

*Palten (m.m.)*

AN ADDRESS

*No*

*12*

TO THE

Graduates

OF THE

ST. LOUIS MEDICAL COLLEGE,

Delivered March 4th, 1864,

By M. M. PALTEN, M.D.

---

PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATES OF THE CLASS.

---

*B. 16*

ST. LOUIS:

GEORGE KNAPP & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1864.

1850

AMERICAN

AND

EUROPEAN

RECORDS

OF THE

REPUBLICAN PARTY

IN

THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM 1840 TO 1860

BY

W. H. CHAPMAN

NEW YORK

1860



# AN ADDRESS

TO THE

## Graduates

OF THE

# ST. LOUIS MEDICAL COLLEGE,

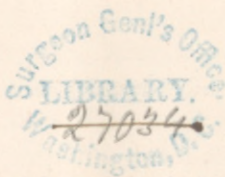
Delivered March 4th, 1864,

By M. M. PALLEN, M.D.

---

PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATES OF THE CLASS.

---



ST. LOUIS:

GEORGE KNAPP & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1864.

AN ADDRESS

BY

W. M. BAILEY, M.D.

OF

ST. LOUIS MEDICAL COLLEGE,

Delivered March 4th, 1864.

BY W. M. BAILEY, M.D.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATES OF THE CLASS.

ST. LOUIS:

W. M. BAILEY, M.D.,

1864.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

---

St. Louis, March 5, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned Committee, appointed by the Graduates, do hereby respectfully solicit a copy of your Address for publication.

R. W. ANDERSON,  
J. F. S. BARBOUR,  
E. CRAWSHAW,  
R. J. REILLY,  
L. S. TESSON,  
H. A. LEMEN, *President.*

To M. M. PALLEN, M.D.

---

St. Louis, March 5, 1864.

GENTLEMEN:—In accordance with your request of this date, I send you a copy of my Address. Accept for yourselves and the Class my best wishes for your success in your professional career.

Yours most truly,

M. M. PALLEN.

Messrs. R. W. ANDERSON,  
J. F. S. BARBOUR,  
E. CRAWSHAW,  
R. J. REILLY,  
L. S. TESSON,  
H. A. LEMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

St. Louis, March 2, 1881.

Dear Sir:—We the undersigned Committee, organized by the Institute,  
do hereby respectfully solicit a copy of your Address for publication.

H. W. ARDENSON,  
J. E. S. BARNES,  
E. CRAWFORD,  
H. J. HENLEY,  
L. E. THOMAS,  
H. A. LARKIN, Secretary.

To: M. E. PARKER, M.D.

St. Louis, March 2, 1881.

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your request of the 28th, I send you a  
copy of my Address. Accept for yourselves and the Club my best wishes for  
your success in your professional career.

Yours most truly,

M. E. PARKER.

H. W. ARDENSON,  
J. E. S. BARNES,  
E. CRAWFORD,  
H. J. HENLEY,  
L. E. THOMAS,  
H. A. LARKIN, Secretary.

## ADDRESS.

---

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:—Another year of mental toil has rolled around; another year of study has passed; and, as the reward of your diligence and application, a College of mature age and cautious discrimination has pronounced upon your fitness to assume the responsible position of practising Physicians.

You are about to enter the world in a new capacity. You no longer stand on the outside of the temple of Science, to gaze on its beauteous proportions; but you are admitted near the altar, to officiate among the initiated. The book of knowledge you have acquired is to be unfolded, and its precepts applied for the noble purpose of relieving the sufferings of your fellow man.

The science of Medicine has engaged the attention of the best intellects that have adorned all ages; it has ranked amongst its votaries names that became bright with the first dawn of learning, and names that were radiant with glory, as knowledge culminated in the zenith; as an art it has existed since man was from Eden driven, and, by his fall, became exposed to causes which produce disease, and to injuries which pain and wound. As distress and suffering begat compassion, so compassion created the desire to relieve. Thus the art can be traced back, through the long evolution of time, to the period when the earth was young. As it has advanced with ages, the learned and the philanthropic have been engaged in its practice. With these you are now to be associated in your labors of love. Charity precedes you, Mercy attends you, and Hope follows in your footsteps. The morn of your professional life opens with a gilded horizon, and the evening will close, I trust, with a placid and clear sky.

But, nevertheless, the life of a Physician is not without its cares and its troubles. Many are the causes which produce such cares, and foremost amongst them is the ignorance of mankind as to the nature of Medicine. This ignorance discovers itself in different degrees of credulity, and even superstition. It leads to the adoption of all kinds of systems—systems founded on follies and fallacies—contradictory in their theories, and totally opposed in their practice. To-day it is the Homœopath, and to-morrow it is the Hydropath, and the next day it is the Kinesapath; and these give way to the Herb Doctors and the Root Doctors, who come upon the stage but to precede the Faith Doctor or seventh son, or the Spiritual Doctor, who holds communion with the spirit of some departed Physician, and who, by the bye, although in the land of spirits, still adheres to the old school, which shows that it is orthodox.

The man whose mind has been trained by severe application to observe well and to reason correctly—whose education has been upon the most liberal scale, who has trimmed his midnight lamp in the pursuit of science, who has worshipped at the shrine of Divine Philosophy—is thrust aside to give place to some one whose great merit consists in the splendor of his equipage and the suavity of his manners; and this, too, when his aid is required in the solution of problems more difficult of analysis than the determination of the quantity of gold in King Hiero's crown. Now, why is this? Why does it happen that men who ought to know better often make such mistakes. In the ordinary concerns of life they are shrewd enough. If their watches are out of repair, they select some well known and skillful watchmaker to put them in order. If they propose to build a house, they apply to some well known architect for a design. If the title to their landed estates be assailed, they consult some eminent jurist. But when life is at stake; when the human organism is out of repair, the machinery of which is far more complicated than that of a watch, and upon which life has a lease far more delicate and obscure than any legal title, the opinion of some respectable old lady, or some pretender who advertises largely in a newspaper, is preferred to that of an Hippocrates or a Sydenham. Is it owing to some hallucination? Is the human intellect so obfuscated that it



cannot pierce through the mist surrounding? Are all the avenues to correct conclusions so barricaded by prejudices that common sense cannot find any entrance? By no means. It is because so few know anything of the power, the scope, and the nature of medical knowledge. Philosophers can well judge of the powers of the other sciences; the astronomer can weigh and measure the sun, and the planets that revolve around it, and calculate their distances, and he will tell us that these planets revolve in certain fixed orbits from their mutual attraction; and the poet tells us,

“ That self-same law which molds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source;  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.”

But when we come to ask the former what is attraction, and the latter what is that self-same law, they are obliged to pause and acknowledge that human intellect can no farther go.

The chemist can resolve a compound substance into simple ones, and combine elements into compound substances, and the power he invokes he calls affinity; but, when asked what is affinity, he has to acknowledge the limit of human intellect. But, nevertheless, what wonders have been achieved by science? It marshals the starry hosts, arranges the planets and satellites into the glorious system of worlds, which fills the immensity of space; it calculates their changes, studies their motions, and makes them serve as eternal light-houses in the skies to guide the mariner on the trackless deep. Were it necessary to erect another Cheops as a sepulchre for a mighty potentate, instead of condemning a hundred thousand laborers to constant toil for twenty years, science would pile the huge stones, one upon another, in a comparatively short time, by the combustion of four hundred and eighty tons of coal. Philosophy, clothed in the garb of chemistry, no longer wastes its powers in the vain attempt to transmute the base into the precious metals—no longer seeks the never-to-be-found elixir of life; but it teaches the artisan to convert the valueless rag into smooth paper, and to impress the truths of knowledge on this with so much celerity and economy that the treasures of learning are not now

limited to a few, but are sown broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the land. It conveys the message of man from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a few minutes, and could do it, were it not for some extraneous circumstances, in less time than the interval between two ticks of a clock. It seizes the flickering sun-beam, and compels it to paint likenesses with an accuracy that a Reynolds might envy. It fastens steam to the ponderous engine, by which metals are drawn from the earth and pounded and smelted and molded into every form that fashion or utility can desire. It lends wings to the huge ship, which, as it ploughs the dark blue ocean, derides the winds, surmounts the fury of the waves, and seemingly annihilates space. It harnesses a power to the chariot which enables it to outstrip the flight of birds and "the peltings of the pitiless storm."

Such, and other magnificent results, have been obtained by clearly comprehending and applying the laws of nature, without knowing the cause of such laws. So it is with Medicine. The scientific Physician, following and obeying the laws which govern the animal economy, alleviates suffering, shortens disease, and saves life. But he cannot oppose the laws of nature; he cannot cure an incurable disease; he cannot cure an advanced consumption, but he can direct those who are predisposed to it how to live, so as, in all probability, to escape it; he cannot stop an epidemic, which marches from country to country, marking its course with desolation and ruin; but he can prevent the recurrence of an endemic, when he has discovered its local cause, and ordered its removal.

The well educated Physician understands the power, the scope, and the nature of his art; but the community does not. One man supposes that every symptom of a disease is a disease itself, and has its appropriate remedy, and he will appeal to the Homœopath, who professes to have a remedy for every symptom. Another will suppose that all diseases having any one symptom in common are alike; and hearing that some one has got rid of a sore throat by applying a wet bandage around the neck, will send for the Hydropath for his sore throat, never dreaming that such conditions arise from different causes, and require different treatments. A third believes that there is

something very mysterious in disease, not to be reached by science—it takes a conjurer, or something like to conjuring, to cure it—and he calls on the Faith Doctor, or the Spiritual Doctor; and so through the long catechism of humbuggery, quackery, and impudent pretensions, before which the Physician has occasionally given way, from the time when Medicine became a science down to the present. And this constitutes one of the vexations of the practice of Medicine.

You will often, gentlemen, have to contend with most unreasonable prejudices against certain remedies. Patients have an idea that many articles in the *Materia Medica* are strong medicines, when in reality, if judiciously administered, they are strong only in doing good. It may be very improper, at certain times, to give opium, or quinine, or cold water; at others any one of these may be the very thing that is wanted. At one time a little wine would be the worst thing our patients could take; at another time it would be the best. The objections arise from the abuse of the remedy; but, unfortunately, when once conceived, they obtain possession of the patient's mind, and are difficult of obliteration. You are met at the very threshold of your treatment by vain objections to the means you ought to employ to fulfil your duties. And this is another source of vexation to the Physician.

Too often there is a prejudice against the young practitioner. The world looks out for some one who is experienced. What is meant by experience? Does it simply imply having seen much? If this be its meaning, experience is of very little value. A man who has seen much, and observed but little, has profited but little by his experience. Experience is valuable only as conjoining seeing much and observing closely. Many men are incapable of close observation. Many striking facts escape them altogether. They walk along the sea-shore and see nothing at all. The observer of nature would pick up some of the most beautiful of Ocean's treasures. Some men will wander about night after night, and never see any change in the stellar firmament. But when the Chaldean, beneath his serene sky and clear atmosphere, whilst tending his flocks, watched the bright stars, and saw some appear in the west after sun-set, and found them nearer and nearer the sun every

evening, and finally disappear in his light, and rise, after an interval, before the sun, he connected the phenomena with the return of the seasons, and this led to the formation of his idea of a year. Time, the measured portion of eternity, sprang into existence. Many may see well, and observe the facts well, and yet be incapable of reasoning upon the observed facts. Observation alone never led Harvey to the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Others, long before, him had seen the valves in the heart, and the valves in the veins; but they never divined the uses of those valves. He was a good reasoner, and the greatest and most brilliant discovery in Physiology resulted from his good reasoning.

It does not necessarily follow, because a man is advanced in years, that he is a medical philosopher. He may have seen much and observed but little. He may have observed very closely, but reasoned very incorrectly on observed facts, and may have grown gray in the worship of false hypotheses deduced from real facts.

Nor does it necessarily follow, that a man younger in years is wanting in experience. He may not have seen much, but what he has seen he has observed well and interpreted fairly. His keen intellect has pierced through nature's mysteries and exposed her inmost workings. He has observed individual facts, and collected and generalized them. He has made in this ways laws for himself, to guide him in his future course. Many men have become illustrious at an early age. Alexander in his seventeenth year, at the battle of Cheronea, not only saved his father Philipp's army from defeat, but gained a complete victory. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, at the age of eighteen, at the head of 8,000 Swedes, routed 80,000 Russians, and continued his bold, victorious, but cruel career until his celebrated defeat at Pultawa, when he was but twenty-seven years old. And in our science, the names of Bichat and Godman were made illustrious at an early age. But be prepared to see men preferred over you because they are older, but not better. This is another source of vexation. It often happens that older practitioners laugh at those things that younger ones know how to prize. Some improvement in diagnosis is introduced, and the physician already established in full practice does not

deem it necessary to learn it. He has his reputation already made, and he will not care to trouble himself with a labor which is not requisite for his success. I can well remember when auscultation was ridiculed by many, and the stethoscope styled as a plaything. I do not mean to assert that the profession generally rejected the immortal discovery of Laennec—far from it. It was appreciated at once. Its accuracy and its certainty were acknowledged by scientific men. The uncertainties of thoracic complaints were now removed. Maladies heretofore deemed incurable were now treated with success, as their true nature was better understood. And, on the other hand, it revealed but too early the cause of the languor, and lassitude of the whole system—of the flushed cheek, and the brilliant eye, and the hacking cough—sad harbingers of the coming death. With what a melancholy and painful interest does the Physician hear the voice come up through the tube to his ear, declaring that there is nothing the matter there, when the hearing of the voice contradicts the words!

There are many now who laugh at the ophthalmoscope; many who have never seen the instrument, or, at least, have never seen it used. The idea of seeing so deeply in the eye as to perceive the retina itself and its blood-vessels, seems to be impossible; yet the young Oculist who eagerly follows in the footsteps of science so adjusts his light and his reflector as to accomplish it with ease. And it is the same with the laryngoscope, and with other instruments even more useful to establish a diagnosis, and to perfect a cure.

This opposition to new and important improvements, on the part of some of our brethren, particularly if they be elder brothers, is another source of vexation to him who loves science for humanity's sake.

Another great source of pain to the Physician is the want of attention to our directions. How many diseases are protracted by neglecting to attend literally to the orders of the medical adviser! how many curable maladies terminate fatally! Few persons know the vast importance of adhering strictly to the warnings of the friendly voice of him who has made the health of man his special study. He perceives in its very incipency

the commencement of the malady that, if unchecked, will lead to a premature grave; he sees in the long vista of distance the shadows of death gathering around its victim, which could be dispelled by a few simple rules, but which, if neglected, will lead to fatal results. But the advice that prescribes these results is unheeded. Even when the patient is stretched on the bed of sickness the Physician is not literally obeyed, and in the period of convalescence many errors are committed; relapses occur, and often death follows. When the Physician is looking with fond hope to the recovery of his patient, the injudicious kindness of a friend overthrows all his calculations, and he mourns the loss of one whom he could have saved were it not for such interference.

These are some of the pains incidental to the profession you have chosen, and there are many others. Expect to be called out at unreasonable hours, when there is no necessity, in the summer's heat and the winter's cold. Expect to be disturbed and consulted at hours which are usually devoted to meals. Be prepared to sacrifice social intercourse and family gatherings, when a little reflection on the part of your friends could prevent these annoyances. But we must make all due allowance for the anxiety of parents, for the affectionate fear of husband or wife, and cheerfully submit to our own loss of comfort, if it relieves the forebodings, the solitudes, and the fears of the relatives of our patients.

Another source of annoyance to you will be the great solicitude of Mrs. Changeable to advance the interests of Doctor Transitory, who may chance at that time to be her favorite. It is a very remarkable fact, that those who select their Physicians with care, and adhere to them for years, never urge others to employ them. They are not disposed to change their own medical advisers, and they do not desire to influence others to do that which they are not willing to do themselves. But there is a large class of individuals who are constantly changing. To-day they are swallowing an honest, old-fashioned blue pill; to-morrow they will take a pill of arsenicum of an infinitesimal smallness; and the next day they will indulge in all the comforts of a wet sheet, with the thermometer twenty de-

grees below zero. Change, change, is their motto. Like the pendulum of a clock, they are constantly vibrating from one side to the other.

Now, as these people change their Doctors with the same nonchalance as they do their hats or bonnets, they are ever desirous that others should do the same. They seek to destroy the confidence of the sick in their medical attendant; they create in the minds of those prostrate with fevers an uneasiness for fear their cases are not understood and are badly managed; they eject from the bed-side of the patient the tried friend of many years; they dismiss one familiar with his constitution and thoroughly acquainted with the history and the symptoms of his malady, and they introduce one totally ignorant of all these. The old pilot, who has steered the vessel over many a breaker in a rough storm, gives way to a new one knowing nothing of the locality, and having no chart or compass by which he can guide the bark. Some years ago a medical practitioner had under his charge a lady, then in bad health. Mrs. Changeable knew the lady, visited her often, and implored her to dismiss her regular medical adviser, and send for her (Mrs. Changeable's) Doctor; she knew he could cure her; the lady's Physician was too timid; he did not give strong medicines; he did not stretch out his hand and strangle disease in its birth; Mrs. Changeable was afflicted just like the lady, and her Doctor cured her up at once. The lady respectfully declined the offer. A month or so rolled around. Again the persevering friend made her appearance. She had discharged her Doctor, who had cured her at once with strong medicines, and got another; she was delighted with him, and she was determined the lady should be delighted also. She urged his claims with all the eloquence she could bring to bear. "But I thought," said the lady, "that your other Doctor had cured you." "Oh no, he merely patched me up, but I was not cured; but I will be now, and so will you if you will follow my advice." But again the lady declined the offer. Another month or so rolled around, and again Mrs. Changeable returned to the charge, but she had changed the mode of attack. She had dismissed her second Doctor, because he gave too strong medicines; she had fled from the field of pills, potions, blisters and cupping-glasses, and

taken refuge behind the shadows of medicines in the shape of infinitesimal doses. And thus she continued to change, endeavoring all the time to carry her friend with her, until the ailment under which she really suffered assumed its marked malignant type and hurried her prematurely to the spirit land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" and among the last who were called upon to give advice was the very man whom she had a few years before desired her friend to dismiss.

But the saddest of all duties of the Physician is to witness at times the fruitlessness of his art. Often he has to realize that death, under some form, will claim his victim. The sun which rises in the East, gilding the dawn of day with its gorgeous golden hues, attains its meridian splendor, and then gradually sets in the West, leaving the earth to be wrapped in darkness. So does the sun of life depart, and the darkness of death assume its place. It may be at early dawn, whilst the playful spirit has as yet made its existence known only by the smiles it gratefully returns to the gratified mother; it may be when the child-like, simple girl has just passed into womanhood, as the rose-bud becomes the full-blown flower, or when the boy has laid aside his top and his kite, to take up the buckler and the spear for his country's weal or his country's woe; it may be when the brawny arm of the mature man sustains a rising family; or it may be in the decadency of life, when the sere and the yellow leaf of vitality dies and falls off. But whether it be at early dawn, or it be the noontide sun or at chilly eve, come it will, and leave a cheerless blank behind.

But let us turn to the other side of the picture. We have looked upon the dark shadows in the background, and now let us see the brighter colors in front. From the pains of a professional life let us turn to its pleasures. They are not to be found in the acquisition of wealth. They are not to be found in the gratification of ambition. They are to be met with in the pleasures which knowledge affords, and in the gratification of the feelings of charity, benevolence, and love. A Physician must necessarily be a man of science. To him is unfolded the human organization, so fearfully and wonderfully made; the brain, so curiously contrived, and "which some suppose the



soul's frail dwelling-house ;" the heart, with its chambers and its valves, so well adapted to be the centre of a great hydraulic apparatus ; the hand, whose mechanism so far surpasseth all human skill that a volume has been written to show that none but Divine wisdom could have conceived it.

To the Physician Histology opens a microcosm ; whilst Anatomy describes the organs, Histology shows the manner of their construction. Grand and towering as may be the edifice, yet how simple the structure, alike in the vegetable and in the animal kingdom !—seen as well in the humblest cryptogamic plant as the lordly oak—in the polypus as in man. Yet who, before the microscope revealed the truth, would have imagined that man has a common origin with the worm he treads upon ? Who would have dreamt that the lordly lion, the crawling reptile, the majestic oak, the humble snow-drop, are all alike in their first elements ? But it is true that all animals and all plants spring from a primordial cell, which in the vegetable kingdom continues to preserve its characters, and in the animal kingdom undergoes a development into tissues, nerves, blood-vessels, bone and muscle. A single cell is the first step in created life, and from the congeries of cells are developed those various parts of the noble casket which constitute man and enclose his immortal spirit.

To the Physician Physiology opens all its treasures : he surveys the bright red blood as it rushes through its pulsating tubes to repair the loss made by disintegration and decay ; he witnesses the combination of its oxygen with the carbon of the system as it makes its animal heat ; he looks into the structure of the eye, the telescope of the mind, and comprehends the cause of vision.

To the Physician Chemistry opens its wondrous charms. It explains to him the affinities, the polarities, and the other forces in the operations of Nature. Forces are in action, each one working in its peculiar way, and all to a common end, to produce the waters of the rivers and the seas ; forces are in action to produce the beautiful flower from the dust of the earth and the constituents of the air ; forces are in action which bind all things in Nature together, so that the decaying leaf cannot fall

from the tree without the most distant star feeling its influence.

The Physician must then to some extent be a man of science, and having once become her votary, it is most likely he will worship at her shrine with more and more enthusiasm. The human mind is so constituted that it is constantly in search of something unknown. One man may find pleasure in the walls of his library until his face grows pale and his head prematurely gray, by burning the midnight lamp in poring over the labors of others; another, in the open fields and the dense forests, in studying the great Book of Nature. But, wherever pursued, Science rewards her worshippers with joys that grosser minds cannot appreciate; or else why should men seek the winters of an Arctic region, covered over with eternal snows, or the Torrid Zone, where the burning sun scorches up the very supports of life? It is because there is a pleasure in arriving at causes before unknown. But alas! when we have accomplished so much, how little do we know? In what science are we perfect? The ignorant man thinks the learned man is wise. When he hears of the Astronomer weighing the Sun as if with a balance, measuring its surface as if with a chain and compass, he marvels. When he is told that the Palæontologist can pick up a solitary bone that was deeply buried in the earth before man was created, and can describe the animal to which it belonged, he wonders. When he sees the Electrician with a little instrument and a wire make the whole earthly sphere a whispering gallery, he is delighted and overwhelmed. But the Philosopher who has travelled over the empires and kingdoms of science, weeps, not like the great Macedonian of old, that there are no more kingdoms to be conquered, but because in those where he has been he was permitted only to survey their gorgeous temples, but not to explore their innermost recesses.

It is in the pursuit of knowledge which his love of the profession engenders, that the Medical man finds one of his chief sources of enjoyment. The Book of Nature is constantly unfolded before him, and he peruses attentively its illuminated pages. He does not limit himself to the study of those who have written before him. He collects together facts from every

source, whether it be the complex conformation of man, or the simple structure of a blade of grass; whether it be the union of two substances in the chemist's phial, or the complicated action of decomposition and combination in the animal economy; whether it be the refreshing influences of the cooling zephyr as it fans the fevered brow, or the lethiferous actions of deadly gases. He observes all and reasons upon all. He does not discard reason, as it is the greatest gift of Deity to man—the gift which makes him proudly pre-eminent in the scale of creation.

The eagle can soar far above the clouds and gaze upon the noonday sun; the lion can roam through the forest in all the majesty of his power; the mighty leviathan can rush through the briny deep, striking terror to all the finny brood, by the means which God has provided for them. Armed they are for offence and defence; protected they are from the wars and inclemencies of the elements. But man is born helpless and unprotected; for a long period the cares of others sustain him. Without natural weapons, however, he is the lord of creation. The birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, the fish of the sea—all, all, are under contribution to him. Why is this? It is because there has been infused into the mass of matter of which he is formed, a thinking, reasoning, immortal spirit, which elevates him beyond the mere material agencies which surround him, to those regions of thought which approximate him to *Divinity itself*.

But great as is the pleasure in the exercise of reason, a greater is in the consciousness of our success. There is such a thing as the milk of human kindness. There is a soft spot in every man's heart. Nero, who fiddled whilst Rome was burning, gave money to rebuild Lugdunum, which had suffered from a fire; whilst Bajazet indulged his passions in a boundless range of injustice and cruelty, he imposed on his soldiers the most rigid laws of modesty and abstinence. None are born so bad but that there is some lurking-place where affection can find a home. Now such affection increases the more we watch over and protect the one loved. The mother loves her sickly babe the more she keeps her midnight vigils over it. The care, the anxiety a Physician feels for his patient, begets the most

affectionate friendship. Let this patient be the head of the family, who toils to afford the means to rear up his little children; or the mother, who teaches them at night to lift up their hands in prayer, and beseech Divine Providence to enlighten them in the ways of charity, benevolence and good will to all mankind; or the little child, whose joyous laugh is now sadly missed, the Physician feels the responsibilities attached to him. He watches with anxiety the progress of the case; his countenance is tinged with melancholy. Early in the morning he visits the house with mingled hopes and fears. At last the crisis is past; the hot and parched skin becomes cool and soft; the frequent pulse becomes slower; the eye once more is radiant with intellectual beams. It is then that the Physician feels his triumph. Not the triumph of a Cæsar or an Alexander, of a Zinzis Khan or a Timour; not the triumph of a Sheridan, a Curran, or a Mirabeau; but the triumph of pride for the profession he honors—the triumph of love for those around him.

The gratitude which follows such services is a bright oasis in the desert of a Physician's life. Friends are made who adhere to him through good report and evil report; and the consolations of friendship are productive of much happiness. They are like the sparklings of the fountain to the way-worn and thirsty traveller; they are like the outlines of his native land to the mariner returning home through tempestuous seas; they are like the sun-beams dispelling the misty dampness of early morn.

Remember, gentlemen, in the profession you have chosen there are no honors of great magnitude to be obtained. A hero or an orator has his glory proclaimed throughout the land; but the medical man is known only in his locality, or to the medical public.

Resolve to be thus known. It is said that on one occasion a little frail steamer was navigating one of the great lakes of the North, when suddenly a tempest arose, the winds howled, and the waves ran high; the little bark plunged and creaked, and seemed at every plunge as if it would go to pieces, and all on board were pale from fear except the captain. Right ahead was a point of land jutting out into the waters; beyond that

was a haven where safety was to be found. He called the engineer and told him to put on more steam, so as to pass the point in a few minutes, or else the vessel would go down. The latter replied that he had on all the steam the boilers would bear, and that the steam was hissing through the uplifted valve. In a moment the captain sprang and stood upon the valve, and down it was kept; the boat was hurried on; the point was gained, was passed, and the lives of all on board were saved by the daring of the commander. In the early part of your career, the sea of life on which you have embarked may be tempest-cast; above you the dark clouds of adversity may have gathered thick and fast; the muttering thunder of calumny and detraction may be heard all around you; your little bark, on board of which are you and those who look to you for safety, seems about to give way; at every lurch the timbers seem to crack. Do not despair. Add on more steam; the point of safety is yet far away; put on still more; jump on the valve. The point is now attained; the raging winds can no longer hurt you; the clouds now roll away; the blue vault of the heavens now appears, and you reach the place of destination; the night of neglect and poverty has passed; the day of usefulness and honor has arrived; the path of success lies broadly before you, with many a thorn in it, it is true, but strewed with the bright flowers of friendship, and fragrant with the perfume of gratitude.

