

Green (H)

THE PROSPECTIVE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE  
IN AMERICA :

A

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Graduating Class

AT THE

FIRST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

NEW-YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE.

BY

HORACE GREEN, A. M., M. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE FACULTY, AND PROFESSOR OF THEORY AND  
PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

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*New-York*, March 11th, 1851.

DEAR SIR :

At a meeting of the Graduates and Students of the New-York Medical College, held this day, the undersigned were appointed a committee for the purpose of soliciting for publication a copy of your eloquent and patriotic Address, delivered on the 28th ult., at the Annual Commencement of the above-named Institution.

Requesting an early compliance with our wishes, we beg to subscribe ourselves your grateful friends,

And are yours truly,

B. J. D. IRWIN, M. D., N. Y.

JAMES ROSS, M. D., N. Y.

JOHN O'CONNOR, M. D., GA.

A. H. SNEED, M. D., GA.

CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, N. Y.

M. G. GILLIGAN, M. D., N. Y.

JAMES HIBBEN, JR., S. C.

HENRY ISHAM, M. D., CT.



*New-York*, March 15, 1851.

GENTLEMEN :

I have received, considered, and hereby comply with your request.

I am, Gentlemen,

Very Respectfully, yours,

HORACE GREEN.

To B. J. D. IRWIN, M. D.,

JAMES ROSS, M. D., and others.



# ADDRESS.

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GENTLEMEN :

Having now spent many weeks in intimate and agreeable union, we imparting, and you receiving the elements of medical knowledge, we are now called to separate. You, the firstlings of this institution and the corner-stone of our hopes, go forth, as conservators and restorers of public health, to practise the precepts you have here learned.

During the curriculum which now closes, we, your instructors, have had frequent occasion to refer to the great medical lights in the European firmament, not only to those whose earthly career has closed, as Hunter, Bell, Cooper, Larry, Bichat, Magendie, and Corvisart, but to many now on the stage, as Brodie, Carpenter, Clark, Forbes, Louis, and Velpeau.

On the other hand, we have been led to mention the names of not a few stars in our profession, who, though shining this side the Atlantic, are yet worthy of European fame.

At the present day the proportion of American names referred to, in a medical course, is much larger than at the period when we who now teach, were among the instructed ; and I am persuaded that the American proportion will still more and more increase, till the relation between the Old World and the New, shall be, no

longer that of dependence and patronage, but of equality and independence. Accordingly, I invite your attention, and that of this audience, to several considerations which indicate to my mind that our profession, in all its branches, is destined to make great advances in this country, and that the day is yet coming when we shall not only have returned an equivalent for all we have received from the professional savans of Europe, but shall, moreover, in our turn, take the lead in the progressive march of the Science of Medicine.

I am led to believe that advancement in the healing art, in our country, will be more and more, when I survey our *progress in other arts*.

Those arts which promote material well-being were naturally in a new country first developed; and in all these arts which, though satirically called *beaverish*, by Carlyle, are pre-requisites to liberal culture, we are unsurpassed. For ages our sailing vessels have been unrivalled. As to the use of steam, in virtue of Fitch and Fulton, a myriad miles of Railroad we traverse, and as many steamers as all the world beside, a distinguished foreigner has declared, steam the "American element." With regard to labor-saving machinery of all sorts, we have adopted none which we have not improved; and most improvements that have been recently introduced into English manufactories, are confessed by English writers to be of American invention. The records of our Patent Office present a list of inventions without a parallel; and not a few most ingenious devices that we think European, would be found to be of domestic origin, did not lack of capital or encouragement at home, often drive our inventors abroad in quest of means of realizing their ideals. The "London Times," a Journal which has few predilections in our favor, admits that our last census shows "an instance of material and industrial

development unparalleled in the annals of nations." May we not therefore hope that our compatriots will be, if not the first, yet among the first of the competitors, of the approaching world's exhibition in the mammoth "Crystal Palace."

But I pass to our progress in what may be deemed the higher arts. Our penitentiaries, as well as our asylums for the insane, the blind, and the helpless of every name, have been inspected by foreign experts, and have taught them lessons. Our toleration, or rather equality of all sects, our representative system, our Statesmen, as Calhoun, Clay, and Webster; our Generals, as Taylor, Jackson and Scott; our Common Schools, and common *people*, have extorted the admiration of the most appreciative judges throughout the earth.

Moreover, it is now no time to ask who reads an American book? Since we can boast in Law, of Marshall and Story; in Divinity, of Edwards and Chauncey; in History, of Prescott and Bancroft; in Lexicography, Webster and Robinson; in Philology, Gallatin and Duponceau; in Fiction, Cooper; in Poetry, Bryant and Longfellow; and as a favorite of all the Muses, our classic Irving.

Who of us believes that Medicine, in any of its departments, will prove, as here developed, an exception to the rule which we have seen to prevail in other arts, whether mechanical or intellectual? In the progress which I behold on every side, at home and abroad—and from which I cannot go more than from the earth under my feet, or the heaven over my head,—I read cheering omens of good things in store for my own chosen art.

The profession of Medicine will make progress in our country because of our *commercial and eclectic character*. We are to-day the second among commercial nations; we shall soon be the first; for our country is the key-

stone of an arch formed by the earth—embracing oceans on the east and west. By reason of our Commerce we shall *know* every corner of the earth more intimately than will other nations; and we shall know the more since we are inquisitive to a proverb.

Our art is a mosaic, composed of fragments that have been brought together from the four winds of commerce. The East Indies have given us our Croton Oil, the Japanese Acupuncturation, the Arabians the use of Mercury, the Turks Inoculation, the Mexicans Jalap, and the Peruvians Jesuits' Bark.

As we are truly of an eclectic character, we shall take all due advantage of the resources afforded us by commerce. We are, ourselves, an eclectic people; a sort of Corinthian brass, resulting from the fusion of almost every people, nation, kindred and tongue. One from many. *E pluribus Unum*, our national motto, describes our national character. Hence may we hope, that among our characteristics, besides German depth, French tact, and English energy, all rendered more efficient from having been *Americanized*, there will be found such an exemption from national prejudice, that we shall view no nation in the light of natural enemies. The legitimate tendency of such a trait will lead us to appropriate to ourselves, whatever is worth adopting in Medicine, whether theoretical or practical, in the ends of the earth.

Such, then, being our commercial destiny, and such our elective, we shall spoil the Egyptians and tax all the world. Every wind that swells our sails, shall waft us better gifts than silver or gold, or Sabeian odors; and every medical traveller shall heed Lord Bacon's advice, that "he prick some flowers of that he hath seen abroad into the customs of his own country."

The freedom of our profession in this country from *governmental restrictions* augurs well for its progress.

Abroad, Medical Schools founded centuries ago, often still monopolize all medical teachings, and are able to crush in the bud all endeavors either to establish new schools or to reform old ones. In our country there are some who would fain be such monopolizers; but such would-be obstructives and exclusives become ridiculous, when they essay to tread in the footsteps of their European predecessors.

In several European States physicians being appointed like postmasters with us, the whole influence of the government is thrown in favor of some particular system of practice. Can such a state of things be favorable to untrammelled investigation, or reducing to practice any *new* principle, however valuable?

Besides, in many parts of Europe the number of physicians, as of other governmental officials, is limited, so that a young genius, before he can begin practice, may be obliged to wait a score of years for an old dunce to die. Such a position of things is comfortable for those in office; but what is it, as a stimulus to effort, compared with our situation? Here, influences derived from free trade and competition are revolutionizing our profession; and revolutions are not retrogressive! He, who will still retrograde, or beat the beaten track, and fall behind the times, will soon find his occupation gone. It will not avail such an one to cry out—"unwarrantable innovations," "Onward!—Excelsior!" are the rallying words in our ranks, and he who will not climb with the ascending light of science, must content himself to grope alone in the fogs and twilight that will surround him.

From competition in our profession, we have what a wise English prime minister used to wish for in his

toast at every political dinner, namely, "A strong administration, *and a strong opposition!*"

"The coldest bodies," says Junius, "warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision." Man sharpeneth man, as iron iron. Wheat is winnowed from chaff by the wind of controversy.

Give me, therefore, for my opponents—if professional opponents I must have—give me men of erudition and mental strength; but no professional Ninevites, "that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand."

The good results, moreover, which in my judgment, thus flow from the members of our profession being unfettered by the government, might also be expected from what I have before said as to the advancement of the mechanic arts; for that advancement has been in great part owing to our artisans being free from the old feudal rules which still bind many European industrials hand and foot.

So long, then, as like causes produce like effects, so long the freedom that has raised arts which render the well comfortable, to such a pitch of perfection, will also do its perfect work on that art of arts which turns sickness into health.

The healing art will make progress among us, because we are characterized by a fondness for novelty and experiments.

By a natural reaction from the ultra-conservatism with which the feudal system chained Europe during ten centuries, the men of America were so eager for the new and the untried, that some philosophers have asserted the chief value of the Western Continent to be "as a field for reforms denied an arena in Europe." Therefore, from the first, our physicians seldom let their patients die according to rule, rather than recover through

departing from rule. Hence, while English physicians were inoculating criminals, Dr. Boylston inoculated his own children, and though the Turkish practice was not known to him so soon as to English physicians, he had the satisfaction of seeing inoculation, that adds two years to the average length of life, in general use in New England, for some time before it became common in Great Britain. Nor need I go back to a former century for illustrations, though the oldest illustrations are the best, as evincing how *early* the quality of which I am speaking was conspicuous.

As a modern illustration, let me remind you that an article now very generally used as a therapeutic agent—the oil of the liver of the cod fish—the virtues of which were first proclaimed in Germany, was known and used, in the treatment of disease in New England, more than thirty years ago; and, indeed, was employed throughout the length and breadth of our land, while still unheard of in our mother country.

What if this spirit of inquiry, this fondness for experiment, sometimes leads to innovations instead of improvements? The furnace of time, while burning up the dross, will leave the gold, and that pure. How much better is living water, though it swell and surge in billows, than a Dead Sea!

I have been speaking of the practice of educated and honest medical inquiries. For Quacks that “welcome every cuff of criticism as a gratuitous advertisement,” that swarm every where, like frogs in Egypt, and that strive by mutual admiration to make each other immoral, I make no apology, but would fain pour out on them a vial of wrath, or *brand* them with the actual cautery. Yet, as “*in poison there is physic*,” so under Providence, quackery among us is not an unmitigated evil. Proofs are not wanting that it has to some extent de-

stroyed itself. Not only, like California speculators, has it insisted on its pet panacea till all men doubt it, but like other liars it has reaped, as the fruit of its absurd pretensions, the not being believed even when it speaks the truth. Besides, quackery will stimulate the true lover of Medical Science to double diligence; and may not, after all, some wheat be gleaned from the harvest of quackish chaff? Astrology aided astronomy, alchemy promoted chemistry, and heresies have illustrated the strength of orthodoxy. In like manner the exploded theory of the animists has thrown light upon the mutual action of mind and body; phrenology has advanced anatomy; homœopathy has prevented much over-dosing, and hydropathy has developed new uses for water.

“ There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.”

Investigators in our profession may yet elucidate truths now lurking in obscurity, which, when we make them known to Europe, she will recognize as the despised and rejected hints and guesses of her own children.

The healing art will make progress in our country through the aid of auxiliary sciences.

The history of no profession reveals the connection between Science and Art, and the great truth that all sciences are independent, and all but parts of one stupendous whole, more strikingly than that of our own profession. Thus, physicians of old Rome were slaves, and in the dark ages, were barbers. The reason was, that theirs was an empirical handicraft art, without Anatomy, without Pathology, or any science. It is science that has raised medical students and practitioners to the rank of one of the most honored professions;

and it is science that shall raise them higher, and yet higher.

In asserting this positive connection of our art with the sciences, and its dependence upon them as a basis immutable, I cannot refrain from alluding to an opinion and assertions, in reference to the medical profession, recently put forth by one of the Judges of this city, in reversing a previous judicial decision—assertions that would do credit to the Vandal ages of which he speaks, and which, besides their obliquity, are principally characterized by a pedantic exhibition of lore, gathered from some antiquated cyclopædia. In his endeavor to show that no practitioner in medicine, whatever his attainments, is any more a doctor than one who practises any other, or no particular system, this judicial functionary declares that, “the practitioners of medicine in all ages, have been more given to the invention of theories than to close observation and the patient accumulation of facts. They have inclined more to speculative inquiry than to that inductive process by which, in other sciences, the phenomena of nature have been unravelled. \* \* \* That the study of medicine has been characterized in a greater degree, by fluctuations of opinion, than, perhaps, any other pursuit; that it has been pre-eminently distinguished by the constant promulgation and explosion of theories, \* \* \* that its professors, in every age, have been noted for the tenacity with which they have clung to opinions, and for the unanimity with which they have resisted the introduction of the most valuable discoveries; that they still continue to disagree in respect to the treatment of diseases as old as the human race; and at the present day, when great advances have been made in every department of knowledge, a radical and fundamental difference divides the allopathists from the followers of Hahneman, to say

nothing of those who believe in the sovereign instrumentality of water," &c., &c. Assertions, which, in the main, we emphatically deny! We deny that "practitioners of medicine in all ages have been more given to the invention of theories than to close observation and the accumulation of facts." We deny that the study of Medicine has been distinguished by the constant promulgation and explosion of theories!

Every one, at all familiar with the history of Medicine knows, that from the time of Galen of Pergamos, who lived in the second century of the Christian era, our art, as a science, has advanced hand in hand with the other sciences. True, indeed, it is, that during that long and gloomy period which historians have denominated the "Dark Ages" of the world, progress in every department of literature was suspended, and Medicine shared the fate of all the other sciences. Yet, even during a part of this period when, after the decline, or rather the expulsion of literature from Greece and Italy, the sciences had found a home, and were cultivated to some extent, among the Arabians, Medicine received the highest attention of them all; and the Saracenic physicians, in this age, obtained great celebrity by their contributions to the collateral branches of Medical Science.

At the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, as soon as a spirit of inquiry was awakened in any of the departments of literature, Medicine received its share of the attention of philosophers; and even at this age of universal superstition, attempts were made by men of exalted worth in the profession, at the risk of life and character, to investigate the structure of the human body, and some most important discoveries were effected by the anatomists of this period.

But no sooner was the inductive method of pursuing scientific inquiries introduced into philosophy, by the

illustrious Bacon, than it was adopted in medical researches, by the scientific of all countries; and from that day to the present, hypotheses and speculative theories in medicine, have found no favor with the enlightened of the profession.

Instead of "the constant promulgation and explosion of theories," which this judicial libeller asserts has "pre-eminently distinguished" our profession, this period of inductive philosophy was soon followed by the discovery of truths important and controlling,—truths which, ever since, have remained at the foundation of Medical Science.

The brilliant discovery of the circulation of the blood, by the immortal Harvey,—of that of the absorbent system by Bertheline,—of the structure and functions of the lungs, by Malpighi,—of the properties of the living fibre, and of many of the important functions of the muscular and the nervous systems, by the illustrious Haller,—discoveries which followed each other in rapid succession, served, at this early day, to raise the Science of Medicine to a higher position than it had occupied, during the best days of ancient literature.

Up to this period, we admit, the light of truth, which had occasionally gleamed along the path of investigation, had been, in many instances, obscured by hypothesis and conjecture. But now, beaming out like the morning star, it shone clear and distinct, and "led on to the brightness of day." Hitherto, speculations and false doctrines characterized many of the theories advanced, of the nature and cause of disease. But now, theory gave place to inductive reasoning, to the observation and collection of facts; and the discoveries, still more brilliant than those we have named, which were subsequently made in pathological anatomy, by the Hunters and Bailies of England, by Pinel, Bichat, and

their associates in France, contributed to establish the Science of Medicine on a basis as immutable as that of any branch of natural philosophy.

On this foundation rock will our art remain, unmoved by the shafts of enemies—seeking, from her connection with the collateral sciences, to strengthen her outposts, and maintaining, for ever, a “radical and fundamental” distinction between Legitimate Medicine, and those false and empirical systems which this *consistent* Judge would foist into notice,—systems which, for their unfounded claims, and the absurdity of their principles, have no parallel, even in the darkest period of medical history!

But asking pardon for this digression, that I could not avoid, to defend my cherished profession, I would remark, that certain sciences are likely to be, in our country, especially cultivated; that they will here find peculiar scope; and hence will confer on the healing art among us, their richest contributions.

Among these, the science of *Botany* stands foremost.

The Flora of the Old World is comparatively known, and its qualities have been to a great extent tested. Far otherwise is it with our own. The plants in the older States are scarcely all classified; what are they in the Mississippi Valley, in California, and Oregon? Botanists already reckon by thousands the plants that are indigenous only on our own soil, and year by year reckon more. When the botanical mine of our country shall have been fully wrought, and every stray truth culled from the field of inquiry;—when the medicinal qualities of each plant, from cedar to hyssop, shall have been elicited, who shall set bounds to the discoveries that will be made? Not only shall we thus become independent, but local remedies will be found for many local diseases, and California may yet yield medicines more precious than gold, and, perhaps, of power to save as many lives as her mines have destroyed.

In the next place, among the sciences that are to be ancillary to Medicine in America, may be ranked *Chemistry*.

I see indications that chemistry will here achieve no common triumph in the larger space allotted to it in all our colleges, than in those of our mother country. For my compatriots, I anticipate signal success in applied chemistry, since the electric light, and the best magnetic telegraph are all our own, and since in spite of imperfect apparatus chloroform was discovered here, as soon as on the other side of the Atlantic. But the brightest star of promise concerning our dexterity in making chemistry subservient to Medicine, is *etherization*, an indubitable fruit of American ingenuity, and which realizes all that was desirable in the fable of Lethe, enabling him that would have been excruciated as by inquisitorial tortures, to say, "They have stricken me, and I was not sick, they have beaten me, and I felt it not."

Another and principal way in which chemistry has been, and is to be, subservient to Medicine, is in *Pharmaceutics*.

It adapts a medicine to its end with mathematical exactness. One of its earliest triumphs was extracting Quinine from Jesuits' bark. The bark was astringent, irritant, too bulky, and not of uniform power; the Quinine, freed from all these neutralizing, or deleterious properties, yet lost none of the power as a febrifuge for which the bark had been prized; it was thus, as it were, its curative spirit disembodied and disencumbered, that like Shakspeare's Ariel, "it may do its spiriting gently."

Quinine was only a stepping-stone to other important extracts and alkaloids, as morphine, narcotine, codeine, and a long line of brilliant discoveries. And yet it requires no great credulity to believe that the greatest is behind. In the pharmaceutic and chemical departments

of our own college, I will venture the prediction that, advances and discoveries are yet to be made that will furnish an additional page to the future history of Chemical, Medical Science.

In recounting the helps to be derived from auxiliary sciences, I would not forget the aid that *Microscopic Anatomy* may be expected to contribute to our profession.

Its revelations regarding the intercommunication between veins and arteries, as well as those relating to the plasma and corpuscles of the blood, cannot be without utility. Much less can its demonstrations that all the ultimate tissues of the animal body are composed of cells; that each individual organ has its peculiar characteristic cells, and that these cells possess the wonderful power of appropriating from the plasma or nutrient portion of the blood, matters suited to nourish the organ to which they belong; that the nerves are tubes with a real fluid flowing in them; and that all the organized and unorganized fluids of the body are now successfully subjected to its analytical powers. But it cannot be thought that the discoveries within that microcosm, the human frame, are at an end, more than those of the telescope in the constellated heavens. May we not expect many important discoveries to be made through this wonderful instrument, by inquirers in our own country, since lenses are now made among us, which good judges declare to be nowhere excelled, if indeed they be anywhere equalled?

Thus Botany, Chemistry, Pharmacy, and Microscopy, are joining hands with our profession, comforting her heart, as she pursues her high calling. And thus it must be. As West Point taught our soldiers to conquer Mexico, as the Portuguese colleges enabled the mariners of that nation to tame the stormy spirit of the Cape, till he

showed them the way to the unsummed treasures of the East; so science will still instruct her medical disciples to double other Capes of Good Hope, and thus enter the highway to the better Indies.

But let us never forget, that the most glorious, though least gainful triumphs of our art, should be to prevent, not to cure disease. It is magnanimous to man a life-boat that bounds over the breakers mid shoals and rocks, to rescue the shipwrecked; but is it not better, after all, to rear a light-house, that may keep the vessel from splitting on the rock, and bring her safely to her desired haven?

Experience evinces that Medicine will make great advances in America. It has made such advances already, and what has been will be.

To American physicians, the world owes the introduction of many most invaluable plants into the *Materia Medica*; to Dr. Physic it owes the use of setons in case of non-union after fracture; to Dr. Beaumont it owes unique and invaluable experiments on digestion. We may boast of Beaumont as having shown us the only such a man as Momus wished to see with a window in his bosom, that he might witness what was going on therein. We may boast of unrivalled success among us in cases of lithotomy—of tying the left subclavian, and the *arteria innominata*—as heroic operations as have ever been achieved.

With regard to medical authors in America, I am constrained to confess, that too many of our ablest men have been so occupied in exercising their own gifts of healing, as to have little time to teach others also, through the medium of “the art preservative of all arts.” Others have been translators or editors, frittering away their original matter in notes, introductions, and appendixes. Others have confined themselves to the useful, though

humble task of preparing manuals. Others have written in a humorous or imaginative style, like Meigs, in his fascinating work on Woman, his own idiosyncrasy oozing out at every line.

Yet we are not without works of a higher order, as those of Bartlet, Beck, Dewees, Drake, Warren, Gross, Morton, and many others of equal merit.

Our medical journals and schools will perhaps compare with those abroad, as favorably as our colleges, and the periodicals which are the organs of our other professions. Some of our journals need not shrink from a comparison with any in Europe, and some of our schools are of the same grade.

The progress of Medicine in our country will seem more considerable, if we remember that it is only eighty-two years since the first degree of M. D. was conferred on an American; namely, by the University of Aberdeen, on John Jeffries; that the first anatomical lecture in New England, was delivered only sixty years ago, and that, up to within ten years of the Revolution, medical schools were utterly unknown in our country.

I have now endeavored to show that the healing art in America is destined to great advancement, from our progress in other arts, from our commercial and eclectic character, from the absence of governmental restrictions, from our fondness for novelty and excitement, from the aid that will be afforded it by auxiliary sciences, and from our past experience.

To whichever of these considerations I turn my eyes, and remember that Hippocrates originated in a Grecian colony, not in a mother city, in this Union, the profession that you, gentlemen, have chosen, seems like the orange tree, which, in the midst of its richest fruits, puts forth flowers as tokens of other golden fruits at hand, as though Spring were to rise in the midst of Autumn.

If I err not widely, then, the five physicians who signed the Declaration of our National Independence, were types of an approaching medical, as well as political, independence. The debt we owe for Hunter's principles of life, and Bichat's doctrine of the tissues, will be paid. Here, also, shall many long desiderated remedies be brought to light, and many a Gordian knot untied, so that, however much we may learn from men of like occupation abroad, let us labor faithfully to make our exports equal, and, if possible, exceed our imports.

The conclusion I have reached, that Medicine in America will make great advancement, is not without *practical* bearings upon each and all of you, young gentlemen. It asks each of you: Will *you* promote this advancement? Nay, it *demand*s the entire consecration of your energies to this work; and in return confers on you the glorious privilege of "inscribing your memories not on perishable marble, but in the living affections of your fellow-men."

Say not, "I can do nothing." The most insignificant of you may do much. Every art has owed some steps of its advancement to insignificant men. An obscure man first administered iodine, in the form of sponge powder. And to whom was the immortal Jenner known except to the few who derided him, when he first proposed an effectual antidote to a disease, which, at that time, was destroying forty thousand lives annually in Great Britain alone?

Let the ideal of advancing your chosen calling float ever before you. It may make a hero of you, as visions of the empire they were to found ennobled the soldiers of our Revolution. It will teach you to gather up fragments as diamond dust—fragments of time that are of tenfold value to the physician who can seldom call many successive moments his own—fragments of op-

portunity to observe, which are to you what the fugitive graces of a landscape are to the painter. Care not for circumstances, though your lot be cast where men put their trust in Indian doctors who cannot keep their own race from extinction, or among those professedly more refined, who countenance the transcendental empiricisms of the day. Care not for this; circumstances cannot unmake you, if yours is the faithfulness of the artist who, when asked the secret of his success, answered, "I have neglected nothing." Attend to those whose lives you will hold in your hands, as under the eye of your great Taskmaster.

Then shall you be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, you shall deliver the poor and him that has none to help him. You shall cause the widow's heart to sing for joy, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish shall come upon you. You shall be like the good Samaritan, nay, you shall imitate the benevolent miracles of the great Physician.

In discharging the high and holy duties of your profession, when dire pestilence is at work, or wasting disease surrounds you, you may be required to disregard your own safety. Falter not where duty leads, though you may fall, as did the lamented Godman, and Forry, and Jackson, in early life, and in the midst of extended usefulness. But remember that this will not prove the end of worth and usefulness.

"They war-trump," said the eloquent Godman, "and the muffled drum, and the measured tread of armed men, and the musket-shot pealing over the grave, honor the death of the soldier, the slaughterer of his brother man. But the student who meets his death, battling for truth in the great arena of science, passes to an unknown grave, followed by the regrets and the tears of the few who knew his worth. Yet there is another judgment

and another reward than that of man. A brighter glory will arise from the obscure grave of the unknown student, than ever yet surrounded the blood-stained monument of the warrior of an hundred fields !”

We welcome you, then, to a noble profession—a profession with reason derived, by pagans, from the God of Music, since its province is to keep in tune a harp of thousand strings. May we henceforth be rivals in mind, but brothers in heart. You are the firstlings of our hands and hearts. You lead the van of a legion that in years to come shall issue from these halls. The labor of our lives shall be to make this institution such that you shall always be proud of your Alma Mater ; let it be your still renewed endeavor that she may be ever proud of you as her sons—her first-born, and the beginning of her strength.

