

EULOGY

ON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

PROF. JOHN M. WATSON, M.D.,

IN AN

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

TO THE

SEVENTEENTH COURSE OF LECTURES

IN THE

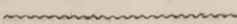
Medical Department of the University of Nashville,

DELIVERED AT THE

First Presbyterian Church, on the 5th day of November, 1866.

BY

W. K. BOWLING, M.D.



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W. H. BOWLING, M.D.,
SEVENTEENTH COURSE OF LECTURES

I have been appointed by the Faculty of Medicine in
our city to deliver a course of lectures on the
life and character of the late Prof. John M. Watson, M.D.
in the regular course of the Medical Department of the University of Nashville.
It is a privilege and a pleasure to me to be permitted to
do so, and I trust that the course will be found
interesting and profitable to all who attend it.

First Professor of the University of Nashville, 1808.

BY
W. H. BOWLING, M.D.,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE,
1858.

EULOGY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL CLASS,
AND OF NASHVILLE MEDICAL SOCIETY :

I have been appointed by the Faculty of Medicine, in our old, time-honored University, to say something introductory to the regular course of lectures which begins on to-morrow. In the baby-hood of our department this duty was assigned to me by my colleagues, fourteen years ago. I said something then which seemed so incredible to medical contemporaries as rather to injure my prophetic reputation, had I preferred any claims in that department of human learning. But these prophecies subsequently were so accurately verified that I am unwilling to let the occasion pass without referring to them. I was violently assailed in many quarters, especially in my own section of country, for this production, so much so indeed that judicious friends stood rather aloof, regarding the reputation of the unfortunate lecturer as decidedly shaky, and ready for any course that events foreshadowed. I had spoken frankly what I honestly believed, and, if wisely, time, the great vindicator, would establish it no matter what men said. If I had spoken foolishly, my utterances with those of the millions, would mingle with the *débris* of a decaying world and be forgotten. And in neither case would I

annoy myself with it. "What I had written, I had written." At this moment some of the most influential minds of the North found strength and power in my paper that I had never dreamed myself it possessed. Yet I remember that I was softened to tears by their kind notices. A splendid one from a master hand, that I had never grasped, and the light of whose eye had never fallen upon me! That eye and hand have long since mingled with the dust, of which they were made, yet until the same happens to this eye and hand of mine, the gratitude of my heart will never be extinguished. Lastly, when years had been added to the past, an order came from London to a publishing house in Philadelphia for this poor paper of mine, which was filled through the house of W. T. Berry & Co., of this city. The highest honor ever conferred on a Tennessee publication.

In this paper, after showing the geographical advantages of Nashville for a medical school, we said :

"In view of these considerations, which I have only time to suggest, not enforce, will any one undertake to say it is folly to predict, that in less than ten years Philadelphia, as a centre of medical education, will be second to Nashville? I put it upon record and risk the odium which attaches to a false prophet, as I did when I prophesied, when struggling with a few medical friends to organize a medical school here, amid the jeers of many, and misgivings of nearly all, that we would number at our first session the largest first class that ever assembled in America or probably in the world. What was then prophecy is now history, and what is this day prophecy will be history in ten years or less, upon the single condition that the city or the State stand by us as it should. 'I am not mad but speak the words of truth and soberness'—I speak of the Nashville school—I speak not of those who now minister at its altars. It will go on increasing in greatness, no matter what be their destiny. Its very greatness may overwhelm and crush them, for a single spirit may raise a whirlwind that a legion can neither direct nor quiet, but

fate itself cannot expunge their efforts from its history. Let this be their reward."

At the end of these ten years Nashville and Philadelphia were at a dead lock. When the war came the eagle plumage of our medical school was bathing in the sun, the cynosure of the republics of science throughout the world.

Civil convulsions have checked, not defeated us. We "still live," and in a spirit of honorable, glorious rivalry, offer again the gauntlet to our old friends on the banks of the Schuylkill, or to those of Manhattan Island, in a little race of five years.

Since our last meeting, gentlemen, Providence has removed from us a great worker in the bright achievements to which we have hurriedly alluded, and the Medical Society of our city has assigned me the task of saying something upon his life and character. His colleagues have also charged me with the duty of speaking to you of this loss to them, to you and to the country at large. Special pursuits are so circumscribed, all of them, that those shining in one are unknown to those shining in others, while all are pretty much unknown to the outside world. All history is taken up with the sayings and doings of the generalist. Special laborers must not let their distinguished dead pass away without struggling to spread the beauty and usefulness of their lives before both other specialists and the world at large.

Medical men are *men*. Whatever truthfully can be said of mankind in general, may be said of medical mankind in particular. Now let us take a type of each—general and special mankind—and see if we, as physicians, can say of the one what the general critic and philosopher says of the others. Let us call up Shakspeare, for next to Moses he is most talked about, and consequently least understood—take up Shakspeare as a type and as analyzed by a great modern critic :

"There are two things, for which, I think, the world has es-

pecially to rejoice, in contemplating the position and circumstances of Shakspeare. The first is, that he was not technically a scholar, that between him and the great ancient hearts whose secrets he was to read, there intervened, not the frosty twilight of antiquarian lore, but only the unpretentious dimness of translation and tradition. How well that, in great Julius, the greater Shakspeare had to recognize the heart only of a brother! How well that the thaumaturgic hand had not to clip, and measure, and adjust, amid moth-eaten cements and rusty helmets, in order to fashion forth the old Roman exterior and shell of Julius, but only to cast asunder the gates of the human heart that those deathless notes might be heard, which are the undertone of human emotion in all ages, and to show us Julius himself! How well that he, who was to give to the Anglo-Saxon tongue that tune it was never to lose, whose language, exhaustless in range, in delicacy, in force, in variety, taking every hue of thought and feeling as the sky takes shade or sunshine, as the forest takes breeze or calm, was to remain forever the emblem of the multitudinous life and lightly moved and all conceiving spirit of the modern time, as contrasted with the grave uniformity and petrified aristocratism of antiquity, was tempted, by no familiarity with ancient writings, to any formal rotundity of diction or obscure involution of sentence! How dreadful the thought that he, whose hall of audience, increasing with civilization, is the world, he who has moved a broader stratum of human sympathy than any other man, might have passed not into that narrow chamber, narrowing with every generation, in which Gray, Collins, and such erudite minstrels receive frost-bitten compliments from critics and pedants. But it is wronging Shakspeare to suppose, even for a moment, that the temptation of learning could have overcome him. He, of all men, would have been least apt to prefer the poor glitter of learned paint of God's sunlight of living smiles, the classic drops of Naiad's well or Castalian fountain to the sacred dew of human tears. He, of all men, would have been least apt to set the icy guerdon of a pedant's approbation above the sight of simple emotion, welling irresistibly from the heart of a peasant. Only when one thinks how much learning has done to veil genius which it is not absurd to name

along with Shakspeare's, and reflects that the throne of Milton, though of the loftiest, was never raised on its classic pedestal, to the height of Shakspeare's, it is impossible to suppress a sense of gratification that the greatest author of mankind was not learned.

“The next thing for which, perhaps still more expressly, we may be thankful in the case of Shakspeare, is the complex fact, that he never attained to consciousness of his powers, that he heard not the voice of his fame, and that he was never surrounded by a circle of admirers. Healthy, whole-hearted, it perhaps never occurred to him to ask what precise position he, Shakspeare, might occupy in relation to other writers. His chief life-work he may have, on the whole, concluded was the realization of a comfortable living in his native Stratford: one can imagine him staggering in bewildered incredulity, if the eyes of all coming generations, hailing *him* as the mightiest of mere men, had gleamed suddenly in vision before him. Gruff Ben Jonson, too, wished he had ‘blotted a hundred’ words of his dramas instead of boasting that he never made an erasure, and the other brave spirits of the Mermaid Tavern ‘whistling him down,’ when though indeed clever, he was becoming something of a rattle, were not likely to permit Shakspeare to dote over his faults, to coax him into a belief that what the general common sense disliked in his poetry was its peculiar excellence, to make him imagine that any veil filming his genius was greater than his genius itself. Hero-worship is twice cursed; in the hero who is befooled, and in the zanies who befool him. The one is bewildered into extravagance, like, shall we say, Mahomet? or enervated by conceit, like, shall we say, Wordsworth? the other brings himself to rejoice in any feast of shells, if only it is laid out by his hero. The grand evil which hero-worship brings upon the literary hero is confirmation in his mannerism, instead of being left, like Shakspeare, and with nature always assisting him, more and more to cast off his mannerism in the broad light of truth. Living so near Wordsworth as this generation does, and recalling many phenomena allied to that presented by him, his hero-worshippers, and their mutual relation, one is tempted to say that the peculiar danger to which literature is in these days exposed is that of **having mannerisms extolled into models.** At all events, must

we not rejoice that the subtlest of all poisons was never mingled in Shakspeare's cup, that he was all unconscious of his praises, perhaps even of his powers, that, like a great cataract, he rolled heedless down 'the dust of continents to be.'"

Here among the most learned of men says "it is impossible to suppress a sense of satisfaction that the greatest author of mankind was not learned." "Between him and the great ancient hearts whose secrets he was to read, there intervened not the frosty twilight of antiquarian lore."

When the great Julius is to come forth and the greater Shakspeare has to open up a corridor through eighteen centuries to make his hero visible to his Christian audience, he goes not with pick and spade among the dead. The "thaumaturgic hand had not to clip and measure and adjust amid moth-eaten cerements and rusty helmets;" O no! Had he dug thus and found, it might be the bones of a Roman Knight and his rusty helmet, he would not have distinguished them from the bones of a North American Indian slumbering beside his porridge-pot. "To show you Julius, it was only necessary to gently tap at the door of your heart until it was opened, making audible to yourself those deathless notes which are the undertone of human emotion of all ages."

So much for a general type of the loftiest of his species, so great and so unconscious of it! Now for a special type. Hippocrates stood in the temple occupied by his fathers through many generations. There is no evidence of his learning. He knew what had been written before him, in his profession, for much of it garnished the walls of his Asclepion at Cos, and he reduced it to order in a book upon ancient medicine. His genius was not veiled by learning, and he became the great interpreter of nature in disease, and is to-day in his specialty, what Shakspeare is to the world. Singular enough these general and special types of mankind owed nothing of that mastery which

astonished the ages to any learning beyond reading and writing. We have no evidence that Hippocrates—any more than Shakspeare—ever attained to consciousness of his powers, ever heard the voice of his fame, or was ever surrounded by a coterie of admirers. He too, healthy and whole-hearted, it never occurred to *him* to ask what precise position he, Hippocrates, might occupy in relation to other writers. He, like Shakspeare, would have staggered in bewildered incredulity if the eyes of all coming generations of his kind, hailing him as the mightiest of mere physicians, had gleamed suddenly in vision before him. Days, years and ages have each their heroes, poets, sages, and seers, and to the latter belong certainly Moses, Mahomet, Homer, Shakspeare and Hippocrates. Being destined for the ages their immediate generations might pass away without recognizing them. What is a generation to the duration of the family of man? Who, among the spirits of the Mermaid Tavern, dreamed that the Fame of the play scribbler should outlast his? Would not gruff Ben have been enraged at so foolish a prophecy?

O rare Ben Jonson!—the ideality of whose genius in elaborating the mask of the fairies, amid the natural scenery of an English woodland—a mighty theatre carpeted with velvet greenward, and lighted gorgeously by a midsummer moon—to welcome the new Queen, consort of James I, to English soil, was enough to immortalize a dozen poets. The lioness and the last of the House of Tudor had gone down to the grave, and the first of the Stuarts appeared above the horizon of Albion. Ben welcomed the new Dynasty in so tasteful and unique a manner as to make him the idol of England. Imagine him at the Mermaid Tavern after this achievement, in the society of Shakspeare, and in his own conceit perched immeasurably above him! While the heart and brain of the latter, throbbing with the passion and thought of a Hamlet, was unconscious of the pres-

ence of Jonson. Let us imagine a feast of the last of the gods and the first of the Titans. Athens, the place, and the time when Hippocrates had first published his book on ancient medicine. At the head of the table is the great statesman Pericles, and on his right and left the famous poets Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes and Pindar. At the foot of the table is the peerless philosopher Socrates. On his right and left his great disciples Plato and Xenophon. Along each side of the table we recognize the venerable historian Herodotus and his rising rival Thucydides, the great statuary Phidias, with his pupils of distinction, and lastly Hippocrates. This is the most wonderful cluster of illustrious names that ever inhabited the earth at the same time. They were all men of the ages, but Hippocrates, then certainly least, will live when all the rest, in the far distant future, shall have succumbed to the fate of all things and disappeared forever. Yet, we see, a general writer of the 19th century can allude to these great men of antiquity without including Hippocrates. "Transport ourselves," says Macaulay, "to the glorious city of Athens. Let us suppose we are entering its gates in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico, all are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women and children are thronging around him; the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still, for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands, the terrible, the murderous, which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths all leaning forward with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous Atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The Herald is

crying for 'room for the Prytanes.' The General Assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—'who wishes to speak?' There is a shout and a clapping of hands; Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles and away to sup with Aspacia."

Such was Athens in her glory. But Hippocrates was a bright star in the galaxy, and had perhaps prescribed for the beautiful, accomplished, and most hospitable Aspacia that evening, that she might the better flash like a vision of glory through her brilliant parlors, and preside like an angel, of fearful beauty, over the feast of the gods.

Aspacia, the superb Ionian beauty, the glory of Athens, the inspirer of Pericles, the light of the most wonderful period in the annals of our race. Woman, whence genius has ever drawn its inspiration! Hers the agony of the ages for knowledge, which we proud men now call intuition or instinct, but the fire of genius has ever been kindled at her altar, from Adam to Issiah, through

"Burns, with pungent passionings
Set in his eyes —————"

till now, and will on to the end of the world.

In the wonderful cluster of Evangelists, which, with their central God, constitutes the most sublime Tableau that ever decorated Earth or Heaven, Time or Eternity, the profession of medicine was not unrepresented, for Luke, the "beloved physician," considering his elegantly written Gospel, and his authorship of the Acts of the Apostles, was not least among them.

And when Sir Isaac Newton, Charles I, and Cromwell, with the mighty Milton, had attracted the gaze of of the world, contemporaneous medicine, in the person of her Sydenham, shone more divinely bright than since the days of Hippocrates.

When the mighty trio that made the generation now sinking

below the horizon illustrious, were yet unnoticed, an orphan boy, of uncommon brightness and comeliness, was sitting at a widowed mother's feet, in the village of Wentworth, Rockingham county, North Carolina. The widow was very young and very beautiful, a Virginia woman, in good circumstances, and interested chiefly in her pretty black-eyed child. Looking in her old family Bible, lying open beside her, (for she was a pious, God-fearing woman,) we see recorded in a bold hand-writing,

“JOHN McCLARAN WATSON,

Son of Peter Watson, and Elizabeth his wife, was born November the 20th, 1798.”

The boy has recorded himself that he was the idol of that beautiful widow—that he was an only child, and how well he remembers her unremitting, affectionate solicitude about him, and a merteral affection which evinced itself through the whole course of her life—unchanged by him or the vicissitudes of his own life, some of which, he adds, were so well calculated to abate it.

It does not appear that Dr. Watson was ever regularly educated. He acquired a very competent knowledge of the Mathematics and the Latin language at schools in his neighborhood. This was in Williamson county in this State, where his mother removed when John was about ten years of age. The Greek language Dr. Watson mastered without a teacher after he was grown. His patrimony being sufficient, in early manhood, he was placed in the office of Dr. Housack, of the city of New York, the great rival of Rush, and, next to the latter, the most celebrated physician upon the American continent. In due time he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, and returned to Williamson county and commenced the

practice of medicine. The advantages he possessed, his fine person and handsome face, which he had inherited from his mother, immediately upon his return to Williamson, threw him at the head of his profession while a mere boy. In the social circle he was no less triumphant. The mother's love of the boy was swollen into idolatry for the hero. These honors fell upon him too fast, and at an age when few could bear them unhurt. Dr. Watson did not belong to that few. He took to drink, and was thrown. He arose, but drank on, and was again thrown. He became a common drunkard. Had *delirium tremens*, recovered, and drank again, and was again thrown. He married in his struggle against the monster, but lost his wife early, and drank on. Would not this poor, shivering inebriate, have been bewildered, could he have penetrated the future and beheld himself the adored apostle of his people? While the son was drifting away to perdition, the loving, ever-hoping mother, hoping when Hope, in despair, had fled from every other bosom; hoping against hope, and ever devoutly trustful of Him she so zealously served, with face averted from the sad picture of a beloved son, sinking into everlasting ruin, and always looking up to Heaven, and ever and anon radiant with that light of which the throne of God is alone the source and fountain, hoped on and hoped ever. Oh the width, breadth and depth of a mother's love. In the beautiful language of this Son in after life: "Let no one attempt to describe a mother's love, for it is a simple fact that expresses itself in conduct and not in words." Suddenly it was announced that this poor sot was to preach the next Sabbath! And he preached from the text "The Scriptures," to the wonder and admiration of a vast assemblage. On the following Sabbath he delighted a still larger audience from the text "Thus sayeth the Lord," and from that moment until he was no longer able to stand in a pulpit, he preached the

Gospel of Christ. And after diligent enquiry, we think it very probable that more people have heard Dr. Watson preach than ever heard any man since John Wesley. He was, without dispute, the great Apostle of his Church, and bore through the greater part of his life the same relation to his congregations, throughout many States, that St. Paul bore to those which drew from him those immortal Epistles in our Sacred books. He has written and printed much on theological subjects, all of which, together with a large amount of manuscript never before published, will be shortly in press. This last work of his life he compiled for the printer when on his death-bed. We can not discuss further the theological phaze of Dr. Watson's character. He never wrote his sermons, and he has told the speaker that notes, long or short, before him, only confused him in speaking, and that he never used them. His sermons were regarded models by his friends, and I have heard a learned churchman, not of Dr. Watson's Church, declare that, for compactness, force, and purity of diction, he had heard no equal of Dr. Watson in the pulpit.

So far from abandoning medicine when he commenced preaching, he devoted himself to it with the greatest possible energy. He settled at Murfreesboro'—married again, lived most happily, and enjoyed a splendid practice. As a Surgeon, he had no equal in the State. Nearly all the grand operations in surgery he performed with the most brilliant success. He rose to great distinction in his profession; yet his whole object in practicing it, he tells us himself, was to enable him to preach without being chargeable to the brethren. His fame as a Physician and Surgeon, spread throughout the land, and when the Medical Department of the University of Nashville was organized no one else was thought of for the great chair of obstetrics but Dr. Watson. Just at this time he was overtaken by a terrible ca-

lamity. He lost his wife, to whom he was greatly devoted ; and just before, by vesting his means badly, with a hope of getting a support outside of medicine, that he might devote his whole time to the ministry, he lost his entire estate, and was reduced to abject poverty, when more than fifty years of age. Suddenly deprived of his wife and fortune, without children, and alone in the world, he appeared among us here in Nashville. He was preceded by his medical fame, and opening an office, was immediately in an overwhelming and most lucrative practice. In the College he sustained himself to the admiration of his friends and delight of the class. His younger colleagues will remember how his energy and activity often put them to shame. He would make distant professional visits, and leave at day-light and be in the city to breakfast. Every Saturday and Sunday he was off to his preaching appointments. Having no family, he established his lodgings and library in the College. At night he was the only living soul in it. In the dead hours of the night as we have passed the College pile, we have thought of its lone, breathing occupant, with his *dispirited* surroundings. His great heart beating on there with the rythm and softness of a child's, and his dreams as innocent and happy. We would then compare his condition with what it was a few months before, in his splendid parlors, gorgeously lighted, and his loving and beloved wife fitting like a vision of happiness before him, and in our tumult of emotions, would exclaim "Paradise Lost !" Yet a better acquaintance proved to us that we were never more mistaken. The darkness and loneliness were but seeming. The love of God was shed abroad in that pulsating heart, and that sweet baby sleep was wached by Angel sentinels. The mother, too, long since dead to the world, in spirit, might keep vigil o'er the sleeping son, who, in by-gone days, through her Christian prayers, had at a single bound leaped from the lost one's darkness into the marvellous light of day.

In managing the affairs of the College, though unseen by the public, his wisdom was always operating. The hand that held the helm ever and anon felt the gentle pressure of his fingers, and land-ward or sea-ward, accordingly. Of all men he was the gentlest in counsel, and for that reason, perhaps, the most persuasive. It was a pleasure in a colleague to yield to *him*, because he never asked it, and seemingly never desired it. The Doctor prospered greatly in his new home. Everything went well with him. He bought a new house and extensive grounds, and a few old servants, that would'nt be free, came to him, and he abandoned the fossil companionship of the College and again sat with gown and slippers in his own comfortable parlor. His reputation in his specialty greatly increased, and he gradually withdrew from general practice. The afflicted came to him from a great distance, and his fees were enriching him. That for which he had so long struggled—his own time to be devoted to the ministry—was just at hand when the war came. His fine parlors were converted into wards of a small-pox hospital, his fences into Meadamized roads and kindling, his costly shrubbery into wreathes of evergreens and flowers for gala days, his horses for cavalry, and his gardens for shanties for freedmen and refugees, while, as for himself, he was sent out, when over sixty years of age, as a wanderer upon the face of the earth! Amid his great labors he found time to contribute valuable observations and researches to his profession. His work upon *Trismus Nacentiam*, yields extracts to the standards of systematic medicine, besides valuable papers, etc., etc., published in the *Nashville Journal of Medicine*.

The phrase "a good man," is so trite and so often misapplied, and so intentionally, I think, misunderstood, that I dislike to use it in connection with the memory of Dr. Watson. A gentleman of honor and intelligence, and a neighbor of Dr. Watson for more than thirty years, told me in the last few days that the

subject of Dr. Watson's liberality had been discussed by his old neighbors since his death, and they agreed that he had given away in absolute dollars, an amount exceeding one hundred thousand. To the poor he was the kindest of men. Only in eternity will it be known what he did for them. Cheerful himself, he carried about with him a luminous atmosphere that brightened the countenance of all whom he approached.

As a teacher of his specialty, I believe he had no equal in our country. As a lecturer, he never strove to be eloquent, in his efforts to convey what he felt within him to be true he totally forgot himself, and the language for that purpose seemed always at his command. No circumstance could betray him into an effort beyond this. The ebb and flow, and sudden alternations of the flash and darkness of rhetoric—the "quick patter of the rain after the bolt had fallen," he carefully avoided. He always had his class to the work, from the opening word to the close of his lecture. His discourse was carefully prepared, but he appeared on the stand without a single note. His voice was remarkably soft, full and rich, and he never abused it, a single octave being sufficient compass for an entire discourse. As to "action," or gesticulation, he absolutely had none, if we except the occasional touching of the palm of the left hand with the fore finger of his right. He stood precisely on the same spot during his lecture, and yet he was by no means stiff and statue-like. The play of his handsome features produced a very agreeable effect, and his presence was at once striking and commanding. Every student pronounced him at once a master teacher.

Last spring he was a very regular attendant upon the debates in our City Medical Society and frequently participated in them. His health was seemingly never better. Age seemed loth to fix its signs upon him, but even then the destroyer was at work; for at a Faculty meeting in April he gave a minute history of

symptoms of an obscure gastric disease which was then fastening itself upon him. His stomach had always been his weak point, though the body was plump and well nourished. Still he had to be particular in his diet to avoid severe and prolonged attacks of dyspepsia. But in April he said there was something at work there, pointing to his stomach, which was not dyspepsia, and so the result proved. Signs of malignant disease of the stomach were but too apparent. His flesh gradually melted away, his smooth, healthy skin became shriveled and icterode, the light of his fine, expressive eye, grew dim, his appetite departed, and sleep was only commanded by opiates. Besides all this he suffered dreadful paroxysms of pain, which only yielded to morphine.

On his death-bed he placed upon record that in the event of his recovery, he would devote the remainder of his life to the ministry, that the physician of the body should at last be merged in the physician of souls.

He says, "While on the subject of my ministry, I will state that my health is at this time, June, 1865, very bad. My physicians are very doubtful of my recovery; in fact, I am afraid that I shall not live long enough to superintend the printing of this work. Now, I may say, apparently in the shadow of death; I have no recantations to make about the doctrine for which I have so long contended, and trust that it will stand the test of death. My prayer is, that I may die with this blessed doctrine as much impressed upon my heart, as it was while I was trying to preach it. O! Lord, let the pulpit and the death bed be the same to me in that respect. Should the Lord in answer to my prayer, of his great mercy spare my life a while longer, I shall regard it merely as a supplement to my ministry; the term of which, to be faithfully and jealously devoted to his services. But should it be His sovereign will to remove me by death, I want to feel

resigned to His will, and that Death has lost its sting, and the Grave its victory. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through the Lord, Jesus Christ. Further, that I may be accepted in the Beloved, and be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God, by faith."

Our friend, a great worker in the world, has gone down to the tomb. A few of the next generation may tell their children, in answers to enquiries about him, that he lived in the world at the same time with Jackson, Clay, Webster and Calhoun. But it is not improbable that when many centuries shall have been added to the past, that his name, like that of Luke, shall be reverently spoken by men as ignorant of the defender of New Orleans, the great American System, the Constitutional Ajax, or the mighty Nullifier, as we are of the political contemporaries of the "beloved physician" of the New Testament.