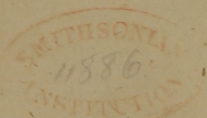


*Eve, (p.F.)*

PUBLIC OPINION BEING UNENLIGHTENED IN MEDICINE, PHYSICIANS SHOULD  
NOT BE INFLUENCED BY IT.

AN ADDRESS  
TO  
THE GRADUATING CLASS  
OF  
THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT  
OF  
The University of Nashville.

✓  
BY PAUL F. EVE, M. D.



NASHVILLE:

CAMERON & FALL, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, CORNER OF COLLEGE AND UNION STS.  
1855.





Eve (P. 3.)

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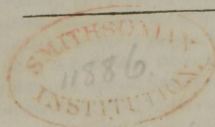
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AN ADDRESS

THE GRADUATING CLASS

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BY PAUL E. FARM, M.D.

CHICAGO

CHICAGO & EAST SIDE AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
1893



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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NASHVILLE, March 1st, 1855.

PROF. PAUL F. EVE:

Sir—The undersigned, deputed a Committee of the Graduating Class of the Session of 1854-55, take this mode of giving an expression to the high estimation in which they hold the excellent Valedictory, delivered by you last evening. The sentiments so elegantly expressed, so far meet our approbation, that we respectfully request their publication.

Sincerely yours,

A. W. GRIGGS, Chairman, Georgia,  
G. T. CAMP, "  
M. H. OLIVER, "  
D. W. CARMACK, Tennessee,  
J. W. COMPTON, "  
D. G. HODGES, "  
T. WESTMORELAND, "

D. P. BARCLAY, Kentucky,  
W. T. JORDAN, Mississippi,  
W. A. MULKEY, Arkansas,  
PIKE BROWN, South Carolina,  
J. H. PRICE, Texas,  
J. B. RUSSEL, Alabama,  
*Committee of Graduating Class.*

---

UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, March 2d, 1855.

PROF. PAUL F. EVE:

Dear Sir—At a meeting of the Faculty, held last night, it was unanimously resolved, "That a copy of your able and appropriate Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class, be requested for publication." Trusting that you will comply with this, as you have with all the requests of your colleagues, demanding exertion in behalf of the Medical Department of the University,

I am, very truly, yours,

J. BERRIEN LINDSLEY,  
*Dean of the Faculty.*

---

NASHVILLE, March 5th, 1855.

To DRS. GRIGGS, CAMP, &c., &c., &c., of Graduating Class,  
And DR. J. BERRIEN LINDSLEY, Dean of Faculty Nash. University:

GENTLEMEN:

I certainly feel complimented by the simultaneous request of the Faculty and the Graduating Class, to have my hasty production published, which was prepared as a substitute for the Address of a distinguished professional gentleman, unavoidably prevented being present at our Commencement. The subject suggested to me by a colleague, as suitable to the occasion, and the manner in which it is presented will, of course, be unpalatable to most out of the profession. For "error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish;" and if this is true in general, how much more so when applied specially to medicine. Having no other motives than the welfare of our beloved profession and prosperous enterprise, I comply with your request; believing that no just man will censure for publishing truths about a science so little understood by the community.

Your sincere friend and co-laborer,

PAUL F. EVE.



## ADDRESS.

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### GENTLEMEN GRADUATES:

THE intimate and interesting relationship which has existed between us for the past five months, is about to terminate. Our special labor in your behalf has ended; the connection of pupil and preceptor dissolved: and we are permitted this evening to congratulate you on the reception of that instrument of writing constituting you our equals, and entitling you to the rank of physician among all people. Before this goodly assembly, and in the presence of these respectable witnesses, we welcome you, gentlemen, to all the rights, privileges and immunities appertaining to regular practitioners of the healing art. We greet you as co-laborers in the great work of relieving suffering humanity. Henceforth, brothers, your mission is one of love to man; for its profession is philanthropy, its practice beneficence!

To most of us this is our last meeting in a public capacity, and I have been commissioned by the Faculty to pronounce to you their valedictory. This hour we separate; this very night the impatient wheels of the rushing locomotive will convey you rapidly from your *Alma Mater*; and to-morrow's sun may welcome some of you amidst the congratulations of home, kindred and friends. You go to receive the embrace of near relatives; to carry joy to those ever dear to your hearts; to fill once more the void at the happy family circle. But in this necessary separation, painful as it may be, there is a circumstance calling



forth our deepest gratitude to the Disposer of all human events. At the close of another course of lectures we are again permitted to return to parents, guardians, preceptors and friends, every student entrusted to our care. Called upon as we are this evening to render an account of those committed to us, we proclaim to this audience, *they are all here; not one, thank God, is missing.* This is the more remarkable, since it is well known how arduous is the labor and how great the exposure of those attending medical lectures during the winter; and, moreover, the daily papers have announced how frequently the other schools have been summoned to mourn the loss of students; yet not one of the 787, averaging nearly 200 a session during the four years of our organization, while connected with the Medical Department of the University of Nashville, has been removed by death. Hitherto that special Providence, invoked in the incipency of this enterprise, has protected us; and while profoundly sensible of our unworthiness of this great and significant mercy, we cheerfully and fearlessly commit our College to His keeping: satisfied if God be for us, to fear none against us.

You are about, my young friends, to enter the busy scenes of life; to claim a position of fearful responsibility in society; to begin the exercise of the most arduous and difficult professions among men. You will carry with you, wherever you go, our high expectations and sincere wishes for eminent success and true happiness. Your future career will be watched with intense anxiety by all those interested in your welfare. Among these, the Faculty will ever claim a prominent position; permit me, therefore, as appropriate to the occasion, to offer you a few parting reflections on the subject, that as PUBLIC OPINION IS UNENLIGHTENED IN MEDICINE, WE OUGHT NOT TO BE INFLUENCED BY IT.

As observers of passing events, you cannot have failed to remark how industriously the professions are now studied, how minutely the arts and sciences are cultivated, how easily error is exposed, and how earnestly truth is sought after on every subject. Progression and improvement are stamped on all things around us. The rough places of the earth are being made smooth, her crooked paths straight. Huge mountains are crumbling into dust, or being tunneled for rail-ways; while yawning chasms, majestic rivers, and even arms of the sea, are spanned by suspension or tubular bridges, to become the thoroughfare of nations. The agency of steam has relieved manual labor of its hard drudgery, and added a thousand-fold to the motive power of machinery. The rapid steamer is fast supplanting the dull and uncertain sailer of the ocean. The human intellect has been expanded by numerous discoveries and ingenious inventions, and the faculties of the mind greatly developed by the dissemination of truth through the printing press. Knowledge is now conveyed with the speed of the lightning's flash, and we know quickly what is transpiring in the remotest parts of the earth. The isles of the sea no longer sit solitary on the vasty deep, but hold frequent intercourse with surrounding nations; and the sympathy now existing between all people will, we hope, soon unite mankind in one great family, to dwell together in harmonious brotherhood: the realization of that happy period long predicted, when men shall learn war no more; when every one shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall molest, neither make them afraid.

We live, gentlemen, at an important era of the world's history, and in a country, and among a people, the most favored of creation. If not listless spectators, we should catch the spirit of the age. It is one emphatically of action. To improve our



signal advantages, and reap the benefits of our golden opportunities, we must be up and doing. There are now no laggards in the professions. In the medical, there has been as much, if not greater, progress made during the present century than in any other. The recent application of analytic chemistry, and revelations of the modern microscope, have almost created a new science. It marches now with a giant's strides, and none know better than you, for you have just been initiated to all its mysteries, how vast, minute and comprehensive is the knowledge of medicine, or how great must be the activity of those who would keep pace with its rapid movements. This day may, indeed, terminate your course for the doctorate, but we trust your professional studies are not to cease with it, or that the period will ever arrive when you can suppose you have completed your medical education. A complete course of instruction may be promised at boarding schools for young ladies, but physicians are made of sterner stuff and rougher material than the fair flowers of creation; nor are they tender plants reared in hot houses, but undergo years of patient toil and severe study to be prepared to exercise the art of dispensing good to others, with great self-denial and sacrifice of nearly every comfort of life, by day and by night, at all seasons of the year, and among all classes of society. You have, gentlemen, *but commenced a science, for the full acquisition of which a life time is too short*; and demanding the concentration of the highest intellect, and the development of the best affections of the heart: of a profession, worthy the loftiest genius and noblest powers of man: of a calling, honored by Deity himself, who, when on earth, consecrated it as a means of relieving suffering humanity!

Our special study, you know, is man's physical structure, the laws regulating his movements, the effects of external agents upon him, and the operations of his mind in disease. This is



our whole business, and yet to discharge all our duties, how vast the work, how extensive the research, how comprehensive the knowledge. We set out with the simple proposition to understand the organism of the human body, but in the end embrace every thing in the wide world which can exercise any influence over it. The study of medicine, what is it, or rather what does it not include? Exploring all nature, it descends into the earth to reduce minerals to impalpable powders: ascending on high, it weighs the atmosphere, notes its composition and records every climatic change. Analyzing animal and vegetable creation, it selects its therapeutic agents. It gathers from all ages, all climes, all people. It appropriates from all arts, all sciences, every pursuit of man. Beneath us, above us, around us, within us, yea, everything must be known to the physician. His study has no bounds. And now mark the anomalous circumstance, that while we make every other science tributary to our own, and place all other callings under contribution, (for physicians are eclectic philosophers,) yet how few out of the profession seem willing to admit the claims of medicine to be regarded a science. Holding a most intimate and extensive relation with several collateral pursuits of life, it would truly be singular if our profession had not borrowed some of their principles, even if it had none of its own. Provided it had no fixed, established laws peculiar to itself, it ought by this time to have derived some good elements of character from others in its practice. The community may admit we know more about anatomy than those around us, or that we operate in surgery better than they could; but in the practical application of remedies to diseases, every one imagines that he is our equal. A man may not know the structure of the human body, or its vital operations, but to correct its derangements he nevertheless believes he is fully prepared by numerous prescriptions precisely

adapted to every possible case. It is quite reasonable, right and proper to have the engineer, who understands the construction of a machine, repair its defects; necessary for the silversmith to regulate the clock or watch: but when this harp of a thousand strings is broken, this instrument the most complex, yet the most perfect of all organizations, created too, originally in the image of its God, and pronounced to be fearfully and wonderfully made, is marred or defaced, people at once conclude it to be so simple an affair that any one can mend it, even though utterly destitute of all knowledge of its composition, and not possessing the remotest idea of a single principle governing its movements. A hundred infallible prescriptions may be procured almost any day, for any disease in any community, without its cause being once inquired into, or a single prescriber being able to give a reason for his recipe, beyond his belief that it will do good, because, in his opinion, others were relieved by it; forgetting that no two cases are alike, that every man has a peculiar constitution, and that his body is a living, ever moving, ever changing, physical, intellectual and moral machine. The non-professional world are thus ever eager to administer medicines, of the composition of which they know nothing; of their curative action, less than nothing; and of diseases, if possible, they know still less.

We wish you, gentlemen, to comprehend definitely the position of your profession in society; to understand that the low estimate placed upon it under ordinary circumstances, is due to the fact that medicine as a science is unknown to the community; and if this be true, then you ought not to be influenced by public opinion in regard to strictly professional subjects. One of my colleagues, on his return from a northern college, some years ago, was urged by his friends, those who felt the deepest interest in his success, that in order to obtain busi-



ness as a young candidate for public patronage, he ought to lay aside everything like professional pride and dignity, and consult with any and all persons professing to cure diseases. He, however, turned a deaf ear to this advice, for he remembered that, like you, he had sworn to preserve the honor of his profession, and this night has the satisfaction to know that he has aided in establishing a medical college, which, in four years, presents this evening a graduating class of 93 out of 294 regularly matriculated students, a success never equaled in the history of medical teaching.

On grave and important questions, we seek the counsel of persons best informed in regard to them, and are certainly not expected to follow the recommendations of those who, from any circumstance, cannot arrive at a correct conclusion in regard to the subjects under consideration. Now, medicine to the world is a *terra incognita*. In the great field of literature she has an exclusive enclosure; her cultivation is repugnant to most men; but while her territories are even unexplored, and her domains alone improved by the occupants, possessing as she does the precious means of preserving life and health, she frequently suffers from marauding expeditions of piratical trespassers.—Allusion is seldom made to professional topics, or illustrations attempted by reference to our physical organization, by those who have never studied medicine, without betraying as much ignorance as do the inhabitants of Europe, Asia and Africa of the interior of America. How common is the remark that we meet with persons well informed in general history, literature, agriculture, commerce, the mechanical, sometimes the fine arts, affairs of government; who entertain correct views of law, may be of theology, or even of some of the learned sciences; and yet exhibit the profoundest ignorance of anatomy, or the structure of the human body; of physiology, or the laws regulating life; and of



pathology, or a knowledge of diseases. And this is so universally true in its application to all classes of society, that we cannot and do not except the learned and scientific. Had not each one of you manifested more intimate acquaintance with, a more thorough knowledge of, the principles of your profession, than do even the literati of the age, (for what does one of them know of the intimate structure, or the complex functions, say even of the circulation, or of cataract, or the simplest affections of the human system?)—had not you stood a far better examination on these topics than could the greatest genius of this enlightened century, or the most learned out of the profession, our signatures had never been placed to your diplomas. I mean no disrespect to the dead, nor would I offend you by a comparison with their acquirements on any other subject; but in regard to *medicine*, did not each one of you know far more than did Clay, Calhoun, or Webster, we have done wrong in conferring its honors on you to-night.

But this is not all that can be said of the skepticism that so generally prevails among our people in respect to medical science; for not only are the learned unacquainted with its principles derived from anatomy, physiology, pathology, and therapeutics; but even good men, the virtuous of the land, refuse to admit them as true, or of practicable application to disease, and display an utter destitution of all knowledge concerning them. Must not that ignorance of medicine be of the most glaring description, when ministers of the gospel, holy men, are found not only advertising, but advocating in their denominational papers, the use of secret medicines, and recommending irregular systems of practice? Self-interest may prompt an editor of a commercial daily to admit obscene notices, forged certificates and false statements in reference to panaceas and nostrum-venders, but surely better things are expected from those who conduct peri-

odicals proclaiming *Christianity*. The secular press may have been subsidized on the subject, and eleven columns devoted to quack advertisements, and only nine of its twenty to all other topics, counted in *one* newspaper; we may blush at the disgusting, mendacious and loathsome licentiousness of the charlatanic proclamations which daily offend the senses, but it was hoped that the religious periodicals of the country would sustain the American press for independence, truth and morality. In Great Britain a society has recently been organized for the suppression of notices offensive to morals; and their language is, "the obscene advertising quack, whose personal position is so execrably low, that his own relations and friends sicken at the sound of his name, and who often forges a new name for himself, that the loathsome traffic in which he is engaged may not hang to his skirts, when his laden coffers warrant his retirement from his dishonest public life; this man, whose written words sounded in human tones in a London thoroughfare, would call down upon him the shame of the vilest mob, dares, by the pen and printer, to diffuse incessantly a pestilence of vice through the length and breadth of the land." The character thus described may be read any day in our newspapers, the editor of one of which, (*Bonham Advertiser*, Texas,) has had the honesty to refuse the *price of blood* offered him by the vile impostor, and published the fact that with the advertisement came fifty-two paragraphs, (the periodical is weekly,) requesting the compositor to insert them according to the *season of the year*; the *same pills being good* for colds, coughs, asthma and rheumatism, in winter; diarrhoea, bilious complaints, indigestion and dysentery, in summer; and dropsy and skin diseases about autumn and spring.—I rejoice to state the fact that the *London Times*, the greatest of all newspapers, the *Manchester Chronicle*, the *London Illustrated News*, and even the *London Punch*, will not upon any terms



admit a *quack advertisement to disgrace their columns*. But how different is it in this country, where, with a few honorable exceptions, even clergymen, called and commissioned, as they believe themselves, to proclaim glad tidings to poor sinful man, yet publish *secret means* of doing him good! If these remedies are of real efficacy, their concealment is certainly inconsistent with the gospel principle of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us. By which of the two great commandments, love to God or love to man, can this practice be justified in one professing Christianity? If mystery gives virtue to the secret agent, then fraud and avarice are the motives, and we leave the nostrum-vender and his advocate to take either horn of the dilemma; but in the name of consistency, truth and honesty, let both cease to preach about religion. It is said a good man cannot even associate with a quack, or use a nostrum without exposure to moral delinquency. Immorality, dishonesty and selfishness are stamped in brazen impudence upon the whole class of irregular practitioners. Not one dares walk in the open day, but prefers concealing his deeds because they are evil: like the little blind animal described in natural history, which lives alone in perpetual darkness, they squirm, agonize, cry out, and miserably perish whenever brought to the light of science. No one will deny that truth would condemn their fraud and deception. Their means are secret, and too often, religion is employed as the cloak to conceal selfish motives. And is this the business for a *Christian* to engage in, or encourage in others? Christ, we learn, was meek and lowly, unobtrusive, and while healing diseases openly, was remarkably careful during his whole life (*see thou tell no man*, was his oft injunction,) to avoid attracting public attention to his restoration even of life itself. But who are these, loudly proclaiming and boastfully prophesying what *they can heal*, and *vaunting their cures*, bearing His name, and in



His name doing many wondrous works? As His *true* disciples are always known by their disinterested love to man, and imitation of His blessed example, might we not in all charity exclaim of them, as did once a spirit on a similar occasion to certain vagabond Jews, exorcists, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; *but who are ye?*"

Says the editor (Prof. Hunt) of the Buffalo Medical Journal, there recently appeared in a religious newspaper of that city, edited by an esteemed clerical friend, an account of a mongrel establishment for curing diseases by homœopathy and hydro-pathy, "whose attending physician was a man known by the editor, and a majority of his readers, to be a *jail-bird*, a man of *low morals* in his daily life, and a *criminal* upon occasion, abhorred by the virtuous, convicted by jurymen, sentenced by judges, cropped, shaved, and dressed in striped clothes by turn-keys, is now, upon his release from durance vile, considered a *fit subject* for a *laudatory notice* in a *denominational paper* of large circulation." Said an eminent divine to an equally eminent physician, have you ever read Hahneman's Organon? No, replied the doctor; and let me ask you, in return, if you have read the Mormons' Bible? Only a few years ago a clergyman received a sprain in a wrist-joint, and while recovering from it under a regular physician, drove a spirited horse against the advice of his medical attendant; as the pain now returned, he called in a bone-setter, who of course reduced a dislocation, which was well known never to have existed; and soon after there appeared in the daily prints a flaming notice of this *natural doctor*, written by the patient.\* Even reverend gentlemen bearing high literary honors, have been heard to speak of the roots of a disease. This word is derived from *dis*, meaning sep-

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\* Facts of these last anecdotes derived from Prof. W. Hooker's work on Physician and Patient.

aration from, and ease, signifying rest, &c. How, then, a disease, severe suffering, or a cold or a fever, or even a local affection, could have *roots*, cannot well be conceived: such expressions belong legitimately to the illiterate, arrogant and presumptuous quack, and never should disgrace those making pretensions to grave or classic titles. *A truly wise man is always humble.*

“Knowledge is proud, that he has learnt so much ;  
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.”

In proof how little even learned authors, as well as divines, know of medicine, may be quoted the published opinions of that most popular and voluminous writer, the Rev. Dr. John Cumming, of London, who of all men I ever heard preach, comes nearest to converting all prose into poetry, and stands pre-eminent among orthodox clergymen. He denies that diseases are infectious; and still further and more to our point, contends that the soul is not immediately separated from the body at death. This is his language: “what is remarkable enough, the highest science has reached the conclusion that the echoes of life ring in the body that seems to us dead, much longer than persons actually suppose.” Again, “death does not take place, even science will tell you, till decay commences.” By the highest science in connection with the subject, he of course refers to the medical: and now need I ask each of you to declare that this very science actually teaches the very reverse of Dr. Cumming’s position? Death takes place, you all know, when the breath leaves the body, and long before decay commences.—Who requires to be told that decomposition may be prevented for months or years, and will it be said that the soul has not therefore left it? Have the Egyptian mummies all souls? I know the common belief that life may be suspended for a considerable period, and an absurd story has recently been circulated



by the papers, that a man buried for months in the snow of the Alps, has just been thawed and perfectly restored, though our science tells us death must first occur before the blood in the heart can be frozen; and we know that complete suspended animation for half an hour; yea, for fifteen minutes, has rarely transpired. It is more in accordance with reason, common sense, as well as the highest science, to declare that death takes place long before ordinary decay commences, though putrefaction be the only certain proof of it. We had thought, too, that the large majority of christians were persuaded that the souls of believers do pass immediately into glory, and that this is a fundamental doctrine derived from several passages of scripture; He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul; the breath of the Almighty is, then, the living principle within us, and when taken away, that moment we cease to exist. The proto-martyr, Stephen, just before he was stoned to death, called upon Jesus Christ to receive his spirit as he fell asleep. This day, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon, the Saviour said to the thief on the cross, shalt thou be with me in paradise.

"One gentle sigh their fetter breaks ;

We scarce can say *they're gone!*

Before the willing spirit takes

Her mansion near the throne."

Of all persons, one would suppose the clergy ought most to co-operate with the medical profession. There are certainly many good reasons why the two callings should unite harmoniously, and while mutually assisting each other, each in its own sphere of duties, never to come in collision. Reid said years ago, the medical cannot be separated from the moral science, without reciprocal and essential mutilation. And who, let me ask, are provoking this separation? I yield to no man in love and ven-

eration for, or in honoring and sustaining, the humble, conscientious and devoted minister of God; but as for the hypocritical professor, who leaves his own calling to interfere with ours, and uses religion to cloak his designs, I consider him the worst enemy to both. One would suppose the clerical profession had enough of its own polemics to settle, without volunteering to determine the true science of others. If more faithfully and harmoniously engaged about their own all important, *holy calling*, the apprehension entertained by many might be relieved, that some of the controvertists so fall out with each concerning the true road to heaven, as never to reach their journey's end. Lest, however, some of our clerical friends might suppose we are jealous of their influence in the world, we give the experience of one who, after trying the three learned professions, selected that of law, for the reason that while he found that mankind would contribute but six and a quarter cents for the good of his soul, and twenty-five cents for that of his body, he was always ready to go the almighty dollar to have his own will.

Nor, in reality, has the other learned profession much to boast over ours, in its success with the people. Voltaire defined a physician to be an unfortunate gentleman, daily called upon to perform the miracle of reconciling health with intemperance; but the lawyer has many things his own way, and much to favor his practice; yet, what is his profession applied to our criminal courts? Is it not notorious that any man, however guilty, does escape, provided he only has the means to pay his way? In California, 450 murders were committed last year, some suppose 600 would be nearer the truth; yet for this amount of crime, only 6 persons suffered the extreme penalty of the law; but the irregular practitioners, the mob, hanged 18 others of these murderers. Now, I know no reports in medicine which



exhibits a failure in the proportion of 444 cases out of a practice in 450, and where the regular profession was beaten three to one by the *unlawful* demands of the public.

Another marked instance of the great misconception of our science occurs in the short sentence met under the editorial head (Gazette) of one of our daily papers. It reads thus: "God cures (sometimes) and the doctor takes the fee." We utterly deny both allegations of this very brief sentence. The doctor does not take the fee, for it is neither offered, nor could it be obtained were he to try. About one half of his services are gratuitously rendered. In what other profession or calling of life is there so much charity practice? The other affirmation, that God cures sometimes, is equally erroneous. Physicians never cure—cannot cure. They may prevent, allay, possibly control some affections, but nature alone does the work of restoration—IT IS GOD WHO HEALETH ALL OUR DISEASES.

You see, then, gentlemen, from what has been advanced, that all classes in society, the best informed as well as the most virtuous, are unenlightened in the science of medicine. Hence we find little or no distinction made between the physician and the boastful pretender in the healing art, between the learned and illiterate, and were we to yield to the opinions of those around us, the practice of our profession would soon become a mere traffic in secret prescriptions for the name of diseases. But fortunately for the good of mankind, and the advancement of medical science, its cultivators have pursued a very different course from that which the public have suggested, and seems yet obstinately determined to enforce. To this very day, ignorant empirics and designing impostors hold competition with the wisest and best in the profession. Despised, neglected, unknown and rejected as a science, except on certain occasions and under peculiar circumstances, its intercourse with the world

has nevertheless been liberal and honorable. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, cultivated it more than two thousand years ago, not for filthy lucre, or vain glory, but from the real love of the healing art, and a pure spirit of humanity. Harvey, when he discovered the true circulation of the blood, at once promulgated the fact. Jenner, after proving by numerous experiments that vaccination would prevent the small-pox, immediately announced it to the world. Quinine, ergot, chloroform, and many other new agents for the treatment of diseases, have been as freely communicated, after their effects were fully ascertained. And as an indication how jealously the profession watches over her honor in this respect, and its strong opposition to proprietary medicine, may be stated the well known fact, that when a dentist in connection with a physician (I am sorry to add,) attempted to conceal by a patent the property of ether to prevent pain during surgical operations, it rose as one man throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in honest indignation, "*drove the money changers from the temple of humanity.*" \*

Such, then, my friends and brothers, is that profession into which you have been initiated by these public ceremonies, and whose honor is now committed to your keeping. For three long years you have diligently applied yourselves to its acquisition, have attended two full courses of lectures, written a thesis, sustained a rigid examination, and have just been crowned with its honors. Remember that a diploma does not now, as it once did, make the distinction between the physician and quack, since our title of M. D. is granted by all sorts of colleges, and for the express purpose of deceiving the people, and we have no special legal protection. You are required to exhibit other

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\* Prof. Stevens' Address to the New York Legislature.



passports than this one, to public favor. You have been told, too, that the community cannot judge correctly of your professional qualifications, but it can and will determine your character in every other respect. It will soon ascertain if you are a literary man, a good citizen, a worthy member of society.—Although it may be true that a man can become famous only by pursuing one object at a time; and Aristotle declared that to become distinguished in any profession, three things are necessary, nature, study, and practice; still the cultivation of the collateral sciences and general literature is by no means inconsistent with that of your own immediate calling. To succeed now a days, every one must be a hard working, laborious man, devoted faithfully to his business, an honest searcher after truth, a sincere friend to the welfare of mankind. As educated men, you will be expected to sustain, both by precept and example, every measure to improve the social, moral and intellectual, as well as the physical condition of the community, wherever you may reside. As members of society, physicians are called upon to elevate public sentiment, to encourage temperance in all things, to develope holy aspirations after truth, and to exercise the best affections of the heart. We, of all others, should appropriate the beautiful language of the gifted Payson, “not for ourselves, but others, is the grand law of nature, inscribed by the hand of God on every part of creation. Not for itself, but for others, does the sun dispense its rays; not for themselves, but for others, do the clouds distil their showers; not for herself, but others, does the earth unfold her treasures; not for themselves, but others, do the trees produce their fruits, or the flowers diffuse their fragrance and display their various hues. So, not for himself alone, but for others, are the blessings of Heaven bestowed on man.”

Lastly, preserve inviolably the honor of the medical profes-

sion. Cherish her interests as you would those of your nearest and dearest friend. Consent, under no circumstances, to make it a mere bread earning craft. Never be seduced to degrade it by consulting or consorting with irregular practitioners, whether they possess a diploma or not, and consider all as such who use concealment in any of their doings, or hold to any peculiar, exclusive system of practice. Cultivate, too, the friendship of your associates, for they alone can rightly estimate your professional attainments, and do all you can to promote peace and good will in the brotherhood. We want more intercourse with each other, more kind feeling exercised between physicians, and a wider separation from the whole class of proprietary practitioners. Then the influence of the profession would be acknowledged throughout the community, as it is now in our courts, in our epidemics, our navy and our army.

And after all, while binding up the wounds, healing the diseases, soothing the sorrows and relieving the distresses of others; while engaged in preserving the beautiful, but frail and perishing casket, be not unmindful of the immortal jewel within it. Of all men, too, physicians die the soonest. In no other calling are the wear and tear of life so great. A knowledge of the healing art does not secure its possessor against the king of terrors.—Above all things, ever cherish a sacred devotion to Him whose most wonderful work it is your high prerogative fully to comprehend, and the preservation of which is now committed to your care. The proper study of man's physical structure has never yet tended to materialism; for if the investigation of nature leads the mind up to nature's God, how much more should the duties of the physician of the body conduct him to the GREAT PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL!











