

ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN 1840, AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE
EDIFICE OF THE

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

OF KEMPER COLLEGE, NOW OF THE

University of the State of Missouri,

BY

✓
JOSEPH N. McDOWELL, M. D.,
m

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY AND SURGICAL ANATOMY;

AND THE

VALEDICTORY CHARGE,

TO THE

CLASS OF GRADUATES OF 1854,

BY

✓
JOHN BARNES, M. D.;

PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA, THERAPEUTICS AND MEDICAL BOTANY.

[Published at the unanimous request of the Graduating Class.]

LIBRARY
14114
ST. LOUIS:

PRINTED AT THE REPUBLICAN BOOK AND JOB OFFICE,

1854.

ADDRESSES

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

AN ANNUAL COMPANION FOR THE

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

JOSEPH E. MURPHY, M. D.

W

M138a

1854

File # 3908, no 13

CLASS OF GRADUATES OF 1854

JOHN BAKER, M. D.

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ST. LOUIS:

PRINTED BY THE SURGEON GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

1854

ADDRESS.

[REPUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE FACULTY.]

Long, we hope, will this day be remembered by the city of St. Louis. And should our success equal our anticipations, long will the memory of those who have participated in the enterprise of laying the corner stone of the first edifice here dedicated to medicine, be gratefully cherished in the bosoms of millions of mankind, who are to figure on the stage we now occupy.

We have placed but a pebble in the edifice of medicine which is to be reared at this spot. A view of what has transpired in the profession, and the history of the world, can but rivet conviction upon us that our destiny will be great, if we but employ the advantages which nature has given us, and which so urgently claim our attention. In the history of the human family there is nothing more remarkable than this prominent fact—that in the progress of civilization and the advancement of science and the arts, mankind have accomplished far more than had been anticipated; and the strides of improvement are not within the calculation of any one, but we have fallen far short, even in our most ardent fancy, of what, in after time, is demonstrated by facts that cannot be denied.

When we cast an eye in retrospect, we are astonished to see mankind so ignorant of what was immediately in advance of them, of the discoveries which have effected such vast and important revolutions, not only in nations and empires, but which spread their power and influence to the remotest part of our globe, and have risen on the benighted world like the sun, to illumine even the greatest obscurity, and open up the day of intelligence contrasted with our previous condition.

Let us look to a few facts in the history of our own particular branch of the human family, the old Scythian stock: Near two thousand five hundred years have elapsed since our ancestors crossed from Asia, the Thracean Bosphorus, and penetrated the forests of Europe, and with a regular unceasing tread they have traveled onward, and swept over and inundated every nation and people which opposed a barrier

to their progress. They appear not to have been an ordinary wave of population, which has succeeded another, and lashed itself against the shore of destruction, to die away and be gone forever, but like the swell of the ocean, the flood of people is ever pressed forward, until every nation beside is seen to flee to the mountains as a hiding place, a refuge from their power.

A critical examination of the languages and conditions of the people of Europe, and the ancestry of our own people, show most clearly that a part of the second great inundation of population in Europe has spread its power in this country, and the same people are now here and coming, who hold in their hands at this moment the destinies of the whole world. That wave of population is now with us, and while we but just see and feel the swell, the ocean billow is behind. The vast population which is coming from Europe, and from the eastern and northern portions of our continent, and pressing to the south and west, has but commenced to flow in upon us. Like the lightning and the wind in the storm, we, as pioneers, have been driven forward to hew out and prepare the way, while the heavy rain and flood of population is to follow. And in a view of the future we as little dream of what is to succeed, of the power and influence that is to congregate here and around us, as our fathers did when they stood on the banks of our mighty river, and supposed its giant waters would only be disturbed by the floating barge or the Indian canoe.

We live in an age that is peculiarly active in enterprise, and we are more likely to make improvements than the past, yet we are not prepared to believe this to be true, nor can we calculate what in our age is to be developed; but if we advance only in an equal ratio with the past, what will be our destiny in the next fifty years in point of population, and what must be our extent of improvements? We should be looking, as all nature indicates, steadily for change. The past justifies the conclusion that but just ahead is something which is to be developed, some new discovery, some new change of policy, some new increase of power that will give us additional force, increase our momentum, and mark our onward march with additional glory.

But a few years have elapsed since our fathers made their appearance in this beautiful valley—the richest, and by nature, the most bountiful on the face of the globe. Then it was the abode of the prowling beast of the forest, and the wild and untutored Indian. What do we now see? The advance of science, the improvement of machinery, the increase of intelligence, and the spread of knowledge has congregated here its millions, and millions are yet to come, and

on the eve of coming, who have but as yesterday heard of our delightful abode, of our benign and wholesome laws, and our independence, our glorious liberty—yea, the liberty of conscience, the richest boon of Heaven. Here thousands are daily welcomed to the bosom of a country, the asylum of the oppressed, and in a land, where the face or the whole people frowns with indignation on the oppressor. The day is coming when millions on millions will congregate in this our mighty valley, and concentrate their influence on this our infant city. That this vast and yet sparsely populated country is to be the great bread-growing portion for our continent, there cannot be a doubt, and as the soil is cultivated and commerce increases, so will cities rise, and when the land ceases to be productive, they must decline. Asia was the birth-place, most unquestionably, of the Caucasian varieties of the human family, the stock from which we came, and that portion of the continent in which they commenced their career, now, although abandoned, gives the strongest manifestations of the facts just asserted. There are now the mouldering ruins of stupendous cities, which were once the abode of millions in Asia, and which once stood encircled by a rich and finely cultivated soil, but as time and cultivation destroyed its fertility, the people emigrated, until naught is seen but the sandy waste, encircling the deserted city, whose splendid columns lie scattered and broken, the abode now only of the lonely night-bird or the beast of prey. Had the soil remained, the descendants of the people who reared those splendid structures would now be there.

But these are facts which should encourage us, and cheer us onward. We have a soil whose depth and fertility, with proper culture, can never perish; and the vast population which is here to assemble will here remain to the remotest generations. These are facts which should rouse us to deeds of renown, which will make our memory imperishable, and every energy should be employed to transmit to posterity, as the tide increases, that which will impart the greatest blessing to mankind.

We owe our efforts to the future, for what the past has conferred on us; and as we travel on, following in the history of our race, wherever these great duties have not been performed, man, by degrees, has become degraded.

Referring back to our history as a people, as the wave of population rolled on in Europe, and its tide of power rose, carrying on its bosom the wreck of nations and of empires, and their literature and science, the benighted mass was penetrated with the rays of intelli-

gence, which shot from the nations which their rude power had crushed and, for a time, extinguished. And in the dawn of learning and intelligence we behold institutions rising, as the glorious sun on the agitated ocean, which has been preceded by the night of darkness and despair.

When the literature of the Greek and the Roman was buried by the avalanche of our Gothic and German ancestors—the old Scythian family—the heaven of science which was then introduced was the reformation of the world. Silently, for more than a thousand years, it was at work before its power was strongly manifested. But as age after age rolled on, each improving the other, and the last the most cultivated, a few bright spots were seen shining with greater splendor, and thither the more intelligent congregated to enjoy the light of science; a few clear fountains of knowledge burst forth, and those who thirsted came to drink and be inspired.

Thus the efforts for the spread of knowledge increased, until modern Europe is animated at every point with institutions, the ornaments of the age, and the pride and boast of their people. The amelioration of the condition, the advancement and happiness of mankind, appears to have been the end and aim of those who embarked in the cause of science; and in an equal ratio with the advance of intelligence has been the elevation of the human family. Our own country, contrasted with the rest of mankind, in point of intelligence, is the most striking monument of the fact. Literature, science and the arts, and the efforts for the elevation of the condition of man, have ever gone hand in hand. But as mankind advanced in the discoveries in physical science, the science of medicine, or its collateral sciences, seems to have been the harbinger in the great work. This fact was most prominent in our early history, during the tenth, the eleventh and twelfth centuries; especially after the destruction, in the East, of the Asiatic or the Saracenic school of medicine, in the twelfth century, there was a period of almost total darkness, during which the whole world lay involved in the deepest gloom, ignorance and superstition—a period in which there was scarce an object to attract the lover of science, and scarce a fact can be recorded, but those of violence and blood, and all the departments of learning shared a fate which is too degrading to relate, while the bright and green spots in the waste were shrouded with a pall. But the struggle of light and darkness, that had so long been contested, ceased, and the day dawned upon the world, which is destined to increase in brightness until we are perfected in knowledge, or man has approximated as near as his nature

will allow, the wisdom of his Maker. The dawn of science, however, was with the development of the science of medicine, and its collateral sciences.

At Padua and Salernum in Italy, and Leyden in Holland, in the early period of European medicine, science among our ancestors appears to have had its first great impulse, and some of the brightest luminaries of the profession have risen; and as we travel onward, we find that Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and our own country, have been its most successful cultivators. But wherever, for the time, medicine has flourished, there we have ever had clustering some of the richest gems of literature and the arts. But, wherever, medicine has been most successfully cultivated, where great institutions have risen, it has ever been by the energy of those who are engaged in the cultivation of science, and whenever that lofty genius which has towered over the rest has disappeared, whenever that energy, which has characterized every grand improvement, every great achievement among men, has been lost, the seat of science has been transferred. Some point more auspicious for talent, whose views are broader and more comprehensive, more elevated, and better adapted to the genius and necessities of the profession, or which has manifested more industry, or greater facilities, have been most successful in the race. And no nation or people has ever been successful in building great institutions of learning, who have not with energy encouraged the talent, the native talent of their country, and whose vigor in the prosecution of the work has not been equal to the power and intellect they would employ—

For the sluggard's brow the laurel never grows,
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

So soon as America was sufficiently colonized to justify the project of a school of medicine, that would educate our sons without a tour to Europe, the lamp of medical science was trimmed in our city of brotherly love and some of the brightest lights have arisen that have adorned the annals of the human race—lights that have not only illuminated their own country, but have shed their effulgence on the world. The names of Rush, Shippen, Barton and Wister, are written on the brightest scroll of medicine, and succeeding them, the same immortality will hale those of Jackson, Chapman, McLelland and others, who are still active and on the stage. And as the tide of nations rolled on, and the billow broke over our mountains, and descended into our valley, soon we see an institution planted in the wilderness. It was thought then by some premature, but its success

has been unparalleled, and its growth vigorous and onward, and some of the brightest ornaments of medicine have risen and adorned, and still shed lustre on her halls.

It is the genius and energy of the people and the teachers of the place, which is consecrated and dedicated to the profession; and, when that spirit departs, the sceptre is forever transferred.

The halls that were once filled are deserted, and the place that once echoed with the eloquence of the teacher is the abode of the owl and the bat; the same climate may exist, the same sun may shine, and all nature stand as of old, yet the spirit that has brought forth such prodigies has departed, and the sun of their glory has set forever, the bright spots of their former existence are sullied by the ignominy of their descendants.

When the great Boerhaave departed, and his associates were scattered, the enthusiasm in the cultivation of medical science departed also, and the school of Leyden, which was the centre of medical education for the whole world, dwindled into nothing. The halls of Leyden now echo with emptiness. Again the light broke forth, and Scotland, rising triumphant, assumed the control. No man could be well educated in medicine who had not visited Edinburgh. But when the great CULLEN and the elder MONROE left the stage, and were succeeded by those who were less talented and enterprising, less vigor of intellect manifested by the teachers, and less encouragement from the people, the sceptre departed from the hand of the Scor.

So it has been alternately with England and Ireland, when a Cheselden, a Hunter, a Cooper, a Bell, a Lawrence and an Abernathy lectured, and the ardor and enthusiasm of medicine was there, and great minds were employed and respected, England was not inferior in the race. And Dublin was ever crowded when Collis was vigorous and on the stage.

Again, we look forth, and in our own time the light, which France has kindled, illumines the world, and congregating thousands crowd to Paris, now the seat of medical learning for the whole earth. Why is this? Because she has caught the fire of enthusiasm as it burned on the altar, and kindled it in the hearts of her people, and the Frenchman's bosom, in the cultivation of medical science, glows with a living flame. Here, within a few years, have arisen many, very many, of the rarest and most gifted geniuses of the age, whose ardor in science has imparted even youthful vigor to old age, and whose fire of ambition has only been chilled by the damps of the grave. Whose heart, that has felt the first throb for glorious distinction, does

not warm in his bosom at the very name of Cuiver, of Bishat, Broussais, Louis, Andrall, and a hundred others, whose fame is co-extensive with the civilized world, and around whose names will linger a halo that can never die.

This it is that has given France her superiority, and this it is that will give any institution superiority, no matter where located, whether on the mountain's top or in the vale, whether in the cities of Europe, or in the East, or in this our wilderness of the West. It is the superior genius and energy of mind which has effected anything—the determination and perseverance of a people, who have said they will succeed, though millions should oppose. In war, as well as in the walks of science, this has ever been the power that has acted—the machine that has moved. A single example will suffice: While Athens, Sparta, and their sister republics rose in splendor, and their military prowess spread terror over the earth, who was it that dreamed of the mighty achievements of little Macedon? Yet Macedon conquered the whole world; a Philip and an Alexander came, both alike the personification of energy and action itself. And though unequal in numbers, ever superior in the strife, although surrounded by millions, victory ever perched upon their banner. We can make no calculations for the effective operations of mind, nor set bounds to its achievements. It is that spirit which sits upon the world with a *magic spell*—it is the electricity which guides and directs the tempest—wheels and steers the storms of mankind, prostrating all that oppose, and crushing to the dust every thing which offers resistance. When mind of activity is employed, the world will soon perceive it by its effects, for while some are waiting for the period of prematurity to pass, *mind acts*, and presses onward with an assurance of success. What must have been the consciousness of superiority which swelled the bosom of the heroic Alexander, when he *swam* the Granicus at the head of his victorious army, and made Persia's millions bow to his majesty.

But we should ever be mindful, that whatever has been achieved, has not been by genius alone; unaided, unfostered, it is like to die with the blight and mildew of neglect, the most promising buds are too often blighted by the cold and unrelenting winter of disappointment. It is not so much the men or the institutions which act in their elevation, as the genius and energy which gives birth to them. Great men, in every age and nation, have risen in times of turbulence and passion, and are carried upward and onward by the whirlwind, who would have fallen without a trait of character worthy of notice, with-

out a deed worthy to be recorded, had not the force of circumstances made them what they were. A people, who are debased and corrupted, will generate by their own feelings and passions men of like mould, and those who are developed among them, and those who assume the control among them, wear the image of those who put them in power, the impress of the age that gave them birth.

The Augustine age of Rome gave birth to men great in eloquence and learning, while a Nero and a Caligula were but the emblems of a people sunk in the abyss of degradation, so low that their own passions, propensities and follies, brought upon them the curses which they so richly deserved. Thrown into existence at a period when the whole world was in motion, and France was reeling with fanatical intoxication, drunkenness and debauchery, Bonaparte became her master, and spread his power over Europe, a power which never could have been achieved had not the circumstances demanded. Napoleon by nature was constituted for the great general, but he could not have been the leader of the veterans of our revolution, nor could he have acted as the chief magistrate of our people. It was vice, anarchy, infuriated passion and misrule, which made Bonaparte the Emperor, while predominant virtue and an honest love of liberty developed the character of our immortal Washington. Had Napoleon lived in America, he would have been despised for his tyranny; while George Washington, if in France, would have been the victim of his virtue, and would have fallen by the bloody guillotine, a martyr on the altar of liberty, and been buried in the ruins of his country. And as it is with civil governments, so has it ever been with institutions of learning: it is the people that must give tone—they must sustain and encourage institutions of learning, or they perish as the plant in the arid soil.

In the history of the world, every people and city have their records, and it is natural for us to dwell with rapture and delight on the departed glory of men, and feel a deep regret for those who have been led by blinded passion to ruin and degradation. Even the earth itself has its records. The antiquarian in his researches finds on the mountain's top the *fossil*, which tells that once the ocean was there, and revolution has changed its position, and he determines the changes that have been, and marks the periods of their durations. He digs up and brings to light cities which have been buried, and determines their advance in science, the cultivation of the people, and by their sculptured columns, their splendid statuary and paintings, their works of art, what was their former grandeur and greatness.

The historian records the deeds of vice and virtue of successive ages, and we view them as monuments either of their glory or disgrace. But the mouldering columns, and the ruined architecture of the Old World, only show the alternate elevation or depression of the races. At one time Attica produced the accomplished orator, the profound philosopher, or the lovely poet; but it was the taste and genius of the age which gave them birth. Again, we behold Attica the abode of the man of ignorance and passion; and in vain do we seek, in lovely Attica, for the eloquence of a Demosthenes, or the philosophy of a Plato, or the dulcet strains of the harp of Homer. The spirit which developed the mighty powers of Greece has departed—no longer are delightful groves the abode of literature and science—no longer her clear fountains sparkle with the waters of inspiration; but she is the abode of the sullen, unlettered Musselman. Should not such records, such recollections, rouse us to deeds of honor. Some future inquirer may ask for our history—perhaps disinter our ruins—and open up, for aught we know, our city, which has been buried by one of nature's dire catastrophes. What then will we manifest in our history? What splendid temple dedicated to science would manifest our former patronage of learning? Where would be the deeds recorded of those who would live renowned in story? Where the bright scroll that would transmit to future generations the mind of St. Louis that is to live immortal?

Here we have privileges, which, if cultivated, would make us rich in all that is great, and equal in magnificence all that the world hitherto could boast. If, instead of devoting ourselves so much to the enjoyment of ostentation, and the gratification of appetite, our efforts be directed to incline the rising generation to the cultivation of mind, and the improvement of morals, our country would not only shine in the future history of mankind, but we would contribute largely to the great end of human existence, and add, with a bounteous hand, to human happiness.

Our country is filling up as with the swell of the deep, and demands it of us, and if we do not exert all our energies, and summon every collateral circumstance to our aid, the mass of uneducated mind, which is flowing upon us, will obscure that which has already been achieved, and greatly retard our future progress.

We hold the man as a traitor to his country, and recreant to the high trust transmitted to him, and sealed by the blood of his fathers, who would refuse to extend a fostering hand to any and every effort that has for its aim the education of any part or portion of our coun-

try. And, in founding a school of medicine in our city, we feel assured we shall be sustained by the good wishes of our people, and, as far as our country's circumstances will allow, receive their earnest encouragement. Why should we not have a school of medicine in St. Louis? It will not only bring to our city large sums of money, and enhance greatly our interest, in a pecuniary point of view, but it will add to our common stock of knowledge, warm up and excite our citizens, and give an impulse to learning in all its departments. This surely cannot be a prejudice, but an advantage that could not otherwise be obtained.

The facilities of access to St. Louis are equal, if not superior, to any inland city on the globe; and for a school of medicine and surgery, no point on the continent is superior. Here we combine the regions of the dreary north with the sunny south, with all their varied ills, for the examination of the pupil. We are in the centre of the mass of population of the great south-west, and those who wish to be educated *well* can as readily obtain their learning here as elsewhere. Shall we decline the contest and leave the palm to other cities, and own our inferiority. This may suit the spirits of other climes, but it is not the spirit of those who have embarked in the enterprise—it is not the spirit of the sons of the Mississippi valley. When that energy, which has brought forth the schools in the eastern portion of our valley, has ceased to operate, if we but have an equal amount of talent, they cannot contend against so many important advantages which St. Louis has by nature.

Besides, the history of medical schools is but the history of change in this country. The history of every grand achievement is but the history of mind that has been fostered by a people who gloried in being great, and whose aim was the good of the human family. It is said by some, however, to be premature; but if it be premature to build up a school of medicine here, then it is equally so that we should have made this our home, and premature that we should educate our children at all. There may be some difficulty, some toil in the achievement, but we should remember that the greenest laurel grows on the mountain's brow, and should St. Louis come forth with energy in the work, she will wear the emblem of greatness in proportion to her toil. She will rear here monuments of glory, which will stand on the banks of our river, if not in massive piles, to conflict with the elements—she will be remembered as the mother of sons, whose renown has covered the earth, and will last when the pyramids of Egypt shall have been swept from their basis by time, and the triumphant statue

shall have mouldered into ruins. What change of policy or revolutions in nations could have affected the names of Hippocrates, Galen, and Celsus, of the Ancients? Nothing. Still they are admired for their towering genius, and the people that gave them birth for the fostering hand that developed them. They have floated down to us, on the wrecks of nations and empires, as a casket of precious jewels, whose brilliancy could never be effaced, and time could not corrode. What revolution can destroy the transcendent distinction of Cuivier and Bishat? France in all her glory may be swept from the face of the earth, her language be destroyed, and her records perish, still these great names will live standing on a mountain, amid the nations, and their lustre increase with the increase of years, as long as man is civilized, or the earth is inhabited.

Shall our rich and almost boundless territory go unexplored, except by men from distant lands, or shall we educate our sons for the task? Shall our beautiful prairies waste their sweets in a desert air, or forever go untrodden by our educated children? Shall our mineral resources, the richest on the globe, go unexplored, and left to sleep on in silence, undisturbed by the energies of our people? There are just around us, as all nature and experience testifies, truths of vast importance which remain undiscovered, truths which have never risen on the horizon of the human understanding; there are regions of truth, through which as yet no path has led, bright spots which have not been perceived by the eagle eye of science; truths of greater magnitude than those with which we are familiar, and will hand down the names of those who discovered them to the nations, written in the brightest and most enduring characters. These were the opinions of Newton and LaPlace, who have unfolded so much that was hidden, and reflected so much honor on human nature. Let us then encourage our sons, and as their tastes or inclination leads them, lend them our fostering care. Let us bid them go search here in all the wilderness of Nature's meadows, with their shrubs and flowers, and test by knowledge, the fruits of their researches. Already the glorious work has begun in the academy of natural sciences, by the energy of some of our physicians, and it will be prosecuted. Let us search faithfully and with care—perhaps some plant may grow, some balsam trickle, some gum exude, unheeded in the solitude, which will afford relief to maladies, as yet beyond the reach of the profession. Go test the millions of springs on the mountain side and on the plain; on the meandering borders of our endless rivers; perhaps some rivulet or stream, in silence since the world began, has wasted on the

unconscious earth its precious waters, the preserver of health, and the catholicon of life, which would prolong our existence, and which was so ardently sought for by the early cultivators of science. Let us bid them go search in our mountains for treasures which have slept in secret since the morn of creation, perhaps some mineral may be discovered, some medicine be employed, that will stay the unsparing hand of the plague and the pestilence, and pour the balm of health in the hectic bosom.

Who would be the sluggard? And who would not embark on an enterprise, from which so little is to be feared and so much is to be gained? Those who shrink from the undertaking will linger on the shore with regret, while those who have ventured will reap a reward that will last as long as time: and ever-blooming flowers will be strewed upon their graves, as long as our bountiful soil yields its support to the gathering nations that will crowd upon it, or our mighty river rolls its waters to the ocean. Here we will leave monuments to signalize us as a people, and place St. Louis high on the scroll of fame; and when the steamers of the ocean shall crowd our wharves, and our infant city swell to be the London of America, and millions of human beings shall stand where we do now, they will admire and applaud our efforts in the wilderness. The roses which we have planted in the bosom of the west will bud afresh in every future generation. The balm which takes root here will be gathered by every age to heal the nations that follow us, and St. Louis will be the Gilead of our beautiful valley.

But to advance the great interest of any people or institution, however, there should be a steady, persevering co-operation in the work; and while a great work is in suspense, each man should be found at his post, applying himself to his duty. The professor should assiduously labor in his department, and the people should give him that support which will soothe him in his toil. And although the whole world beside should frown, and rival institutions raise a tempest which will terrify, still the ship will be staid amid the storms which agitate the ocean of mankind around us. But should we embark, as if we anticipated no danger, as on a pleasure voyage on an unruffled summer sea, and expect to quit the ship and make the shore, when the first groan of distant thunder is heard, or the old sailor foretells the storm, and allow fright and consternation to sit on every countenance, *all will be lost*. And when the storm is on us, and the wind is splitting our sails, and sweeping overboard our masts, and no order, no system, no command prevails, and every one is desert-

ing to fly to another part of the vessel, the helmsman quits his station to go aloft, or the old tar who throws the lead claims a higher privilege, and all is confusion and dismay, *we are lost, and lost forever.* We will be but sport for the tossing billow, and food for the hungry sharks, that prowl around us to feed upon our mangled carcasses.

Our motto must be—peace, and to our posts. People, Trustees and Professors, each to your respective duties, and the wind of persecution may howl a hurricane, and the lightning of malice may fall upon us, but if our good ship be tight und free, our gallant mast may be bent but not broken. And like the proud eagle soaring aloft, she will ride the billow to its top of foam, and glory in the strength that overcomes the storm.

and to give another part of the road, the fishermen with his station
 to go down on the other side shows the boat, and a higher price
 is given and it is common and many we are told, and that is
 well, for the boat has the better billow, and food for the fishery.
 And that part of the road is to be used upon our modest resources.
 Our boats must be a good deal better than the others, for the
 and Professor, each to your respective duties, and the kind of per-
 ception may have a part, and the beginning of making may fall
 upon the part of good ship to fishermen, and our gains may
 be less but not less. And the part of the boat may be
 will rise the billow, as it is of force, and give to the strength that
 will give the boat.

VALEDICTORY CHARGE

TO THE

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1854 :

BY

JOHN BARNES, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA, THERAPEUTICS AND MEDICAL BOTANY, IN THE MEDICAL
DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

GRADUATES :

The decision of the Medical Faculty of the University of the State of Missouri. has assigned to me the duty to bid you, on behalf of the Faculty, an affectionate farewell.

The occasion demands that I should present a few reflections for your serious consideration. You have received, gentlemen, as the reward of years of industry, and of extensive acquirements in the knowledge of your profession, its highest honor—the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and all the privileges, pertaining to that degree.

This honor must receive additional value in your estimation, when you reflect, that it has not been conferred upon you by any mere temporary or short-lived institution—an institution, which may have sprung into existence on yesterday, and, which may have its death-knell tolled on the morrow. On the contrary, it is your high privilege, to have become the Alumni of the first Medical school established west of the Mississippi river. An institution now constituting an important department of the great State University, destined to live and flourish with its existence—an institution forming an integral

part—in fact, the University department of the State establishment, founded by legislative enactments to carry out the important designs and requirements, in relation to education, of the organic constitution of the State, and endowed, by the National Government of the Union, with an investment, so amply munificent, as, to secure for it, with its vested rights, an imperishable duration.

Such, gentlemen, is the character for stability and permanency of establishment of the Medical Department of the University of the State of Missouri. It may, therefore, be asked, with all sincerity of purpose, if, at this auspicious moment, you do not feel it to be a high privilege to have your professional education associated with an institution thus national in its character—thus permanent in its establishment.

Are you not inspired with feelings of pride and reverence, as the thought rises up before you, that when you shall have passed away to the spirit-world, your children, and even your grand children, in after ages, when they may chance to cast their eyes on these testimonials of professional collegiate merit, which, on this occasion you have thus worthily received, they can then point, with feelings of exultation and parental reverence, to the existence, and the then increased splendor, of that *Alma Mater*, of which their sires or grand-sires were alumni.

For near five months, during this, and one or two previous sessions, you have been in daily attendance on full courses of lectures on all the departments of your profession; and I take this occasion to announce the fact—an announcement, which I unhesitatingly make, without the least apprehension that it can be controverted in truth and justice—that there is not in any part of the United States, any Medical Institution where the organization of the faculty is more complete; nor, where more branches of the science of medicine are taught, than are embraced in the courses of lectures, established in the Medical Department of the University of the State of Missouri.

The method of instruction by lectures is especially adapted to the collegiate course. It was sanctioned by the almost universal practice of the ancient philosophers. It inculcates principles with a peculiar force, and explains doctrines with great lucidness. It does not weary individual effort; it exacts, however, strict attention, and is thereby adapted to awaken reflection, and to call into exercise the other intellectual faculties of the student. It quickens the student's apprehension; arouses his meditation; stimulates his inquiries; heightens

his zeal; compels him to arrange, methodize, and harmonize his acquisitions; and creates a lively activity of thought, and promptitude of judgment, by that kind sympathy and affection which are established and sustained between the preceptor and the student. This mode of instruction spreads a charm over the pursuit of knowledge and lends an interest to its acquirement, which, to a certain extent, is denied, especially to the youthful mind, in the prosecution of knowledge in the seclusion of the closet.

University lectures, also, have a far loftier object than the mere communication of facts. They teach the student to think, to reflect, and to judge soberly and conclusively for himself, and, thus, by a course of healthy discipline, train his mind for future independent inquiry.

Unfortunately, it is too often the case, that when young gentlemen are released from the restrictions of college rules, and the exactions of college life, and have closed the period of their University exercises, and have assumed their stations in life as active members of society, that they then feel themselves privileged to relax in their scientific pursuits, and to waste the hours unoccupied by professional engagements, not only, in mere social, but oftentimes profane amusements.

Nothing can be more detrimental to the best interests of society and their own prospects of elevated professional reputation, than such views entertained and carried out in action.

There should be an ever pervading love for the acquisition of scientific knowledge in the bosom of every professional gentleman. If this love of science be not one of the prominent and abiding affections of his heart, he owes it to society—he owes it to himself—he owes it to his profession to abandon a station thus unworthily sustained by him, and thus, by vacating, allow it to be occupied by another, to whom, by the laws of justice and humanity, it more properly pertains. Science should be loved for itself—with a love inspired by its own intrinsic worth, irrespective of every selfish consideration.

None but the devoted student of nature who has realized this love, can describe its worth, or explain the satisfaction and enjoyment which its results produce. Mark the difference between a scientific and common thinker—the one has acquired habits of close and accurate observation, and is on the constant look out for every event in nature worthy of his attention, and can, in most instances, from the

resources of his already acquired knowledge, refer each phenomenon to its appropriate place, and explain the fundamental laws by which it is governed; while the other, unaided by the light of science, suffers his mind to wander over the fair face of nature, and sees nothing in all its diversified aspects, but a heterogenous assemblage of changes and appearances.

“ We may appeal to the experience of any one who has been in the habit of exercising his mind correctly and vigorously, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him, he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence. The end of Nature has been answered: his faculties have done that which they were created to do—not languidly occupied upon trifles—not enervated by sensual gratification; but exercised in labors congenial to their nature, and worthy of their strength. A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? Whom does his ambition destroy, and whom does his fraud deceive?

In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition of it he does good to all.

The man who dedicates his life to knowledge becomes habituated to a pleasure which carries with it no reproach, and he has a reasonable assurance, that he will never love those pleasures which are paid for by anguish of heart. His pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent; and as far as any human being can expect permanence of enjoyment in this changing scene of existence, he has secured a happiness, which no malignity of fortune can take away; but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.”

How ennobling and elevating is the influence of science when it blends its powers with the light of revelation, thus, lighting up, as it has been beautifully expressed, the universe with “ a supernal glory.”

“ Regarded in this light, the sciences, have corroborated the truths of revelation. They have revealed the regularity and uniformity of Nature’s laws. They have illustrated the sublime course of the divine administration. They have enabled us to penetrate with a deeper insight into the infinite wisdom, goodness, and power of that uncreated Mind, which is above all, through all, and in all. They have shed a radiance over the barren waste, as well as the fertile field. They have left the impress of mind upon the desolate mountain, and the sandy desert. They have filled the air, the earth, and

the sky with living wonders; revealed the riches of the unfathomed ocean; and made the vast and illimitable space, around, beneath, and above us, teem with embodied conceptions of wisdom and love.

Thus to the heart of the devout scientific observer, nature has a life and a soul with which he can hold converse, and drink deep and refreshing draughts of knowledge from the fountains of eternal wisdom."

You have, now, gentlemen, arrived at that interesting stand-point of life—an epoch of existence—when collegiate discipline has ceased; when your researches in knowledge and your professional pursuits will, no longer, be subject to the dictation of your preceptors; when you are about to mingle in the great contests of society—with the wide world before you for honorable competition—a grand theatre of action, where each of you must play his part—where each of you must of necessity become the architect of his own fortune:—at this interesting epoch of life's course with you, it seems expedient, to present for your contemplation, three bright examples illustrative of what genius, aided by indefatigable industry and indomitable perseverance, has been able to accomplish, for the dignity and grandeur of science, and for the imperishable fame of its votaries.

John Hunter, a poor young man, with a very restricted preliminary education, entered the study and dissecting room of his brother, the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, of London. His genius and his industry soon acquired for him honorable distinction. His fame, ere long, transcended that of his eminent brother; and as his professional worth became justly appreciated, and extensively known, the wealth which flowed in upon him from the large classes in attendance on his courses of lectures, and from the proceeds of his lucrative professional practice, were appropriated to the attainment of subjects, of every description, suitable for the accomplishment of his magnificent enterprise, which, by his genius and his industry, he arranged in that scientific order, so conspicuously displayed in the Hunterian museum.

Can any human being, however vaulting may be his ambition, desire for the reward of his genius, skill, and industry, a more durable and glorious monument than the Hunterian museum?

It has been eloquently remarked, that, "as we enter this magnificent museum, furnished by his labor, and pass slowly, with meditative observation, through this august temple, which the genius of one great man has raised and dedicated to the wisdom and uniform working of the Creator, we perceive, at every step, the guidance, we had

almost said, the inspiration of those profound ideas concerning life, which dawn upon us in a more perfect language than that of words—the language of God Himself, as uttered by Nature.”

Amid all the splendor and grandeur of British munificence, this museum stands forth an object of universal admiration; and such it will stand till time itself expires. When, in all probability, the present polity of the British government, shall have passed away; when her regal grandeur and pride of aristocracy shall have become merged in republican simplicity; when her feats of arms, and the renown of her naval victories shall have been almost lost in the mists of time; the Hunterian museum will stand, in all its pristine grandeur, an imperishable monument of its founder's fame—the brightest gem in his country's diadem of glory.

The genius and the industry of the illustrious Cuvier, alike, demand your attention. Cuvier! the pride of France! the admiration of the world. Conspicuously great in all that can adorn the human intellect as scholar, statesman, and philosopher. We behold him enriching the stores of science by his immense collections of natural objects; spreading the light of his genius and the results of his industry over the profound and brilliant pages of his literary and scientific labors; building up magnificent museums of comparative anatomy; unfolding by his researches on organic remains, the hitherto hidden mysteries of the early ages of the world; showing us, how, by the humble labors of subordinate races of beings, this magnificent globe which we inhabit, was, gradually, from its chaotic state, moulded out, prepared, and fitted up for the residence of man.

All these, and numerous other achievements alike brilliant and beneficial, we owe to the genius and industry of this eminent French philosopher.

Compared with his colossal scientific labors, how insignificant appear the intrigues of statesmen, and the prowess of military achievements.

Since the light of Cuvier's genius has beamed on the scientific world, imperial France, enrobed with the spoils of an hundred battlefields, has sunk beneath a storm of hostile bayonets—her soil desecrated by the foot-steps of a foreign soldiery; the last representative of an uncalled for race of kings—Charles the tenth, has fled in despair at the first sound, of approaching revolution; even, the citizen King, Louis Philip, called to the throne by the acclamation of the French people themselves, has fled, with his family of princely satel-

ites and crowds of courtiers to foreign realms, to escape the impending fury of the threatening storm of revolution—and Republican France, after a bloody but successful struggle to disentangle herself from the thralldom of the evils of socialism and agrarian folly—she, too, when all her prospects promised fair for a bright and continuous course of republican government, has been cheated of her liberties, and has fallen a prey to an usurper, whose hands are stained with the robbery of the public treasury—whose lips are polluted with the foul crime of perjury—and whose foot-steps may be tracked by the blood of her republican martyrs.

Yet, amid all this overthrow of imperial grandeur and princely power, and this rise and fall of republican simplicity, the magnificent labors of Cuvier shine forth in all their original brilliancy, shedding the same bright lustre on all these diversified phases of her government, as beamed upon France, under the imperial power of the first Napoleon.

Such is the imperishable spirit of science. It lives amid the wreck of nations and the revolutions of empires, and beams forth, from age to age, with undimmed light on the altar of truth, illuminating the pathway of its pilgrims, of all nations, and of all ages, who come to worship at its shrine.

Some fifteen years since, a solitary individual might have been seen to set his foot on this western bank of the Mississippi river.

All the wealth he possessed was a reputation which he brought with him as a profound and eloquent teacher of anatomy, and a skillful and successful operative surgeon. But he had that within, which was of more value than riches, or even reputation itself—he had a genius which inspired him with the love of fame—an industry which no labor could exhaust—an indomitable perseverance which no obstacle could subdue.

He conceived the lofty design of establishing the first Medical School in this western section of the great valley of the Mississippi.

He immediately applied the resources of his genius, his industry, and his perseverance to the accomplishment of his favorite object. Success was ever attendant on his efforts. The institution under his fostering care advanced, step by step, until it has arrived at its present eminent elevation.

He has now the honor, not only, of having founded a distinguished Medical School; but he has, also, erected for the accommodation

of its students, an edifice unsurpassed in magnitude and convenience by any similar institution in the United States.

But, more than this, he has founded a museum of natural history, comparative anatomy, and other objects of interest and curiosity, which, even at this early period of its existence, is unsurpassed, nay more, unequaled, by any other like establishment west of the Allegheny mountains. Even, at this moment, all the powers of his mind, and the resources of his professional pursuits are enlisted, to secure, as an ornament for this museum, and as an enduring scientific monument of this city, the brightest and most interesting page extant, torn from the Book of Nature, written by the hand of Deity, some countless ages since, long before the foot-prints of man were impressed upon the surface of the earth.

Thus has his most sanguine hopes been realized, and his exertions crowned with unexampled success. A success, which has utterly prostrated all the predicted calumnies of his enemies, and demonstrated the impotency of the desertion of those who were wont to rise to eminence under the fostering sunshine of his patronage. And can the results of such efforts ever perish? No! never!

As science is herself immortal, she weaves undying chaplets of glory which she entwines around the brows of her cherished votaries.

When, in after ages, these hills and these valleys, and the wide plains which spread out before us, and around us, shall have become dotted with cities and villages and luxuriant farms; when this commercial emporium shall number its inhabitants by the million; and when its merchant princes shall have extended its mighty arms of commerce from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the sunny lands of the South to the ice-bound regions of the North—amid all this progress of events, and these revolutions of society—science will pursue her steady, onward, and unwearied course, and ever faithful to herself in the distribution of her rewards, will embalm in her imperishable records, the memory of the founder of the Medical Department of the University of Missouri.

This hour, gentlemen, is the parting hour of you and your preceptors. You leave them to enter upon the practical duties of your profession.

No language is adequate to express the extent and depth of the solemn responsibility involved in the execution of these duties. No greater responsibility can be encountered in any other situation of life. The welfare and even the lives of human beings will be, daily,

entrusted to your charge, and their fate, both as regards their suffering and their existence, dependent on your skill; while, as respects yourselves, oftentimes, amid the most trying and perplexing difficulties, your professional character may be committed to the tribunal of censorious and incompetent judges.

Amid perplexing circumstances of this kind, nothing but a sense of conscious ability can sustain you in the discharge of your arduous duties. In no other situation of life, are previous qualification, promptitude in judgment, and decision in action more required. In the sick chamber, no opportunity is afforded for acquiring additional qualification. Vacillation and delay, always dangerous, may here prove fatal. Correctness of judgment, decision, and firmness of purpose, founded upon accurate and precise knowledge, can alone inspire present confidence and secure future approbation.

The physician, properly qualified to meet every emergency and contingency which may arise, will be prepared to act with firmness and deliberation under the most appalling circumstances; and should even the most disastrous results ensue, he will be sustained by the heart cheering reflection, that suffering humanity, so far as was compatible with existing circumstances, has extended to it the resources of the profession, and that, in thus officiating, he had not usurped that place, which, in right and mercy, ought to have been occupied by another.

In reviewing professional exertions, thus faithfully executed, how enviable must be the feelings of the accomplished physician compared with those of the ignorant pretender, who, not unfrequently, is compelled to witness one or more human beings consigned to a premature grave—the victims of ignorance and officious presumption.

On your skill, gentlemen, will often depend the fond hopes of domestic affection. To your efforts, a helpless family may look, to preserve from the ravages of disease, the life of an endeared parent on whose exertions they have been wont to rely for all the enjoyments of existence.

The life of an intelligent and affectionate mother, the comfort and joy of her domestic circle, whose maternal care is all important for the government and protection of her tender offspring, may be confided to your professional charge. Some patriot, the stay and support of his country in the hour of its peril—the ornament of society and of human nature, may be entrusted to your skill, and his safety demanded at your hands by those whom he has honored and served.

How awful the reflection, that lives of such value may be sacrificed to either ignorance or neglect.

The indolent, the uninformed, the inattentive physician must, necessarily, commit many fatal errors. To society, he is a pest. To his profession worse than useless; and leaves it, when he sinks into an ignoble grave, without the slightest trace of improvement to tell that he has been. The intelligent and enlightened practitioner—the philosophic physician—on the contrary, marks every step of his route with some token of his worth. He is, at the same time, a benefactor to his species and to science. His knowledge is enlarged by research, and corrected by observation. His mind, disciplined to a rigid scrutiny of truth, enables him to detect what is merely plausible from what is sound; what is a mere flight of the imagination from what is the result of sober reflection. In his practice, he discriminates cause from effect, the accidental from the essential symptoms, and penetrating to the nature of disease can seldom be deceived in the indications of its treatment.

The science of medicine embraces, in its extensive scope, a knowledge of almost every thing pertaining to the terrestrial existence of man.

Every exhalation which the earth sends forth, every breeze that is wafted over its surface, every plant that blooms upon its bosom, every thunder-storm that disturbs the serenity of its atmosphere, every dew that descends in pearly drops on its vegetation, every rain that falls upon its hills and its valleys, every rivulet that adorns its landscape, and every river that courses over its plains and down its hills and through its valleys, are all but so many messengers of health or disease.

Regarded in this extensive aspect, how applicable to the charlatan, the nostrum monger, and the routine practitioner is, that impressive and solemn line of the poet—

“Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

Medicine is strictly a deductive science. Although true to itself, and true to its principles; yet, the practitioner, who takes but a partial view of the agencies which may be operative in a case of disease, would, in all probability, be led into errors; but, they would be the errors of the physician—not of the system.

The cell structure of anatomy—the cell actions of physiology and pathology, as illustrated by the revelations of the microscope—and the atomic theory of the combinations of chemical affinities, have placed

these preliminary departments in the range of the exact sciences, and have divested medicine, in a great measure, of that uncertainty in which it was involved.

The epithet of *ars conjecturalis*, as applied to the medical profession is now an obsolete idea—a present calumny. Medicine, has descended to you, gentlemen, a rich and precious legacy, in a state of progressive improvement. Sacred is the trust, and deep will be the disgrace, should you permit it to pass from you to your posterity, unimproved by your labors or vitiated by false doctrines and visionary speculations.

If the mere pride of illustrious ancestry, acquired, perhaps, by deeds of blood and carnage, calculated rather to disfigure and blacken the fair face of nature, than add a single ray to the brightness of human felicity, be capable of exciting emotions of the liveliest enthusiasm, what language can adequately express that elevation of soul which should animate every member of the medical profession, when he reflects, that he has assumed the character of a representative of those illustrious worthies, whose deeds shine forth so conspicuously in the history of medical science.

Entertaining such elevated views of the character of your profession, can any of you enter upon its duties, with cold, heartless, or mere mercenary feelings? Will you not rather foster a chivalrous spirit to enrol your names on the bright records of professional heraldry?

Inspired by such feelings, permit them to prompt you to active and enterprising exertions.

Under their influence resolve to become eminent, and success must eventually crown your efforts.

Remember, that no truth is better established, than, that intellectual power, aided by habits of industry, acquires increased energy in proportion to the opposition it meets with, until all obstacles finally sink beneath its accumulating and resistless force.

No other profession presents such unalloyed incentives to action as that of medicine.

The legal advocate is not unfrequently required in the exercise of his professional duties to add to the bitter pangs of widowhood, and to increase the orphan's tears.

The laurels of the military hero are dipt in blood; and if his heart have not become callous to the feelings of humanity, it must often

sicken, when he looks back, in the calm moments of peace, over those fields of carnage on which his victories were won.

You, gentlemen, however, have chosen a profession in which, so far as humanity is concerned, there are no conflicting feelings; but, where all its duties are eminently calculated to inspire the loftiest sentiments of humanity, and to secure the admiration and the esteem of the wise and the good.

Whether you estimate the medical profession as contributing to the preservation of the human race, or, as ameliorating the miseries of suffering mankind; whether you regard the elevated rank it has sustained among the arts and sciences during a series of successive ages; or, admire, with feelings of delight, and dispositions to emulate, the philanthropy of its distinguished cultivators, whose deeds of active benevolence, amidst scenes of pestilence and peril, add increased lustre to the page of history which records them, you cannot but felicitate yourselves upon the choice you have made in selecting it as the main object and pursuit of your lives.

With these elevated views of the profession you have chosen, and such incentives to honorable emulation, is there one among you so dead to the nobler feelings of exalted ambition, as not to wish to tread the paths that lead to honor and renown—to rank with those illustrious professional ancestors, whose actions, resting in bold relief on the records of time, shed an imperishable lustre on the character of the profession, which is reflected to every member. Reputation, however, must be earned before it can be enjoyed; and you cannot but be sensible, that the character you will hereafter sustain in the great drama of life, must, mainly, depend on your own active exertions, and the elevated views you may entertain of the profession you have chosen.

In preparing for the arduous and exalted competition which awaits you, form to yourselves, individually, conceptions of the *beau-ideal* of the profession, and shape and modify your actions in conformity with its dictates.

For its composition, look to the bright traits of character which so profusely enrich the biography of our science. There you may admire the unwearied observation, the discriminating acumen, and the undaunted philanthropy of the Father of Medicine—the venerable Hippocrates: there, too, you may witness the industry and unaffected piety of Børhaave; the theories and researches of Hoffman; the learning and the laborious compilations of the pious Haller; the ex-

perimenting zeal and actively enquiring mind of the persecuted Harvey; the numerous and accurate observations of the indefatigable Sydenham; and, there, too, as American physicians, you may patriotically and proudly admire the combined assemblage of genius and science, benevolence and patriotism, which adorned the life of our own illustrious Rush.

In reviewing the invaluable legacy which these distinguished benefactors have, by their lives and actions bequeathed to us, suffer their bright examples to inspire you with a becoming emulation to rival learning, their industry, and their worth. Permit not your intellectual energies to be dissipated in visionary speculations, useless to yourselves, and uninteresting and valueless to others.

We are too prone, even under the best intellectual discipline, to desert the paths of exact science, and wander, far and wide, in the unbounded regions of fiction; recollect, however, that although genius may dazzle, for a moment, with its meteor glare; yet, steady application, properly directed, can alone secure for its possessor that fixed unchangeable light which will permanently shine as a luminary in the constellation of medical science.

In conclusion, permit me to remark, in the language of one of the brightest spirits of the age, "that the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains—it flames, night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it *must* act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, love knowledge with a great love, with a love coeval with life. Love innocence—love virtue—love purity of conduct—love that, which if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and men will call it justice—love that, which if you are poor will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes—love that, which will comfort you, and adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought and all the boundless regions of conception as an asylum, against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world—that, which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up, in an instant, a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud."

"As you have, therefore, embarked in the pursuit of knowledge, go on without doubting or fearing the event—be not intimidated by her cheerless beginnings, by the darkness from which she springs,

by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but ever follow her as the angel that guards you, and as the Genius of your life. She will bring you out at last into the light of day, and exhibit you to the world, comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above your fellows, in all the relations, and in all the offices of life."

Graduates!

In behalf of the Medical Faculty of the University of the State of Missouri, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Graduates:

Names of the Gentlemen upon whom the degree of Doctor of Medicine, was conferred at the Annual commencement of the Medical Department of the Missouri Department, February 28th, 1854.

ASBURY, ISHAM R.	HERNDON, GRIEF P.
BATEMAN, EBENEZER B.	HUGHES, BENJAMIN F.
BARRET, RICHARD A.	JONES, THOMAS J.
BELL, JOSEPH W.	JONES, SOLOMON P.
BENDER, SAMUEL	KAVANAUGH, THOMAS H.
BOAL, GEORGE M.	KIRBY, BENJAMIN F.
BULLOCK, RANDOLPH L.	LINDSEY, JAMES A.
BLANKS, JOHN G.	OVERTON, DUDLEY H.
BRYAN, JOHN G.	PERRYMAN, JAMES L.
BROWN, JOSEPH T.	RAWLINGS, JOHN J.
CRAWFORD, JOSIAH J.	SCOTT, JAMES T.
DEWEY, GEORGE H.	SLATER, C. P.
DOBYNS, JOHN T.	STONER, EBEN R.
DORRELL, WASHINGTON,	TURNER, CAROLUS T.
GASKILL, JAMES R. M.	WILLS, LEWIS
GILKEY, CHARLES M.	YEAGER, SIMEON A.
HENRY, WILLIAM E.	YOUNG, CHARLES L.

ADEUNDEM DEGREE.

ANDERSON, CHARLES L.,	of Illinois.
BAKER, HUGH R.,	" St. Louis.
BATSON, ANDREW J.	" Indiana.
MAYO, WILLIAM W.	" "
HARD, CHESTER,	" "

HONORARY DEGREE.

WATKINS, JOHN, of Arkansas.