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ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

Twenty-Eighth Annual Commencement

OF THE

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGETOWN,

BY

PROFESSOR S. C. BUSEY, M. D.,

AND

FRANK J. O'CONNOR, M. D.

MARCH 19, 1877.



WASHINGTON, D. C.:

HENRY L. ROSE, PRINTER, 515, ELEVENTH STREET, S. W.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1877.

DEAR AND RESPECTED PROFESSOR: In behalf of the medical students of Georgetown University we, the undersigned, have the honor of requesting for publication a copy of your address, delivered at our Twenty-Eighth Annual Commencement. Hoping you will gratify us by acceding to our request,

We remain your obedient servants,

THOS. E. MCARDLE,
E. J. WARD,
L. A. FERRY,
Z. MORGAN,
H. CROOK.

SAMUEL C. BUSEY, M. D.,

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1877.

GENTLEMEN: I herewith transmit a copy of my address. Thanking you for the compliment and your kind consideration,

I am, with great respect, yours very truly,

SAMUEL C. BUSEY.

THOS. E. MCARDLE,
E. J. WARD,
L. A. FERRY,
Z. MORGAN,
H. CROOK,
Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1877.

DEAR SIR: We have been requested by our fellow-students to tender you their most sincere thanks for the excellent Valedictory Address delivered by you at the Twenty-Eighth Annual Commencement of the Medical Department, University of Georgetown.

As an evidence of their hearty appreciation we are delegated to request a copy of the same for publication.

With sincere respect, your obedient servants,

THOS. E. MCARDLE,
E. J. WARD,
L. A. FERRY,
Z. MORGAN,
H. CROOK.

FRANK J. O'CONNOR, M. D.,

Valedictorian, Class of '77.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 21, 1877.

GENTLEMEN: Your courteous note of the 20th instant has been received, asking, in behalf of your fellow-students, a copy of the Valedictory Address delivered at the Twenty-Eighth Annual Commencement of the Medical Department, University of Georgetown, for publication.

Thanking you for your consideration, I cheerfully comply with your request.

I remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,

FRANK J. O'CONNOR.

THOS. E. MCARDLE,
E. J. WARD,
L. A. FERRY,
Z. MORGAN,
H. CROOK,
Committee.

ADDRESS
OF
PROF. S. C. BUSEY, M. D.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS :

I congratulate you upon your elevation to the doctorate of medicine, and welcome you to the brotherhood of the medical profession.

With the termination of these exercises our relations as teacher and pupil end. No grief should embitter this separation; no sorrow mar these nuptial ceremonies. Here, in the presence of this splendid galaxy of beauty and loveliness, of friends and companions, assembled as guests and witnesses, where every face is radiant with joy, and every tongue awaits the opportunity to bid you success and happiness, you have assumed newer and higher duties, other and graver responsibilities, and now your alma mater bids me deliver to you her final admonition.

It has become your proud office to tend the fleshly tabernacle of the immortal spirit; to mitigate the pangs and combat the ravages of disease; to alleviate the suffering and solace the sorrows of the afflicted; to restore to health those stricken with disease; to prolong the lives of confirmed invalids, and to free the agony of death from bodily pain, and your path, if rightly followed, will be illumined by unfettered truth and love unfeigned. You must be imbued with the greatness and responsibility of your mission, and your obligations are the more deep and enduring, because your own conscience must be the tribunal to adjudge the penalties of ignorance and neglect. You cannot appease that conscience with the vain dogmas that the responsibility of misguided judgment, and misapplied resource ceases with the individual conviction of right, or that a life sacrificed in the line of duty is no wrong. This question of right or wrong cannot be submitted to the arbitrament of your own conscience, nor dismissed with the complacent declaration of your own opinion of right. The tribunal of justice is at the bar of eternity.

Health is the priceless jewel in the casket of life, and life is the birthright of existence. To your care and skill these will be committed, and, in medicine, "confessedly the most difficult and intricate of the sciences," knowledge is not intuitive. It comes only to the earnest and conscientious seeker, the diligent and unremitting student, the careful and painstaking investigator. The charlatan may acquire by observation and experience, familiarity with the effects of his nostrum or alleged specific, as the gravedigger may acquire expertness and dexterity with his tools. In no trade will mankind rely upon the skill of an untaught workman. In the ordinary avocations of life, in the transactions of business, in the acquisition of wealth and in the attainment of position, the purpose, end or aim sought demands fixedness of purpose, stability and directness of effort, concentration of mind, and the application of every available resource. To these qualities, in the discharge of the duties to which you have, to-night, been betrothed, you should add the highest ideal of personal honor, the most sensitive perception of right and wrong and the quickening influences of a conscience keenly alive to the obligations of christian philanthropy.

You have been commissioned to "go heal the sick." Administer the functions of your office with devotion, steadiness and humanity. "Unite tenderness with firmness, condescension with authority, that you may inspire your patients with gratitude, respect and confidence." Bear in silence your cares, with dignity your responsibility, with humility your disappointments, and with becoming indifference that ingratitude which you will frequently find is the only requital for arduous and self-sacrificing services.

As ministers of hope and comfort you must not draw too sharp a line between health and disease. So long as disease afflicts the human family, so long will there exist antagonism between health and disease, and from the very nature of the circumstances and varying conditions of the faculty of reason as exhibited in different individuals, there must exist antagonism between science and ignorance. Disease begets caprice, fosters discontent, exaggerates eccentricities, clouds the mind, perverts the reason and masks the judgment. The charlatan, often with consummate tact and adroitness, appeals to the invalid with faculties thus affected, and the marvel is, not that so many yield to the captivating promises of speedy relief, but that so many escape the injurious and attractive appliances which injure their health and not unfrequently destroy their lives.

As conscientious arbiters you must determine the significance of the symptoms, be they real or imaginary, and apply the remedy, be it the comforting assurance of harmlessness or the application of appropriate agents. Few are willing to accept the confident assurance of returning health without the employment of remedies, and fewer still will bear with patience the painful processes of disease while the physician abjures remedies and fosters confidence with verbal assurances. The incompetent will strike at random with a multitude of agents and conceal their ignorance under the accidental adaptation of their formulæ. Some will be impressed with an assumed devotion; others with a grotesqueness of manner; another will be won by winning smiles and a graceful address, but after all the surest road to success will be through the diligent acquisition of knowledge and the faithful discharge of responsible duties.

Hold inviolate the secrets of the sick chamber. As the trusted friend and confidant, the foibles, frailties and faults of human nature, the privacies of domestic life, the infirmities of temper and the defects of character will be intrusted to your keeping.

Now that I have delivered to you the last injunction with which your alma mater charged me, come with me into the open field of labor, that I may exhibit to you the rugged path of duty, and picture some of the scenes of coming trials and responsibilities.

Go with me to the chamber of the dying father. He has wealth and position and is surrounded by all the comforts of life, his home is amidst admiring friends, who delight to honor him, and to listen to his council. His humanity and benevolence have gladdened many sorrowing hearts. No one in need ever appealed in vain to his charity, and, now, in the zenith of his career, in the pride of his manhood he is stricken down with disease and his wasting frame and declining strength mark its fearful progress, and portend a speedy dissolution. Remedy after remedy has failed. The faithful physician stands firmly at his post of duty; there is no lack of resource, no stinting of means, no indirectness of purpose, no frivolous pretext to escape responsibility, no unwillingness to confess a failure. He is prompt in conclusion, ready in expedient, decisive in application, but it all avails nothing. That doubt, which so often stimulates to renewed effort, and lingers long as a wise and faithful counselor has yielded to the inexorable reality. The children, who as duty called them, had gone forth

into the world, have been summoned back to the homestead. The legal advisor has transacted his last official duty, and departed; the beloved pastor has administered the final consolations of religion, and yet the dying man, still clinging to life, appeals with hope for relief and safety to his medical attendant. The wife, who has so tenderly nursed him and with so much sympathy and anxiety watched over him by day and night, true to her womanly nature and affection, has, until now, failed to realize his hopeless condition, and, now, stricken with grief, crushed beneath the contemplation of the hour, leans upon his arm for help, assistance, courage and hope. The daughter whose young bosom has known no sorrow, whose joyous life has been one uninterrupted scene of pleasure, to whom the pallor of death and the grief of the death chamber have been strangers, now, subdued with terror and affliction, comes, with her bosom heaving with sorrow and her heart aching with anguish, and implores him, as only a daughter can, to arrest the direful malady and restore to health the sinking man, and the stalwart son, who has stood unmoved amidst the carnage and havoc of contending armies, now, in broken accents, enquires if the Father must die? Sympathizing friends stand near, the man of God still awaits the departure of the spirit, all, all are bowed in grief, but in all that company, there is one unmoved by the scene around, one whose emotions must not be seen, whose trembling voice must not loose its tone, whose courage must not falter, whose self-possession must not yield under the responsibilities of the hour. To him alone the sick man appeals for aid, on his skill alone the sorrowing friends and relatives base all hope. Experience has taught him that life, though trembling on the brink of the grave, may be rescued, and he spares no effort, exhausts every resource, in the faithful discharge of his duty, until the last faint glimmer of life has gone and the Father lies motionless and silent in death.

Now vary the scene. It is the young girl, just budding into womanhood that is stretched upon the bed of sickness. She has been reared in luxury. Every whim has been indulged, every caprice fostered. She is devoted to fashion, to the vanities and frivolities of life, has been petted, courted, spoiled—is wayward, selfwilled and perverse. The venerable brother, who has watched over her from her infancy, and so often ministered to her relief is neither obeyed nor respected, and now, after all the precursory symptoms—the first mutterings of the coming storm have been un-

heeded and neglected, the disease has gained the mastery. The anxious mother and indulgent father, no longer willing to bear the responsibility, hastily call the family physician. The wayward girl—though prostrated by disease and its accompanying and agonizing pains, is peevish, irritable, impatient of restraint, cannot bear her sufferings with becoming composure and will not submit to the measures deemed conducive to her comfort and demanded by every consideration of duty. Neither the gentle wooings of an affectionate mother, the stern will of an indulgent father, now aroused to the exigencies of the occasion, nor the patient forbearance of the venerable brother can infuse into her stubborn nature a proper appreciation of the obligations resting upon her, nor impress her feverish intellect with the impending peril. Through many weary days and nights he watched by her side, but not until the failing powers of life and the wasted physique have reduced her to helplessness, when resistance yields to necessity and the terrors of eternity appal her, will she listen to his counsel and submit to his discipline. Thus conquered by her fears she is brought to the full realization of her dependent and perilous condition, and then, and then only is she moved to acknowledge her error and to express her gratitude. But with restored health and returning vigor the same inflexible will, the same profligate demands upon her constitution, the same disregard of the laws of nature and of health, the same love of self-indulgence and gratification of the tastes and caprices of her frail nature recur with all their original embarrassments. Neither a sense of duty to herself, nor the entreaties of the loved ones at home, the warnings of the doctor, nor the progressive inroads of disease can divert her from the pursuit of her pleasures and their attending evils.

Again the picture is changed. That generous and gifted young man, whose noble impulses, manly bearing, exemplary habits and powers of mind have made him conspicuous among his comrades, and gave promise of so brilliant a future, to-day has partaken of the tempting cup, at the invitation of a friend, to-morrow he repeats to warm his chilled body, at another time to correct the opposite condition; again, to obviate the dangers from some indiscretion in diet and then to stimulate his desponding spirits. It soon comes to satisfy every need however contrary and opposite. It is the panacea for all bodily infirmities and all mental disturbances. It arrests disease, invigorates the body, solaces disappointment, drives

away dull care, stimulates the imagination, revives the flagging sensibilities, and, like sleep, "is wearied nature's sweet restorer." These are its beauties and its charms. What are its vices, its evil sequences? Shall I point you to the criminal records, the prisoner's cell? No, there is no need of that, neither is there that I should tell you those noble impulses are all transformed into brutal passions, that that manly mien is sadly changed and that those high aspirations have been changed into bitter despair, all these and many more evidences of its sad effects and devastating influences you can witness, any day, in the hovels of the poor, in the haunts of the wicked, and in the gilded saloons of *our* gay and fashionable city. For its accompanying ailments he seeks our counsel, but refuses our advice. He appeals for a substitute to slake his debased thirst and to appease his cravings, and scorns the science which affords no protection from the pains of his self-indulgence—no immunity from the inevitable consequences of his evil tastes and passions. The trembling hand, the faltering voice, the bloated form, the declining health, the unsteady gait, the sleepless nights, the enfeebled intellect are with him the evidences of his needs, not the consequences of his vice, and he seeks relief in renewed potations. At last the shock so long delayed, of which he has been so often admonished comes, and the terrible spectacle is presented of a human being divested of reason, with perverted senses and a form writhing in convulsed and disordered power. In this condition he is committed to our care. He sees in the glorious sunlight of noonday the consuming flame of eternal perdition, in the moving shadows of his dimly lighted room the grim and ghastly spirits "of comrades gone before, who have come back to steal away his craven soul, in the person of our patient brother, the evil demon who haunts his dreams and consumes his flesh, and he hears in the gentle voices of forgiving friends the trumpets of fiends without marshaling to his rescue. Behold the monster man—see his glistening eye reflecting the fury of his phrenzied brain; listen to his unhallowed imprecations, to his trembling utterances of the coarse and vulgar language of the brothel; see his cowardly spirit, now gloating over the fancied triumphs of his valor, now cowering under the firm will of his attendant. It were better, perhaps, that the emasculated form should go to the grave, but an immortal soul is at stake and the life is committed to our brother's care. He dare not turn away from the horrid scene, he

cannot abandon his trust, he cannot seek repose in the quiet of his own home and leave the life to chance. The mortal man and immortal spirit are for the time in his keeping and he cannot divest himself of the hope that restored health may bring with it reformed habits. Through proper aid and diligent care the sick man slumbers in restored consciousness. Now, listen to his plaintive and persistent abjurations—to his penitent confessions of the woeful depravity—to his solemn but insincere renunciation of the vice. But I cannot follow him through all the trials his life imposes upon our profession. His comrades deny complicity in his degradation, his friends excuse his weakness, and he appeals to us for relief from the many ills which afflict his declining life.

It is night, the earth is covered with darkness; the starry heavens are obscured by the storming elements; the busy marts are deserted; the wearied laborer has gone to his home; all animated nature is seeking repose and rest in peaceful sleep. How is it with us? Some lingering doubt disturbs our quiet; some anxious fear renews recollections of the sad past; the body is weary with the labors of the day and the mind ill at ease. That young couple in yonder home are aroused from their happy sleep by the sudden and alarming illness of their first born, and the messenger goes hurriedly for the physician father. No bodily infirmity can excuse him, no faltering will can waive the responsibility. He must brave the storm, forget himself; duty commands him. Love for his profession impels him onward to the scene of suffering. The little sufferer speaks to him only in the language of disease. There is no time for deliberation, no opportunity for careful study, the young life, in the agony of its first experience, appeals not for commiseration and sympathy, but for that relief, which, as the instrument of mercy, he alone can give. Whether that sinless soul shall go to the realms of bliss or stay to suffer more, has not been left to him to determine, but the resulting issue, life or death, is intrusted to his care and skill. It lives and reposes in peace and quiet in its mother's arms, and on the morrow its playful innocence and merry gratitude will fill the measure of his recompense. If it should die, that doubt, which has so often been the monitor of his skill and yielded to success, may linger on the painful apprehension of error and foster the keen sensibilities of his grief. The melancholy emblem draping the door-knob is the pang of his sorrow—the memorial of his responsibility.

To-day our city, remarkable for the healthfulness and salubrity of its climate, is free from any prevalent epidemic and its peaceful citizens are directing their energies to the development of its resources, adding to its comforts, its conveniences and its luxuries. Amid the bustle, confusion and turmoil of business, when all seem striving, each in his own sphere, for the good of the whole, the physician is quietly, without ostentation, pursuing his mission of benevolence and philanthropy, unobserved and unheeded save by the afflicted few. How many reveling in health, engrossed in the acquisition of wealth, or drinking deep of the pleasures and gaieties of society, have forgotten that health and life, may be sacrificed by some trivial indiscretion. How many scorn, rather than accept the admonitions of antecedent ailments—deride rather than applaud the unselfish suggestions of the profession—denounce rather than obey the established laws of health—reject rather than follow advice which imposes restraint upon the gratification of tastes and which prescribes a limit to the indulgencies and excesses of life. Health, unconscious of its frail and uncertain tenure laughs at medicine, acquiring assurance in its temporary immunity, sneers at science, and in its joy and pleasure grows fearless of disease. Who knows how soon the scourge may come? To-morrow's mail may bring the news of some terrible pestilence decimating a neighboring city. As it advances step by step, spreading from city to village, from village to hamlet, from hamlet to town, it drives before it multitudes of people, stricken with terror and appalled at its fatality, and in that moving and frightened throng you will see clergymen and lawyers, authors and artists, merchants and tradesmen, all professions and employments save one—the physician, he is not there—his duty is in the midst of the pestilence, not in the throng fleeing before it. When it reaches our city, comes directly to our homes; how soon the scene will change. In the midst of the suffering, pestilence and death, our profession becomes pre-eminently the friend of mankind. The valiant in health will then be suppliants for protection—the brave in security will cower before the dreaded disease and the physician then achieves the true dignity of his mission—the glorious sublimity of his office.

Stop a moment here by the way-side, at the home of the widowed mother and of these orphan children. A profligate father and a brutal husband has squandered her patrimony and the law in satisfaction of its just demands, has reduced her to penury and want. To feed and clothe these little children—to live an honest and virtuous

life she has yielded to inexorable necessity, taxed her feeble strength beyond its power, and now, exhausted and worn is laid upon the bed of sickness. No pecuniary consideration moves the medical man to minister to her wants. Charity, benevolence, duty, are the impulses which prompt him. Noble profession! How pure and unselfish its aims; "the servant of the ministry; the handmaid of religion. He who would become a true physician, in the elevated and comprehensive signification of the term, must surely attain to the great dignity of a christian hero, for the path that leads to this high goal is through self-denial and an unreserved devotion to the care of the sick." Ghouls, harpies and vampires may wear his title and usurp his place even as the false prophet "steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in;" but they feast upon the credulity of the ignorant only. They are never found in the haunts of poverty, speaking words of comfort and administering to the bodily needs of those stricken with disease. The nobility of our profession, recognizes no nationality, no creed, no condition of life. It is founded on the broad basis of christian philanthropy. It unfurls its banner and marches to the fulfilment of its mission of love and mercy, heedless of reward—unmindful of everything but duty. It is neither swayed by the formalities of society, nor dismayed by the convulsions of popular sentiment.

A few words more and I am done—do not forget that you are only at the threshold of your profession—would you be successful you must continue unceasingly to study, would you achieve fame, study must be your watchword; would you be worthy of the high calling you have chosen, study must fill your every moment. In the wide domain of useful and dignified employments there is none—no not one—in which the field before the student is so broad, so ever extending in its horizon. Erect for yourself an ideal of achievement, and steadily march towards it, so shall it be that we who here tonight welcome you at the gates of the temple, will in the future be among your proudest admirers when you shall have reached that distinction in its council which you will then have deserved. And now, with heartfelt wishes for your happiness and success, I bid you God speed.

ADDRESS
OF
FRANK J. O'CONNOR, M. D.

Valedictorian, Class of 1877.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The ceaseless flight of time has assembled us, within the portals of our alma mater for the last occasion of our meeting, as fellow students in the ancient and honorable science of medicine.

To-day we relinquish the sombre college halls and the happy and binding associations of our student life for the more imperative duties and responsibilities connected with the practice of medicine. We are truly at the commencement of our professional career; looking with blissful ignorance upon the numerous trials and hardships we may meet in our course.

Many before me on such occasions have said farewell, and doubtless many of the audience have heretofore been summoned to inaugurate the predecessors from our revered and time-honored University. Now we are the actors on the stage, in a scene that is presented, and in which we can figure, as students, but once in our lives. It is the culmination of years of hard, unremitting study and concern in endeavoring to acquire the great truths and principles of medicine.

The origin of medicine is wrapped in mystery and fable, or surrounded by a bright halo of romance and sentiment. The ancients regarded it as a divine art, born of the gods, enveloped in poesy, Niads, Nymphs, Fauns and Satyrs, the creations of the classic mythology and epics of the Greeks and Latins. Our pagan forefathers believed that through the beauty, fascination and allurements of Pandora and her unwonted influence over Epimetheus, that disease and its attendant ills escaped from a casket—sent to earth by an indignant god.

Medicine and Surgery with man in his pristine vigor was neces-

sarily confined to the dressing and binding of the wounds received in the chase and battle, for ravaging diseases were probably then unknown. Later the Greeks sang lofty and laudatory strains of the greatness, wisdom and usefulness of the sons of Æsculapius, and

" All to the great physician came,
By summer's heat, or winter's cold
Oppressed, of him they sought relief.
Each deadly pang his skill controlled
And found a balm for every grief."

Our profession was primitively practised by heads of families, chiefs of tribes, and afterwards became attached to the sacerdotal office. But as time wore on, increasing necessities demanded that it be distinct and that it occupy the entire lives of the individuals who espoused it, and that those whose office it was to promote health and cure disease should be separated from the ancient philosophers, astrologers and theologians whose duties at that time embraced everything.

The doctrines of the Brahmins, Hebrews, Arabians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, represent our profession, considered in the light of the present day, to have been clouded by dogmas and empiricisms, this was due to the imperfect knowledge of the physical and chemical conditions which now undoubtedly show, that man, the highest perfection of nature, is controlled by the same correlation of forces which govern nature as a whole.

The human organism, mental and physical, is most difficult to comprehend, and hence arise the obstacles which have always surrounded the efforts of scientific investigators and physicians to search out the forces producing life and the causes of the resultant, death.

The progress of medicine was slow until the superstitious element of education which regarded man's body as sacred as his soul, was eliminated by the anatomical discoveries of the celebrated Italian, DeLuzzi, the first to make *post-mortem* examinations of the human body. Although the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were enlightened by the discoveries of a Harvey, a Hunter, an Ambrose Pare and a galaxy of others almost equally eminent, there was a deficiency of anatomical, physiological and pathological knowledge, which rendered medicine unsatisfactory in its results until the present century. The metaphysical modes of accounting for and treating disease have been replaced by materialistic views

upon which the science now stands. As theories have been dispelled by scientific investigation, so has the science advanced; the world regards the physician as a philosopher, and accords to him the respect and position which is so justly his due.

Physiology has pointed out a minute particle of protoplasm common alike to the fungus, the oak, worm or man, as the essential basis of physical life "an atom that could not live unless it died." Scientists would trace up life, age after age, century after century, in regular progressive development, gradually evolved from "monad to man." But the truth or falsity of this hypothesis I shall not discuss.

Science in modern times has assumed a position, dazzling in its height, often surpassing the most fanciful dreams of speculative philosophy. Who an hundred years ago would dare think of the possibility of determining the elements of the sun. Yet now the spectroscope breaks up its most shadowy rays and imprints in decided characters its intimate *constituents*. This powerful instrument has now been made to search out the most lurking poisons in the blood itself.

Amid all this astounding progress and advancement in the arts and sciences, amid all these grand creations of the human mind, Medicine and Surgery, the highest and most beneficent of all, has kept pace with and has been advanced by them. Turn where we may to any of the grand divisions of this illimitable domain, and there we will find its minutest details stamped with the same onward strides. Chemistry reduces the organ to its intimate and rudimentary elements. It traces, step by step, all their vital changes, and illustrates with unerring evidence the presence of poisons and fell disease, and then furnishes the most potent remedies to alleviate. Anatomy exhibits the mechanism in its structure, plan and relations. Physiology, by mechanical and chemical researches, teaches the normal functions of the organism and detects the departure from health. Pathology, in the dead-house, marshals in stern array the hidden monster that had accomplished its end, by sapping to dryness life's vitals. Over all stands Therapeutics with her balms to palliate human misery.

The physician of to-day commands powerful means of diagnosis which were as a closed book to his predecessors of a century past. The microscope has made great revelations in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and effectually exploded the theories and

dogmas which for centuries had trammelled progress; and its lustre has supplemented visible facts, laid freely open to the eye of the industrious investigator. The sphygmograph writes in unmistakable language of a heart fettered by disease. The thermometer marks in its definite curves with marvelous delicacy and precision the name and progress of destructive fevers. The stethoscope maps out the extent and intensity of affections of the chest. The ophthalmoscope searches out the hidden recesses of the human eye; while the laryngoscope mirrors the organs of the voice—these with others, as the endoscope and otoscope, lend to him almost miraculous powers.

As our noble country celebrates her first centennial epoch, she finds herself advancing with rapid bounds in the sciences, notwithstanding her infancy and the number of able minds that are snatched up in the vortex of politics. In the old world, where position and power are mostly a legacy, and where the less fortunate have not this temptation, a greater number of masterly intellects apply themselves to the sciences as a laudable source of fame. Yet it was reserved for America to develop the towering genius which first chained electricity and steam to the car of subserviency and usefulness, agents that have completely changed the aspect of the world and set at naught time and space, doing thus so much to make science cosmopolitan.

Anæsthesia, the great medical discovery of modern times, the highest boon that has ever been accorded to the physical welfare of man, is American. The philosopher had searched the arcana of nature for its discovery; the philanthropist had yearned for its coming, and poets had prophetically announced it, yet it was reserved for a citizen of Massachusetts to herald it to the world. It has revolutionized surgery, and completely annihilated pain and suffering, enabling the surgeon to perform hitherto unthought of operations while the patients revel in dreamland, unconscious of his ordeal. It has forever silenced the agonizing shriek in the surgical amphitheatre, stilled the moan of the wounded or dying soldier upon the battle-field, softened and lent a sweet oblivion to death.

In medicine America holds a proud place among the nations of the globe; her physicians and surgeons are known, respected and honored by the most renowned of the profession of the old world; her institutions are recognized and her literature is everywhere found and consulted.

Since medicine began to be based upon close investigation and scrutiny, aided by the powerful adjuncts, physiology, chemistry, microscopy and the other auxiliary sciences, and since the cloud of mystery that in the olden time enveloped it, has been dispelled and each and every practitioner has become an anxious and industrious collector of facts; it has had one continued ascent to the exalted station which it now occupies. Everywhere patient ardent investigators are engaged in unraveling the vital mysteries of health and disease; they delve deeper down in the mines of knowledge, and each year is brought forth and held up glittering and sparkling gems, more great indeed than alchemy's idealism had even formed.

Sanitary medicine has now reached the basis and perfection of a science. At a period not long past the people would not dare pervert the will of Providence in endeavoring to stay the ravages of epidemics. But this has all passed away; civilization has aroused the masses to the appreciation of the fact, that it is their duty not only to prevent, but to stamp out such scourges.

The treatment of psychological derangements is greatly improved; no longer are our hospitals for the insane, the terrifying mad-houses of years gone by; no longer are the poor mortals whose reason has been dethroned regarded as devils incarnate.

It is true that we cannot turn aside the divine decree, that man shall die. Nevertheless we can render life happier, often defer the sentence to mature old age, and when it does approach, can rob it of its terrors. We have not filled the measure that God or man enjoins, as long as disease remains to be healed or pain relieved. There has been a brilliant past, but we can still look forward to a brighter future and hope for better things yet to come in the age of medical progress.

HONORED PRESIDENT:

Having confided to our keeping through the authority intrusted to our renowned university, by the laws of the land, the decree which commissions us to go forth and heal the sick, your decision warrants the hope that we have fully merited the trust. We pledge ourselves by all our most earnest endeavors and undivided attention to elevate, and to preserve in sacred reverence the high standard of the college.

We are but the instruments in the hands of Him whose

benevolence and goodness has granted to us the acquirements and revealed to our minds the mysteries which enable us to ameliorate the miseries of our fellow man, and when we have gone to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne,
No traveller returns."

may we merit the approbation of that supreme intellect which governs all.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY :

Your labor for us is done, you have judged us fitted to, at least commence to, grapple with disease in its protean phases. Faithfully have we listened to your instructions, judicious advice, and timely warning as you led us through the winding and dark pathways of the mysteries of the healing art, till the light of knowledge burst in growing radiance upon us.

More than a quarter of a century ago our honored and venerable professors emeriti established our college, and through their indefatigable zeal and care sustained it through its infancy. Season after season did they labor on, never tiring of their task, until accumulating years admonished them that their days as teachers were finished; then casting off the armor in the evening of life, with these exercises of last year they retired; bearing upon their brows deserved crowns as the reward for the long years spent in their humane and illustrious vocation. You, as their successors, have entered most perfectly prepared, vigorous and braced for the task and have assumed their onerous duties. From your experience of the course just ended you have vividly impressed upon your minds the assiduity and perseverance required to teach the beginner to slip the elements of his profession. The laudable and splendid manner in which you have begun augers a most successful future to the college. May the memory of our friendly association never be effaced.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JUNIOR CLASS :

For years we have met daily in the most intimate companionship, with mutual joys and expectations, following the same course endeavoring to reach the same goal. The life of the medical student under the most favorable circumstances, is monotonous and uneventful; but it is nevertheless a period of great anxiety and labor. The more earnest and successful the student, the more fully he comprehends the vastness of the field before him, and the

necessity for careful, thorough study and accurate knowledge in all that relates to the science and practice of medicine. Fortunately, the first recognition of professional acquirements and reward for the years of toil comes upon commencement day in a public and gratifying manner. Few persons but those who have been medical students and who have struggled for and won the coveted honor—a medical diploma—can appreciate the earnest endeavor for the prize, the apprehension of the green room, or the joy the reward brings to the young doctor. Still, it is full of happiness and pleasure to the true student as day by day is unfolded to him some new truth, some grand discovery which before was a blank.

Always bear in mind that there is “no royal road” to the higher walks of the profession, only true industry can ever succeed; remember that

“Talent, like sunshine on a cultivated soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.”

Then with these ceremonies our relations as students must cease. You will fill the chairs made vacant by our departure and will carry upon your shoulders our college fears and cares. Although we have preceded you by a short time, when other years roll around, you will amid these pleasing surroundings pass, as we will have done, to the stern theatre of life.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

To day must now be broken the golden threads which have entwined us in our common pursuit as students in the acquirement of the science which has for its object, to dull the sickle of disease and death and to assuage the pang of pain.

We go forth adventurers into a deceitful and illusive world, where honor waives its fictitious banner, where wealth displays its most impressive charms and pleasure spreads her alluring banquets. Even now the scene brightens as we approach it, and happiness with her favoring but deceitful smile, beckons us on. All this we must banish as the spectre of the mountain vanishes with the mists dispelled. They are but the dreams of unsuspecting youth, too often never realized.

We enter upon our grand and noble profession in a progressive age, when we find hoarded up for our study and advancement the accumulations of the life labors of the thousands of good, honorable and zealous men who have devoted their entire lives to the dis-

covery of the truths that would tend to the relief and amelioration of that penalty which it has been man's misfortune to inherit. You will not, like the statesman or orator, as an award for your labors receive the clamorous and ephemeral applause of a people reveling on the very summit of health, beauty and happiness. But often as you allay the sting of disease, or smooth the pillow of death, you will meet with many heartfelt thanks that will preserve their freshness and make indelible imprints against the ravages of time.

There is opened to us a new life of unremitting toil, of harassing duties, and one that will cause many a self-sacrifice, but rest not until you have achieved the foremost rank in your profession. Let your main object in life be, to be useful and honorable members of your chosen calling, useful to humanity by your skill, kindness and integrity, useful to your profession by carefully preserving its time-honored customs and laws, and by always being on the alert to add some new fact to the common store of knowledge. Guard with care the sacred office with which you are clothed, as often upon your honor will depend the most important temporal interests of humanity. Although we are not sworn as of old by the Hippocratic Oath, you must nevertheless keep it strictly inviolable. Therefore be always a most jealous guardian of the implicit confidence intrusted to you.

With diligence, application and energy, you can not fail to attain the confidence and esteem of the community. You should devote yourselves as true students for life, as only such heroic devotion deserves success.

To night we are called upon to bid adieu to our worthy professors, to our pleasant associations, and to one another. We have met to reciprocate our commingled joys and sorrows; parting sympathies and the severing ties of duty and friendship admonish us that our pupilage is ended. Now our real life begins, but remember that our study ends only with our lives.

From hence our paths diverge; may the recollection of our happy student life be always a pleasant one, and when old Father Time has whitened our locks and wrinkled our brows, may we look back with our present freshness to our grand old college days, to our alma mater, and the winter of '76-'77 as the bright beacon lights which had illumined our pathways through life.

Graduates, Class of 1877.

O'CONNOR, F. J. Washington, D. C.
Thesis: Morbus Brightii.

HAZEN, W. P. C. Pennsylvania.
Thesis: Acute Pleuritis.

*The following gentlemen have passed a satisfactory examination in
Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica and Chemistry.*

TIMMINS, P. J. Boston, Mass.

MORGAN, E. L. Washington, D. C.

Officers of Junior Class.

WARD, E. J. President.

TIMMINS, P. J. Vice-President.

ADAMS, S. S. Secretary.

McARDLE, T. E. Treasurer.

Matriculants, 1876-77.

ADAMS, A. W.	New York.
ADAMS, M. P.	New York.
ADAMS, S. S.	Washington, D. C.
BRANDEBURG, L. A.	Ohio.
CARAHER, J. V.	England.
CARROL, J. J.	Maryland.
CARROLL, PHILIP	New York.
CROOK, H.	Maryland.
EDSON, J. P.	Ohio.
FERRY, L. A.	Ohio.
GOSS, E. C.	South Carolina.
HAZEN, W. P. C.	Pennsylvania.
HOLT, G. H.	New York.
JESSOP, S. S., M. D.	U. S. A.
LEWIS, J. P.	New Hampshire.
MARTIN, JAS.	Washington, D. C.
McARDLE, T. E.	Washington, D. C.
McCOY, W. K.	Indiana.
McVARY, S. A.	Washington, D. C.
MOREHEAD, J. K.	
MORGAN, E. L.	Virginia.
MORGAN, ZACH. R.	Maryland.
MUZZY, A. M.	New York.
O'CONNOR, F. J.	Washington, D. C.
OSGOOD, M. J.	Maine.
POOL, M. B. G.	Virginia.
POTTER, GEO.	Maine.
RIDDELLE, P. S.	Virginia.
SELBY, W. H.	Washington, D. C.
SMILLIE, T. W.	Maryland.
STORY, EDW.	Mississippi.
TIMMINS, P. J.	Ireland.
TAYLOR, THOMAS	Washington, D. C.
WARD, E. J.	Maryland.
WLADIMER, SEBIAKIN-ROSS	Russia.

Faculty.

REV. P. F. HEALY, S. J.,

President of the University of Georgetown.

NOBLE YOUNG, M. D.,

*Emeritus Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, Medical Ethics
and President of the Faculty.*

FLODOARDO HOWARD, M. D.,

Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Infants.

JOHNSON ELIOT, M. D.,

Emeritus Professor of Surgery, and Professor of Clinical Surgery.

JAMES E. MORGAN, M. D.,

Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Medical Jurisprudence.

SAMUEL C. BUSEY, M. D.,

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

FRANCIS A. ASHFORD, M. D.,

Professor of Surgery.

JOSEPH TABOR JOHNSON, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Infants.

CARL H. A. KLEINSCHMIDT, M. D.,

Professor of Physiology.

WILLIAM H. ROSS, M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

DANIEL J. KELLEY, M. D.,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

W. H. TRIPLETT, M. D.,

Professor of Anatomy.

CHARLES E. HAGNER, M. D.,

Professor of Clinical Medicine.

CHARLES V. BOARMAN, M. D.,

Demonstrator of Anatomy.

JOHN WALTER, M. D.,

Prosector to the Chair of Anatomy.

Summer School.

FACULTY.

CHARLES E. HAGNER, M. D.,

Lecturer upon Diseases of the Respiratory Organs and Laryngoscopy.

P. J. MURPHY, A. M., M. D.,

Lecturer upon Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs.

JAMES S. BEALE, M. D.,

Lecturer upon Minor Surgery and Surgical Appliances.

* * * * *

Lecturer upon the Anatomy and Physiology of the Female Pelvic Organ.

