic origin, I neither forgot nor neglected. At an early meeting, therefore, of the Philadelphia Medical Society, I introduced it for discussion, in a paper carefully written for the purpose. Having informed Dr. Rush in person of my design, I had procured from the President of the Society an order to the Secretary, to insert in the public prints notices of the intended debate, in order that there might be a full meeting, and that the advocates of foreign origin in particular might be present, and make their best practicable defence of their hypothesis. I call the belief a *hypothesis* now, and I gave it the same name at the time, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of the party who were its advocates, especially of one of them, a heavy-headed, self-consequential, and prosing dogmatist, advanced in life, who, in his ponderous talk on the

subject, among a mass of other trumpery of mind, hoped that the "young gentleman, so fluent in words" (referring to myself in a style that displeased me), "would favor the Society with his definition of *hypothesis*," and then made a pause; when I instantly rose and calmly replied:—

"With pleasure, Mr. Chairman. An hypothesis is a *notion unsupported by fact*—an exemplification of which has been abundantly given by the gentleman and his friends. Throughout the entire evening they have amused the Society with nothing but notions, backed by suppositions, or at least by hearsay. All their matter is derivative—the product of neither their own observation nor their own thought—the mere fruit, or rather excretion of their memory, which has imbibed it from books, or from some form of oral communication. They have favored us with nothing of the wealth of their own resources—have told us of nothing which they themselves have actually seen and positively known. They have treated the subject much more like pupils, detailing what they have learned in lessons from preceptors, than like masters, employing, as matter of argument, knowledge derived from the only true source of science, the Book of Nature.

"Yellow fever has but just disappeared, the miasm productive of it having been destroyed, as it will always be, by the occurrence of cold weather. My wish, therefore, sir, is to hear from the gentlemen arguments in favor of its foreign origin, drawn from what they have learned by their recent intercourse with it, in the way of observation as men of science, and of experience as physicians engaged in the treatment of it."

This I knew would be gall and wormwood; because not a single individual who, as yet, had contended, in the present debate, that yellow fever was an imported complaint, had ever seen a case of it. They had all hurried into the country, on its first appearance in Philadelphia, and had now but just returned, to instruct the community, including those who had met it, contended with it, and studied it, in the mystery of its origin.

By these remarks, the elderly gentleman, to whom I was replying, was most poignantly stung; because he had been among the very first to fly into the country for safety from the pestilence, and to admonish all others, able conveniently to do so, to follow his example. In the irritation of the moment, therefore, and not

knowing who I was, he said, with much more of ill temper, than of either dignity or discretion: "As the young man sets so high a value on knowledge gained by observation and experience, he had better, I think, give us a morsel of his own wisdom gained in that way about yellow fever, than find fault with others for not giving theirs."

This was precisely what I wanted. It gave me an opening tantamount to an invitation, to enlarge on a brief statement of what I had witnessed in the City Hospital, which my paper read to the Society contained, but which had not been heard by the member and some of his partisans; because the reading of it had been finished before their arrival.

At the close of my remarks, Dr. Rush, who had passed the whole evening in the Society, and was now about to leave it, came immediately up to me, shook me cordially by the hand, and said, in an undertone: "Call and see me, as soon as convenient. I want to have a long talk with you: Good night." And he retired.

It was now within a few minutes of the usual time of the adjournment of the Society; and a motion to adjourn was accordingly made. The motion was immediately opposed by myself, in consideration of my having engrossed nearly the whole of the evening, to the exclusion of almost everybody else from the floor. I therefore expressed a hope that the session of the Society would be protracted, that other members might be permitted to take part in the debate. On this, Dr. Wistar, who had attended the meeting, suggested that it might be better to continue the discussion throughout another evening, as such continuance might prove advantageous in a twofold way. It would afford to gentlemen, who might wish to participate in the debate, more leisure to prepare for the occasion, and more time for the full communication of their views. A motion was immediately made and carried, and the Society adjourned.

By remarks which, in casual but earnest conversation among the members of the Society, reached my ear from various parts of the hall, I felt convinced that I had acquitted myself, in composition and debate, in what was regarded in that place as a style and manner of unusual excellence. In the buoyancy of my hope, therefore, spiced perhaps with a sufficiency of conceit, I did not permit myself to doubt that, in some way, the display I had made

that evening would prove advantageous to me. And it did so, more than a quarter of a century afterward, in a form and degree, that might be framed into an incident approaching romance. In exposition of the event, let it be remembered that I am now in my narrative of December, 1793.

To the session of the Society of which I am speaking, a young gentleman about my own age, but not bred to medicine, had gone, by the invitation of a member, to hear the debate. And he, to use his own words, was "charmed with the paper I read, with my manner of reading and my masterly defence of it." Not long afterward he removed to Kentucky, settled in Lexington, and became in time a member of the Board of Trustees of Transylvania University. In 1819, that Board resolved on the establishment, in the University, of a Medical Department. To superintend the organization of that department, and aid in giving character to it, by becoming virtually the premier in its administration, I migrated, by special invitation, from Philadelphia to Lexington. And though I probably would have been invited without that gentleman's personal influence in my behalf, yet was he, of all the Board, the most earnest and ardent in urging the measure. When the subject was under consideration, he, with all the eloquence he could command, represented to the Board the scene he had witnessed in Philadelphia, in 1793, and declared that, from that evening, he had never abandoned the conviction that I was destined to become, at some place and period, "the founder and leader of a great school of medicine." And he warmly pressed on the Board to take measures to make Lexington the place, and the period the then existing year.

During the remainder of that session of the school, nothing occurred in the form of an incident worthy to be recorded in the narrative I am composing. I pursued my studies with entire regularity and sufficient intensity, never being absent from the smallest portion of a single lecture, nor neglecting any other accessible and useful source of information. In his repeated examinations of me, Dr. Rush, though he not unfrequently introduced into his lectures remarks on yellow fever, never put to me a question respecting its origin, knowing that my belief on that topic was identical with his own. Respecting its treatment, his interrogatories to me were frequent, one of his objects being to

draw from me information as to the practice which had proved most successful in it at the City Hospital. In this proceeding, his special desire was to ascertain the effect of his two favorite remedies, bloodletting, and his ten and ten dose of calomel and jalap; for he rarely put a question which had not some connection with his own popularity and reputation, no less than with the removal of disease. And in the desire referred to, it was my good fortune to be able to gratify him by an assurance, that the effect of his remedies, when judiciously administered, was highly salutary.

Young men should never forget that education consists of three branches: to inform the mind; to exercise it for the purposes of general activity and strength; and to frame and accommodate its action to some given and particular object and end. To preserve also the health, power and competences of the body by temperance, exercise, and other suitable means, constitutes an indispensable element of education.

In the first of these branches, I endeavored to accomplish myself by an attendance on lectures, by reading, and by reflection; in the second, by taking part in the debates of the Medical Society, and by writing during the winter for one of the public prints, about every two weeks, an article on some medical subject, generally on yellow fever, and chiefly on the means of preventing its recurrence. Those articles were signed "Aretæus, Jr.," and were not long in attracting some notice, especially from the foreign *originists* (I being the reverse), who began to cavil at and attack my papers, which induced me occasionally to reciprocate their assaults, or at least to defend my sentiments against them. And it may not be altogether unworthy of remark, that in those articles was the introduction of the Schuylkill water into the city of Philadelphia first recommended. For, I believe myself correct in saying, that I was among the earliest, if not the earliest writer on that subject. True, I expressed the sentiments of Dr. Rush and Dr. Physick, as well as my own; because I had frequently conversed with them, and probably also consulted them on the subject. But, while they employed only their tongues, I put in action my pen and the press; and I need hardly add that our joint object was, the prevention of yellow fever, by the removal by currents of water from the streets and alleys, the filth from which

we believed it arose. This truth is not perhaps personally known to any individual now living, because I am the only surviving member of the party originally concerned in it. But it notwithstanding is a truth that Dr. Rush, Dr. Physick, and myself, while I was yet but a pupil, were jointly instrumental in first publicly proposing and urging the introduction of the Schuylkill water into the city of Philadelphia. Whether the subject had been previously spoken of in private as a matter of domestic convenience, I know not; but it had never been publicly recommended and pressed as an important measure of medical police, to guard the city from the ravages of pestilence; or from those of any other form of disease.

Early in the progress of this session, it became obvious that the paper I had written, and the part I had acted in the subsequent debate on yellow fever, had produced on some of the senior, and on perhaps all the junior members of the Medical Society, not only different, but opposite effects. The former class, the effort made by me had evidently galled and fretted, not so much perhaps by the matter and argument exhibited in it, as by something a little cavalier if not actually haughty, which was thought to have marked my manner of speaking, especially my occasional look and gesture—something of this sort, I say, either real or fancied, had rendered a number of the senior members of the Society unfriendly toward me, and inclined them to avail themselves, if practicable, of an opportunity to mortify me. But on that point I was prepared to set them at defiance. I knew myself too well, and felt too independent aud proud, to be mortified by men whom I did not think in any respect above me, except in the number of years they had existed, of meals they had swallowed, and of other deeds of a similar cast it had been their fortune to perform. And my opinion on that subject I took no pains to conceal from them.

On the junior members, ou the contrary, who had taken no part in the late discussion, my effort in it had produced an effect so favorable as to induce them to regard me in the light of leader in most of the exercises of the Society. To such an extent was this feeling of preference carried, that not only was I expected to mingle in every debate that occurred, but to devise means to elicit debate, when, as was occasionally the case, the spirit of

mental collision languished, or was entirely wanting in the other members.

Though I was not actually vain of this distinction, because I expected it, and felt confident that by industry, energy, and perseverance, I could attain it, yet I attached to it some value, and determined to erect on it as high and enviable a reputation as I could. In other words, I was resolved fully to prove to my fellow members that I was not unworthy of the distinction they had conceded to me. And though I put in practice for that purpose a proceeding which some persons might be inclined to call a *ruse*, yet was it entirely free from deception. It was calculated to show me precisely as I was, in relation to my readiness and ability in discussion and debate. And that was the only end at which I aimed by it. A brief illustration will render it intelligible.

The Society met once every week; and its custom was to announce, at each prior meeting, the subject designed for discussion at the succeeding one. And the annunciation was the last act of the evening. As I never took any concern in the common formulary business of the Society, I commenced and continued a custom of asking permission to retire as soon as the debate was finished. For that custom I had a twofold reason. I wished to leave the Society alone and return immediately to my study without wasting a single fragment of time, either in the street, or in idle chat with any pupil who might desire, uninvited, to make his way into my room. I also wished to be absent at the time of the annunciation of the topic for the next debate, that I might remain uninformed of it until the meeting of the Society at which it was to be discussed. And in both wishes I almost always succeeded; because I allowed no one to talk to me about the business of the Society during the course of the week. Four times at least out of every five, I entered the hall of the Society perfectly ignorant of the subject to be considered. And that this was the case was never doubted; because no one suspected me of the vice and meanness of any form of deception.

Things being in this condition, when the paper propounding the topic designed for the chief exercise of the evening was read, if the discussion was immediately opened and spiritedly conducted, I kept my seat and took notes, until the debate began to

flag, when I rose and either submitted a few remarks intended to revive and prolong it, or else delivered my speech for the evening and then took my leave. But in case, when the paper was read, the discussion did not commence with sufficient zeal and energy, I usually rose, and in order more highly to excite and animate some of the speakers, expressed with earnestness a few debatable and perhaps paradoxical opinions, and then resumed my seat, and allowed the debate to proceed, still watching and carefully noting the course and matter of it. And almost every evening, when the other members of the Society had put forth all they had to say, I closed the debate with an address of some extent, in which I summed up all the views and positions of moment that had been advanced during the evening, concurring in those I deemed correct, further discussing those I considered as doubtful, and to such as I believed to be unsound stating my objections, accompanied by the facts on which they were founded. Having gone thus far, I next, provided the subject called for it or admitted of it, offered a few practical observations embracing the tenor and principal bearings of the whole, and the professional uses which the matter of it might subserve, and then took my leave.

In adopting and following this course, I had two leading objects in view—to improve myself in promptness of comprehension and reply, in discussion and debate, to convince the members of the Society of the facility with which I could prepare myself for such exercises of mind and then perform them, and thus enhance in their estimation my standing and character. For I do not deny that on an elevated standing with the members of the Society, and with all other persons to whom I was known, and with whom I held intercourse, I then set a corresponding value. And even now, when approaching the close of a long and eventful life, of not a little observation, experience, and study, my opinion respecting it remains unchanged. When placed on a sound basis, and directed to proper purposes, a love of reputation is an honourable and invaluable attribute. It is at once a safeguard from vice and dishonor, and an incentive to every description of duty. So true is this, that the man who possesses and duly esteems it, is anxious for its augmentation, and exerts his powers in such a course of action as he deems best calculated for the accomplishment of his purpose. And, if he be possessed of sound judgment,

that action is of a character beneficial to others, as well as praiseworthy in himself. Nor do I hesitate to acknowledge, that I had another favorite object in view—to produce and diffuse a belief in my fitness to become, in time, a professor of medicine. I say in time; for I cherished no raw boyish ambition to become a public teacher before being well prepared for the station.

The Medical School and the Medical Society have now both brought their annual sessions to a close; and, by intense and unremitting assiduity and labor, I have somewhat enhanced my reputation in both. And it is of great importance for young men to know (and practically conform to their knowledge on the subject), that, all things considered, the case could not be otherwise. By such means, reputation is always as unfailingly enhanced as any other effect is produced by its appropriate cause. And that I never afterward forfeited that reputation, is made manifest by the number of annual and other public addresses which I delivered, in subsequent years, by appointment of the Society, and which that body uniformly committed to the press. Were a correct computation on the subject made, I feel confident it would appear that I delivered, in the course of the next twelve or fifteen years, a greater number of such discourses, the whole of which were published, than all the other members of the institution united. Should I say twice the number, the statement would not, I believe, be extravagant. Nor can it be doubted that those public performances, being all by appointment, produced sundry effects highly favorable to me. By at once sustaining and diffusing my reputation, and making it further appear that I had a capacity and disposition to write and speak, and thus communicate knowledge, as well as to acquire it by perseverance in study, it cannot be doubted that they contributed materially to my being invited to the West, as a public teacher of medicine. Whatever of additional reputation, therefore, I may have acquired, or of good I may have done in the Mississippi Valley, is in no small degree attributable to my early performances, first as a pupil, and afterward as a youthful practitioner of medicine. So important and practicable is it for men to lay, when young, the foundation of the success, usefulness, and distinction they are destined to attain by their subsequent labors. And unless they lay it by a youth of industry, and of efforts at the formation of virtuous

and praiseworthy habits, it will remain forever *unlaid*, and the superstructure that should crown it forever *unerected*.

I am now in the spring of 1794, a year marked by the epochs of two events of some interest in the history of my life; the commencement of my real authorship (I mean of my book-making), and of my brief military career.

At that period, as far as I was then, or am now informed, there were, in the English language, not more than two or three works expressly on *physiology;* and they were exceedingly limited, and otherwise unimportant. Of these, one was a small and superficial volume, by Dr. Brooks (that, I think, was the author's name), published in the early part of the last century, a still smaller one by Dr. Cullen (a mere *manual*, showing clearly that, illustrious as its author was in general renown, he deserved no reputation as a physiologist); and a very indifferent translation of an epitome, equally indifferent, of the great Latin work by Haller. At that time, Dr. Rush was professor of only the institutes of medicine, which include physiology as one of their elements. He had also published, for the use of his class, a syllabus of his lectures, which, as related to physiology, in particular, was a very meagre and insufficient production. In this miserable state of physiological barrenness, Dr. Rush (perceiving that I had a peculiarly strong attachment to that branch of science), first proposed to me to prepare and translate a compend of *Haller's Physiology*, much larger and fuller than that which was then used in the schools and by the private teachers of the United States; and, eager to distinguish myself as a scholar and a writer on a scale more extensive than that on which I had previously acted, I lost no time in making arrangements for the task. And the more usefully and completely to attain my object, by the exercise of my own mind, I determined to accompany the translation with notes by myself. Owing, however, to a new and unexpected occurrence, this scheme was suddenly exchanged for another less laborious, and promising to be also equally useful—in some respects more useful.

In an importation of books just received from London by Mr. Dobson, whose name has been already mentioned, was a copy in Latin of the first edition of *Blumenbach's Physiology*. The volume was placed, by the importer, in the hand of Dr. Rush, who, holding an immediate interview with me, placed it in mine,

and requested me to make a translation of it instead of a compend of Haller; and to do so with as little delay as possible, to prevent an anticipation by a translation of it in London.

I promptly agreed to engage in this enterprise, which, for a twofold reason, was peculiarly gratifying to me. It furnished me with an employment both respectable and useful to myself, as a mental exercise and a means of improvement in a favorite branch of study, and useful also to the medical public of my native country, and through them to the public at large, by rendering accessible to the former, in their own language, a source of important knowledge, which but a very moderate proportion of them, even at that time could reach through a learned language; and it brought me, as I fancied, into conflict, as to accuracy and rapidity of translation, with some Englishman. Who he might be I neither knew nor cared.

No sooner had I completed my arrangement with Dr. Rush, who had promised to patronize the translation and publishing of *Blumenbach's Physiology*, by recommending it to the medical class, than I hastened to Mr. Dobson and made the volume my own, that no other person, by a prior purchase, might throw obstacles in my way. My next step was, to engage Mr. Dobson to be my printer and publisher; and that compact being promptly concluded, in less than an hour from the time of my entrance on my negotiation with Dr. Rush, I was seated in my study, with *Blumenbach's Physiology* open, on the table before me, and every other preparation made for the commencement of my enterprise. Still fresh in my memory, moreover, is the flush of light and buoyant spirits I experienced, from the prospect of reputation which my fancy depicted. I felt as if already within the vestibule of the temple of fame; and I formed, if not in express and audible words, at least in an ardent and intense conception, a resolution scarcely short of a vow, to penetrate as far beyond it as possible, and ascend to some conspicuous niche in the mighty fabric to which it led. Such were the ardor and tone of my feelings, at that moment of high excitement and youthful ambition.

Able as I was to translate classical and common Latin with great facility and sufficient accuracy, I regarded the task before me as little more than a somewhat protracted but pleasant amusement. A single glance, however, at the first section of the

work, convinced me that I was mistaken. Not only was the style of the work unusually condensed and laconic, words being frequently omitted, the meaning of which must have a place in the translation, the idiom of it was entirely new to me. It was neither Italian Latin, French Latin, nor English Latin. Yet was it *syntactical* Latin, and altogether correct in concord and government. It was, as I ought to have been prepared to find it, real German Latin, a literal translation of which would make miserable English. For it is and must be the case, that the natives of every nation speaking a language of their own, write Latin in the type and character of their native tongue. A literal translation of it, therefore, must be necessarily marked by the idiom of that tongue. And this is as true of the Latin of Blumenbach, as of that of any other writer whose works I have examined. It is genuine, knotty, German Latin. And a literal translation of it would be German English.

Under these circumstances, I was not long in settling my plan. Resolved to write in my mother-tongue and not to deal in *patois*, I determined to give, instead of a close translation, a free English interpretation, or semi-paraphrase of the original Latin. And that plan I executed, though I knew it to be a hazardous one. It laid me under a heavier obligation to become entirely master of the meaning of my text than I would have otherwise been. Had I given a literal translation, any obscurity, equivocality, or mistake, might be attributed to the original writer with as much probability of justice as to the translator. The reason is plain. Both the English and Latin words and expressions could be seen, examined, and compared with each other, and the correctness or incorrectness of the translation thus easily ascertained. But, in an interpretation or half paraphrase, the case is different. There the design is to disclose the true meaning and spirit of the composition. And an acquaintance with them is to be acquired and made known, not by the meaning of single words or phrases, but by the obvious scope and tenor of sentences, paragraphs, or the entire production. Hence, though a large portion of my reputed translation is certainly a *quasi* translation, yet is perhaps a much larger portion a real interpretation, and nothing more. In preparing the latter, my practice was to study the original with the utmost attention and care, until fully satisfied of its precise

meaning, and then, laying down the volume, to commit to paper my understanding of it in my own language, without paying any further regard to the Latin. Having in this way expressed my conception of the meaning of a few pages, I again examined the original, compared it critically with my interpretation, and acted accordingly, altering or not, as circumstances required. And I feel persuaded now, as I did then, that if any discrepancies in meaning between the interpretation and the text exist, they are very few, and of no moment.

The first edition of *Blumenbach's Physiology* (that which I translated) was published more than half a century ago; and I lay claim of course to no merit on account of the matter it contains. Yet do I say, without hesitation or dread of being refuted, that that matter, antiquated as it may be deemed, constitutes the basis of many of the most substantial and lasting doctrines in physiology that have been since recorded by writers or taught by professors, or that are in any way inculcated at the present day. And let me hope to be indulged in adding that, whether they be, in matter, correct or incorrect, the notes which I affixed to my translation, though but limited in extent, contain the elements of certain opinions which I then broached and believed, and which I continue to teach and believe at the present period.

Several years after the translation of the first edition of Professor *Blumenbach's Physiology* by myself, a second and a third edition were issued in Gottingen, under the supervision of its author, and one of them translated by Dr. Elliotson, of London. Such has been the popularity of that work (Elliotson's translation) that it has passed to the fifth, I know, and I believe to the sixth or seventh edition. And so great and varied is the amount of matter added to it by Dr. Elliotson (some of Professor Blumenbach's being omitted) that the former very distinguished gentleman now affixes to it his own name, and is regarded as its author, instead of its editor. Nor has he, I think, acted improperly in doing so, especially as he frankly acknowledged the extensive and important aid received by him from the illustrious German. The adscititious matter, moreover, supplied by Elliotson is much more abundant than the remainder of the nucleus furnished by Blumenbach.

It may not, perhaps, be either inadmissible, or altogether with-

out interest for me to mention here the similarity of incidents that have marked the lives and labors of Dr. Elliotson and myself. I first, when a student of medicine, introduced the knowledge of *Blumenbach's Physiology* into the United States; he first, when a young physician, introduced it into Great Britain. He, first of Englishmen, introduced into Great Britain the study of phrenology; I first introduced it into the United States. He first introduced into Great Britain the study and practice of mesmerism; I first introduced them, if not into the United States, certainly into the Mississippi Valley. I first, as I believe, in the United States, am now repeating some of the Baron Von Riechenbach's experiments in his *Researches on Magnetism*, including a supposed "New Imponderable"—and without knowing it to be a fact, I venture to predict that he will be the first to repeat them in Great Britain.

When I commenced the translation of Blumenbach, I was engaged in attending a second course of lectures on Botany and Natural History, and in other studies which I was unwilling to relinquish. I therefore prepared myself for a summer of very arduous and incessant labor. On completing the partition of my time, and appropriating its divisions to particular pursuits, I found that I had apportioned but four hours and a half, or at farthest five hours to eating, sleeping, and corporeal exercise. On a close reinspection of this scheme, I became apprehensive that my allotment of time to bodily exercise was too scanty. But I found it impossible to remedy the evil except by an abridgment of the time set apart for other purposes, which were deemed more important—at least for the present. To work, therefore, I went, strenuously exercising my mind on various subjects from nineteen hours to nineteen and a half out of every twenty-four. This severe course of study I commenced in March, 1794, and continued it without interruption or faltering, until September (about six months), when my translation was finished, and my health enfeebled, though not actually broken. Fortunately for me, at that period an event of magnitude and notoriety occurred, I acting a part in it, which completely restored and reinvigorated my health, and bestowed on me other benefits which shall be hereafter recorded.

Before closing this chapter, a few remarks on the plan adopted and the means employed to sustain me during the performance of my arduous task, may not be altogether uninteresting or useless. My diet, always thoroughly cooked, and taken three times a day, was, in quantity, about one third less than usual; and, with the exception of a very small portion of butter, and a moderate one of milk, it was derived entirely from the vegetable kingdom. My drink was exclusively water and strong coffee. Of the latter I drank copiously for a twofold purpose—to render me wakeful, an effect it was said to produce, and to act as a cordial, keeping my mind in a state of elastic activity. My only exercise, besides that of walking to and from the lectures I attended, was derived from a resort to swordsmanship, a manly accomplishment to which I was greatly attached, and the practice of which, when only moderate and playful, calls into refreshing and salutary action every muscle of the body. But I was strictly cautious never, by excessive exercise, to induce fatigue. The amount of time I devoted to sleep was from three hours to three and a half—and the period from half past one to five o'clock A. M. And during that space my sleep was dreamless and profound. To such an extent was this the case that I believed then, and still believe, that I experienced in the sleeping portion of my system (my brain and nerves) a higher degree of sound and renovating repose, than does the dronish, time-wasting dozer in seven hours. When I retired to my couch, moreover, my business was to sleep—not to "skim the sky," or "build castles in the air." Hence no sooner was my head on my pillow, than my eyes were closed, and consciousness was gone. And I awoke, at my customary hour, with the regularity of time. Such a command of himself every student ought to attain; and he can do so, to no inconsiderable extent, if his attempt to that effect be judicious and persevering. One important element of success in the attempt is, that he who makes it never allow himself to be spoken to, after he has retired to bed, and another, that he leave his bed the moment he awakes.

My first employment in the morning, was the inspection and correction of my translation of the preceding day. My next, to devote three hours to further translation, and then to pursue and

accomplish my other studies and engagements in a pre-arranged routine, which was never departed from, except in obedience to some cause that could not be resisted.

These diversified studies, and their effects on me, of which I was both conscious and observant, had, not improbably, some influence in preparing my mind, in years far subsequent, for my prompt understanding and immediate adoption of the doctrines of phrenology. One of the fundamental principles of that science is, that the human brain is a *multiplex* viscus. In more explicit terms; that it is a compound organ consisting of an aggregation of subordinate ones, each of which performs a function peculiar to itself, and which of course, no organ but itself can perform. To this may be added another principle equally valid. Every organ or subordinate portion of the brain is, like a muscle, susceptible of fatigue and exhaustion by exercise, excessive in force, or too long continued.

In illustration and proof of the truth of these principles, I have often, after intense application, for a time, to some intricate topic of study, experienced such a degree of mental (correctly *cerebral*) languor and comparative obtuseness, as to be unable any longer to persevere in it with either satisfaction or benefit. But no sooner did I relinquish it, and apply my mind to the study of another topic, different in character though equally abstruse, than all lassitude and dulness disappeared, and left my spirits elastic, and my intellect unclouded.

On my first acquaintance with Gall and Spurzheim in Paris, holding conversations with them, and listening to their lectures, these occurrences were vividly remembered by me. Nor did I fail to perceive, that they testified conclusively to the multiplex character of the human brain. They convinced me, that, when studying one subject, I was exercising one given portion of my brain; and that it, from labor, incurred fatigue; and that when I changed even immediately to the study of another of a different character, I did so by the employment of a different organ, or set of organs, free from fatigue, because none of them had been previously engaged in action. So true is it, and so important to be known, that, when the temple of science shall have been completed, every fact will occupy a place, in some compartment of the

glorious fabric. Improvement in knowledge, therefore, consists in a progressive acquaintance with new objects and facts, or with old ones not previously known to the inquirer; and by the classification of objects, and the correct interpretation of facts, and their application to their proper uses, knowledge is converted into science.

CHAPTER VI.

Military Campaign—Washington—Hamilton—Gen. G—r—y—An adventure—Am appointed surgeon to a brigade—A long walk—A fever cured by rain—Letter to Rush—Theses—Military banquet—A lady—Her influence.

To those who are acquainted with the history of the State of Pennsylvania, it is known that, in the western part of it, especially in that portion of it west of the Alleghanies, an immense quantity of ardent spirits (whiskey) was distilled, toward the close of the last century, from the abundant crops of wheat, rye, and corn which grew in that region, and could not be profitably converted into flour and conveyed to a market. It is also known that, during the Presidency of General Washington, Congress imposed on that liquor an excise, so unacceptable to the inhabitants of the tract of country where it was distilled, that they opposed it with such obstinacy, and to such an extent, as to prevent it from being collected. In attempting to enforce its collection, some of the excise officers, if my memory fail me not, lost their lives. Whether correct in this allegation or not, I am in stating, that the opposition to the excise ripened into a rebellion, to quell which, and to do the work effectually, the Federal Executive deemed it necessary to make an appeal to arms, and to call out from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Virginia, an army of fifteen thousand men. This military body, consisting of a *materiel* of soldiery equal to any that Christendom could furnish, was commanded by veteran officers, who had seen much service, and acquitted themselves honorably in the war of the Revolution. The Virginia quota of troops was commanded by the celebrated Harry Lee, Governor of that State at the time, who was to hold the chief command when the two wings of the army should be united; the Pennsylvania quota by Governor Mifflin, who was to be second in command; and the New Jersey quota by General Bloomfield, subsequently Governor of that State. Each of those commanders singly had reputation sufficient to give character to an army;

while the three united could hardly fail, if not to treble the effect, materially to augment it. For, independently of other considerations, union alone gives strength and reputation.

To render the spectacle, however, more august and imposing, and to give to the movement the greatest possible influence and efficiency, General Washington in person led to Bedford, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain, the right wing of the army, composed of the troops from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. To that place, from which he returned to Philadelphia to meet Congress about to assemble there, he was accompanied by General Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury. And to him, though clothed in no military commission, but being the man in whom Washington most fully confided, was the rule of the whole army virtually intrusted during the remainder of the campaign. In addition to the presence of Washington and Hamilton, and of the three distinguished commanders already named, a large number of other officers, who had won celebrity in the Revolutionary War, had sought and obtained commissions in the army. For in a military enterprise, however limited, where Washington was to lead for even but a day, every soldier of the Revolution deemed it a high privilege to be engaged.

These things I mention to show that the campaign of 1794, in Western Pennsylvania, familiarly called the "Whiskey Campaign," was not a spectacle of mere pomp and pageantry, as some of the anti-federalists proclaimed it, designed only to give a tinsel lustre to the administration, and augment the power of the Federal party. It was a measure called for by sound policy and enlightened patriotism. It was a manifestation by the Government, then in its infancy, essential not merely to its temporary convenience and well-being, but to its very existence. It was an effort devised by the wisdom of Washington, his associates and counsellors, some of the most highly gifted, far-seeing, and virtuous men of the day. And its object was to demonstrate, not only to the citizens of the United States, but to an observant world, that the Federal Government, though but just erected, was something more than a name. That it was a well organized, substantial, and induring incorporation of strength and energy, rooted in the immutable affections of a nation, and protected by the bold and vigorous arms of half a million of freemen, ready, when requisite, to strike

in its behalf; and that no disaffected combination of partisans within its limits, and enjoying the privileges and benefits conferred by it, would be permitted with impunity to insult and maltreat its officers, and set its laws at defiance. And all this it promptly and successfully accomplished, and gave to its founders and friends, in common with all civilized and enlightend nations, a proof of the power, and a pledge of the stability, of the Government of the Union, which, without such an effort and triumphant issue, they could not have received.

To a young man of a southern constitution, an ardent temperament, an imagination neither tame nor uncreative, and a general cast of mind sufficiently awake to enterprise and romance, the occasion was inviting. And to such characteristics of a soldier I was not an entire stranger. I had just, moreover, finished my translation of Blumenbach; and was somewhat mentally fatigued and personally debilitated by intense and long-continued application to study. In this toil-worn condition, but my spirit and energy unbroken, I might now command a little leisure if I chose to do so; and I felt, as I fancied, more need than I had ever done previously, of muscular action and country air. In truth, I wanted some plea that might serve as an excuse to myself for discontinuing for a time my course of study, a step I had almost vowed never to perpetrate until my achievement of some professional distinction, and join the expedition. But my pride, or something else forbade me to enrol myself as a private soldier. And, with a single exception, I was an entire stranger to every one empowered to give promotion. That exception, however, was as powerful as it was illustrious. It was WASHINGTON, whose escort I had commanded two years previously in North Carolina. And though I had not seen him since my arrival in Philadelphia, except in the street at some distance, and perhaps on horseback, I notwithstanding believed that I could easily effect a recognition by him, and probably procure from him a suitable appointment.

But I learned, much to my regret, that General Washington was so much solicited and pressed by and in behalf of men much older and more experienced than myself, many of whom had served under his eye in the Revolutionary War, and had, therefore,

claims to office much stronger than I had, that I deemed it inexpedient, and perhaps indelicate to approach him on the subject.

Meantime, however, no favorable opening nor any encouraging prospect of one in that quarter presenting itself, a little incident occurred in another, which produced in a few days an unexpected proposal, not perhaps in any high degree personally flattering, yet so far connected with professional standing and substantial interest as not to be lightly thought of or rejected.

As I was passing on an afternoon by the dwelling of General G—r—y, who had been appointed to the command of the Brigade of Philadelphia City and County Volunteers, in the approaching campaign, Mrs. G—r—y and her daughter, the latter about nine or ten years old, had just seated themselves in a carriage to take an airing; the clumsy black coachman had fastened the carriage door, and was himself climbing to his seat on the box. Under these circumstances, the horses being frightened, and dashing off with the carriage, pitching the coachman violently from his lofty position and jerking the reins from his hand, were immediately in full and fearful gallop along the street. Being perhaps twenty paces in front of the horses when they started, as they passed by me in their wild career, I seized the reins, which were now rather sailing in the air than dragged along the street, and, instead of attempting to stop the horses, which I perceived to be impossible, I determined to run along side of them, keeping at a distance sufficient to secure me from collision with either them or the carriage, and thus endeavor to guide and, as far as possible, restrain their speed. Being sufficiently swift of foot, I found no difficulty in doing this; and I fancied the lady, seeming to derive confidence from my management, kept her seat in calmness and silence. Fortunately, at the distance of perhaps two hundred paces from where the horses had started, I observed that, for the purpose of discharging some lading into a store, a wagon and team were so arranged *slantingly* across the street, as in no small degree to obstruct the passage of it. That barrier presented our only discoverable place of safety—and yet it was by no means a certain one. Should the horses, still moving with no little speed, though somewhat checked by the restraint of the reins, on which I bore with as much force as I deemed secure, come with a sudden and severe shock against the wagon-horses in their still

position, it was obvious that confusion and disaster must ensue. I therefore so managed the reins as to bring the heads of the carriage-horses against the wagon, the sight of which, before they struck it, had considerably abated their speed. Still, however, the collision with it was so forcible that one of them fell. And there our race terminated, without the slightest injury to Mrs. G—r—y or her daughter; and immediately a dozen of hands were ungearing the horses.

My business, however, was with the lady and child—and I was instantly at the carriage door. No sooner had I handed down Mrs. G—r—y and her daughter, than she exclaimed, with great earnestness:—

"Pray, sir, are you hurt?"

My reply she never forgot, and often reminded me of it—"Really, madam, I have yet had no time to think of myself. My only care has been for the safety of you and your daughter. Tell me, I entreat you, that you are both uninjured; and then I shall inquire into my own case."

"We are, sir, we are. For God's sake, tell me whether you are hurt or not!"

"Not in the least, madam, I assure you. Indeed, *I* have been in no danger. The danger has been all your own. I have only had a short foot-race; and I am too much accustomed to that to be easily injured by it. But I fear one of the horses is hurt. If you will permit, for a moment, I will inquire."

"Never mind the horse," said she, putting her arm in mine; "there are people enough about him to do whatever is necessary for him. Come home with me and rest yourself after your 'foot-race,' as you call it."

With that, leaning on my arm and leading her little daughter, she directed her steps towards her dwelling. We had advanced but a few paces, when we were met by her household, the general himself being foremost. Disengaging her arm from mine, she presented me to him as one who, she was pleased to say, had saved their lives at the risk of his own. The general eyed me intensely, and with much seeming interest and affection, but without uttering a word, then shook my hand with great cordiality, and thus we moved in silence to the door.

When we had reached it, without entering or pausing for a

moment, I bade the little girl good-by, and, lifting my hat, I extended my hand to take leave also of Mrs. G—r—y, when the general found words to prevent me.

"Stop, stop, sir," said he, in a tone and manner which, though rough and blunt, had deeply and significantly impressed on them the seal of sincerity and kindness—"stop, sir; you are not going to escape us in this way. We must know more about you before we let you off. Come in and sit down, sir, and take a glass of wine. But tell us first who it is we are so deeply indebted to."

As yet even my name was unknown to the family.

"Why, sir," said I, still standing with my hat now under my arm, "as I presume you allude to the little aid I gave in stopping the unwelcome career of your horses, the information you ask for can be given in a moment. I can tell you both who performed the trifling service, and how the debt you think it has imposed on you may best be discharged."

"That," replied the general, "is the very thing I wish to know."

I then announced my name, and added, "As respects the debt, which you fancy to be due from you, on account of my slight agency in the matter, that, as far as I am concerned in it, will be most satisfactorily settled, by your saying no more about it."

Thus began my acquaintance with Gen. G—r—y, which subsequently ripened into friendship, and which continued uninterruptedly to the end of that gentleman's life. Its immediate advantage to myself was, that, on learning my earnest desire to take part in the ensuing campaign, by the general's desire and influence I was soon after appointed surgeon to his brigade, with a horse and servant, and a mate to assist me.

On announcing to me this welcome intelligence, Gen. G—r—y said: "Your commission shall be made out to-day—and the troops will move early next week. Make your arrangements, therefore, for yourself and your department with all possible dispatch."

"One question, sir, before I leave you. Who is to be my mate?"

"True; well thought of. I had forgotten that matter. Can you recommend any one that will suit you?"

"I can, sir, if so privileged."

"Name him."

"Mr. John B—l—s."

"Very well, sir, his commission shall be made out at the same time with your own. Now go to your work, and I will go to mine."

"Pray, sir, where shall I procure my medicines and instruments?"

"Wherever you please; wherever, I mean, you can get them of the best quality, and on the best terms; the place, I am sure, which you will yourself select."

And thus we parted.

In less than an hour I had myself in person commenced in earnest the work of preparation, and had issued the necessary orders to my mate. And by his active and indefatigable industry, aided in a few particulars by an old army surgeon who was in Philadelphia at the time, my medicine chest, box of surgical instruments, and hospital stores—the most complete and excellent the city could furnish, and far the most valuable the right wing of the army subsequently contained—were all in readiness to be forwarded with the troops. But my personal and camp equipments were not. With a view to their preparation, therefore, I obtained leave of absence for four days, with strict orders to report myself at my post on the evening of the fourth.

Bent, however, on exceeding, in the discharge of my duty, all that could be reasonably expected of me, I determined, if possible, to anticipate my orders. By active and unremitting exertions, therefore, on my own part, and a little extra pay to those in my employ, everything was in readiness by the evening of the second day, except my horse. He was not yet purchased. Nor was this the darkest point of the evil. I found it convenient, or rather necessary, not to purchase at that time and place, the price of such a charger as would alone suit me being very exorbitant, and my funds being too far expended by the inordinate and needless cost of my other rich and ornamental preparations. I therefore determined to set out at six o'clock the following morning, and report myself, in the evening of the same day, to my commanding officer, who was to be encamped at Downington, thirty-two miles from Philadelphia, on the road leading to Lancaster, Harrisburg, and Carlisle; that being the route which the army was ordered to

pursue. But here an obstacle occurred which threatened to defeat my determination to anticipate my orders. The baggage-wagon, which had been left behind to convey certain articles to Gen. G—r—y and his field officers, together with my clothing and camp equipage, had, by some extraordinary oversight, failed to be in readiness. I therefore hired a light Jersey wagon, with two excellent road horses, placed in it all my own baggage and camp equipage, and some packages for the general, and, promising the driver extra wages, conditioned that my marquee should be pitched on the encampment-ground by or before dark, saw him under way at five o'clock in the morning. By six, I had finished my breakfast, and, my mate accompanying me, set out on foot for Downington, having told my wagoner, by way of urging him on, that, unless he should travel with unusual rapidity, I would overtake him, and have a drive in his wagon, before the end of his day's journey. At this, however, the Jerseyman laughed, and cracked his whip in form of defiance. But what was only a banter in words, was near being a fact in performance. Within about six or eight miles of Downington, as the wagon was ascending one hill, I reached the top of another about half a mile in its rear. And had not the driver discovered and recognized me, and plied his whip with more effect than he had previously done, I should have overtaken him. But, resolved not to be both bantered and beaten, he soon shot ahead of me, reached camp about half an hour before me, and announced my approach. Determined, moreover, not to lose his extra wages, he made his way to the quarter-master, told him that I had requested him to have my marquee erected with as little delay as possible, in order that I might take some rest in it, after my fatiguing day's march. At this little fabrication by the wagoner, I was not displeased, especially as it somewhat expedited my actual possession of a camp residence. I therefore cheerfully paid him his extra wages, and dismissed him in good humor.

My first act, however, on reaching camp, was to repair immediately to Gen. G—r—y's marquee, and report myself without, in a note sent in to him by his orderly in waiting, accompanied by a letter which I bore to him from his wife. My invitation to enter the soldier's quarters was prompt, and the reception I experienced warm, cordial, and sincere, as best becomes a soldier and a man.

The general and his aid had not yet finished their dinner, and I of course partook of the meal.

One of the first questions put to me by the general was, "At what time, sir, did you last see my family?"

"I took leave of Mrs. G—r—y, sir, and had a kiss from Jane, at ten o'clock last night."

"And have you travelled all night?"

"No, sir, I slept all night, and have only travelled since morning."

"Then you must have changed your mind and purchased a horse—and you have pushed him severely, and probably injured him by making him perform such a journey the first day. You have ridden him two and thirty long miles, some of them over a rough and hilly road; and it is now (examining his watch) but a few minutes past three. I must tame you youngsters a little (looking at his aid and myself), or you will soon tame your high-mettled chargers."

"General," I replied, "I know some little about a horse. The first thing that fails, when he is overworked, is his appetite. Judge, therefore, for yourself of the condition of my *horse*. You see him before you. Does this plate (pointing to that before me) testify to any failure in his appetite?"

"Why, you do not surely mean to say that you have walked from Philadelphia to this place since morning?"

"I do, indeed, sir; I left Philadelphia on foot, at six o'clock this morning; since which time I have touched neither horse nor carriage, and here I am now as undamaged as when I started."

"Was not your mate to accompany you?"

"He was, and did, sir; but he is no backwoodsman, as I have already told you I am; and he has not borne the excursion quite so well."

"Where is he?"

"By this time taking breath, and perhaps asleep in my marquee, which was nearly erected at the time of my arrival. He would have waited on you in company with me, and reported himself in person, had he been less fatigued. He begged me to do so in his behalf, and to ask you to excuse him until he shall be a little recruited, when he will lose no time in doing his duty."

"Oh! sir, his duty at present is to take care of himself—and you

will be so good as to keep an eye on him, and see that he wants for nothing; and as soon as I have leisure, I will see him."

In the morning, however, I found Mr. B—l—s really sick, and unable to travel either on foot or on horseback; I procured for him, therefore, the best accommodation that could be made in our least crowded baggage-wagon, the only sort of carriage for the sick that our equipage afforded. Nor was I perfectly free from indisposition myself. Though I was not stiff, as the general had predicted, and showed, therefore, nothing of derangement or inability in my movements, yet was I flushed and slightly feverish. The general, when I tendered to him my morning salute, far from perceiving in me any sign of disease, even gayly observed "that my complexion showed my health to be rather improved than injured by my journey of the preceding day"—a circumstance which gratified me not a little; for I was very unwilling to have him apprised of my indisposition. His aid, however, whose eyes were younger, was more accurate in his observation. Coming up to me, and taking me by the hand, he said kindly: "Sir, your fatigue of yesterday was quite too severe. It tells on you. You are unwell, and to *me* must not deny it. You are desirous, I perceive, to conceal your indisposition from General G—r—y; and so am I—for he would rather have the whole brigade sick than you. The morning is pleasant and the road good; and I would rather walk in company with some of the young officers than not. To avoid further fatigue, therefore, mount my horse and ride ahead, and I will arrange all matters with the general about your disappearance. We shall halt, and probably encamp for the night about ten or twelve miles in advance of this, at a beautiful little stream of water, near a large white house, by which you will easily know the place. Do not let me see you again until we meet there."

Perceiving, by something in my countenance or manner, my unwillingness to accept his well-meant proposal, he anticipated my words, and proceeded in his advice: "Do not, I entreat you, sir, refuse my request. What I ask of you is the best thing you can do. I will see that Mr. B—l—s, your mate, shall be furnished with everything he needs. Here is my horse: take the bridle, sir; mount and be off, before the road becomes crowded by the troops."

Without remonstrance or further delay, I followed my friend's advice, which appeared to be judicious, and in a few minutes, the noise and dust of the army were far in my rear.

In less than an hour, an event occurred which, though trivial in its nature, was of no little importance in its effect on me at a subsequent period; because it proved the source of my first serious misunderstanding with Dr. Rush.

Though the morning had been clear and exceedingly pleasant, a cloud was suddenly formed, which poured on me a copious shower of rain, and wet me thoroughly, in a part of the road where I could procure no shelter from it. Of that complete soaking the effect was precisely the reverse of what I dreaded. While my apprehension was, that the wetting received would greatly augment the slight fever I labored under, it entirely extinguished it, and reinstated me in health as perfect as I had ever enjoyed. It proved a perfect hydropathic cure.

To me, the event was fraught with a threefold delight. My health and efficiency were restored; I had learned a *new fact;* and that fact I had myself discovered; for I had never previously witnessed, read, or heard of such an effect from such a cause.

On the arrival of the troops, I had the gratification to find Mr. B—l—s much more comfortable than he was when I left him. His soreness and fever had considerably abated; and in a day or two more, he was perfectly well. Another circumstance, moreover, exceedingly gratifying to me, was, that, owing to his numerous official engagements, General G—r—y had not noticed my absence from the brigade. He remained, therefore, uninformed of my indisposition.

Within two days from this time, we arrived in Lancaster, where we lay encamped for about a week, during which two or three incidents occurred worthy, perhaps, of a brief recital.

The employment of my first leisure hour, after my arrival in Lancaster, was to address to Dr. Rush a letter containing a full and accurate account of the production of a febrile affection in me, by a severe journey of thirty-two miles in nine hours on foot; and its speedy and entire removal by a drenching, on horseback, by a copious fall of rain. I also offered a few remarks in exposition of the mode of action of the remedy. And, in my attempted solution of the phenomenon, I referred it entirely to

the influence of *sympathy*. And I still believe my reference to have been correct. Without meaning to assign at present the reasons of my opinion, it is impossible for me to doubt that, in the cure of all diseases, sympathy is the ground on which the remedies principally act. On that I am convinced that they at least commence their action, though they may subsequently call to their aid other forms of agency. Having been, for more than half a century, therefore, an inflexible advocate of the doctrine that sympathy takes the highest concern in both the production and cure of disease, as well as in the preservation of health, and having examined and analyzed all the means that have been employed for its demolition, without being able to perceive their validity—under such circumstances, it is neither surprising that my attachment to it is strong, nor probable that any new plea can be urged which will induce me to surrender it.

The fact of the curability of fever by a thorough wetting in rain, or by immersion in water, was, in his next course of lectures, mentioned by Dr. Rush, for the first time; but no reference, in connection with it, was made to me, or my letter. And, in the next subsequent course, the act was repeated.

In the following year, 1796, I took my degree in medicine, and, in my Inaugural Dissertation, inserted the case of my having been cured of fever by a shower of rain; that I had, in a letter, communicated the fact to Dr. Rush; and that he had introduced it into two of his courses of lectures, entirely apart from my name—though he had acknowledged to myself, in private conversation, that he had first received the information from me.

That the introduction of this statement into my thesis was an act of indiscretion may be true. But, to say the least of it, the fact disclosed was equally true. But, authentic as it was, the act gave offence to Dr. Rush (the deeper very probably on account of its authenticity), and placed in my way some difficulty at the time of my graduation. To that, however, a more detailed reference will be hereafter made.

On the following day we reached Carlisle, where it was ordered we should encamp until that wing of the army should be reviewed by General Washington, and placed under the stern discipline of regular troops.

It was at that place I first saw Alexander Hamilton, who ac-

companied Washington, then President of the United States, with the authority, but not with the title of Lieutenant General. And a few days after the arrival of the troops, an event occurred, not necessary to be here recorded, which brought me into close contact with him, and drew from him very flattering and grateful civilities to me.

It was here, in company with Gen. Hamilton, and under his auspices, that I enjoyed the honor of a second gratifying interview with Gen. Washington. And at the quarters of the former distinguished gentleman I was made personally known to a number of the chief officers of the army, to whom I had not been previously introduced.

In a few days afterward, the President having first reviewed it in person, the army commenced its march to the mountains.

Having lain at Carlisle until the right wing of the army, which we formed, was complete in number, amounting to seven thousand five hundred rank and file, we moved to the west, and encamped on the second night at the base of the mountains that lie eastward from the Alleghany. Having been born and reared in a champaign country, I had never previously beheld ground more elevated than hill-tops. But now a chain of cloud-piercing mountains lay immediately before me, forming a landscape not only novel, but beautiful and sublime. And, to heighten its beauty to that of one of nature's most enchanting pictures, the immense forest that covered it was clad in its rich and variegated garniture of autumn. Nor can those who are entire strangers to landscapes of the kind, even conceive of the witchery of attractiveness it possessed.

To me the scene was so replete with enchantment, and so deeply did it imprint itself on the tablet of my memory, that not only has the lapse of more than half a century been insufficient entirely to efface the picture; it has scarcely dimmed the original freshness. So intense was my anticipated pleasure of plunging into the midst of it on the following day, that I passed the night almost a stranger to sleep. And even in the light slumbers which occasionally descended on me, the purple, gold, and crimson array of the adjacent mountain, and the blue of the remote ones furnished the material of delightful visions.

Having obtained from my kind and indulgent commander the

control of my time during the following day, I set out early in the morning, suitably clad, and equipped with my side-arms, determined to traverse the mountains alone, in advance of the troops, and to ascend the loftiest summits that bordered on the road. And this I did by a day's march, which acquired for me, whether deservedly or not, the reputation of the best footman belonging to the army. And the feat, whether imitable or otherwise, was extremely arduous. It was a passage over the mountains, the distance by the road being thirty miles or more, and including, in addition to this, visits to five or six precipitous rock-covered pinnacles, each of them towering at a considerable distance from the direct route. The computation was, that I walked about forty miles over ground as rugged and intractable as any afforded by a region of mountains, rocks, precipices, and ravines. Nor, notwithstanding the toils I had sustained during the day, was it my good fortune to pass the succeeding night in the arms of repose. For this there were several reasons. The fervor of my excitement was but little abated; the night was chilly, and being far in advance of my baggage, I had neither marquee nor blanket; and having accepted the frank invitation of a soldier to take quarters with a small party of gay high-life, frolicsome young volunteers, called "McPherson's Blues," who, like myself, had neither bed nor covering, we set fire to a huge dead old oak, as dry, and almost as combustible, as spunk or tinder. In a short time, that decayed and sapless monarch of the forest was converted into a towering column of flame. Around this magnificent object we instinctively formed a circle, with joined hands, sang, at the top of our voices, the "Marseilles Hymn," then the revolutionary chorus of France, and danced *Carmagnole*, until, burnt nearly through, the mighty and brilliant "pillar of fire" suddenly giving way, came down with a crash that shook the earth around us, and endangered the lives of several of us in its fall. Our frolic being ended, we quietly stretched ourselves on the ground, in an open field overspread with grass and stubble, the heavens being our only covering, and took such repose as we might, until summoned to our duty by the beat of the *reveille*.

A few days afterward, the army arrived at Bedford, a small town situated near the base of the Alleghany Mountains, where it halted and encamped for eighteen or twenty days, and scoured

the surrounding country by small and well-mounted scouting parties, to arrest some of the most noted and obnoxious insurgents of the neighborhood. Of one of these parties, by my urgent request, and as a special favor, the command was intrusted to me. Nor did I fail, after many days, or rather nights of exciting effort—whether of strategy or force—to secure and bring into camp the supposed offender, in the person of the individual I particularly sought. I say "supposed" offender—for, fortunately for him, and not dissatisfactorily to myself, he was found, on inquiry, to be an honest countryman—somewhat misled by a few seditious neighbors, but in no degree deserving of the name of traitor, or its consequent punishment.

About ten days after the last event I have related, we struck our tents, moved toward the west, and encamped for the night near a small village, at the base of the Alleghany Mountains. It need hardly be remarked that that is the ridge which separates the head branches of the rivers that seek the Atlantic Ocean, from those of the more extensive streams that make their way first into the Mississippi, and thence, as a portion of that mighty and celebrated mass of waters, into the Gulf of Mexico.

Early on the following morning, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which we did not complete until near night, by the most exposing and fatiguing day's march we had yet experienced. As previously, I preceded the army on foot and alone, having requested an officer, who was convalescent from an attack of fever, to make use of my horse.

Having, from the summit of the Alleghany, through dismal roads, and with great toil and not a little suffering, the death of scores of horses, the breaking down of carriages, and other evils incident to military movements, advanced to within about twenty-five miles of Pittsburg, the army came to a final halt; and it was soon afterward proclaimed that the campaign was terminated, the object of it being accomplished; and that a retrograde movement of the troops would in a few days be ordered.

Thus was an insurrection which, but six weeks previously, was exceedingly formidable, defeated and crushed without either bloodshed or battle, or any other feature of the actual horror and desolation of war. And an issue so unprecedentedly favorable of an evil so threatening was attributed to the wisdom and energy

of Washington, who was then President of the United States. Had he dispatched, as he was counselled to do, against the insurgents, an army of only five or six thousand men, it would have been certainly opposed, and perhaps defeated, and the country thus stained with blood, overwhelmed in mourning, and pervaded by a spirit of hatred and vindictiveness, which might have rankled for ages, accompanied by the deeds of atrocity that belong to it. But Washington, aware of this, and determined to prevent it, ordered into the field an army of fifteen thousand privates, hundreds of them competent to the command of companies, and some of them of regiments, led by himself, and officered by some of the prime and master-spirits of the nation. And this formidable force, taking possession of the entire country of the insurgents, "looked down opposition"—a form of expression familiarly and generally used on the occasion, to indicate the ease with which the rebellion was quelled. No sooner did the cavalry, the most efficient portion of the army for the service required, begin to sweep through Western Pennsylvania, with orders to capture the leaders of the rebellion, than the most obnoxious of them fled and never returned, while others were arrested, or voluntarily surrendered themselves, and were tried, or gave security for subsequent good conduct and peaceful submission to the laws of their country. And the great and more obscure body of them, being regarded as men artfully misled and instigated to mischief by others, rather than as evil-minded of themselves, returned unnoticed to their homes, and were no further molested.

When at the extreme western part of our march, where we lay about three weeks, our encampment was distant but eight or nine miles from the place called "Braddock's Field"—the long-noted ground of a sanguinary and disastrous battle between a large body of French troops and Indian auxiliaries, or rather, perhaps, of Indians and French auxiliaries, and an army composed of British troops and Virginia and Pennsylvania Provincials, commanded by General Braddock. So obstinate was the courage of the Indians, and so unerring and fatal the aim of their rifles, that the commander himself fell under a wound that proved afterward mortal; and nearly all his European officers, and one-fifth, I think, of his soldiers, were left on the field to the knives and hatchets of the triumphant savages. And, but for the

bravery, coolness, and military skill of George Washington, then a youth who had not yet completed his twentieth year, nearly the whole British army would have experienced inevitably a similar fate. He acted on that day of disaster and blood, as one of General Braddock's aids; and, though more than any other exposed during the action, he was the only one of them that survived it. And his survival was almost a marvel. Some of the Indians deemed it altogether so; and pronounced it the work of the Great Spirit. A chief, who had participated in the battle, speaking of it many years afterward, said that during its continuance, he himself fired at Washington six times, within striking distance, and still missed him; and that other chiefs had done the same. But that they at length ceased firing at him; because they believed him to be under the protection of the Great and Good Spirit.

A few days previously to the commencement, by our troops, of their retrograde movement, taking with me, by permission, a file of ten or twelve men, I visited the celebrated battle-field of Braddock, and encamped on it a sufficient length of time to survey and explore it. The field I found to be of considerable extent, situated on a narrow but deep stream of water, and a small portion of it then under cultivation. It was well calculated for an ambuscade; the portion of it not cultivated being somewhat thickly covered with long grass and under-brush, where an enemy might lie concealed (as the French and their allies had actually done), and studded with oak, hickory, and sycamore trees; some of the latter being unusually white, lofty, and beautiful—the whitest, smoothest, and most limbless, in fact, I had ever beheld. Many of those trees bore witness to the battle, by the scars of wounds inflicted on their trunks by grape-shot and cannon-balls. By an examination of those records of violence and death-doing, I learned two facts not previously known to me, however familiar they might have been to others. One of them pertaining to war; the other, to the philosophy of ligneous and perennial plants. Of these, the former was, that the British had done, in the battle I am speaking of, but little, if any, execution with their cannon, in consequence of the incorrectness of their aim. Their balls and grape must have passed far over the heads of the enemy. The evidence of this was, that few, indeed, as far

as I now recollect, none of them (especially of the balls) had struck the trees within less than from nine to twelve or thirteen feet of the ground. The latter of the facts was, that the age of trees is accurately recorded by the rings of small holes that exist in their structure—those rings, or the layers of solid matter that lie between them, or both, being annual. To botanists, and others who have studied the philosophy of vegetable growth, this is now familiar; and by means of it, an important discovery has been made—that antediluvian trees are now in existence. By the count of their annual rings, their age exceeds six thousand years. Either, therefore, they must have withstood and survived the assault of the deluge; or, they are the growth of a region which that calamity did not reach. As far as I am informed on the subject, the latter opinion is most generally received. And to me, it appears by far the more probable. Utterly to destroy the earth and its productions in places not inhabited, and of course not polluted by man, does not appear to have been the design of the deluge. Its waters were commissioned to punish and purify; not wantonly and uselessly to destroy. On no ground, other than the non-universality of the deluge, can the fact be explained that different countries are inhabited by different sorts of undomesticated animals, that could not possibly make their way over oceans and seas, nor subsist elsewhere than in their native regions.

I do not say that the fact of the age of trees being discoverable by their annual layers was not known before I was born. No doubt it was; though I have no recollection of any express record of it. I only say that it was not known to me until I discovered it myself on Braddock's Field. And this I did by cutting out of felled trees cannon balls and grape shot, and ascertaining that the number of layers that had grown around and over them since the time of their entrance, was identical with the numbers of years that had elapsed. The battle was fought, I think, in the year 1755; I visited the field in 1794; and, according to my best remembrance (for I have lost or mislaid my notes), the layers produced in the interval were 39. In relation to the precise number, I may be incorrect in my count. But as respects their correspondence, I know that I am accurate. Ten or twelve of the extricated balls and shot, and a few blocks of wood still

containing some of those missiles, I had conveyed to Philadelphia, with the initials of my name rudely carved on them, and deposited in Peale's Museum.

Having returned to camp, I shortly afterward made a visit to Pittsburg, more commonly then denominated "Fort Pitt," in honor of the celebrated English orator, and spent in the place a couple of days. The town itself was then inconsiderable in size, ill-looking, and to me unattractive. But in two objects which presented themselves I felt a peculiar interest. One of them was a vast subterranean bed of coal on the west side of the Monongahela, which being on fire, poured out incessantly, like a volcano, a large and dense volume of smoke, threatening occasionally, as I fancied, to vomit forth flame; and which continued, I think, in the same condition for nearly thirty years. The other was the superb commencement of the Ohio (of the Indian) or La Belle Riviere (of the Gallican—the *Beautiful River* of both), setting out on its pious and far-reaching pilgrimage, to offer its homage, and pay its tribute to its parent the ocean. To me this grand and characteristic "meeting of the waters" (the Monongahela and the Alleghany) constituted an object of singular delight. I lingered by it therefore alone, during the whole of my last afternoon in Pittsburg, and took leave of it reluctantly on the descent of twilight.

The campaign being now, as already stated, virtually ended, and the troops generally in good health, I obtained from General G—r—y permission to intrust the medical care of the brigade to my mate, and to return toward home immediately, with my time and mode of movement at my own disposal. I promised, however, that, as my design was to make sundry digressions from the road, connected with occasional halts and examinations of places, I would visit the brigade at different points, and remain with it as long as might be necessary or useful.

My arrangements being made, and the weather proving favorable for travelling on horseback, I set out alone on my gallant Black (my servant being directed to attend on my mate, and be careful of my baggage). I travelled as I pleased, and where and when I pleased, and punctually visited the troops at the specified points.

From this period, nothing worthy of notice occurred until our arrival in Philadelphia, destined to be the theatre of my subse-

quent labors for the quarter of a century. And though it had already been my home for six-and-twenty months, only three months had passed away since I had begun to be known in it. Previously to that period, I had a simple acquaintance, but nothing more, with all the medical professors (except Professor Rush, whose acquaintance with me was more intimate and thorough) and a few students of medicine with whom I very slightly associated. But the case with me now was, in most respects, abundantly different. But little more than three months ago, I had left Philadelphia, on the verge of being an invalid, and almost a perfect stranger, and had now returned in vigorous health, and known, as I began to believe, to the whole city; for nearly all who met me welcomed and named me, and many of them spoke to me in terms of familiarity and compliment. At first this change not a little surprised me. I had formed an acquaintance with all the most distinguished men in the army, and had made on most of them, as I had reason to believe, a favorable impression. But by what influence this could render me so generally and well known in the city, I could not conjecture. But it was not long until the riddle was solved. Not only had dozens or perhaps scores of letters been written back, by persons in the army, making favorable and friendly mention of me, but some of those letters had found their way into the public prints. And last, though not least, I found that even my own letter from the top of the Alleghany Mountain, and the sundry comments on it, had not been withheld from the public eye.

That this notoriety, most of it not unfavorable, so soon and so easily acquired, in some degree flattered me, must not be denied. But there existed a reason why it was also in some degree regretted. And that was an apprehension that it would prejudicially interfere with my medical studies. For, my resolution was to press them with unabated ardor. Nor was I long in discovering that, by far the most serious impediment to the execution of this resolution arose from repeated invitations to evening parties. When calls were made by gentlemen, I could have myself denied. But, an entire escape from billets (now called *cards* of invitation) from ladies was absolutely impossible—except as the result of a degree of discourtesy that would amount to rudeness—and to that degree I was altogether disinclined, if not actually incompe-

tent. My only alternative was, therefore, either to waste my time in what the world called amusement and pleasure, and I, under my then existing condition, dissipation and folly; or to assume, to such an extent, the guise of ultra fashion, as to make my visit consist in entering the drawing-room at a late hour, bowing to the lady presiding, and a few others, speaking half a score of words, or making half that number of brief remarks, no matter on what subject, or whether characterized by sense or nonsense, taking then a silent and unnoticed leave, and returning immediately home to my study. And that course I steadily pursued, until it affixed on me the reputation of one of the most fashionable beaux in Philadelphia. But, determined at last no longer to tolerate the imputation of a character so frivolous and foreign from my nature, I threw it off in two or three months, and returned, for a year and a half or more, to the same studious and recluse habits I had previously maintained. Having passed over, however, an incident of some moment to my narrative, I must turn back, and bestow on it the notice it seems to deserve.

When the army had reached Philadelphia, and been disbanded, the campaign was of course completely at an end. But so was not its entire sequel. The campaign itself having been silent rather than noisy, and peaceful rather than warlike, it was deemed necessary to wind it up by an event that might aid a little in giving it *éclat*, and in saving it from forgetfulness—or that might, at any rate, give to it a social and festive finalé, pleasant and creditable to all who should be concerned in it. Soon after our return, therefore, the officers of General G—r—y's Philadelphia brigade, and of one or two regiments from adjacent counties, resolved to close and celebrate it by a military banquet. And, strange as it may appear, and inconsiderate and unsuitable as it certainly was, the chief direction of it was committed to me. At first I strenuously objected to the appointment, alleging its unsuitableness to my years and inexperience, its incompatibility with my engagements as a student of medicine (for the medical lectures were then in progress, and I was already in close attendance on them), and its utter inconsistency with the habits of my life. But my objections, though respectfully listened to and considered, were deemed insufficient, and my acceptance of the appointment so ardently urged, that it seemed impossible for me to

escape from it, without disobliging some of my particular friends, and creating a degree of general dissatisfaction which I was unwilling to meet. I therefore accepted, and, with the aid of a committee appointed for the purpose, and a *carte blanche* as to expense, we commenced operations, inflexibly resolved on the accomplishment of a *fete* of such a character as would not only attract attention and command admiration at the time, but be long afterward held in remembrance. And in conformity to the uniform practice of my life, as I had engaged in a duty, I determined to discharge it in the best and most commanding style of excellence of which I was capable. Nor did my resolution fail to be carried into effect, in a manner and degree not a little surpassing my expectations.

No special description of our banqueting saloon shall be attempted. It may be truly said, however, that in size it was abundantly spacious, and in its decorations (all in military style), rich, costly, and splendid, even to gorgeousness. The banquet was a night scene; and from the vast array of blazing candles (gas-light being then unknown), and the reflection of lustres, chandeliers, and mirrors, the illumination of the hall was almost painfully dazzling. Preparation was made for two hundred guests, and every seat was occupied, many of them by some of the first men of the day; military officers of rank and meritorious subordinates; members of Congress and heads of Departments (Philadelphia being then the seat of the Federal Government, and Congress in session at the time); foreign ambassadors; Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts; counsellors-at-law; a few respectable members of the clerical profession; citizens of Philadelphia, and respectable strangers. Washington, though invited, apologized through his secretary, and declined acceptance. All things considered, a more dignified, not to say august party had never, I believe, been seated at an entertainment in the United States. To consummate its grandeur and glory, the presence of Washington alone was wanting. The tables were abundantly supplied with every variety of the best and choicest fare that the markets and cellars of the metropolis could furnish.

In the orchestra was a well-approved band of music, the galleries were crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city, the officers of the late army were clad in full-dress uniform, the wait-

ers wore military badges; General G—r—y, supported by ten or twelve vice-presidents, presided. Speakers to respond to certain stated toasts were designated, and I held the appointment of special aid to General G—r—y, with the office of master of ceremonies, and of responding to a volunteer toast to be given by an invited guest in honor of the army. I had also myself, in my capacity of chief of the committee of arrangements, written many of the regular toasts, and prepared for the occasion a suitable song. And I need hardly say that, to a young man who had never previously even witnessed a scene of the kind, much less acted a part in it, those duties constituted an arduous and formidable task. All of them, however, but one had been already discharged, and, as certain facts assured me, very flatteringly to my credit. All my toasts were enthusiastically received, and the song imputed to me was sung in the midst of thunders of applause.

In relation to most of these duties, however, I had never entertained any serious apprehension. They had been performed in the solitude of my study, when my mind, free from agitation, had leisure to reflect and arrange, and to concentrate on its subject, whatever it might be, the faculties it possessed.

But as respected the address I was now to deliver, the case was different. On the manner in which I performed that duty, I shall not now comment, but the effect produced by it was highly flattering to my pride. My old and tried friend Gen. G—r—y, beckoning me to his side, pressed and shook my hand with a warmth of cordiality that might well be called vehement.

But what most highly gratified me was the compliment paid me by a guest (one of the first men of the day), and of whose approval I was most ambitious. I allude to Hamilton. Taking me by the hand, he said: "Sir, I was told you would reply, in behalf of the army, to the compliment it was to receive; and, from what I knew and had heard of you, my expectation was high. And I now repeat what I once before said to you. You are professionally misplaced. You ought to be at the bar. If you were there, the address you have just delivered would be the groundwork of your fortune." By other gentlemen of talents and influence I was similarly complimented. Had I been so inclined, moreover, I could have turned my popularity to a profitable account. I was offered, in the course of the evening, three

several appointments: a commission in the army; the place of secretary of legation to a foreign embassy; and a surgeoncy and supercargoship in a merchant ship to Canton. The latter appointment was, at that time, exceedingly lucrative—so lucrative, indeed, that a handsome fortune might be made by it; and by several young men, within my knowledge, was thus made in a few years. In relation, moreover, to a commission in the army, I might have chosen between the American and French service. For the French Revolution was then in progress; and, from the ambassador of France, who was at the banquet an invited guest, to whom I was specially introduced, a commission in the army of his nation, with a passage to Bordeaux free of expense, was of easy attainment.

The half official, half commercial appointment to Canton, I promptly declined, and prevailed on the merchant who tendered it, to bestow it on a young medical acquaintance, who made of it a very profitable business. The military commissions and the post of secretary of legation were regarded by me with different feelings; and the acceptance of one or the other of them was not declined without grave consideration. And, but for the influence of a lady, who had seen me for the first time from the gallery of the banquet room, and who, as I subsequently learned, had that night lost a superb bouquet, which she neglected to advertise with a view to its recovery, I should, as there was strong reason to believe, have been attached in a short time to the army or to an embassy—most probably to the latter. For, as heretofore intimated, I had made to my father a positive promise that I would not pursue the profession of law, and a *quasi* one that I would relinquish also my inclination toward that of arms; and I deemed it improper to violate either. Yet may it be correctly stated, that perhaps, in the present case, the influence of my new, most beautiful, and accomplished acquaintance and friend was fully equal in force to that of my previous pledges. But whatever might have been the comparative strength of the three sources of influence, they all co-operated to the same result. Nor did I fail to experience in them the truth of the proverb, that "a threefold cord is not easily broken." Hence my determination to decline the acceptance of the flattering offers, and remain in Philadelphia. And under that resolution I continued with reno-

vated interest and ardor my medical studies. Yet, delightful and abundantly instructive as those studies are when pursued in a liberal spirit and on an expanded scale, I have always considered my attachment of myself to the profession of medicine an injudicious measure. True, I have subsisted by it, done in it some good, accumulated some property, and acquired some reputation. But it has in certain respects cramped my mind, limited the exercise of its faculties, and withheld me from a sphere of action to which I consider myself better adapted. My choice of a profession has been therefore unwise. But, as some apology for the error, its commission was not my own spontaneous act. It was imposed on me by influences which I held sacred, and could not, therefore, with propriety resist.

CHAPTER VII.

Degree of M. D.—Thesis—What occurred at my examination—Offend Drs. Wistar and Rush—Consequences—Begin practice—Success—Amusements—Chess—Dr. Rittenhouse—Dr. Rush signs my diploma—Waterworks in Philadelphia—Dr. Rush, the originator of domestic origin of yellow fever—Write in his support on that subject.

The western campaign I had been engaged in, and especially the festival by which it was closed, and in which I had borne so conspicuous a part, constituted in my life, in two respects, a new epoch, neither altogether uninteresting, nor unimportant to me at subsequent periods. Though I had resided in Philadelphia for nearly two years before my connection with the army, yet so recluse had been my habits, and so careful and persevering had I been to keep them so, by avoiding all unnecessary interruption, that I had become known to scarcely any one except the medical professors and a few pupils, who, like myself, were devoted to study. From idlers and time-wasters of every description, I had either kept myself at a distance, or had resolutely kept them at a distance from me. But altogether different was my present condition. By letters from officers and soldiers of the army while absent; by their conversation since their return; and, in a special manner, by the part I had sustained in the late banquet, I was known by name and appearance to hundreds. And of those, I soon ascertained that not a few were desirous of forming a personal acquaintance with me. Hence, numerous calls were made at my place of residence, and cards left for me, while I was absent in attendance on the medical lectures; and I soon began to receive invitations to evening parties. Nor was this all—nor even the most dangerous obstacle to my studies that had recently befallen me. I had become acquainted with a lady who moved in a fashionable circle; and she favored me with a desire that I should attend her at times in her morning visits, and to be introduced to her friends. And that desire was so irresistible that I

surrendered at discretion, without even an effort to resist it. In relation, however, to her exaction on my time, there were two mitigating circumstances. Her visit to the city was to be brief; and the moment she learned that my attendance on her prevented my attendance on the medical lectures, she made such a manifestation of her regard for my interest and duty, as not only to release me from her previous claim on my time, but actually to forbid my attendance on her during lecture hours; and to request me, and even enjoin on me, to visit her only when in perfect consistency with my other engagements. Thus observant was she of my true interest, from our earliest acquaintance.

In resisting such other claims on my time, as a prudent regard to my present condition and future prospects forbade me to yield to, I had no difficulty. Reason and truth, in apologizing and explaining; firmness and courtesy in declining some invitations, and making very brief visits in accepting others, enabled me to escape any injurious loss of time, and yet to retain such acquaintances as were agreeable to me, and such as I therefore desired to retain. The scheme, moreover, as regards a general acquaintance, which I then adopted, I have pursued throughout a long lifetime, and have saved by it many years of time which would have been otherwise wasted. And I am now convinced that it is the best scheme that can be pursued. By preserving acquaintance in a fresh and lively condition, it prevents it equally from taking rust on account of too little use, and from being worn out by too much. Let your visits be comparatively few, brief, and "far-between," accompanied each by a little sprightly conversation on topics of common-place, and the result will be favorable. It is much better that an acquaintance should express his wonder twenty times why your visits are so few and brief, than once why they are so numerous and long. Such was one respect, in which the campaign and its termination proved to me the commencement of a new era. In the other, I did not perhaps so well acquit myself. Certainly, I did not so completely escape complaint and censure. It was as follows.

Toward persons with whom I neither was nor wished to be intimate, and of whom I was unable to think very highly, on the score of intellect and attainment, or very favorably on other grounds, I had been from my boyhood inclined to act cavalierly,

and perhaps to speak to them sarcastically and even tauntingly, in case they unceremoniously attacked my opinions, or in any other way gave me what I deemed cause of just dissatisfaction. In plainer language, toward such individuals, whom I was apt to regard as meddlers in matters above them, which they therefore did not understand, I was at times instinctively haughty and overbearing. Yet, toward those whom I considered entitled to contend with me, no man was more forbearing and tolerant under well-mannered opposition, or more respectful and courteous under the fervor of debate.

As respected the former and most exceptionable of these two modes of deportment, my habits were not weakened by the time I had spent, the associations I had formed, and the reputation I had attained in military life. On the contrary, I soon felt myself, and others perceived that they were strengthened. Nor is it perhaps either surprising or unnatural that such should have been the case; the reason is plain. I was a very young man, for the scenes in which I had acted, proud and ambitious certainly, and probably not altogether untinctured with vanity. My associations in the army had been with some of the ablest and most distinguished men of the country and the age. And I had been highly complimented by them, on account of my attributes and performances both mental and corporeal. In truth, it is hardly to be denied that, for a time at least, I was somewhat spoiled by them. No wonder, therefore, that I felt, or conceited I felt, a decided superiority to most medical pupils, as well as the ordinary cast of young physicians. But whether there was or was not any just ground for my indulgence of such a feeling, I certainly did both indulge and manifest it to the extent, at times, of giving serious offence. On account of it, feelings of hostility against me were engendered, petty combinations formed, and corresponding schemes devised and concocted, to thwart me in designs I was believed to be meditating. And some of those fretted and envious associations, though abundantly puny and pitiful at first, ripened at length into malicious conspiracies, which seriously impeded me in my career of ambition. But for their influence, it is highly probable that I should never have migrated from Philadelphia to the West. I should, almost to a certainty, have been elected to the chair then occupied by Profes-

sor Rush, and now by Professor Chapman; for, though the petty intriguers could not, of themselves, have prevented my introduction into the Philadelphia school of medicine, men of a higher order, who were actuated by other motives, used them as suitable instruments to prevent it. And by that confederacy of the high and low, the richly gifted and the deeply unprincipled, my schemes of ambition in Philadelphia were defeated, and I accepted an invitation to try my fortune as a medical school builder and teacher in another region.

On the narrative I have just given of my feeling and action, and their result, a brief comment may not be amiss. It may communicate useful and important instruction to young men constituted like myself (and there are probably many such), who set on themselves, their powers and attainments a higher estimate than other people do, and who manifest that estimate to their own prejudice—manifest it by a haughty and imperious deportment toward men who are naturally unwilling to be regarded as inferiors. No sting penetrates so deeply, poisons so irremediably, or is remembered so interminably as that of contempt. It enkindles a sentiment of perhaps secret but fiery hostility which is rarely extinguished, but smoulders as an injury not to be forgiven, and threatens, on the first opportune occasion, to explode; and, if sufficiently powerful, to destroy. The truth of these remarks I have learned by experience, as well as observation. Under similar circumstances, therefore, let other young men be cautious and circumspect. If they cannot extinguish their feelings of contempt, let them at least so control them as not to reveal them by actions or words. Of these tasks, though the former may not be practicable to them, the latter is. Every man, when in health, may, if he please, bridle his tongue, and restrain from action all his other voluntary muscles. And that is all the present case requires of him. I myself, at this moment, after the lapse of half a century, feel the evil of not having thus governed myself, at a time when the accomplishment of the task would have been easy. But to return from this digression.

It was in the course of that winter that there arose between Dr. Rush and myself a misunderstanding which, though *I* buried it in oblivion, I have reason to believe, I might say to know, that he never did.

The fact has been already stated, that, in a letter addressed to Dr. Rush, at an early period of the campaign of the west, I had apprised him of my having been promptly and completely cured of an attack of fever, by a thorough drenching in a shower of rain, and being unable for many hours afterward to exchange my wet clothes for dry ones. To me the knowledge of such a cure was at the time entirely new; and I believed then, and still believe, that it was equally so to Dr. Rush. In neither, most assuredly, of his two preceding courses of lectures, had he made mention of an occurrence of the kind. I believed the fact, therefore, to be a discovery of my own. And such it certainly was; for, from neither teachers nor books had I derived a knowledge of it. It was the result of an accidental experiment on my own person. I deemed it therefore creditable to myself, as well as of some value to the profession of which I was about to become a member, and, from those considerations, was no doubt proud of it. Hence I expected, and still think my expectation reasonable, that, should Dr. Rush deem it of such importance as to mention it in his lectures or writings, he would acknowledge himself indebted to me for his acquaintance with it.

Such, however, was not the course of action he pursued. In his lectures which he was now delivering (his first course after the reception of my letter), he mentioned the fact, as if it were one of his own discovery, without referring for it to myself, to books, or to any other source of information. Regarding this as an act of injustice toward me (and my opinion of it remains unchanged), I promptly determined to do justice to myself. And an arrangement to that effect was immediately made.

Having had matters so managed that a call was made on me to read a paper to the Medical Society, at its next meeting but one, I accepted the call, and announced as the subject of the paper, the "Use of Cold Water in the Treatment of Fever." Several members of the Society being apprised of the fact that I had addressed a letter to Dr. Rush on that subject, and suspecting my dissatisfaction at his having made no reference to it when he spoke of the cure, felt persuaded that I was about to write on the subject, on that account; and that my paper would be productive of an animated discussion. The consequence was, a very crowded meeting of the Society on the evening when my paper was to be

read. One or two of the other medical professors attended; but Dr. Rush, who was invited and expected to attend, very properly declined. Several of his confidential and most pliable pupils, however, in the capacity of listeners and reporters, attended in his stead.

In the tenor and tone of the article I had prepared for the occasion, many of my hearers were not a little disappointed. From what they had heard on the subject, it was expected by them to be somewhat severe and accusatory at least, if not openly condemnatory and belligerent. In truth, they expected me to charge Dr. Rush, in express and specific terms, with virtual plagiarism, in having used, as his own, a new and interesting if not important fact which he had first received in a letter from myself. Such, however, was not the character of my paper. True, it contained a succinct and accurate account of my having been cured of an attack of fever by a shower of rain; of the discovery of the remedy and cure being my own; of my having communicated the fact to Dr. Rush in a letter which he received; of his having used it in his lectures, without having ever *previously* used it, with no reference respecting it to either myself or any other person or source of information. All this I distinctly stated. Nor was it *all* that I stated. I emphatically added that, though the circumstances of the case involved it in some degree of doubt and even suspicion, I deemed it impossible for Dr. Rush to be guilty of it. And I expressed my regret that his absence from the Society deprived me of the pleasure of doing him the justice to say so in his presence. I further expressed my hope and belief that, instead of deriving knowledge from a pupil, and silently using it as his own, the doctor would be able, in the present case, to make it clearly appear that he had either observed, in his own practice, the cure of fever by a fall of rain; that he had found cures of the kind recorded in some book or books, which I had never read, but which to him, from his more extensive acquaintance with medical history and literature, and to other physicians as fully versed in professional reading as himself, were so familiar that he deemed it superfluous to refer to them—or that he had forgotten to make the reference when he mentioned the fact—and that by a statement of the *truth*, he would free himself from every shadow of suspicion, on the instant

he should be informed of its existence. In a word, by thus treating the subject, I so arranged matters as to compel Dr. Rush either to do me justice, by publicly acknowledging me to be the author to him, at least, of the information in question, or to subject himself to deep condemnation, should he decline the acknowledgment.

Having finished the reading of my paper, which contained a number of thoughts, characterized by more or less novelty, on the influence of cold or rather cool water in the treatment of fever, I retired from the reading stand; and the subject was announced by the presiding officer as open to discussion.

After a momentary whispering among the little bevy of young physicians known to belong to the body guard (perhaps I should say theory guard) of Dr. Rush, one of them rose and declared himself to be—

"Exceedingly sorry that the very ingenious gentleman, in the very interesting paper with which he had favored the Society, should have thought himself justified in throwing, in his absence, any suspicion on the conduct and character of the distinguished Professor of the Institutes of Medicine" (the branch which, at that time, Dr. Rush taught). On this, without suffering the speaker to proceed any further in his very formal harangue, I suddenly rose, under manifest excitement, and begged permission to set right the gentleman who had just taken the floor, before he should have hopelessly entangled himself in the wrong. "Sir," said I, addressing myself to the presiding officer, "I feel always justified in stating the truth, whatever of suspicion or even of blame it may throw on the character of either a professor or of a professor's prompt, but unnecessary defender. And, in the paper just read, I have stated nothing at war with truth, be its effect what it may on either the present or the absent. In the case, however, now before the Society, it affords me pleasure to be able to mitigate at least, and I flatter myself entirely remove, the sorrow so eloquently and pathetically poured out by the gentleman, by offering him an assurance, accompanied, I hope, by conviction, that I, at least, have attempted to throw no suspicion on the character and conduct of the very distinguished Professor of the Institutes of Medicine. On the contrary, my effort, as the gentleman ought to have perceived, had for its object an effect directly

the reverse. While a statement of facts, which justice to myself compelled me to make, appeared to be somewhat creative of suspicion, I declared my belief, or rather my conviction, of its being impossible for the professor thus implicated in the charge, to have committed the fault which that statement might, to some persons, seem calculated to affix on him; and that he would be able, by a fair interpretation of it, easily to acquit himself of everything unfavorable which the statement involved. From the representations we have respectively made, therefore," I continued, "it is easy for the Society to perceive which of us, the gentleman on the floor or myself, entertains the most exalted opinion of the professor's character and conduct. His interpretation of the statement made by me involves them in suspicion; mine acquits them. He deems it possible for Dr. Rush to be guilty of plagiarism; I deem it impossible. Were the professor himself here (and I again express my regret that he is not), he would not pause a single moment in making a choice between this picture of himself, and *this;* the picture of him drawn by the gentleman who is defending him, and that drawn by myself, who am charged with an attempt to cover him with suspicion."

This specimen of logic, though neither of the soundest nor profoundest description, was too intricate for the speaker to disentangle. He therefore declined the debate, with the declaration that he was satisfied, inasmuch as it was not my intention to attach blame to the celebrated Professor of the Institutes of Medicine. With the professor himself, however, I afterwards learned the case was different. He was not satisfied; because, from the report made to him, he plainly perceived that his advocate had been defeated, and that suspicion was irrevocably fixed on his own conduct. Determined, however, to make the best of a bad concern, he adverted to the matter in a subsequent lecture, and stated all the facts of the case with accuracy and precision. And, as his reason for not having previously referred to my letter, he assigned his design to publish it in a work he was then preparing for the press. The letter, however, was never published. Nor did either the professor or myself ever afterward allude to it in our conversations. From a slight but visible change, however, in the frankness of his manner toward me, his dissatisfaction was obvious. But in a short time, either his reserve in manner disap-

peared; or I, by becoming accustomed to it, ceased to notice it; and our intercourse assumed, on my part at least, its usual character.

The course of lectures in the medical school, for the session of 1794–5, has now terminated, without the occurrence of any other event worthy of notice. The attendance on the Medical Society during the winter had been unusually full, and the debates, mostly on subjects of usefulness as well as interest, unusually spirited. In these I had taken an active part; and, whether I had gained much on the score of reputation and standing or not, I had certainly sustained no loss. Although I had passed, not without some *éclat*, my examination for the doctorate, for reasons satisfactory to myself, I did not at that time apply for my degree. Nor was I in fact content with my examination. For though, as just stated, I had maintained myself in it with ease and flattering commendations, I felt convinced that I could now acquit myself better under a much severer ordeal. I was therefore anxious to encounter another and much more arduous trial. And, not a little to his surprise, I afterward made known my desire to Professor Wistar, the dean of the Faculty. Nor, singular as my request appeared to the professors, was it either refused, or the fulfilment of it delayed.

As the ceremony, with its concomitants, of conferring on me the doctorate, constituted in my life an important epoch, it is my design to describe it somewhat in detail. It by mere accident was no less extraordinary than was my examination by design. I say by "accident;" for, though ample cause was involved in it for all the effects that occurred, yet were many of those effects neither designed nor expected. Notwithstanding this, that somewhat of an explosion between Dr. Rush and myself was likely to occur, was strongly anticipated by many persons, who, to an acquaintance with our tempers, added a knowledge of the fact that my thesis, which was already printed, contained sundry opinions earnestly supported, which he as earnestly opposed and condemned. And that anticipation drew to the Hall of the University a much larger crowd than had ever previously attended on a similar occasion. Besides the entire Board of Trustees and the whole literary Faculty of the University, headed by the Rev. Dr. Ewing, their celebrated President, the assembly consisted of many of the most distinguished members of the bench,

the bar, the pulpit, and the citizens of Philadelphia at large, together with most of the respectable strangers in the city.

My object in the present memoir is to furnish a familiar account of my own life and character, with such events and facts as tend to illustrate them. And the elements of the present case best calculated for that purpose are the dissertation I wrote, and the spirit and capacity I manifested in its defence. To them, therefore, my remarks shall be chiefly confined. And I shall speak of them as freely as I would did they pertain to another individual; because, as far as they extend, they are particularly indicative of my character at the time. They clearly show that, even at that early period of my life, I had practically adopted as my motto the well-known and oft-quoted, but seldom realized line:—

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

That I observed, thought, reasoned, judged, and acted for myself, regardless of the opinions and actions of others, except in so far as they harmonized with my own. No matter whether those opinions and actions pertained to my equals in years or to my seniors—to my preceptors themselves, or to those with whom I had no immediate connection; no matter, moreover, what effect might be produced on my present interest and future prospects by my spirit of independence, and my disposition to broach, and adopt, and defend such opinions as I thought correct, and to contest and endeavor to refute those which I deemed erroneous; no matter, in fact, whether an opinion of a distinguished man lay immediately in my way or out of it, if I believed it to be groundless, and that I could gain *éclat*, or do good by attacking and exposing it, I never failed to become the assailant, so anxious and determined was I to become, if possible, and to be accounted—

"Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentinm,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida; neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

To such an extent did I allow this militant disposition to sway me, in the present instance, that few, if any, persons of judgment

and experience, fully informed of the circumstances of it, failed to deem me imprudent and unwise. And, in the common interpretation of those terms, their decision was correct. Owing to the character and influence of certain persons whom it offended, the part I acted on the occasion was instrumental in the production of a train of consequences which annoyed me for years. Nor is a doubt to be indulged that, after the lapse of more than half a century, they are still in operation, and give shape and coloring to my condition in life. But for them I should have been a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, occupying the chair then filled by Dr. Rush, and now by Dr. Chapman, but created by their predecessors, instead of being at present a professor in the University of Louisville, occupying a chair created by myself. Which of the two situations would have been most profitable to me, and which most toilsome and hazardous, are questions easily solved. But which of the two would have required and exhibited the highest and most diversified abilities, and which the most honorable when fully achieved, and most tributary to genuine fame, may perhaps be questionable. That, barring accidents, I should have been wealthier had I remained in Philadelphia, may be regarded as certain. And that, as a writer, I should have had more reputation, is probable. But that I should have been more extensively and favorably known, as a practical and efficient man, or as an independent thinker aud actor, and an original writer, is not, I think, likely; but, perhaps, the reverse. Had I remained in Philadelphia, I should probably have become the author of a large, elaborate, and well-finished work; which, if able and valuable, would have perpetuated my reputation, and given me somewhat of true fame, more certainly, and of a higher order than any other measure or movement has achieved. But, by coming to the West, I have travelled more in Europe and America than I would have done had I remained in the East. Hence, in relation to men, countries, and things, I have seen more, strictly and accurately observed more, read more extensively and to better effect in the Book of Nature, and thought more in amount, and more independently and to the purpose, than I would have done had I continued a resident of a large city. But my productions have been hastily written, published in small tracts and essays, and, in their condition, widely and solitarily dispersed

throughout the community. Not having been, therefore, published in volumes, they have possessed nothing of the force, and produced nothing of the effect of a condensed aggregate. In bestowing on me any reputation as the result of their production, they have not acted in mass, the only way in which their effect could be either great or lasting. They have operated only individually, each producing only its own solitary effect—not the effect of combination. Hence their influence must be limited and evanescent. Were it possible, therefore, that all my writings (including those that will be posthumous manuscripts) should be published hereafter, though they will show me to have been one of the most original and independent thinkers of the day, and much the most copious medical writer in the United States, yet will they give me, with the "million," less reputation than a single volume of five hundred octavo pages, even feebly composed, but more entirely suited to their tastes and wants. Under such circumstances, the *few* will consult my writings, but the *multitude* will neglect them. Thus speaking of myself, as I promised to do, precisely as I would speak of another person in a like case, such is my condition now compared to what it might and probably would have been, had I acted a less stern and independent part in the graduation ceremony I am about to describe. Had I kept in favor with Dr. Rush, by adopting and defending all his opinions, I should have been adopted by him as his successor (for such was then his power), and would have inherited, in appearance and public opinion, his reveries and opinions as well as his chair. But I chose to forego the latter rather than bury my reputation under the errors of the former. To these preliminary remarks I shall only add, that Dr. Rush and Dr. Wistar were the two professors who felt themselves aggrieved by some of the sentiments contained in my thesis, and my remarks in defending them.

My Inaugural Dissertation, which made a pamphlet of sixty-nine pages octavo, consisted in an attempt to throw some light, in addition to what then existed, on three very formidable forms of disease, confined chiefly to infants and children—*Hydrocephalus Internus*, *Cynanche Trachealis*, and *Diarrhœa* (usually called *cholera*) *Infantum*. In saying "light in addition to what then existed," I have a special meaning. Such, at that remote period, was the condition of medicine, that, on the first two of the three foregoing

complaints, but a very faint light had yet been thrown in any part of the world. And of the third, nothing was accurately and practically known, except to the physicians of the United States, acquainted with the diseases of large cities; in which alone that complaint prevails in its genuine high-formed and high-toned description and character. As far as my knowledge of medical literature then extended, and indeed as far as it yet extends, the only writers who had then treated expressly and formally of hydrocephalus internus, were Dr. Fothergill, of London, and Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia. And on cynanche trachealis, no one had written with marked ability. So true is this, that it was even regarded as in some measure a new disease. Nor was it less true, that on diarrhœa infantum, for the plainest reasons, the press had thrown but very little light. At that period, as already mentioned, contributions to the press by the physicians of the United States had been exceedingly limited. The very fact, therefore, that I selected as the subject of my thesis three forms of disease, of which so little was known, offered on my character a significant comment. It clearly bespoke my self-dependence, and, in proof of it, my determination not to write under the suspicion of being a borrower, or in any respect a dependent on others. Nor, as I can truly aver, did my dissertation contain, as far as I can remember, a single fact or thought derived from the press. To render that result the more certain, from the beginning to the end of the composition of it, I did not open a book except perhaps an English Dictionary. Nor do I make the remark either boastingly or because there is any special merit in the fact (for it is sometimes a fault); I make it because it is true and exhibitory of a characteristic trait in me as a writer; that, in proportion to the amount of my composition, I have borrowed and quoted, in both words and thoughts, less than any other writer in the United States, and indeed than any other with whose works I am acquainted. In truth, had I drawn more largely on the productions of other pens, I cannot doubt that my own productions might, in usefulness and value, have been not a little improved by the measure. But to proceed with my narrative, and state the reasons why Dr. Rush and Dr. Wistar took offence at me, and advert to some of the passages in my thesis which gave them, in their opinion, a just cause of offence. Reference will be also made to some of

the replies which Dr. Rush drew from me by the mode of his attack on myself, and my dissertation—for an attack it was, rather than a fair and dignified statement of objections made by a professor to the production of a pupil. I shall begin with the offence taken by Dr. Wistar, and a representation of the cause of it.

In demonstrating the structure, and speaking of the uses of the cellular membrane, the doctor had represented that tissue as affording a free passage to a fluid from one part of the body to another, through the openings that everywhere exist between its cells. In proof of his position, he adduced the well-known phenomena of general anasarca. "The serum," said the professor, "that produces the enlargement, is accumulated in the afternoon and evening in the feet, ankles, and legs of the patient. Hence those parts are then enlarged. But, in the morning, the enlargement has removed from them, and settled in the face. This interchange, gentlemen, takes place by the passage of the serum from the lower extremities to the superior parts of the body, through the openings between the cells of the cellular membrane. And this passage is produced on the principle of gravitation. During the day, the face being the superior part of the person, the serum descends from it to the inferior parts, through the cellular membrane, by the power of gravity—precisely as any other ponderous body descends when not supported. But, during the night, the body of the patient being in a recumbent posture, the serum returns through the same openings, by the same power (that of gravity), and by morning has reached the face, which is then swollen." Such was the substance of the professor's representation. Nor was the error it inculcated peculiar to himself. It was, as I have reason to believe, the error of the time. At least I have heard it repeatedly asserted by others. It was therefore that I opposed to it, in my dissertation, several substantial objections.

My objections to Dr. Wistar's hypothesis being stated, I rendered what I regarded as the true exposition of the mutual transfer of the intumescence between the face and the lower extremities. I asserted the phenomenon to be the result exclusively of the vascular action of secretion or transfusion and absorption. Nor have I yet ceased to entertain the same opinion.

In an anasarcous condition of the system, the capillaries in general being debilitated and irritable, congestion, in whatever portion of it occurs, is productive of a transfusion or superabundant secretion of serum, and, of course, of intumescence. Owing to their depending position, therefore, during the day, congestion and its effects take place in the lower extremities. And on the same principle they occur in the face during the night. But by a change of position, from an erect to a recumbent one, the conditions of the parts are also changed. The congestion in one of them is diminished, and in the other increased. So of course is the intumescence. In the part where the congestion is lessened, the superabundance of serum is carried off by absorption, and the enlargement also lessened; while in that, where the congestion is augmented, the transfusion also is augmented, and with it the tumefaction. Hence the alternate enlargement and diminution of the face and the lower extremities. The truth of this statement is at once illustrated and confirmed by the well-known fact that pressure on the veins of the inferior extremities, creating congestion in them, produces a superabundant transfusion of serum, with an enlargement of the parts. Examples of this are common in the advanced stages of gestation.

Though Professor Wistar felt very keenly the pointedness of my critique on his lecture, he also perceived its correctness, and acted at the time with the magnanimity of a man. His observations in reply were calm and dignified, respectful and gentlemanly. And they were also in no ordinary degree complimentary to myself. And he so far regarded them, as never afterward to commit the error they so fully refuted. But I had reason to believe that he never forgot nor entirely forgave the exposure they made of his extraordinary mistake. For though he continued on terms with me of great courtesy and politeness, and though our subsequent intercourse was characterized by all the externals and not a few of the substantials of friendliness and good-will, yet were his manners toward me wanting in the warmth and cordiality which had previously marked them.

With Dr. Rush I came into conflict on sundry points, and on some of them the conflict was cutting and severe. I at first was calm and courteous; but he, from the beginning, gave reins to his feeling, until he, at length, aroused mine to the vehemence of

his own, and compelled me to accost him in the language, but not in the manner, of passion; for I maintained throughout, my self-control and collectedness, which gave me, on every topic discussed by us, a decided ascendency in both matter and mode.

In my Inaugural Dissertation, as first printed, I inserted a brief account of my letter from Lancaster, respecting the cure of fever by a shower of rain, and the purpose to which Dr. Rush had applied it. That account, however, I had expunged, at the suggestion of the Dean of the Faculty, who frankly told me that he knew it to be unnecessary and useless, and deemed it improper. Still, during my defence of my thesis, Dr. Rush, who was my objector and opponent, referred to it with great virulence and blame. In relation to that objection, however, which was the first he introduced, I completely overthrew and silenced him, and gained by that means a decided advantage in everything that followed.

No sooner had the doctor emptied on my letter his first vial of wrath than I rose, and, addressing the Rev. Dr. Ewing, Provost of the University, who presided on the occasion, said with great calmness, and in a suppressed tone, "I was summoned here, sir, as I was given to understand, and of course to believe" (laying on "believe" a strong emphasis), "to defend only what is contained in my thesis; not what I have stricken out of it. But if it be your decision (emphasizing "your") that I shall defend also the expunged passage, I am perfectly prepared for the task, and will cheerfully perform it."

"It is not my decision that you must defend the expunged passage," said the provost, in a very decisive tone; "and Dr. Rush has no right to refer to it. In doing so, he is out of order."

I bowed and resumed my seat, persuaded that a sparring match between the professor and the provost would immediately ensue; for they had never played toward each other the brotherly parts of Orestes and Pylades.

Dr. Rush positively and vehemently declared that he had a "right to refer to the letter," and to call on me to defend the account of it which I had inserted in my thesis; and that he would maintain that right. The provost then, addressing himself to me, said: "Did you not say, sir, that you had expunged

from your dissertation the passage in which the letter is mentioned?"

"I did, sir; and I said so truly. The passage was expunged by me, at the suggestion of the Dean of the Faculty, and is not now in my thesis."

"I hold in my hand," replied Dr. Rush, "a copy of the thesis, in which, at page —, the passage still remains." In a moment the trustees, to each of whom two copies of the dissertation had just been given, turned to the page mentioned by Dr. Rush, and unanimously asserted that the copies of the pamphlet which they had just received contained no such passage.

I then approached Dr. Rush, with a hurried step, and said to him abruptly, and I doubt not half-mandatorily: "Pray, sir, allow me to see this pamphlet!"

"Do you doubt the authority of my word, sir," said he, in an indignant tone, "as to the contents of your pamphlet, and therefore demand a sight of it yourself?"

In a voice no less indignant, I promptly replied: "In the present case, sir, as respects the assertion you have made, I doubt all authority but my own eyes;" unceremoniously taking the pamphlet out of his hand.

"Then use your eyes, sir, to your own *conviction*, and the verification of my word," was the professor's terse and stern rejoinder.

"I have used them, sir, to my full conviction."

Turning then to the provost, with the pamphlet raised aloft in my hand, so that every one in the hall might see it, I added, in a tone of cutting sarcasm: "This is a spurious copy of my thesis, procured by what device I know not, and brought here for what purpose I care not."

Turning again to Dr. Rush, I continued in the same tone: "You must know this, sir, to be a counterfeit copy of my thesis; for I can prove your having been apprised yesterday that the passage you except to was erased by my direction, at the suggestion, as already stated, of the Dean of the Medical Faculty."

And I then disdainfully tossed the pamphlet on the table before him, and returned to my place. But, instead of sitting down, I maintained my standing position, drawn up to my full height, with folded arms, and looked slowly and significantly toward that

portion of the audience formed by the Trustees of the University and the Faculty of Medicine.

For a moment, not a word was spoken, except in whispers. But, at length Dr. Rush, agitated by a mixture of passions, mortification and resentment being the leading ones, said to me in a half suffocated voice: "By whom, sir, do you presume to assert that I was informed of the offensive passage being stricken out of this pamphlet?" the thesis being again almost spasmodically grasped in his hand.

"I have said nothing about that pamphlet in your hand, sir, except that it is a counterfeit. But I say that Mr. D—b—n, the printer of my thesis, informed you yesterday that the passage so often referred to was erased by my order. And if he be in this assembly, he will testify to the truth of my assertion."

"Sir, Mr. D—b—n did not tell me that the passage was stricken out; but only that it was to be stricken out. But finding it still here" (pointing to the pamphlet), "I felt authorized to suppose the order to be withdrawn."

"Sir," I replied, with increased indignation, "the pamphlet now in your hand is the same that you possessed when you saw Mr. D—b—n, before he had made the intended erasure. Had you looked into the copy which, by my direction, he sent to you this morning, and which, I doubt not, is in your possession, you would have perceived that my order to him had been faithfully executed. And there would then have been neither plea nor excuse for this altercation, on account of which I am both mortified and ashamed; yet, for the production of which, I appeal to the audience that I am not in fault—for it is exclusively the product of your own groundless and unjustifiable resentment."

It was now that, by his vehemence, Dr. Rush drew from me the haughty reply which has never since been forgotten; yet, as far as I know, never altogether correctly reported. It, soon after its occurrence, found its way into two or three of the Philadelphia newspapers, and has since been several times republished in New York and Boston papers, and perhaps in those of other parts of the country.

Almost hysterical with rage, the doctor said to me, immediately after the utterance of my last sentence: "Sir, do you know either

who *I* am, or who *you* are yourself, when you presume thus arrogantly to address me?"

"Know you, sir?" I calmly, but contemptuously replied. "O! no; that is impossible. But, as respects myself, I was, this morning, Charles Caldwell; but indignant, as I now am, at *your injustice*, call me, if you please, *Julius Cæsar, or one of his descendants!*"

I then resumed my seat; and a momentary silence again ensued. At length, the provost directed that the business of the day should go on, he hoped with more calmness and decorum than had hitherto marked it. But the doctor's wrath was not to be appeased. On the contrary, to such a pitch was it augmented that, when the other professors affixed their names to my diploma, he refused to affix his; except on the condition that I should revoke some of my expressions, and apologize for having used them. "Toward you, sir," said I calmly, but with great firmness, "I shall do neither. But," addressing myself then to the provost, and bowing to the Board of Trustees and the Medical Faculty as a body, "if I have uttered a word, or committed an act justly excepted to by any other person in the hall, or in the slightest degree in violation of the order and decorum of the occasion, I beg your acceptance, sir, in behalf of the assembly, of the entire revocation and apology which I thus respectfully tender." Stepping then to the table and lifting my diploma, "This instrument," I observed, "wants but one name more, which I wish it to bear—that of the honorable provost, which I doubt not the reverend gentleman will affix"—which he immediately did. I then added: "As the Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice has refused me his name, I shall in a short time convince him that I can do without it. I have been anxious, and even ambitious to remain on good terms with him, and have faithfully and strenuously exerted myself to that effect. But, for the accomplishment of neither that, nor any other earthly purpose, will I ever surrender my independence of mind." And, as far as I was concerned, thus ended the ceremony.

In the life of every well-educated professional man, there occur two epochs, which operate as isthmuses, separating one portion of his career from the others; and which rarely, if ever, fail to produce much grave and anxious calculation and thought. The first

of these takes place between the close of his academical and the commencement of his professional studies; and the second between the close of his professional pupilage and the commencement of his professional practice. In young men, in any measure devoted to gravity and reflection (and perhaps all young men are more or less so at those periods), these epochs, I say, are times of unusual anxiety, thought, and sober calculation. And the subjects of these meditations are, with all individuals substantially the same—the choice of a profession, in the former instance, and the choice of a place to practise it in the latter. And, as respects professional eminence and usefulness, the two points are of great and perhaps of nearly equal importance. Unless a young man selects a profession for which he is qualified by talent, taste, and attainment, his acquisition of real eminence and usefulness in it is impossible. He may, by great and persevering labor become barely respectable in it—but nothing more. And, to no small extent, the same is true, as regards the locality he selects for his residence and business. Much of his success will depend on its being not only really favorable for practice, but favorable also in his own opinion. My reasons for the remark contained in the latter clause of this sentence is that young physicians attribute at times to the unfavorableness of the place, the want of success in the procurement of business, which is justly attributable to their own conduct. They are idle, wasteful of time, or inattentive to such patients as employ them; or they are unattractive and unpopular in their manners. For some of these reasons, or for all of them united, they are disappointed in their expectation of business. Their disappointment, I say, they ascribe to some fault in the place, and remove to another one; and, for the same reason, from that to another, and another, until they become such changelings as to procure business in no place. It is neither locality nor station that insures success in any business. It is individual merit—the principal elements of which are skill, industry, sobriety, attention, perseverance, sound morals, and pleasing manners. The young physician who possesses them will be, in due time, employed in business anywhere; while he who is destitute of them will be employed nowhere. The reason is plain. He does not deserve employment.

Several kinds of situations for business were presented to my

choice, on the occasion I am considering. I had invitations to settle in several of the West India Islands, where a large fortune, at least an independent one, might have been realized in the space of a few years. I was earnestly solicited to return to North Carolina, and commence practice, at option, either in a large, sickly, and wealthy district of country, or in any of the largest and wealthiest cities of the State. But in none of those places could I have done more than accumulate money. And that was neither the exclusive, nor the leading object of my aim. My ambition urged me to qualify myself for public medical teaching, by medical learning and medical distinction. In still plainer terms, it urged me, as heretofore stated, to become the successor of Dr. Rush. I therefore selected positively, as my place of residence, the city of Philadelphia, where I could have access to the best medical libraries in the United States, and be at no loss for professional competition.

My pupillary career being now finished, and my practical not commenced, and my translation of *Blumenbach's Physiology* having been recently issued from the press, I was engaged in nothing that could be called business; because I had not in view the immediate accomplishment of any special object; and the want of such an object was, in my estimation, tantamount to idleness; which, in my vocabulary, even at that early period of my life, was but another name for a positive, at least, if not a serious fault. But in the more common and indulgent language of the day, I had at command the first few hours of leisure I had possessed for I know not how many years. I therefore made a visit to a friend in Burlington, passed three days there in semi-rural enjoyment, concerted certain plans of subsequent operation, and returned to the city fully prepared for their vigorous execution.

I now entered on the practice of my profession with as much industry, resolution, and energy as I had ever previously employed in the study of it. And although I have said that the mere acquisition of money was not my leading aim in business, it was notwithstanding a very important one; for not only had I exhausted my funds to the last dollar, but I was in debt to the amount of several hundred. Still, as I had never previously, when engaged in business, experienced any difficulty in providing

abundantly for my wants and wishes, I entertained no apprehension as respected the future.

Nor was my confidence in my money-making prospect misplaced or extravagant. My success in business surpassed my expectation, and fell but little, if at all, short of my hopes and wishes. From its very commencement, I not only amply supported myself; I regularly paid, every three months, some portion of my liabilities, until the whole of them were discharged. Nor, to my great gratification, did I experience a single call from a collector during the whole period. My creditors, who were few in number, and all of them respectable men (and not, I presume, at any time in immediate want), perceiving not only my willingness, but my anxiety to free myself from debt, treated me with great liberality. Not only did they refuse to receive interest; they urged me repeatedly not to offer them money, without consulting my own entire convenience in the act. Their generosity had no other effect on me than to make me labor the more strenuously to meet and deserve the confidence and kindness they so flatteringly bestowed on me. And, my costume excepted, in which I perhaps too punctually complied with the precepts of Polonius to his son :—

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;"

I did not indulge myself in an act of extravagance, or an article of luxury, until the last cent of my debts was discharged. For my resolution was to be, in the strictest sense of the phrase, a free man ; which I did not feel myself to be, as long as any person could make on me a just demand with which I could not comply.

When all my liabilities, however, were cancelled, I once more conformed to the feelings of my nature, and spent my money with sufficient freedom. But I never spent it in such a way as either to waste my time, injure my health, awaken a sentiment of self-reproach, or subject myself in the slightest degree to the censure of others. On the contrary, in every expenditure I made (though it had in it nothing of the narrowness of actual self), I had in view either the promotion of my own ultimate interest or rational pleasure, or that of some person or thing with whom

or which I was in some manner connected. Nor did I ever allow a pleasure or amusement to interfere in the slightest degree with my business, or to shorten for a moment the portion of time I allotted to study. For my two predominant objects were the skilful, successful, and therefore reputable performance of professional duties now; and adequate preparation for the performance of them on a broader scale, and in a higher and more distinguished style, at a subsequent period. And to those objects I made every other measure and movement, in which I bore a part, subordinate, at least, if not subservient.

The amusements which an individual selects and enjoys are as illustrative of his character as are the studies he cultivates and delights in, the business he pursues, or the action he performs. Perhaps they are in some respects even more illustrative of it. The reason is plain. The selection of them is more voluntary—freer, I mean, from constraint. Acts of business are not unfrequently the result of necessity; but amusements are always the issue of choice. It will not, therefore, be deemed inappropriate in me to state that my favorite amusements were the theatre and dancing. Fencing being at once an amusement and an invigorating and useful exercise of the body, and chess an amusement and an exercise somewhat strengthening to the mind, I indulged in them occasionally for several years subsequently to my commencement of the practice of my profession. Finding, however, as my professional business increased both in quantity and the space of the city over which it extended, that they were likely to occupy too much of my time, I suddenly abandoned them, and seldom, if ever, afterward played a match at either of them. This change in my habits and associations I could not have made so promptly and entirely as I did, had it not been for the strength of my will, and its arbitrary sway over my whole being and actions. Nor, notwithstanding the decided supremacy of that power, and the obedience to it to which the others had been, for no inconsiderable time, accustomed, was the change effected without reluctance and regret. For, in both forms of exercise I was so dexterous and celebrated as to be very rarely otherwise than victorious in the contest. And of that I had sufficient weakness to be proud. And of my standing as a chess-player, I shall only say that Dr. Bollman (who attempted the rescue of

the Marquis De Lafayette), General Harper, and myself, were acknowledged to be the three ablest players in Philadelphia, and, as was believed at the time, in the United States. Yet so essential to dexterity in all things is practice, that an entire neglect of those accomplishments for forty-four or forty-five years has utterly deprived me of the last relict of ability in them. So complete is this deprivation that I have even forgotten the powers and movements of the several chess-pieces. And though I retain a perfect remembrance of all the guards, passes, and feints in fencing, and am far from being deprived, by time, of the sight, strength, and action of a very tolerable fencer, I cannot, with any show of dexterity, execute the simplest of them.

In the course of my business walks (for I never rode in them) I almost daily met Dr. Rush, and always gave him a silent, but very respectful salutation. I never, however, addressed to him a single word, nor gave him, by either look or movement, the slightest encouragement to address one to me. For I had irrevocably determined that, as he had, not only without a single cause, but even in direct opposition to several, commenced the misunderstanding between us, he should also make the first overture toward the termination of it; else, that it should terminate only with my life or remembrance. For my resolution was, to be treated by him, in all cases and relations, as a man of steadiness, consistency, and self-respect; or to hold no further intercourse with him.

At length, by the intervention of a mutual friend, a partial reconciliation was effected between Dr. Rush and myself.

Dr. Rittenhouse, the celebrated astronomer, one of the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, who had witnessed the scene at my graduation, informed me that the doctor was willing and even desirous to put his name to my diploma.

Greatly influenced by my high respect for my friendly adviser, and somewhat also by the remembrance of my former kindly intercourse with Dr. Rush, I yielded to the remonstrances of Dr. Rittenhouse, and waited upon Dr. Rush with my diploma, and received his signature. Our interview was brief and cold; my own air and manner, though studiously respectful, were ceremonious and haughty.

From this period (1795 or 1796) nothing occurred to me or

was done by me deemed worthy of special notice, until the year 1797, some of the events of which will be recorded in the next chapter.

The intervening time, however, was far from being either passed in idleness, or unprofitably employed. It was chiefly devoted, with my usual industry, to two objects: the practice of my profession, in which my success continued to be highly flattering, and to the preparation of the minds of its inhabitants for the introduction of the water of the Schuylkill into the city of Philadelphia.

Of the present population of that great and flourishing city who are now in the tranquil enjoyment of the incalculable benefits of that enterprise, but few, if even one individual, is acquainted with the immense difficulties that attended its commencement, in consequence of the powerful opposition to it that existed. Almost the whole wealth and a vast proportion of the strong but misdirected intellect of the city were opposed to it. In truth, its real advocates were few; and of them no inconsiderable number was held in check and deterred through caution, not to say actually fear, from taking any active part in the struggle, by the high standing and overwhelming influence of the multitude of its opponents.

The opposition to the introduction of the water arose from several different sources—want of information, deep-rooted prejudice, and a false view of interest. And the mixed handling of those three causes gave to the question a degree of entanglement which few persons were able to thread.

The ablest and most active advocates of the enterprise were believers in the domestic origin of yellow fever, which had but lately spread desolation and dismay throughout Philadelphia and the adjacent country. And they contended that that pestilence was the product of the foulness of the alleys, streets, and wharves of the city, which would be removed by the introduction and proper employment of the Schuylkill water.

To the doctrine of domestic origin, on the other hand, almost all the property holders of Philadelphia were violently opposed, partly, as just observed, for want of correct information as to the causes of disease, and in part from prejudice and groundless apprehensions in relation to their interests. They were apprehensive, or

rather, in their own view of the subject, thoroughly convinced that, should the belief prevail that the pestilential yellow fever was generated in the city, all sorts of business in it would so far decline, and emigration from it take place to such an extent, as to render city property of very little value.

In this state of public notion and feeling, the doctrine of domestic origin, its authors and advocates, not only became unpopular, but were so deeply and generally condemned, not to say denounced, that the avowal and defence of it became seriously hazardous to professional interest. By not a few of its most wild and fanatical opponents, those physicians who were known to be the defenders and propagators of it, were virtually proscribed as undeserving of patronage. In consequence of this, some of them were materially injured in their practice. By no small proportion of the importers of yellow fever, Dr. Rush, much to his detriment, was proclaimed in the streets and public places to be an enemy to the city.

Under circumstances so threatening, it was not to be expected that consistency, firmness, and perseverance among physicians advocating a belief in domestic origin would be general. Nor were they so. On the contrary, they were very rare.

One class of practitioners who had openly declared in favor of the home origin of yellow fever, became silent—neither advocating nor opposing it. Another vacillated, trimmed, and equivocated on the subject. A third openly apostatized, and took part with the importing class; and, as if the more thoroughly to cleanse themselves from the sin they had committed, and regain the favor and business they had lost by it, they exceeded all others in the foulness and virulence of their abuse and denunciation of the small class they had deserted, which steadily persevered in its belief and defence of domestic origin.

To the latter class belonged Dr. Rush, with whom the doctrine of home origin originated; Dr. Physick; a French physician whose name I have forgotten; and, to the best of my belief, myself. Of these, Dr. Rush talked much and everywhere on the subject, both publicly and privately, but wrote little or nothing for the public prints. Dr. Physick neither talked nor wrote about it, except in monosyllables (and even in them only when inter-

rogated), but was firm in his opinion; and the Frenchman could neither speak nor write to any purpose, in the English tongue; nor did he remain long in the country. I was myself, therefore, the only writer on the subject for the public press. And I wrote somewhat extensively, publishing a short article or two almost every week, for the space of twelve or eighteen months. I also spoke on it much more, as I believe, than even Dr. Rush. For not only did I converse on it wherever and whenever an opportunity presented itself; I also debated on it, not only in the Medical Society, but also in the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and the American Philosophical Society; having become a member of the two latter institutions soon after my reception of the doctorate in medicine. That, by this independent course of action, thought, and expression, I would be injured in my pecuniary interest, I had no doubt. But neither had I any regard for such an issue. I preferred truth and public good, with a small supply of money, to error and public mischief, with a large one. I therefore fearlessly, and regardless of consequences, proceeded in the discharge of what I believed to be my duty.

Nor was the domestic origin of yellow fever the only subject on which I wrote for the public prints. Many, perhaps most, of my articles in them contained arguments in favor of the introduction of the Schuylkill water into Philadelphia, and urgent recommendations of it, as one of the most effectual means of protection from pestilence. Not only, therefore, did I write copiously on that topic; but, so far as I am informed in the matter, I was the author of the first article on it that was ever published in a Philadelphia newspaper. I shall only add on this subject an expression of my positive belief that, had it not been for the exertions of Dr. Rush and myself, aided by the concurrence in opinion of Dr. Physick, probably twenty years more would have elapsed before the completion of that measure, so essential, in many respects, to the welfare of Philadelphia. Yet, notwithstanding our being fellow-laborers in the same great and beneficent cause, so complete was our estrangement from each other (I mean that of Dr. Rush and myself), that we held no personal conference on it until the autumn of 1797, or perhaps the following winter. And to the struggles we made, and the crosses,

difficulties, and invectives we encountered, I repeat, that the present inhabitants of the city we benefited are actual strangers. Nor is it at all improbable that even this record of it will be regarded as a vainglorious attempt to reawaken and perpetuate a remembrance of services which are either greatly exaggerated or altogether fictitious.

CHAPTER VIII.

Post-mortem examination—Dr. Physick begins it—Its good effect—French Revolution—It promotes the knowledge of medicine—Napoleon—Medical School of Paris—Physical sketch of the city of Philadelphia—Origin and nature of yellow fever—Non-contagion—Philadelphia Almshouse—Lectures—The first clinical course—Rittenhouse—Henry Moss—Dr. Smith—Physicians of Philadelphia—Rush alone a philosopher—Yellow fever again—Write anonymously—Am taken ill of the fever—Rush and Physick visit and attend me—Philadelphia Academy of Medicine—Deliver the semi-annual oration—Dr. Haygarth—Reply to his critique—Dr. Lettsom—Lost publications—Italian language—Prepare for teaching medicine.

To my settlement in Philadelphia in the practice of my profession I have already referred. I have stated also my reasons for having selected that in preference to other places where my business would have yielded me a more liberal income. I have mentioned, in like manner, the flattering encouragement with which my first professional services were met and rewarded. Nor have I concealed the special and remote, yet leading object I had in view in the choice of my place of residence and labors—the ultimate procurement of a medical professorship; the scheme of self-discipline and preparation for that high and responsible office which I devised and imposed on myself, and the efforts I made to insure its accomplishment.

The time of my settlement in Philadelphia is also deemed worthy of a few remarks; because it may be regarded as the epoch of an important improvement in medical science. My allusion is, in part, to the treatment of different forms of autumnal fever, in which the abdominal viscera are deeply deranged, but more especially to post-mortem examinations. The reason why, in those respects, material and important changes were made was that, at that period, in and about Philadelphia, as well as in most other parts of the United States, in the West India Islands, and along the sea-coast of Mexico and South America, all febrile complaints assumed a character of unusual violence, malignity,

and danger. And the reason why such complaints were thus characterized was that, in the several regions just indicated, there prevailed at the time a constitution of the atmosphere favorable to the production of pestilential diseases. Nor was that constitution of short duration. In the United States, having begun in 1792, it continued until 1805. And in most of the other places just mentioned, its continuance was much longer.

In the city of Philadelphia, within the period commencing in the year 1793, and terminating in that of 1805, the pestilential yellow fever (the *vomito Prieto* of Spanish America) appeared sporadically every year, and epidemically seven times. During the time of its prevalence, I sustained, myself, three attacks of it —one of them, of which I shall speak hereafter, very severe, and the two others free alike from violence and danger. And I shall here remark, as the result of my own experience and observation, and as one of the characteristics of the disease, that second and third attacks of it (a fourth I never witnessed) were, with few exceptions, light and tractable. Under a second attack, I never lost a patient but one; and he, between the first and second, had been for several years a *confirmed drunkard*. His intemperance, therefore, had so far revolutionized his system, as to take from it the comparative immunity it had derived from the first attack of the disease, and so shattered and debilitated it, as to render it unable to sustain a second one. Hence, assuming from its commencement an extremely malignant (now called a congestive) form, it terminated fatally in about thirty hours.

The improvement in the treatment of yellow fever and other autumnal complaints, to which allusion has been made, consists in the use of purgative medicines, especially such of them as act on the liver, and excite it to a copious secretion of bile. Of those, it need hardly be said that calomel is the article on which reliance can be most confidently placed. And it was by its influence, as introduced and employed by Dr. Rush, that the unprecedented ravages of the yellow fever of Philadelphia, in 1793, and subsequently, were first arrested, and the consternation that it spread around it at the time, allayed. Previously to the use of that remedy, an attack of the complaint was but too justly regarded as little else than a prelude to the grave. But, in all cases in which calomel, early exhibited, acted freely and kindly on the

liver, producing copious discharges of bile, the complaint proved as tractable as any other form of autumnal fever. I have no remembrance, at present, of having ever lost a patient in yellow fever, or in any other modification of the complaint called bilious fever, in which I was able so to command the liver as to give rise to a liberal secretion of bile. And I have scores, perhaps even hundreds of times prevented formal attacks of yellow fever, by the production of artificial cholera morbus, marked by a copious evacuation of bile in patients beginning to feel the first approach of the pestilential complaint. The medicinal articles I employed for the purpose were calomel and tartar emetic. And the manner in which they produced the salutary issue was by converting centripetal into centrifugal action—action from the central to the superficial, instead of from the superficial to the central organs of the body. No sooner did I perceive free discharges from the skin and the liver, of perspirable matter from the former, and bile from the latter, than I considered my patient secure from the menaced attack of yellow fever. Nor was I ever once disappointed in my expectation of the result. The course of action in the system was changed, the congestion of the liver and the other abdominal viscera prevented or removed, the pestilential attack averted, and the life of the patient very probably saved. Such were the salutary effects of well-timed and judicious evacuations from the skin and the alimentary canal—from the latter, as the issue of Dr. Rush's introduction of a bold use of calomel in pestilential yellow fever. I have reason to believe that the prevention of that disease, by artificial cholera morbus, was a mode of practice first and most employed by myself. I was certainly indebted for it exclusively to my own observation and reflection on the pathology and general character of the complaint. To the time of its introduction, and the years in which I used it, I shall perhaps hereafter refer.

To the preceding remarks I shall only add, at present, that before the appearance of yellow fever in Philadelphia, in the year 1793, calomel was very scantily used in the United States; I believe I might almost say throughout the world. From two, or two and a half to three, three and a half or four grains, were the usual doses of it; and five grains were considered a full, if not an extra dose. And when, as heretofore mentioned, Dr. Rush re-

commended and administered it in doses of from ten to fifteen or even twenty grains, he was charged with the administration of it in "a dose for a horse"—"a murderous dose"—and a "devil of a dose"!! Yet, at the present day, it is exhibited in much larger quantities, not only with safety, but with the most salutary result. And though, like other medicinal articles, it has been misused and made an instrument of mischief, yet do I hazard nothing in predicting that, unless time, with its concomitant discoveries and improvements, brings to light a substitute deemed more valuable, calomel will never cease to be an article of paramount esteem in the materia medica of the enlightened physician. In truth, to remove it from the materia medica would be almost as disastrous to medicine as it would be to mechanics to strike iron from the list of metals.

But the fact that calomel may be used, in large doses, not only with safety, but to great advantage, in the treatment of disease, was not the only discovery to which the occurrence of yellow fever gave origin. Nor, signally beneficial as it was, did it entirely satisfy the physicians of Philadelphia. The reason is plain. Though it taught them somewhat respecting the therapeutics of the complaint, it threw but little, if any light on the philosophy of it. Nor could its philosophy be understood, without a knowledge of the organ that constituted its seat, and the condition of that organ—points which could be ascertained only by means of dissection. Hence, during the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia, in the year 1793, those means were eagerly commenced, before they had been resorted to (as far as I have been informed) in any other place; certainly before they had been practised to any useful extent. For, at that time, the seat and general pathology of the disease were points uninvestigated, and therefore unknown.

Nor were the *post-mortem* examinations confined to the yellow fever of 1793. They were commenced during that calamity by Dr. Physick, who was followed, in the investigation, by a Dr. Cathrall, who died a few years afterward, and regularly persevered in by several other physicians (I being myself one of them), until the termination of the pestilential period in the year 1805. Nor was the investigation pursued in Philadelphia alone. It extended to New York, the West Indies, and, as far as I am

informed, to every other place where the disease made its appearance. But I wish it to be distinctly understood, and permanently borne in mind, that the credit of beginning the inspection is due to Dr. Physick. And the complaint being deemed at the time extremely contagious, I well remember that the process of dissection was regarded even by physicians as replete with peril to the life of the operator. But, as no one sickened in consequence of it, I often, in subsequent debate, employed the fact as an argument in proof of the non-contagious nature of the disease.

In the United States, then, the long prevalence of a pestilential constitution of the atmosphere, and repeated returns of a pestilential disease, were instrumental in enlightening our physicians in two very important branches of their profession, pathology, and the treatment of malignant bilious fever. And a knowledge of the treatment of that disease, thus acquired, shed important light on the treatment of others. I do not say that, without the agency of such causes as the constitution of the atmosphere and the diseases referred to, the American Faculty would never have informed themselves on those two branches in an equal degree; but I do say that they did not do so; and I further say that there is no reason to believe they would have done so at that particular time, nor without some urgent motive of a like nature at any subsequent time. For there is nothing more true than that, in arduous and momentous cases, men act from either necessity, or from very powerful motives of self-interest. Never do they, from any other cause, engage in a difficult and doubtful contest—much less in a dangerous one. But, wherever the stake is important, they strive, provided it be necessary, first to inform themselves, and then to profit by the information acquired. In the present instance, the stake was the weightiest of sublunary concerns; being nothing less than health and life, with all their most highly valued concomitants and enjoyments. The prize, therefore, being great, the result of the effort made to retain it, and to escape the evil of being deprived of it, corresponded in degree. And such is the principle that governs the improvements of mankind in knowledge and practice. Such improvements are the issue of efforts made to prevent an impending, or remedy an existing evil, or (which amounts to nearly the same),

to remove an obstacle opposed to our attainment of some good that presents itself.

This adaptation of things makes an important element in the wise, beautiful, and beneficent arrangement which pervades creation, as far as our knowledge of it extends, and, in respect to all occurrences, completely "vindicates the ways of God to man."

While pestilence was doing its work in America and the West India Islands, an evil of a very different character was raging in Europe, by which the knowledge of medicine, in all its branches, was signally promoted. I allude to the French Revolution.

Napoleon was, as every military commander ought to be, exceedingly careful of the health of his soldiers, that they might be the more powerful and dexterous in the use of their arms. He had no objection against their dying in the field of battle, when summoned to that effect by the fortune of war. But he was unwilling that they should die of disease. And when they did so die, he compelled his physicians to give an account, unusually strict and accurate, of the seat, nature, and character of the complaints that destroyed them. That they might be the better prepared to do this, he enforced the performance of *post-mortem* examinations, as often as they could possibly be made to comport with the nature of the service and movements of the troops. In the military hospitals, they were ordered to be made in the case of every death that occurred, whatever might be the name or description of the disease. Out of this course of discipline, pursued for years, by men of talents, ambition, and an enthusiastic sense of duty, grew an amount of knowledge of morbid anatomy, and the pathology of every form of disease, far superior to what had ever been possessed at any former period, or by any other people. Hence the acknowledged ascendency of the Faculty in France, in the accuracy of their acquaintance with those two branches of the medical profession, over that of the Faculty of every other nation. And hence the unrivalled ability and splendor of the Parisian school of medicine, which owes its existence to that source; I mean to the practices pursued by Napoleon, and the other great captains under his command, in the armies and military hospitals, during that scourge of Europe, the French Revolution. For, though somewhat more indirectly, yet was that wonderful man, in the capacity of General, First Consul, and

Emperor, as certainly the founder of the Medical School of Paris, as he was the leader of the army that subjugated Italy. And but for the ultra development of his stupendous powers by the French Revolution, he could never have become what he was—Napoleon the Great—the achiever of wonders. Virtually, therefore, to that moral earthquake of the civilized world is the Parisian School indebted for its being; and, of course, for all it has yet done, or may hereafter do, until succeeded or supplanted by another establishment, more conformable to the spirit, and better suited to the exigencies of some future period. For that, in obedience to the mutability of all things, and to the ceascless progress of their improvement in condition, such period and such establishment will hereafter occur, can hardly be doubted.

That the scheme of *post-mortem* inspection then, which had been so limitedly practised, until near the commencement of the present century, but which, since that period, has shed on medicine such a flood of light, had its origin in the United States, and immediately in Philadelphia (Dr. Physick being the first operator), is not to be questioned. Perhaps I ought rather to say, that it had its revival in the United States: for it had been meagrely practised at an anterior period in several parts of Europe, but had fallen into comparative neglect. And the frightful ravages of the yellow fever produced that revival. I do not mean, however, to insinuate that the army physicians and surgeons of France acquired any portion of their knowledge of it from the physicians of our own country. On the contrary, I presume that they did not. All I contend for is, that, in point of time, the Americans were in the lead; and that they were induced to engage in it by the scourge of pestilence. Nor do I believe that they are surpassed in it at present by the Faculty of any nation, except that of France. But to return to my narrative.

No sooner was my permanent establishment, as a practitioner of my profession, in the city of Philadelphia, completed, than I resolved to avail myself of every expedient I could command, to acquire a knowledge of the diseases of the place, as thorough and accurate as facts could render it. I therefore commenced, partly for my own information, and in part to qualify myself to inform the community through the medium of the press, a strict examination of several topics, which I deemed alike appropriate and

important to my standing and usefulness, not only in the city where I resided, but in a much wider sphere, as a member of the great American Faculty, who were to be responsible in their reputation, for a want of either ability or industry, should they fail to raise the condition of medicine in our own country to a level with that of medicine in Europe.

The principal topics of investigation which first engaged my attention were, the matter of two memoirs. The title of the first is: *A Physical Sketch of the City of Philadelphia, interspersed with General Remarks, applicable to all large and populous Cities.* Of the second, the title is: *Facts and Observations relative to the Origin and Nature of Yellow Fever, addressed to the Citizens of Philadelphia, in ten numbers.* These two memoirs united, occupy two hundred and thirty-five pages octavo.

In the first of them, are contained remarks and reflections on all things that presented themselves to my observation, or that occurred to my recollection, calculated to prove either favorable or detrimental to the healthfulness of large and populous cities. Among those topics are included topography, climate, prevailing winds, vicissitudes in the atmosphere, water; cleanliness, and its opposites; ventilation, with the diet, clothing, pursuits, manners, customs, and habits of the citizens.

In the second, in addition to facts and considerations respecting the origin and nature of yellow fever, is inserted an ampler discussion of the non-contagiousness of that complaint, and therefore of its non-importability from foreign countries, than had previously appeared. And in the truth of the doctrine for which I then contended, I continue to believe.

Persuaded as I was, by sundry considerations, that the pestilential constitution of the atmosphere, of which I have heretofore spoken, had not yet disappeared from Philadelphia and the region around it, I was vigilant in my observation to detect evidences of its increase or decline. To extend as much as possible the field of my observation, I exercised it not only in my private practice, but also in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and another public institution then within the city, called the Philadelphia Almshouse, but since that period removed to the west side of the Schuylkill, greatly enlarged, and afterward called the Blockley Hospital. Each of those institutions, more especially the latter,

which was the chief receptacle of the sick paupers of the city, furnished me abundantly with subjects well suited to the purposes of my inquiry. I visited them, therefore, with steadiness and regularity, during the summer vacation of the medical school, as well as during the period of its winter session.

Having already acquired, among the pupils of the school, considerable notoriety, accompanied by no ordinary show of their attachment to me on account of my readiness, and their confident belief in my ability, to be useful to them by my comments on the cases of disease which I visited, numbers of them asked permission to attend me in my walks around the wards of those two institutions. The permission was readily granted, from two motives: a desire to gratify the young men, and to be serviceable to them; and a belief that the project would ultimately ripen into clinical lectures, useful to myself as well as to my attendants. Nor did many years elapse until my belief was realized. The first course of clinical lectures in the Philadelphia Almshouse was delivered by myself, not long after the commencement of the present century, the precise year not being remembered. One of the most distinguished physicians now in Louisville was a pupil in my first class. I was then a member of the Faculty of that institution, and continued my lectures annually for several years, until deprived of my appointment in it on political grounds. Of the clinical instruction, therefore, so long delivered in that establishment, first as the Philadelphia Almshouse, and then as the Blockley Hospital, I was the beginner. And, like almost every other new effort that man can make to improve his own condition, and be useful to others, my enterprise met at first with vehement opposition, simply because it was new, and calculated to benefit my reputation and standing; for to nothing was it either injurious or inconvenient, but more or less advantageous to everything that felt its influence, and in every light and bearing in which it could be viewed; so true is it that envy and obloquy, if not also open hostility, pursue not only eminence itself, but the attempt to attain it.

As the teacher of clinical practice, Dr. Rush prescribed and lectured to his pupils in the Pennsylvania Hospital twice every week during the session of the medical school, which extended then, as it does now, from the beginning of November until the

close of February. I regularly visited the hospital on the same days. And after he had finished his tour in each ward, I entered it and examined such cases as I deemed most interesting and instructive. I was always accompanied, moreover, by a small but very intelligent body of pupils, who chose to visit the patients with me, and quietly examine them for themselves, rather than be subject to the interruption and jostling of the crowd that followed Dr. Rush. Though I always, moreover, analyzed each case accurately, and took notes at the request of the pupils, I never spoke of it to the young men around me within the hearing of the patient, but withheld my remarks until all my visits were finished, and then, at the request of the pupils, stated to them briefly my views of the complaints. This; though by no means the most instructive mode of proceeding, was the most discreet and eligible one. It satisfied the young men, to whom I communicated my reasons for pursuing it; and it gave to Dr. Rush no ground of dissatisfaction; because it did not, intentionally on my part, interfere with his opinions. The entire school session, therefore, of 1796–7 I had passed, much to my gratification, without any fresh collision with that gentleman.

On the death of Rittenhouse, while President of the Philosophical Society, Rush, as the special orator of that institution appointed for the purpose, commemorated his character by a fervid eulogy. And the opulency of the tribute awarded by him to the illustrious dead would have been confirmed by the acclamation of the Society and the public, had he not perverted it by certain dogmas and notions of his own. On a resolution introduced, that the Society should sanction the discourse by a vote of special and unqualified approval, opposition to it was made, and a debate arose, which threatened it at first with a vote of rejection. And such would have been its fate had it not been so altered, chiefly at my own suggestion, for a reason which shall be rendered presently, as to free it from exceptionable specialities and details. And those characteristics of it related to sentiments which never ought to have found their way into the eulogy; because they had no shadow of connection with the objects of the Society, whose only immediate aim was, and still is, the promotion of science, and more remotely that of letters. But the exceptionable points in the eulogy which had found their way

into the resolution, instead of being promotive of either science or letters, favored and recommended party politics, and were virtually of a nature unfriendly to letters. To render it perfectly intelligible, and its bearing sufficiently clear, this statement requires explanation to the following effect.

Dr. Rush was, in politics, a professed democrat, and believed that learning is not essential to intellectual distinction—but may be even preventive of it. Strangely paradoxical as it may be held, such was the position on that point which his eulogy contained. And as the issue of the handling of it, in the Philosophical Society, was such as to have some influence on the relation between Dr. Rush and myself, a few further remarks on it may not be altogether out of place.

Dr. Rittenhouse was, in the widest latitude of the phrase, an "uneducated man"—uneducated, I mean, in the scholastic interpretation of that phrase, which purports instruction derived from printed books and other means, under the eye and government of teachers. To that form of instruction he was all but an entire stranger until his seventeenth year. Nor was he ever subsequently more than a very moderate participant of it. Of his instruction, the Book of Nature was at first the only source; he himself was his own and only teacher. And of that volume he studied first, most assiduously, and to the greatest advantage and extent, the chapters or sections that treat of mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy. And the study of them he commenced as early as his thirteenth year, alone, while holding the handles of his father's plough, or during his engagements in other agricultural pursuits. And the surprising progress he made in the knowledge of them constitutes the most conclusive evidence of the assiduity and ability with which he cultivated them.

The first product of the mechanical powers of Rittenhouse was a wooden clock, which he constructed without assistance, before he had ever examined or even seen a machine of the kind. Nor had he to use, in the construction of it, any instruments other than those which he found in his father's house and kitchen, and which had been procured for the common business of his farm. Not satisfied with the workmanship of this, he soon afterwards constructed another, of a much higher order, and very superior as a time-keeper. And the same was true of every additional

effort he made. It was superior in finish and contrivance to that which had preceded it. And thus, while he still pursued the occupation, and performed the daily labors of a farmer, did he contrive to advance in the knowledge of this favorite branch of science, in which nature had formed him as a model, until, from the lowly and modest young mechanic, acquainted only with the structure of a wooden clock, he became the bold and towering astronomer, scanning and comprehending the organization, movements, and laws of the heavenly bodies. And this mighty work of genius he achieved almost exclusively by his own industry aud perseverance, with but very little of either help or encouragement from the labors of others, whether predecessors or contemporaries.

Such was Rittenhouse. Yet not much more wonderful was he, as the distinguished and self-formed philosopher, than was the peculiar element in his history assigned by Dr. Rush, in his eulogy, as one of the principal causes of his greatness. It was his want of scholarship. The eulogy is not now before me; and I cannot, therefore, quote the doctor's precise words. But the singularity and even oddity of the idea I shall never forget; and it was to this effect: " If," said the eulogist, "Dr. Rittenhouse had been educated within the narrow walls of a college or academy, instead of the boundless fields of nature, the result would have conformed to the limitedness of the source. Cramped and crippled by his technical education, that mighty geuius would then have probably spent his own life in some similar iustitution for the instruction of a few boys, instead of traversing and exploring the solar system, in the character of an astronomer, for the instruction of the world."

Thus did Dr. Rush not only assert truly, that man may become illustrious without scholarship; he groundlessly alleged that scholarship is a trammel to the mind, preventive of powerful action and lustre. And it was chiefly on account of its recognition of the correctness of that sentiment that the resolution alluded to was about to be rejected.

As the resolution stood, a vote to reject it would more or less involve, in the disapproval of the Society, the memory of Dr. Rittenhouse in common with the character of the performance by Dr. Rush. And that consideration was painful to me, because, from the former gentleman I had received very many flattering

acts of courtesy and kindness, and not a few of special favoritism; and because the rejection of the resolution would virtually involve toward him some share of both injustice and disrespect.

After an earnest conference, therefore, with the Honorable Judge McKean, the mover of the resolution, and the celebrated A. J. Dallas, both of whom had not only been on terms of intimacy and friendship with Dr. Rittenhouse, but had also concurred with him in political partyism, I induced them to have the resolution so modified as to compliment the deceased exclusively in the capacity of a philosopher; that being the only light in which the Society, as a corporate body, was bound to regard him; and the only one, perhaps, in which it could regard him with unanimity. And in that form, as far as I now remember, the vote in favor of it was unanimous.

About this period appeared, in Philadelphia, a very striking phenomenon in the person of a negro man, a native of Maryland, named Henry Moss, alluded to in a former chapter; a name which, for many years afterward, was almost as familiar to the readers of newspapers and other periodicals (so frequently was it recorded in them) as was that of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, or James Madison. He was nearly a full-blooded African, of the second or third generation in descent from his imported ancestors. His complexion was originally rather darker than that of most negroes, and his head, hair, nose, lips, and chin, as well as his hips, legs, and feet, had been cast in the common mould of his race. In fact, he was in all personal respects a highly finished African.

At length (from what cause I know not), about the period, I think, of his mature manhood, such a change occurred in the action of his skin as to render it, a few spots excepted, entirely white. And where the skin of his head thus changed color, his hair did the same, and became soft and silky, but was still exceedingly unlike the hair of a Caucasian. The few small spots on his person, which were still dark, were gradually whitening. In every respect the man enjoyed his customary health and feelings, except that he was unusually sensitive to heat, cold, and friction. The sunshine of summer readily blistered his skin, the cold blasts of winter chilled it, and coarse linen shirts almost excoriated it. Hence he was obliged to make corresponding changes

in his clothes. All this was perfectly explicable. It arose from the removal, by absorption, of the *rete mucosum*, the immediate seat of the human complexion, and the chief protector of the *cutis vera* from heat, cold, friction, and other external impressions. Under this change of his complexion, Moss procured a comfortable subsistence by exhibiting himself as a show.

Anxious to know as much of his case as possible, I took him in some measure under my care, procured for him suitable lodging and accommodation, induced many persons to visit him, kept him under my own strict and constant observation, and, by his permission, and for a slight reward, made on him such experiments as suited my purpose. In this scheme I persevered for several weeks, until I matured my views and accomplished my design as fully as I could; when, as I then believed, and still believe, I knew more of the case before me than all other persons either in Philadelphia or out of it. For, as far as I then knew, or yet know, I was the only person that ever made it philosophically a subject of special notice and experimental examination. While thousands visited and gazed at Moss as an object of curiosity and wonder, I alone endeavored to make him a source of scientific information. And I so far succeeded in my project, as to be about to prepare on the subject a paper for the American Philosophical Society.

For reasons heretofore adverted to, I declined the preparation of my intended paper, and subsequently used the matter it was to contain in a review* of the second edition of the celebrated Essay by President Smith, of Princeton, New Jersey, on the *Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure of the Human Species*. Though that essay bears strong marks of the pen of a high-bred and distinguished logician and scholar, and though it once possessed unbounded authority, and still possesses no inconsiderable influence, especially with those who assumed the denomination of the *religious community*, it is notwithstanding, in point of fact and foundation, one of the most fallacious productions I have ever perused. It professes to be, and, from the

* The Review of Dr. Smith's Essay, here referred to, has been, with large additions and corrections, republished in a volume entitled *Thoughts on the Unity of the Human Race*.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

object it has in view, ought to be, a physiological work. Yet does it not, as far as my memory serves me, contain from the beginning to the end of it, a single physiological position that is not in some way defective or incorrect. More unfortunate still, very many of the facts and statements in it (or rather of what purports to be facts) are also incorrect. And all this has arisen from the hazard a writer incurs, and the error he commits in venturing to occupy ground he never surveyed, and attempting to handle subjects he never studied. As a scholar, a moralist, and a divine, the Reverend Dr. Smith had few equals. But he was neither a naturalist nor a physiologist, because he had never given his attention to the branches of science which alone could entitle him to those appellations. Hence, by attempting to discuss and expound subjects belonging to either of them, he was equally untrue to his own fame and to the cause of science. Not only, moreover, did he aid in the propagation of error; he contributed materially to the ready reception and long retention of it. For so high were his popularity and standing as a man of talents, a scholar, and a divine, that, with the public at large, but more especially with the members of Presbyterianism, the religious denomination of which he was one of the most distinguished leaders, the authority of his name was a tower of strength to all his opinions.

My critique was very copious and extensive: it appeared in several numbers, in two separate periodical publications. The whole of it is contained in the *American Review*, vol. ii. pp. 128 to 166; and in the *Portfolio*, vol. iv., from p. 8, in four or five monthly numbers, to p. 457.

That to the reverend and learned author of the essay, and his friends, I thought at the time of its publication, and still think, my critique gave much deeper and more lasting offence than it ought to have done, is true. True, though my language is, in every sentence and expression, courteous and gentlemanly, and though I bestow on the author many high encomiums, I do not deny that I object and censure plainly and unceremoniously where I find or consider the production faulty, and speak at times with unintentional keenness, and in a manner and spirit somewhat sarcastic. Yet, by no portion of my review was Dr. Smith justified in the temper he manifested. Nor could he have thought himself so justified, had he only called to mind the fact that he had

in his essay spoken in several places immeasurably more disrespectfully towards others than I did in any other place toward him. In truth, I repeat, that I neither spoke nor felt disrespectfully toward him in a single instance; while in relation to his opponents, he indulges himself in a very liberal style of invective.

President Smith was a man of an uncommonly fine and commanding exterior; nor in that was there anything wrong. He was, moreover, fully conscious of the fact—another consideration which in and of itself was in no way amiss. But he indulged his consciousness on the subject to the production of hauteur in himself, and something resembling scorn towards others. And those two ungracious forms of feeling he manifested too plainly in the style, tone, and spirit of his essay. His whole manner, in common with no small portion of his matter, spoke a language, the plain interpretation of which appears to be: "Autocracy in literature and science is my privilege. Not only is it my right to reason and convince, but also to dictate and be obeyed."

Thus ostentatious and imperial seemed to be the spirit and temper in which he composed, very especially the essay I am considering. He designed that composition as the main column of his fame, both literary and scientific. Hence his resentment at its being assailed, and his serious dread at the probability of its being overthrown and utterly demolished. Hitherto he had received, on the erection of it, nothing but compliments approaching adulation. Even by some of the most distinguished religionists of the day, in Europe as well as in America, he was hailed as the successful umpire of the long vexed question of the unity of man. Nor, as far as I was then, or am now informed, did a single member of the medical profession, in any quarter of the globe, venture to employ either his tongue or his pen in opposition to his essay.

Hence, one of the main reasons why I made my attack. The work, as I believed, being a gross though specious mass of fallacy, was a source of mischief proportioned to its popularity, and was therefore assailable, and ought to be assailed. But as all others declined the assault, from either a dread of the ban of the church, or some other threatening obstacle, I resolved to make it myself; and even rejoiced to be alone in it—rejoiced in availing

myself of an opportunity to hazard my interest in an attempt to refute a popular error in science, while others timidly and time-servingly shrank from the enterprise, and sought their security under covert of inaction. And I have reason to believe that Dr. Smith felt fully as much surprise as resentment at being attacked, in what he considered his stronghold, by a man so young as I was, and, as he considered me, so inexperienced a writer. At first, therefore, he only despised my review as the product of a boy, or at least affected to do so; and, on my promptly and most respectfully waiting on him the first time he visited Philadelphia after its publication, his reception of me was unbecoming in the extreme, and drew from me a return of deportment, which he was neither prepared to receive nor able to sustain without great perturbation.

Dr. Smith being indisposed, left Philadelphia sooner than he had intended, and when I next heard from him he was laboring under a paralytic affection, which attacked him not long after his return to Princeton. That attack, however, did not prove fatal, though his recovery from it was never complete. After lingering, therefore, for some time (but how long I do not remember) under infirm health, he died, I think, of a second or third visitation of the same complaint.

The impression made on the community by the death of any man of fine talents and literary attainments, long conspicuous at the head of an enlightened and powerful religious denomination, the president of an ancient and celebrated literary institution, and one of the most distinguished pulpit orators of the day, is always deep, extensive, and durable. But, for several reasons, the death of Dr. Smith produced such effects in a degree that was unusual. And one of those reasons was the reputed cause of the disease that destroyed him. By his family and immediate acquaintances, to whom his condition was most intimately known, his first attack of paralysis (the complaint of which he ultimately died) was attributed to the impression made on his mind by the severity of my review of his essay. With a bitterness, therefore, and a spirit of malignity not easily surpassed, I was charged with being essentially instrumental in his death. And, by means of that charge, strenuous and unprincipled efforts were made to render me unpopular, and injure me in my profession. A lead-

ing object of my accusers was to destroy me among the religious portion of the community, by affixing on me the charge of irreligion or infidelity, and thereby drawing down on me the ban of every Christian sect. And to this general accusation, the Presbyterians added the special one that, by my infidelity paper, I had brought to an untimely grave, their ablest preacher and most distinguished leader.

To those charges, though they found their way into the newspapers of the day, I never replied except in a few short paragraphs; and in them I simply denied their truth, and, in support of my denial, contrasted the charges preferred against me with what I had actually done. And that I did by quotations from my review, and from the articles of attack on it, in the public prints.

I was charged with contradicting the Mosaic sketch of the creation of man, by denying the unity of the human race. To this my reply was brief and decisive.

I did not deny, nor even question, the unity of the human race. I only denied the power of *climate*, the *state of society*, and the *manner of living*, to change one variety of the human race into another. Yet are those the causes to which Dr. Smith ascribed that change. And I still not only adhere to my denial that they are, or can be the causes of that phenomenon; I pronounce the position to that effect an actual absurdity.

To these remarks in relation to Dr. Smith, I shall only add, that his death is not the only one that was maliciously attributed to the severity of my pen. Many years after the date of that event, I brought to Philadelphia, introduced to the notice and favor of the citizens, recommended to respectable employment, and afterward patronized in various ways, until he was firmly established in business, a young man of no common standing in talents and attainments. In a short time, by the attention I bestowed on his general literary and professional labors, but especially by the aid I gave him in the work of composition, he became one of the most accomplished writers of his age in the city. And to distinguish himself in that capacity, his ambition was boundless. Nor, provided he might attain his end, was he troubled with obstinate scruples about the scheme he pursued, or the principles on which he acted. Forgetful of bygone favors,

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and feeling himself the god of his own idolatry, he became wholly regardless of all other persons. In that state of mind, he resolved to try his strength in some case where success would give him celebrity, and in which even a failure would not be inglorious. And his first and most ardent aspiration was to shine in a condemnatory critical review of some popular production.

And while he was thus panting in search of such an arena, in which to break a lance with a suitable champion, *Delaplaine's Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished American Characters*—a production of my own pen—was issued from the press.

On that work, therefore, the gentleman pounced, with great eagerness, like a vulture on his prey. And, to do him justice, he struck a blow which told with some effect—but did not prove fatal. His critique contained some truth, but much more plausibility and artifice, well fitted in their nature to be popular with "the million," and mischievous in their influence.

Under such circumstances, I felt some alarm for the fate of the *Repository.* In the sale of that work, I had no pecuniary interest, having received, for the composition of it, a stipulated sum. But with the proprietor and publisher, the case was very different. He had at stake a large sum of money ; and I had in jeopardy some reputation. It comported, therefore, with my ambition no less than with my duty, to make a strenuous effort for the preservation of both—each to its true owner—and not suffer them to be made the sport of a wanton and reckless assailant, from no more honorable or laudable motive than to gain distinction at the expense of a benefactor. And I perceived but one scheme of design and action through which I could, with any probable certainty, achieve success. And that was to make an attack on the critic, who had aspersed the *Repository*, and shatter his pretension to either judgment or taste, in critical composition. In common cases, I neither would nor could have formed a resolution to be so merciless and unsparing. A sentiment of benevolence would have pleaded for the guilty, and conscience would have interposed her authoritative prohibition. But in the present case, my nature was changed. I had but one sentiment and one determination—and their mandate was to retaliate and demolish. The heartless and base ingratitude of the critic had stifled the

voice of every feeling, save that of retributive justice, and irrevocably sealed the fate of the offender. To work, therefore, I went, without a touch of compassion to soften my purpose or mitigate my action. And, without dealing in details, I shall only say that my work was speedily and effectually done. Prostrate in spirit, and bankrupt in hope, he suddenly and forever disappeared from the city, the scene of his discomfiture and irremediable disgrace. The next, and last information I received respecting him was from a newspaper paragraph announcing his death in a distant State, to which he appeared to have retired even from himself.

From the time of my regular commencement of the practice of my profession, in Philadelphia, until the year 1797, nothing worthy of special notice occurred in either the character or the amount of disease in the place. True, most febrile affections were marked more or less deeply by the pestilential constitution of the atmosphere then prevailing; but as, with occasional exceptions, all cases were marked in nearly the same manner and degree, the fact that they were thus marked at all ceased at length to attract attention, except from those physicians who exercised their minds in the higher branches of medical philosophy. And they were not numerous. For, as related to medical science in the true interpretation of the phrase, Philadelphia was, at that time, very different from what she is at present. She contained a goodly number of very respectable practitioners of medicine; but was very meagrely supplied with medical philosophers. In his sedulous and unwearied effort to collect facts, Dr. Rush had an undoubted claim to that title. But, in his use of facts, his claim to it was less decided. Instead of making them the groundwork of his doctrines, he allowed his doctrines to be too often the controllers and modifiers of them. In truth, he made his facts, at times, to suit his visionary purposes, bend if not actually yield to his doctrines. This I do not allege that he did by design; he did it through the delusion thrown around him by his inordinate devotedness to theory and hypothesis. For of theory and hypothesis his fancy was a hotbed—I say his fancy, not his intellect deliberately exercised.

I have already stated that there were in Philadelphia, at the time of which I am speaking, a number of other physicians of

great respectability and skill in the treatment of disease. But, Dr. Rush excepted, there was not one who had any claim to the title of a medical philosopher. Nor, strictly speaking, did any one else aspire to the title, or even understand perhaps distinctly its true and very comprehensive import. To the prevailing pestilential constitution of the atmosphere, therefore, but little regard of any description was paid. And even of those who occasionally referred to it in conversation, not a few disbelieved in its reality, and spoke of it only as a notion. True, all physicians, who had been for any length of time engaged in practice, perceived that most febrile affections were very unusually severe and obstinate. But, wanting in philosophy as they were, they regarded that as an insulated fact, without attributing it to any general cause. The fears of the citizens, therefore, were not awakened by it.

As the summer of 1797, however, marked by heat unusually intense, advanced toward the solstice, fevers began to assume an aspect and an unmanageableness which could not fail to attract notice and excite alarm. As appearances grew more threatening, and rumors respecting disease and occasional death from it more exaggerated and disquieting, a number of families, recollecting the scenes of 1793, and dreading a return of something like them, began to prepare for a retreat into the country. But no very frightful or strongly marked event occurred until about the tenth of August, when an open and fierce explosion of yellow fever took place, and scattered the citizens into the country like chaff. All was instantly dismay, hurry, and headlong confusion, for the disease came on with uncommon suddenness. From the immediate neighborhood in which it appeared, every family, possessed of the requisite means, sought safety in flight. But a large proportion, unprepared for the emergency, were obliged to remain in the city, subject to the dangers and terrors of the pestilence. And I need hardly add, that the dread they experienced, until mitigated by time, was itself a very serious and distressing calamity. Nor can a doubt be admitted that it contributed materially to the production of the complaint. For it is a well-known fact, that, on such occasions, all other things being alike, those who are most timid most frequently suffer. The reason is plain. In instances of the kind, the brain and nerves are the protectors of the system. That condition then which

confers on them the greatest amount of strength and firmness of resistance, best fits them to be efficient protectors. But fear is the most debilitating of passions, and courage the most strengthening. Those persons, therefore, who possess the latter attribute are constantly shielded; while those who are unfortunately subject to the former, being constantly exposed defenceless to danger, can hardly fail to be sufferers from it.

Yellow fever always made its first appearance in some spot or neighborhood near the shore of the river Delaware; in more technical language, in the vicinity of the docks and wharves. And, in the summer of 1797, its first cases occurred in a neighborhood adjoining that where I resided. Hence, from its being generally known and remembered that I had seen much of the disease, and as it was further known that I had no dread of its contagion, while most of the other physicians in the neighborhood it had invaded were flying or had already fled from it into the country for safety—for these, and perhaps other reasons, I was immediately in the midst of it, as a practitioner, doing battle with it, with all the industry, ardor, and ability I could bring to the contest.

The complaint being strongly marked by high inflammatory action, with great derangement of the abdominal viscera, bleeding, purging, and blistering were the remedies on which I principally relied. And these I pushed with boldness in most cases; and in some to an extent that what are termed cautious and safe family physicians (God bless the title!), who are often more intent on preserving their own reputation than the lives of their patients, would have deemed hazardous. But, paying to the first of these considerations no special regard, my attention was directed exclusively to the latter—and my success fully justified my boldness. Nor was I less busy and intrepid with my pen than I was with my lancet, calomel, and cantharides. Dr. Rush being regarded as the author and chief patron of this mode of treatment, seemed to be held by the public press accountable for every death that occurred where it was practised. And he was now the object of brutish invective, slander, and abuse, by the pen of almost every medical scribbler in the city. I say slander, because I knew that many if not most of the charges against him were utterly groundless, and forged exclusively for purposes of

mischief. In fact, there appeared to be urged against him a war of extermination. And not a pen of the least efficiency came to the rescue.

For several reasons, but principally for *two*, this state of things soon became to me intolerable. In the first place, Dr. Rush, as I believed then, and still believe, was contending for the right, in both practice and theory; by which latter term I allude to his doctrine of domestic origin. To defeat and injure him, therefore, would be tantamount to an injury to the community at large. And in the second place, let the issue be what it might, and the principle involved what it might, to witness a contest of dozens against one, without some sort of interference in behalf of the oppressed, was an act cold-hearted, illiberal, and unmanly, from which my nature recoiled, with sentiments akin to contempt and abhorrence. True, Dr. Rush was not my friend. But no matter for that. In the present case he was much more. He was the friend of truth, and of his race, and deserved to be supported by every man of honor and virtue. Besides, I had long since determined never to allow private feeling to impede the discharge of public duty. Hence, in resolving to become, in the existing contest, an auxiliary of Dr. Rush, I obeyed at once the impulse of magnanimity and benevolence, in common with the decision of reason and the mandate of conscience. I probably, moreover, (ambitious of distinction as I was), entertained a belief that it would be deemed in me more high-minded and chivalrous to come to the rescue of a man in difficulty, who was not friendly to me, than of one who *was*. I resolved, moreover, at the same time, that could that purpose be effected, the doctor should remain a stranger to the name of his assistant.

My first preparatory act in aid of that design was, to engage the editor of the most popular newspaper in Philadelphia to publish for me two articles every week, amounting each to at least a column, under a solemn pledge that my name should not be divulged, except with my own consent, or to protect him from personal responsibility for anything I might write. My next act, designed for the attainment of the same end, was to disguise my handwriting, and to deviate as far as practicable from my usual style and manner in composition.

My preliminary measures being completed, I commenced my

enterprise; and the first two articles I published were of a character so new, bold, and decided, and so plausible, at least in the opinion of the public, as to give to the controversy a cast altogether novel, and much more interesting and attractive than anything that had heretofore appeared on the subject. In one respect in particular, the papers I wrote produced precisely the effect I desired. They drew the current of the daily slanders through the public press very much from Dr. Rush, thus giving him a little respite from the galling annoyance he experienced.

Meanwhile, to detect the authorship of the papers, no effort was spared; but all to no purpose. So entirely had I succeeded in every measure, the disguise of my style (much the most difficult) not excepted, that the incognito was inviolately preserved against all accidents and devices, until disclosed by an attack of yellow fever which I ultimately sustained. And the actual discovery was made by Dr. Rush himself.

At the time when my discussion had reached the very zenith of its interest, and a paper on a point of great moment being promised on the following Thursday (Monday and Thursday being the days on which I published), the morning designated arrived, and, instead of the article promised and looked for, the paper that was to be the medium of its communication contained a brief paragraph, stating that indisposition had prevented the writer from preparing the promised manuscript, and would probably continue such prevention for some time.

Dr. Rush had previously tried several expedients to draw from the editor of the newspaper (whose family physician he was) the name of his defender—but without success. No sooner, however, had the brief note of that morning arrested his attention than he threw from him the paper, and hastened to the gentleman again, resolved to be no longer baffled in his inquiry. Finding him in his office, he made a formal and uncompromising demand of the name of the writer, on a plea and in terms which the editor did not find it an easy task to resist.

"We have long," said the doctor to the gentleman, "been on the friendliest terms; but it will be impossible for me to hold such terms with you any longer, if, without a reason stronger than I can imagine, you withhold from me the privilege and opportunity of performing what I regard as one of my highest

and most imperative duties—the rendering of all the aid in my power toward the preservation of the life of the gentleman whose name you conceal. His complaint no doubt is yellow fever. In the present condition of the city, it can be nothing else. I have, as you know, had much experience in that disease. You believe that I can treat it more successfully than any other physician in the place, else you would not employ me. Why then do you prevent me from hastening to the place and doing all I can to save life?"

"Why really, doctor," said the editor, "this is an appeal to the best and strongest feelings of my nature. And I cannot deny that it is also perfectly reasonable. I am as anxious, too, to save the young gentleman's life as you can be; because I am fully sensible of its value. But what am I to do? He drew from me a promise as solemn as your remonstrance, that I would conceal his name from every one, and more especially from you." "Conceal his name more especially from me?" "Even so, sir." "Then, sir, you have violated no secret—yet I know who he is, and thought I knew from the beginning. But for the disguise of his style, I would have been confident of it—and I am confident."

And in a few minutes afterward, my attending physician, a young friend who had just left my chamber, returned with a request from Dr. Rush and Dr. Physick that, if not inconvenient, they might be allowed to pay their respects to me. "Is it," I replied to my physician, "agreeable to you, sir, that they be admitted?" "Perfectly so, sir; I wish it, and as I know they are desirous of it, I hope you will invite them, or allow me to invite them, to visit you with me, not as mere consulting but as attending physicians." "Before I reply to your request, sir, do me the favor to answer a plain question which I shall propose. In making that request, which of the two has spoken most sincerely and earnestly, your judgment or your modesty?" "My judgment, sir, has spoken alone; modesty having taken no part in the decision." "Then, sir, regulate the matter according to your views of expedience and propriety: I repose as much confidence in your treatment of my case as I shall do in that of the two gentlemen who are waiting below." "I do not," was his reply; and, quitting the room for a few minutes, he returned accompanied by the two physicians.

On entering my chamber, Dr. Physick, one of the most single-hearted and unostentatious of men, took me by the hand, gave me a frank and friendly salutation; and with him, there the ceremony ended. But not so with Dr. Rush; he, though with unusual gentleness of action, and in a soft undertone, lest the sound of his voice should excite my system and alter my pulse, exercised toward me the whole resources of his amenity and courtesy, which were all but boundless; for he was among the most polished men of that polished age. He paid me some of the most highwrought but delicate compliments his fancy could frame.

After a brief examination into the condition of my system, they were about to retire for the purpose of consultation, when I said to them: "Gentlemen, I am about to make a request, which I know you will deem singular. And I confess that it is so. But if you should not consider it altogether inadmissible, I hope you will indulge me in it. When in possession of the facts of my case, as you are now, do me the favor to sit in council on it in this room—here, by my bedside—and speak on it precisely as you would, in both matter and manner, were you in another room beyond my hearing. I wish to convince you on two points—that I know some little about my own case, and that I have no dread of death.

"As respects the first point, although I feel and know that my sickness is severe, and although I am apprehensive that you think it dangerous, yet, let me tell you, that unless some very unlooked-for accident occur, I shall recover. True, I am weak; but I have not a single feeling that speaks of death. Several cases, to all appearance much worse and more dangerous, have terminated favorably under my own treatment. And should any circumstance arise to render you doubtful respecting the means to be employed, let me know it, and I may very possibly suggest something from my own feeling that may aid you in your decision. But having said this, let me add, that whatever suggestion I may make, will be *only* a suggestion. All your prescriptions and directions shall be punctiliously observed.

"To convince you that I have no dread of death, should my case become very threatening, and, in your opinion, portend a fatal issue, withhold from me none of your apprehensions; but let me know the worst; and when you make to me the most

alarming disclosure, do so with your finger on my pulse; and, unless I judge deceptively of my firmness, you will find it unmoved."

The only remark made in reply was by Dr. Rush, who said that the request was new, and might require a little reflection and conference, before a satisfactory decision on it could be had. And, from a significant look that passed between him and Dr. Physick, I felt inclined to doubt whether they did not consider me slightly delirious. Nor would it be perhaps at all surprising, if such was their opinion. Be that matter, however, as it might, without formally either granting or refusing my request, they acted much in conformity to it; for they never retired from my chamber to deliberate on their prescription. And though my case proved extremely obstinate, not to say formidable, and required for its subdual very vigorous treatment, yet, in about fifteen days from its commencement, I had recommenced the exercise of my pen, and in twenty was in the streets, engaged in active contest with the disease. With a single exception, my subsequent health was perfectly sound. The mercury employed did not fairly salivate me; but it produced an intractable affection of my gums and maxillary bones, which never ceased to annoy me until it had gradually deprived me of all my teeth, and compelled me to resort to a full set of artificial ones. The process by which the removal of my teeth was effected was the absorption of those parts of the maxillary bones which formed their sockets and held them in their places. And in its progress it was very slow, commencing in the year 1797 or 98, and being completed in 1836. Yet did it in no degree injure my general health, or communicate to my breath an unpleasant odor. I consulted for it, to no useful purpose, the ablest dentists in the United States, England, and France. It set at defiance every effort to arrest it, until it had done its work in its own way and its own time. Like an irresistible burning, it ceased to consume only with the destruction of the last monad of consumable matter.

The yellow fever of 1797 having swept with great mortality over a portion of Philadelphia, and spread consternation throughout the whole of it, closed its ravages, like that of 1793, at the commencement of cool weather, in the month of November. During the prevalence of it, I had been benefited in several re-

spects by my measures and exertions. I had extended materially the sphere of my business, improved my reputation as a writer and practitioner, and, as far as appearances were concerned, and with as much reality as I ever expected, had smothered my misunderstanding with Dr. Rush—and I had done so in a manner triumphantly in my favor.

Soon after the termination of the yellow fever, those physicians who believed it to be a disease of domestic origin, determined to place that doctrine on a more solid and stable basis than that on which it had heretofore rested. Persuaded, therefore, that the co-operation of a body of men, united by a common bond, would be more powerful in its action toward the attainment of that end than the labors of the same number of individuals in an insulated capacity, a society was instituted, called the Academy of Medicine, or the Philadelphia Academy of Medicine, I forget which. Nor do I remember precisely who were its officers, but believe that Dr. Physick was its president, and I myself one of its vice-presidents. But I perfectly remember that I was deputed by it to visit New Jersey, and inquire into the origin of a few cases of yellow fever that had made their appearance near Princeton and elsewhere in that State. And I further remember being unable to trace them to any source having the slightest connection with a foreign country. Their origin was as clearly domestic as is that of intermitting fever or common catarrh.

In the years 1797 and 1798, the Academy published its *Transactions*, containing a large amount of authentic evidence in proof of the same doctrine. To those publications my own pen, I well remember, liberally contributed; but precisely to what extent I do not remember. Nor have I any recollection of either the matter, size, or form of them—whether they appeared in the character of a volume, or of a pamphlet. They may be seen, I presume, in the library of the Pennsylvania Hospital; but where else I do not know.

One of the by-laws of the Academy required the delivery of an address to it, every six months, on a medical subject, by one of its members appointed for that purpose. As the institution existed only for a short time, but one address of the sort was delivered; and that duty was performed by myself. Of the address I have no copy at hand to refer to, nor do I remember of

aught but the following particulars. It was of course on a medical subject; and it treated somewhat of the laws of epidemic diseases; it was highly praised on its delivery by Dr. Physick; it was published in pamphlet form by the Academy; I transmitted a copy of it through Dr. Lettsom, of London, with whom I regularly corresponded, to Dr. Haygarth, of Bath; and, by the latter gentleman it was criticized so unjustly, and under so many misrepresentations of its contents, that I replied to his tirade, in a pamphlet so burning and sarcastic, that he never forgave me, but writhed under the lashing I bestowed on him till the end of his life. My friend Dr. Lettsom also complained somewhat of my severity, and gave as a reason of his dissatisfaction, that Dr. Haygarth was an old man, while I was quite a young one; and that I ought therefore to have remembered his age, and been more lenient and respectful to him.

To this I replied that, as Dr. Haygarth, in his criticism, had observed towards me, as a young man, neither delicacy, decency, nor truth, I could perceive no claim he had on me to do homage to his advanced age, which, in my own opinion, instead of diminishing or in any way palliating, not a little augmented and aggravated his fault. "When an old man," said I, "employs language, and perpetrates actions of any sort unworthy of his years, and especially when he violates truth merely for the sake of temporarily succeeding in some sinister purpose, he ought, for the sake of the example, to be severely rebuked by the young as well as the old, to prevent in others of his years a line of conduct equally reprehensible. It is not a large count of years; it is the becoming amount of dignified sobriety, decorum, and morality that consecrates age and renders it venerable." Though Dr. Lettsom did not object to the soundness of this reasoning, he still contended that it was the duty of youth to respect age, and there the matter rested. Not long afterward Dr. Haygarth died; and that closed the correspondence respecting him between Dr. Lettsom and myself. I shall only add that, some years ago, I obtained from the Pennsylvania Hospital a copy of my Semiannual Address to the Academy of Medicine, and a manuscript copy from that is now in my cabinet, one of the many slight reminiscences of former times.

From the period of which I am now treating until the year

1819, when I migrated by invitation to the State of Kentucky, I prepared and pronounced a very large proportion of the public orations, whether literary or scientific, eulogistic or political, that were delivered by appointment and published in the city of Philadelphia. Of these productions I carelessly neglected to make any collection, and let them fly from me like the leaves from the mouth of Sybil's cave, until most of them are lost, and many of them forgotten. I have a few of them bound up in two or three volumes; but the rest are scattered by my own improvidence, never to be regained. And I have, through like heedlessness, lost many other compositions which I now regret. To preserve what he writes and publishes is a duty every author owes to himself, and should faithfully discharge. My addresses that I have delivered and published in the West, will be noticed in a subsequent part of this narrative.

Could the enumeration be accurately made, it would not surprise me should it appear that, since the year 1798 or '99, I have delivered, by appointment, a greater number of public addresses, which afterward by request appeared in print, than any other man in the United States. And one of them (that on "Quarantines") was prepared at no common share of trouble, labor, and consumption of time. As regular quarantines had their beginning in Italy, I first acquired my knowledge of the Italian language to qualify myself to read the original treatises on them which had not been translated. True, the language has been and still is, in other respects, useful to me. But my knowledge of it was first acquired for the purpose here stated.

I have already observed that, in feeling, I aspired to the post of a public teacher of medicine from the time of the commencement of my pupilage in the University of Pennsylvania. And, from that early period of my life, I labored assiduously for the general acquisition of knowledge to fit me for the purpose. But I did not enter on special preparations until the beginning of the present century. I then began in earnest to compose not a course, in the usual acceptation of the term, but a series of lectures on select subjects. And in making my selection, I gave a preference to those that afforded an ample field for discussion by being entangled in difficulty, and therefore immersed in some degree of uncertainty and doubt. And not only did I compose

my lectures, I also habituated myself to read them, mostly alone, but at times in presence of a judge, who was invited to offer his remarks on my reading with perfect frankness, and as much severity as he might choose to incorporate with them; because I did not seek flattery in them, but the means of improvement. Nor did I rest content with merely composing and reading my lectures; because those two modes of preparation were not alone sufficient to fit me for the purpose I had in view. I also offered on parts of them extemporary comments, which, when judiciously made, I regarded as an important ingredient in the entire intelligibility and usefulness of a lecture. My habits of discussion and debate I sedulously cultivated in the Medical Society. I also, as a thing of course, looked carefully into such high standard works in medicine as I was able to procure.

Such was the course of preparation and improvement which I adopted to fit myself for the task of public teaching. And I pursued it steadily for ten years before I deemed myself qualified to offer myself to a class as a public instructor. And I should have deemed myself wanting in a sentiment of dignity and a sense of character toward myself, and of justice and honesty toward the young men who attended and listened to me, had I offered myself to them in the capacity of an instructor, without such preparation.

"At quantum tempora moresque mutantur."

But times and customs, how signally changed! Young men begin to lecture now without a single year of preparation—I mean special preparation. Yet is that form of self-discipline and training as essential as knowledge itself to those who are ambitious to acquit themselves with credit and usefulness in the capacity of public teachers of medicine.

True, on the score of the facility of medical instruction, such are the advantages of the present time over those of the close of the last and commencement of the present century, that as much of the mere technicals of medicine can be acquired now in two years as could at that period in *four*. But no amount of them that time and industry can accumulate is at all calculated to make even a respectable, much less an eminent teacher, without the aid of the literature, science, and discipline, to which I have referred.

And to the attainment of the latter, time and industry are as essential *now* as they were in the year 1800—or at any other period. A man destitute of medical literature and science, and undisciplined in composition, reading, and speaking, seated in the chair of a medical professor, constitutes one of the fittest of "objects for scorn to point her slow unmoving finger at," and for all well qualified and high-minded teachers to treat with contempt.

CHAPTER IX.

Prizes—Never lost one—Dr. Rush unfriendly—A prophecy—Brunonian theory of life—A public speech—Dr. Coxe—A scene in his lecture-room—Vitality of the blood—Dr. Darwin, Currie, Beddoes, and Lettsom—Correspondents—American medical independence.

WHEN a physician enters on the business of his profession, as I had already done, at the period of which I am about to speak, provided, he be possessed of a well-balanced, enlightened, and comprehensive mind, he must be supposed to have in view the attainment of some leading and favorite object, corresponding to the peculiar cast of his character. And to that his attention is chiefly directed. A desire to effect the attainment of it, constituting as it does his "ruling passion," all other objects yield to it a preference.

From what has been already stated in preceding parts of this narrative, my own aim, at the period of which I am speaking, is sufficiently known. It was to embody, as far as practicable, in my professional character, all the most useful qualifications of the physician, whether scientific, practical, or literary, and also the more rare and showy ones of distinction in composition, public reading and public speaking. It was that of a young man, proud, self-dependent, highly ambitious, sanguine at least, if not self-confident, and deliberately resolved to rise in his career to the summit of his profession, or to sink under the effort.

Henee I feel justified in saying (which I do, not from motives of vanity or self-conceit, but from a conviction that, in that respect, my life affords an example, which young men may profitably follow) that never, either before or since my graduation in medicine, have I lost a prize for which I have contended. And my contests have not been very limited in either number or arduousness. Nor have I reason to believe that my success arose in any case from the superiority of my intellect over that of my competitors. It arose, if not exclusively, at least prineipally,

from my superiority in industry, and resolution, energy, firmness, and unyielding perseverance. And to a great extent, if not without limit, those qualities are means at the command of the many; while mental superiority is possessed only by the few.

Having passed in safety (with practical success in the business of my profession sufficiently encouraging, and not without a moderate increase of professional reputation) through two other epidemical visitations of Philadelphia by yellow fever (the terrible one of 1798, and the less terrible one of 1799), my process of special preparation for giving medical instruction by public lectures was commenced at the close of the latter period. Nor, to the young men of the present day, when things sweep on with a locomotive celerity, which all but annihilates both time and distance, can that process fail to appear somewhat formidably tedious. It could not then, as now, be completed in a short period of hurried and superficial study. By me at least it was not thus completed. It was uninterruptedly and laboriously continued during the space of ten years. True, within that space I delivered to pupils, by invitation, many addresses on medical subjects. But ten entire years had elapsed, before I ventured to call together a class to listen to my lectures for the purpose of instruction.

Though, in my Philadelphia lectures, I broached many sentiments, and presented and defended many views in direct opposition to those entertained and inculcated by Dr. Rush; yet, in all cases, I spoke at first of his opinions so courteously and respectfully, and of himself so complimentarily, that it was hardly possible for him to except to anything I uttered. Yet did I plainly perceive that he was not satisfied with the self-resource doctrines I irrespectively taught, and the independent course I pursued in relation to them. Nor could I fail to be made sensible that our intercourse became less and less cordial. Still, however, did the doctor occasionally refer to the subject in such a way, as to present to me the prospect that, in case of certain contingencies, the doors of the Medical School of Philadelphia would be opened for my admission to a professorship. But even on that subject, his encouragement grew fainter as time and changes went on; until he at length gave me to understand his opinion, if not his wish to be, that, except on certain conditions performed on my part, the

doors of the school would be certainly closed against me; and with those conditions he well knew I would never comply.

"Pray, sir," said I, "have the goodness to inform me whence has arisen this sudden change?" He replied that the change was not very sudden, but had been in progress for some time. "Wherefore, then," I rejoined, in an excited tone and manner, somewhat resembling those of *demand*, "have I not been apprised of it at an earlier period?" "Why, sir," said he, "to be the announcer of unpleasant news is an unpleasant employment." "It is, or surely ought to be," I promptly replied, "less unpleasant, and more friendly and useful, to communicate the news of things being in jeopardy, but still perhaps remediable, than of their being lost and irremediable.

"But whether the change referred to be recent or of long standing, it has a cause; and of that I hold myself entitled to be informed." "Though I am not," said he, "in the habit of divulging the existence of secret and alienated feelings, it is perhaps my duty, in the present case, so far to do so, as to tell you, that some members of the Faculty are not friendly to you, and are unwilling to speak well of you to the Board of Trustees."

"Unwilling to speak well of me! Do any member or members of the Faculty dare to speak ill of me to either the Board of Trustees, or any other persons? If so, I have a right to their names." "Of your talents, attainments, and powers in lecturing, and instructing," he replied, "they speak in the most respectful and flattering terms. But they are reluctant to recommend you to the Board of Trustees, in the light of a professor."

"It is time enough for them, sir, to refuse their recommendation, when it is wanted. I have never either asked for it, or coveted it. Nor do I set on it the value of 'a pin's point.' And you are authorized, if you please, to tell them so, and say that you do it at my request. The only recommendation I rely on, or would accept, is that of my fitness to discharge the duties of the station. And that 'fitness' not a member of the Faculty ever has denied, or will deny, in either my own presence, or in that of my friends. And you may deem it even superfluous in me to add, that to yourself the truth of this is thoroughly known, and by yourself has been publicly and repeatedly acknowledged. And to you it is further known that, had I, like two or three other

persons, whom it would be superfluous in me to name, degraded myself and flattered them, by paying court to certain members of the Faculty, who need not be designated to you, it would have been very easy for me to conciliate their patronage and favor, and procure their recommendation to any appointment I might solicit or desire. For the only reason they have to decline speaking *well* of me to the Board of Trustees, is because I have never condescended to speak flatteringly to them.

"But this conference is no better than a waste of words. I shall therefore close it by remarking that, though you have pronounced the Philadelphia Faculty barred against my entrance, either it or some other will yet be open to me, and I shall be invited and solicited to enter it. For, notwithstanding the hostility toward me, to which you have alluded, should my life and health be spared, I will, before the lapse of many years, be the occupant of a chair in a school of medicine as honorable as your own." This was the last conference I ever held with Dr. Rush. And though, for some time afterward, we civilly saluted when we met, we at length discontinued even that mark of regard, and passed each other without recognition. I shall only add at present, that not many years from the period of my parting interview with my once chosen preceptor had passed away, when, in evidence that my self-confident and haughty prediction made to him respecting the successful destiny that awaited me was not altogether empty and vainglorious, I was invited to take part in the formation of three medical schools, and to occupy in either of them, when formed, whatever chair I might think proper to select. I should rather have said that I was invited to take part in two of those schools, and of the third was myself the chief projector. Of these, one was the school first established in the interior of New York, situated I think in Greenfield, or Fairfield, and afterward removed to Geneva, where it now stands and flourishes. Another the school of Baltimore, which still continues, but has never flourished. And the third was to be a second Philadelphia school. In the first two of these I promptly declined to take any concern. But the third, which, I repeat, was chiefly a thing of my own projection, made a deep impression on me, and much more seriously occupied my mind. In the formation of it I was not merely to unite with others, but to lead the enterprise, in the

capacity of premier, and, when accomplished, to select my chair, which would have been the same I caused to be established for myself in two schools in Kentucky, and now occupy one of them. In this project I would have certainly engaged, had I been able to call around me colleagues in whose competency I could fully confide. But that was not the case. The number that *proffered* me their aid was far too large to be all accepted: but the number well qualified to give aid worth acceptance, was too small for my purpose. Those of the applicants who possessed most means in the form of knowledge, had least energy and resolution; and those possessed of a sufficient amount of the latter qualities were deficient in the former. The requisite number supplied with a satisfactory stock of both, the means to be used, and the suitable capacity and determination to use them, did not present itself. Hence, I did not deem it judicious to commence the enterprise. Neither, however, did I formally abandon it, until I was invited to Kentucky to embark my future fate in the medicine of the west. I still, therefore, persevered, with unabated assiduity and vigor in my preparation for the elevated and responsible station. And as Dr. Rush had now virtually, if not avowedly enrolled himself in the phalanx of my enemies, I resolved, however indiscreet and hazardous might be the enterprise, to enter the lists and break a lance with him in an open and public joust on one of his favorite theoretical topics. I announced, therefore, to the medical class and to the public at large, that on a specified evening I would deliver a lecture in open contest with the sentiments of Dr. Rush, on the subject of the Brunonian hypothesis of life.

By some of my friends this unequivocal throw of the gauntlet was regretted and condemned, as an act uncalled for and injudicious, which would necessarily augment toward me the resentment of Dr. Rush and his friends. By others it was applauded as a manly and independent measure, which would enable me to display to the best advantage whatever of resources and power I might possess. Far from submitting to the advice of deliberate, cold, and cautious calculators, I did not allow them to remonstrate with me on the scheme of procedure I was about to commence.

The evening of the expected tourney arrived, and my audience was large, intelligent, and respectable. It was composed, as I

wished and expected it to be, of the medical class perhaps entire, of most of the junior and inquiring physicians of the city, and no inconsiderable number of the intellectually elite of the citizens.

When I entered the hall, crowded with expectants of my performance, some of them *hostile* to me, and some *friendly*, but a number, probably tenfold larger, nothing more than *indifferent* lookers-on, though I was not awe-stricken, yet were my feelings profoundly solemn, and unusually boding. The occasion was regarded by me as more or less a crisis of my fortune in my subsequent career. A small body of familiar and friendly faces, that often, in places of public debate and address, had cheered and encouraged me by their look of full and sprightly confidence, was grouped in my front, and appeared to be anxious, if not dejected. But the termination of the discourse was followed by an outbreak of approval that was quite an uproar. The little cluster of friends who had been stationed in my front, and to whose previous manifestations I have already alluded, were instantly around me, and, in their eagerness to grasp my hand, not only jostled each other, but even annoyed myself. Never had I previously delivered an address that was received with such marks of approbation; nor had I ever before delivered one so satisfactory to myself. I felt that I had not only done my duty to the occasion, and credit to myself; I indulged the higher hope and more flattering belief, that I had contributed somewhat to the advancement of the science of physiology, by uprooting from it a deep-set popular error, and supplying its place with a permanent truth. For never afterward, as I had reason to know, was the Brunonian hypothesis of life received, in the city of Philadelphia, with near the same amount of favor that had been previously bestowed on it. And as I regularly assailed it during every subsequent winter, and other persons at length co-operated in the work, it continued gradually to decline until it finally expired, on the death of Dr. Rush, and was inhumed in the grave of its illustrious defender.

At the time to which my observations refer, Dr. Coxe, in whose lecture-room the seats were amphitheatrically arranged, was Professor of Chemistry.

The second or third day after the delivery of my address in opposition to the Brunonian hypothesis of life, I attended one of

that gentleman's lectures on an interesting topic in chemistry, of which he was to offer some new illustration. On my arrival at his lecture-room, the class being already seated, I was unable to procure a seat near to the professor, without more trouble and inconvenience than I was willing either to encounter myself or to impose on others. That I might occupy, therefore, the best position attainable, from which to witness the experiments that were to be performed, I took my station (for I did not sit down) on one of the back and loftiest seats in the room. In his attempted illustrations the professor, as usual, was not very successful; and no sooner was his lecture concluded, than there arose a loud but not a general hiss, which continued a few seconds, and was once or twice repeated.

At first I believed that the mark of disrespect was designed for Dr. Coxe. And so indeed did the professor himself, and was momentarily much disconcerted and agitated by it; and the class itself became highly excited. At length a voice exclaimed: "Caldwell—it is Caldwell that is hissed—not Dr. Coxe." I then advanced into a more conspicuous part of the room, and with a menacing action of my arms toward the place from which the sound had reached me, exclaimed in a calm and contemptuous voice: "I know of but three sorts of vermin that vent their spleen by hissing; an enraged cat, a viper, and a goose; and I knew not till now, that either of them infested this room." On this, from the same quarter came the cry: "Turn him out! turn him out!" And there was immediately around me a party of my own pupils, chiefly from the States of Georgia and Kentucky, to whom I was communicating instruction by lectures and examinations; and who, apprehensive that I might be assaulted, requested me to accompany them out of the room, and they would protect me. My immediate reply, calm and courteous, but as positive as words and manner could make it, was: "I thank you, gentlemen, for your proffered kindness; but I do not need it. I can protect myself." Raising then my voice, so as to be heard throughout the room, I added: "From this spot I will not move, until those insolent fellows shall have left the room, unless they remain in it (looking at my watch) until twelve o'clock, at which time I must leave it myself to make good an engagement. And should any one of them have the audacity to approach me as an assailant, he shall

have abundant cause to remember his impudence and deplore his rashness until the end of his life, which may perhaps be nearer at hand than he is prepared to imagine; for I will precipitate him to the bottom of this pit, and determine by experiment which is the thicker and harder, his brain-pan or that brick floor."

Thus terminated in peace the petty affair that had commenced in hostility. No one, my own pupils excepted, approached me. The defeated gang of insulters left the room, and in a few minutes afterward I followed them, accompanied by my manly and faithful adherents.

On the vitality of the blood I composed, delivered, and printed three lectures, at a period anterior to that included in my last statements; and on the investigation of that topic I bestowed more time and pains than on that of any other in the science of physiology. In my reading, observation, and experiments in relation to it, I spent, during three years, nearly all my leisure from professional duties.

As I have elsewhere mentioned, Dr. Rush had openly opposed, in his lectures, the doctrine of the vitality of the blood, until I had lectured on it and published my lectures. But my experiments and arguments converted him to the truth; and for two years after my lectures had been printed, he publicly taught the correct doctrine, and not only gave to me the credit of having effected his conversion, but for authority and further information on the subject, referred to my writings. After the rupture, however, between us had occurred, he taught the doctrine no more; nor did he ever again refer to me as the successful defender of it. But, as far as I was informed on the subject, he never again opposed it, but maintained in relation to it absolute silence.

I shall only add, under this head, that my successful defence of the vitality of the blood procured for me, young as I was, numerous and complimentary notices in both my own and foreign countries. Drs. Darwin, Currie, and Beddoes, three of the most distinguished physicians of the time, in Great Britain, became subsequently, on account of it, and at their own request, my correspondents in science. Doctor Lettsom, of London, with whom I had previously corresponded, requested and received for his cabinet a miniature likeness of me, taken in Philadelphia by an able artist.

Another topic on which I prepared and delivered lectures, in opposition to the doctrine respecting it inculcated by Dr. Rush, was the *Vis conservatrix et medicatrix naturæ*, the power of nature to preserve health and cure disease. For, singular as the *notion* may be deemed, that popular teacher indulged and defended it, that in many, if not in all cases of sickness, the physician in attendance ought to take the disease out of the hands of nature, and cure it himself; that, to use his own memorable form of expression, he "ought to turn nature out of doors," and take the complaint "into his own hands," as regards the means and mode of treatment and cure. Nor did he any more admit the existence and universality of nature's conservative than he did of her curative power and agency. His theory, in both cases, was far too much the creation of art—I ought to say it was his own creation.

The anecdote of what occurred between him and myself on this subject in my early pupilage has, if I forget not, been already told—how my pert reply to his interrogatory ("Ought not nature here to be turned out of doors?") was, that "it would be much better to turn the physician out of doors," and trust the complaint to nature alone. And such precisely was the ground I then assumed in my lectures, and which I still maintain at the present time.

In relation to his hypotheses and theories, opinions and doctrines, the general and almost uniform practice of Dr. Rush was known to be very often to change and even abandon them of his own accord; but never to do so from the influence of others. But under the force of the representations and arguments of Dr. Physick and myself (whom alone, for several years, he allowed to controvert his sentiments without taking offence at us—and at Dr. Physick he never took offence)—under our influence, I say, he relinquished his belief in the contagiousness of yellow fever, and recorded his relinquishment in one of the periodicals of the time. And, under the force of my own arguments (for Dr. Physick never contested the point with him, though he concurred in opinion with me), he renounced his belief in the non-vitality of the blood, and taught, for a time, the contrary doctrine; and, on several other points he so modified his opinions as to render them less exceptionable; and some of them he ceased to inculcate in his lectures.

I well know that my statements are calculated to hold up to the public mind a mirror of the disposition and character of Dr. Rush somewhat different, in the image it reflects, from those which have been presented from other quarters. But I as well know that the glass is true to its purpose, and that therefore its image is correct. On the faithfulness of the portrait, my reputation for truth and accuracy is staked; and in prospect of the issue I am free from disquietude.

At the commencement of the present century, the period at which my lectures were delivered, the feelings and disposition of the physicians of the United States, and indeed of the inhabitants of our country in general, were exceedingly different as respected science and letters, from what they are at present. To write, publish, and lecture then, were regarded as very grave and formidable tasks. The reason is plain; they were tasks new and untried by nearly the whole body of the American people. And I was mortified then to know, and even now to remember and say, that, in relation to intellectual efforts and performances, we possessed much more of a colonial, than of a national spirit. By considering ourselves mental underlings, we came too near degrading ourselves to that humiliating condition; and virtually justified haughty foreigners, especially Englishmen, in taunting us with it; if we did not invite them to the insulting deed. And whether invited to it by words, or encouraged by manifestations, the taunt, at times, was impudently given. About the year 1800, H—y N—n, a friend of mine, fought a duel with a young Englishman on account of an insult to that effect.

In the condition of things which then existed, for a physician, especially a youthful one, to write and publish a book, or to prepare and deliver a volunteer and independent series of lectures, was not only a very rare, but was regarded as a very hazardous if not a rash adventure. To attempt it was accounted an act of the comparatively silly, or the inordinately bold. Of the former, because he knew nothing, and was blind to the risk, and of the latter, because he feared nothing, and was regardless of it.

When I was a student of medicine, I translated *Blumenbach's Elements of Physiology*, affixing to it a preface, notes, and an appendix, by myself. When, not long afterward, I made like additions to an American edition of *Darwin's Zoonomia*, published

under my own superintendence; and when, within a year or two more, I published a volume of original medical and physical memoirs, written by myself, and thus proceeded, publishing annually, semi-annually, or at shorter intervals, some product of my own—when relying, I say, exclusively on my own resources, I commenced and pursued perseveringly this independent career of enterprise and industry, I was considered as a sort of marvel of intrepidity and self-confidence. Those to whom I was known, and to whom the unencouraging, not to say disencouraging influences, under which I acted were also known, did not so much inquire whether I wrote and published creditably, as they wondered why I wrote and published at all.

At the time to which I refer, the population of the United States amounted to from five to six millions; while it amounts at present, to more than twenty millions. Our population now, therefore, is but fourfold as numerous as it was at that period. Yet is, our own corps of writers, publishers, and independent lecturers, twentyfold as numerous. Had I said fiftyfold, it would not perhaps be easy to convict me of extravagance. Nor do I consider the cause of this difference to be of difficult detection. It does not consist of any difference in our individual strength of mind (I mean of intellectual faculties), bestowed by nature, but in that of our individual independence, enterprise, and boldness of sentiment and character. We possessed then a colonial and in some respects, submissive spirit, while we now possess a national spirit, that bids a proud defiance to the world.

Though our fathers, by their wisdom, valor, and determination to be free, had won and secured to us political independence, yet had we, their half degenerate sons, done but little toward the achievement of literary, scientific, and professional independence. As regarded those high and essential elements of national power, grandeur, and glory, instead of relying on our own resources, we still drew far too largely on those of the nations of Europe, especially of England and her provinces and dependencies.

Nor is our mental independence yet complete. In taste, fashion, and manners we are still colonial. But, even on these points, we are much less so than we were toward the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. But this is much more especially true, in relation to lecturing and the pro-

cess of book-making, in all its branches, literary and scientific, as well as mechanical. But the chief point, connected with this subject, on which we have ground of self-gratulation, is the growing emancipation of our intellect as a people, associated with the brightening and cheering prospect that it will soon be complete.

One of the predominant faculties of man, is that of imitativeness. Columbus, by his intrepidity and enterprise, discovered for himself and made known to others, the broad ocean path to the New World, and his example was soon imitated, and his path followed by hosts of hardy adventurers from the old. In like manner have masses of native Americans been excited, by the example of a few bold adventurers, to engage in literary and scientific competition with the natives of Europe. Nor has the contest been ever more eager, ardent, and propitious to the United States, than it is at present. And if there be, in the course of my long and diversified career, a single form of action and behavior, by which I feel authorized to believe, without presumptuousness, that I have contributed in any degree to the permanent grandeur and glory of my country, it is by that of the example of personal literary and scientific independence, which I have presented since my youth to my American contemporaries.

CHAPTER X.

Sedatives and stimulants—Schuylkill water—Phrenology—Disease a unit—Methodical nosology—Reformation—Melancthon—Luther—Gen. Jackson—Ramsay—Coxe—Sybert—Death of Dr. Rush—Memoir of Dr. Rush in Delaplaine's Repository—Rev. Dr. Staughton—How to teach one's self the best tuition—Dr. Chapman.

THE subject of sedatives and stimulants is first referred to in the caption of the chapter, and will be first noticed in my narrative; because, in my lectures, it received, in point of time, the first stated and public discussion, and was first, perhaps, settled in public opinion, in conformity to the principles for which I contended.

In my discussion of the subject of sedatives and stimulants, I was again in direct opposition to the views of Dr. Rush, as well as of the whole retinue of his followers. But our contest was intellectual, our feelings being altogether undisturbed by it. It constituted, therefore, an exciting and agreeable exercise of mind, without any perceptible mixture of collision or unfriendliness.

The controversy, commenced at an early era of my medical life, and was carried on for many years.

It is not, however, to be understood, that the controversy was held at all times, directly with Dr. Rush in person. It was uniformly, however, held with him, or with some of those who had imbibed his notions, and become their defenders. The doctor was regarded by me, therefore, as more or less the fountain-head of the hypothesis I was opposing, because he was the only person in the United States, whose popularity could have given to it a circulation so extensive, and a foothold so stable. For such was its stability that, near twenty years after his death, his most distinguished follower in Philadelphia respectfully challenged me to a renewal of the contest. The challenge was accepted on one condition—that we should each of us publish an essay on the subject (one of them being a formal reply to the other), either both of them in the same work, or in the most respectable perio-

dicals of the day. The condition was admitted; and it fell to my lot to appear first in the contest. My paper was published in the second volume of the *Transylvania Journal of Medicine* for the year 1829; and it still stands alone. My very respectable antagonist has never replied to it. Nor, after so protracted a silence, do I think it probable that he designs to reply. The reason of his omission I pretend not to know. Were I to form a conjecture, however, on the subject, it would probably be, that he finds a perseverance in silence an easier task than a refutation of the arguments which my essay contains.

I am sufficiently aware that, for a large majority of the medical community of the present day, my descant on sedatives and stimulants would not possess a very attractive interest. The reason is plain. It is a record of an event in the history of medicine, at a remote period, when the profession wore an aspect in no slight degree different from what it now exhibits. Nor would it impart any important instruction as to the nature and treatment of the disease. It is not, therefore, well adapted to the turn and taste of the present more practical era in medicine, when mere observation, experiment, and fact engage the medical mind much more than reasoning and theory. Nor do I positively deny that they may perhaps more profitably engage it. Still, however, a knowledge of the past no less than of the present, belongs to the science and history of the profession. Some account of it, moreover, when recorded, makes an indispensable element of its literature, and ought not, through indifference, to be neglected and forgotten.

Nor am I without another and at least a more explicit, if not a better reason for the record of my controversy about sedatives. I am writing my own biography, which is to be a narrative of what I have done and suffered, and of what has been done to, for, against, and on account of me. And the controversy described made a part of my doing; which, if I had not done, nor any other person done in my stead, an error in medical philosophy would have lain unexposed, a point of delusion, for the misleading of the many. For by the few alone who think and lead, and not by the many, who in obedient credulity follow their leaders (they think not, and therefore know not whither), must all such ingeniously masked errors, moulded into the image of seeming

truth, be stripped of their disguise and power to deceive, and ultimately extinguished. Nor, unless he has witnessed their prevalence, and learned by observation and experience the firmness and stability with which they radicate themselves in the public mind, when skilfully managed by eloquence and sophistry, can any one well conceive the extreme difficulty of completely uprooting such errors by a full and satisfactory exposure of their fallaciousness, and of the mischief they produce.

Nor is it possible for any one, who has neither witnessed nor felt them, to have a correct knowledge of either the mischief itself, or the benefit conferred on society by those who have been instrumental in removing it; for the medical mind to be enthralled in error, superstition, and prejudice, is a very grievous evil, which none can appreciate but those who have experienced it. He, therefore, who by years of daring and labor, incurs the odium and injury on himself of setting it free (for such is always the first reward of an achievement of the kind), is the benefactor of an order far above and beyond what he is generally supposed to be; for errors of magnitude never fall alone. Such is their mutual connection with, dependence on, and production of other errors, that the subversion of one of them subverts without failure a certain number of its associates, and thus frees from clouds, obscurities, and delusions of mirage a much larger field of the intellectual atmosphere than it occupies itself.

Hence the fact that men rarely, if ever, receive the credit due to them, for either the extermination of old errors, or the discovery and establishment of new truths. Their contemporaries and rivals oppose, calumniate, and often persecute them. And those who come after them are not prepared to bestow on them, in reputation, the reward to which they are entitled; because they have never experienced the evils removed, nor, by contrast, the first advantages of the good that has been introduced. For time impairs the keenness and vividness of the appreciation of both good and evil. On this subject, I speak from experience no less than from observation and history. Personally I have never borne a part in the extinguishment of error, especially of an ancient error, or in the introduction and establishment of a new truth, without coming into conflict with opponents who attempted to injure me by some form of delibe-

rate falsehood. This was proverbially true of every case, in which I attempted, in the early years of my medical life, either to beat down an old error, or to call forth or support a new and interesting truth; and the deeper and more dangerous the error, and the more striking and important the truth, the more virulent and unsparing were the efforts of my opponents to do me an injury, and prevent my success. This truth is fully sustained by the spirit of animosity and mischief roused against me, by all I did and assisted to do, in Philadelphia, respecting the cause, nature, and prevention of yellow fever, and by all I have done, at a more recent period, toward the promotion of the knowledge of phrenology. Yet has Philadelphia derived incalculable benefits from the additions made to science by the labors of the former occasion, while, from those of the latter, mankind at large are destined to receive, through all coming time, benefits and blessings of a magnitude and multiplicity which no human sagacity can compute.

Whatever, moreover, may have been my success, it is a further truth, as I verily believe, that I have endeavored to beat down more errors, and establish more truths, in the science of medicine than any other physician in the United States has ever done. For my life is a protracted one; and if my memory deceive me not, never, since the year 1793 until the present date (1848), have I been free from a contest against some opinions or doctrines which I consider erroneous.

Let it be distinctly, however, understood, that of those labors to which I have referred, I do not claim the performance to have been effected exclusively by myself. Far from it. I was only a participant in the performance with others, who cordially and efficiently co-operated with me in the work. If I possess in the labors referred to, any merit beyond that of my associates in them, it is that I had the intellectual independence, and the moral courage to be the originator of some of them, and the first, in the places where I resided, to commence and proclaim my advocacy of the others. As far as I was or am yet informed on the subject, I was the first in the United States to attack openly the Brunonian hypothesis of life, and the principles of my attack were entirely my own. I was also one of the first to assert and publicly defend the doctrine of the non-contagiousness of yellow

fever, and to propose, as a preventive of it, in Philadelphia, the introduction into the city of the water of the Schuylkill. I first introduced into the United States the science of phrenology, and was the first public and practical advocate of mesmerism in the valley of the Mississippi. I was in like manner the first to wage public war on Dr. Rush's notion that "disease is a unit," and fever a convulsion in the arterial system; and on his condemnation and repudiation of methodical nosology. Nor do these, perhaps, constitute a tithe of the number of topics in relation to which I was the first to attack and attempt to demolish what I regarded as erroneous, and to defend and establish what I believed to be true.

No sooner had I embarked in these several enterprises, and fearlessly and confidently submitted to the public my principles of action in them, than I attracted the especial notice of two classes of men, my enemies, and my auxiliaries. And while the former arrayed themselves in opposition to me, prepared to assail me with every weapon they could wield, and every stratagem they could devise, the latter promptly hastened to support me, with all the resources they could bring to the contest. And although the aid I thus received, in the accomplishment of my purpose, was highly valuable to me, not a man who afforded it would, as I feel persuaded, of his own accord, have engaged in the enterprise. He would resolutely and efficiently follow a leader, but would not become one. So true is it that in the transaction of matters of mind, neither the spirit nor the principle of republicanism prevails. The influence that governs is much more assimilated to military rule. Men act from the example, and under the authority of others, and the many submit to the dictates of the few. In literature and science, the spirit and form of government are much more aristocratic, or monarchical, than is generally imagined.

Hence the fact, that a daring spirit and a powerful will are two of the leading elements of a fitness for enterprise and high achievement. And he who possesses them, accompanied with but a second or third-rate intellect, is more competent to the performance of distinguished deeds than he who, without them, possesses intellect of a much higher order. By the Reformation, this truth is illustrated and proved perhaps more strikingly, than

by any other single event. Melancthon, gifted with a far superior intellect, but inferior in boldness and power of will, could never have performed the deeds of Luther. Nor can any man, destitute of a daring spirit and indomitable will, fill the sphere of action which our own countryman General Jackson filled, be the order and character of his intellect what they may.

Dr. Priestley assured me, at an early period of my life, that the reason why he had left most, if not all the companions of his youth far behind him, in the career of science and learning, was not because he surpassed them in intellect (which he assured me was not the case), but because he surpassed them in industry and perseverance. Since my earliest remembrance, I have never shrunk from the avowal and advocacy of an opinion which I believed to be true; nor from embarking and persevering in any enterprise, which I believed to be at once both practicable and useful, and which lay in what I believed to be the path of my duty. But to return to my narrative.

Dr. Ramsay, of Charleston, South Carolina, continued, during a lifetime, a friend and admirer of the Philadelphia professor; and he was an able and distinguished man. But he was not a great one. He was not a strong and original thinker. He was much more conversant with printed books than with the book of nature. But for the art of printing, he would have been a man of but ordinary standing. He was much more of a scholar than of a philosopher, and more of an extensive and retentive reader than of either. In the faculties of eventuality and language he was eminently, in those of comparison and causality, but moderately gifted. Hence, his well-known devotedness to historical and his comparative indifference toward philosophical pursuits.

To some extent, Dr. Ramsay was a writer. And the dependent character of his mind is clearly manifested in his works, which are almost exclusively compilations, the result of reading, not of observation. His History of the Revolutionary and Political Movements of the United States abounds in matter derived from preceding works; his Biographical Memoir of Dr. Rush is made up almost entirely of extracts from that gentleman's own writings; and, of a public address delivered by him commemorative of the purchase of Louisiana by the Government of the United States, the first twelve or thirteen pages are taken almost

verbatim from an address by myself, prepared some years previously, and published by the Society to which it was delivered.

Philadelphia exhibited another well defined specimen of the character of mind that a physician must have possessed, to be qualified to maintain a perennial friendliness with Dr. Rush.

Professor Coxe was educated by Dr. Rush as a private house-pupil, subserved his preceptor in all becoming and requisite acts, and never opposed him, or even differed from him, in a medical thought. Whatever notion, hypothesis, sentiment, opinion, theory, or doctrine, the preceptor announced in his lectures or published in his writings, the affiliated pupil adopted as an element of his medical creed. And whatever the former condemned or repudiated as effete matter or as medical heresy, the latter implicitly treated in a similar way. The effect of this strict conformity and passive obedience on the mind and conduct of Dr. Rush and on the standing of Dr. Coxe, was memorable. It secured the permanent and active friendliness and patronage of the preceptor, made the pupil's pecuniary fortune, and gave to him all the rank and consequence, as a man of professional business, that he ever possessed. To offer, in confirmation of this, a few special remarks.

By the death of Professor Woodhouse, the chair of chemistry, in the medical school of Philadelphia, became vacant. Nor was any one in that place, nor even in the country at the time, except Judge Cooper, well qualified to refill it. And even he wanted the important qualification of a knowledge of medicine.

In this condition of things, two candidates for the vacant chair were recommended to the Board of Trustees—Dr. Coxe, by Dr. Rush and his party—and Dr. Seybert, by Dr. Wistar and others, who joined him in the recommendation.

Of these two individuals, both of them young and inexperienced in teaching, Dr. Seybert was best qualified by both nature and education. Not only did he possess a superiority in talents; he had also more tact, from having performed some chemical experiments during his pupilage; while Dr. Coxe was in all respects unprovided, and unfit for the place he solicited.

But while in behalf of Dr. Seybert, who relied on his own well-known and acknowledged superiority in talents and general

fitness for the chair, but very little was done by either himself or others, to strengthen his claim or give it popularity, Dr. Coxe had an advocate, zealous and indefatigable in his exertions for him, and fully equal to the work of a host. This was Dr. Rush, by far the ablest tactician of the day, in the case that was pending.

Added to the abstract desire that Dr. Rush might entertain to benefit the fortune of Dr. Coxe, as his pupil, and one of his most zealous and permanent retainers, he ardently wished his introduction into the Faculty of the school, in order to strengthen in it his own influence and accomplish his purposes, in case of the agitation there of party questions. For his confidence was perfect, that, on an occasion of the sort, Dr. Coxe would never fail to aid him by his vote. Hence, his measures to procure his appointment to the chair were as well devised as his native talents, strengthened and disciplined by much experience, could render them, and his endeavors to have them carried into effect as strenuous and unremitting as they could be made by an ardent spirit of party ambition.

In a short time, moreover, after the commencement of his lectures, it appeared to the satisfaction of every person, who attended even one of them, that some consideration, other than his fitness for it, had placed him in the chair. His industry excepted, he possessed scarcely a single element of real competency to the discharge of the duties of the appointment conferred on him. His knowledge of chemistry was exceedingly limited; in the performance of experiments, having neither tact nor discipline to aid him, he was proverbially unsuccessful, and he had no language at command to tell, with any degree of elegance or scholarship, either why or how he succeeded or failed. So frequent, I might almost say uniform, was the failure of his experiments, that he found it necessary to offer some defence of it. And his effort to that effect was both singular and original—the only element of originality I ever knew him to manifest. It was an assertion by him, that as much if not more instruction was derivable from the failure of an experiment than from its success. Because, he contended, that when an experimenter fails once, he discovers the cause of his failure, and learns, by avoiding it, how to succeed in his next attempt. Hence, by his failure, he attains

a knowledge on two points—the cause of failure and the cause of success. Such was the doctor's course of reasoning; in which, however, he appears to have forgotten, that the causes of failure may be numerous; every deviation from a correct procedure, of which there may be dozens or scores, constituting such a cause. Truth in action, like truth in speech, is a right line, which has and can have but one direction—and that is straight forward; while error of every description has more directions than there are points and half points in the whole compass.

In his own manipulations, Dr. Coxe gave proof that a chemist does not, by failing once in an experiment, always learn how to succeed in his next trial of it. He failed dozens of times in the same experiment.

Having been permitted by the Board of Trustees (the public thought very improperly) to remain for several years in the chair of chemistry, Dr. Coxe was transplanted to the chair of materia medica. There, again, far from taking root, flourishing, and becoming fruitful, he continued to blunder for many years more (the evil, if not unnoticed, continuing uncorrected by the trustees), until the pupils themselves became intolerant of the imposition, and, by an outbreak of insubordination, which nothing could control, compelled him to resign his chair, or be expelled from it. Such was the issue to which Dr. Rush's elevation of one of his favorite pupils and retainers to an office too high and arduous for his abilities ultimately led. And it is due to that retainer's classes to say, that but for their pre-eminent forbearance and moderation, his expulsion must have been effected at a much earlier period; for he was one of the most incompetent and uninteresting teachers of medicine I have ever known.

Dr. Coxe had a sort of instinctive aversion from new things in general. This was perhaps more especially the case with regard to new books. Hence his library contained comparatively but a small collection of books under the age of a century, and not a few of a much earlier date. In justice to him, however, I am bound to add, that he did not rest content with a knowledge of the mere date, title-page, cover, and mode of binding of his books. His mode of acquaintance with the contents of them was highly respectable—far exceeding that of most of his contemporaries in Philadelphia. For, though not a great thinker, or peruser of

the Book of Nature, his acquaintance with letter-press books was extensive.

These remarks, respecting Dr. Coxe, I have made not from any abstract or spontaneous disposition to speak dispraisefully of him (for I regard him as a very worthy and highly respectable man).

Having introduced into my narrative the name of Dr. Seybert, a few further remarks in relation to him may not be inappropriate. He is worthy of them, and, for various reasons, deserved to be known to posterity as one of the useful men of the day when the United States were comparatively in their childhood; he became, at that period, the introducer into our country of an important art, and the author of an able and valuable work.

Without possessing a trait of mental brilliancy, or any pretension to it, Dr. Seybert had a strong, active, and tractable mind. His private pupilage in medicine was passed under the direction of Dr. Wistar, who was an able anatomist, and for the time, a well disciplined chemist. This gave bent and effect to the attention and attainments of young Seybert, who became (compared to most of his fellow pupils of the day) somewhat versed in the favorite branches of study of his preceptor. Nor was any branch of the profession either neglected by him, or superficially studied. From the sobriety, industry, decorum, and intellectual acquirements which marked it, his pupilage was highly creditable to him. He manifested, moreover, at an early period, two attributes of mind, which were both praiseworthy and valuable—the independence to think for himself, and the strength and clearness to think with good effect.

At the time that Seybert took the doctorate in medicine, the rule and practice of the medical school of Philadelphia were, that the candidate for a degree should write, print, and defend in public an inaugural dissertation on some subject in medicine, selected by himself.

The theme selected by our candidate was, the doctrine of putridity, in all its forms, in the living system of man, and of other organized and vitalized beings. Does such a condition ever actually occur? Is real thorough-gone putridity at all compatible with the existence of life? Is it, or is it not the very antipodes of life? Has not life always disappeared from organized matter

before putridity has taken place in it? And is it not a fundamental law of nature, that the affirmative of this question is and must be true?

Such were, in substance, the several topics which the candidate undertook to handle; and which he did handle with a degree of ability and success altogether unexpected and surprising to the advocates of putridity, and not to be resisted by them. Though the doctrine of putridity was not instantly destroyed, yet was it so stunned and crippled by the blow he bestowed on it, that it never recovered; and with all physiologists who are worthy of the title, it is now but the name of an obsolete error.

A few months after graduating in medicine, Dr. Seybert, having married into a wealthy family in Philadelphia, commenced the practice of his profession; and of his success and its issue he gave me the following ludicrous account: "I made," said he, "the first year, a thousand dollars, which, my friends told me, opened to me an encouraging prospect. And I did not myself consider it a very discouraging one. But the second year, though I was equally regular in being at home and in my office, equally attentive to all the professional calls made on me, and all the cases placed under my care, and equally successful in the treatment of them, I made but five hundred dollars. And, considering it sound logic to infer that the third year I should make nothing at all, I abandoned my profession, or rather gave it a kick for its having abandoned me, and have never since felt a pulse or uncased a lancet."

At that period, our druggists, apothecaries, and other dealers in the article, received all their camphor from Europe; there being, in the United States, no establishment for the clarification or refinement of the crude drug. Availing himself, therefore, of his knowledge of chemistry, Dr. Seybert lost no time in preparing for the process of clarification, and commencing and pursuing it with vigor, and a degree of success far beyond his utmost expectation. Such, indeed, was the rapidity with which his means increased by it, that in the space of a few years, he found himself enabled to retire from the business, possessed of an ample and independent fortune.

He now turned his attention to national politics, and was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the United

States, in which he served with reputation, not as a speaker, but as an able and laborious business man, and, which is a much higher encomium, as an honest man, for two terms. During those four years, he devoted his intervals of leisure from public service to the composition and publication of a large and valuable work on the statistics of the United States.

His wife having died not long after his marriage, he was now a widower, with one son, his only child, on whom he was ambitious to bestow an education of the highest order. For the accomplishment of that, he visited Europe, in company with his son, with whom, in some of the best and most celebrated institutions of the Continent, he spent several years, in anxious watchfulness over his progress in knowledge and the cultivation of morals—not neglecting his manners and accomplishments as a gentleman.

Returning to his native country, he visited most of the prominent sections of it, again in company with his son, to afford him an opportunity of inspecting in person, and comparing the general condition of its inhabitants with the condition of the inhabitants of those parts of Europe through which he had travelled.

In the year 1821, I met him in Europe again, still the associate and mentor of his son, whose attainments in certain branches of physical science he was yet superintending. They parted from me in London, on the commencement of a pedestrian tour (the object of which was geology and mineralogy) through various parts of England, especially I think among the highlands of Wales. That was my last interview with Dr. Seybert, whom I had then known near thirty years, acting successively as pupil, physician, chemist, statesman, author, and traveller, in each of which capacities he had acquitted himself with credit.

When I again visited Europe, in the year 1841, I met the son in Paris, who confirmed the report which had previously reached me, that his father died in that place some years anteriorly, and then lay entombed in the Père La Chaise, one of the most beautiful and celebrated cemeteries in the world.

Having spoken both extensively and unceremoniously of the opinions, writings, and actions of Dr. Rush (representing by them in part the multiplicity and diversity of his performances while living), the point of my narrative, at which I have arrived, calls

on me now to make a few remarks on the subject of his death. But of that my account must be brief and general.

The event occurred in Philadelphia, on the 19th day of April, in the year 1813. The complaint of which the doctor died, was the malignant epidemic pneumony or peripneumony, which prevailed very extensively and fatally at the time, in various parts of the United States. The complaint had commenced its ravages some years previously, in the New England States, and spread gradually but slowly toward the west and south, until it had overrun a large proportion of the United States.

It is a fact not unworthy to be remarked and held in remembrance, that, be the cause what it may, such have been the commencement and course of every epidemic that has swept over the United States for the last fifty or sixty years, and how much longer, I pretend not to say. All complaints of the kind have commenced their career in the northeast, and directed toward the southwest. In proof of this, I might cite from four to six visitations of the country by influenza, which I myself have witnessed and distinctly remember; at least three visitations by epidemic measles; the Asiatic cholera; and the epidemic peripneumony, to which reference has just been made. All these have come from the northeast. Nor, has a single epidemic, general in its spread, travelled within my remembrance in any other direction. As far as I am informed, these facts have not been duly observed and appreciated; nor of course, therefore, has their cause been made a subject of satisfactory investigation. Yet it is a fundamental element of the history and philosophy of epidemics in the United States. But it belongs to meteorology, one of the most subtle and recondite branches of physical science.

Of the circumstances of Dr. Rush's death, there was a singular concealment, but whether intentional or accidental, is wholly unknown to me. To employ a more fashionable form of expression, there hung around it a mystery which I could not penetrate, and which all persons with whom I spoke respecting it were equally unable to dissipate or solve. I never even knew who were the doctor's attending physicians. But I was distinctly and positively assured, that they were neither his colleagues of the Faculty, nor any of the ablest practitioners of the city. Nor do I indeed know that he had any regular medical attendant at

all. The report was that he prescribed for himself, and fell a victim to the abuse of his own lancet; but whether the report was true or otherwise I am uninformed. But he did not appear to me to die as a great teacher and practitioner ought to have died, under the professional care of the ablest and most experienced physicians of the time. Nor was the door of his dwelling surrounded, during his illness, by crowds of anxious and sorrowing inquirers after his condition, and the prospect of his recovery. Philadelphia did not seem to feel that the life of one of the greatest and most estimable of her citizens was in danger.

Why this cynical indifference of the community respecting the illness of Dr. Rush prevailed, I pretend not to know. But that it did prevail I do know, because I witnessed it. Nor, when his death was announced did the effect produced by it amount to either a shock, or a flood of tears from the eyes of the citizens generally, or even of those of his own immediate neighborhood. That the event produced excitement is true; and so would have done the death of any other old and respectable citizen who had resided and acted in the place for more than half a century, filled with honesty and usefulness some public station and reared a large and interesting family. These several things Dr. Rush had done; and the effect produced by the annunciation of his death corresponded with them as accurately as if he had never by his achievements, in any manner or degree exceeded them. Not a single act of high-wrought observance and veneration occurred, to mark the occasion and render it memorable. No cloud of woe descended on the city sufficiently deep and dark to indicate the death of a great man, who had long been the pride and boast of the country—who had figured as a distinguished Revolutionary patriot, whose life had been a galaxy of the labors and deeds of philanthropy, and who had been for forty years the acknowledged cynosure of American medicine. Such, I mean, is the general character in which Dr. Rush was uniformly arrayed, when popular report presented him to the public. Yet, I repeat that the sensation with which the annunciation of his decease was received, and the manifestations made on the occasion, did not depict in lines and colors sufficiently strong the grief that might have been expected to arise from the loss of a personage at once so profoundly venerated, admired, and beloved. Nor is the

comparatively slight impression which the immediate death of Dr. Rush produced on the mind of the community in which he had lived, the only fact that favors the belief which has been often expressed, that the reputation he bore as a philosopher and physician was in its nature popular and temporary, rather than solid and lasting.

That at least the medical profession of the country at large did not feel a very cordial and deep-rooted interest in either his person and character, or his opinions and practice, is sufficiently evinced by the two following considerations, which deserve to be recorded:—

1. No member of the profession, of any standing, either volunteered his services, or could even be induced to pronounce on him a eulogy.

2. All his own peculiar opinions, theories, and doctrines, which he had elaborated so assiduously, cherished so fondly and enthusiastically, and in which he confided as the pillars of his fame, expired with himself. Some of them, indeed, he even survived.

In saying that no physician of standing either offered his services, accepted an appointment, or complied with a request to deliver a public eulogy on the life and character of Dr. Rush, I confine my remark to the city of Philadelphia. Nor do I know that such a tribute was paid to his memory by a distinguished, or even respectable physician in any other place, except in Charleston, where his pupil and friend Dr. Ramsay, as already mentioned, performed the office with great earnestness and some ability.

I was myself several times solicited, and at length earnestly pressed, as if on a point of indispensable duty, to prepare and deliver on my "old preceptor, a eulogy such as he deserved from my pen." Such was the language of the gentleman who urged me on the subject. Nor did he fail to add: "You are known to have delivered many more eulogies on deceased friends and acquaintances, than any other man in Philadelphia. If, therefore, you refuse now, the act will be attributed to motives which I cannot believe you to feel; and which you ought not to allow the world even to suspect you capable of feeling." Yet I did refuse, regardless of the opinion of the world on the subject; and for

reasons very different from those which, by most persons, were probably ascribed to me. Nor do I hesitate or blush (after the space of more than an average lifetime of reflection on them) to avow the motives which led to my refusal. I yielded to them because I regarded them, and still regard them, as correct and creditable.

I acknowledge that, on the death of my "old preceptor," I instinctively forgot, as matters of feeling, everything relating to him except the courtesies and kindnesses he had shown me, on my first acquaintance with him, in the character of a pupil. The injustice and wrongs he had afterwards repeatedly done me, the prejudices against me he had excited and fostered, and the obstacles he had placed in the way of my promotion, were all forgotten; and I felt a conviction, not to be dismissed, that, were I to lift my pen, under the influence of the feelings that swayed me, I should employ it in the preparation of an undeserved encomium, in direct violation of strict justice. Nor had the ill-founded and dangerous precept "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" ceased to operate on me, when, two years afterward, I consented to write a sketch of the life of Dr. Rush for *Delaplaine's Repository*. For, though in that memoir reference to some of that gentleman's failings are not wanting, the article, on the whole, is sufficiently laudatory.

So is a eulogy on the doctor, delivered a short time after his decease, by the Reverend Dr. Staughton, of Philadelphia. So, indeed, were numbers of obituary paragraphs, published in newspapers in various parts of the country, and written by persons who knew little of the subject of them, but made up their notices of commonplace rumors. As far as I remember, no other eulogies on Dr. Rush were delivered; or, if delivered, they were not published; or, if both delivered and published, they never found their way to me.

Certain it is, that he was not formally eulogized by the American Philosophical Society, by the Medical Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, of which he was a member, by the Medical Society of Philadelphia, nor, as far as my memory serves me, by any other literary or scientific institution in the country. In a word, all the circumstances which immediately accompanied his death, as well as those which followed it, clearly demonstrated that, though his reputation was sufficiently broadcast throughout

the United States, it had not taken such deep and permanent root as to indicate his being generally regarded as a very great man.

What I have already said of Dr. Rush, I now repeat, with a slight addition. He was "very distinguished," because, in all he did, whether mentally or corporeally, he manifested peculiar activity and grace. But he was not "great," because he never manifested either power or majesty. Sufficiently acquainted with himself to know that his strength was comparatively limited, he had the good sense never to engage in anything gigantic. His sagacity and discretion induced and enabled him to apportion, with sufficient accuracy, his enterprises to his ability.

Dr. Rush possessed scholastic and general literature in a highly respectable, but by no means in a pre-eminent degree. His knowledge, moreover, of medical, was much more extensive than that of polite literature; and either of them was more extensive than his knowledge of science; for, notwithstanding his popular reputation to the contrary, he was far from being a deep and thorough-bred philosopher. That he was a man of *knowledge* rather than of *science*, is palpable from the cast and character of his writings. Among all of them there is not a single scientific work; nor is there one that is the product of the higher faculties of the mind; I mean the reasoning faculties—those that trace causes from effects, and effects from causes. Dr. Rush's works are full of analogies; but of real causation, in the form of sound argument, they are singularly barren. True, though he generally assumes his original positions, which are neither self-evident nor established by proof, yet he often attempts to deduce from them, by a chain of reasoning, other positions, as legitimate consequences. But in this he rarely, if ever, succeeds. His chain is either defective in links, or the links are composed of such heterogeneous materials, that they are entirely wanting in mutual adhesiveness, and therefore fall asunder on the first touch of opposition. In other cases, there exists no natural connection between his premises and sequences. In truth, not only are his materials often unfit for the purposes to which he applies them, they are also badly put together, by his want of skill in the art of reasoning.

Does any one charge me with doing injustice to the mental abilities of Dr. Rush by these strictures? If so, I reply that the

charge is groundless; and I could easily prove it so, by a fair critical analysis of any and every page of the doctor's writings, in which he has exhibited a specimen of his reasoning.

That the knowledge of the doctor, like that of other men, was influenced in its character, and that his mode of communicating it was also influenced, by the habits in writing and lecturing of the age in which he lived and flourished, cannot be doubted. But not a little of his peculiarity, in both respects, was the product of the peculiarity of his own mind.

For though Dr. Rush had not an *original* mind, in the highest and most desirable interpretation of that term (for it is not known to me that he ever made a discovery in science), yet was his mind possessed of qualities which gave it an approach to originality, by disposing and enabling him to give a new cast to the knowledge he attained. And, in consideration of the mixture of fancy the cast contained, it had a strong attraction for youthful minds. As far as quality availed, therefore, it fitted him well to be a public teacher, by rendering his lectures agreeable to his pupils.

That fitness, however, high as it was, yielded to another of which he was possessed in a pre-eminent degree—a peculiar faculty (for such I may call it) of rendering his pupils enthusiastically attached to the profession of medicine. In that he surpassed any other teacher I have ever known. And from my vivid remembrance of it, and the benefits which I myself derived from it, I deem it the most valuable qualification he possessed. To me it was so valuable, as to benefit me more than all his other qualifications in mass.

I have already avowed that, as a profession, medicine was not my first choice. Although I engaged in the study of it, and therefore resolved to become as thoroughly versed in the knowledge of it as I could, my attention was not at first entirely engrossed by it. I studied it as a duty rather than as a pleasure—as a means of becoming useful to others, and of gratifying my personal ambition by attaining in it distinction and rank, rather than as a pursuit that was in accordance with my feelings. And thus things remained with me, until I commenced my attendance on Dr. Rush's lectures. And his enthusiasm in teaching, proving contagious, soon rendered me enthusiastic in my studies. Nor

did that condition of mind fail to be perpetuated and increased by the influence of two other causes—the beauties which I began to discover in the philosophy of medicine—and my ambition and ability to qualify myself for a medical professorship. The professorship moreover being attained, my pride, sense of duty, and continued ambition to acquit myself, as a public teacher, with whatever of merit and credit I could achieve, have all united in maintaining, for more than half a century, my enthusiasm in medical studies, which was first completely awakened by the enthusiasm of Dr. Rush, in the delivery of his lectures, and in occasional interviews and conversations, with which he favored me.

For whatever amount of medical knowledge I possess, therefore, I frankly acknowledge myself much more indebted to him than to all other men, whether living or dead. My indebtedness, however, has not arisen from the measure of knowledge which he himself communicated to me, either in his lectures or by other modes of intercourse; but from that which he induced me to acquire by my own labors. That, however, is nearly all that a public teacher *can* do. He cannot actually infuse into his pupils more than a very moderate stock of knowledge. He can only teach them how to teach themselves, induce them to avail themselves of the advantages he bestows on them, and fit them to employ the same for their own benefit.

Dr. Rush, however, taught me how to teach myself, and induced me to adopt a method to that effect, the reverse of that which is usually pursued by pupils toward their preceptors. The method commonly practised by pupils is, to adopt as correct the ideas communicated by their teachers, and employ them as nuclei, around which to assemble other ideas; or to use them otherwise as means to aid in the accomplishment of such schemes as they may be engaged in at the time, or may subsequently commence.

But in that way, Dr. Rush taught me very little, if anything at all. The reason is plain. I adopted very few of his opinions or notions that were peculiarly his own. Though, in matter or manner, or both, they were almost always agreeable and attractive, they were rarely if ever, in my view, either solid or convincing.

It is with no feelings of unfriendliness or disrespect toward the memory of Dr. Rush, that I assert that, to the best of my

recollection, I do not, at this time, hold or believe in the soundness and utility of a single sentiment or opinion peculiarly his own, which he endeavored to fix in my mind, when I was a student under him, or practising as a young physician by his side. To this the doctrine of the domestic origin of yellow fever is perhaps an exception.

One trait more in the character of Dr. Rush remains to be mentioned, which I regard as among the most praiseworthy he possessed. It is his spirit of independence, which emboldened and sustained him in being in all respects an American and a freeman, while very many of his compatriots, whose standing was in other respects elevated and commanding, were still far too humbly deferring to the "mother country," and half crouching in her presence under the cravenly implied admission, that our condition, in relation to her, was still *colonial*. In the midst of these circumstances, and in proud defiance of them, the doctor spoke, and wrote, and acted with an open and independent manliness which was in a high degree creditable to him, and which it rejoices me to record. The time when, and the condition in which a man acts, in even a moderate way, speak frequently much more strongly and emphatically in his praise, than could the most elevated and meritorious deeds, performed under circumstances more favorable and encouraging.

Such was Dr. Rush, a distinguished and extraordinary, but not a great man. I repeat that not one of his works is characterized by either sublimity of thought, great scope of conception, force of expression, or profundity of penetration and research. He possessed little else than a name in philosophy. Had he devoted himself to it, he would have made an excellent and distinguished writer of light essays on life, manners, and minor morals. In the composition of a certain vein of fiction he might have been also successful; and so fruitful and varied were his powers of analogy, that had they been sufficiently exact, he might, had he so applied himself, have become almost a second Æsop in the production of fables.

On the death of Dr. Rush, Dr. Barton, though wholly unqualified for the duties of it, was transferred to the chair which he had held in the medical school, and continued in it for two or three sessions before his death.

To the chair of materia medica, from which Dr. Barton had been transferred, Dr. Chapman was elected, and discharged the duties of it with a degree of satisfaction to the public, and credit to himself, which, under the disadvantage of the very limited time he had for preparation, has rarely been equalled, and never, perhaps, surpassed. But in that chair he did not long remain.

On the death of Dr. Barton, which occurred a short time afterward, Dr. Chapman was transferred to the professorship left vacant by that event, and which Dr. Rush had previously held. Nor has he failed to discharge the arduous and important duties of it, for more than the third of a century, with a degree of ability and distinction which neither praise can brighten nor condemnation make dim.

The professor's reputation is now an *electron per se*, that shines with no borrowed light, but with an innate lustre, which makes an element of itself.

CHAPTER XI.

War of 1812—Port Folio—Nicholas Biddle—No contributors—Contents—Officers of the army—Events of the war—Gen. Brown—His character—Theatre—Quakers—Notes to Cullen—Chapman—Faculty of Physical Science—Appointed to a professorship—Dr. Cooper—Charles Hare, Esq.—Death of Dr. Wistar—Pronounce a eulogy on him—Rev. Dr. Holley—Invited to Lexington, Kentucky—Resign my professorship in Philadelphia—Character of Cooper—Priestley compared with Cooper.

In the year 1812, an event occurred in the city of Philadelphia, which added very materially to the amount of my literary labors, and extended not a little the sphere of my influence and my intercourse with the distinguished men of the country.

The war of that date against Great Britain had just been declared, and in every spot of the Union was seen the stir, and heard the note of preparation to meet it. The present time, therefore, was marked by great excitement, and the future promised to be, at no distant period, much more eventful than any that had occurred since our revolutionary struggles. And there was in the United States but one publication well calculated to be the chronicle of the occurrences and scenes that were about to present themselves. That was the *Port Folio*, a Philadelphia periodical of high repute, from the editorial labors of which the late Nicholas Biddle had just retired.

To become the immediate successor of that gentleman, whose abilities in point of mind, attainments as a scholar, and accomplishments as a writer were of a high order, was an enterprise involving no common share of hazard. To myself, moreover, deeply occupied as my mind and pen already were on several other engrossing subjects, the hazard was necessarily by such considerations in no ordinary degree augmented.

To me, however, in the midst of all the difficulties, hazards, and responsibilities that surrounded it, the overture to become Mr. Biddle's successor was made by the proprietor of the journal.

Nor was I slow in the formation of my resolution on the subject. To enterprise and what the world calls difficulty, I was instinctively attached. And as I was not accustomed to pause long at hazard, much less to shrink from it, the term had hardly a place in my vocabulary. I therefore accepted the proposal in less than a minute, and in less than an hour began to prepare for the performance of the duty it enjoined.

Nor have I ever had cause to regret, much less repent of that promptness in determination and action, which my friends have deemed rashness. In relation to subjects which we fully understand, first impressions are usually correct. He that pauses in such a case, shows either a want of clear perception, a want of sufficient decision, or a joint want of both. Be the undertaking, therefore, what it may, he manifests a want of fitness for it, and ought to decline engaging in it.

The general opinion is, that, when a new proposal of business is made to a young man, it is wise in him to inquire, advise, and deliberate maturely, before deciding on his course in relation to it. Nor do I pronounce the opinion erroneous. Yet do I unhesitatingly assert that I never reduced it to practice without having reason to regret what I had done, and to be dissatisfied with the result. I have uniformly succeeded in my schemes with most certainty and decisiveness when I embarked in them without the consent and advice of my friends, or in opposition to them. The reason is plain. when I embarked alone, without advice, or in opposition to it, I depended exclusively on my own exertions for success in the enterprise. I therefore exerted myself with all the energy and perseverance I could summon to my aid. In the seaman's homely but significant expression, I worked "with a will," and conquered success. But when I acted under counsel and advice, I depended for success too much on what are called the "circumstances of the case." And they have too often deceived me. In truth they always deceive, unless they are strenuously and skilfully employed as operative instruments.

It was thus I entered on the editorship of the *Port Folio*, a monthly journal, in the year 1812, and under an engagement to furnish for each number ninety-eight pages of matter, the principal portion of it to be original. The writers for periodicals in the United States were not, at that period, a twentieth part as

numerous as they are now; nor had I a single one engaged even by promise, much less by hire, to act as an auxiliary. And I was myself engaged at the time in three other sorts of employment—the practice of medicine, medical composition, and the delivery of lectures on the philosophy of medicine and medical jurisprudence.

Under these circumstances, some of my friends deemed me already crazy, or doomed soon to become so by mental over-action. Others considered me, if not actually deranged in mind, at least imprudent in the extreme. And a third class felt confident that, whatever might be the condition of my intellect, I had greatly overtasked it; and that I would necessarily fail in some of my duties, or destroy my health, and perhaps my life in my efforts to perform them. And they all most seriously remonstrated with me to these several effects, each in his and her own way.

Finding me not deaf, but inexorable to their remonstrances and entreaties, they at length left me to my fate, regarding me as the most infatuated and obstinate of men.

Yet did I never succeed more easily and perfectly in any of my projects.

Not only did I pursue and execute to the usual and necessary extent my other forms of occupation, the *Port Folio* soon became much more popular than it was when I took charge of it, or than it had ever been previously; and, by the end of the first six months from the commencement of my editorship of it, its catalogue of subscribers had increased five and twenty per cent. Nor was this all. Certain gentlemen, very delicately sensitive as to the dispositions made of the productions of their pens, who had, with ceremonious politeness declined writing for the journal when I first took the direction of it, felt now flattered by permission to have the product of their lucubrations inserted in its pages. And the whole was the result of obstinate and persevering industry which never flagged, united to a resolution which never faltered.

Convinced that the most interesting and attractive matter the *Port Folio* could contain, would be accounts of the events and transactions of the war, I lost no time in making arrangements for the procurement of them. With most of the principal officers of our army and navy I was already acquainted. And I soon

formed an acquaintance and established a regular correspondence with all of them. I proposed to them that, provided they would furnish me with correct and condensed reports of such striking and interesting occurrences as might admit of being so handled, I would cause them to be promptly published and widely circulated. My offer was eagerly accepted; the officers generally were faithful to their engagements; and I never failed to be punctual to mine. And thus, I have reason to believe, we were both creditable and useful to each other.

So earnest and determined was General Brown in our scheme, that he asserted, in one of his letters, that he reported himself, and ordered his officers to report themselves, in their connection with all interesting events of the army, as regularly to the editor of the *Port Folio*, as they did to him, or as he did to the Secretary of War.

I avail myself of this opportunity to say, from my own knowledge of him, that Gen. Brown was, in the true and strongest import of the expression, an extraordinary man, one of the most extraordinary our country has produced. Had he lived and retained his health and vigor until the usual period of the decline of the latter from age, that he would have been President of the United States is hardly doubtful. The rapidity and other circumstances of his engagement and rise in military life were strikingly singular, not to say astonishing.

He was born and bred a plain Quaker, in no very noted part of Pennsylvania, and had been for many years a Quaker schoolmaster, nor, as far as I am informed, had he been known in any other capacity, save that of a surveyor of public lands, and a militia officer with the rank of brigadier general, in a peaceful time, until the commencement of our war of 1812 with Great Britain. He then resided in New York, near to Sacket's Harbor, at the east end of Lake Ontario, where our country was invaded by the British forces, and hostilities became active, resolute and alarming. Nor were our first conflicts with the foe very creditable to our arms.

In this unpromising condition of our affairs in that quarter, General Brown took the field with a portion of his undisciplined brigade, and was the first on the Canadian frontier to repulse a body of British regulars, far superior in number to his own

command. In this attack, made at a time and under circumstances selected by himself, the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was heavy; while, singular as it may appear, the Americans lost not a single man.

General Brown's next encounter with the foe was at Sacket's Harbor, were he fought a much more desperate battle and gained a more signal and important victory. The British force was again superior in number, and consisted entirely of veteran troops.

At the head of four hundred regulars and about a thousand militia, Brown made the attack. The action was fierce, obstinate, and bloody; and appearances at times were unfavorable to the Americans. But the skill of the commander, and the valor of his troops proved irresistible; and the British veterans were driven back to their boats, and compelled to embark in great confusion, after an engagement of several hours, in which they lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, four hundred and fifty of their number. The American loss was one hundred and fifty.

In these two battles, but especially in the latter, General Brown gave such decisive evidence of his heroism and high military talents and skill, that he was soon afterward promoted to the rank of Major General, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North.

The winter preceding his promotion, but subsequent to his victory at Sacket's Harbor, he had devoted himself to two measures of vital importance; the discipline of his troops, and the renovation of their spirit and confidence in themselves and their officers, which, by a series of reverses, before he had taken command of them, they had unfortunately lost. And in both he was successful; which prepared him for his brilliant campaign the following summer of 1814. That, he commenced by an invasion of Canada, where his first act was to carry Fort Erie, which surrendered without resistance. He then, after two desperate battles, in both of which the enemy was superior to him in numbers, gained the two splendid victories of Chippewa and the Falls, on the latter of which occasions he was severely wounded, but kept the field until victory had declared for him, though so weakened by the loss of blood that his attendants were obliged to support him on his horse.

General Brown's reputation being now in its meridian, without

a speck to obscure its lustre, and his army having retired into winter quarters, he availed himself of the opportunity to visit Washington (Congress being in session), the first time he had ever trodden the spacious avenues of the capital, or mingled in the circles of the gay and the fashionable. His manners had lost nothing of their original simplicity; his countenance was strong, expressive and comely; his person manly, well proportioned, and rather elegant; and his general deportment dignified and not ungraceful; and yet he appeared to much more advantage in the camp than he did in the drawing-room.

The first time for many years (I believe the first time in his life) he had witnessed a theatrical exhibition, was in Philadelphia, on the present occasion, and I had the honor to be his gentleman usher to the audience. As already mentioned, his celebrity was at its zenith; the whole city was anxious to see and salute him; I had procured for him a conspicuous seat; the city papers had announced that he would attend the play (Richard III., the performance which had been requested of the managers for his entertainment), and the house, in box, pit, and gallery, was jammed almost to bone crushing. Even the lobbies were so crowded that the party which accompanied him could scarcely make its way through them. And no sooner had we reached the front of our box, the general leaning on my arm, than the house became a scene of stunning uproar, which actually startled him. "Hail Columbia," burst from the orchestra; the whole audience rose simultaneously, the gentlemen saluted with cheer on cheer, which threatened to be interminable; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs; and clusters of flowers (artificial of course) flew as thickly toward the general, as had ever bullets done in the hottest of his battles. Meantime the hero, who had been adamant amidst the clashing of bayonets and swords, the roar of fire-arms of every description, and showers of grape-shot, was now in a tremor of agitation, and asked me in a voice of half distress, "what he should do?" when my reply was equally brief and imperative—"Stand still, until this Niagara uproar shall have ceased; then bow to the audience, take your seat, and attend to the players;" all which he did, and the evening passed off pleasantly, until the curtain dropped, when the audience gave him three parting cheers, and he returned to his hotel, and they to their dwellings. A

large crowd, however, followed him, and again cheered him as he entered his lodging, and then retired. The welcome was closed by the arrival of a fine band of music, which serenaded him for an hour with military airs, and all was quiet.

Such was the reception of General Brown, the fighting Quaker, in the Quaker city of "Brotherly Love," the most enthusiastic and exciting bestowed on any officer during the then existing war. And though few, if any, of them actually united in the ceremony, yet was no other portion of the inhabitants of Philadelphia so sincerely delighted by the compliment thus paid to General Brown, as were the Quakers, the society of Christians of which he had once been a member.

In my labors, as editor of the *Port Folio*, I was materially benefited also by my correspondence with our naval commanders. In communicating to me their transactions at sea, they were equally punctual with the officers of the army. Of every naval victory gained by them, I received a report as early, accurate, and circumstantial, as did the Secretary of the Navy himself. Nor did I fail to record it with the utmost expedition, and in colors as glowing, accompanied by sentiments as complimentary to our arms, and as flattering to the pride of the nation, as I was able to command. By a faithful pursuit of this course, I believed then, and still believe, that I ministered somewhat to sundry interests—that of letters—of my country—of the proprietor of the journal I conducted—and of myself.

Nor was it by publishing in it accounts of military and naval events only that I contributed to the popularity and extended circulation of the *Port Folio*. I ministered to the same purpose by preparing and inserting in it succinct biographical notices of our military and naval officers. And this I did without any distinction between the dead and the living. Several of those whose lives I briefly sketched are still living, in the performance of their duty to their country and themselves.

All the most valuable matter that the journal contained was, of course, not written by my own pen; but it was all written by my procurement, and at my own hazard.

Knowing that it was impossible for me to execute, with my own pen, the whole amount and diversity of composition necessary to confer on the magazine the high and commanding charac-

ter which I was determined it should attain and hold, I proposed to the proprietor of it to allow me to employ, as assistant writers, for a liberal compensation, the late Dr. Cooper and Judge Workman, who then resided in Philadelphia, and were distinguished beyond most other men of the place by the strength and fertility of their talents, and their literary accomplishments.

It was while I was editor of the *Port Folio* that I prepared and published in it biographical sketches of not only our military and naval officers, but also of other public and distinguished men resident not alone in Philadelphia, but in various other parts of the United States. And I also inserted in it, during the same period, a large portion of my critique on Dr. Smith's essay on the *Causes of the Variety of Figure and Color in the Human Race.* At length, the work changed its owner; and I retired from my editorial labors in it.

About this period (1814–15), it became evident that an enterprise, in which I had long and strenuously labored (the introduction into the medical school of Philadelphia of a chair of the institutes of medicine, and my own appointment to occupy it), would fail. My open dissatisfaction at this (for I practised no concealment), and frequent conferences between certain other physicians and myself that were not allowed to pass unnoticed, led to a belief that I was about to attempt the establishment of another school. And that attempt, as heretofore mentioned, I would certainly have made, could I have drawn around me, in the enterprise, physicians qualified to carry it into effect.

Desirous to discourage such an attempt, and wishing to do something acceptable to me, Dr. Chapman, with whom I was on familiar and amicable terms, proposed to me to add a system of notes to *Cullen's First Lines of the Practice of Physic*, and Americanize it, and make it a work to which he might refer as a textbook in his lectures.

Acceding to his proposal, I lost no time in commencing my labors which grew out of it; and in the autumn of 1816, the work, containing a series of notes, more voluminous, I believe, than the text itself, was issued from the press. And faithful to his engagement, Dr. Chapman used it as his text-book for a period of not less, I think, than ten or twelve years. In the year 1822 (the first edition of the work being exhausted), I pub-

lished a second; and both editions have been now many years out of print.

From an early date in the present century, nearly all the pupils that resorted to the medical school of Philadelphia from the Mississippi Valley, especially those from Kentucky, procured through some channel an introduction to me. Most of them, indeed, brought to me introductory letters from physicians of the West, to whom I was known. As young strangers, far from home, many of them for the first time, I treated them kindly, invited them to all the discourses I delivered, and gave to them such aid in their studies as was convenient to myself, and as I deemed most useful to them. This of course rendered me a favorite with them; and as soon as I commenced my independent lectures, most of them were uniformly my pupils. This intercourse with them drew from them cordial and even pressing invitations to me to migrate to the West, and establish there a medical school. I received, moreover, from western physicians not a few letters earnestly urging me to the measure. At length, it became somewhat busily rumored abroad that I had actually received and accepted an invitation to remove to Lexington, in Kentucky, and establish there a school of medicine. And many reports, resting on a less valid (at least a less likely) foundation, have circulated and proved true. For, though I had formed no actual engagement to that effect, yet had I firmly, though secretly, resolved to quit Philadelphia as soon as my son, who was then in Harvard University, should have finished his collegiate education, and try my fortune, most probably in the West. For my prospect of becoming, in Philadelphia, either then, or at any future time, more than a practitioner and private teacher of medicine, and an occasional maker of a speech, and writer of a book, was by no means promising. And that course of life was far short of my ambition, which, like an obstructed current, rose in proportion to the height of the dam that opposed it. Had I had two auxiliaries of real and substantial talents, in whose fidelity and firmness I could have fully confided, I could have made my way in Philadelphia, through all the difficulties that were thrown across my path. But I had not even one. And to succeed alone in my scheme was impossible. I had, therefore, in serious and solemn council with myself, resolved to try my fortune in another field.

Nor, though I never spoke of them openly, did I fail perhaps to give hints and show signs indicative of my intention.

Be the cause, however, what it might, the fact is certain that a suspicion of my meditating such design took possession of the mind of the medical Faculty, and produced in it no small disquietude. For a conviction was felt by the members of that body, that an establishment in the West would make from their school a serious revulsion of the influx of pupils from that quarter.

A scheme was instituted by them, therefore, for a twofold purpose—to retain me in Philadelphia, and to propitiate me, if possible, to certain measures recently adopted in the medical school. The scheme was, the creation, in the University of Pennsylvania, of a new faculty called the "Faculty of Physical Sciences," and my election as a professor in it, associated with my friend, the late justly celebrated, not to say illustrious, Dr. Cooper, Charles Hare, Esq., a man of distinguished ability, and four other gentlemen of very respectable qualifications. In truth, there were in the Faculty of the Physical Sciences as much of talents and liberal attainments as in that of medicine. But for their labor there was but a very unpromising prospect of reward to them, other than the gratification of doing their duty, by endeavoring to enlighten the minds of the comparatively few individuals of the place who had any taste for the knowledge of nature.

In this Faculty, Dr. Cooper's professorship was that of Mineralogy and Chemistry, connected with the Arts. Mr. Hare's, the Principles of Moral and Legal Science; and mine, Geology and the Philosophy of Natural History. The exact titles of the other professorships I do not remember.

Though all the professors of the Physical Faculty accepted their appointments, Dr. Cooper and myself alone delivered lectures in it. All our colleagues, except Mr. Hare, who delivered a single introductory lecture, were nothing but sleeping partners in the concern.

In three successive years, I delivered four popular courses of lectures to classes highly respectable, as well in fashion as in talents and standing. I say "fashion," because no inconsiderable portion of my classes were ladies, some of them in the highest

walk of fashion. And, in intellect and attainments, not a few of the gentlemen who attended me were of the *élite* of Philadelphia.

Among my pupils were several lawyers, a number of the most respectable of the young physicians, and nearly all of the distinguished clergymen of the city, with the Right Reverend Bishop White, one of the purest minded and most apostolical of prelates at their head. In the course of my lectures, I broached several opinions, respecting which the good bishop, deeming them too free to be perfectly canonical, held with me several serious conversations. Though, on each occasion, I convinced him, at the moment, that there was in them nothing heterodox, or in any way unsound; yet, in his reflection on them when alone, did renewed doubts present themselves to him, which induced him to repeat his remonstrance with me not less than five or six times. At length, however, convinced that I was right, or believing me to be incorrigibly wrong in my opinions, he offered no further objections to them, and our conversations on the subjects of them came to a close.

About this period, the Medical School of Philadelphia sustained, in the death of Dr. Wistar, Professor of Anatomy, a loss which it has not since, in the chair which he occupied, completely retrieved. For though that chair has been subsequently held by Dr. Physick and Dr. Horner, both of them very able anatomists, neither of them equalled Dr. Wistar in eloquence, force, and attractiveness as a lecturer. For though, as heretofore stated, Dr. Wistar did not possess talents of the very highest order, yet did he employ them with such dexterity and impressiveness, as to produce effects which were rarely reached, and in the same sphere, and under like circumstances, never perhaps surpassed by men of the highest and happiest talents.

As Dr. Wistar possessed an uncommon amount of general popularity, as both a man and a physician, and was greatly beloved by his acquaintance and friends, the regret and sorrow occasioned by his death were deep and extensive. The crowd that formed his funeral procession might be almost pronounced the population of Philadelphia. And the posthumous honors paid to his memory were numerous and significant. Among these were the two eulogies; one delivered by the Honorable Judge Tilghman, by direction of the American Philosophical Society, over which

Dr. Wistar presided at the time of his death, and the other by myself, in compliance with an appointment to that effect by the Philadelphia Medical Society. And I am not sure that that event had not some influence in determining and shaping my subsequent career.

On that occasion, I saw the late Dr. Holley for the first time, and soon afterward made his acquaintance. And but for the "occasion," I probably should not have seen him.

The spacious hall, in which the eulogy was delivered, being filled to a perfect jam; and hundreds of individuals being compelled to stand wherever they could find room; just as I had advanced toward the front of the platform, from which I spoke, to commence my address, the doctor, accompanied by a friend as his usher, entered the building and was obliged, for want of a seat, to take a station in the main passage, immediately in front of me. I perceived that he was a stranger of standing, entitled to attention, and his splendid and imposing appearance made an unusual and very favorable impression on me. I easily caught his eye, because it was naturally fixed on myself. I therefore paused, bowed to him significantly, and pointed to the empty chair on the platform, from which I had just risen. As he did not immediately accept my silent invitation to the chair, I said to him, in a tone half beseeching, and half mandatory: "Pray, sir, oblige me by occupying this seat; I cannot speak, while you are standing." He smiled at what he afterward called my "word of command," ascended the steps, and seated himself in the chair, which I myself had removed toward the front of the stage. The audience expressed, by momentary applause, their approbation of the act, and without further ceremony or interruption, the exercise commenced, went on, and was concluded.

On the close of my address, the doctor was the first to offer me his hand, thank me for the accommodation I had afforded him, and pay me the usual compliments of the occasion. Nor did he fail to make himself merry at my peremptory invitation, which, as already mentioned, he denominated my "word of command." Nor was he much less diverted by my next request, almost equally mandatory, when, holding his hands, I said to him: "Now, sir, do me the favor to tell me who you are?" a requisition to which he made a prompt and satisfactory reply. Such

was the commencement of my acquaintance with that distinguished gentleman, an event, the form and character of which he never forgot, and often said that he derived from it not a little knowledge of my own character.

Dr. Holley was then on his way to Lexington, in Kentucky, by invitation, to negotiate arrangements for his acceptance of the Presidency of Transylvania University, which had been some time in his offer. Having completed those arrangements, and being placed at the head of that institution, he soon gave fresh and augmented vigor to the project already on foot of erecting in it a medical department. And it was then that he contributed all in his power to my being invited to take charge of that branch of the University, and embark my fortune in it. That I should have received my invitation without his aid, I have strong reason to believe. Indeed, I am confident I should. But that his earnest and vigorous advocacy of the measure hastened its completion cannot be doubted; for his popularity and influence with the Trustees of the University were then in their zenith.

While the subject was under the consideration of the Board of Trustees in Lexington, I addressed, to Dr. Samuel Brown of that place (but who was then in Philadelphia), at his own request, a letter containing my sentiments in full on the practicability and advantages of erecting a medical department in Transylvania University. That letter, without my knowledge, the doctor transmitted to Dr. Holley, who, as he afterward informed me, employed it to a good effect, in inducing the trustees to create the department, and invite me to a professorship in it. I might say, to the premiership in it; for that was really what they did. And that was practically the capacity in which I acted.

In the month of August, 1819, while in the midst of the delivery of a course of lectures on the Philosophy of Natural History, I received from the Board of Trustees of Transylvania University, situated in Lexington, Kentucky, an official notice of my appointment to a professorship, in the medical department of that institution. The chair I was to occupy was that of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice. It was the same that had been, at one time, alone occupied by Dr. Rush, in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, but was afterward united to the chair of the Theory and Practice of Physic. And

both were held by him from the time of their union until his death. The professorship had been created in Transylvania University expressly for me, by the advice of a friend, who knew that I would prefer it to any other to which I could be invited. As I was predetermined to leave Philadelphia, the offer from Transylvania was immediately accepted. Though the terms of it were not, in a pecuniary point of view, what I was entitled to expect, yet I was assured that they were the best the institution, in the existing state of its finances, was able to offer. I therefore made no objection to them. I did not, indeed, even make in relation to them a single remark, but acted as if they were perfectly satisfactory. Hence, I finished my course of lectures, resigned my professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, and prepared for my removal to a new home and sphere of action in what was then denominated "Western America," but what now deserves the name of Central North America, and will hereafter be so designated.

In the communication received from the Trustees of Transylvania, I was given to understand that, in case of my acceptance of the proffered appointment, I would be expected in Lexington by the first of the following November; and the month of August was near its close. It was therefore requisite that, in two months and a few days, I should be at my distant post prepared for business; and the journey alone, at that period, rarely occupied less, and sometimes more than *three weeks.* Hence I had at command but *five weeks* to prepare for a final abandonment of a place where I had resided twenty-seven years, and during twenty of them been a housekeeper and in business. And, added to other time-wasting engagements, it was necessary for me to visit Boston, and attend a public commencement in Harvard University, where my son was to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

To say that my work of preparation, to break up, in so short a period, a household and professional establishment of more than twenty years' duration, was intensely and even painfully pressing, would be superfluous. Nor would it be less so to add, that my purpose could not possibly be accomplished without heavy losses. The circumstances of the case demonstrate those truths with a perspicuity and force which no form of expression can reach. I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe, but shall leave untouched,

to the conception of the reader, the energy and assiduity with which I necessarily applied myself to the performance of the task. For my resolution was irrevocably fixed, that performed it should be in every essential point of requirement; and that I would not commence my new career of action, in a region and sphere that were also new, under the rightful imputation of a single delinquency. I did everything connected with the subject, therefore, in person, or caused to be done under my own eye. I acted, moreover, by deliberate prearrangement and rule, leaving nothing to the influence of casualty, mere direction, or the option of others. Hence, nothing was done amiss from a want of knowledge, nor left undone from supine or wanton negligence. No failure or delay of one unnecessary movement retarded the inception, or marred or prevented the performance of another. A determination had been early formed to set out for the West on the sixth of October; and by the morning of that day I was in readiness for my journey, and commenced it at the appointed hour. And, notwithstanding unavoidable retardation by bad roads, an unprecedented want of water in the Ohio, and nearly two days' confinement by indisposition, I reached Lexington within a very short period of the time appointed. To the foregoing representation I shall only subjoin, that in the emergency just described, as in every other I have been called to encounter, my performance and success have been uniformly and precisely in proportion to the fitness of my prearrangement, and the steady perseverance practised in my resolution and strenuous endeavor to succeed. Nor, under the auspices of such preparations and the aid of such exertions and means, have I ever failed to do more than I anticipated doing.

When preparing for the transfer of my home from Philadelphia to the West, the only effort in which I failed, or experienced much difficulty, was to convince a few of my friends that I was not crazy. When I first broached to them my design to make the transfer, they exclaimed, in a body, that I was mad. To the exclamation I replied, with a smile: "Perhaps I am; though I am not consciously so. But most people are mad on some subject; and why not I, as well as others?"—and immediately changed the subject of conversation. Finding that I spoke on all things as I had usually done; they recurred to my expressed intention to

migrate to the West, and asked me whether I spoke seriously or in jest? I answered with an emphasis on each word, and in a decisive tone and manner: "Seriously and firmly. My purpose is fixed; and nothing but death or disability can change it." Startled at the manner more perhaps than at the substance of my answer, they begged with some emotion, to be informed of my reasons for leaving Philadelphia, where, to use their own words, "I had done, and was still doing well."

To this my reply was proud and contemptuous, beyond what they had ever perhaps witnessed in me before. The phrases "done well," and "doing well," I repeated with bitterness, accompanied by an expression of scorn and indignation. "Am I doing well when excluded, by jealousy and malice, from that to which you know, and have often said, I am rightfully entitled? Am I doing well when I see others elevated, by mere favoritism, to posts of distinction and profit, for which they are unqualified, while, because I will not sue and play the sycophant for them, the door to those posts is forever barred against me, who have spent near twenty years in preparing myself for them, and who, as yourselves know, and are ready to testify, *am* prepared for them? Nor do I care who knows that I thus speak of myself and others; because what I say is true—and neither detraction on one side, nor false praise on the other. Though I have, in a great measure, concealed my feelings, I have been long dissatisfied with Philadelphia, and determined to leave it as soon as my son's collegiate education should be finished. That time has arrived, and my determination, so long and so justly entertained, shall be speedily carried into effect. I have received and accepted an invitation to a chair in the medical department of Transylvania University in Lexington in the State of Kentucky. I have engaged to be at my post by the first of November next; and you have not now to learn in what light my engagements are regarded by me. And, as far as my utmost exertions may avail, my engagement with the Trustees of Transylvania University shall be faithfully observed. On the subject of my removal from this place, to try a tilt with fortune in the West, I have maturely reflected, and deem the prospect of victory favorable to me. The result which presents itself (whether to my reason and judgment, or to my imagination and hope, the experiment alone can decide)

appears to be auspicious. But whatever form or character it may assume, I am prepared to meet it, without a present or a future murmur. And, as the measure is exclusively my own, so, as far as possible, shall be the misfortune, should any arise from it."

"But your family, sir," one of my friends began, and was about to make some remarks on that topic; when I unceremoniously interrupted him, by interposing: "I know, sir, what you are about to say, and shall render it needless, by assuring you that my family shall be strictly cared for; and that arrangements for the purpose are already made. I have never yet involved any one in my misfortunes or difficulties, and I shall not begin the work with my own family. Their interest and welfare are in my own keeping; where they shall be faithfully and securely kept without giving trouble to friend or foe. And there they shall rest unmolested, while I have life to protect them. I trust, therefore, that on that point, my friends will neither disquiet themselves, nor deem it necessary to disquiet me. For my family, I have made a provision in the East, satisfactory to every one except myself; and I am now resolved to endeavor to improve it, in a new and more eligible sphere of action in the West."

Having spoken to this effect, I entreated the gentlemen not to trouble themselves, by attempting to discuss the matter with me any further—somewhat sportively adding: "So brief is my time of preparation for my removal from Philadelphia, and my journey to Lexington, that between this and the first of November I must be all action, and much as I am addicted to talking, shall have no leisure for the indulgence of myself in words."

Nor did any one subsequently attempt to discuss the matter with me, except on one occasion, and I then rendered the discussion exceedingly brief. On calling to take leave of a family, whose physician I had been for many years, the gentleman, who possessed much more of sincerity and kindness than of judgment and knowledge of human nature, breathed a hope and semi-prayer, that I might be so far unsuccessful in Kentucky, as to be obliged to return to Philadelphia, where I would again meet such welcome and success as would prevent me from "even dreaming of ever afterwards leaving it."

To this I first gravely and perhaps somewhat sternly replied: "Your wish and hope, sir, are, I am confident, expressed in kind-

ness, but their fulfilment would exile me forever from Philadelphia, to which I shall never return a disappointed man. But," changing my tone and manner, and addressing his wife and daughter, holding a hand of each in one of mine, I added, facetiously, "you will never see me again, unless I am prepared to ask you to accompany me in a drive in my coach and four"—and, kissing their hands, I immediately took leave.

By the arrival of the day appointed for the commencement of my journey, my arrangements were complete. But, before turning my face toward the setting sun, I must take leave of my old and well-tried friend Dr. Cooper, whom I am about to leave behind me in Philadelphia; and on whom I feel bound to bestow a few parting moments and words.

In talents, attainments, and general character, Dr. Cooper was one of the most extraordinary men of the day. In literature and science (political science excepted), his views were deep, comprehensive and sound. But, in politics, so thoroughly were his notions infected and perverted by the groundless and wild doctrine of liberty and equality, that his benevolence and humanity alone prevented him from being a Jacobin.

He was by birth and education an Englishman, an intimate acquaintance and personal friend of Dr. Priestley, and, in consideration of his anti-monarchical principles, was elected, during the period of the "Reign of Terror," in Paris, and took his seat, as a member of the National Assembly of France. But his membership in that turbulent and tyrannical body was of short duration. Being of a temper in some degree fierce and fiery, and a spirit fearless, haughty, and incontrollable, he became engaged in a personal contention with Robespierre, during a sitting of the Assembly, in which the latter used, in relation to him, unbecoming and offensive language. As soon as the session was closed, Cooper determined on satisfaction for the insult, sought the Frenchman, met him in the street, pronounced him a scoundrel (*un coquin*), drew his sword, and bade him defend himself. Robespierre declined the combat, but prepared for revenge on the daring Englishman. His design was to have him secretly assassinated, or to denounce him in the next meeting of the Jacobin Club, where his influence was irresistible, and have him immediately conducted to the guillotine. Informed of this by a friend, who had

in some way penetrated the intention of the French demagogue, and convinced that flight alone could save him, Cooper instantly left Paris, and had the good fortune to escape the meditated vengeance.

On his return to England, he found the public mind greatly agitated, and everything in a very perturbed condition, by the actual existence and outrages of mobs in various parts of the kingdom, and the suspicion and reports of plots, insurrections, and concerted rebellion. Nor was this all. He himself became suspected to be a leader among the malcontents, the dwelling of his friend Priestley had been assailed by a mob, and all his furniture and fine library burnt; in consequence of which, and the dread perhaps of further violence, the doctor himself was preparing to migrate, or had migrated to the United States.

Influenced by these and probably other considerations, Cooper determined to exile himself from his native country, whose inhabitants, and himself, as one of them, he held to be deeply wronged and oppressed, by a corrupt and tyrannical government, and try his fortune in a foreign land. Under these impressions with regard to political control, and with "liberty and equality" as his battle motto, he selected the United States for his field of future action, and Philadelphia, then our largest and in all respects our chief city, for his place of residence. And from an improvidence as to means, which made a part of his nature, he was low in funds.

Philadelphia was then the seat of the National Government. Congress was in session when Cooper arrived, and Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, Elsworth, King, and many other distinguished men, statesmen, and politicians were on the spot and in action. And the Goddess of Discord was already among them, and had divided them into the original parties of Federalist and Anti-Federalist—the former being the advocates of a more concentrated and powerful government, administered and directed by legislators and officers appointed for the purpose; and the latter of a government, with a basis as spacious as the populated portion of the Union, of which every man, who wore a head and wagged a tongue, was in part (and that part far from being inconsiderable) a legislator and an executive agent.

At the head of the Federal party was Hamilton—of the Anti-

Federal, Jefferson—and their immediate aids, who consisted of the ablest and most influential statesmen and politicians in the country. Washington, too high, patriotic, and pure-minded, to be approached by party spirit, was, as his august title implied, President of the United States.

In this condition of things, strengthened not a little by his own pecuniary condition, Cooper was obliged to look for a subsistence to some public employment connected with the profession of law, to which he had been bred; but which, as far as I remember, he had never yet practised. And that he might the more readily succeed in procuring some appointment, it was expedient that he should attach himself to one of the political parties. Nor was he long in making his choice. Nature and education appeared to have combined in fitting him for many things—but pre-eminently for three—to be a "liberty and equality" philosopher and projector, a party politician, and a political agitator. Hence, he instinctively attached himself to Jefferson and the *Outs*. True, Jefferson was Secretary of State, and therefore, officially one of the *Ins*. But in principle, wishes, and resolution, he was an *Out;* because his object was to supersede Hamilton, oust Washington, or at least prevent his re-election to the office of chief magistrate, and be promoted to his place. And that promotion he expected from the Anti-Federal party.

By several papers which he wrote, and for which he was probably paid, Cooper was not long in convincing his party of his dexterity and strength in the use of his pen, and therefore of his power to aid them in their projects. And to the employment of it, chiefly, as there is reason to believe, he was indebted for his subsistence for several years. The State of Pennsylvania being then, as it is now, democratic in its government, he was at length appointed to a judgeship in it—but of what court, or with what salary, I do not remember—if, indeed, I was ever informed—for, at that period, my acquaintance with the judge was but slight. His tenure of the office, however, did not prove to be either "for life," or until terminated by promotion. On account of some act regarded as an official malversation, he was impeached, and either removed, or induced to resign—I have forgotten which.

Through whatever channel, however, the loss may have reached him, it is certain that he no longer either held his judgeship or

received his salary, and was again deprived of a competent and regular means of subsistence. But it is equally certain that the misfortune did not take from him a tittle of his reputation as a powerful, a learned, and a perfectly upright and honorable man. His standing in society, therefore, and his connection and intercourse with the first men and families in the country, were untouched.

Nor was it long until authentic evidence to this effect appeared in his election to the Professorship of Chemistry and Moral Philosophy in Dickinson College, in the town of Carlisle, and State of Pennsylvania. In that institution he remained, by far its ablest, and one of its most faithful and popular teachers, until the occurrence of a serious and threatening rebellion, in the quelling of which he manifested, in no common degree, the courage and energy for which he was remarkable. The consequence of the outbreak was a temporary suspension of the exercises of the institution, a slight change in its government and economy, and the resignation of some of its officers—and Cooper, for what reason I know not, never returned to it.

After this, he made Philadelphia his home; and it was now that my close intimacy with him commenced. To aid him in his finances, which were unusually low, it was at this period that I employed him, as heretofore stated, as an auxiliary, in the composition of original articles for the *Port Folio*, and rendered him all other civilities and services in my power. Nor did he fail to feel them deeply, and cordially acknowledge and endeavor to requite them by bestowing encomiums on me with his tongue and his pen, whenever and wherever a suitable occasion to do so presented itself. And when none spontaneously arose, he often created one. This I had subsequently not a few opportunities of learning, and beneficially realizing in Great Britain. When I subsequently made visits there, to many places where I considered myself unknown, I found that I was mistaken. The letters of Cooper had been there before me, and prepared the way for my reception in a manner and style far more favorable and flattering than I had reason to anticipate.

Dr. Cooper (for he was now doctorated) knew that I had received private letters of invitation to migrate to the West; and he himself had some prospect of an invitation to South Carolina.

We frequently conferred, therefore, on the practicability and advantage of erecting schools of medicine in those quarters. And we received, about the same time, he, his appointment to the professorship of chemistry in Columbia College, in South Carolina, which subsequently led to his elevation to the presidency of that institution; and I, to the premiership of the medical department of Transylvania University. He did much toward the establishment of the school of medicine in Charleston; and my success in relation to the Lexington school will be stated hereafter.

Dr. Cooper and myself left Philadelphia about the same time—he for Columbia, and I for Lexington. We were the first persons that had the independence and enterprise to sever an official connection with the University of Pennsylvania, and issue from that medical emporium, for the express purpose of establishing schools of medicine in the other parts of the United States. And we were both successful.

My distinguished friend and colleague, Dr. Cooper, I have not seen since I parted from him in Philadelphia, in the year 1819. But we corresponded regularly until within a short period of his death. He officiated for a time, with great popularity, as professor of chemistry in Columbia College, and then as president of the same institution.

When he retired from the latter station, on account of some misunderstanding with the Board of Trustees, he was employed by the legislature to write a history (I think it was) of South Carolina. Whether he lived to finish that work I am not informed. My impression is, however, that he did not, but died while engaged in it, at the advanced age of fourscore and upward—leaving behind him a family, but no estate, notwithstanding the labors of his never-idle and protracted life.

Not only was Cooper's mind uncommonly keen and penetrating, it was one of the most inquisitive minds I have ever witnessed. Hence, the field of knowledge it traversed was almost illimitable. It grasped at everything, especially at everything new and curious. It went in pursuit of the knowledge of phrenology sooner after I began the propagation of it, than that of any other very distinguished man in the United States. But it did not pursue it to a very great extent. The doctor was a full believer in the

science, and understood its general principles, but never informed himself of it practically and in detail.

He frequently and anxiously solicited me, by letter, to visit the College of Columbia and deliver a course of lectures on phrenology to the pupils of it, and the inhabitants of the town; I should have been much pleased to do so, but was never able to command the time.

Dr. Cooper was a man of low stature, but robust, well proportioned, and very compactly built. His temperament was sanguineo-nervous, his head large, finely developed, and uncommonly round, his neck stout and thick, his chest capacious, and his respiration free, full, and vigorous. His digestion was also sound and strong.

From these characteristics, the physiologist and phrenologist will plainly perceive that he was framed and endowed by nature for the attainment of longevity, and the possession of a powerful, active, and enduring intellect. And the issue of his life proved the correctness of his personal indications.

He experienced two attacks of palsy (or one of palsy and one of apoplexy); yet such was the vigor of his constitution, that he recovered from both without any perceptible impairment of mind. Hence his last mental productions exhibited no marks of old age —or if they did, it was of the old age of a *giant intellect*—the old age of Cooper.

Having spoken of Dr. Priestley as an acquaintance of mine in Philadelphia, and a friend of Dr. Cooper, before taking a final leave of the place, I shall offer a few remarks on that extraordinary man. And the term *extraordinary* is, in many respects, as applicable to him as to any other personage I have ever known.

It is hardly less than extraordinary that a friendship so strong and fervent as theirs was, should have existed between him and Dr. Cooper. For it would be difficult to find two men more dissimilar to each other. The only mutual similarity that marked them was, that each of them possessed talents of an exalted order, and iuformation of great variety and extent. But the character of their intellects, their temperaments, and tempers, and their modes of using their information, were strikingly unlike. In their scrutinies and discussions of subjects, Cooper's intellect was the most keen, penetrating, and searching; Priestley's the most

diffusive, expanded, and liberal. Priestley possessed the greatest amount of knowledge; Cooper made the most powerful use of what he did possess. In discussion and debate, Priestley was calm, placid, and candid; Cooper, vehement, fiery, and sometimes inclined to confuse, perplex, and entrap his antagonist. The spirit and manner of the latter resembled those of the advocate resolved, by any admissible means, to succeed in his cause; those of the former the spirit and manner of the judge, summing up the evidence and delivering his charge.

Although Priestley made more discoveries in science than Cooper, yet had he a less original, strong, and philosophical mode of thinking. Hence he depended more on the works of others, and consulted books to a greater extent. He also experimented on a wider scale, and in a more promiscuous and indefinite manner, and, therefore, made some of his experiments by accident. I mean that he made discoveries other than those which he contemplated; and was so fortunate as to make many when he contemplated none at all. He merely brought substances into contact, or within striking distance of each other, and observed and noted the effect, and thus discovered new and unexpected facts and relations of which he afterward availed himself for useful purposes.

Cooper, on the contrary, had little or nothing of hap-hazard in his actions. Whatever he did was designed for the attainment of some definite end. And if he failed in that, his failure was likely to be complete; because to that alone he attended, usually regardless of everything else. Hence, in the course of his experiment, or series of experiments, he discovered and picked up nothing accidentally by the way. Nor had he the patience of Priestley to persevere in the repetition of barren experiments, or in the trial of new ones for the same purpose. In a word, he was a neck-or-nothing man, and, therefore, never content with small results—not remembering that great things are always and necessarily composed of small ones, and that the only certain road to true and lasting achievement and fame is from the small to the great.

But the most striking difference between Priestley and Cooper was in their temperaments and tempers, to which a mere reference has been already made. The organization of the former

was much less terse than that of the latter; and his temperament was nervo-sanguineous, with a moderate but evident mixture of the phlegmatic. And his organ of benevolence was strongly developed. To that development and mixture were attributable the mildness and placidity of his temper, which was rarely if ever very seriously ruffled. To that again were to be attributed the calmness and courtesy of his manner and language in all his controversial engagements (and they were numerous) in which, whether they were conducted *viva voce* or through the press, he never employed an expression that was really exceptionable, and much less offensive, in either word or sentiment. Hence, though nearly all his controversies were on matters of religion, he never engendered in fair and liberal minded antagonists resentment or dislike. With whatever zeal and earnestness, and with whatever determination to crush him, they might battle with the theologian, they never failed to feel kindly, and think in the highest degree respectfully toward the man. Nor could they even deny that his deportment had in it much of the pure philanthropist and the Christian. If any person entertained toward him a single element of the *odium theologium*, it was the bigot and the fanatic. And they, in their controversies, are but rabid animals, with but two legs instead of four.

Priestley's fund of knowledge was all but boundless; and, in the communication and diffusion of it, he was bounteous to profusion. Though, in neither public nor private discourse did he manifest a trait of what is called eloquence, or elegance of style or manner; yet was he one of the most instructive and interesting preachers and colloquists I have ever known. So unskilled or careless was he in orthoepy, that he even pronounced very incorrectly not a few of the most common words in the English language—and some of them he pronounced so illiterately, not to say so vulgarly, as to amount to a serious blemish on his scholarship. Thus, for example, instead of "horse," and "house," and "here," he gave you *orse* and *ouse* and *ere*; and instead of "oak," and "order," and "ear," you had from him *hoak*, *horder*, and *hear*. And these are English vulgarities.

But so rich was the doctor in valuable colloquial matter, and so bounteously and dexterously did he impart it, that I never passed half an hour in conversation with him that did not add

something to my stock of useful knowledge—some interesting fact.

Added to his other amiable and attractive attributes, Dr. Priestley was one of the most single-minded and modest men I have ever known. For the vast store of knowledge he possessed, he took to himself no credit, except on the score of labor and industry. He earnestly, and I am confident sincerely, assured me that not a few of his college-mates were equal, and some of them superior to him, in the facility with which they acquired scholarship and knowledge. Between him and them, therefore, when they took their degrees, there was little or no difference in point of attainment. "But," said he, "when we quitted college, they quitted study, and I stuck to it; and most of them were soon out of sight and hearing behind me; and I neither saw nor heard any more of them. And that is the only reason why they are not my equals or superiors in knowledge."

As Dr. Priestley advanced in age, he lost none of the sprightliness, vivacity, or clearness of his mind. But, that he lost some of its strength, I learned from the following fact. In earnest conversation or discussion, he could not, without fatigue, persevere so long as he had been previously able to do. He was, therefore, obliged to pause frequently and at shorter intervals, to recruit his expended strength—and would then proceed. So strikingly true and remarkable was this, that, at table, after dinner, when wine and earnest conversation were going round, I have seen him scores of times, after a few sprightly and energetic remarks, dropping into a momentary slumber, and then awaking and resuming conversation with his usual spirit. And the same was the case with Mr. Jefferson at the time of my last visit to him, when he had attained his eighty-second or third year. His mind was as clear and sprightly as it had been twenty years previously; but its strength was less, and therefore more easily exhausted. Hence, he was compelled, in conversation, to pause more frequently to allow it to recruit. And, I am inclined to believe, that such is the condition of the mind of all persons far advanced in years; provided they have not, through indolence and disease, allowed their faculties to relax and take rust. Their minds retain their clearness and sprightliness, but decline in strength and endurance. If I am not misinformed, J. Q. Adams

gave evidence to the same effect. The last remarks he made in Congress were as perspicuous, and as much to the point, as any he had ever previously offered; but they were comparatively few and brief.

Notwithstanding the charges of damning theological heresies, that were piled mountain-high against Dr. Priestley, I witnessed in him, on a certain occasion, manifestations of mind and feeling, which, in my own opinion, and in that of others whose Christian orthodoxy was never questioned, utterly nullified and scattered them to the wind. I attended him, in consultation with Dr. Rush, in a severe and very threatening fit of sickness, when I greatly feared, and he himself confidently believed, that he was on his death-bed. And never did I behold any individual, in a like case, more calm and submissive than he was, under present suffering, or more firm and confiding, peacefully resigned and cheerfully hopeful in relation to his condition in a future state.

But to waive the further consideration of these minor points, and proceed in the main and more immediate tenor of my story.

For some time past, the current of my thoughts had been chiefly turned to my migration to the great West. The point of time on which I had definitively fixed for the commencement of that enterprise, by far the most important that marks my long and apparently restless career, was the sixth of October, 1819. And, when the earnestly contemplated moment arrived, not a tittle was wanting, either material or mental, in my preparation for my journey. And everything was in a state of perfect maturity.

I have pronounced my career apparently restless; and it was nothing more. It was not really restless. That quality, had it existed, would have fastened on me the charge of fickleness. And of that characteristic I have not, in the composition of my nature, a single element. "Fickleness" is wanton and uncalculating changeability, a proneness to change without reflection, and therefore without a sufficient cause, and of course without a reasonable prospect of an amendment of condition. But for a change of that description I had no relish, and hence possessed toward it no shadow of disposition.

Though my course in life has been marked by several changes from place to place, the tenor of my pursuits has been always

the same. And the changes have been the result of serious deliberation, and made under a reasonable belief that my condition would be improved by them, in consequence of an enlargement or elevation of my field of action, or of both united. I felt my energies cramped and restrained, for want of room, and experienced a conviction—the issue of forecast and deliberate examination—that a wider scope for exertion would elevate my views, invigorate my resolution, and augment my usefulness. Nor did the result ever fail to show that my anticipation was correct. And this was very signally true of the momentous change I am at present considering.

CHAPTER XII.

Leave Philadelphia — State of travelling — Long drought — Reach Lexington — Points of the compass—Medical school—Professors—Dr. D——y—An address to the people—Address to the Legislature—My introductory—Valedictory—Reply to a critique on my "Life of Greene"—End of session—Departure for Europe—Liverpool — English women—Stage-coach anecdote—Mrs. Solomon—Roscoe—Bostock—Sir Astley Cooper—John Hunter—First interview with Abernethy—Mr. Lawrence—Mrs. Somerville—Ladies' conversation party—Chelsea Hospital —London—Speakers in Parliament—Thames tunnel—Coronation of George the Fourth—Death of Queen Caroline.

On the morning of the 6th of October, 1819, I took leave of Philadelphia, if not with a "light heart" at least with a resolute one—a stranger to previous failure and disappointment, fearless of any such events in the future, and utterly regardless of difficulty and danger. My object was to be the first introducer of true medical science into the Mississippi Valley, and thus to commence the independence, in that respect, of the West and South on the medical institutions of the East and North. And in thirty years the scheme is beginning to take palpable effect. Such independence is now talked of and seriously contemplated. And the settled and spreading intention in the public mind, is the truth-telling harbinger of the "consummation so devoutly to be wished." Having succeeded, therefore, in the enterprise, where certain predecessors had failed, I have deemed it instructive and useful to make a clear disclosure of my means of success. Nor can I doubt that the enlightened and candid reader will concur with me in opinion.

Of my journey to the West, I shall only say that it was rough, tedious, and somewhat dangerous, the danger arising in part from the breaking down or overturning of carriages on roads almost impassable, and in part from robbers who ambushed the way. But from neither of the two was it my misfortune to suffer. Two entire weeks of constant and hard travelling were then necessary for the performance of a journey which can now be

performed in less than five entire days. And, at no distant period, it will be performed, at farthest, in half the time. Such is the issue of meeting and encountering difficulties with suitable means and with stern resolution and perseverance of purpose. And it is to furnish proof of this salutary and momentous truth, that I have allowed myself to introduce into my narrative aught that can be construed into intentional self-applause. Nor have I, after all that can be alleged on the subject, introduced into it a single fact, sentiment, or allegation beyond the plain and universally admitted truism, that whatever of worth or usefulness has been performed by me, has been the product of the fitnesses for such performance of the corporeal, intellectual, and moral attributes which I possess and have exercised, as natural causes necessarily productive of natural effects, and without the exercise of which causes, the effects corresponding to them would never have occurred.

The character of the season, in which I migrated to the West, is worthy of notice. It was marked by the most obstinate and alarming drought that the oldest inhabitants of the region where it prevailed remembered to have witnessed. And in the Western States, its prevalence was extensive; the river Ohio was so exhausted of its waters as to be, in many places, unnavigable for weeks by the lightest flat-bottomed boats. Instead of presenting the spectacle of a bold, free-flowing river, it consisted in many sections of no inconsiderable length, of a series of ponds connected by shallow and slow-moving streams. I attempted to descend it from Wheeling in a small keelboat, constructed and fitted for the purpose by the most experienced and skilful mechanics and river navigators; but, before the completion of ten miles of my voyage, the boat ran aground on a broad and apparently impassable sandbar; and I instantly abandoned her, provided myself with horses, and performed what yet remained of my journey (a distance of more than two hundred miles) by land.

In my passage through the State of Ohio, from Wheeling to Maysville, I soon had occasion to observe that it was not the river alone which was changed in its appearance and character by the drought; the entire face of the country was altered. Every rivulet was dried up; larger streams were in so nearly the same condition that not merely inconvenience but a serious pri-

vation, not far remote from actual suffering, was experienced by travellers and their horses, for want of water. Nor was this all.

So dead and arid were the long grass and abundant herbage, that, in numerous places, they were in a wide, fierce, and still spreading conflagration, in consequence of fire having been set to them either accidentally or by design. The period of time to which I am alluding was in October, during that peculiar dusky state of weather usually denominated "Indian Summer." And the immense volumes of smoke issuing from the conflagrated grass, herbage, and other forms of dead parched vegetable matter, uniting with the already existing haze, rendered the atmosphere more sombre, and the sun peering through it more rayless, blood-colored, and unilluminating, than I have ever observed him to be, either before or since, on such an occasion.

Under the influence of this scarcely respirable state of the atmosphere, augmented not a little by the cheerless aspect of the sun, and the almost waterless condition of the country, did I travel through the entire State of Ohio, and a considerable portion of the State of Kentucky. Thus signally uninviting, not to say repulsive and discouraging, was my reception by the two important elements of air and water, on my first entrance into what had not yet ceased to be denominated the "Wilds of the West."

But on me the omen, which superstition might have regarded as sinister in its boding, had of course no shadow of mental effect. It neither damped my spirits, dulled my anticipation, nor darkened my hope. I looked with confidence through the dreary and disheartening condition of physical things immediately around me, to occurrences beyond them morally and intellectually propitious and encouraging. Nor was it long until my prevoyance was, for a time, very pleasantly realized.

The first night I passed in Kentucky, I met at the hotel where I lodged, a young lady who, though neither beautiful in countenance, elegant in person, nor graceful in manners, had notwithstanding something in her general appearance which commanded attention, excited regard, and conciliated good will. When the gentlemen and ladies, who constituted the guests of the establishment (called an inn), and who were seated in the same apartment, were summoned to supper, I directed my eye toward her, and perceived that she was alone and unprotected.

I therefore advanced to her with a movement and a bow of courtesy, offered her my arm, which she promptly accepted, in a lady-like manner, and I thus conducted her to the meal that was in waiting.

By this casual meeting, and the intercourse held by means of it, which amounted to a sort of half-adventure, I formed with the lady, who, in addition to her uncommon amount of information, good sense, and good breeding, was an accomplished colloquist, an intimate and pleasant acquaintance, which continued to be cherished, talked of and revivified, as often as we subsequently met, until the close of her life; an event which did not occur until the lapse of more than twenty years. And I have reason to know that she often spoke of me in such terms as induced other persons to seek an acquaintance with me.

On the day following, I reached Lexington, where I was met and received with the cordiality and warmth of a southern welcome, by the Trustees of Transylvania University, and all the other leading gentlemen of the place, who were assembled at the hotel, in which apartments for me had been taken.

On this occasion, there occurred to me an incident, which I deem worthy of notice; not because it was new and unique in itself, but because, as far as I am informed, it was unique in the lastingness of its impression on me.

My arrival in Lexington took place a little before sunset, and the sun was shining as vividly and brightly as the hour of the day and the smoky condition of the atmosphere permitted. When I first entered the city, my perception of the bearing of the four cardinal points of the compass, east, west, north, and south, was correct and clear. But, while I was looking in a different direction, the stage in which I was seated turned a corner, to reach the post-office and deliver the mail, and deranged by the movement my perception (I ought perhaps to say feeling of those points). And though I resided in Lexington eighteen years, that feeling never became rectified. My perception and knowledge of the points of the compass were by time and observation rendered correct. I knew in what direction they severally lay. But in relation to them my feeling (perhaps I might call it my instinct) continued wrong. I always felt as if the east lay in the direction

of the north, the west in the direction of the south, the north in the west, and the south in the east.

I tried, moreover, many fair experiments to correct the illusion which so obstinately adhered to me. I have gone a short distance into the country, and my sensations became correct. I have returned, under a determination to keep them so, accompanied by an effort to that effect. And I always succeeded in my effort until I had reached the boundary line of the city. But no sooner had I entered the city and looked on the courses of the streets, than my illusion recurred, and my *feeling* as to the points of the compass was again perverted.

I am now in Lexington, which is destined to be the immediate field of my future action. That action is, in its character and object, widely different from any in which I have been heretofore engaged. Nor are its character and object the only points in which it is new to me. It also devolves on me a new responsibility, much deeper and weightier than any I have hitherto encountered. It is much more arduous in its nature, and, in a far higher degree, more momentous in its effects. It is to be certainly for many years, perhaps to the termination of my life, an unremitting war with difficulties; some of them the product of nature herself, and others the fruit of the opposition of man.

The prize, moreover, for which I am to contend, is vast and enduring. It is my own reputation and standing as a man, a physician, and a generally supposed possessor of some share of literature and science, and the promotion of the health and welfare, on a large scale, especially in the great community of the West and South, of my contemporaries and posterity.

For the accomplishment of this momentous design, I have vast and multifarious labors and duties to perform. Of these, my first and one of the most difficult and important is, to clear and prepare the virgin, moral, and intellectual soil of the great West and South for the seeds of true medical science and literature. I say the "*virgin*" *soil;* for, as yet, that soil had never undergone the slightest preparation for such a purpose. Much less had a grain of the seed been yet planted in it and watered. I was the first and genuine pioneer in the enterprise to that effect. In the year 1819, I found the mental soil of the West and South as perfect a stranger to real medical philosophy, as Boone and Kenton found

their physical soil a stranger to wheat and barley, on their first arrival in the unweeded wilderness. Of mere practical medicine, respectable in its order, and useful in its effect, certain portions of the Mississippi Valley were not, at that date, entirely destitute. But, in relation to philosophical medicine, the whole region was a barren waste.

Such was the condition of things, in the western country, and such, some of my thoughts and reflections in relation to it, on my first arrival. The almost unlimited magnitude of my task to be performed being thus referred to, a brief representation of my means for the performance of it, will not, I flatter myself, be deemed out of place.

On my arrival in Lexington, I had found in waiting for me thirty-seven pupils, but nothing that could be regarded as means for the instruction of them; no suitable lecture-room, no library, no chemical apparatus of any value, and not the shadow of a cabinet, of any description. And the spirits of the inhabitants of the place, especially after the late occurrence of a devastating fire, were at an ebb corresponding to that of the means of medical teaching. Nor is all that clouded my prospect of success yet told. I had under my direction one of the most miserable Faculties of medicine, or rather the materials of which to form such Faculty, that the Caucasian portion of the human family can well furnish, or the human mind easily imagine. It consisted of five professors (I myself being one of them), among whom was divided the administration of seven different branches of the profession. And of the five, three were (as related to the duties to be discharged by them) but little else than medical ciphers. But fortunately this nullity was not altogether the result of mental deficiency. Had it been so, I need not add that the case would have been remediless. It arose more, perhaps, from an entire want of the proper kind and degree of mental cultivation and training. One of them, in particular, was a man of a very respectable intellect, had received somewhat of a classical education, had been regularly, and, as some thought, thoroughly bred to medicine, and, as a colloquist, was fertile and uncommonly eloquent. But his nerves seemed made of aspen leaves, interwoven with the leaves of the mimosa sensitiva, that trembled and shrank from the slightest touch of responsibility; even from the respon-

sibility of uttering and maintaining a medical doctrine; no matter whether it was derived from an external source, or from the internal working of his own fancy. Of the other two, one had been also, to some extent, educated; but he knew more of almost anything else than he did of the subject he was appointed to teach. The other possessed an intellect not much, if in any measure, below the middle standard; but it was miserably letterless and untrained. The professor of it could do nothing more than converse fluently but very coarsely on such matters as he superficially knew, and on nothing was his knowledge more than superficial. To real study and investigation he was a stranger.

The fourth professor, though perhaps the most meagrely endowed of the whole by nature, was the only one that was qualified and resolutely determined to work. Yet was he firm in the belief and free in his expression of it, that the school was destined to have very limited classes. His avowal of this opinion I somewhat positively discouraged; requesting him in a tone not altogether, however, free from jest and playfulness, either to dismiss his prophetic spirit or bridle its tongue; for that I was determined to defeat and nullify his predictions; and that I was neither accustomed to meet, nor well prepared to brook disappointment. I then added, more seriously and significantly: "Our true policy is, either never to speak on the subject of our success, or to pronounce it certain—for a man under the influence of doubt and apprehension does not unfrequently more mischief by his words than he can remove by his actions." To this I subjoined, in a voice and manner neither misunderstood nor unfelt by him: "When hope is likely to fail me, in a favorite project, I substitute, in its stead, resolution, energy, and perseverance, as I am determined to do in the present case. And he who selects them as his *banner motto*, and battles under it like a man, is never *vanquished*, whether he fail or succeed. For their import is the same with that of the motto to 'do or die,' which I have chosen as mine in the enterprise before me. As respects the formation of a distinguished school in this place, the term failure is expunged from my vocabulary. And so let it be from the vocabulary of the whole Faculty, and, whatever may be our prospect now, our success hereafter is free from doubt. With such auspices, therefore, let us commence action, under the further

guardianship of our Revolutionary motto: *United we stand, divided we fall;* and in three years hence all will be well."

Having cheered my almost desponding colleague with remarks to this effect, expressed in a style of animation and firmness, I left him in much better spirits than I had found him; and, on the third day afterward, the whole Faculty were at their posts, in such of the University apartments as were most suitable, he charged with the administration of the two branches of Anatomy and Surgery, and I with those of the Institutes of Medicine, and Materia Medica, and each of the other members with the administration of a single branch. More correctly, however, I must observe that the Professor of Anatomy and Surgery discharged the duties of his appointment in a small private amphitheatre of his own.

Of this gentleman, my fourth colleague (Professor Dudley), the condition, though different, was by no means promising. In scholarship and literary knowledge he was very deficient. And, though he had studied his profession, I am willing to believe carefully, for several years, both at home and abroad, and practised it for a considerable time, yet he had never in any way *as yet* distinguished himself. He had, therefore, no reputation. And as he possessed none of the ardor or enthusiasm of a man of genius, his talents were believed to be of a moderate order. But he possessed industry, resolution, and perseverance, and they constituted ground of hope and expectation. And that ground proved solid and productive in direct contradiction of general belief. Hence, when I first ventured to assert that he would become an able professor and teacher (and I was the first man who did so), I was suspected of irony, a suspicion which I promptly repelled. But Professor Dudley is a self-made man. Nor do I design the expression to be a symbol of discredit, but directly the reverse.

I mean that Professor Dudley took his fate and fortune into his own keeping, and, by his industry and perseverance, made himself what he is, an eminent surgeon. Nor do I know of any man living of whom that achievement is more strictly true.

Having been somewhat successful in dispelling the doubts and fears of the most hopeful of my colleagues, respecting the establishment and elevation to distinction and usefulness of a medical school in the West and South, I was anxious to exercise a simi-

lar influence and to produce a similar effect on the inhabitants of Lexington, and as far as practicable on those of Kentucky and the adjoining States. And this important object I endeavored to effect in three several ways: by speaking cheerfully and confidently of success in the enterprise as often as I conversed on it, and addressing letters bearing on it to men of influence, in different parts of the western country; but more especially by my Inaugural Address, to which I have not until now alluded, and respecting which I shall offer a few remarks.

My design to deliver the address, with the time *when* and the place *where*, the delivery was to take place, were so announced in the public prints as to make an impression and call together a very large and crowded audience. The subject of the address moreover was not only significant, but interesting and important to the enterprise before me. And on the mere style and manner of it I had bestowed considerable attention; but more on its matter and argument. Nor did the Reverend Horace Holley, D. D., the President of Transylvania University, who was fond of pageantry and show, fail to render the entire ceremony of my inauguration as imposing as possible. Among other expedients to that effect, he and myself addressed each other in Latin, or rather he addressed me, and I replied to him in that sonorous, highly polished, and magnificent tongue, an expedient not without a salutary effect. Our ceremonious by-play, however, in Latin, was but the prelude to my inaugural address in English, which followed it.

The subject of the address was the facility, certainty, and general advantages of establishing a school of medicine in the West and South, and the honor and manifold benefits Lexington would derive from being the seat of it.

The introductory ceremony, consisting chiefly of prayer and music, occupied about half an hour; and the delivery of my address about an hour and a half. The occasion I regarded as the grand moral and most eventful climacteric of my life, peculiarly calculated to promote or impede the tenor of its success. I therefore spoke with great earnestness and under deep feeling. And my effort (for I speak of the issue precisely as it eventuated) was eminently successful. Doubts, fears, and fancied difficulties disappeared under it like mist under sunshine. Before I had spoken ten minutes, I was made fully sensible of the favorable

impression I was producing. Immediately in my front sat a group of my warmest, most intelligent, and most sincerely interested friends; and in their aspect I read distinctly the fate of my address. And I read it, if possible, more distinctly and significantly, in the aspect and deportment of two aged and respectable, but neither scientific nor literary physicians. When I commenced the delivery of it, they were seated some distance from me, in different parts of the house. And they both rose, at nearly the same moment, and began gradually to approach me, still halting after each short and silent forward movement, and intently listening, as if resolute not to lose a syllable from my lips. And this progression they continued until one of them came so near to me that I could have laid my hand on his shoulder.

The peroration of my address, which was brief and pithy, I had committed to memory. When I had reached it, therefore, dropping my manuscript (which, though hitherto held in my hand, had been recited rather than read), I threw into my delivery all the depth and force of voice, manner, and general expression I could command, and concluded amidst marks of emotion in the audience, and a burst of applause from them, such as I had rarely if ever seen and heard surpassed. And from that moment all desponding and doubt about the success of my enterprise were either dismissed or silenced. As far as I was informed, the word failure was never afterward associated with the name or the thoughts of the medical school. The moral pendulum passed, for a time, far over the line of gravity; and expectation became too high, and hope even too ardent and dazzling. But subsequent time and reflection did their work; and things assumed their appropriate place and condition.

A copy of my address was immediately asked for by the Board of Trustees, and a suitable edition of it published and widely circulated. Nor did the editors of newspapers withhold their services in the promotion of its usefulness and eclat. To this, as far as I was informed, there was in the West but one exception; and that was in Cincinnati. I was told, but never saw the article, that the writer of a paragraph or two, in a paper of that place, cavilled at my declaration (which the address contained and explicitly expressed), that none but western and southern practitioners of medicine, versed by experience in the knowledge of

them, either were or could be competent to the treatment of western and southern diseases, and that, therefore, none but professors practically trained in the West and South could competently lecture on such treatment. And as far as I am informed, this was the first time that that sentiment was publicly avowed. It was characterized, therefore by both novelty and independence. It was purely practical, and presented to medical pupils, their parents and guardians, the important truth that those who purposed to practise medicine among the inhabitants of the West and South, ought, as soon as it could be done, to receive their education in schools of the West and South, administered by professors skilled in the diseases of those regions.

Calculated as the doctrine was, therefore, to produce a great change, not to say revolution, in medical education, unfriendly to the monopoly and profits of eastern schools, or rather of the professors in them, it was not supposable that it would be received with approval in the Atlantic States. Accordingly, it was not alone by the Cincinnati paper that it was cavilled at and censured. It was also attacked and opposed by several eastern papers, especially in Philadelphia; and if my memory mislead me not, likewise in New York. Nor has the controversy yet entirely ceased —though the spirit and tone of it are enfeebled. Time, observation, and experience have awarded the victory. By all physicians competent to pass on the subject an enlightened and disinterested judgment, the sentiment which I proclaimed thirty years ago in my inaugural address, is now acknowledged to be true. Those physicians alone, who are practically versed in the diseases of the West and South, are qualified either to treat them skilfully and successfully themselves, or to teach pupils so to treat them. Nor did I specify, in my address, a single benefit, either physical, moral, or intellectual, that the establishment of a medical school in Lexington promised in my opinion to confer on the city, which it did not confer.

Under this head of my subject, I shall only add, that when I now throw my eye over the pages of my inaugural address, though I find the style, tenor, and spirit of it, as a composition, to be of a respectable order, and believe its argument to be sound and irrefutable, yet am I surprised and even astonished at the effect it produced on the audience that listened to it.

The business of the school now went on, without any material

dissatisfaction or complaint among the pupils (except what arose from their want of books, which I supplied, as far as practicable, from my own library), until the month of January. The legislature of Kentucky being then in session, in Frankfort, to that place I repaired, to solicit funds from the State, for the procurement of a library, a suit of chemical apparatus, and other means of medical instruction.

Being favorably and flatteringly received, I was complimented by an audience of the whole legislative body, to a public address, delivered by invitation in the Legislative Hall. I asked for ten thousand dollars, assuring the legislature that a smaller sum would be insufficient for my purpose. And I employed, in my address, every motive I could command or devise, whether of argument, persuasion, or State praise, to enlist in favor of my project their judgment as men, their interest as philanthropists, and their pride as State patriots, and natives, or long residents of Kentucky, the eldest and then the wealthiest of the sisterhood of western States; and so far succeeded as to obtain a donation of five thousand dollars. Owing, moreover, to some dissatisfaction toward the trustees of Transylvania University, entertained by the legislature, the donation was made in my own name, and placed under my own control, not under that of the Board of Trustees. This public and recorded act touched very naturally the pride, and excited, for a time, the dissatisfaction of the Board. But when they learned, from my address (which was also published), that the funds had been solicited by me, not in my own name, but expressly *in theirs*, they became conciliated toward me, and limited their dissatisfaction to the legislature alone.

On giving it to be definitively understood that the money received from the State of Kentucky was greatly insufficient in amount to accomplish the purpose to which it was to be applied, I was invited to address the people of Lexington on the same subject, and urge them to augment it from the resources of the city. This task I also performed with all the energy and persuasives I could command, and received a loan of six thousand dollars for five years, without interest, payment at the end of that term being secured by a lien on the articles procured by it. This compact, however, I did not doubt, at the time it was negotiated, to be tantamount to a donation, which it ultimately became.

From what has been already said, charged as I was with the duties of two professorships, and lecturing in each of them four or five times a week, it may be easily perceived that I passed, socially and officially, at least a busy winter. But when I add that, owing to the etiquette which then obtained in Lexington, it was deemed exceptionable for a man to deny himself, or in any way evade being seen by visitors, or to decline invitations, whether the acceptance of them was convenient or not, I was obliged to receive every one who chose to call on me, and to tolerate and entertain him as long as he chose to stay, and to dine with every gentlemen, and mingle in the evening party of every lady who civilly invited me; and that, being elected the first Dean of the Faculty, I was further obliged to frame, and write out, with my own hand, every advertisement, resolution, order, law, and other document pertaining to the organization and government of the school—when I state that so massy, multifarious, and self-conflicting were my engagements, it will be perceived that I passed a winter, whose occupation was most annoying, and oppressively toilsome. But, by the aid of a sound and elastic constitution, strict temperance, and unremitting assiduity, my health was uninjured, and my time sufficient for the discharge of my duties. Our session continued until the first of March, when I closed it by a valedictory address, as I had opened it by an introductory one, in behalf of the Faculty—no member save myself having touched on any but didactic matter.

My valedictory, like my introductory, having been favorably received, was published in a very well conducted monthly periodical issued at the time, from the Lexington press, and experienced, in common with the former publication, a petulant but feeble attack in a Cincinnati paper.

About this time I was induced to reply, through the same Lexington periodical, with no little indignation and severity, to a foul and calumnious attack on my *Memoirs of General Greene*, published in the *Boston North American Review*. As the article in the *Review* was characterized by nothing of the substance or spirit of fair criticism, but descended to personality and gross misrepresentation, I determined to call its author to a personal account for it, and, with that view, endeavored to have his name disclosed to me. But I failed in my effort for many years.

And when I at length made the discovery, I found him, to my surprise, to be a member of a large and distinguished family connection, from which I had subsequently received such a protracted train of marked civilities, as completely extinguished (because it was, as I was assured, designed to extiuguish) my resentment on account of the wrong I had sustained. Nor was it possible for me then to move in the matter, without involving the distress of a number of ladies in whose delightful society I had occasionally mingled for years, a constant recipient of their polished courtesy and refined hospitality. Hence, allowing subsequent kindness to atone for previous misconduct, I thought no more of the wrong I had experienced.

The entire summer vacation of 1820, I devoted assiduously to two objects, the augmentation, by individual contribution, of my funds for the purchase of means of medical instruction, and the production of a conviction in the minds of the people of the West and South, especially of the physicians, of the great importance of the establishmeut, in that region, of a medical school.

This whole scheme, which I deemed essential to the thorough accomplishment of my enterprise, I took into my own keeping, and under my own care. For its effectuation I visited New Orleans, passed round by sea to Philadelphia, visited a portion of Virginia, and made the tour of the State of Kentucky. And on every material poiut, my success transcended, in no small degree, my utmost anticipation. Not only did I to some extent augment my funds, and convince the people of the great usefulness of a medical school in the Mississippi Valley; I secured their good will and patronage, and directed them toward the school I was myself erecting. And the result was that our second class considerably more than doubled our first in the number of its members.

During the second session of the school, though my colleagues were less crude and undisciplined than they had been duriug the first; yet were my own duties equally multifarious and toilsome during both. Still, however, in the midst of them, and under their pressure and annoyance, did my health remain sound, my mind calm and unembarrassed, my resolution unshaken, aud my spirits cheerful and elastic. And the chief reason was, my firm determination that such should be the case; and I possessed the

power of self-command, without which no man can fully do his duty to either himself or others. And that my self-discipline and government were of a high order, appears from the following facts:—

At twelve o'clock (noon), of a certain day, I closed my second course of lectures, and all the other duties of the session, which my station had devolved on me. And at three o'clock P. M., of the same day, I set out on my voyage to Europe, for the procurement of a library and other requisite means of medical instruction. After an absence of near eight months, I returned, having transmitted before me, or brought along with me, all my purchases. I arrived at Lexington on a Thursday afternoon, and, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the Monday following, commenced my third course of lectures to a class, larger by about fifty per cent. than the preceding one had been, and went uninterruptedly through another course, as multiplex and laborious as either of my preceding ones, and in some respects more so; for I introduced into it a large amount of new and extra matter. Nor would it have been possible for me to have done all this, nor could any other man have done it, without a degree of self-control which but a small portion of the human family educated as I have been possesses. During the whole period of my absence I had not spent, in actual idleness or intentional loitering, a single hour. And though I saw and mingled in much company, differing in rank and character from the prince to the peasant, I did not frequent it from motives of amusement, pleasant pastime, or mere social enjoyment. I entered it in quest of improvement in the knowledge of human nature, in the different walks, professions, and occupations in life. And my success was equally gratifying and useful to me. It enabled me, as one of its benefits, to lay the groundwork of literary correspondences, which proved subsequently the means of pleasant intercourse, and the source of much interesting information from abroad. Nor had I, at any time, while sojourning abroad, devoted to sleep more than five or six hours out of twenty-four, and, on many occasions, when unusually pressed by business, not more than three and a half or four hours. I mention these facts not boastingly, but merely to show in what way it is not only practicable, but actually easy, for a

steady, assiduous, and self-controlling man greatly to surpass in performance his anticipations and hopes.

Nor can any one fairly compute the amount of my achievements on that occasion, without a knowledge of the differences between the modes, facilities, and degrees of speed of travelling, by land and by water, at that period, and at present. Journeying by steam had then scarcely a name, much less an efficient existence. In Kentucky there were, at that period, no turnpikes. On the contrary, the roads during the thaw of early spring were often, and in many places, scarcely passable in any description of wheel-carriages. And, when I set out for Europe, this was literally true of the entire road between Lexington and Maysville. I was therefore compelled to travel it on horseback, and to convey my baggage on a pack-horse conducted by a servant mounted on a third horse. The animals were all powerful and active. Yet did they struggle through the deep and adhesive mud and slough, in many spots with great difficulty, and everywhere so slowly that I did not reach Maysville (distant but sixty miles, and having made no unnecessary halt) until an early hour of the fourth day. Nor was this all.

So numerous and protracted, however, were my subsequent detensions—at Maysville, waiting for a steamboat—at Wheeling for a stage (the travellers being at the time too numerous for the means of conveyance)—at Washington, which I visited to procure letters and a passport—at Philadelphia, where I transacted a day's business—and at New York, where I took shipping—that, though my ocean-passage was a fair one, I was near seven weeks in reaching Liverpool, a voyage which can be accomplished now in less than half the time.

My voyage to Europe was marked by nothing that deserves even a remembrance, much less a recital. The events that occurred, the individuals I saw and conversed with, and the scenes that presented themselves were but the mere commonplace of journeying by land and water. Or, if the voyage were in any degree memorable, it was because it was exempt from everything memorable. For it is rather strange and unusual, that in travelling near four thousand miles, a man should neither see nor hear anything either strange or unusual.

But, no sooner had I trodden the confine of the Old World,

than many men and women, scenes and things, presented themselves, which attracted and interested me there, and some of which may perhaps be worthy now of a succinct representation.

On my entering Liverpool, one of the earliest results of my observations was, that the English women generally, though healthy and blooming in complexion, are neither beautiful in feature, elegant in form, tasteful in dress, refined in manners, nor graceful in movement. Their gait is comparatively coarse and vulgar. I mean that they are inferior in these several respects to the women of the United States of the same rank. Such at least was the decision of my judgment and taste. Nor did I hesitate to express myself to that effect as often as I was called on to make known my sentiments on the subject, and deemed it neither indelicate nor improper seriously to reply. And all enlightened travellers of observation and taste, who had visited the United States as well as Great Britian (Englishmen excepted), concurred with me in opinion. And the latter as well as myself were no doubt influenced, in their difference from me, by national taste no less than by national predjudice. For taste, in relation to female beauty, is not a connate abstraction—not a sentiment born with us. It is the result of a conventional form of mental action, produced by visible objects. Hence a national standard and sentiments of female beauty are as much realities, and as much the product of given circumstances, as are any other sorts of national attributes. And all nationalities come from such a source. Man can no more disregard or modify at pleasure his national taste than he can do the same with his national complexion. Hence he is, to a certain extent, the creature of the combined influence of physical, intellectual, and moral circumstances.

Though the fact had been long known to me, never had it struck me so forcibly as it did now, that, as a people, the inhabitants of the United States are taller and slenderer than the inhabitants of England. Nor did their greater slenderness arise from any want of either bone, muscle, tendon, or nerve; but from a want of cellular or adipose matter, which contributes to neither strength nor activity, but only to rotundity, smoothness, and weight. It is, therefore, disadvantageous rather than beneficial, and is probably the chief cause of the general (I might say the

national) superiority of Americans, compared to Englishmen, in elasticity, vigor, and springiness. For such superiority they certainly possess. Without, moreover, asserting it as a fact, I do not and cannot doubt that, in proportion to their actual dimension or size, the Americans are heavier than Englishmen. And my reason for this belief is, that muscle, tendon, bone, and nerve are, in proportion to their bulk, heavier than reticular or adipose substance. Hence, a fat man floats in water more readily than a lean one, and, other things being alike, swims with more ease. Nor is it to be understood that the barely perceptible want of cellular tissue, in the natives of the United States, especially in the females, diminishes in the slightest degree their beauty and loveliness. On the contrary, it enhances them, by its bestowal of delicacy, grace, and refinement.

Having passed two days in Liverpool in the arrangement of points of business connected with that great seat of commerce, I was making preparations, on the morning of the third, to set out immediately for London, in the mail-stage that was just approaching the door of the Waterloo Hotel, in which I had taken rooms. I descended from my chamber, took my place in the stage, and started for London, under a standing promise, not often materially violated, to be conveyed to that wonderful monument of human wealth and grandeur, at the average rate of eight miles an hour. I shall only add, under the present head, that to act his part with the servants of the establishment, as one of the dramatis personæ in an eleemosynary parting scene, falls to the lot of every respectable traveller on taking his departure from every hotel of character and standing in England, in which he has sojourned for two or three days, or for even a shorter period. In many hotels, gratuities from guests make the only wages that servants receive; and, in some, the places of first and second waiters are so lucrative that the incumbencies are anxiously sought for, and even purchased by the holders of them at no inconsiderable prices.

As those gratuities are so numerous, so frequently solicited, and so irregular in amount, the traveller and guest must adjust and rate them by custom and the weight of his purse, else will he be often in difficulty and annoyance by them. I once paid in the morning, after a single night's accommodation, seven domestics,

who approached me under different names of station and services alleged to have been rendered to me. And, when travelling, I never washed my face and hands, in England, even when I only halted for breakfast or dinner, without paying at least sixpence for the accommodation.

In France, especially in Paris, this point of hotel economy is better regulated; the daily or weekly stipend for the domestics is charged in the guest's or traveller's bill. Gratuities for extra services are often given, but not uniformly solicited.

Soon after setting out from Liverpool for London, an event occurred to me which, though at first extremely mortifying, has never ceased to be extremely useful to me, even to the present hour. A brief recital of it, therefore, may be, probably on the same ground, useful to others.

The stage in which I travelled carried four passengers, three gentlemen (myself included) and one lady—a middle-aged, well-dressed, and, in appearance, a somewhat fashionable and very respectable woman.

A few miles from Liverpool, we passed, on our left-hand side, a superb villa, surrounded by extensive grounds very beautifully inclosed, ornamented with trees, and enriched with statuary. On first speaking of its elegance and loveliness, and of the classic and correct taste displayed in its decorations, and then inquiring to whom it belonged, one of the gentlemen in the stage replied: "To the late Dr. Solomon." "What," said I, "to Dr. Solomon, the Israelitish king of quacks and impostors! He has really picked the pockets and drugged to death the good people of England to some purpose. But, no matter. He served them as they deserved, for allowing themselves to be duped by such an impudent, cozening, letterless knave." My invective contained still further terms of severe reproach and denunciation against Dr. Solomon, who had been, during his life, at the head of quackery and medical imposture, by which he had amassed a princely fortune. During my reprobation of the doctor, not a word of reply to me was made by any of the company. Nor did any one seem to feel much interest in the matter. Hence I did not greatly protract my condemnatory proscription.

The morning had been clouded and rainy, as is more frequently the case in Liverpool than in any other place I have ever visited.

I have seen the clouds congregating over the city and its vicinity from all quarters, apparently reserving their stores of water until directly above their selected spot, and then emptying themselves on it in a perfect deluge. And the clouds often form themselves and rush together with uncommon celerity. Hence, when in the street, a man's only security against a discharge from the skirts or centre of some of them, is his umbrella.

Not long after my unfortunate, yet just tirade against Dr. Solomon, the rain ceased, the clouds disappeared, and were succeeded by a bright azure sky, and as fine a flush of sunshine as England affords.

Induced by a change so opportune and inviting, to enjoy a view of the fine country through which we were passing and designed to pass, the two gentlemen, my co-passengers already alluded to, changed their location from the inside of the coach to a position on the top of it.

Thus left alone with the lady, whose appearance and deportment had favorably impressed me, I deemed it but a duty of common civility and gallantry to pay her such attention as circumstances not only warranted, but seemed to require. I therefore made an overture to conversation, marked by all the respectful observance and easy courtesy I could summon to the occasion.

The introductory movement was well received; and, in reply to a few questions I put, the lady sustained her part with entire credit.

From the correct and familiar knowledge she possessed of various parts of England to which I referred, especially of its capital, and the readiness with which she communicated it, I at length asked her "whether she did not reside in London?" To this question, her reply fell on me like a thunderbolt. "I reside, sir, in the villa a few miles behind us, of which you spoke so handsomely this morning."

"Good God! madam, am I conversing with Mrs. Solomon?"

"You are, sir."

"Then is my fault of this morning unatonable, and"—

"Not at all, sir. In most things you said about my husband you were mistaken. But a mere mistake is not a heinous and unpardonable crime. And, from your appearance and general deportment, I am convinced that, had you known who I was, you

would not have indulged in the strain of severity and condemnation which characterized your remarks."

"There, madam, you do me justice; and the kindness, and liberality of your expressions, and the courtesy and mildness of your manner, have done more to mitigate the intensity of my self-condemnation than could have been done by any other earthly consideration. Had I known who you were, not the wealth of your island, nor the torture of the rack, could have forced from me the faintest of the terms I employed."

"I know it, sir, I know it; and, with your permission, I will change the subject of our conversation, and beg to know something about your place of residence, as you do of mine. I think you are not an Englishman?"

"I am not, madam. I am an American; born and bred in the backwoods of the United States, wolves, wild-cats, and bears having been among my earliest companions and teachers. You cannot, therefore, be much surprised at the harshness of my manner and the thorniness of my nature."

After a momentary indulgence in good-natured badinage, we entered into conversation of a very different and superior cast; and I found the lady to be well-informed, well-bred, and an excellent colloquist.

We thus passed much of our time, until we reached Birmingham, where the stage put up for the night; and to which my companion was bound, on a visit to a near connection. On our arrival in that great seat of manufacture and trade, I accompanied her, at her request, to the dwelling of her kinsman; and, at her further request, returned from the hotel, after having secured a room, and deposited my baggage, and passed with her another pleasant hour in the family of her relation and friend, where she had given every one the history of our day's acquaintance and intercourse. And, after having participated in an excellent supper, I took leave of her on much more friendly and amicable terms than I could possibly have done, certainly than I would have done, had our adventure of the morning not taken place. The reason is plain. We made mutual exertions to please, which on no other ground we would or indeed could have made. She had acted toward me with consummate liberality and good nature; and, on the principle that "like begets like," I had, in a

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spirit of rivalry, exerted myself to make a becoming and worthy return. A competition between us in amicability and agreeableness had been thus excited, and hence alone the result.

The events just described occurred in the year 1821. And when, in 1841, I again entered the port of Liverpool, and made a visit to her villa, Mrs. Solomon was not there. She was reposing in marble, by the side of her husband; and her comparatively desolate, but still lovely and beautiful dwelling, had passed into the possession of the heir-at-law.

I have said that my scene with Mrs. Solomon was subsequently useful to me. And so it was. It taught me a degree of cautiousness and practical discretion, which I had not previously possessed; which, at least, I had occasionally failed to exercise. Hence, I never afterward unintentionally offended strangers, or wounded their sensibilities, by thoughtlessly uttering, in their presence, uncalled-for and painful sentiments. In a word, I always in future examined more carefully than I had done previously, before making known my thoughts and opinions, what might be their effect, when uttered, on the feelings of those who might hear them. And many others may profit by the same degree of forethought and good breeding. For good breeding (which is but another name for a delicate and refined employment of good sense and good feeling) forbids us unnecessarily to give pain or annoyance to those with whom we associate, by either actions or words. And that is a form of observance which is too often wanting, even in the deportment of many persons who are far from being destitute of what the world calls politeness.

Though my primary object in visiting Europe was to make preparation for a medical school, yet was my desire to become acquainted with some of her distinguished men scarcely secondary to it; while to ascertain the effects of different states of society and different pursuits in life, on the classes of men long and somewhat hereditarily connected with them, constituted a third topic of inquiry of great interest to me.

For my wish and resolution to accomplish, as far as possible, the first object, I had a threefold reason—a desire to compare distinguished men with their general reputations, in order to be enabled to determine for myself whether the latter could be safely received and fully relied on as a standard for the admeasurement

of the former; and if there were any differences between the strength and efficiency of the great men of Europe and those of America, to ascertain the cause of it.

Of Europeans of distinction, the individual with whom I first formed a personal acquaintance was the celebrated Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, and of other able and celebrated works. And his appearance spoke strongly in his favor. He was tall, and, though advanced in years, well formed and erect, with great dignity and sufficient grace of deportment and manner, a noble countenance, and a size and form of head indicative of a high order of moral and intellectual strength and efficiency. And such, as far as my intercourse with him enabled me to judge, were the leading attributes of his character. He possessed no mental quality that could be called brilliant, and was not therefore to be regarded as a man of genius, in the true acceptation of the term. He had derived from nature a good and improvable, but not a pre-eminent constitution of mind. Much of his mental strength was acquired; it was the product, I mean, of cultivation and exercise; and that is by far the most practical and useful kind of strength; it produces, in the proportion of a hundred to one, the greatest number of distinguished men. Greatness from original strength of mind is a rare creation, and when it does occur, it is too apt to be accompanied by some unbridled propensity, which greatly mars or destroys its usefulness. Of this form of character the celebrated Mirabeau was a striking example.

Mr. Roscoe was a man of great industry and knowledge of books, of a creditable order of scholarship and taste, of a considerable grasp of mind, and of sound judgment and decision of character. But his stock of real science, especially physical science, was moderate; and, as already stated, he had no genius. His real greatness did not fill up the measure of his character. He was deemed greater when at a distance than he was actually found to be when closely approached, strictly scrutinized, and thoroughly known. In his general appearance he reminded me of Washington; but in majesty and grandeur of person, and in what constitutes strength and magnificence of head and countenance, he was greatly inferior. So, however, was every other member of the human

family I have ever beheld. In the attribute of sublimity in all these points, Washington "stood alone."

Dr. Bostock was the gentleman of scientific and literary standing, whose acquaintance I next made; and to him, whose residence was then in London, I was introduced by a letter from Mr. Roscoe. His reputation was high. But I soon found that his reputed and real greatness were very disproportioned to each other. By the latter, therefore, it was impossible even to approach a correct knowledge of the former. In truth, Dr. Bostock was an inconsiderable, not to say a spurious man. He was made up of an undigested, or at least of an ill-digested mass of books, the more labored productions of other men. In his own productions, no original thought, nor even the semblance of it, ever found a place. From all my interviews and conversations with him (and they were numerous, and often not abundantly curtailed), though I learned something respecting books from the press, not previously known to me, yet did I never receive even a hint, derived immediately from the book of nature.

Of Dr. Philips Wilson (subsequently Sir Philips Wilson), the same was true. His reputation was far superior to his strength. Though abundantly book-learned, he was comparatively a stranger to nature in all her departments, and, therefore, defective in original matter.

True, he has made not a few experiments, and the results of some of them were new and useful. But the experiments themselves were virtually derivative; because they were analogous to previous experiments—if not in imitation of them. They were no more, therefore, than aids to what had been done by others. They indicated no shadow of mental originality, independence, and strength. Any man might have been their author, and have attained by them neither real distinction nor lasting credit.

Though he had written somewhat extensively, and I had looked into his works with approval and benefit, yet was I, in my first interview with him, absolutely amazed at his miserable manifestation of himself. His conversation was wanting in everything calculated either to attract, awaken, or instruct. Of matter it was barren, and in meaning deficient in sprightliness, perspicuity, and force. His reputation, therefore, and his real character, instead of

being in any degree of congeniality and harmony, were almost the very reverse of each other.

Of Sir Astley Cooper, although I must not say precisely the same, yet I do say that, between his medical and surgical reputation, and his real medical and surgical ability, or indeed his mental ability of any description, there was a great difference. While his talents, except for the augmentation of strength they had derived from long and unremitting exercise, were but little above mediocrity, his professional celebrity was of a very exalted order; and the income he derived from professional practice superior, I believe, in amount to that of any other physician or surgeon now living, or, as far as I am informed on the subject, that ever has lived in either Europe or America. For several years it was all but princely.

To what, then, it may be reasonably asked, were his great celebrity and unprecedented pecuniary success in practice attributable? To the influence of his personal appearance and manners, I am inclined to reply, in a much higher degree than I have ever witnessed in the case of any other professional character—or indeed of any character, whether professional or unprofessional.

In every attribute whose union with others composed the man, Sir Astley was one of the most elegant and magnificent of beings (Washington still excepted) I have ever beheld; and, in dignity and elegance of style, his manners corresponded with his person. Nor did he fail to employ the whole to consummate effect, uniting in the effort entire ease with simplicity and grace. I say the effort, though not the shadow of an effort was perceptible. It was all natural and free from pretence. Hence the perfection and influence of the combination. With the peeresses of England, it rendered him one of the first of favorites, and that made his fortune. He was, in all respects, the *beau-ideal* of plausibility and persuasiveness.

Is any one inclined to say that, with the moderate abilities here attributed to him, Sir Astley could not have been a great surgeon in the city of London, surrounded as he was by certain competitors whose talents were acknowledged to be of a high order? If so, my reply is, that to the constitution of eminence in operative surgery, talents of great elevation and strength are not necessary. Steadiness, firmness, and intrepidity, experience, and the posses-

sion of mechanical talents, are sufficient for the purpose. It is to extent and depth in the principles or philosophy of surgery that a distinguished intellect is essential. And without saying that Sir Astley Cooper was at all a stranger to philosophical surgery, I hazard nothing in stating that his chief distinction was in the operative department. In none of his writings has he displayed either originality, strength, or profoundness, in the philosophy of the branch. In truth, I have known no man whose reputation was more pre-eminent over his intellect, than was that of Sir Astley Cooper.

Sir Astley Cooper and John Hunter were as much, and as literally, in most respects, the opposite of each other, as it is possible for two men of eminence in the same branch of professional science to be.

Of the latter, not a single exterior attribute—not even his mode of conversing—was either imposing or attractive, but the very reverse. Nor did exteriors occupy his attention to a sufficient extent, to induce him to pay to their cultivation and improvement a shadow of attention. As a man, therefore, he was rather repulsive. But, as a surgeon, he was perhaps the ablest and most respected the world has produced, and, therefore, the most permanently commanding and attractive. For these qualities, however, he depended entirely on interiors. His performances and character will, therefore, last as long as the profession he cultivated and improved.

Mr. Abernethy was also in many respects the very opposite of Sir Astley. In person, nature had done little for him, but her want of high endowment there, she had munificently compensated by an active, penetrating, and powerful mind. But his temper, as is well known, was capricious, and his manners eccentric and abrupt, and not unfrequently uncouth and exceptionable, not to say offensive. He was merely tolerated, therefore, on account of his great ability and skill in surgery, both practical and scientific, but not actually on account of anything else. He passed, therefore, for as much less than he was worth, as his renowned contemporary and rival, Sir Astley, did for more. At the only time of my intercourse with him (the year 1821), I considered him one of the strongest and most accomplished surgeons in Europe. And so did the world. Yet, on account of his unac-

ceptable manners alone, or at least chiefly, his professional income did not, as was believed, amount to more than a fifth of the income of his high-mannered rival.

Notwithstanding the peculiar eccentricities and crotchets of Mr. Abernethy, it was easy for those who had a correct knowledge of him to become favorites with him, and to convert him into a warm, steady, and permanent friend. On this point I made myself a successful experiment. The particulars are as follows:—

I bore letters to Mr. Abernethy, and being apprised by Mr. Laurence, of whom I shall speak hereafter, of the gentleman's oddities and abruptness, I determined, and prepared myself accordingly, to meet him on his own ground, and either to vanquish him, or hold no intercourse with him.

Advised of his hours for receiving company, I called during one of them, and finding him alone in his reception-room, approached him with due observance, and, in my very best style and manner, presented to him my letters. Having opened one of them, and merely glanced at the heading of it, he said, with the preliminary interjection: "Hah! from the United States, I see. I am very busy just now, sir, and—"

"So am I, sir," said I, interrupting him in his excuse, apology, explanation, or whatever else he was about to offer as a reason for not reading, or even looking at my letters. "So am I, sir, much engaged;" and, laying my card on the table, I simply and laconically added: "I wish you a good-morning, sir;" and, turning suddenly, walked toward the door.

Evidently disconcerted by the abruptness of my manner and the suddenness of my movement, he followed me to the door, and as I set my foot on the platform of the steps leading into the street, he spoke to me as if to detain me, and hold somewhat of a parley. But determined on my scheme of conduct toward him, I hastily replied in some monosyllable, and then adding: "Pray, excuse me, sir;" and again bowing and wishiug him a good-morning, I unceremoniously left him.

On the morning of the day following, my visit to him not having been returned, I received from him an invitation to dinner on the third day afterward, the acceptance of which I immediately declined; and, in the afternoon of the same day, I accepted from

Mr. Laurence an invitation to dine with him on the same subsequent third day. Of this transaction Mr. Abernethy was informed, and spoke of it as if somewhat disappointed and piqued by it. Meanwhile, I had told Mr. Laurence of my unceremonious reception by Mr. Abernethy, and of the manner in which I had acted.

A day or two after my having dined with Mr. Laurence, the two gentlemen met, when something like the following colloquy occurred :—

"Well, Laurence," said Mr. Abernethy, in his plain homespun way, "when have you seen your new American acquaintance?"

"What acquaintance do you mean?"

"I mean Dr. Caldwell."

"I saw him this morning, sir."

"Is he not a queer quick-on-the-trigger kind of fellow?"

"I have seen nothing uncommon about him whatever, sir."

"You have not! Faith, but I have."

Having then correctly narrated what had taken place at the time of my call on him, and of my having afterward promptly declined his invitation to dinner on a given day, he added: "Did he not dine with you on the same day on which he had refused to dine with me?—and had not my invitation been received by him previously to his reception of yours?"

"I believe he did dine with me, on an invitation received in the afternoon of the day in the morning of which he had declined your invitation."

"And do you see nothing queer or uncommon in that? What can the doctor's reason be for treating me so?"

"Did you not, Mr. Abernethy, decline reading his letters, and tell him, when he called on you, that you were very much engaged?"

"Yes, I believe I did; but that need not have driven him, with the bound of a football, out of my house. I liked his appearance and manners; there was meaning in them; and though I *was* somewhat busy, I would have been better pleased with a little chat with him, without reading his letters. You know I don't like long stories of any kind."

"Being told by yourself that you were busy, he did not wish to impede or interrupt you in your engagements; and I think he acted correctly in retiring."

"Well, but why did he refuse my invitation to dinner?"

"Have you returned his call, Mr. Abernethy?"

"Returned his call! No, faith, I forgot. Is that the cause of his refusing to dine with me?"

"Is it not a sufficient cause, sir? Would you not yourself refuse on account of a similar one?"

"Egad! I suppose I would. Well, well, I'll soon set all that right." And the colloquy ended.

On the forenoon of the following day, as I was proceeding along the Strand toward one of my booksellers, I heard my name called somewhat loudly from the opposite side of the street; and looking in the direction whence the call came, I perceived Mr. Abernethy advancing toward me, already half-way across the street, and eagerly extending to me his open hand.

I immediately stepped from the paved footway into the less cleanly part of the street to meet him, when he again called to me: "Pray, don't muddy your feet, sir; it is my business to cross the street to you, and you see I am doing it." Grasping my hand cordially, he continued: "I am on my way to call on you, which I hope you'll excuse me for not having done sooner; but truly, sir, I forgot it." "I regret, sir," was my reply, "that I am not at home to receive you. And I am out on an engagement, without a breach of which I cannot turn back with you to my hotel." "Oh! sir, I would not put you to that trouble were you even at leisure. But will you receive this meeting and my intention to call on you this morning, as a visit, and favor me this afternoon at six o'clock with your company, to eat a mutton-chop?" "I will do both, sir, with pleasure." And we parted; he on his professional tour, and I to make good my engagement.

On my arrival at the dwelling of Mr. Abernethy, at the dinner hour, my reception was as different from that I had experienced at the same place a short time previously, as fancy herself can well conceive. On that occasion I had been all but requested to leave the house and not be troublesome; but now I was met and welcomed with great cordiality and even courtesy (for the gentleman could be courteous as well as plain and half-rude in his manner), and very flatteringly introduced to three or four gentlemen of distinction who had been invited to meet me. The mutton-chops, moreover, which I had been summoned to eat, had been, by

some culinary magic, metamorphosed into an elegant and sumptuous repast. Nor was rich and fine-flavored Attic sauce by any means wanting to heighten enjoyment. Mr. Abernethy himself conversed, when inclined to do so, with great point and pleasantness, and he made, on the present occasion, one of his finest displays. But having been told by Mr. Laurence that I was fond of conversation, and that perhaps I prided myself somewhat on my own reputed accomplishments in it, he seated me alongside of a lady regarded as among the rarest colloquists in England; and she was certainly an extraordinary mistress of the art; abundant in matter of a suitable character; animated and graceful in manner; ready, choice, and accurate in words and their combinations; and the possessor of a very charming voice. She had even studied the principles of the art, as well as carefully and ambitiously practised them; and flattering success had rewarded her exertions, yet was she neither pedantic nor vain; at least she made no display of either quality. On the whole, the enjoyment of the evening was high and delightful; and from that time Mr. Abernethy was one of the most attentive, civil, and useful acquaintances (in usual parlance, I might say friends) I had in London. Contrary to the case of most other men, his reputation and customary exhibition of himself were not a little inferior to his reality.

From Mr. Laurence I received, in 1821, a much more uniform, gratifying, and valuable series of attentions and civilities than from any other professional gentleman in London, or indeed in Europe.

In private and professional life no man is more amiable, upright, and estimable, more extensively informed, or of greater practical ability and acknowledged usefulness.

To that noble and high-minded gentleman, in whose hospitable dwelling no well-recommended American ever failed to find himself at home, I was indebted for being specially introduced to no small number of highly-distinguished and interesting characters. One of these, whom I am bound to mention in terms of peculiar kindness and the most exalted estimation, was Mrs. Somerville, celebrated for her attainments and writings in several arduous and elevated branches of science, especially in Astronomy and Physical Geography. My first interview with that extraordinary woman made on me an impression never to be erased, save with

the entire erasure of my memory. It occurred at the breakfast-table, in her own mansion, and was as follows.

Dr. Somerville, her husband, was the attending physician of Chelsea Hospital, a celebrated institution which I had a wish to visit. Having been made known to the doctor by my friend, Mr. Laurence, I was kindly invited to take breakfast with him the next morning, and accompany him on his official visit to the hospital.

On being ushered by Dr. Somerville into the breakfast-room, and introduced to his wife, I took, at her request, a seat by her at table. In neither her appearance nor manner was there anything to attract particular attention. She was rather below the middle size, plain but neat in her person and attire, and entirely free from affectation or pretence. Her eye was keen and rather playful; her countenance sprightly, but not beautiful. She conversed with fluency and ease, and did the honors of her table with good-breeding and taste. Her children, two or three in number, were of the party.

Breakfast being finished, Dr. Somerville rose, and, telling me that he had a private visit or two to make before his visit to the hospital, familiarly added: "I will leave you and Mrs. Somerville to take care of each other until my return."

The office being cheerfully accepted by me, I deemed it my duty to enter on the fulfilment of it, to the best of my ability, without loss of time. I accordingly commenced with the lady a conversation on the polite literature of the day, including the writings of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey, Wordsworth, and other living authors; and in both the knowledge and appreciation of those works, I found her perfectly at home.

Perceiving in a neat rosewood bookcase, the door of which was open, a few volumes on botany, ornithology, and zoology, I changed the subjects of conversation to those branches of science, and found her in them but little, if at all, inferior. I changed again to geology and mineralogy, and found her, in the knowledge of the latter, decidedly my superior. A volume of La Place, which caught my eye, directed my mind, for a moment, to the science of astronomy, respecting which she conversed with such a familiarity and compass of knowledge as might have led

to a belief that she had just returned from a tour among the heavenly bodies.

After a momentary silence, and looking at the lady in actual astonishment, I said to her sportively: "Pray, madam, is there anything either *in* the world or *out* of it that is not known to you?"

"O, yes, sir; very many things."

"I really know not, fair lady, what they are; I have run through the circle of my knowledge, and you have led me in every point of it."

After a brief silence, the lady rose, and asked me to follow her into an adjoining room, where I found suits of both chemical and mechanico-philosophical apparatus; and I soon perceived, by her conversation, that she was perfectly familiar with the practical employment of them.

After loitering and conversing here a few minutes, we passed into another room, which was decorated by a number of very handsome paintings. Having examined them for several minutes, I pointed to three or four of them and said: "These are very excellent copies of antiques. Pray, may I ask who is the painter of them?"

As she did not reply immediately, I fixed my eye on her countenance, and observing it suffused by an incipient blush, I said, with a gentle tap on her cheek: "This heightened rose tinge is a tell-tale; you painted them yourself"—which she acknowledged was the case.

I then took her by the hand, and said: "Now, madam, will you do me the favor to answer a single question? Pray, who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Somerville, sir."

"I know that, madam, but who were you before you became Mrs. Somerville?"

"I was Miss ——" (I have forgotten her maiden name), "a little Scotch girl, a pupil of Dr. Playfair."

At this moment, Dr. Somerville, having finished his private visits, entered the room, to announce to me his readiness to conduct me to Chelsea, and I soon took leave of the lady philosopher—for such she must be called.

Chelsea is known to be the great British asylum of superannu-

ated soldiers. Among the war-worn veterans it contained, was the body servant of Gen. Wolfe, who, seventy years previously, had been by the side of that celebrated officer, when he fell mid the shouts of victory by the walls of Quebec. He was, by several years, beyond his centenarian period; and, when I spoke to him of the gallantry and fame of his master, he wept like an infant. And when I gave him, by permission, a shilling to drink to the general's memory, he answered with sobs: "God bless your honor; and I'll drink your health with his, for, like him, you have been kind to me."

Having gone the round of the hospital, which, in grandeur bears no comparison with the Hôtel des Invalides of Paris, Dr. Somerville conducted me to the studio of the celebrated Chantrey, the Canova of Great Britain, with whom I was not abundantly pleased. In my judgment of him, he possessed much more of the affectation than of the reality of a great man. There was, in whatever he did or said, an effort of intensity, or a simulation of vigor, which, to me, would have been exceptionable in appearance had it even been natural; and, affected, as it evidently was, it excited my disgust. My impression was then, and is yet, that a man possessed of a relish for such tense, stiff, and shapeless manners, could not have a taste for the beauties of nature, and could never, therefore, excel in the art of statuary; and the result, in the present case, accorded with my opinion. Chantrey's reputation died with himself.

On the third day after my first introduction to her, I received from Mrs. Somerville a card of invitation to a "conversation party of ladies" in the evening. As the title of the party was to every one unusual, and to me entirely new, I suspected it had in it a special meaning, and accepted it eagerly, and with an excited curiosity. And my suspicion was correct. The specialty, moreover, pointed to myself, and when I entered Mrs. Somerville's drawing-room, and during the whole evening, there was no gentleman present but the doctor and myself.

Mrs. Somerville having been not herself dissatisfied with my style of conversation, and having heard me expressing the gratification I had often experienced from the conversation of ladies who excelled in the art, and my regret that it was, as an art, so little cultivated, and that therefore but few did excel in it, and

having herself, as she afterwards told me, conceived a belief that I considered the ladies of the United States more able and agreeable conversationists than those of England, from these considerations, in order to undeceive me in my opinion (which she deemed erroneous) of the inferiority of her countrywomen in an accomplishment of which I had spoken in terms of high praise, she had invited to meet me a small party regarded as some of the most cultivated and charming female colloquists in London, or in the kingdom.

Accordingly, on entering Mrs. Somerville's tasteful but not gorgeous drawing-room, I was introduced by her, in terms of compliment, to Mrs. Fry, the reputed reformer, by her conversation and other modes of influence, of female bridewells; Miss Edgeworth, and her two sisters; the honorable Elizabeth Lamb; and another lady, equally celebrated, whose name I have forgotten. And when the introduction was over, my kind cicerone said to me playfully, but in an undertone, I have caught you; prepare yourself; you are soon about to have female conversation enough to convince you that the ladies of England can talk as well as those of your own country—a truth which you seem to doubt."

"Pray, pardon me, fair lady; I never doubted that since I have had the honor of knowing you."

"No more of that, if you please; I did not ask your company to-night to talk to you of myself; I have other things to occupy me. Go and entertain Mrs. Fry, while I attend to some household affairs."

And, in a moment, she disappeared, and "left me alone in my" —no, not in my "glory"—but in my half dismay, at the task of entertaining half a dozen of talk-loving ladies. "But," said I to myself, "they are all, I hope, so anxious to hear the vibrations of their own tongues, that they'll talk and entertain each other, and I shall have nothing to do but to listen."

Very soon, however, I discovered my mistake. Mrs. Fry convinced me, in the first half minute I sat by her side, that she knew well the difference between harangue and conversation. She neither wished to make a speech herself nor to listen to one. She desired mutual and pertinent remark and reply. And she set a judicious, well-bred and significant example. Having offered her own sentiments on some topic, she respectfully paused to receive my

answer. And the manner of her pause, accompanied by the peculiar expression of her look, amounted to a requisition not to be resisted. At length, on a delicate hint from Mrs. Fry, I left her, and seated myself beside a lady whose name I have forgotten; I then removed to Lady Lamb; then to Miss Edgeworth, and afterward to each of her sisters; and, last of all, Mrs. Somerville claimed her portion of my time, which I granted most cheerfully.

After this, the conversation became less formal and restricted, and at length entirely free and unrestricted, except by the rules of courtesy and propriety.

Thus passed away the evening, fraught with enjoyment of a very high and dignified order. No pedantry or presumptuousness on account of learning or knowledge; no frivolity or undue levity marked it. The exercises in which we indulged were to me as delightful as they were new and curious; and we continued them until a late hour. On our separation, I received from each of the ladies a polite and very earnest invitation to visit her, which formally I did; but with none of them, except Mrs. Somerville, did I hold any other than mere fashionable intercourse. Indeed, I had no leisure for anything more, whatever might have been my disposition to that effect.

Another person with whom I became acquainted was the celebrated Mr. Godwin, one of the most singularly gifted and deeply perverted individuals of the day. I first met him, and was made known to him at the table of Mr. Laurence. The company was large, and several other of the guests distinguished in some of the learned professions in literature or the arts.

The talents bestowed on Mr. Laurence by nature are of a high order, and his scholarship and general cultivation of mind fully correspond with them. As a surgeon, whether scientific or practical, and whether he be regarded as a writer or a public teacher, he has no superior. As a man, his hospitalities are bounded only by his means, which are abundantly ample. His manners and habits are those of a gentleman and a philanthropist; he is an ardent promoter of literature and science; and in his discharge of the duties of social and domestic life, he is in no degree inferior to himself in the other higher and more public walks and engagements to which I have referred.

Such are some of the characteristics of Mr. Laurence; and they are sufficient to shed a lustre on any member of any community.

I have yet said but little of the city of London; nor is it my intention to say much of it. My reason for thus acting, or rather declining to act, is plain, and, I think, sound. I am writing my own history or biography, not the history or character of other things or of particular places; and an account of sight-seeing is not autobiography, nor has it any close or strong connection with it. My province, therefore, as an autobiographer, does not enjoin on me to describe scenes or transactions in which I myself had little or no participation.

Were London described in the abstract, as a thing existing in itself, it should be spoken of in terms involving the physical ideas of vastness, mightiness, grandeur, and durability, to which might be added the moral idea of usefulness. But exteriorly it exhibits neither real magnificence, elegance, nor beauty; and however massy, solid, and substantial it may be in all its elements, yet in contemplating it, you never think of anything sublime, nor experience a single sublime emotion; or if the sentiment of sublimity be ever near being awakened in you, it is when you are looking at St. Paul's, and perhaps Westminster Abbey, towering in their loftiness and majesty, and expanding in their magnitude, in contrast with the diminutiveness of the surrounding buildings. And when you pass through the tunnel under the Thames, you instinctively experience sentiments not easily defined. They seem to be a compound of wonder and awe, with which is mingled a feeling that cannot perhaps be better characterized by any form of expression, than by that of a sense of profundity, depth, or downwardness. When in that stupendous vault, which full daylight never enters, and where dead silence prevails, you call to mind the fact that immediately overhead are incumbent, at high tide, the waters of a mighty river, their downward pressure augmented by the weight of numerous heavy-laden ships of every size, and the overwhelming descent on you of that immeasurable volume of water, prevented only by a wall whose strength and endurance are not yet sufficiently time-tried; when in a place thus novel in its existence and in all its relations, and not yet guaranteed by experience against dismal disaster, you calmly reflect on the situation into which your curiosity has led you, it is scarcely in the

nature of things that your feelings are altogether pleasant, or your spirits buoyant and hopeful. With the gratification you enjoy (for gratified you are), it is hardly possible that certain bodings of disaster or destruction do not mingle more or less their distasteful elements. This I say on the ground of personal experience, the most abundant as well as the most reliable source of instruction. I have not been generally accounted, nor do I believe that I deserve to be accounted, a faint-hearted man; yet do I freely confess that when I entered on my first passage through the Thames Tunnel, I was very far from being in a cheerful mood. Nothing short of genuine and exquisite merriment could have drawn from me a smile. True, the work was not yet complete; but visitors made their way through it in safety every hour of the day.

While in London, I passed many leisure hours in the two Houses of Parliament (always at night), listening to the debates which frequently took place in those two distinguished bodies. And I was not a little disappointed in the style and general character of the eloquence (including both matter and manner) usually displayed by them. In my own opinion, I had often heard public speaking of a higher order, in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

In the House of Lords, Earl Grey was to me far the most agreeable speaker, though not perhaps the ablest, and in the House of Commons, Mr. Canning was both. They were both, in the true sense of the term, eloquent men—the latter, however, the more eloquent. Their speeches were never declamatory. They made no efforts intended for popularity and transitory effect. Their views were honestly delivered to inform, instruct, improve, and enlighten; and they seldom, if ever, failed in either of those points; though they did not always practically convince and direct. Mr. Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham) was in some respects fully as able a speaker as Canning; but far from being either so attractive, persuasive, or influential. In truth, he was not a favorite in the House, and was therefore the less successful. For, it is well known, that in debate, no less than in other forms of exercise, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." In all things, partiality and prejudice more or less bear sway. None but a very powerful and well-regulated

conscience and judgment can always effectually resist and control them.

Sir James Mackintosh was a very close and cogent reasoner, but although an uncommonly distinguished colloquist, neither an agreeable speaker, nor a very successful debater. In his elocution, he was neither tasteful nor judicious. He was often vehement when he should have been calm, and comparatively tame when he might have been correctly enough earnest, and even advantageously ardent. His influence in the House was not well proportioned to his merit as either a man or a legislator.

Wilberforce, whom I heard on his favorite subject (the extirpation of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery), at the express request of Sir James Mackintosh, was, at the time, a mere declaimer, and not at all an efficient one. He was enfeebled, however, in both mind and manner, by indisposition and age. I think I heard him in one of his last efforts, not long before his death. He had doubtless been previously a much more forcible and successful debater, but he never could have been a powerful one. Plunket was a manly, substantial, and energetic speaker; he therefore commanded attention and possessed influence. Nor must I say less of the companion of Lord Byron, in his travels through Greece, whose name I cannot at this moment certainly call to mind, but I believe it was Hobhouse. The style of his eloquence was excellent.

But, singular as it may appear, Lord Castlereagh, the Prime Minister, who possessed more influence in the House than half the other members of it (who, indeed, ruled the House), was the least impressive and energetic speaker I saw on the floor. He could with no propriety be called a public speaker (at least according to the usual understanding of the phrase). He was a mere talker; and, though he was always what might be called fluent, pleasant, and sprightly in his remarks, he was never, in appearance, even truly earnest.

His manner while speaking was perfectly unique. From the moment he commenced his remarks until he closed them, he was never stationary. And his movement was directly forward and backward, toward the speaker of the House, whom he addressed, by a few steps face foremost, and a few backward toward his seat. Nor, singular as this manner was, were his observations thus

communicated without effect. It is not now in my recollection' that I ever knew him to lose a measure that he had either himself proposed, or adopted and defended as the proposal of another. He appeared, moreover, to be always in a pleasant and half playful humor—a circumstance the less to be expected, in consequence of the severity with which he was often assailed.

The period I passed in London, in the year 1821, was in a high degree eventful. It was signalized by the decease of the Emperor Napoleon, or rather by the arrival in England of the intelligence of his decease in St. Helena; by the death of Queen Caroline; and by the coronation of George the Fourth; the latter event, destined, I doubt not, to be the last magnificent pageant of the sort that England will ever behold. And it was also, I believe, the most magnificent she ever has beheld. Of those memorable events, I witnessed some of the consequences.

The very day before the reception of the news of the decease of Napoleon, an offer had been made to me of an excellent miniature likeness of that wonderful man for five sovereigns; a price which I refused to give. On the day after the news, I called on the proprietor of the miniature, determined to purchase it at the price of ten sovereigns, if I could not possess myself of it for a smaller sum. But the price of it had been already raised to twenty sovereigns, which I again refused to give. And I was told, and believe the report true, that it was subsequently sold for fifty sovereigns to one of the most zealous and wealthy of the Napoleonites.

The trial of the scandalous Caroline and Bergami case was just over; and, though I pretend not to know which of them was most deeply and most shamefully in fault, the king or the queen, the sentiments of the nation (a portion of the most foul and debased London rabble excepted) were in favor of the former.

Shortly after the coronation of George the Fourth, his queen died. I saw her, in Drury Lane Theatre, on the night in which she was attacked by her death-sickness; and her appearance was anything but that of a queen, or of any other lady of fashionable elegance. To my taste, she was a coarse and vulgar-looking dowdy. Though I mean by the remark no shadow of apology for the loose and licentious conduct of the king, yet, from the first glance of my eye on her homely person, and all but actually

sluttish dress, I was no longer surprised at his deep-rooted aversion toward her. To love her, or regard her with the common tenderness due to a female companion, was absolutely impossible.

The play was performed in compliance with her direction—I do not say in *obedience to her command*, for she had no shadow of authority; and so deep toward her was the disrespect of the ladies of London, that not one of them attended the performance. She and her two maids of honor (Lady Hamilton being one) were the only females in the dress boxes of the theatre. But the pit was crowded with women of the deepest debasement and profligacy that earth can furnish or fancy conceive. All the purlieus of prostitution in London appeared to be emptied into it; and the immense multitude (the pit being the largest in the world), and the revolting purpose for which they had assembled (to support their queen in her imputed turpitude and crimes), countenanced and encouraged each individual to speak and act in precise harmony with the odious design which had induced them to assemble. The scene of indecency was, therefore, unparalleled. At times, even the queen herself seemed to turn from it with loathing. Before the curtain dropped, she left the theatre indisposed; and a few days afterward her death was announced. When she and her maids of honor rose to leave the theatre, was the time at which the deepest outrage on modesty and decorum was committed by the pit. Had I not witnessed it, not only would it have been impossible for me to believe in its perpetration, I could not have even imagined its existence.

Whether in compliance with her own request, or for some other reason, I know not; but arrangements were made to convey the body of the queen to Brunswick, there to repose with the relics of her ancestors. As she died in the West End of London, it was necessary for the funeral procession to pass through the city, to reach the place of embarkation on the Thames, and to treat the royal corpse with as little respect as practicable, it was about to be conveyed circuitously along private and not very reputable streets. The populace, being apprised of this movement, rose, not in arms, according to the usual interpretation of the phrase, but provided with stones, brickbats, and bludgeons, opposed the progress of the procession, and threatened an attack on the military escort that accompanied it; and, after a short parley and a

few threatening expressions, some missiles were thrown with such effect as to bring several privates to the ground, with severe cuts and contusions. In return for this, the soldiers fired (whether with blank or ball cartridges I know not), without injury to any one. The mob, however, fell back. But, with renovated spirits and greatly augmented numbers, they soon halted, and prepared for another and more decisive attack.

The populace, however, succeeded in their object, and compelled the procession to change its route, fall into the Strand, and pass immediately by St. Paul's in its way to the place of embarkation for the Continent.

But the persecution of the queen was not yet closed. It pursued her to her grave. She directed in her will, or through some other channel, that her epitaph should be the simple but significant inscription: "Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England." But, by a royal mandate, the direction was annulled, and some other epitaph, more acceptable to the queen's persecutors, substituted in its place; or her monument, whatever might be its form, allowed to be without an epitaph.

CHAPTER XIII.

Set out for Paris—Books—Where found, and why—Cuvier—Dupuytren—Baron Larrey—Alibert—Lafayette—Grouchy—Duchesse de P———Her courtesies—Leave Paris—Frost in June—A French lady—Voyage home—Ship Electra—Storm—Lexington school—Proposal to remove it—Reasons—Valedictory—Louisville—Propose to erect a school there—Difficulties—Opposition—No Faculty—No means of instruction—Money—A public speech—Judge Rowan—James Guthrie—Dr. Flint—Success of the school—Dr. Yandell—Intrigues—Chair vacated—How filled—The medical Faculty—Honorary degree offered, and refused—Graduating class—Their opinion and action—How the two medical schools of Lexington and Louisville were raised up, and how they declined.

It is the 29th day of April, 1821, and I am still in London, but about to set out for Paris, by the way of Dover and Calais. Up to this point, as the reader has perceived, I have interspersed, diversified, and I trust enlivened, my narrative with occasional extra anecdotes, designed to be in some respects instructive as well as amusing. And it was my original purpose to pursue the same course until the close of the work.

But considerations not to be disregarded have induced me to change it. Of these, the leading one is the avoidance of prolixity, which, on the plan in which I have hitherto persisted, would become excessive.

Relinquishing from this period, therefore, all that belongs to mere fancy or fashion, foreignism, or levity of any description, I shall detail as briefly as I can, consistently with clear intelligibility, not what I saw or heard in the way of pleasure or amusement, but what I did, and endeavored to do, in the line of my duty. Confident that, aided by the present facilities of locomotion and communication, there will be no want of travellers and loiterers in France and Paris to tell of their sight-seeing and enjoyments there, much more attractively than I could mine, I shall confine myself to an account of my labors and performances in those places, before steam and electricity had succeeded in annihilating time and space.

My object in visiting Paris, in the spring of 1821, was of no common order. It was the accomplishment of a self-projected effort and plan to procure the requisite means, in a library, a suite of chemical apparatus, and other articles of instruction, for the establishment of a distinguished school of medicine in Lexington, and to enhance, as far as practicable, my own qualifications for the direction and government of it.

In relation to the procurement of a library, my views and wishes were turned to the time gone by, as well as the present; for I had then, as I still have, a high regard for the history and literature, no less than for the theory and practice of medicine. I was determined, therefore, that, as far as the scheme might be practicable, I would enrich the library with a reasonable proportion of the writings of both the ancient and mediæval fathers of the profession. And the time of my arrival in Paris was uncommonly and unexpectedly propitious to that purpose.

The ravages and waste-layings of the French Revolution had not yet entirely passed away. Toward the close of that catastrophe, the libraries of many wealthy and literary persons, some of them professional and some unprofessional, who had been put to death or banished, had been publicly sold, or privately deposited for safe keeping in the houses of connections and friends. But through whatever channels conveyed, they had ultimately found their way to the shelves of booksellers, or into the back rooms of lumber garrets of their storehouses. And I was told that they probably contained the very books for which I was searching.

No sooner was I apprised of the existence and whereabout of those little valued, yet at times very precious repositories, than I procured permission to make my way into them and ascertain of what they consisted. And some of them were richly stored with venerable literature. For several weeks they occupied my whole attention during the chief part of my business hours. My daily habits were as follows:—

I rose early, dressed in a common half-worn travelling suit of clothes, breakfasted immediately, and, thus equipped, passed the day in ransacking some bookseller's garret or lumber-room, until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. I then returned to my hotel, changed my working dress for the prevailing costume of

the place, dined, and devoted to other portions of my business the remainder of the day—and a few of my evening hours to literary, scientific, or some lighter and more amusing form of social intercourse—or perhaps to witness the wonders of Talma, then in the zenith of histrionic glory—or to the performances of some other renowned actor or actress, danseuse, cantatrice, or instrumental musician. And by the pursuit of this course not only did I improve myself, and form acquaintances and correspondents who continued long to be useful and agreeable—but the whole of whom I have already outlived—I also found and purchased, at reduced prices, no inconsiderable number of the choicest works of the fathers of medicine from Hippocrates down to the revival of letters—works which in no other way, and perhaps at no other time, could have been collected so readily and certainly, and on terms so favorable, in either Paris or any other city in the world. Hence the marked and decided superiority of the Lexington Medical Library, in those works, to any other in the West and South, and probably in the whole United States—not excepting that of Philadelphia, the parent school of medicine in the Union.

The professional, literary, and scientific characters with whom I held intercourse were the professors of the medical schools generally, and the superintendents of public institutions, especially with Cuvier, Dupuytren, the Baron Larrey, and Alibert. The personages to whom I was chiefly indebted for social intercourse, and numerous introductions to other gentlemen of distinction, were the Marquis de Lafayette, his son George Washington de Lafayette, the Marquis Marbois, and Marshal Grouchy.

Nor can I, without the heartless guilt of ingratitude, neglect to acknowledge my profound obligations for courtesies and favors, countless in number and inestimable in value, to the beautiful and accomplished Duchesse de P——, the daughter of the Marquis Marbois, and the niece of an American gentleman with whom I had been intimate. And toward the close of my sojourn in Paris, when my business was nearly finished, and occupied comparatively but little of my time, she partly persuaded and partly commanded me, in her own way, to attend her as one of her suite into several fashionable parties. She frankly and

sportively, yet in earnest and not unflatteringly, told me that her object in this measure was twofold—to exhibit me as a half countryman of her own (her mother had been reared and married in Philadelphia) of whom she was proud; and give me a greater familiarity than I had yet attained with the high-life breeding, manners, and enjoyments of her native city.

Of this lady I can say sincerely what I would be unwilling to say of any other I saw in Paris. Though she had full possession and command, and made often an unsurpassed display of all the exterior attributes of the court, she had the appearance of being entirely free from its interior blemishes. If I mistake not, she was frankness and sincerity personified. Such at least was the only interpretation of her whole deportment toward myself. She once all but quarrelled with me for the formality and rareness of my morning calls, as if they were matters of but ceremony and fashion. She said to me, with a feeling and in a manner approaching sternness and rebuke: "Sir, my wish and expectation are to see and welcome you as an intimate and a friend, not as a ceremonious, fashionable, and complimentary stranger." And when I told her of my design to leave Paris for the United States, by way of England, on a given day, she entreated me, if not very inconvenient, to postpone my departure for a single day, and pass my last evening in the place, in a family party with herself and children, and a few blood relations; the duke himself being absent.

As the delay of a day was not very materially inconvenient to me, I cheerfully complied with the lady's request, and passed in her family circle one of the most pleasant evenings I had enjoyed in the place. Our entertainment consisted in familiar conversation, music, and a light but exceedingly elegant repast. And when, at a late hour, I rose to take leave, having kissed the brows of her two daughters, I took the mother's hand, and was, as usual, raising it to my lips, she warmly pressed my hand, and affectionately presented her cheek, which I most respectfully kissed, and departed, never again to meet her. I have been recently informed of her death—an event which leaves but one survivor of all my intimate acquaintances in Paris.

It was now midsummer, and, on my passage to Calais, I witnessed and felt a meteorological phenomenon, which I deem

worthy to be recorded, on account of its startling singularity. On one of the advanced nights of June, a frost occurred of such severity as to destroy the entire vintage in Picardy, through which we travelled—a disaster that had never been previously sustained in that region, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. I have said that I not only witnessed but also felt it. And so I did, in full perfection. At the request of a beautiful little French woman, whom I had met on the evening before I left Paris, at the family party of the Duchesse de P——, and whom that lady had recommended to my protection on a visit to England, I took as our passage seat, the cabriolet of the diligence. The season being summer, my little *compagnon du voyage* had brought with her no travelling clothes of sufficient warmth for the extraordinuary and unexpected change of temperature which assailed us. I therefore wrapped the lady alone in my travelling cloak (the garment not being large enough, small as she was, to envelop us both to any advantage), and compelled myself to encounter the frost of the night, with no protection against its severity other than my light travelling frock-coat. And my suffering was actually intense. And so was that of my companion. Nor was I able, by any representation or remonstrance, to ameliorate our condition.

When we reached our first stopping-place, after midnight, the lady was actually unable to walk; and I was not much more efficient. However, summoning to my aid all my courage, strength, and gallantry, I lifted her from her seat, and carried her into an apartment where, fortunately, a fire had just been kindled, on account of the singular intemperance of the night. I immediately ordered and received some warm and excellent coffee, which, united to a blazing fire, soon thawed us both. And I had the credit to be able to borrow (on giving security that it should be returned the next day), a good blanket, large enough to inclose both the lady and myself. And, thus restored and equipped, amused and half-pleased at the remembrance of an occurrence so ludicrous and harmless, we mounted again our lofty vehicle, and pursued our journey in comparative comfort, and occasioual mirth; for a French woman will laugh at the reminiscence of the worst disaster, provided it neither kills, mutilates, defaces beauty, nor produces permanent suffering.

My stay in England was neither long nor marked, nor accompanied by any event worthy of notice. I soon embarked at London for the United States, committing myself in the good ship Electra, under an able captain and an excellent crew, to the stormy Atlantic during the months of August and September, the most stormy and perilous season of the year. And my voyage fully corresponded in character with the season in its most formidable features and disastrous effects. Our captain, whose twenty-seventh voyage it constituted, pronounced it the most annoying he had ever experienced. Its length was fifty-two days; and it exhibited, throughout its whole duration, but little else than an unbroken series of head-winds, cross-winds, squalls, tempests, and no winds at all. Yet we left the Downs, and swept past Dover, before a fresh and delightful breeze, on as sunshiny, balmy, and charming an evening as the climate of England ever affords. Never did Shakspeare's Cliff, on which I fastened my eyes and thoughts until it disappeared in the distance, exhibit a more brilliant, sublime, and glorious appearance. But on the next morning, the scene was changed. The weather was foul, and the heavens gloomy and threatening. Nor did the condition of things fail to become worse and more ominous, until we had passed about half the width of the ocean, when we were assailed by a furious tempest of three days' continuance, during which all the rage and power of the elements of air and water, embodied and embattled, appeared to be poured on our devoted ship. Terror and despair, such as I had never previously witnessed or fancied, overwhelmed the passengers, who were numerous. The screams and sobbings of women were unspeakably distressing; and those of some men, more spiritless than women, though contemptible, were frightful. As long as anything remained to be done for the safety of the ship, the officers and crew battled bravely with the storm.

That I felt most deeply and vividly the danger of the occasion, I do not deny, but, without speaking boastfully, I thank my God for having so organized and endowed me as to exempt me, throughout my life, from two very troublesome and unenviable passions: unmanning fear and vindictive hatred. As a gift of nature, derived from some of my ancestors, both paternal and maternal (for which of course I claim no merit), when most

endangered I am most collected and calm. And such was my condition at the present time. I felt unusually braced and fit for action.

Meantime, the captain ordered below all persons whose presence on deck was not indispensable. From that injunction I begged to be excused, and asked permission to occupy a station near himself, saying: "My good sir, I am neither frightened nor weakened, and some incident may occur in which I can be useful." But he persisted, saying positively and sternly: "Were you to attempt to keep the deck, you would be washed overboard and drowned, and I should feel distressingly culpable in having permitted you to remain here. Let me exercise the authority, therefore, that belongs to me in directing you positively to go below." I then very reluctantly obeyed his command.

At length a stupendous wave struck and deeply overwhelmed the ship, swept the deck of almost everything except the masts, poured down the gangway an immense torrent of water, washing overboard the best sailor belonging to the crew, and for a time the vessel was unable to emerge from the water that covered her.

By this time the uproar and confusion in the cabin were to me intolerable. Ladies and gentlemen dropped on their knees in the water which was inundating the floor, and betook themselves to prayer. But without listening to their petitions, I rushed up the gangway, against the current of water that was still pouring in on us, and the first object that arrested my eye, on reaching the deck, was a fine sailor just washed overboard, who was still clinging to the end of a piece of wrecked timber, in the water, while the other end was yet on the bulwark of the vessel, but on the verge of slipping off. I immediately seized the end of the timber next to me, and called out encouragingly to the struggler: "Hold on but a single minute, my good fellow, and you shall stand where I am standing." And so he was. The captain and others hurried to my assistance, and the sailor was instantly on deck.

On the subsidence of the storm, the condition of the ship was examined, when it was found that her worst damage was in her rudder, which was so twisted and shattered as to be wholly useless; and it was ascertained, by experiment, that she could not

be guided by a spar, nor by any other substitute that could be adopted. This rendered our case almost hopeless, and so utterly prostrated the spirits of the captain, that for the course of a whole day he abandoned every effort to do anything with the vessel, but allow her to float and roll on the face of the still troubled ocean. And he even made an arrangement to issue to the passengers and crew a reduced amount of water. This diffused through every mind among the passengers the very essence of consternation and the bitterness of despair.

The next morning, however, the storm, and consequent turbulence of the ocean being abated, it was determined to cut away the water-lock; place the rudder on the deck of the ship, and, as far as practicable, repair the damages it had sustained. This job, though not very difficult, was tedious. But by dinner-time of the third day it was complete, and the rudder once more in the water at the rear of the ship. As yet, however, it was not in its case. Nor, on a strict examination, was it found to be an easy performance to put it there. The repairs it had undergone had so far altered the shape and augmented the size of its shank, that in only one position could it be drawn from below into its case. And in that position it was all but impossible to retain it for a single moment. The slighest agitation of the water, which, though greatly diminished, had still an existence, acting on its tail, changed its attitude and prevented its introduction.

About two o'clock P. M., our tackle was arranged, the rudder properly attached to it and suspended in the water, under the inferior opening of its case, and the most trustworthy and efficient individuals appointed to the superintendence and execution of the different kinds of service to be performed. In this division of duties the captain had the care and command of the tackling, I was appointed to the inspection of the rudder's exact position, commissioned to give the word of command "Heave," as soon as the condition of things should authorize the word, and the men most capable of prompt and powerful action had charge of the pulley-ropes. And we were all at our posts and anxious, intensely anxious, for the mature and decisive moment of duty—but, trebled in length by disappointed expectancy, and the "sickness of hope deferred," hour after hour passed on, and that moment did not arrive. And, to augment our anxiety to the verge

of the agony of despair, an ominous storm-cloud appeared in the horizon, threatening to advance and break on us—and still the moment of action delayed, until the cries, sobs, lamentations, genuflection and supplicatory appeals to Heaven had become nearly as general and distressing on the deck behind me, as I had previously witnessed them in the cabin.

At length, however, the long wished for moment arrived. The rudder-shank assumed the proper attitude, and for an instant was motionless. With all the speed and urgency, therefore, I could summon to the duty, I uttered the word "heave." And with equal quickness every ounce of strength possessed by the rope-holders was applied to the task, and the rudder was in its place. I did not at the first moment so announce it, lest, by possibility, I might mistake and disappoint. But, in a second longer, I perceived that all was right. Yet, robust and unsubduable by mere feeling as I thought my nature to be, I could not in words announce the fact. The burst of emotion I experienced rendered me as speechless as the rudder I had been watching. I therefore simply sprang to my feet, and waved round my head my travelling cap and handkerchief. And my movement and action were welcomed by a pæan of joy as loud as had just been the wail of distress; and the surface of the water around the ship was instantly strewed with hats, caps, and handkerchiefs, which, tossed into the air, had fallen overboard in consequence of the movement of the vessel from beneath them.

The tempest we had endured was unusually wide in its range. The entire coast of the United States, from Maine to Louisiana, it had swept and wasted. No sooner had we entered the Chesapeake Bay, therefore, than we learned that the Electra (such had been the length of her voyage) was generally regarded as a lost ship; and I became desirous and determined, if possible, to be the first to inform the Philadelphians, especially my own friends of the city, that they were mistaken; and that the Electra and her inmates were still afloat.

When we had advanced within thirty miles of New Castle, therefore, about ten o'clock P. M., though the night was dark, and blustering, and chilly, I told our captain that if he would accommodate me with a good boat, four able and efficient oarsmen, and a steersman, and his letter bag, I would set out immediately,

reach New Castle by or before the starting of the earliest steamboat of the place, embark in her, deposit his European letters in the Philadelphia post-office, and be the first to announce the safety and arrival of the Electra.

No sooner said than done. The requisite arrangements being instantly made (the rescued and faithful sailor seated, at his own request, at the helm of my pinnace), I set out on my enterprise, and by great exertion, not altogether without peril, my purpose was accomplished. I was the first to herald in person to my friends in Philadelphia, that I was still alive, and to inform them in words that the Electra was safe—and thus to be the converter into rejoicing of the distress which the belief of her loss had produced.

Having passed a few days in Philadelphia, I set out for the West, and arrived in Lexington without the occurrence of any event worthy of notice.

But I am once more, after a busy absence of seven months and twenty-eight days, safe in Lexington, the site of Transylvania, having brought home with me the last remnant of the articles purchased by me to mature the medical school for the full discharge of its duties of instruction. And in three days more I shall commence to an augmented and still augmenting class, my third course of lectures. I regard the institution as now definitely established beyond the control of casualty or opposition.

Having dwelt to a sufficient extent on my pioneership of scholastic and philosophical medicine in my account of the school of Lexington, I shall now pass to a series of remarks on my premiership in the medical school of Louisville.

In consideration of the comparatively rapid growth and influence of Cincinnati and Louisville, and the very tardy one of Lexington, it required but a few years' observation to convince me that the latter city was not calculated to be the site of the leading medical school of the West. And, on communicating my views to Professor Dudley, he concurred with me in opinion. Determined, however, that, as it was the primary and parent school, it should be continued the leading one as long as practicable, I devoted faithfully and unceasingly the influence of all my labors and resources to that effect. And thus did I persevere

in my exertions for eighteen years. And the institution flourished.

But, under a full conviction that the Lexington school could not be maintained much longer in full vigor and prosperity, the Faculty came to a secret but express understanding that it would transfer itself to Louisville, and administer the school there, as a more eligible location. Owing to causes which it would be useless to divulge, the scheme of transplanting the Faculty was abandoned, while I persevered in my determination to transplant myself, and received from some of the authorities of Louisville a direct and pressing invitation to that purport. Accordingly the whole school session of the winter 1836–37 was among the Faculty a continued scene of dissatisfaction and contest. With those members who had proved faithless to their engagement, and resolved to adhere to the Lexington school, I was in open conflict in the field, while those who still designed (or so pretended) to accompany me to Louisville, lay in covert behind me, prepared, perhaps, to act as expediency might direct.

To our class of graduates, which was large and respectable, I was appointed to deliver the valedictory address. And I so fashioned and conducted it that it was understood by the discerning to be also my valedictory to the school and the city. In full accordance with this state of mind, on the 15th of March, 1837, at noon, I delivered my address, and at three o'clock P. M. of the same day, set out for Louisville, to enter immediately on the duties of the premiership, to which I had been invited, in founding and establishing the "Louisville Medical Institute," the name by which the contemplated school was to be known. I say "contemplated!" for though the Institute had been busily and abundantly talked about, for upward of a year, toward its actual establishment nothing had hitherto been definitely done; and, therefore, a positive beginning was yet to be made. And not only were the essential means of medical instruction, and the funds to procure them, entirely wanting; of men competent to employ such means to good effect, the same was scarcely short of being equally true. Of all the physicians of the place, I knew of but one whom I considered fully capable of becoming an able professor. And I well knew, as the experiment subsequently verified, that a Faculty consisting of strangers would necessarily have

to encounter, in every possible form and stratagem, the implacable opposition and enmity of the resident physicians. At first view, therefore, the prospect was discouraging. As a teaching and commanding Faculty, the Louisville physicians could do nothing. They had already tried the experiment, and utterly failed. And toward a Faculty selected from other places, they would do nothing but mischief. Nor was this all, nor perhaps even the worst that must occur.

A new medical school in Louisville, no matter of whom the Faculty might be formed, or from whence drawn, would be violently opposed by the school of Lexington in one quarter, and by those of Cincinnati (it had two schools) in another. I do not hesitate, therefore, to assert that the array of impediment and hostility, without our walls, and in the heart of our fortress, was so massive and formidable, that few persons, unless compelled, would have deliberately engaged in conflict with it.

But there are cases in which caution is worse than rashness. And this to me appeared to be one of them. I had accepted an invitation, abandoned Lexington, and pledged my word and faith to Louisville. And to submit to defeat without a struggle, would be pusillanimous and dastardly, and an unmanly forfeiture of what I had hitherto achieved; and that was a consummation of evil and mortification not to be endured. Action, therefore, prompt and vigorous action, was to be commenced.

Meantime, however, another scheme to prevent the erection of the contemplated school was concocted and tried. It was believed (for what reason, let others inquire) that no leader but myself could form a school in Louisville, or would even attempt it, at that time, a trial by others having recently, and not very creditably, failed. A special deputation, therefore, was dispatched from one of the Cincinnati schools, headed by an influential professor, empowered to offer me a *carte blanche* instrument to be filled up by myself, inviting me to a professorship, the title and terms being my own. "Choose your post, and name your conditions, but come to our aid, and we will acquiesce." Such was virtually the language of the transaction. And such were the case and crisis which existed (presenting to me naught but toil, formidable difficulty, inexorable enmity, and probably defeat, mortification, and ruin). Under such circumstances, there is much reason to

believe that few persons would have rejected the offer. But there are souls of a stamp so enamored of conflict, that, to quote the words of Scott's gallant Fitz James, to them—

> "——if a path be dangerous known,
> The danger's self is lure alone."

And of civil contest, this is as true as of contest with the sword. And, though I do not say that I rejected the Cincinnati proposal, merely because it was calculated to protect me from turmoil and difficulty; yet I do say that I preferred my Louisville compact, with all its concomitants of opposition and enmity, toil, and hazard.

My instinctive answer, therefore, was, that I had affianced myself to Louisville, in the enterprise of founding and establishing a medical school; and that, while she continued true to herself and her literary, scientific, and professional interests, I would not desert her. And thus ended my negotiation with the Cincinati embassy. I shall only add, not in a spirit of boasting or ostentation, but of conscientiousness and truth, that I could, at that crisis, have checked (for how many years I pretend not to say, but certainly for several years) the establishment of the Louisville Medical Institute, and of the University of Louisville, which is its offspring, as briefly and easily as I could have dropped from my lips the monosyllable YES, to a proposal earnestly urged on me by the Cincinnati school delegation. And I am utterly regardless of any cavilling remark that may be made, or contradictory sentiment conceived respecting my declaration. The reason is plain. Should such occurrences take place, they will be the foul and despicable product of a homogeneous source. But that my situation and prospect, at the time referred to, may be fully comprehended and correctly appreciated, I must be more full and explicit in my account of things.

The city of Louisville, in its corporate capacity, had promised to endow the Medical Institute with a suitable lot and edifice; and there was reason to believe that, under favorable circumstances, it would comply with its promise. But compliance was only expected, not executed, and therefore uncertain—not yet performed, and definitive. But the city had promised nothing more; though much more was indispensable to a medical school to fit it

for operation and efficiency. A large and well selected library, for example, a suite of chemical apparatus, a body of articles suitable for demonstration in lectures on materia medica and obstetries, and articles for anatomical and surgical museums, were all essential. Of these indispensable provisions not an article was in possession, nor a dollar to procure them. To raise funds for the purchase of them, reliance had been placed on private contribution. But the mercantile and trading community, through whose hands alone money circulated, were too deeply embarrassed and pressed to part from a dollar, except reciprocally to preserve each other's own credit. From that source, therefore, expectation and even hope of funds were utterly extinct. And in the deliberate opinion of the most intelligent of the citizens, the scholastic scheme was accounted a failure. And it was when this disastrous and desperate condition of the enterprise was at its acme, that the delegation from Cincinnati was received by me and dismissed.

One expedient, however, still remained with me in secret; and it arose out of the confidence I held in my own consciousness and efficiency of action, when tested most severely, and urged to the highest pitch by difficulty or danger. And it was the confidence in part of *solid experience.*

To the late Judge Rowan, and to James Guthrie, Esq., the two leading members of the Board of Managers of the Medical Institute, I communicated my scheme. It was, that they should call, or cause to be called, a general meeting of the citizens of Louisville, introduce me to them (for, to forty-nine of them out of every fifty, I was, except by name and casual appearance in the street, an entire stranger), and allow me to address them on a school of medicine, the only mode and means of its formation, and the great benefits it would necessarily confer on the city, if established on sound and well adjusted principles, and judiciously administered.

The proposal was promptly adopted. The citizens met in what was then the Radical Meeting-House, which stood on the ground now occupied by a portion of the Masonic Hall. The meeting was large and respectable, Levi Tyler, Esq. in the chair—and I addressed it on the subject in question two hours, I doubt not, with great earnestness and warmth (for my excitement was in-

tense), brought to my task every truthful and propitious argument and consideration I could command, and thus delivered myself, of course, in my most energetic, persuasive, and convincing style and manner. I depicted, with all the force and attractiveness I could call to my aid, the multiplied and distinguished benefits, scholastic and literary, scientific, commercial and social, which a school could not fail to bestow on the city. And, as one of those benefits, I predicted, without scruple or hesitation, that a university, with all its honors and advantages, would be one of the results.

That my address produced on the audience no common impression was evinced by their respectful silence and profound attentiou, and other marks of approval, no less expressive, which they repeatedly bestowed.

As the means to carry out the enterprise, I asked for twenty-five thousand dollars. And no sooner was there an end of the applause, in the midst of which I resumed my seat, than the meeting unanimously voted me, on a resolution offered, twenty thousand. And now ensued one of the strongest marks of approval and compliment that words and action could bestow on my address. When the vote was taken, and was by acclamation unanimous, Judge Rowan rose and proposed that it should be retaken, a few minutes being first allowed for the audience to cool and reflect, that each one might be able to say to himself whether his vote was the result of calm deliberation and judgment, or of the excitement produced by the address they had just heard. The proposal was executed, and, with a single exception, the same vote was again unanimous.

Mr. Guthrie, who was then a member of the city council, carried the resolution of the citizens recommending the scholastic donation to the next meeting of that body, which, with one exception, sanctioned it unanimously; and the Board of Managers of the Institute appropriated fifteen hundred dollars of the funds voted and now received to the immediate purchase of such articles as would be absolutely necessary for the school to possess at the commencement of its first session. And the duty of making those purchases was assigned to myself. It need hardly be observed that, by the measure adopted at the assemblage of the citizens in the Radical Meeting-House, the condition of the school

founding enterprise was changed, as by magic, from doubt to certainty.

The next important measure to be considered and adopted was the organization of the Medical Faculty, and to fill the chairs. To aid them in that duty, the Board of Managers invited me to take a seat in their official meeting. At their first meeting the professorships of the Faculty were arranged and named, and professors appointed to two—Dr. Miller to that of Obstetrics, and I to those of the Institutes of Medicine, Medical Jurisprudence, and Clinical Medicine, to the discharge of the numerous, diversified, and momentous duties of which I assiduously devoted myself for four years. To the professorship of Materia Medica, Dr. Yandell —to that of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, Dr. Cook, were subsequently appointed at my recommendation; and to the professorship of Chemistry, at the recommeudation of Dr. Miller, Dr. Mitchell, of Cincinuati. Two professorships, therefore, those of Anatomy and Surgery, were unoccupied. And it was believed they could not be filled from any sources in the western country. Hence, when I was dispatched to the east to purchase the means of instruction, I was also charged with the duty of negotiating for the two professors yet to be appointed. And on that commission I travelled in various directions several thousand miles, visiting all the cities and principal towns in the eastern States, between the southern border of Virginia and the extreme north of New Hampshire. In this extensive sphere of research, Dr. Flint, then of Boston, was the only iudividual I found, whom I considered capable of becomiug a competent public teacher, and who was willing to accept one of the chairs, on terms proposed by the Board of Managers; and on my favorable report to the Board, he was appointed to the chair of Surgery. He was subsequently removed by the Board of Managers, not on account of incapacity, but on account of a want of sufficient exertion and self-training.

Dr. Yandell, who had been at an early period transferred to the chair of Chemistry in the Medical Institute, had once the effrontery to claim an agency in the founding of the Medical Institute. I feel bound, therefore, to expose to the odium and condemnation it deserves the falsehood and self-conceit of his claim.

In the first place, it is well known that had he not been prevented by the management of Professor Dudley, he would have deserted me and remained a member of the Faculty of Lexington. And when he was compelled to leave that plaee and the appointment he held in it, instead of repairing to Louisville and uniting with me in my toils and expedients in founding and establishing the Louisville Institute, he retired with his family to his paternal farm and mansion, near Murfreesborough, in Tennessee, communing and debating with himself which he would select, the condition and life of a country physieian and farmer there, or a professorship in the Louisville Medieal Institute, the enterprise to establish which he was apprehensive would fail. And there, and in that undeeided state of mind, he remained until long after I had vanquished the impediments, and completed the preliminaries and fundamental prineiples of the enterprise, and was already seouring the eastern States in seareh of professors. Most of this renegade information was subsequently reeeived by me from his own lips, terminating in an assuranee that, had it not been for the deeision of his wife, who refused to reside in a place where her children, while small, could not be edueated at home under her own eye, he would have remained in Tennessee. And he assigned as another cause whieh influeneed him, that two respectable and judieious friends, William Richardson and David Sayre, of Lexington, had advised him to adhere to his practice and his farm in Tennessee, where he eould support his family, rather than engage in an enterprise in Louisville, whieh they were persuaded would fail. The first and only primary serviee he rendered toward the establishment of the Institute was on his return to Louisville, a month or two after all the leading and essential preliminaries had been settled. He was then sent to Cincinnati to negotiate a compaet with Dr. Cobb to aeeept the professorship of Anatomy, under a guarantee for the reeeipt of three thousand dollars a year for three years—by far the most lucrative engagement that professor, at the time, had ever held.

Sueh were some of my labors, expedients, and practieal doings in the eapacity of premier in the founding and establishing of the Medieal Institute. But they are far from being the whole amount of the extra official services I rendered to that institution. For the space of at least six or seven years, I eontinued to do in per-

son all that was requisite to sustain it and promote its prosperity, apart from the lectures, examinations, and other more technical duties of it performed by my colleagues. I negotiated, for example, its connection with the Louisville Marine Hospital, delivered in person nearly all the public popular discourses on select and interesting subjects, which drew crowds of citizens to its Hall, and conciliated toward it their feelings and regards. I visited Europe, at my own expense, and purchased for it, and paid out of my own funds, some of the home-bound costs of a thousand dollars' worth of additional means of instruction which it needed, and I openly defended it in person against the assaults of its enemies, and received myself their envenomed shafts, while my colleagues lay prudently and safely ensconced in my rear. Nor is this all. After my last return from Europe, I superintended in person the erection of a clinical amphitheatre, which was greatly needed, and paid for it also out of my own funds, three thousand and thirty-two dollars and fifty cents, of which I have been reimbursed but *two-thirds*; the remainder of my colleagues (seven in number) having only repaid me to that amount, and left as my portion of the outlay the remaining third—a transaction anything but equitable.

On the subject of professorships, I earnestly recommended the two following fundamental rules, which were solemnly adopted, but have since been improperly violated :—

1. Never to offer a professorship to an individual until it should be known that he will accept it. And,

2. That every professor should be a resident citizen of Louisville. Professional peripateticism, where it can possibly be avoided, is a disreputable characteristic.

Such are some of the benefits which I conferred on the Medical Institute; and I defy enmity and malice to make it appear that I ever injured it by action or word. I shall now, therefore, state, with equal frankness and truth, the unworthy and unprincipled recompense I have received from it (I mean from some of its members), especially after it had been changed into the medical department of the University of Louisville.

Dr. Lunsford P. Yandell, whose early benefactor I had been, and whose firm friend I had continued to be, foully and maliciously slandered me for his own pecuniary profit and benefit,

while he insidiously still professed, in words, and pretended at times in action, to be my friend—and was therefore ungrateful and perfidious as well as malicious. This course, I have said, he pursued for his "pecuniary profit." And such was the fact. He was intriguing for my professorship, with which he was better pleased than with his own. Yet does he not possess a single qualification for teaching either the profound or elevated and distinguished principles and characteristics of it. For he is, proverbially, common-place and superficial in all his remarks, never giving birth and utterance to an original thought. He is a mere parasite, depending on his remembrance of what he has read and heard for everything he says.

With regard to all the higher and nobler qualities of mind, this is a perfectly correct delineation of Dr. Yandell's character. But as respects qualities of a lower and less reputable order, the very reverse is true. In cunning, stratagem, and all forms of duplicity and deceptiveness, he is at home, and an adept in the practice of them. For this there are two substantial reasons. He is organized in adaptation to them, and the exercise and cultivation of them have constituted a leading share of the business of his life.

Nor has he ever shown a greater power and adroitness in them than in his scheme to remove me from my professorship, and to procure his own elevation to it. I say "elevation"—for it is the highest, because the most philosophical station in the medical profession. It is therefore the office for which Dr. Yandell is most signally unfit.

Nor am I the only person who thus believes and thus declares. Every competent judge who knows him pronounces unhesitatingly the same opinion. To this the entire body of his colleagues is no exception. They manifested the belief unanimously, at the time of his appointment. Not a man of them, however, had either the justice or magnanimity to oppose his successful intrigue against myself. Those of them who did not covertly aid him, remained silent and passive spectators of his nefarious proceeding. The names of these faithful colleagues and trustworthy friends deserve to be recorded: they were Lunsford Pitts Yandell, Henry Miller, Samuel D. Gross, Charles Short, Jedediah Cobb, and Daniel Drake: the latter, a gentleman very highly and

justly distinguished for his powers of mind and useful attainments; and unfortunately, not less so for his propensity to strategy and intrigue, which marred his usefulness and darkened his fame.

Into the cause of my colleagues' hostility to myself, I have never condescended to inquire. By others, however, it has been attributed to such petty jealousy and puerile malice as I find it difficult to believe could actuate the minds and influence the conduct of men with whom I had been for years associated both in council and action.*

But to return to the transfer of Dr. Yandell to my now vacated chair. The facts of that extraordinary and disgraceful transaction are as follows: But first let it be stated and distinctly understood, that the majority of the trustees were either deceived by him, united with him in his nefarious intrigue, and sanctioned it, else it could not have been carried into effect. They are to be regarded therefore as *participes criminis.*

When the Board of Trustees had vacated my chair, by my removal, they requested the Medical Faculty to recommend a suitable successor, expecting and believing that they would recommend Dr. Yandell. That the subject might be duly considered the Faculty held a meeting, which, from mock-modesty, Dr. Yandell did not attend. And his colleagues, convinced of his unfitness for the chair, and persuaded that he would forever remain so, declined to recommend him. Alarmed and mortified at this, he prevailed on them to call another meeting, which, dismissing his exterior of modesty, he eagerly attended, to plead in person his own cause, and convince his colleagues that he was amply qualified for the station he sought. And he is reported to have not only argued the case with words, but implored and solemnized it, even pleaded it with tears. But all to no purpose. His colleagues persisted in their refusal to recommend him, assuring him that his utter unfitness, and their positive persuasion that he never would or could be otherwise, was the cause.

* It was currently believed that the Medical Faculty had the weakness to sacrifice their colleague to their mortification, because (in sundry publications, put forth, at different times, by the enemies of the Faculty and the school) he had been called the *Hotspur*, the Grand Lama, and the *Gulliver among the Lilliputians* of the school.—Ed.

At the first two meetings all the members of the Faculty beside Dr. Yandell were not present. One was absent at his country residence, a few miles from Louisville, over whom the discomfited candidate believed he had more influence than over the others. For him, therefore, a messenger was dispatched, and his attendance at the third meeting procured. But, like his recusant colleagues, the summoned member also refused to recommend. All was therefore lost labor, and augmented his disappointment and mortification. The refusal was now complete—and the Faculty adjourned. But Dr. Yandell, though thus far defeated, mortified, and somewhat discouraged, was not utterly discomfited. The reason is plain. He had not yet completely tried the strength and efficacy of his master organs, combined and adjusted—those I mean of duplicity and intrigue. That combination still remained to be brought into play. And when thus employed, it succeeded—and the doctor was elevated to the chair.

The special mental legerdemain which he employed to influence the Board of Trustees, I pretend not to know. But I know what was reported by those who professed to be versed in the secret. And the report I refer to (not a formal and official report, but the current news of the day) was to the following purport:—

The last meeting of the Medical Faculty was held on a Saturday afternoon; the Board of Trustees being in session at the same time.

When the Faculty had finished their unavailing conference respecting a candidate for my vacant chair, they separated under the expression of a belief, fully concurred in by Dr. Yandell, that the Board of Trustees would not appoint an incumbent to the chair until Monday or Tuesday of the following week.

No sooner, however, had the Faculty risen and dispersed, each member to his own employment, than Dr. Yandell repaired immediately to the Board of Trustees, still in session, and concealing from them the refusal of his colleagues to recommend him to the vacant chair, and also their belief and expectation, in which he had concurred, that no appointment of a professor would be made by the Board before the following week—concealing all this important information, he resigned the chair of Chemistry, which till then he had held, and, by a partial vote, in a Board which I

believe (but am not certain) was also partial, he was transferred to the chair of the Institutes of Medicine, for which, in talents and education, he is, as already stated, and generally acknowledged, so utterly unqualified.

Such was the report respecting the appointment of Dr. Yandell to the professorship of the Institutes of Medicine, at the time it was made. And though I do not positively avouch it, I verily believe it to be substantially true. And I shall only add that, if true, it is the most flagitious transaction of the sort that disgraces the history of schools of medicine.

But with the Board of Trustees I have not yet entirely closed my account. Nor do I mean to neglect or remit the smallest fragment of it. Their equally unwise and unjust conduct in dismissing me from the medical school, I shall detail with sufficient fulness; and, were this not intended to be a posthumous work, I would fearlessly dare any one or more of them to gainsay, under his or their proper name or names, a fact I shall state—or to controvert an opinion I shall directly advance.

I was the real premier and publicly acknowledged founder, rearer, and director of the Medical Institute until its complete establishment, and for at least five years afterward, when my ruling services were partially discontinued, because they had become less necessary than at an earlier period.

In consideration of the benefits I had thus conferred on the school, I had as good a natural right to be a participant of the profits of it, while fully competent to the discharge of my official duties in it, as I have to the enjoyment of the profits of the lot of ground I have purchased, and the house I have erected on it. And it would be an act of as arbitrary and tyrannical injustice, forcibly and without compensation, to deprive me of the one as of the other. In opposition to the correctness of this sentiment, no enlightened and conscientious individual will be willing to disgrace himself by exercising either his pen or his tongue. And none can do so without incurring both the stain of dishonor and the opprobrium of disgrace. Were an unofficial man or body of men thus forcibly to deprive other persons of their property, the act would be pronounced felonious robbery. And when officers commissioned for other purposes, but armed with no special authority for such action, notwithstanding perpetrate it, what else

can it be called, or in what respect is it better than legalized robbery—robbery unrighteously protected by law? But, be the name and nature of the act what they may, it was committed by the Board of Trustees of the University of Louisville, in their causeless and arbitrary dismissal of me from the post of honor, repose, and independent support I had myself prepared for my family and myself, in the evening of my life. True, for the worst they could do toward myself in person, I held them in unmitigable defiance and scorn. But the wrong and outrage committed against my family, that relied on me, and was identified with myself in the issue, struck home with inhuman and irremediable disaster.

So heavy had been my losses, and so extensive my outlays, at home and abroad, in behalf of western medicine, that the income of my estate was insufficient for the subsistence of my family, as it had been accustomed, and was entitled to subsist. And of that fact the Board of Trustees were fully apprised when they perpetrated the outrage, for I had myself assured them of it.

But the whole proceeding of the Board of Trustees in the transaction was so extraordinary and unprecedented, that, if not specially described, it can never be understood. The following is, therefore, asserted to be a correct delineation of it—a delineation none of them will contradict.

About the close of the year 1846, or the beginning of 1847, I formed, for reasons and on a prospective condition of things which were satisfactory to me, a resolution to retire from public and official business, and devote my time exclusively to a private work (designed to be posthumous) in which I was engaged. And the date of my retirement I fixed at March, 1850. To a few of the leading members of the Board of Trustees I mentioned my purpose, and was express as to the time of its accomplishment. It met with their entire approbation, and was carried to such an extent, that I considered the arrangement definitely settled, and adjusted my plans in conformity to it. Though no instrument of writing was executed on the occasion, yet did I consider the transaction as an irrevocable compact—regarded it of course as mutually binding, and troubled myself no further about it. Nor could anything have surprised me more, or appeared to me more incredible than a report, whispered at first half audibly and

half inaudibly, during the winter of 1848–49, that I was to be positively removed from my chair at the end of that session. Though I believed and pronounced the rumor (for such I considered it, because I thought my compact was with honorable and trustworthy men) utterly groundless, yet did I deem it prudent to become vigilant and make the requisite inquiry. And when I discovered the deception which had been practised on me by a body of men who still claimed character and standing in the community, "and had that claim allowed," when I discovered this, I felt it impossible to prevent the emotion of intense surprise, which I first experienced, from changing to deep and burning indignation. And the change was both natural and justifiable. An effort, therefore, to prevent or even moderate it would have been unmanly weakness. Nor did I practise hypocritical concealment of either feeling or thought, but openly gave utterance to the emotions I felt.

As the blow meditated by the Board threatened me with a serious disaster, I resolved to try first what effect fair and manly, but not criminating reason and remonstrance might produce in a case fraught with principles and feelings so utterly at war with common justice. I therefore calmy but firmly urged my compact. But I soon perceived that I urged it on adamant. Some of the gentlemen did not deny either the existence of the compact or the terms of it. They remembered and acknowledged both. But they denied its being obligatory on them—because, as I have reason to presume (though they did not unwarily compromit themselves by saying so), it had not been committed to writing, nor conclusively authenticated by any other sort of legal testimony.

I then demanded of them a *concours*, or French medical court of competition, in which, should I fail to acquit myself at least as well as any other professor of any branch in their school, I would forthwith resign my professorship. But this challenge, I was confident, would not be accepted; because I was convinced that no one would hazard himself in the *concours* as my competitor, I being privileged to reciprocate with him the test of examination.

I now adopted with my persecutors (for such they had practically, though not in words, avowed themselves), that is, with such of them as I could occasionally meet (for they never permitted

me to meet them in an official body), the following course—I being the interrogator, and they the respondents:—

"Have I ever neglected my duty as a teacher?"

"Never, sir."

"Have I ever slighted my duty as such?"

"Never, sir."

"Has my being a member of the school ever prevented a single pupil from resorting to it?"

"No, sir; and, as far as my information extends, no such charge has ever been alleged against you. You are believed to have drawn many more pupils to it than anybody else."

"Has my being a member of the school ever driven a pupil from it, who had come to it with a design to attend a course of lectures?"

"No charge of the sort has ever been preferred against you, sir."

"Are my manners disagreeable to the pupils?"

"No, sir; your manners are more courteous and agreeable than those of any other professor."

"Are the graduates dissatisfied at my name being attached to their diplomas?"

"No, sir; many of them would not exchange it for the names of all the other professors."

"If, then, I am exempt from all these faults and accusations, and if my standing in the estimation of the pupils generally, and especially of the graduates, is so elevated, pray what are the charges preferred against me by the Board of Trustees, on account of which I am to be deprived of my professorship?"

"Why, sir, you are thought to be too old."

"Am I considered so deeply superannuated, and shattered by age, in mind and body, or either of them, as to be absolutely incapacitated to teach?"

"Why, no, sir; but the trustees and some of the citizens of Louisville think you too old."

"Have either the citizens or trustees, who think me too old, heard recently any of my didactic lectures?"

They had never, as I well knew, heard even one of them.

"No, sir; I believe not; but they are told that you have failed very much in your lectures."

"From whom have they heard that?"

No answer, except by the manner of evasion; or "I don't know." And both the silence and reply I construed into "Dr. Yandell and Dr. ——— told us so."

To put the trustees as disgracefully in the wrong as possible, in all their subterfuges, even to this contemptible shuffle, I condescended to furnish a serious and unanswerable reply. This I did by referring them to the history of schools of medicine (of which I found them utterly ignorant), and presented to them the cases of Professors Blumenbach, Cullen, Hoffman, and others, who, at an age considerably more advanced than mine, had lectured acceptably, even popularly, to some of the largest classes in Europe. This, for a few days, closed the intercourse with the trustees.

And, though I do not offer the preceding representation as a copy of the expressions which passed between certain members of the Board and myself, yet I do offer it as an account, substantially correct, of the conferences we held respecting my chair, and my instructions delivered from it in the medical department of the University of Louisville.

At length, I received from the trustees a resolution of my dismissal from my professorship, borne and delivered by a delegation commissioned to offer me what was denominated *an honorary degree*, the title of the degree not specified, but presumed by me to be emeritus professor. No matter, however, for the title. My reply was prompt, aud proud, and *true;* and to the following purport.

That the Board of Trustees had nothing to confer which, to me, could be honorary; that not only was I the founder and constructor of my own honors, but that I was also virtually the author of all the academical honors possessed by them. For, had I not been the principal, if not the only efficient agent in reorganizing and putting into operation the Medical Institute, out of which had grown, iu verification of my own express prediction, the University of Louisville, that institution, with all the academical powers and honors now borne by its trustees, and which they have so abused and desecrated, would not have had an existence.

I expressed a hope, therefore, that the Board would, in time to

come, be more vigilant and circumspect, judicious and careful of its own honors, and of them alone, for that mine neither coveted nor needed *addition* or *conservation*, nor, even if they did, would I deign to accept from them a tittle of either. And, without further parlance, the delegation took leave.*

* Toward the close of the session of 1848–49, a rumor had reached the class that the chair held by Dr. Caldwell was about to be vacated. A meeting of the young men was called, and the result was the following preamble and resolutions:—

"LOUISVILLE, March 6, 1849.

"We, the undersigned, members of the graduated class of the Medical Department, University of Louisville, for session 1848 and '49, *unanimously* adopt the following preamble and resolutions:—

"*Whereas*, we have attended the lectures of our venerable Professor of the Institutes of Medicine for two sessions; and whereas, in all human probability, he will not continue many years longer to hold his place in the University, which we are proud to cherish as our alma mater; therefore—

"*Resolved*, 1st. That we feel it to be our privilege, and take great pleasure in expressing our high regard for him, as a man of profound learning, and one of the ablest advocates and most efficient teachers of the medical profession.

"*Resolved*, 2d. That his lectures on all the subjects, pertaining to his chair, have been able, thorough, and instructive; and that the imputation, therefore, that he is superannuated, or that his lectures are, in any way, inferior to those of the other professors, is unjust, unfounded, and false.

"*Resolved*, 3d. That, in consideration of the deep interest he has always manifested in our advancement in the study of the philosophy of medicine, and his untiring efforts to promote the same, we deeply regret the prospect of his vacating his chair, which he has so long and so ably filled; and for his courteous and affable manners to us as pupils, and all the kind attentions we have received from his hands, we tender to him the grateful thanks of his affectionate pupils and humble servants.

"Signed in behalf of the class by

W. W. MCCOMAS,
J. RODMAN,
T. L. MADDEN."

[NOTE BY EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

Have written on too many subjects—Authorship—Yellow fever—Dr. Rush at length convinced of its non-contagion—Plague—A French writer on it—Prison discipline.

To bring my autobiography completely to the present date (1852), it now remains that I give some account of my writings and publications. And of my whole biographical enterprise, I need hardly say, this is the most critical and difficult portion. The reason is plain. Comparatively speaking, the account of what a man has done constitutes the exterior or shell and grosser part of his autobiography, while what he has thought, fancied, and felt, consists of the interior or nucleus, and is of an order more elevated, and a character more refined. And with these attributes the narrative is expected to correspond. But a correspondence in matter and substance alone is not sufficient (the style and manner continuing the same with that of the narrative detailing action). And in accordance with this view of the subject will be the composition of that branch of my biography in which I am now about to engage.

Though I do not hesitate to believe that I have employed my pen to a greater extent, on a greater number and diversity of subjects, and perhaps on subjects of a higher and more recondite order than any other medical author in America, yet am I perfectly aware, and have often so expressed myself, that I am not what the world calls a discreet, judicious, and practical writer. In a special manner and an unusual degree, I have not been true to my own present reputation and standing, however it may be with me on those points in time to come. I have written too many small works, chiefly on some controverted principle or anticipated belief, or presumption, and not even a single large business work on admitted popular and every-day ground. In other and perhaps plainer terms, I have not furnished the world with royal octavos, containing each eight or nine hundred pages,

replete with matter and direction for the use and assistance of mere working professionalists, who, with their pills, potions, and other formulæ, do the medical drudgery of the world, and dispense with their vocal organs the chief portion of its medical renown. Nor, by these remarks, do I mean to speak disrespectfully of the "million" who are actually the stay and "salt of the earth," without whose labor it could never either professionally or otherwise prosper. I only mean that for reasons which to myself were satisfactory, and to the "million" not satisfactory, but probably the reverse, I made no special effort by blandishment, false pretension, an accommodating spirit, or any other means, to gain their favor, admiration, or applause. For I solemnly declare that, since the maturity of my sentiments of right and wrong, I have no recollection of having ever made a serious and formal attempt to attain public favor, except by the discharge of what I conscientiously believed to participate more or less of solid beneficence and moral duty. For I confess myself unable to draw a satisfactory line of demarcation between the higher social duties, and what are denominated the minor morals. Nor do I know of a definite distinction having ever been drawn by any other person; not excepting even Cicero or Seneca, who wrote expressly on that subject.

It is strict truth in me then to acknowledge that I have never been a general and popular favorite. And it is but frank to admit that there exist two natural, and, therefore, strong reasons why I have not been. And these are the following:—

1. The masses are attracted by appearance and manners alone; because they are neither able nor have an opportunity to penetrate and judge of anything but exteriors, in which appearance and manner consist. And my general appearance and deportment, though not perhaps altogether unattractive, are unconciliating to them. Hence, though far I trust from being actually offensive to them, I am equally remote from being a favorite. I am willing, however, to flatter myself, that more thought and penetration, and suitable opportunities for exercising them on me, would render them, if not more attached to me, at least less unwilling to approach me, from a belief which has prevailed that I am repulsively stern and haughty.

2. But there exists another class of individuals who are, from a

very dissimilar cause, not merely unattached, but actually hostile to me. They are the conservators of the world as it is—beings in human form, who are desirous to prohibit all novelty, and of course all amendment in man, manners, morals, taste, intelligence, customs, pursuits, education, and even in personal costume and habit. Why is this class opposed to human amendment? The reason is palpable. Such amendment takes from them both caste and influence, because they do not amend themselves. While all things around them are progressive, bright, and beautiful, they are stationary and mouldy, or rough and rusty.

These self-created literati and *scientifici* (if I may coin a name for them) of the day have been hostile to me through life, for a reason identical with that which has excited sentiments similarly inimical, accompanied by opposition, denunciation, and persecution, against some of the most illustrious personages the world has produced (all of them celebrated improvers of knowledge, and in other respects pre-eminent benefactors of man). Of these, may be specially named, because they were specially signalized by their performances, Galileo, Leibnitz, Newton, Harvey, Sydenham, Franklin, and Gall.

Does any one ask me, in a gaze and start of wonderment, whether I compare and associate myself with those world-renowned lights in science, and unmatched leaders in their benefactions to their race? "I do," without a blush, or the slightest consciousness of a boast in having so expressed myself. But I do not associate myself with them in greatness and glory—but in the fate that has befallen me for what I have done.

In my protracted and very diversified series of conflicts and discussions, I have been unusually fortunate, especially considering the immense amount of exertion, rancor, and chicanery, that was arrayed against me with the utmost fellness of design—and further, considering that I always fought against "fearful odds." For, I being, in the beginning, almost always alone, and my antagonists deserving to be called legion, because they were many, I can say, with equal pride and truth, that, throughout the entire duration of the malign and unsparing warfare I was thus forced to sustain, I suffered not a single defeat.

Every practical enterprise in which I seriously and heartily engaged, terminated in my success. Every opinion and doctrine

deemed erroneous by me, which I resolutely and determinately assailed, was prostrated or so enfeebled as to fall into disrepute, and be finally nullified. And every sentiment or position I earnestly supported with all my resources, was ultimately established. In proof of each of these statements, conclusive testimony is somewhere recorded, and could be in *substance* adduced.

I have already said that I commenced my authorship, as a medical writer, in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1793. More accurately, the commencement was made at some point of time during the winter of 1793–4, when I was a student of medicine, in attendance on my second course of lectures in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. And one of the first and most important subjects I undertook to discuss and elucidate, was the Origin and Causes of Yellow Fever, a pestilential disease, which, in the summer and autumn of 1793, had first visited Philadelphia with unprecedented calamity—converting it into one wide appalling scene of death, desolation, and mourning.

The question at issue was justly deemed an important one, on whose correct decision, and the efficacy of the measures respecting it subsequently adopted and pursued, it was generally and confidently believed would depend, not only the prosperity and welfare of the city at the then existing time, but no small share of its destiny for all time to come.

This portentous condition of things was the joint result of sundry agencies powerful in their influence, of which the following are some of the leading ones:—

The opinion, maintained chiefly by Dr. Rush and his immediate followers, was that the disease originated from the filth of the city, and, when thus produced, was propagated by contagion, and that it was therefore essentially different from common bilious fever, not only in degree, but also in kind. And for that doctrine he strenuously contended, in his lectures and publications, for I know not exactly how long, but for upwards, I think, of ten years.

Another opinion was, that yellow fever is only a higher grade of common autumnal fever, and arises therefore from the same causes, and is subject to the same laws. Or, that if it be, in some shades of modification, different (as most probably it is), it notwithstanding arises, like it, from a higher and more deleterious

form or modification of what was then called marsh miasmata, and is not contagious.

That was the opinion defended by myself. And, as far as I knew at the time, or yet know, I was among the first to frame, defend, and endeavor to prove and propagate it in Philadelphia and elsewhere. I certainly derived it from no one. I found it out by observation and reflection on what I witnessed in the yellow fever hospital, established a few miles from Philadelphia, in the unmalarious atmosphere of the country. I perceived that neither myself, nor any other person exposed only to the atmosphere of that institution (inspiring it, and being constantly involved in it both by night and day, whether eating, sleeping, or otherwise employed), was attacked by the complaint, provided he kept strictly aloof from the atmosphere of Philadelphia; but that if he exposed himself to that atmosphere, especially during the night, he almost certainly contracted it, however carefully remote he held himself from the wards of the hospital.

In that confined spot commenced my first observations on the subject. But they subsequently extended over a much wider field, and still communicated to me invariably the same result. An atmosphere surcharged only with the exhalation from patients laboring under yellow fever, but free from common malaria, produced no pestilential disease; while the atmosphere of the city in which yellow fever prevailed, though no person was sick in the immediate neighborhood, engendered it.

And during seven terms of the epidemic prevalence of yellow fever, through which I passed in Philadelphia, the same was true. The disease was the result of breathing, swallowing, and being otherwise in contact with a malarious atmosphere, not of exposure to diseased individuals. Such evidence on the subject I regard as conclusive, and have always so employed it. Nor could Dr. Rush resist it; though he strenuously exerted himself to annul my belief in it, and induce me to become the advocate of his hypothesis. But I was fortunate enough so far to reverse the condition of mind he endeavored to produce between us, as to make him the advocate of my opinion, instead of being myself persuaded into the advocacy of his. And that was far from being a common event. For though Dr. Rush was noted for changing his notions and theories himself, he was said never to have previously changed

even one of them, in concession to the mental influence of an opponent.

Though Dr. Rush ministered to an error of magnitude and mischief, in attempting to establish and propagate the notion that yellow fever is a contagious complaint, he ministered at the same time to an important truth, in pronouncing it the product of the filth allowed to lie and ripen into poison beneath the action of the summer and autumnal sun. The introduction into the city of a regular and efficient system of cleanliness could alone prevent that evil; and such a system could be established and maintained only by an abundant and uninterrupted supply of water. From what source was that supply to be derived? The answer was plain, from the Schuylkill.

The next medical subject, therefore (for such it must be considered), was the usefulness and necessity of constructing a system of waterworks to conduct into Philadelphia, from the river Schuylkill, a body of water skilfully directed and applied, and sufficient in quantity to wash away all filth from the streets, alleys, wharves, and elsewhere, *for the prevention of sickness*, to extinguish fires, and to subserve other requisite purposes. And by those who are now in the full enjoyment of the priceless pleasure and advantages of the great performance, it will be hardily credible that the enterprise was at first most violently opposed. And the *reason* of the opposition was more extraordinary, ridiculous, and condemnable than the opposition itself. It was because cleanliness would be virtually acknowledged by it to be considered a preventive of yellow fever, and of course the influence of city filth the cause. For, strange and hardly believable as it must now appear to all reasonable men, it is notwithstanding true, that many persons would (such was the amount of their infatuation and folly) have willingly run the risk of a recurrence of yellow fever, rather than prevent it by a measure recognizing foul streets, alleys, gutters, wharves, and yards, to be the leading causes of it.

As far as my remembrance now serves me, the only persons who, at the commencement of the controversy, spoke or wrote in favor of the introduction of the Schuylkill water extensively into Philadelphia, were Dr. Rush, Dr. Physick, and myself. And Dr. Physick never once moved his pen on the subject, nor even spoke of it, except his opinion was asked; and even then he

never employed more words than were absolutely necessary to make himself clearly and certainly understood. But those words, though always few, were at times very forcible, and uniformly influential.

The doctor, though in some respects a great man, was in others a very singular one; he rarely, if ever, strove to argue his fellow-citizens, or even his pupils, either into or out of any opinion or belief. He simply told them, in as few and plain words as he could, that the point in question either was or was not in his judgment correct or incorrect, good or bad, right or wrong, according to circumstances; and thus the matter rested. For his mere word was the only proof or disproof he troubled himself to offer. His belief alone was in this way known, but rarely if at all the reason of it.

In behalf of the enterprise now under consideration, Dr. Rush conversed and lectured, and occasionally wrote, but the latter to no great extent or effect. I conversed much, often debated in suitable places, and wrote much more extensively than he did. My productions were mostly published and widely diffused by the newspapers of the time; a few of them appeared in pamphlet form, and one of them makes a paper of ten or twelve pages, in a volume of my *Physical Memoirs* of about three hundred pages, and is still extant. But I regret that, through a faulty sibyllian carelessness with regard to papers, which has clung to me since my boyhood as a most troublesome and wasteful attribute of my nature, nearly all of them have forever disappeared. But their effects still exist to some extent, and will not, I trust and believe, cease to exist till man shall cease to build large cities, and commerce to make an important portion of the business of the human family. For though I had never the slightest concern in the practical transactions of commerce, yet did I for no inconsiderable series of years labor very strenuously for the promotion of its interests, by aiding, through the agency of cleanliness, in the mitigation of all, and the extinction of some of the restrictions of quarantine, which curtailed its profits to an amount incalculable. This I did by endeavoring, and in no small degree succeeding, to extinguish the long established but erroneous belief in the contagious nature of malarious diseases. Nor did I confine my observations to yellow fever and other American

forms of disease. To the surprise of every one, and the deep exception and opposition of not a few, I embraced in them oriental plague itself. In February, 1801, I delivered, by appointment, the annual address to the Philadelphia Medical Society, and the subject of it was, the analogies between plague and yellow fever. As one of the bold and even dangerous medical records of the time, the address was printed, and frequently afterwards debated in the medical society of the place, myself being its only advocate and defender. Dr. Rush deemed it the repository of a creed so uncanonical and heterodox in medicine, that he earnestly warned me that it would prove injurious to my reputation as a writer. But the only effect of such opposition and warning was to render me more zealous and firm in its defence; because I verily believed it to be a truth, from the sustenance of which no danger or other consideration should induce me to swerve. I deemed it, moreover, an original truth, first discovered and divulged by myself, and was therefore proud of it. But I subsequently found that the same belief had been broached and warmly defended by a French writer in 1720, when the plague had prevailed in the city of Marseilles. Nor did my efforts to relieve commerce from the evils of quarantine terminate here. That I might be as thoroughly as practicable informed of the first establishment, history, and effects of the institution of quarantine, I studied the Italian language, in which those things were first recorded but never translated, and delivered another address in like manner by appointment, from the information thus collected, which was also printed and extensively circulated.

Nor have I yet reached the account of my last publication to the same effect.

In the year 1834, "Quarantine and other Sanatory Systems," constituted the subject of the Boylston prize question, in Harvard University. I became a competitor for the prize, and won it, by a dissertation in which I denied the contagiousness of plague, pronounced quarantines as then practised an unnecessary product of ignorance and superstition, and exposed the many evils it arbitrarily and fanatically inflicted on the commercial world. I say "fanatically inflicted," for the very term quarantine (a lustration of forty days) plainly evinces that the institution was founded in a spirit of superstitious bigotry and blindness, which paralyzed

healthy observation and inquiry, turned sober reflection into stubborn dogmatism, and by thus holding in thraldom commercial nations, prevented for centuries their improvement and prosperity.

In the decision passed on my prize dissertation on the non-contagious nature of plague, and the evils of quarantine, a circumstance occurred not unworthy to be recorded. The comparative merit of several other dissertations and mine was to be decided by the verdict of eight arbiters, to whom they were submitted for examination and judgment. Mine was the only essay that denied the contagious nature of plague, and condemned the action and influence of quarantine; and every member of the judicial body was opposed to me in sentiment, when he commenced the inspection of my essay. Yet was their decision in my favor as a competitor for the prize unanimous. The reason is plain. Never had they previously scrutinized the subject, but had, I might say, instinctively adopted the opposite opinion, as a superstitious and hereditary creed in medicine. But their instinct and its creed were educational, and therefore artificial, not natural, the product of erring man, not of the unerring Creator. Such is the contrast between opinions of even enlightened men, before and after they have duly examined the merits of a subject. And so sacred ought examination before decision to be held, and conscientiously performed! For, as I have elsewhere said, where one man of even limited intelligence and information fails to attain the truth for want of mental ability, one hundred fail for want of industry and careful inquiry.

An account of one effort more which I made about forty years ago, to relieve commerce from the trammels and consequent mischief of quarantine regulations, and I shall dismiss the subject.

About that date (the precise year not remembered), I was appointed a member of the Board of Health, of Philadelphia, a body invested with power to superintend, direct, and modify, at pleasure, the entire economy of the quarantine establishment. The appointment I held for one year; and during that period I neither slumbered nor slept on the subject, but devoted to it every hour I could redeem from my most indispensable personal engagements. And I succeeded in no small degree in the accomplishment of my wishes.

I had the address to acquire, whether deservedly or undeservedly, such a lead in the Board of Health, as to be able to control all its principal measures. I therefore had laws and resolutions enacted, of such moderation, as to exempt from detention at the Lazaretto all healthy persons and healthy ships (no matter from where they came) any longer than was sufficient for thorough inspection and cleansing of person and clothing, vessels, and a few sorts of dry goods. And I had the gratification to be assured by men of knowledge on the subject, and strict veracity, that merchants had saved perhaps seven-eighths of what they would have otherwise expended and lost by quarantine restrictions.

Nor was this relaxation of the economy of quarantine confined to the Lazaretto of Philadelphia. It was gradually but slowly introduced into those of New York, Baltimore, Charleston, and other commercial cities of the United States; and still much more slowly into those of Europe. But it as certainly found its way to the latter emporiums as to the former. For, at this period, the weight of expense and general annoyance of quarantine exactions are diminished more than one-half, when compared to their condition at the commencement of this century. And though Europe in general, and Great Britain in particular, will not acknowledge themselves indebted to America for the improvement and relief, yet is it as certain that the amelioration *commenced* in the United States (*locally in Philadelphia*), as it is that it now exists; and that is as certain as that the country exists.

Nor did I merely recommend the measure. As already mentioned, I officially, in the capacity of a member of the Philadelphia Board of Health, practically introduced it into the Lazaretto economy of that city. Nor, as far as I am informed, has a single improvement I thus introduced into that institution been subsequently abolished, or materially changed. I shall only add, that for many years I labored as strenuously against violent opposition, and at first *alone*, for the production in the United States of an amended system of quarantine, as I did for the first introduction into the country, and the ultimate establishment, of the science of Phrenology.

Another topic, both interesting and important, on which I believe myself to have been the first individual (certainly in the United States, and, as far as my information respecting it extends,

in any other country) who wrote analytically and philosophically, is Prison Discipline and Moral Education and Reform—meaning the education and reform of culprits.

In the year 1829, I published an essay of upward of fifty octavo pages, under that title, in which I treated the subject, as I am bound to believe, more scientifically than it had ever been previously treated; and which was favorably received in Europe, and copious extracts from it republished in the English, and also in the French language. Whether it was published entire in Europe I do not remember. Nor am I authorized, by any conclusive information received on the subject, to speak specially of its effect there in improving the economy and conditions of prisons. But that the condition of those establishments has been improved since that period is not to be questioned.

Within the same period, however, in the United States, that the improvement in the general management of prisons is much greater than in any portion of Europe is an indisputable truth. And that such management is much more strongly characterized now by the principles recommended, or rather inculcated in my essay, than it was at the time the pamphlet was published, is equally true. Whether the principles and doctrines incorporated in the prison discipline and economy are derived from the publication referred to, let others decide; I shall only observe that no other source is known to me from which they might have been so easily derived. And it is not customary for men voluntarily to encounter unnecessary trouble in the acquisition of knowledge. I feel encouraged to hold it a reasonable inference, rather than an unfounded assumption, to allege that my pamphlet of 1829 has been to some extent instrumental in the improvement of penitentiary discipline and moral education and reform in the prisons of the United States. And the fundamental, operative, and productive principle on which my pamphlet rests, and aims to contribute to the real amelioration of criminal offenders, is included in the maxim (for a maxim it is) that such offenders are never amended in their morals by severe and degrading punishment. They may be and usually are rendered more cautious and artful in the commission of crime, to avoid detection and escape capture and its consequences; but, that their criminal propensities are rather strengthened than enfeebled by it might be easily rendered highly

probable, if not conclusively proved. To cultivate and strengthen his moral and religious organs, and debilitate his antagonizing ones, constitutes the only process by which the depraved and ruinous propensities and habits of criminals can be affected, and virtuous ones made to succeed them. Such is the report of reason and judgment, and such the practical teaching of enlightened experience. And from their joint decision truth and sound policy authorize no appeal.

CHAPTER XV.

Literary and scientific portion of my Autobiography—Catalogue—Conclusion.

It was once my intention to select as many of my publications as would make a number of common sized volumes, embracing subjects and essays or treatises that might be fitly associated under the same cover, and recommend them to my family or executors for posthumous republication. But I have abandoned that design, and, instead of selections, shall give a catalogue of the whole of them, as far as I can call them to memory and collect them, and simply mention a few of them, which I deem most important, and on the excogitation and composition of which I bestowed most time, and which have been most highly esteemed by the ablest judges. With regard to them, my surviving friends will act as their judgment may direct them.

CATALOGUE OF THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS AND TRANSLATIONS OF CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D., &c. &c.

FROM THE YEAR 1794 UNTIL THE YEAR 1851.

DATE.		PAGES.
1795.	Blumenbach's Elements of Physiology; translated from the Latin, with a Dedication, Preface, Appendix, and Notes, by the Translator	203
	Dedication, Preface, and Appendix	41
1796.	Caldwell's Medical Theses	69
1801.	Address on the Analogies of Yellow Fever and True Plague	44
"	Character of Washington	15
	Medical and Physical Memoirs:—	
"	Memoir 1. Physical Sketch of Philadelphia	73
"	Memoir 2. Facts and Discussion relative to the Origin and Nature of Yellow Fever	159
"	Memoir 3. Winter Retreat of the Swallow	40
"	Memoir 4. Goitre	18

DATE.		PAGES.
1802.	Address on the Endemic Diseases of Europe and America—their difference in point of frequency and force	46
"	Eulogy on George Lee	34
"	Reply to Dr. Haygarth's Letter to Dr. Percival	50
1805.	Thoughts on a Health Establishment in the City of Philadelphia	16
"	As Editor of Medical Theses	16
	Preface and Appendix to it	70
"	Three Lectures on the Vitality of the Blood	43
1806.	Prospectus of Medical Classics	11
1807.	On the Truth of Physiognomy	78
"	Anniversary Oration, on the subject of Quarantines	30
"	Translation from the French of Alibert on Intermittents. Preface, Introduction, and Appendix by the Translator	120
1808.	Address to Judge Peters, on the Equivocal Production and Spontaneous Growth of Plants	7
1809.	Portfolio:—	
"	Life of Thomas Truxton	7
"	Notice of Edwin LeRoy McCall	7
"	Character of Polonius	7
1810.	Address on the Character and Administration of Washington	37
"	Oration on American Independence	34
"	Notice of Edward Shippen	6
1811.	Translation from the French of Desault's Surgery. Text	372
	Preface and Appendix by Translator	16
"	On Washington	2
"	Memoir of Benjamin Chew, Esq.	14
"	Inchiquin's Letters	33
"	The Drama—Mr. Cooke	10
1812.	Life of Fisher Ames, in "Edinburgh Encyclopedia"	24
"	Vegetable Usurpation and Aversion	6
"	On the Influence of Comets	15
"	On Earthquakes	16
"	A Retrospect of the Year 1811	18
"	Life of Captain John Smith	15
1813.	Review of Rush on the Mind	25
"	Life of Fisher Ames (Portfolio)	20
"	Eulogy on Dr. Shippen (Portfolio)	13
"	A Sketch of Commodore Barry (Portfolio)	10
"	An Obituary of Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist	8

DATE.		PAGES.
1813.	A Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Rush	16
1814.	An Oration on American Independence	65
"	To the Patrons of the Portfolio	16
"	Memoir of Commodore Dale	16
"	To Readers and Correspondents	3
"	An Essay on the Variety, Complexion, and Figure of the Human Species	90
"	Life of Henry Laurens (Portfolio)	15
"	Life of Captain Warrington (Portfolio)	7
"	American Heroism (Portfolio)	5
"	Life of Jesse D. Elliot (Portfolio)	10
"	Corsair—Critical Remarks on (Portfolio)	5
"	To Readers and Correspondents	4
"	" "	6
"	" "	9
"	" "	5
1815.	Reply to Freron's Criticism on Shakspeare	4
"	Reply to a Curious Fragment of a Journal by a Scotch Gentleman (Portfolio)	4
"	Critique on American Jurisprudence (Portfolio)	9
"	Review of the War in Louisiana (Portfolio)	12
"	Life of General Brown (Portfolio)	18
"	Virgil's Pollio translated (Portfolio)	4
"	Critique on Roderic—Last of the Goths (Portfolio)	9
"	Analysis of Delaplaine's Picture of Perry's Victory (Portfolio)	7
1845.	Criticism on Thomas Paine as a Poet (Portfolio)	7
"	Criticism on Hogg's Queen's Wake (Portfolio)	4
"	Life of General Francis Gurney (Portfolio)	6
"	Battle of the Falls (Portfolio)	10
"	Question decided (Portfolio)	2
"	To Readers and Correspondents (Portfolio)	3
1816.	Reviewer Reviewed; or, the Author turned Critic	34
"	Caldwell's Cullen, with Advertisement, Preface, Introduction, Notes, and Appendix.	
	Advertisement, Preface, and Introduction	69
	Appendix to Vol. I.	97
	Notes to Vol. I. and II.	200
	Appendix to Vol. II.	84
"	Lives of Distinguished Americans:—	
	Preface	5

DATE.		PAGES.
	Life of Columbus	17
	" Americus Vesputius	7
	" Benjamin Rush	18
	" Fisher Ames	14
	" Alexander Hamilton	19
	" George Washington	25
1818.	Eulogy on Caspar Wistar	28
"	Facts and Observations touching the question—"Is it expedient to unite, in the University of Pennsylvania, Clinical Medicine, and the Practice of Medicine, with Materia Medica?"	16
1819.	Life of General Greene	452
"	Inaugural Address on the Opening of the Medical Department of the University of Transylvania	28
1820.	Address to the Committee on Education of both Houses of the Legislature of Kentucky, on the subject of the Medical Department of the University of Transylvania	23
"	Valedictory Address to the Graduates of the Medical Department of Transylvania University	8
"	Remarks on a Review of my Memoirs of General Greene	12
"	Letter from the Professors of the Medical Department of the University of Transylvania to the Citizens of the West	3
1822.	Caldwell on Generation	33
1823.	Outlines of a Course of Lectures on the Institutes of Medicine	188
1824.	Elements of Phrenology	100
"	Defence of the Medical Profession against the charge of Irreligion and Infidelity	77
1825.	Thoughts on the probable Destiny of New Orleans in relation to Health	15
"	On Independence of Intellect	49
"	Analysis of Fever	97
1826.	Medical and Physical Memoirs	224
1827.	Elements of Phrenology (Second edition)	279
"	On the Preservative and Restorative Powers of Nature	37
"	On Optimism	32
"	On the Teaching and Diffusion of the Science of Medicine in Western America	17
1828.	On the circulation of the Venous Blood (First and Second Parts)	36

DATE.		PAGES.
1828.	Singular Cases . . .	7
"	Memoirs of the Rev. Horace Holly, D. D.	293
1829.	Letter to George Lyon, Esq., Secretary of the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, on the Phrenological Developments and Character of the North American Indians; and on the probable Destiny of that Race of Men .	6
"	Letters from Theodoric to Aspasia . . .	41
"	Thoughts on the Changes of Matter and their Causes .	43
"	Thoughts on the Advantages of a National University .	38
"	New Views of Penitentiary Discipline and Moral Reform	52
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Previously to referring to any other material differences in point of merit between the foregoing publications, I shall specially mention one, which, if not thus noticed, neither would nor could be known to but very few, if any, ordinary readers, by whom the work may be hereafter perused. Nor, whatever may be the nature and amount of that difference, will it perhaps be practicable for me, by all the light I can throw on the subject by words, to make it be duly considered, clearly understood, and correctly appreciated by one in a thousand of those who may become acquainted with these remarks.

At this enlightened period of the world, it is hardly necessary for me to observe that the interest and value attached to scientific publications depend, in a great measure, on the three following considerations: their novelty or recency of discovery, their practical usefulness, and the attractiveness of the style and manner in which they are written.

Is the essay or treatise ably and elegantly composed, and does it contain new and important discoveries calculated to enrich science, honor the native country of the discoverer, and signally promote the welfare of man? Its interest and value are deemed by competent judges of a high and distinguished order. It is hailed as a new star in the firmament of truth, destined to enlighten the world of mind, on which it shines, warms, and ministers to its uses, and enhance its welfare, as long as the sun shall operate in the same way on the worlds of matter to whose uses he ministers.

Does the production, instead of disclosing new and useful truths, offer evidence and aid in favor of less recent discoveries of important matter, the truth of which is not yet fully established in public belief, but is arduously battling with ignorance and bigotry, and other impediments, and thus debarred from its benefactions to the world? It also is regarded as a publication of interest and value, but less so than it would be were it the record of a recent discovery. The latter would be prized as a fresh gem added to the diadem of science in its virgin lustre, while the former would be less valued and admired, because somewhat deprived of its splendor by use. Is the essay a repository of long known material of great abstract value, newly arranged and combined, and under a fresh garniture,

with new inferences deducible and applicable to the furtherance of new purposes? Great and lasting benefits may still result from it; but it will be received with less enthusiasm, admiration, and applause than either of the preceding ones. The reason is plain. Long use has dimmed the brilliancy it originally possessed.

On these remarks, the applicability to the topic I am considering is sufficiently obvious, or will be so by the following exposition:—

A large number of the preceding productions are controversial; nor, from their nature and character, could they be otherwise. They were either written on new subjects first called into notice, advocated, and expounded by myself, or they were written in defence of points originally broached by other original writers, and stubbornly opposed and misrepresented, traduced and denounced by that immense mass of perverted and unnatural, or rather anti-natural description of men denominated conservatives. To that great body of error-mongers, I apply the term "anti-natural," because it is more strictly and significantly descriptive of them. Not content with merely deviating from nature, they act in direct opposition to her. As far as the human intellect can penetrate and comprehend it, her course is, and has been, since the morning of creation, in both mind and matter, progressive and ameliorating. It has manifested, in its different successive stages and conditions, different degrees of development and action; and the succeeding condition has never failed to surpass, in its order of excellence, that which preceded it. In every page of the great and glorious volume of geology, a record to that effect is indelibly written by the finger of the Deity himself.

But the arrestation of that course is the direct tendency of the entire class of conservatives. Let their views and wishes prevail in the economy of sublunary affairs, and in not a few of the most prominent cases progression will be extinct. And the motives which influence them to measures so replete with such folly and mischief—if, indeed, they can be called "motives"—appear to be different in different instances.

Thus, for example, some conservatives are inimical to things that are new (no matter whether they be actions or thoughts), simply because they are new, and not handed down to them by some

illustrious personage—an Aristotle, or a Galileo, a Bacon, or a Newton—who flourished and irradiated the world ages and centuries ago; thus preferring the authority of great and eminent, but still occasionally erring men, to the authority of nature who never errs. Yet, strange and blundering inconsistency! those illustrious men, who are the idols of the conservators now, were, during their lives, nature's great ministerial progressives, and were ferociously opposed, and mercilessly denounced and persecuted by the conservators who were their contemporaries!

Others have objected to the truth and usefulness of all things new, because they have not been inculcated on themselves at common schools, academies, or colleges, during their boyhood or youth, by their own immediate teachers. Another party oppose discoveries and improvements, because they themselves, though educated men, had not in any way contributed to their effectuation. And the objections of another clique have arisen from their own stupidity or indolence, or both, which have prevented them from acquiring even a smattering (I might have said a shadow of knowledge) of the novelties taught.

Nor is it less true that numbers of conservators, beyond calculation, oppose and abuse discoveries through imitation and fashion. Of the knowledge of them they neither possess nor affect to possess even the most worthless shred, and are so far honest. But they eagerly listen to the tattle and condemnation of others no less disqualified to judge and decide, and become their echo.

Such are some of the motley multitude of conservators, among the whole of whose views, notions, and motives, not one is either liberal, rational, or praiseworthy. And as I am neither formed, trained, nor in any respect fashioned for either a parasite or submissive retainer, but am inflexibly resolved on the enjoyment of the freedom and independence of all my faculties; and as, from certain further attributes (which make part of my nature, and are no more subject to my control than gravity is to that of a ponderous body), I am strongly enamored of discovery and useful novelty; from these considerations, which are the native growth of my mental constitution, and unyieldingly rebellious toward restraint, I have been more or less at war with the world of conservatives ever since the earliest remembrances of my boyhood.

On the subjects of a large majority of the preceding productions,

I had never seen a line by any other pen, when I fearlessly made them the topic of my own.

Hence has arisen the controversial career I have pursued, as a writer and teacher, during the whole course of my life. In conceiving and forming opinions myself (whatever might have been their merit), I am known to have been at all times ahead of the multitude of my contemporary writers. And, in my adoption of the views of other originals, whether discoverers or conceivers, the same is true. I was also ahead of the "million" in my advocacy of them. This led me, as a matter of course, into a twofold form of controversy—one in behalf of my own original opinions; and the other in behalf of those of others, in the correctness of which I concurred; while the great body of timid conservatives opposed them. And I am known also to have been equally prompt and zealous in my defence of both. For, I have never paused to become the advocate of what I conscientiously believed to be a new truth. Moral cowardice, creating a dread of the loss of temporary popularity (misnamed prudence by a time-serving world), never deterred me for a moment from entering the lists. Perhaps what the over-cautious deemed and called the peril attending the enterprise, even drew me to the tournament with greater certainty and promptness than would have otherwise existed.

But be this as it may, it is not to be doubted that an inordinate love of new truths, and an inordinately eager desire and ambition to be instrumental in their defence and propagation, have operated as one of the reasons why, in compliance with the so oft-repeated advice, and I might say, entreaty of my friends, I have never written a large practical work, consisting, of necessity, in a great measure of *old*, or at least of well-known and fully tested and established matter. And were my life to be passed over again, I feel persuaded that the result would be the same. I would cling to the pursuit and enjoyment of fresh virgin truths with much less pecuniary profit, rather than occupy myself with fagged and faded every-day truths, accompanied by all the profits they could confer.

But had I achieved nothing else, I have experienced one enjoyment, of which neither envy, malice, nor any other form of sinister feeling can deprive me, and which, to an independent,

proud, and philanthropic mind, is altogether invaluable—the enjoyment of the success of truth under whose banner I have fought; for I fearlessly, as heretofore mentioned, defy contradiction when I assert every new and important opinion and doctrine, whether first broached by others or myself, in whose behalf I have seriously and earnestly made battle, has been ultimately and conclusively settled in the affirmative (I mean in favor of the arguments and principles I advocated), and which is not now prevalent, and to all appearance permanently established. Nor is the reverse less true. I with equal confidence defy, on the same conditions, the adduction of a single dogma or doctrine, in opposition to which I earnestly and resolutely became a combatant, that has not sustained great disrepute, if not positive subversion.

In assuming the title of pioneer of medical schools and medical philosophy in the Mississippi Valley, and of premier in the founding and establishment of the only two celebrated schools it has ever contained, I aspire to neither present honor, nor present profit in consideration of them. Experience and observation have long since taught me that the envy, jealousy, mortified pride, and other grovelling and sinister feelings of contemporaries conspire to withhold them both; and that such feelings rarely fail to succeed in their conspiracy. It is to future and remote time alone, when those sentiments and the possessors of them shall have passed away, that I look for the posthumous reward that justly belongs to them. That, however, cannot be a reward of *profit*, in the usual acceptation of the term. Nor is it a reward of time-serving and transient popularity. Its constituents are well-founded honor and lasting renown, the predominant and unfading reward for the attainment of which I have strenuously and perseveringly labored for more than half a century. Nor, presumptuous as the acknowledgment may perhaps be deemed, do I fear that I have labored altogether in vain. My hope is strong and my belief by no means feeble that the due reward will be conferred on my name, when my earthly existence shall be nothing but a name, and the effects of my labors.

That the authors of discoveries calculated to benefit the condition of man, as well as the improvers and early patrons of such discoveries, rarely if ever receive at first the estimation and reward to which they are entitled, and which subsequently accrues to

them, is a familiar and oft-proved truth. And, as already stated, envy, superstition, and selfishness are to be regarded as its principal causes. But they are not its only ones. Ignorance of the tendency and effects of great discoveries and achievements contribute not a little to the same end. Nor can that ignorance be otherwise removed than by the teaching of time, observation, and experience. For the production, therefore, the influence of that teaching must be awaited not only patiently, but often for a protracted series of years.

In proof of the essential and sufficient support which I was instrumental in giving to the two medical schools of Lexington and Louisville, truth abundantly sanctions my assertion that both those institutions flourished beyond expectation while I remained a member of them, and declined in prosperity and reputation when I left them. True, for several years the decadency of the Lexington school was comparatively slow; but it was also constant, and it ultimately lost almost everything but its name. Its class of near three hundred pupils fell to a number not a little inferior to one hundred; and is now, I am told, in the gasp of dissolution.

But very different in its downward dash was the Louisville school. By "sowing the wind" in a blast of folly it "reaped the whirlwind," and fell in a plunge, like Lucifer from the skies, never, as I am persuaded, to regain its elevated station and prosperous condition. It is less than three years since, in a paroxysm of tyranny, equally forbidden by justice, wisdom, sound policy, and moral principle, I was removed from my professorship in it by the Board of Trustees; and from a class of more than four hundred, which adorned and dignified its halls, as if it had been stricken by the breath of the sirocco, it has already withered to a class of about two hundred and fifty, and is still on the decline. But no more of this.

Such is my Autobiography (only a few paragraphs wanting, as will in a moment more formally appear) up to the present date (Aug. 26, 1852). And it is in one respect perhaps as extraordinary a memoir of the kind as has ever been written. It extends through a course of life and action from my birth until within two months of the close of my eightieth year. And it is all the

product of my own pen, and since the earliest date of my remembrance, the fruit of my own experience, and the dictate of my own intellect.

The entire biographical account of Dr. Franklin indeed overruns mine in extent of time by four years and five months. But its *autobiographical* portion falls short of it near thirty years, reaching only from January 17, 1706, to July 27, 1757, its biographical portion from that period till the close of his life being from the able and classical pen of the Rev. Jared Sparks, President of Harvard University, the celebrated editor and annotator of the "Works of Franklin." And I doubt much whether there exists in print, in any language, an autobiography longer than that of Dr. Franklin. I know of none so long.

Nor would it be less than ludicrous, or even fabulous to fancy the existence of any similarity between correct narratives of the lives of Dr. Franklin and myself—we ourselves being in our characters and pursuits, and in the periods of our living and acting, so widely different and remote from each other. Yet is there one form of thought and action in which we are not merely alike, but identical. And, in its effect in modifying and assimilating habit and character, that is nearly all powerful. It is a measureless ambition and effort to excel in all, whether bodily or mental, that is either done or attempted by us. That such was the doctor's never-failing practice, he himself has assured us.

And that I did the same is conclusively manifested in many of my assurances, and especially in the last of the three following rules of action, by which I regulated myself in all my schemes and concerns from the period of my boyhood, when all of Franklin but his name was utterly unknown to me, to the present hour.

"Never defer till to-morrow what can as well be done to-day."

"Never do by proxy what you can as well do yourself."

"Whatever you do, do as well as you can."

That to those wise observances Franklin owed much of his wonderful perfection, success, and usefulness, cannot be questioned.

And that, under the neglect of them, I could never have achieved even a tithe of what I did under their influence, is equally true. It was to no small extent that they moulded me

into a *practical operative* and *efficient man of affairs;* a character whose standing is of a higher and more useful order than that of a mere studious man, to whatever extent his studies and attainments may be carried.

In a word, without the influence and agency of those three rules of practical life, I would never have become the pioneer of medical schools and medical philosophy, and the premier of the only distinguished medical schools that have been established in Western America. But, by their operation and aid, those two titles are made *irrevocably mine.* Nor, without regarding the opinion that may be formed of my taste and judgment on account of my choice, would I exchange them for the *authorship* of any two works on medicine that have made their appearance in the United States during the nineteenth century.

[The following article was written and published by a gentleman of distinguished ability of mind and attainment in letters,* who has witnessed Dr. Caldwell's public course of life, scientific, literary, and practical, for the last twenty years. And, during the whole of that time, his professional business has led him to a close and constant observance, and habitual registry of public men and public measures. His report, therefore, on subjects of the sort, cannot be held a nullity unworthy to be recorded in this production. On the contrary, it is here appended and recorded as both a significant and a suitable document.—NOTE BY ED.]

DR. CHARLES CALDWELL.

A recent allusion in one of the morning papers to Dr. Charles Caldwell, formerly Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, has reminded us of a duty which we have long owed to that gentleman, and not the less to ourselves. It is known to many of our readers that ill-feelings have existed between the doctor and ourselves for several years, and that, in times past, hard blows were given and received by each of us. Of the causes of this state of feeling it is unnecessary now to speak, but it is right to say that, while we thought Dr. Caldwell held some heresies of doctrine, and had pursued, in some instances, a reprehensible

* George D. Prentice, Esq., Ed. Louisville Journal.

course of conduct, we never ceased to entertain the highest respect for his remarkable abilities, and for his varied and remarkable attainments. Whatever the causes of irritation may have been, we feel that Dr. Caldwell has arrived at a period of life when something is due to his many years and his more numerous honors, and we feel that we ourselves are approaching that period of life when it is pleasanter to think of past friendships than of present enmities, pleasanter to look upon the olive branch than upon the naked sword. Dr. C., a few months ago, made a fierce attack upon a friend of ours, but that friend, the public are well aware, took care of himself.

Dr. Caldwell is one of the few living bonds connecting the present with the past two generations, and is in many respects one of the most remarkable men that our country has yet produced. Coming into active life near the close of the eighteenth century, for nearly threescore of years he has exerted no small influence in various walks of science and literature—an influence that has always, we believe, been directed or sought to be directed to the furtherance of the best and highest interests of humanity. From the very outset of his career, he has taken rank among the foremost men of his time. He was surrounded in early professional life by such men as Rush (whose pupil he was), Shippen, Kuhn, Wistar, and others, the early giants of the medical profession; and of these, then in the zenith of their renown, Dr. Caldwell was at once the peer and compeer. He did not hesitate, even at this early period, while yet a mere stripling, to enter the lists in opposition to Dr. Rush on some points connected with yellow fever, and such was his power and force of argument that he gained a victory, and, in consequence, lost for several years his old preceptor's friendship. Rush, however, at length acknowledged his error, and, for many years before his death, was one of Dr. Caldwell's warmest friends.

None of our distant readers are aware, and few even of Dr. Caldwell's intimate friends are aware, of the extent and variety of his published writings. He began to publish while yet an undergraduate, and throughout his long life has been unceasingly active and busy with the pen in translations, annotations, pamphlets, monographs, essays, and contributions of various kinds to medical and other periodicals. Much the larger portion of these

writings relate to matters strictly professional, but yet a very large portion relate to matters extra-professional. They are extra-professional, however, only in the common or popular sense. The great poet-moralist has said that "the proper study of mankind is man." In Dr. Caldwell's view, the proper study of the physician is man—man in his physical, his mental, and his moral relations. Regarded in this light, every branch of human science, every department of human knowledge, every variety of human experience should come within the scope of the truly wise physician. Before attaining his majority, Dr. Caldwell published a translation of *Blumenbach's Physiology*, at that time one of the most authoritative works on the subject, and one even yet of great excellence. This was a most valuable and timely contribution in our medical literature, as the Latin language, in which the original was written, rendered it inaccessible to most of the profession, whether students or practitioners. The early direction thus given to his studies has continued through life, or perhaps we say, that the tastes thus early evinced have been cultivated all his life long. Physiology, in its widest signification, has been Dr. Caldwell's favorite study—the central one, as it were, around which he has grouped, and to the illustration of which he has brought whatever acquisitions he has made in other branches of knowledge. He has written much and written well on a great variety of physiological questions, and it is a little remarkable that he has never given his views to the public in a complete system or treatise. Dr. Caldwell, as has already been made known in this journal, is an uncompromising opponent of many of the views of the microscopists or transcendental physiologists,[1] and of the chemico-physiologists. And this opposition is by no means recent. When those views were first broached, twenty or thirty years ago, he opposed them as steadily and firmly as he does now. Nor is he alone in this opposition. Many other of the best minds in the profession view with distrust the

[1] On one point, the author of this article is mistaken. I have never opposed microscopical or transcendental philosophy, in the true sense of the term. It is *chemical* philosophy I have opposed, that *mongrel nondescript* branch of science—no, not of *science*, but of *blunders* and *balderdash*—which identifies man in function with a German stove, or a Belgian beer-barrel.—C. C.

modern invasion of the domains of physiology by microscopy and chemistry.

We believe that Dr. Caldwell was first brought into public notice by some observations which he published on the yellow fever, which was then prevailing, or which had recently prevailed, in Philadelphia. It was these observations that led to the controversy with Rush just now alluded to. In the same connection, his attention was directed to the causes of epidemic disease, generally to hygiene, and to medical practice, and his writings on these subjects, at this and other periods of his life, are among the most valuable of their kind that we possess. They have unquestionably done much to enlighten both the public and professional mind; as an instance, we may cite the disuse of the old systems of quarantine that were so troublesome, so expensive, so mischievous, and, at the same time, so barren of any good result. Some of the doctrines advocated by him met with powerful opposition both at home and abroad; but time, which is truth, has set its seal upon them. While still very young, Dr. Caldwell was appointed Professor of Natural History in the Pennsylvania University—an evidence both of his scientific attainments and of the high standing he was in among the men of that period. This appointment gave him full scope for his favorite studies, and the result was seen a few years later, in his reply to Dr. Stanhope Smith's *Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure of the Human Species*—a reply so effectual that it not only killed the book, but caused such chagrin and mortification to the author of it as to hasten his death. At a period still later, after Dr. Caldwell had taken up his residence in the west, he published a small volume in answer to the second edition of Prichard's *Researches into the Physical History of Man.* To our thinking, Dr. Caldwell's volume contains a complete refutation of the views of Prichard. It covers, almost without exception, the whole ground, and, although, since its publication twenty years have elapsed, during which ethnology has been assiduously cultivated, its facts and arguments are as conclusive to-day as they were then. We mention this matter more particularly, because the question has recently excited renewed discussion among the scientific men of the country.

The subject of prison discipline is one in which Dr. Caldwell

at an early day took a deep interest, and in connection with other distinguished gentlemen, he exerted himself powerfully and effectively to bring about the enlightened practice that prevails toward those confined in large prisons. Education is another subject on which he has bestowed much thought at all periods of his life, and he has ever been ready and active, both with pen and with voice, in the furtherance of educational movements. A favorite idea of his, many years ago, was that of a great National University, in whose departments and colleges should be taught all the higher knowledge that pertains to the higher civilization, and from which the youth of the Republic might go forth not only thoroughly qualified for their various callings, but thoroughly informed with the true spirit of our institutions. It was a magnificent idea, and has been partially realized in the disposition which Congress made of the Smithson legacy. Some of Dr. Caldwell's views were developed by him in a discourse, full of fine thoughts and noble sentiments, delivered before one of the societies of Miami University, in 1832. A year afterwards, he addressed a convention of teachers at Lexington, for two days, on another branch of the subject, physical education, which is so much neglected among us. These observations were subsequently published in the form of an essay, that was not only read with pleasure in all circles at home, but received high encomium abroad, where it has passed through two or three editions.

Some of Dr. Caldwell's writings have a political bearing. We are not aware that he has ever mingled in politics as a mere politician, but he has been none the less a curious and close observer of them. Indeed, in following up the comprehensive view which he has always taken of the profession, it became his duty to study political systems as the exponents of human progress, and as controlling and modifying elements in the development of man. His eulogies on various public characters, beginning with Washington, his orations on the occasion of our national anniversary, many of his discourses before literary and learned societies, which are scattered through the first half of the present century, all show his perfect comprehension of our political system, his intimate knowledge of the powers and duties of the general and local governments under the national compact, and his exalted idea of the obligations and requirements of American citizenship. We

need scarcely add that Dr. Caldwell has been all his life warmly attached to the Union. He has never failed on all proper occasions to attest this, and especially to inculcate in the minds of the youth under his care, the most ardent devotion to it. His published writings breathe a truly national spirit. When, in 1832, nullification reared its ugly front above our southern horizon, Dr. Caldwell's voice was heard among the most eloquent and stirring, in a discourse already alluded to, pleading for the Union, that it might be "as steadfast as nature, and as lasting as time!" That voice was again heard, clear and bold, uttering a similar prayer during that gloomy period of the past year, when treason and disunion were openly proclaimed in our highest national council, and weak men shrunk in terror while strong men gathered up their mightiest energies for conflict. Dr. Caldwell, indeed, could not well be otherwise than thoroughly sound on this subject. He himself belongs to no section of the country, but to the whole country. Born in the South, his sun of manhood rose in the East, and after a noon of glory, it sheds its evening splendors over the whole land from the West.

We have said scarcely anything of Dr. Caldwell's purely professional writings, and of the others, have named some of those only which possess more general interest. It has been no part of our purpose to follow him step by step through his long career, or to catalogue even a tithe of his productions. To do either would greatly exceed our limits. In the treatment of whatever subject engaged his attention, Dr. Caldwell's method has been exhaustive of it. He has endeavored to regard it from all points, to look at it on all sides, to view it in all lights, and to say all that could be said about it. In attack, he has left no approach unattempted; in defence, he has left none unguarded. With a man of ordinary mind this would be a most prolix and tedious method, but it is not so with Dr. Caldwell. The great object he has ever had before him is truth. The conclusion to which his best judgment with all the best lights conducted him he has always adopted, wholly regardless whether such conclusion was popular or unpopular. This is the true spirit. Science and truth cannot be dissociated either in their origin or their aim. Science has truth for its basis and for its end; and he who pursues scientific researches from any other basis, or with any other end in view,

must as certainly fail as that falsehood must fail in the presence of truth.

In the year 1819, or thereabouts, Dr. Caldwell was induced to remove west, and to connect himself with Transylvania University. Since that time, his name and fame have been the pride of the Mississippi Valley. As a teacher in the Medical Department of Transylvania University, and subsequently in that of the Louisville University, his influence has been wide-spread, beneficent, and lasting. He has done much, very much, to mould the professional mind and character in the West and South, by the efforts of his pen, by the eloquence and truth of his professional teachings, and not the less by his own bright example, and by the charm and grace of his manner in direct personal intercourse. It is understood that he has been engaged at intervals, for some years past, on memoirs of his life and times. The eventful scenes which he has witnessed, and, it might be added, *quorum magna pars fuit*, the important enterprises in which he has been engaged, and the distinguished men with whom he has come in contact, will cause these memoirs to be looked for with much interest. As they are intended, however, to be posthumous, we trust that the period of their publication is far distant, and that many years will elapse before the doctor's venerable form shall be missed from among us.

APPENDIX.

BY HARRIOT W. WARNER.

The last years of the life of Dr. Caldwell were passed almost exclusively in the retirement of his study, and the society of his immediate family. At no time of his life could he have been considered, in the common acceptation of the term, a social man.

Although, in society, his success had been eminent, and his colloquial powers were equalled by very few; yet the general tone of his mind, his pursuits, and the ends he labored for, united in rendering him alike unwilling and unfit for promiscuous association. Life to him, from his boyhood to his octogenarian age, was always a serious business. If he labored to attain distinction for himself, his efforts tended as earnestly and successfully to benefit others. His whole career was composed of a series of earnest, persevering, honest endeavors to discover, promote, and diffuse *truth*. In defence of what he believed to be useful truths, whether natural, scientific, or philosophical; he was prepared, at all times, and under all circumstances, to do, and dare, and suffer. And his courage was as dauntless as his powers were great; whatever his success, his aim has always been high, noble, and true.

If, in the latter years of his life, his circle of intimate personal friends were few, their attachment to him was proportionably strong. Time had removed from him many of his early and tried friends, and estrangement had separated others from his decline. But by the few who remained to him, and knew him well, he was held in the tenderest regard, and is remembered with unfading reverence.

As a friend, indeed, Dr. Caldwell's character was as unique as it was admirable. Too proud himself to flatter, and utterly incapable of guile, he was in consequence singularly candid, and confiding in the professions of others, whom he believed to be his friends. Their interests became his care, their cause was his own. So true was this, that, in the numerous contests in which he engaged in defence of his friends, he seldom failed to become the principal in the combat. He uniformly led the van, received and repelled the attack, while the subject of the contest was not unfrequently forgotten, in his secure ambushment in the rear. The same qualities which caused him to be often unwisely confiding, tended also to render him slow to perceive, but uncommonly sensitive to the defection of a friend. Such a default has been known to give him more acute pain than any personal misfortune could have done.

Dr. Caldwell lived to add another half-score to the ordinary threescore years and ten which is allotted to man. Yet he suffered but slightly from the infirmities usually attendant on extreme old age. His eyesight was retained in a remarkable degree; serving him for reading and writing many hours of every day. His hearing, though somewhat impaired, was not so imperfect as to render it unpleasant to converse with him. And his mind remained uncommonly clear in its perceptions, and active in its functions even to the last. His person, always dignified and stately, continued perfectly upright; nor did he ever habitually use a cane. True, he always carried a cane (usually the gift of some friend of long ago), but he carried it over his shoulder, under his arm, in his hand; in short, did anything with it but support his steps.

Dr. Caldwell's manners were eminently distinguished for the highbred courtesy and polished elegance which marked the *gentleman* of the last century. He might indeed be considered one of the finest specimens of the *ancien régime*.

The routine of his life was marked by the strictest order and regularity. He usually rose about five o clock (in a household of persons, all of them much younger than himself, he was always the first up in the morning), took for his breakfast a single cup of coffee, and a small portion of toast or some other simple bread. He then devoted his time to some form of mental labor, reading

or composition, till two o'clock, when he dined, taking for dessert only his favorite cup of coffee, which, indeed, with its accompanying modicum of toast, made his supper also. Immediately after dinner, he usually slept an hour on his sofa, or in his study chair. And so completely did his body obey the mandates of his will, that he fell asleep the moment he laid down, and awoke exactly at the expiration of the hour. He rarely, when well, retired before twelve or one o'clock.

His longevity, as well as the good health and activity of body and mind which accompanied it, were, no doubt, in the first instance, to be attributed to a naturally sound and vigorous constitution; but it is also undoubtedly true, that he was greatly indebted for their preservation to his lifelong temperance, regularity, and self-restraint.

The long protracted, useful life, and the almost painless death consequent on this wise system of self-administration, are, perhaps, not unworthy of note and remembrance.

His health continued good, and his habits of exercise and study uninterrupted up to about the commencement of his eightieth year; at which time he suffered an erysipelatous attack complicated with a very severe neuralgic affection of the sciatic nerve on the left side. And, though he recovered from his disease, he never felt himself to be perfectly restored; and ever afterward found it necessary to allow himself each day a few hours more of quiet and repose.

The last day which he passed in his study was devoted to the revision of a portion of the manuscript of his Autobiography.

Somewhere in that work, he casually adverts to certain charges of infidelity, which were, at one time, sought to be fastened upon him by his detractors and enemies.

He never, at any time, paid much attention to such accusations. Perhaps in this he was wrong. But he habitually disregarded the opinions and strictures of those persons for whom he entertained no respect. On this subject, it is deemed just and proper to offer a brief statement.

Dr. Caldwell's faith in the fundamental and essential doctrines of the Christian religion was firm, and exercised a salutary influence on his life and actions. A year or more before his death, he made to a personal friend, a clergyman in the Episcopal

church, an explicit declaration of his belief, which was satisfactory to that gentleman. A few months previous to his last illness, he gave a like assurance to his immediate friends; and on his dying bed, this assurance was again repeated. This statement is not made here because it was necessary to refute the exploded slanders before referred to; but because it is true; and also, perhaps, somewhat because other distinguished members of the medical profession have, at different times, been subjected to the same charges, doubtless on no better foundation.

Dr. Caldwell died in the city of Louisville, on the ninth day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three. His disease was at first an attack of erysipelas, which, however, yielded to skilful treatment, and he seemed to be relieved from all suffering from it in about a week. The weather, however, proved intensely hot; and the prostration of his strength was so great that his constitution refused to rally, and all efforts to sustain and raise him again proved ineffectual.

This illness continued, from the commencement of his attack, five weeks and three days. His mind was clear and calm, and he was well assured that his last great trial was at hand. His bodily suffering was very slight, and indeed ceased entirely several weeks before his death. He had no perturbation or distress of mind, for the present or future, and gradually and almost imperceptibly, sinking day by day, he fell at length into a profound and tranquil sleep, from which he never awakened.

He lies buried (in accordance with his expressed wish) in Cave Hill Cemetery, beneath the overshadowing branches of a stately beech-tree, which rises from the ground at no great distance from his feet.

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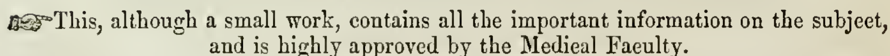

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