ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

OF

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE,

BY

PROF. FLODOARDO HOWARD, M. D.,

WILLIAM WARD, M. D.,

AND

R. S. L. WALSH, M. D.

MARCH 9, 1871.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
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CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1871.

DEAR SIR: At the earnest solicitation of our fellow-students, whom we have the honor to represent, we respectfully request for publication a copy of your address delivered at the Twenty-Second Annual Commencement of the Medical Department of Georgetown College.

With great respect, your obedient servants,

FLORENCE DONOHUE,
JNO. T. STRATTAN,
T. E. MAJOR,
J. A. McCAULEY,

FLODOARDO HOWARD, M. D.,
Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1871.

GENTLEMEN: Your note of to-day, requesting a copy of my valedictory address for publication, is received.

Thanking you for the compliment, the address is at your disposal.

With sentiments of high regard and esteem, sincerely your friend,

FLODOARDO HOWARD.

FLORENCE DONOHUE,
JOHN T. STRATTAN,
T. E. MAJOR,
J. A. McCAULEY,
Committee, &c.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1871.

DEAR SIR: We have been delegated by our class-mates to express their earnest desire that you furnish us for publication a copy of your valedictory address delivered at the Twenty-Second Annual Commencement of the Medical Department of Georgetown College.

With high regard, your obedient servants,

FLORENCE DONOHUE,
JNO. T. STRATTAN,
T. E. MAJOR,
J. A. McCAULEY.

WILLIAM WARD, M. D.,
Valedictorian, Class of '71.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1871.

GENTLEMEN: Your communication of this date, requesting a copy of my address, has been duly received. Prepared amidst a multiplicity of duties urgently pressing upon me, its crude and unfinished character little fit it for the scrutiny to which it will be subjected when in print. I, therefore, reluctantly comply with your request, and transmit you the desired copy.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. WARD.

FLORENCE DONOHUE,
JOHN T. STRATTAN,
T. E. MAJOR,
J. A. McCAULEY,
Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1871.

DEAR SIR: In behalf of the "Medical Society of the Alumni of Georgetown College," we respectfully solicit for publication a copy of the address delivered by you at the Twenty Second Annual Commencement Exercises of Georgetown College.

Very truly yours, &c.,

R. D. DE L. FRENCH, M. D.,
V. MCNALLY, M. D.,
F. O. ST. CLAIR. M. D.,
Committee.

R. S. L. WALSH, M. D.

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1871.

GENTLEMEN: With thanks for the compliment tendered, I place the manuscript of my address in your hands. Hoping it may merit the confidence reposed,

I am, very truly, yours, &c.,

R. S. L. WALSH, M. D.

R. D. DE L. FRENCH, M. D.,
V. MCNALLY, M. D.,
F. O. ST. CLAIR, M. D.,
Committee.

ADDRESS

OF

FLODOARDO HOWARD, M. D.,

Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

GENTLEMEN, GRADUATES OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

It is with emotions of sincere pleasure that we congratulate you on the honors you have this day acquired. The President and Faculty have placed in your hands the diploma of the institution, which bears testimony to your high qualifications. Your examinations have been highly creditable to yourselves, and equally honorable to us. The Faculty feel assured that we have sown our seed upon good ground, where it will bring forth fruit, and mature into abundant havest. I am grateful to my colleagues for this opportunity of expressing my admiration at your proficiency, industry, courtesy and high moral and gentlemanly bearing. From this day you are commissioned as doctors of medicine, to start on your mission to the relief of suffering humanity.

We feel a lively interest in your success, and our best wishes attend you.

It has been well said, gentlemen, that the price of knowledge is eternal thought. Let it be your sacred duty to acquire knowledge. Do you ask, have we not graduated? You have; but that graduation, honorable as it is to you, is but the first step to professional distinction and usefulness. You should consider your studies just begun. You have acquired the elements, the first principles in our school. In your libraries, in the chambers of the sick, suffering and dying; at all times, by night and by day, you must continue

to study, and thus enlarge your store of information! Oh, what a glorious privilege! What a labor of love! How God-like to heal the sick, halt, blind and deaf, to still the aching brain, to soothe the throbbing heart, to cool the burning fever, to arrest disease, to administer restoratives to the father, the mother, the husband, the wife or the child, and stay the hand of death! This is truly noble, and will repay a life of toil. Will you not labor for it by diligent study and reflection? Will you not press in and perfect the work so auspiciously begun. Be not discouraged by the difficulties in your way. As you advance the obstructions will vanish, while greater facilities for usefulness will come up before you.

Rightly appreciate your positions and your ability, give all your energies to the great work before you, and resolve to succeed. Ever bear in mind that your professional success demands self-reliance and the constant cultivation of your intellectual faculties. Think for yourselves, observe for yourselves. Profound thought and close observation will enable you to acquire available facts in medical science. Neither genius, talents, wealth or education, without this, will avail you. Acquaint yourselves with the various theories of medicine, and then judge for yourselves. Experience will teach you what is true and reliable—what to adopt, and what to reject. You are the honored graduates of the only true system of medicine. But do not shut your eyes to light, from whatever source it may come. Investigate and appropriate all that is true or valuable, whether old or new, and give your patients the advantage of the knowledge thus acquired. Do this, and your practice will be comprehensive, elective, in the true sense curative, and you will be truly doctors, or learned in medicine. Knowledge in the hands of a good man is like the bulwark erected by the patriot against an insidious foe. Knowledge in the hands of a bad man is like the sword of the assassin, used only for destruction. This is strictly true of our profession.

Whether you succeed or fail, whether you prove a bless-

ing or curse to society, whether your professional career be for weal or woe, depends wholly upon yourselves. Possessed of proper principles of high moral worth, you will pass on, overcoming all difficulties in the attainment of usefulness and eminence. Never forget that pure morality should shine conspicuously in the deportment of the physician. He before all others is permitted to enter into the sacred privacy of families, and, consequently, he above all others, should be pure and above suspicion. He mingles with all classes, under the most trying circumstances. To him health and life are entrusted, and his own conscience is the only tribunal that watches over his treatment or decides on his motives. His intercourse with the sick, his entire professional conduct, should be governed solely by the welfare of his patient, and his motives founded on the purest morality. Should he disgrace his calling to sinister or unholy purposes, he becomes the most formidable and dangerous of men—more to be shunned than pestilence itself.

Hufland has truly said, "A physician without morality is not merely a nonentity, he is a monster." In the exercise of your profession, go about doing good, and thus imitate the illustrious example of the great Physician of Souls, the Saviour of mankind.

In your visits to the sick, cultivate close observation. You will, in the first few years of practice, have ample time to spend at the bed-side of your patients, and you should improve these opportunities. Remember that cases of disease carefully observed through all their stages will afford you invaluable information not attainable in any other way. One hour of such study is worth the reading of volumes. Spend, then, much of your time in the sick chamber; acquire the whole history of cases; watch all the changes of disease; learn to recognize symptoms; examine into the causes and surrounding influences, and then prescribe and treat them, carefully watching the effect of your remedies on the system. The inexperienced medical man who does not remain in the sick room long enough to examine into the minute details of cases,

must necessarily prescribe at random. He will acquire habits of indifference rather than those of close observation, and his whole professional life is likely to be one of routine or empiricism. While he who weighs every symptom and circumstance with care, and is devoted to his patients, will acquire a tact in diagnosticating and treating disease. It is said of the distinguished Rush, that, by habits of close observation, he acquired such a perfect knowledge of the pulse that he could detect the character of disease without any other aid.

In the investigation of the diseases of children, close and careful observation is absolutely essential. These little sufferers cannot describe their own symptoms or feelings, and, consequently, their diseases require much closer and more repeated examinations. The physician who devotes himself to these little lovable and helpless patients, who by close observation and study obtains a knowledge of their complaints, together with the treatment proper for their cure, will acquire extensive and lucrative practice.

The interest you take in, and attention which you give to, the case of a dear child, insures the confidence and affections of the devoted and anxious mother, who clings to her babe with all a mother's love. A love reciprocated, for

> "Is there a boon on earth
> One half so precious as the infant's love
> To her who bore him? Can the pageant world,
> With its brief fashions, or the fervid gaze,
> Exploring earth's broad scenery, buy one hour
> Like his sweet breathing slumber in her arms?
> O, no, no, no!"

Gentlemen, the poor generally become the patients of young physicians. To such, always be kind and attentive. They need your smypathy and aid when sick, and no young physician deserves to succeed who fails to extend this aid and sympathy, when called upon. In this connection, I am happy

to be able to say, that there is no profession which bestows more time, more labor, more expense and more attention upon the poor than our own. The profession of medicine is eminently one of usefulness and Christian charity. As such I trust you will always esteem it, always sustain it. With us it is eminently true that it is more blessed to give than to receive. "You must benefit others first, or you cannot do good to yourselves." This motto you should ever remember. It has brightly illuminated the successful career of your illustrious predecessors in the healing art. May it shine forth in the professional life of each of to-day's graduates, and in your declining days may you adopt and realize the sentiment of the distinguished Pott, who exclaimed in his last moments, "my lamp is nearly extinguished: I hope it has burned for the benefit of others."

In attending the poor you really are, in one sense, their debtors; they willingly accept your inexperienced services at a period when the more wealthy would not confide in you; at a time, too, when you are acquiring essential information, valuable clinical instructions, the manner of entering the sick room, the tact of questioning and examining patients, the correct mode of prescribing medicines, diet, drink, and the knowledge of the minutiæ, connected with the cure of disease. Your skill and success in treating the diseases of the poor, is your certain stepping-stone to acquire the confidence and practice of the wealthy. Truly, the poor rise up from their sick beds and call you blessed. They, and often they alone, proclaim your kind and successful attention, and do more than justice to your real or supposed merits. The public watches all your movements, closes not its eyes to such acts of benevolence, receives such testimony, it becomes itself a sufferer, and seeks for relief where it knows relief can be found. Never neglect the poor: they most need your sympathy and kind attention. In bestowing your charitable services on them you are laying the foundation of a useful and successful practice. When you will have grown old in the profession, when you will have acquired fame and fortune, still re-

member the poor, look back upon them as the first step you made to your present elevated position.

There is another subject that I desire to impress upon your minds. In your intercourse with the sick, observe truthfulness and sincerity. These traits of character in any relation of life are jewels—in the physician, they are beyond price. It is neither politic nor honest to deceive a patient, to promise recovery when you know the case to be hopeless. There are times when our prognosis of recovery may be honest, yet fatally erroneous. "Here we err, but sin not." When the physician knows that his patients cannot recover, yet gives assurance of life to the last moments of expiring nature, he fearfully violates a sacred duty. Let me entreat you never to deceive your patients wilfully; do not make the case better or worse than it really is, and when death is near and inevitable, never fail to make the sad truth known. Ever be sincere and frank, and then you will not justly offend or injure any one, but will sustain the dignity of your high calling, as well as your professional integrity. "To your own self be true; you cannot then be false to any man." This course will calm the unsettled mind of your patients, and lead them to rely upon that great and good Being who holds the reins of life and death; thus securing to them that confidence, patience and submission which materially aids in restoration to health, and which, when the case is hopeless, is so beautiful and consoling in death. In your visits to the sick, always be kind and humane in your deportment. A rough and abrupt manner in administering to the sufferings of humanity are incompatible with the duties of the physician. He should call all his sympathies into action, and treat his patients with gentleness and kindness. The sick place their health, their lives, that which is most valuable upon earth, into your keeping, and in return have a right to expect from you warm friendship, kindness and sympathy. The cordial esteem and kindness which you evince in their condition will bind them to you with a cord of love not easily sundered. Let your kindness of manner flow from pure motives, from

true goodness of heart, from humanity and benevolence, that which is taught in the Christian maxim, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

I would next remind you of the necessity of observing professional fidelity. Tell no tales. There are secrets of the sick chamber which the physician should ever keep within his own breast. Tattling is always dishonorable and inexcusable. In the physician, it is despicable. He is made the confidant of domestic troubles and afflictions. To him is confided, never to be disclosed, the frailties and vices of weak humanity which lead to disease and death. Never abuse this confidence or trust reposed in you, ever remember that on these subjects you should be as silent as the tomb.

In your professional intercourse with the gentler sex, let courtesy, tenderness and the most scrupulous honor and purity always attest the high esteem you entertain for her, and the respect which is so eminently her due. Woman, tender and physically weaker than man, yet sustains the heaviest and most painful part of the ills of life. In the affections and finer qualities of the heart, she is greatly man's superior. As mother, wife, sister or daughter, we cannot equal her qualities. "She is God's smile upon earth, God's best gift to man."

Ah, woman! in this world of ours,
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destin'd to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

Permit me, gentlemen, in the next place, to remind you that the practice of medicine should be made the sole vocation of your lives. The profession of medicine well pursued is surely employment enough for one individual. Commence your professional course with unwavering stability of purpose,

with sincere and uniform devotion to your honorable calling. A persevering, long continued effort is essential to success. This always has and always will be the case. The public is unwilling to trust so precious a boon as health and life to the inexperienced and untried, unless from absolute necessity. You must patiently await as they arise, such necessities and occasions; then exhibit your professional qualifications, and thus acquire the confidence and support of the public. Be patient, wait; remember that your success and progress must be slow.

Decieve not yourselves with vain anticipations of a life of ease and comfort in the profession of your choice. There are hardships, difficulties and trials which you must encounter. You will meet with many occasions which demand great self-denial and personal sacrifice. So soon as you commence the practice of medicine, you resign the command of your time. It is no longer your own to use as you please. The good physician is ever at his post, ever ready to respond to the cry of suffering and distress. Night and day, calm and storm, winter's cold and summer's heat, make no difference. He is ever prompt to obey professional calls, whether the summons come in the howling tempest or in the spring's sunshine; whether he be at the festive board, on his bed of repose, or in the house of prayer, he is at the command of the sick. He has no set time for social pleasures, for recreation or other pursuits. His time of labor cannot be regulated by any ten hour law. He has no sacred day of rest. He must become familiar with sleepless nights and days of fasting and weariness. At all times and places, the moment duty calls he must arise, leave all and go. There is no escape from labor to the eminent successful practitioner this side the grave. The sick cannot and will not do without him; and if he be a consciencious man, he will feel he cannot be spared. We are informed that the great Boerhaave shut himself up almost a prisoner in his own house in his old age, so that no one could gain admission to him, except by the intercession of friends or by bribing his servants. Even then he was ha-

rassed and worn out with incessant consultations. The good physician—he who knows that he can relieve suffering and disease, and feels the obligation to do so—cannot refuse the calls for his aid. Only when the solemn end of life comes, and he is summoned to his reward, can he say, that at last his long day's work is done.

Another feature in our professional life, for which you should be prepared, is constant familiarity with suffering and misery. The physician dwells under the cloud. Bright glimpses of sunshine may sometimes beam upon his path; but the gloom of sorrow rests over almost all his intercourse with man. The wail of grief and the deep sob of anguish are ever in his ears. The scenes that crowd upon his memory when he sits down to review the labors of the day, are of human forms writhing in agony, loved ones pining away in the midst of weeping friends, strong men stricken down in their pride, little children waiting for a help he too often cannot give, and patient sufferers whose wan composure is more touching than the noisy sorrow. He lays his head upon the pillow, amidst the recollections of misery, and is aroused from it by the cry of distress. If he has the sympathies of the human heart, he must take part in all this. But you will say, he becomes used to it, callous and unfeeling. The moment he does so, let him give up his office and depart: he is no longer fit for his duty. Let him carry his heart of steel into some other less beneficent calling.

I know that the physician should not have the weak sympathies of the child, that he should possess energy and firmness to do and to bear all that is to be done or borne. "But he must do it lovingly and kindly; must enter into the feelings of his patients, and be keenly sensitive to his sufferings," (Prof. Paterson.) Some will say, notwithstanding all these hardships and difficulties, the physician has great reward. What is that reward? Is it wealth? Verily not. He who expects to make money rapidly must strive in some other pursuit. Look around upon the profession, and you will find but few wealthy men who have become so by the practice

of medicine. Rightly pursued, it may yield a support, and perhaps a competency for declining years, but rarely more. When you discover that the physician's reward is not wealth, you may conclude that it is worldly honor or fame. In this you are again mistaken. There is small scope in our profession for the energies of an ambitious man. A physician's fame is usually local, circumscribed and temporary. Under the most favorable circumstances, he cannot hope for a widespread reputation. The quiet triumphs of medical art are not calculated to captivate the public mind. The true reward and reputation of the physician consists in the love of his patients and friends, the esteem and confidence of his professional brethren, the reverence of his pupils, the respect of the community in which he lives, and the consciousness of a life well spent. This is enough—all the good physician will ask or desire.

Finally, gentlemen, if you wish to glide safely through the storms of life, and preserve a cheerful and blissful composure under its vicissitudes, allow me earnestly to counsel you at all times, and under all circumstances, to entertain an abiding sense of the providence, presence and goodness of the Great Jehovah. Everywhere around us are the evidences of the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father. In the language of an eloquent author, "The love of God smiles in the beauty and verdure of spring, and flows brightly in the rippling waters; it sings in the simple and touching melodies of nature, and warbles and rejoices in the shouts of the harvest;" or, in the language of poetry, it—

> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. The ties that have bound us together must now be severed; other duties and home voices call you away from us. Loved ones anxi-

ously await your arrival. A doting mother, a devoted father, an affectionate sister, or perhaps a dearer than these, with a secret pleasure and joy she would blush to utter, listens for your returning footsteps. We would not keep you longer from that happy meeting. Go, then, and God's blessing go with you.

In the name of our President and Faculty, I bid you an earnest and affectionate farewell.

ADDRESS

OF

WILLIAM WARD, M. D.,

Valedictorian, Class of 1871.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have the honor to appear before you in behalf of the Graduating Class of the Medical Department of Georgetown College; not on account of any superior merits or qualifications of my own, but as an individual member of the class, elected upon purely personal considerations, and delegated to discharge the very agreeable though responsible duty of addressing you to-day.

After years of close application and arduous study, hesitating at the many obstacles in our path, but always animated by the kind encouragement of our professors, we stand here to-day to realize our cherished hopes, and to receive from our *Alma Mater* the reward of our long and tedious labors.

The profession which we have chosen has not for its object the mere gratification of an idle curiosity, but a desire to do good in its most comprehensive sense. Disease is the natural inheritance of mankind. The characteristics of every living organism are ceaseless change and ceaseless waste. Soon as man begins to live he begins to die. The processes of decay and regeneration are constantly going on in the body, and, if an excess of the one or a diminution of the other occur, disease follows. The laws of health are not to be broken without incurring the penalty of such indiscretions. You call the physician to interpose his kind offices. Here he finds a statesman, whose voice was wont to fill the halls of yon Capitol with the magic spell of his eloquence, smitten by fever

induced by a super human effort in defense of the rights and liberties of his constituency; there an humble mendicant, friendless and penniless, dependent upon the charity of neighbors for a precarious livelihood, the victim of many hardships and privations, prostrated upon a bed of sickness; or, here perchance, a maiden, loved and cherished for domestic virtues, admired for her intellectual endowments, resplendent in the charms of her personal beauty, stricken by a malignant typhoid, her life seriously endangered, and her friends the prey of the most heartrending anxiety. In the wisdom of his experience—in the plentitude of his knowledge—in the kindness of his heart—he responds to the call. Familiar with the many varieties of human suffering and human weakness, he is the last to acknowledge any limit to his ministrations. It is no part of his duty to inquire whether the malady be a just retribution for the reckless violation of the laws of hygiene. Suffice it that a fellow-creature has been stricken by disease—it is his obligation, or rather the privilege of his noble art, to give all the relief in his power, whether the unfortunate sufferer be an inmate of hospital or prison, palace or hovel. And yet the physician is frequently accused of being an atheist.

"*Ubi tres medici, ibi duo athei.*" A mediæval proverb, "where you find three physicians there are two atheists." This accusation, against the medical profession, has been made so frequently that, we may very suitably, and, I think, very profitably, inquire whether any arguments may be adduced from anatomical or physiological researches, to prove the existence of an immaterial principle, spirit, or soul. We know that many eminent divines have totally disregarded or held in very slight esteem the structural facts that have been established by the investigations of anatomists and physiologists, and have asserted, with an oversight and an injustice that cannot be too much deplored, that the study of physiology leads to materialism. Indeed, many sincere but ill-informed men have decried the study of the natural sciences generally as inimical to true religion; as if God's ever visible and mag-

nificent revelations, in the structure of the many marvellous creations around, could be at variance with his recorded word.

But the study of the human brain proves the falsity of this charge. The nervous system of man consists essentially of centripetal, or sensory fibres, to conduct external impressions inward; ganglia or nerve centres, for the reception and registration of these impressions, and origination of motion; and centrifugal, or motor fibres, for the transmission of impulses or mandates, thus originated, to different portions of the body. An external influence is registered in the brain, the process of intellection follows; a hand placed upon the brow, the sense of touch is experienced; and the shrubbery of the conservatory, redolent with perfume, regales the sense of smell. Thus constituted, the nervous system is a mere machine, automatic, and requiring the influence of an external agent to put it in motion, just as it is seen in the mechanism of the watch—a certain spring must be touched before motion can be produced.

There must, however, be adaptation between the instrument and the agent that puts it in motion, as is illustrated in the senses of sight, hearing, taste and touch. The properties of light explain to us the uses of different portions of the eye. So, too, by this same principle of adaptation, the converse of this rule will hold, and to an intellect of sufficient strength the structure of the eye being given, the wonderful properties of light may be demonstrated.

It has been asserted, that, arguing in the same manner, "a man deaf and dumb, but of an intellect of sufficient capacity, might from a critical study of the ear determine the nature of sound. Nay, even more, it is not impossible that he should be able to compare the physical peculiarities of light and sound respectively, and to demonstrate that these originate in normal, and those in transverse, vibrations."

The question, therefore, which we are considering, may be presented in two forms, and may be demonstrated directly or inversely. The nature of light being given to ascertain

the construction of the eye, and the nature of the optical apparatus being given to determine the properties of light.

Let us now adopt the inverse mode of argument, as presented by an eminent physiologist.

"The structure of the brain being given to ascertain the nature of the agent that puts it in motion;" and here, let me say, that there is a striking analogy between the brain and other great nerve centres. In it, we have the centripital and centrifugal fibres, converging to the sensory ganglia, and cells for the reception and elaboration of force, as is shown in the convolutions of the brain. Then, if other nerve centres are purely automatic, and require external influence to produce effect; if the eye, when surrounded by utter darkness fails to see, but requires the agency of light; if the ear is dull and useless, save under the vibrations that produce sound—since there is a perfect analogy in these nervous organizations, we can logically conclude that there is an intellectual principle as separate and distinct from the body as sound is from the ear or light from the eye, and that external agent is the spirit or soul.

Thus it is, that physiology and anatomy, by establishing the structural evidence of the existence of the soul, and explaining the nature of our own being, may be in the hands of the truly philosophical divine, subservient to the first and most enduring interests of humanity. And, going still further in the rapid progress of kindred sciences, and by clinging to those principles of natural philosophy enunciated in the doctrines of the indestructibility of matter and the everlasting duration of force—may prove that this immaterial principle, this great principle of conscious identity, is also incapable of destruction.

For my part, I have no sympathy with those who say that this or that physiological problem is above reason. My faith in the intellectual strength of man is profound, and I believe the day is not far distant when the study of the arts and sciences will explain the deepest and most occult mysteries of our nature. Then will man be a perfect monument of the

wisdom and power of the Creator; and then will we behold that noble practice of medicine, which will rival in precision the mechanical engineering of these times.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In addition to the pleasant duty of addressing you to-day, it devolves upon me, to pronounce to our distinguished professors and my fellow-students the customary valedictory salutations; to you, however, I would not breathe a word that could be construed into the language of parting. Until to-day, we have been unknown to you as medical men, but the honor of a formal introduction, in our new character, has been extended to us, and we rejoice in the knowledge of our new acquaintanceship. The physician, above all men, knows how to appreciate the true character of woman. He sees her, not only in the social circle, to which she imparts so many varied charms, but in the hospital, in the abodes of disease and suffering and want, where all her beautiful qualities of mind and heart shine forth. Kind, gentle, patient, sympathetic, the sick room, without her, would be intolerable. With her presence, half the misery of disease is removed. How often does the aged man, at the close of a long and eventful life, checkered with pleasures and misfortunes, acknowledge that, though all other early attachments and associations have ended in disappointment and forgetfulness, the wife of his youth is true to her profession. In a world where everything else is passing away, her affection alone remains unchanged. When the schemes of his youthful days have vanished, when the successes and triumphs of his early manhood appear to him as the varieties of life, when in the feeble extremity of age the excitement and commotion of a busy world attract not his attention, the echo of a mother's voice is heard; of her, whose tender solicitude watched his wayward steps, whose tears fell to chide his youthful errors, whose bright smile rewarded his good deeds, whose faultless life is his own precious legacy and the personification of God's goodness to man.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY:

We meet you to-day for the last time in the old and familiar relationship of preceptor and student, which has so pleasantly existed between us during our collegiate course, and while we rejoice at the successful termination of our labors, we cannot part without expressing to you our deep sense of obligation. You have given us, without stint, the benefits of your learning and experience, and your intercourse with us has always been marked by the utmost courtesy and consideration. Accept, therefore, in the name of the class, our hearty and unfeigned thanks, and believe me, sirs, we will ever hold *your* names in pleasant and grateful recollection.

FELLOW STUDENTS:

This day witnesses the consummation of hopes long cherished, and the gratification of an ambition long entertained. We have had the honor to day, in the presence of our friends and the public, to be received into the noble brotherhood of physicians. They rejoice at our success, and congratulate us on the happy termination of our student career. In the midst of all this rejoicing, however, a feeling of sadness passes over my mind, and I would linger only a moment at your side. To-day we part, and, though separated in person, we will ever be present in spirit, and the remembrance of you, the many pleasant moments spent in your company, and the frequent manifestations of kind, though unmerited partiality will always be green in my memory.—Farewell.

ADDRESS

OF

R. S. L. WALSH, M. D.,

In behalf of the Alumni Society.

Mr. President and Professors, Members of the Alumni and Graduating Class, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Elected by my society to address you to-day, an honor unmerited, I fear my feeble effort must fall flat upon ears still ringing with the eloquence of my predecessors, and I will consume but a short space of your time.

Once more, Mr. President and Professors, you are assembled to reap the reward of your toil. The tree you planted twenty-two years ago, cultivating and guarding with strictest care, has again borne fruit, and you are here to-day to gather in that annual harvest which rewards and gladdens the heart of the faithful husbandman. This occasion must be pregnant with interest to you. You see beside you a band of youthful warriors, trained and equipped by you, eager to join that grand army already engaged in the lists with disease and death. You see around you older soldiers who have known victory and defeat, still in active service and ready to mount the ramparts at the first sound of alarm. You know that in distant lands others are bravely waging war in the cause of suffering humanity whose eyes will kindle when they notice the proceedings here to-day, and who will send back, on the wings of thought, "God speed ye" in your noble work, as they remember their connection with their Alma Mater. You know that the seed you have sown has not fallen in barren places. It has taken root and grown, until the spreading

branches tell of the parent tree throughout the nations of the world.

Knowing the past you need not hesitate in the future. Avoiding selfish policy, reforming and remodeling when necessary, permitting no element of success to remain unemployed, using all the light that science and experiment are throwing upon our profession, working for the welfare of her students alone, the path of the Medical Department of Georgetown College must lead onward and upward through the years to come.

Under the shadow of your college has grown the society I have the honor to represent. We are young in years, but our organization is complete; receiving from the highest authority, the National Medical Association, all the notice and rights we claim. Around our Alma Mater cluster all our memories of student life. We are identified with her welfare, and we share with you the pleasures of this day. United we are a power, and we must permit no disturbing influences or lack of energy to cramp our usefulness. As the mother looks to her children, so do you expect from us encouragement and support; and, while guarding our distinct organization with a faithful eye, we constitute ourselves your defenders and assistants in all your efforts to further our noble profession.

To you, young gentlemen of the graduating class, I turn with varied emotions. To me has been delegated the power of extending the right hand of fellowship—to welcome you, in the name of my society, into the brotherhood of medicine. We have passed a shorter or longer distance along the road you are about to travel. A greater or smaller number of obstacles upon that vast highway have been overcome; but we remember that all of them were accompanied by difficulties rendering the bravest faint and sick at heart. We were at one time placed as you are now, and we know that you must follow as we have gone. Then let us, here on the threshold of your career, catch from the lamp of experience beams to light you on your way. That the path

you sought could only be gained by close, persistent study, your preliminary training has taught. Now, fully entered upon the race, you will find that to keep from being overthrown or left behind by that great cavalcade which surrounds and follows you, your efforts must be treble what they were.

There are certain great fundamental truths which should be made the groundwork of your professional studies. During the earlier years of your practice, when you have most leisure, you should embrace every opportunity to notice the effect of disease. The *post mortem* will often make that which was veiled and obscure before death, plainly visible, and you will find pathology a most valuable assistant in your physiological studies. Remember, that a correct diagnosis is the sheet-anchor of success; without it, you will be as a ship without compass, a warrior without knowledge of the strength of his foe. If you wish to excel as surgeons, the training ground is the dissecting room. The road often followed is easily found, and to know where to cut will make the hand firm and blade sure, that might otherwise deal trembling destruction to healthy parts. Every college should have this motto emblazoned on its walls: The bedside for the physician; the dissecting room for the surgeon.

The physician's life is one of constant study. Disease is guided by no fixed rules. You may have to unlearn to-morrow that which you learned to-day. The student at law finds his study a vast chart lying open before him. It is a battle ground that has been fought over again and again, and fortifications of precedents and opinions mark the strongholds where he may seek succor and shelter. Age throws around it the shield of oblivion, until customs, so old "that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," become the common law of the land. Not so of medicine. There is scarcely a disease that is not modified by differences of temperament, climatic or other causes, and the routinist who blindly follows precedent may establish one of death. Opinions that our predecessors of fifty years ago deemed infallible

are now discarded and worthless. There is no common law in medicine. You can intrench yourself within no armory of ideas, saying "here are my weapons, come what may, let disease attack from any source or in any form, I am armed and prepared to defeat it." The investigations of a professional brother on the morrow may prove that your boasted weapons are ideal in truth; were but as "daggers of lath." Without close and constant study you can never attain and keep place in the front ranks of your profession. A plausible address, winning manners or "pomp and circumstance" of show may, for a time, attract the multitude. But to obtain the esteem and respect of the good and honest of your profession, which should be your highest aim, there must be, under all, the germs of merit and knowledge. Medicine will permit no flirtation with other pursuits; she is a jealous mistress and will require a rendering of all your time, and the profession will view with a suspicious eye the physician who strays from the beaten path in search of benefits or honors.

Medicine has made such vast strides of late years and our literature has become so voluminous, that it is impossible for the general practitioner to give each branch the attention it merits. The days of gold-headed canes and mystery are over. Hogarth's satirical picture of the quarreling doctors and dying patient is no longer applicable. Our discussions are held in our societies, and our ideas are well digested before they are brought to the bed side. Life is too short for one brain to grasp all that is known of existing disease in its varied forms; and the general practitioner will, in the future, find the specialist attacking and penetrating his weakened line of defence with concentrated ideas from every point.

Not only has our literature increased, but many Colleges have opened their portals to another class of candidates, and bright eyes now beaming approbation upon you, may, before long, be gleaning knowledge from the same pages you have read. It is not intended to discuss female physicians here. Many ladies have had sufficient daring to

essay the experiment, and have met with more or less success; but it is an attempt requiring serious forethought. It is true that in the sick room womanly traits shine brightest. It is there her patience, gentleness, and attention are most strongly developed, but rather as nurse than physician. It is her vocation to cheer and soothe the sufferer through the long hours of pain and despondency; to whisper hope, consolation and rest, and in this way assist the physician in his attack upon disease. Of well educated nurses we have not enough—we cannot have too many. If the Stantons and Anthonys who are preaching female suffrage, and equal privileges in professional honors throughout the land, would but halt in their attempt to drag woman from her proper sphere, and turn their misguided abilities toward a correct system of education, they would do far more for their sex. Let them preach charity and usefulness to their followers—send them into the haunts of poverty and misery, shedding around the rays of comfort where all is black with despair. Let them—

> "Teach the orphan boy to read,
> And teach the orphan girl to sew;
> Pray Heaven for" a womans "heart,
> And let" their mannish ideas "go."

Or let them follow that earthly angel, the sister of charity, in her daily rounds of mercy, and imitating her, they will win purer blessings and brighter laurels than will meet them in a professional career.

The relationship existing between physician and patient is of the most intimate character. He is admitted to the centre of the home circle; its secrets are confided to him, and he is frequently called upon to act the part of friend, comforter and adviser. Often the happiness of families is entrusted to his care. He must find soothing words for mental anguish, as well as opiate drugs for physical pain. Let no temptation permit you to abuse the confidence reposed. The highest sense of honor must guide you here.

Your relation to the public must not be forgotten. It is your duty to prevent disease as well as remove it. The masses are wofully ignorant of the simplest laws of health. Errors in diet, ventilation, dressing and exercise are so abundant that it is a matter of surprise that so many live—not that so many die. It will be your duty to remove this ignorance so far as you may be permitted; to teach the people to think and care for themselves, and how to live, that the fell destroyer may often be baffled in his approach.

The practice of medicine engenders a life of constant toil. Not a day, not an hour can you call your own, and the public, slow to praise, but quick to blame, will sharply censure any fancied slight of duty. Not only will all your energies be severely taxed to defeat disease, but the voice of vain fears and caprice will sorely try your patience and endurance. Ingratitude, stalking by the side of Ignorance, will often hiss reproaches in your ear when, your best endeavors proving of no avail, the flame of life expires. Your greatest efforts will frequently remain unrewarded, and the patient who promised most when his fears were excited, will find his honesty, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing from his fingers' ends as he recovers. And as age approaches, when frosted locks tell that the winter of life is near; the wrinkled brow shows lines of care; the faltering step descends the downward path, and nature speaks by many signs, the "sands of life are nearly run," your hardest toil begins. At sixty the banker no longer reads his ledger's page, but younger eyes may do the work. The warrior, then, retires on his laurels and his scars. The lawyer passes his brief to younger hands. But you will find your work increased. No one can supply your place in the estimation of your patients, and thus, overwork, when rest should be had, combined with exposure, entitles medicine to her place in the list of hazardous professions.

But all is not dark; there are some bright spots amid our toil; some green places, where fountains of sympathy and kindness well up to cheer and refresh us on our road. We

have the happiness of benefitting and relieving the sufferings of our fellow man, and the warm grasp of the hand with the grateful "God bless you, Doctor," make us rejoice that it is our mission to relieve pain.

When the pure statesman and orator has passed away, he whose heart, overflowing with love for his fellow-man, prompted his brain to thoughts that flowed in choicest language from his tongue, until the multitude would laugh or weep beneath his sway; who spread the wings of pity over the oppressed; who dared to fight the tyrant of the hour; who drew the veil from sin, showing her naked horrors to the world until she burned to nothing in the blushes of her shame; who only praised the good in man, a faithful people in-urn the ashes of his memory and store them, safe, within the niche of fame. When at the roll-call of honor the voice of the warrior chief no longer answers to his name, he who rescued his country from the foe, or by brilliant conquests added to her glory and renown, the muffled drum and tramp of armed men tell that a nation marches to the grave. And when, but yesterday, the man of letters dropped his pen, the world wove wreaths of laurel for his tomb. But when the physician falls beneath his foe no roll of drum will tell the tale. For him the laurel wreath is rarely twined, or place supplied within the niche of fame. As quietly as he lived he passes away; a narrow circle mourns his loss; but when the roll-call of honor is heard on high, then will his name be found beside the Good Samaritan's. Then let us

> "So live that when" our "summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,"
> We "go, not like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach" our graves
> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

To you, ladies and gentlemen, who by your presence and

floral offerings, have shown such kind interest in our proceedings, I tender our grateful thanks. Hoping this interest may never lessen, and knowing they could not be placed in better hands, we surrender these young gentlemen to your care and bespeak for them your kind assistance while struggling for a foothold amid the battle of life.

GRADUATES, CLASS OF 1871.

BARNEY, J. W. - - - - San Francisco, Cal.
Inflammation.

BOARMAN, CHAS. V. - - - Washington, D. C.
Pathology and Symptoms of Pulmonary Tuberculosis.

BREEN, JAMES - - - Massachusetts.
Rubeola.

CONOVER, J. C. - - - - New Jersey.
Menstruation.

DAVIS, GEORGE M. - - - Washington, D. C.
Neuralgia.

ECKHARDT, CHAS. H. - - - Pennsylvania.
Intermittent Fever.

FOSTER, F. J. - - - - - New York.
Laryngo-Trachitis.

HAZARD, DAVID L. - - - Washington, D. C.
Anatomy and Pathology of the Tonsils.

HALL, HENRY S. - - - Bangor, Maine.
Fœtal and Adult Liver.

KETCHAM, ORLANDO C. - - Pennsylvania.
Anatomy and Functions of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

LITTLE, JOHN J. - - - Wisconsin.
Anatomy and Functions of the Pneumogastric Nerve.

MOORE, J. B. - - - - - Washington, D. C.
Pneumonitis.

PAGE, R. A. - - - - - Washington, D. C.
Scarlatina.

RODRIGUE, A. - - - - Pennsylvania.
Pleuritis.

SYLVESTER, J. HENRY - - Washington, D. C.
Medical Botany.

WARD, WILLIAM - - - - Maryland.
Erysipelas.

UNDERGRADUATES.

BAKER, CHAS. P.	Portland, Me.
BALL, O. M.	Michigan.
BITTINGER, CHAS.	Washington, D. C.
BOARDMAN, HERBERT	Trumansburg, N. Y.
BOGUE, A. P.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
CLARK, E. B.	Tiffin, Ohio.
COUMBE, J. T.	Washington, D. C.
COWLING, W. W.	Columbus, Ohio.
DONOHUE, FLORENCE	Trumansburg, N. Y.
EATON, J. S. J.	Elkhorn, Wis.
FRANZ, C. F. L.	Washington, D. C.
FRENCH, W. H.	New Hampshire.
GATELY, M. J.	Roscommon, Ireland.
HAZEN, DAVID H.	Belvidere, N. J.
HICKMAN, G. W. VINTON	Baltimore, Md.
KREABLES, THOS. A.	Mystic Bridge, Conn.
KUBEL, EDWARD F.	Bavaria.
LEACH, H. E.	Washington, D. C.
MAJOR, T. E.	Hillsboro', Ohio.
MARTIN, J. LOUIS	Philadelphia, Pa.
MAUSS, RICHARD G.	Covington, Ky.
McCAULEY, J. A.	Washington, D. C.
MILLER, CHAS. H.	Massachusetts.
MINNICK, W. H.	Aaronsburg, Pa.
O'CONNELL, J. C.	Knoxville, Tenn.
OFFUTT, GEO. W.	Georgetown, D. C.
O'LEARY, CHAS. W.	Frederick, Md.
PETTEYS, C. V.	New York.
SCHLEIMER, DAVID	Washington, D. C.
SEYMOUR, B. S.	Pittsburg, Pa.
STRATTAN, J. T.	Strattansville, Pa.
TUCKER, E. M.	Dover, N. H.
WELLS, G. W.	Havre de Grace, Md.
YOUNG, P. G.	Washington, D. C.
HELLER, P. H.	West Virginia.
MACKALL, J. M.	Georgetown, D. C.

Medical Department of Georgetown College.

Twenty-Second Medical Session, 1871-72.

College Building, Corner of Tenth and E Sts.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Professor of Anatomy.

WARWICK EVANS, M. D.,
ROBERTSON HOWARD, M. D., } Demonstrators.

G. L. MAGRUDER, M. D., Prosector.

OSCAR OLDBERG,
Professor of Pharmacy.

The regular Course of Lectures will commence October 3, and terminate the following March.

FEES.—For the Full Course of Lectures, $135; Matriculation, $5; Demonstrator, $10; Graduation, $30. For further particulars address

JOHNSON ELIOT, M. D., DEAN, F St., bet. 6th and 7th.