Pancoast (J.S.)

THE LATE PROFESSOR T. D. MÜTTER.

PROFESSOR PANCOAST'S

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

Box 3

Pancoast (Jos.)

A DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LATE

PROFESSOR T. D. MÜTTER, M.D., LL.D.;

BEING THE

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE TO THE COURSE OF ANATOMY IN THE JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA,

Delivered October 14, 1859,

BY

PROFESSOR PANCOAST.

Published by the Class.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOSEPH M. WILSON,
No. 111 SOUTH TENTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT.
1859.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE,
PHILADELPHIA, October 18, 1859.

PROF. JOSEPH PANCOAST:—

DEAR SIR: At a meeting of the Students of Jefferson Medical College, held October 17, 1859, Mr. T. F. Lee, of Alabama, being called to the chair, and Mr. J. A. Butts, of Georgia, appointed secretary;—On motion of Mr. N. J. Thompson, of Alabama, the following resolution was read and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed to wait on Dr. Joseph Pancoast, and request for publication a copy of his Eulogy upon the late Dr. Mütter, Emeritus Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.

We, the undersigned committee, appointed under the above resolution, take great pleasure in performing the agreeable duty assigned us, and most respectfully and earnestly ask permission to publish your eloquent address. With the hope that you will grant the request of the Class, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves, respectfully and truly,

Your obedient servants,

N. J. THOMPSON, Alabama,
J. H. RYLAND, Mississippi,
C. H. BENTON, M. D., Kentucky,
G. W. THOMAS, Georgia,
J. W. MCILHANY, Virginia,
FRED. TAYLOR, New York,
Committee.

1030 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
October 19, 1859.

To Messrs. N. J. THOMPSON, C. H. BENTON, M. D.,
J. H. RYLAND, FRED. TAYLOR, G. W. THOMAS,
and J. W. MCILHANY, *Committee*:—

GENTLEMEN: I have had the honor to receive your letter of yesterday requesting, on behalf of the Class of Jefferson Medical College, "a copy of my Eulogy on the late Professor Mütter for publication."

It will afford me much pleasure to comply with this request of the Class, and I shall therefore place the manuscript lecture at once at their disposal.

Be pleased, gentlemen, to accept for yourselves and the Class you represent the assurances of my highest esteem and consideration.

Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH PANCOAST.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

GENTLEMEN: The shaft of fate which a year and a half ago struck from our ranks a brother professor, causing a loss to the chair of Practice of Medicine so feelingly deplored by the eloquent gentleman who has since occupied that post,* has again descended upon us; and a new occasion of sorrow has arisen from the loss of one who, though not at the time in the active service of the college, had long graced and honored it, and held in it the rank of Emeritus Professor.

By public advertisements all over this country, it has been made known that Dr. Thomas Dent Mütter died in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 19th of March, 1859.

With what a fearfully sententious import to us all comes such a laconic announcement of the death of a dear friend, or relative, or colleague.

Though we know that such a result in the impenetrable future must sooner or later await us all, its alarum always strikes upon the heart with an icy chill, which Christian Faith would teach us to bear

* Professor Dickson, in his Introductory Lecture, Session of 1858–9.

with humble resignation, and cold philosophy to pass by unmoved, as an instance only of the adverse chances of fate. Yet in our human weakness we ever find it hard, by any means that we can adopt, to dispel the cold shadows that settle upon the mind when we feel that one we have long honored has made that journey to the empyrean which is without return. For hourly we will have flashing before us our mingled associations in the past, which the mind daguerreotypes into renewed existence, and the hundred thousand memories of what we have said and thought and acted together.

It is indeed impossible for me even now to revert without pain to the loss of this distinguished friend with whom I was so intimately associated; for, side by side, and step by step, for nearly half an ordinary lifetime, we trod harmoniously together the difficult and somewhat thorny paths of a surgical career. To my colleagues, too, many sad and tender recollections must be awakened by the invocation of his memory on this occasion, and in this place, where the echoes of his voice were wont to be heard, and his beaming countenance to be turned, to cheer, delight, and instruct the former occupants of those very seats upon which you are now reposing. Twice, thus, within a short period have we been called to mourn, in the deaths of Professor Mütter and the lamented Mitchell, the loss of valued colleagues—breaches in our faculty circle which, by

the blessings of Providence, had been for the previous seventeen years unbroken.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no ruling hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunlight to the sunless land."

Dr. Mütter died early, at an age—forty-eight—which has generally been deemed too early, except in cases of men of rare genius, to afford time for the achievement of the highest professional distinction. Yet no one will deny that he had raised himself to the first rank among the members of his profession, and enjoyed confessedly the highest reputation as a practitioner and a teacher of one of the noblest branches of the healing art.

To know by what means he attained this elevation in a country like ours, where merit alone puts forth commanding claims; to trace the gradual progress of his rise, and with a laudable curiosity to inquire briefly into the lineage from which he sprang, my colleagues have thought would prove an object of interest to you all. And it is I presume from my well known friendship for him, from our close, affectionate, I may also say, unclouded intimacy of twenty years' duration, that they have deposed into my feebler hands, the painful task of being their interpreter on an occasion in which we chronicle his loss.

To the great kindness of Dr. R. W. Haxall, of Richmond, Virginia, an old friend, and of Thomas Mütter Blount, of the same State, a near relative of the subject of this memoir, I am indebted for many interesting and authentic particulars in respect to his early life and parentage.

The ancestors of Professor Mütter, as the name would seem to import, emigrated from Germany to Scotland. His paternal grandfather, Thomas Mütter, was born at or near Glasgow, in Scotland. With his brother George, Thomas came over to this country some time prior to the Revolution which separated it from the mother country, and settled in North Carolina. He had been educated as a merchant, and, it would appear, was a man of wealth and prominence extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, both prior and subsequent to the Revolution, having establishments at Petersburg and Norfolk, as well as in Granville Co., North Carolina, and being associated at one time as a partner with Col. John Hamilton, then the British consul for Virginia and the Carolinas.

He married Elizabeth Moore, the sister of Colonels Samuel and William Moore, of Caswell Co., North Carolina, both of whom were distinguished for their patriotism and gallantry during the struggle for independence, and fought with especial bravery at the battle of King's Mountain. The family of the Moores, into which Thomas Mütter married, was of

high consideration in that section of country, and its descendants are at this time numerous in North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Thomas Mütter died in 1799; his wife survived him 45 years, dying in 1854, at the age, it is said, of 111 or 112.

George Mütter, the brother, settled in Virginia, and served during the War of the Revolution as Colonel of the Virginia Artillery Garrison Regiment. While Kentucky was yet a part of Virginia, Col. Mütter was sent out as one of the judges of a court established by the Mother State. On the elevation of Kentucky into a separate State, he was made its chief justice. He was never married, and died in 1813.

Thomas and Elizabeth Mütter left four children; two sons, Thomas and John, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret. Thomas and John were sent by their father to Scotland to be educated as merchants, and, on their return, settled as such at Petersburg in Virginia. Thomas Mütter, having married, retired from the firm, and settled near Little York, Virginia, where he died in 1812, leaving four or five children.

Elizabeth Mütter married Thomas Blount Littlejohn, of North Carolina, and died in 1823, leaving a large family of children, who reside in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Margaret married John Bonner Blount, of Edenton, North Caro-

lina, and died in 1817. Her surviving children are Thomas Mütter Blount, Elizabeth Mütter Blount, Mary Bonner Tredwell, Sarah Littlejohn, Daniel and Margaret Mütter Hoyt.

John Mütter, the father of Prof. Mütter, removed to Richmond, Virginia, where he established himself as a factor and commission merchant. He married Lucinda Gillies, half sister of the late General Walker K. Armistead, of the United States Army, who was, by her father's side, nearly connected with Gillies, the celebrated historian of Greece, and through her mother, and by the marriages of her sisters, with the Carters, Lees, and Dulanys, of Virginia. Lucinda Mütter died in 1813, leaving but one child, Thomas Dent Mütter, who was born in a house now standing at the corner of 5th and Franklin Streets, in Richmond, Virginia, on the 9th of March, 1811.

John Mütter suffered great mercantile reverses, and being attacked with a pulmonary complaint in 1817, accompanied by a physician and a private secretary, went to Europe in the autumn of the succeeding year, with the hope, which proved illusive, of having his health reinstated. He made a winter passage of the Alps, and reached Naples, where he died of consumption, in 1819.

Thomas Dent Mütter, when his father sailed for Europe, was removed with his grandmother, Mrs. Gillies, to Frederick Co., Virginia, where she possess-

ed some landed property. She was then the widow of Dr. Gillies, a practitioner of Alexandria, which at that time formed a part of the District of Columbia, who was a martyr for many years to the gout, and from him their grandson was believed to have inherited that affection.

Mrs. Gillies survived but a short time her removal with Thomas Dent Mütter to Frederick. After her death he was transferred, yet a child, to Sabine Hall, in Richmond Co., Virginia, the seat of Mr. Robert Carter, who was a relative by marriage. Mr. Carter, who still survives, assumed the guardianship of the lad. At Sabine Hall Dr. Mütter must have remained three or four years. From thence he was sent to Spottsylvania County, Virginia, to school, and remained for two years, 1823 and 1824, as the pupil of a Mr. John Lewis. After leaving Mr. Lewis's school, he entered Hampden Sydney College, and, after remaining there some time, he repaired to Alexandria, and commenced the study of medicine, under the care of Dr. Simms, of that city. He subsequently attended two courses of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated in medicine in that institution in 1831.

During his attendance upon those lectures his health became impaired; and shortly after his graduation, he went to Europe as one of the surgeons of the corvette Kensington, a vessel built in this city and subsequently purchased by the

Russian government and taken to Cronstadt. She was commanded, in the transit, by Capt. Ramsay, of the U. S. Navy, and was officered and manned by Americans. Dr. Mütter was never further than this, I believe, in the service of the Russian government. He left the vessel on her arrival in Europe, and went to Paris, to prosecute further his professional studies.

The school of Paris was at that time one of great distinction. Dupuytren was at the full meridian of his great and brilliant career; and Boyer, at an advanced age, was still hiving, and with all the industry of his youth, the experience and researches of his long existence. Roux was dazzling his classes with his graceful and brilliant operations, and Lisfranc, exciting surprise by his eccentricities and innovations. There, also, was Velpeau, a conspicuous figure, laboriously climbing up to that seat of power and authority which he has long and deservedly held; and Larrey, the world renowned, his merits in a measure shaded by political changes. There existed besides in Paris, at that period, many brilliant stars in surgery, which seemed only of lesser magnitude when compared with those brilliant planets that swept through the firmament in which they were grouped.

In London, scarcely less distinguished at that time by the renown of its surgeons, the subject of our memoir made a briefer stay; though in visits,

made at subsequent periods of his career, he was fortunate enough to form friendships with some of the leading men of that vast metropolis, and to estimate at their proper value the great learning, the practical wisdom, and the upright and truthful character of the members of that distinguished school which, for excellence, is certainly not now surpassed in Europe.

It was from the brilliant Parisian school, however, that Dr. Mütter's surgical character got its early bias. His quick, active, appropriative mind, was readily imbued with the spirit of his distinguished teachers; and from its natural sanguine disposition, he was ready,—perhaps a little too ready,—to seize upon the novelties of operative surgery, which were then so freely produced by distinguished men, with promises of advantage that, in some instances, were hardly fulfilled. Instructed by what he had heard, and seen, and well observed abroad, he returned, in 1832, to cast his lines in this beautiful city, amidst a population imbued to a good degree with the love of science, and ever ready to foster genius, when adorned with knowledge, courtesy, and private worth.

He had witnessed, while abroad, the opening of two new fields in surgery, in which, perhaps, the greatest of the modern achievements of the art have been accomplished. He had seen the great domain of plastic surgery revived from its olden

relics, and its principles applied by the surgeons of Paris, and by Dieffenbach and Liston, to the relief or diminution of the myriads of deformities which arise from the loss or disorganization of the soft parts on the exterior of the body. He had seen die out, and disappear, the antiquated and ill-founded notion that wounds of tendinous and fibrous structures, when made even on the great novel principle of the subcutaneous section, were prone to give rise to tetanus. He had seen vanish, before the teachings of Stromeyer and Dieffenbach, the belief still more prejudicial, as it turned all our curative efforts in a wrong direction, that the distortions of club-foot and its analogous class of deformities, and the malposition of the eye in strabismus, were dependent upon the paralysis of the overyielding muscles, rather than, as we now know to be generally the case, upon the spastic contraction of the shortened muscles.

Few discoveries in operative surgery have excited more interest in the profession than those for the relief of these deformities; none surely have been received with louder acclaim by the world beyond the profession.

Adopting, with all the enthusiasm of his nature, the new precepts which he had been taught for the relief of these affections, he settled down among us, with such a trusting belief in his own resources, such a just confidence in the brightness of his future,

that it seemed almost as if he felt that he would be able to renew the marvellous times of old, when supernatural powers came to mingle themselves with men in order to render their evils more endurable. He was in every respect peculiarly qualified for the path he had chosen. There must be many here who can remember him in that bright period of his existence, when he had just started as a zealous aspirant for the favors of fortune. Youthful looking, neat and elegant in his attire, animated, cheerful, and distinguished in his bearing, whether observed in the social circle, or encountered, as, with his tall gray horse and handsome low carriage, he traversed our fashionable thoroughfares.

He possessed spontaneously, as it were, the art both of making and holding friends; a natural amenity of manner and gentleness of character, a manliness of bearing so intermingled with feminine graces that even children were attracted by it, and a love of approbation that induced him to do what he could to please others. All these claims to consideration were so heightened in interest by his delicate frame and impressible organization, that his early friends, even when they thought they might do so with justice to themselves, hesitated to go counter to his wishes, or do aught that would afflict him with distress or disappointment.

Yet, with all these preparations and all these advantages, his bright visions of the future were,

as is so generally the case, somewhat slow in their fulfilment.

The branch of the profession which he had chosen to pursue—that of surgery—we know to be one difficult in itself, and requiring, to insure the confidence of the public, thorough and patient practical cultivation. At that time, too, the field of surgery in this city was occupied by many able and distinguished men; among whom may be mentioned Parrish, Hewson, Harris, Barton, Randolph, and McClellan.

So great, at one time, was his discouragement, that he contemplated leaving this city in search of some other field of labor, where the way would be open to his more speedy advancement.

His first attempt, made in 1832, to assemble about him a class of medical students for instruction by daily examinations, was unsuccessful; and patients were slow in discovering the road to his office, with which they subsequently became so familiar.

He was encouraged, however, to persist in the course he had undertaken by many friends, and especially by that amiable and excellent gentleman, Dr. Samuel Jackson, the present distinguished Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. The small circle of his practice soon began to widen; opportunities arose for the display of his surgical skill in the treatment

of club-foot; his capacity as an instructor was soon rendered apparent, and, in 1833, he drew around him a large class of medical students in conjunction with Dr. Paul Beck Goddard, of this city—a gentleman who, at that early period, evinced the ability and skill which have since raised him to the highest rank among us.

In 1835, the failing health of Dr. Thomas Harris induced him to associate Dr. Mütter with him, as an assistant teacher of surgery, in a summer school of medicine, called the Medical Institute. This school was instituted by the late Professor Chapman, and, like others of that day, of nearly equal reputation, with which I was associated, has long been extinct. These schools seem to have served as the nurseries of teachers, for, besides the names already referred to, they comprised in their lists the names of a Parrish, a Randolph, a Mitchell, a Jackson, a Wood, a Bache, a Hodge, a Meigs, a Barton, and a Bell—names which have been no less an honor to the profession they have so richly illustrated and adorned, than a source of honest appreciating pride to this vast community which has had the happiness to class them among its members.

In this summer school, Dr. Mütter may be fairly said to have commenced his public career as a teacher. At his first essay from this perch, he seems to have taken a falcon flight; for though,

with augmenting knowledge and experience, he increased in force as a lecturer, he undoubtedly exhibited high excellence from the first. The power of attracting students near him by his mingled gentleness, energy, and enthusiasm; of fixing their attention by the lucid and methodical arrangements of his subject, by his clear demonstrations, and sprightly oral elucidations, came so readily to him, and was so early displayed, as to seem almost intuitive. In orators, this early perfection is not often seen. It is generally by insensible degrees, and by constant practice, that they go on improving till they attain to the mastery of the art. They are, as it has been said, like great generals, who learn to fight by fighting, and whose only real school is war.

While thus making a reputation as a public teacher in the Medical Institute, he achieved a high reputation as a practical surgeon, as attested by his large *clientelle* among the citizens of this place, and the strangers from various parts of this wide domain, who sought from his skill the relief which their various sufferings demanded. The subjects of club-foot and its analogous class of affections about the joints; the deformities resulting from burns, with the institution of a plastic treatment for their relief of a bold, original, and most successful character, and the reparation of the innumerable disfigurations that arise from the loss or

distortion of parts, had already administered greatly to his renown as a surgeon, and exercised his abilities as an author.

In the thorough reorganization of the faculty of Jefferson Medical College which took place in 1841, he was promoted to a higher place of usefulness and honor by an appointment to the professorship of surgery in that institution.

From this date began the halcyon period of Professor Mütter's career as a surgeon. From year to year his efforts increased, and his ambition expanded with the success that followed his elevation. From the vantage ground which he then occupied, he could see that a field for honorable distinction was spread immeasurably before him. The toil of constant preparation, the task of daily appearance before his class in this arena, the putting on and off of his armor, and his exercise under it in the field, seemed not to oppress or weary him. Like a *preux chevalier* he entered the lists, with that consciousness of his skill, and confidence in his prowess, which so surely—when well founded—conduct to triumphs and success.

The thousands of students who, since that time, have been in attendance at this college—many of whom now rank among the eminent practitioners of the land—have attested with fervor and affection to his extraordinary abilities as a teacher and lecturer. It may be excepted, in reference to the

value of this opinion, that the classes to which he spoke could not, under the influence of his winning manners and high position, be considered competent judges. Fastidious judges, under such circumstances, we may well admit, they might not have been; but every class includes within it so many ruling minds of good sense and taste, fully capable of appreciating solid scientific instruction, whether graced or not with the flowers of oratory, that their decision, in the main, is rarely wrong. Of the excellence of what might be called the mechanical part of a lecturer's course, no one among them could fail to be a judge. His lectures had the proper air of business. He surrounded himself richly with materials for illustration, made a clear division of his subjects into heads, selected carefully the points for emphasis, and spoke with a voice distinct and slow, and so deep toned and strong, as to excite, in connection with his delicate frame, surprise and wonder.

Though no one who attended his lectures could deny their intrinsic excellence, the hypercritical—while admitting that they formed a fair exposition of the state of the science, as taught by its greatest men—might object that they were not characterized by more originality; as if, at this age of this old world, there could be much of value put forth by one single mind that was altogether original! He strove to do better than this. He sought diligently

what was good and valuable, wherever it was to be found, and, passing it through the alembic of his own mind, added to it, from his large experience, an amount of novelty which was by no means inconsiderable.

In respect to this subject of originality, they who know the least will, in general, be most readily found to moot the question. For, to their limited amount of acquirements, there seems to be much more novelty and originality in science than those who have patiently trod its long paths are able to discover. No better answer for such casuists can be found than that given by the quaint and—as he is called—*original* Montaigne, in his work on education:—"Bees cull their several sweets from this flower and that blossom, here and there where they find them, but themselves after make the honey, which is all their own, and no longer thyme and marjoram."

In the surgical clinic of this institution, in the conducting of which I was associated with him, I am able to speak personally of the surpassing merits which he displayed. From the commencement to the close of his active connection with our college, multitudes of surgical patients, as attested by the register, came under treatment in the clinic. This list included almost every variety of surgical disease, and more than the usual proportion of the more serious and important cases known in sur-

gery, inasmuch as a very large number of them were sent by practitioners from different and often distant places, and on which most of the resources of the art had been previously employed in vain.

To the graduates of this college, familiar with the richness and importance of its clinic, the lessons, thence derived, have ever been a source of grateful recollection. In no hospital which I have visited, abroad or at home, could they, in the same space of time, have witnessed so much or profited so richly; and they must frequently recall to mind the ardor, the energy, the zeal, the soul, with which this portion of Professor Mütter's duties were performed, whether in the treatment of surgical diseases by medical measures only, or by the severer, but not less necessary, application of instruments.

He felt it a glorious thing to be able to rescue a patient from present suffering or impending danger, when everything else had failed, by the achievement of a successful surgical operation. He loved, by close investigation and careful comparison with all his previous experience, to match himself with the most difficult cases. He carefully prepared himself, even in the minutest points, for the difficulties he had to encounter, and then, with equal skill and firmness, with a sparkling eye and dilating faculties, advanced to his task, more like (than anything else with which I can compare him) to a warrior in the lists, with white plume dancing on his brow, with

spur on heel, and poised lance, his courage aroused with the danger, and his pulse stirred with the energy of the strife.

My recollection serves me with many a scene, and numerous scattered incidents on such occasions, both in public and private practice, where all our sympathies, and sometimes our regrets, were awakened, which displayed his sensitive and even affectionate character in all its varied features. Such was, however, the nature of our associations, that I cannot trust myself further to speak of them.

By means like those I have described, Dr. Mütter raised his reputation to the highest pitch during his life. It may not, however, be so enduring, or go down so far to posterity, as if the rich fruits of his life's labors had been more fully spread in our journals, or been enshrined in books. This was a distinction, too, of which he was ambitious. Fortune had showered so many present favors upon him, that he wished for more. He was desirous of extending his reputation beyond his lifetime along the records of science.

Often has he talked over such a project with me, and felt, I believe, fully convinced that his future chance of surgical renown might have been safely founded upon achievements in this clinic, which it was his desire to have fully recorded. Alas! there are many things, as we are apt to discover, to interpose between our wishes and their fulfilment. He

had before him, like many whom I have known, a *beau idéal* of the art and science of surgery, which he was striving first to reach before he made his final record, but which, with advancing knowledge and deepening insight, kept ever assuming higher and higher grounds. This led to procrastination. His health, which had never been strong, wore away under the other labors of his profession. For the last five years of his life, he suffered from the increasing frequency of the attacks of hereditary gout, which, without impairing his efficiency as a teacher when he was able to present himself before his class, greatly harassed, distressed, and weakened him. His debility from this cause, accompanied by attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs, forced upon him by slow degrees, and to the great regret of his colleagues, the necessity of a rest from his exertions. The prospect of having to abandon his duties in this place, which had formed so large a part of the happiness of his existence, and was the theatre of so many triumphs, he felt as an affliction which seemed to him, as he often expressed it, like the rending away of his right arm. And at last, when he found it necessary to resign his chair, the kind attentions of a spouse rich in virtues and accomplishments, the devotion of his relatives, and the sympathies of some pure and steadfast friends, were hardly felt sufficient to console him for the sacrifice.

He sought to restore his flagging energies by a European tour—which, on previous occasions, had proved beneficial to him—and sailed in October, 1856, for Europe. On his resignation of the chair of the Principles and Practice of Surgery, he was unanimously elected, by the Trustees of the College, on the recommendation of the Faculty, to the honorary post of Emeritus Professor; and bore with him, across the water, our ardent wishes for his restoration, which we hoped might be derived from a change of climate and variety of scene.

He spent the succeeding winter at Nice, on the Mediterranean—a region which has ever been a favorite resort of the valetudinarian—where the land, covered with the olive and the vine, bends down with gentle slopes to the sea, over which it usually receives, in winter, the tempered breezes of the south. But the winter of 1856 was one of unusual severity in Europe. His old malady renewed its attacks, with its customary frequency, during his entire sojourn in Europe; and he returned to this country in 1858, without having experienced that full relief, in search of which he had travelled so far.

Many of you will be able to recollect him, as seen probably by you for the first time, in his transient visits to this institution during the earlier part of the past session. Conspicuous from his bright and manly bearing, which frequent and severe suffering

had not yet been able to change, his hair blanched prematurely to almost snowy whiteness, he stood among you, admired and honored, like a tower partly ruined and fallen, yet unspeakably attractive from its lingering charms and former associations.

Fearful of his power of enduring even the subdued rigor of a Philadelphia winter, he passed on, after a brief sojourn among his old friends and associates, to the more genial winter climate of the south; and finally—at the Mills House, Charleston—worn out with the renewed attacks of his inveterate malady, which ultimately invaded the brain, he laid himself down to die. Under the happiest auspices, that were possible in the case, was this journey made; accompanied by his excellent wife, attended by his servants, and surrounded by all the luxuries which had become a necessity of his feeble existence. And though a sad, it is a satisfactory retrospection to his friends, that his bright career was closed in a city so celebrated for its generous and refined hospitalities, amidst sympathizing medical friends, who lavished on him, by day and by night, their skill and courtesies, with an unwavering constancy of kindness which, even in our profession—so accustomed to the performance of similar duties—has rarely or never been surpassed.

His remains were carried northward for interment. Peace, and rest, and blessing to his ashes!

They lie in a mausoleum on a commanding site, near Middletown, in Connecticut. To be able to strew a few humble flowers on that tomb of a former friend and colleague is to me a mournful but grateful task.

Had I time allowed me here to sum up the character of Dr. Mütter, there would be little more to do than to recapitulate much that has been already said.

The first impression made by his presence was, throughout his career, always favorable. His manners were attractive, without being obsequious or abrupt, and the qualities of his heart were such as to secure him many lasting friendships. As a lecturer, his voice was clear and sonorous, and his gesticulation expressive and graceful. His fancy was full and free, and, in its brilliant play, was sometimes hard to govern. He had a desire for the possession of personal influence and position, which less ardent and more philosophic minds might deem excessive. These advantages were not coveted by him, however, for personal aggrandizement solely, but rather that he might be able to promote the interests of those who were dependent upon him or courted his support.

The love of approbation — an aliment which seemed necessary to his sensitive nature — fed largely from his surgical successes, attached him more fondly to his avocation; made it almost the

last object of his thoughts, and caused him, for the benefit of the profession and the perpetuation of his memory, to present to the College of Physicians of this city his valuable private surgical cabinet, to serve as the basis of a museum, to be called "The Mütter Museum, founded by Thomas Dent Mütter, A. D. 1858." A portion of his property, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, has been placed in the hands of trustees for its maintenance, and for the endowment of a lectureship on surgical pathology, and the payment of a curator. Thus, in dying, has he left a precious heritage to the profession.

For myself especially, who lived so long in his gentle intimacy, his professional merits, great as they were, are not those which swim highest on the sea of thought. It is rather the sweetness of his character which I love most to recall; the kindness of his heart, which seldom allowed, even towards his enemies, an act of just retaliation to escape him, and I believe his colleagues, in musing over his name, will have their feelings mellowed by a similar sort of retrospection.

Such, gentlemen, was the surgeon whom the science has lost. Such the professor, full of kindness and knowledge, whom his classes have mourned. Such the friend and colleague, torn from us in the meridian of his existence, whose memory and name we shall ever cherish.