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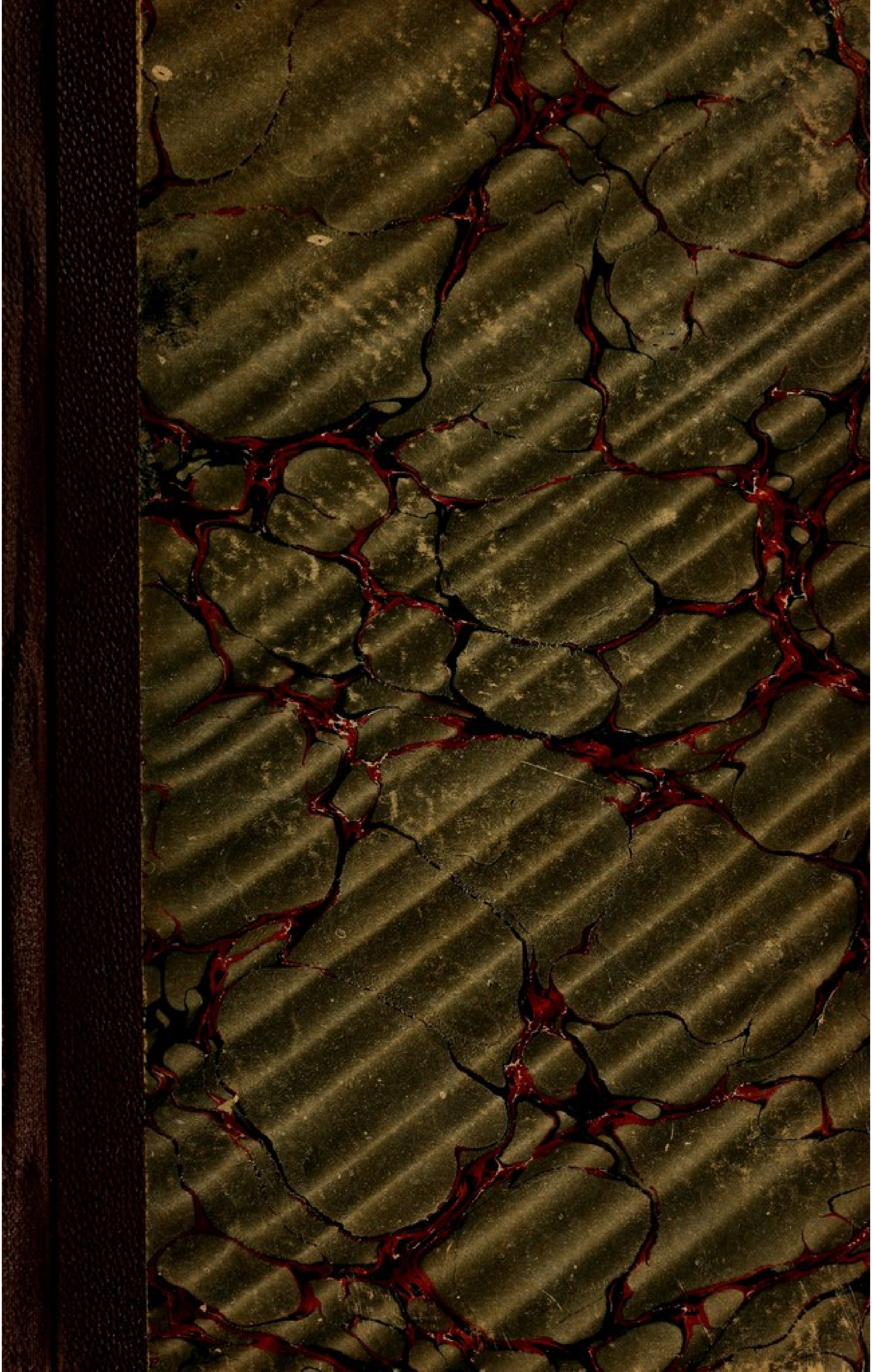

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CLASS

OF THE

Medical Society of Ohio

On Tuesday Evening, Oct. 6, 1868.

BY

THEOPHILUS PARVIN, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL DISEASES OF WOMEN.

PRESS OF
Robert Clarke & Co.
No. 65 West Fourth Street,
Cincinnati.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cincinnati, O., October 28, 1868.

T. Parvin, M. D., *Prof. Medical and Surgical Diseases of Women, Medical College of Ohio—*

Sir:

The Class of 1868–9, *Medical College of Ohio, appointed the undersigned a Committee to request for publication, a copy of the Salutory delivered by you at the beginning of the present session.*

Hoping for a favorable reply, we remain, very respectfully,

Yours,

O. H. Saxton,
W. W. Vinnedge, } *Committee.*
P. C. Holland,

Indianapolis, November 2, 1868.

Gentlemen:

Your kind favor, soliciting a copy of the Address delivered to you, has been received. Your request is complied with. With kindest regards,

I am, yours, truly,

Theophilus Parvin.

To Messrs. O. H. Saxton, W. W. Vinnedge, and P. C. Holland.

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Subjective Utility of Medicine.

THE

Subjective Utility of Medicine.

THE flight of migratory birds southward, and the fall of sere and yellow leaves earthward, do not more clearly proclaim the autumn and predict the winter, than the annual assembling of Medical Students in the great medical centers. Uniform as the procession of the seasons, or the alternations of day and night, regular as the rythmic movements of the heart, or as the flow and ebb of the sea, do these student waves sweep inward to the fountains of professional learning, and thence outward a river of health and life, we would hope, to humanity. The water from the mountains, flowing seaward impregnated with organic and inorganic impurities, is gathered from the ocean's expanse into the bosom of the clouds, only to fall in fertilizing showers upon the thirsty land. And so these medical schools, now bustling with activity and thronged with students, incapable of creating, can only refine, purify and qualify such material as is given them, and then distribute it for the benefit of man.

By the voice of my colleagues, and with heartiest pleasure, I welcome the students to-night to the Medical College of Ohio. The oldest institution of the kind in the great West, she claims to be the peer of the best that have sprung up since her foundations were laid; but she disclaims all antagonism toward other colleges —let not a word of envious comparison or disparagement be heard. Nay, let us all, to every well-conducted medical college, here or elsewhere, to every competent and faithful medical teacher here or elsewhere, let us earnestly say God-speed; and let the only rivalry be who can do most for the promotion of medical science, and for the relief of human suffering.

By the memory of her long line of illustrious teachers, whose fame is her heritage; by the vast army of students that she has nourished and brought up, and sent forth for the healing of the people, and whose usefulness, successes, and distinctions redound not a little to her glory; by the almost half century of her honored life, does the Medical College of Ohio, receiving you to-night as her children, pledge herself to be no ungracious step-mother, but a mother indeed. And I am sure you will find, on the part of those who are to be your teachers, fidelity in their instructions, and the warmest sympathy with you in whatever pertains to your professional interests.

On an occasion like this, the celebrated Abernethy entered the lecture room of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, glanced around the benches crowded with young men just commencing their professional studies, and then involuntarily exclaimed in an audible tone, " God pity you all!" It would seem ungracious to meet you, so many being at the threshold of their professional studies, when the chords of your hearts are vibrating with pleasure at this new life, and when many are looking at the vista of future years lighted up with ambitious hopes, with so sad a prayer, to utter a single word causing discord to fall upon such music, and darkness upon such imagined glory.

And yet, were one who knows somewhat of the mysterious revelations which come from the Delphic caves of human life, to forecast your future, he would not picture it all song and sunshine; he might tell of defeats as well as triumphs—of failures as well as of successes—of glooms as well as of glories; while unto each one it would be said: Lo, many a hope which you entertain shall fail of fruition, while many another, now dearly cherished, will, when realized, be but dust and ashes on your lips; thornless or fadeless flowers to be plucked and fashioned into chaplets for the brow are not found; life is no bright summer day in the pleasant shade, but often the bleak winter, the starless night, the stifling heat and parching thirst of Sahara sands, the fierce ocean storm. Nay, doing your best as a faithful and successful worker, peradventure you may not escape the railing of malicious tongues—your abilities may be disparaged, your motives misconstrued, your reputation maligned, and obstacles and impediments may be purposely placed in your way, just as cruel savages would impede the progress of their hapless victim when running the gauntlet for dear life.

Of the hundreds of medical students now assembled in the various cities of our country, very few of them will ever attain opulence, still fewer fame. And in view of the struggles, the difficulties and disappointments, the trials and sufferings in mind, body, and estate, which are the almost inevitable lot of those who engage in the practice of medicine, may we not say in all truth and reverence, God pity you all!

And now does any one tell me, you have sadly darkened my ideal of professional life, and crushed the hopes that were throbbing in my bosom. If so, it was to have him turn unto a higher and purer ideal which no earth-clouds can permanently obscure, and to seek a faithful hope which shall be an anchor to the soul, holding it fixed and firm amidst all the drifting tides of adversity and disappointment, and unmoved by all the rude storms of fate. It is my desire to show that Medical Study and Practice meet the highest purpose of earthly existence.

How can I live a true and noble life? What is that design? These are questions that every thoughtful mind asks itself. The final end of man's existence is the glory of God. "But," as observed by Sir William Hamilton in his argument for the study of mental philosophy, "it is manifest, indeed, that man, in so far as he is a mean for the glory of God,*

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* The German philosopher Jacobi, gives expression to the same thought as to the purpose of man's existence:

"The wise man is known by the choice of the ends which he proposes to himself; the prudent man is known by the choice of the means by which he attains his ends, whether they be wise or unwise.

must be an end unto himself, for it is only in the accomplishment of his own perfections, that, as a creature, he can manifest the glory of his Creator. Though, therefore, man, by relation to God, be but a mean for that very reason, in relation to all else he is an end. Wherefore, now speaking of him exclusively in his natural capacity and in his temporal relations, I say it is manifest that man is, by nature, necessarily an end unto himself—that his perfection and happiness constitute the goal of his activity, to which he tends and ought to tend when not diverted from this his general and native destination, by peculiar and accidental circumstances." From this the distinguished philosopher goes on to show how the vast majority of men are so diverted by the necessities of procuring a livelihood—man converting himself into an instrument, working for others so that with the remuneration given him he can procure the means of living: "Thus, in the actualities of social life, each man, intended of being solely an end unto himself—instead of being able to make everything subordinate to that full and harmonious development of his individual faculties, in which his full perfection and his true happiness consist—is, in general, compelled to degrade himself into the mean or instrument toward the accomplishment of some end external to himself, and for the benefit of others." Now the studies which a man engages in have either absolute or relative utility,

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But how are the ends themselves to be known? Is the choice of the wisest to decide? Then we can not say, as we have just said, that the wise man is known by his ends. *Semper idem atque idem nolle.* But what is this one and the same which is to be always willed? It is the glory of God."

the one referring to man's perfection as an end, the other as an instrument. Rarely do these utilities coincide ; nay, they are often antagonistic. But such union does occur to a remarkable degree in Medicine; that is, he who faithfully studies it in all its varied range of knowledge, is thoroughly imbued with its spirit, labors to promote its progress, is promoting the harmonious development of all his powers, the symmetrical evolution of his character, and is thus increasing his happiness and perfection, thereby realizing an absolute utility ; at the same time he becomes a capable instrument for earning a livelihood—he is a bread-winner—and thus attains a relative utility, and this utility is of the greatest value to his fellow men.

Lest any one may hesitate to accept fully, as the true theory of life, the views presented, let me reinforce it by a passage from Lord Bacon, and we will see how he concludes the glory of God, and the good of man's estate the end of human learning:

"But the greatest error of all the rest, is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge; for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge—sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite, sometimes to entertain their minds with vanity and delight, sometimes for ornament and reputation, sometimes to enable them to victory of art and contradiction, and most times for lucre and profession, and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of man; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, and a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich store house for the glory of the Creator, and for the relief of man's estate." Those final words of the Lord Chancellor: "*for the glory of God, and for the relief of man's estate,*" how grandly they ring out! They ought to be written in the heart of every physician, and emblazoned on his life!

Having now clearly before us the great purpose of man's existence, let us next inquire what are the elements of this immaterial nature, in regard of which alone he was wont to have been originally created in God's image, and by the development of which he manifests God's glory.

"Man is a being, *intellectual*, or thinking and knowing; *moral*, or willing and active; and *æsthetic*, or feeling and enjoying." To these three cardinal elements of his nature correspond the *true*, the *good*, and the *beautiful:* knowledge, virtue, and enjoyment in the contemplation of the beautiful, make up the trinity of the soul's needs. Nor can one be cultivated to the utter exclusion of the others, without marring the soul's symmetrical and harmonious development,

> "For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
> That doat upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sundered without tears."

Considering the cardinal elements of man's physical nature in the order in which they have been enumerated, we have first to examine the influence which the Study and Practice of Medicine exert upon the intellectual culture of the individual, then upon his moral, and finally upon his æsthetic culture.

Metaphysicians variously classify what are termed our mental powers, very much as hydrographers map the ocean—arbitrary lines drawn here and there. The mind is a unit, and what are called its various powers or faculties are simply modes of manifestation of that unit. However, accepting the ordinary division, it would be impossible to select a single faculty or power which the study of medicine cultivates to the exclusion of others. Observation, perception, comparison, memory, imagination, reflection, reason, judgment, etc., all are called into daily requisition. Medicine is a mental gymnasium in which the mind can be exercised in every direction and posture. This truth must be so obvious to a reflective mind, that we scarce need attempt its demonstration, nor even its illustration. There is one power, however, to which brief reference may be made, for if the assertion just made would be disputed on any ground, it would be on this: the value of imagination in the progress of our science, and in the duties of our art. That man of wonderful philosophic attainments and general knowledge, the late Mr. Buckle, in a lecture delivered in 1858, upon the *Influence of Women in the Progress of Knowledge*, asserts what every intelligent person must confirm, that women naturally prefer the deductive method of reasoning, while men, on the other hand, arrive at results by the slow process of induction. There are several reasons why women prefer the deductive or ideal method. And among these are: "they are more emotional, more enthusiastic, and more imaginative than men, they therefore live more in an ideal world, while men, with their colder, harder, and austerer organization, are more practical, and more under the dominion of facts, to which they consequently ascribe a higher importance."

Upon the basis of this very difference of methods of reasoning, as so ably presented by Mr. Buckle, an argument has been founded in a recent foreign journal, against the admission of women to the medical profession, medicine—so we are daily taught—being purely an *inductive* science, while woman is a *deductive* reasoner. But it is foreign to our purpose to weigh this argument, only let us say that reasoning deductively is not utterly forbidden in the progress of medicine, as it becomes more and more a science, and the imagination in its highest manifestations can be brought into play. In more than one of the sciences closely connected with ours, some of the most important laws have been discovered by deduction. Thus, in the very lecture just quoted, the author refers to the fact that the highest morphological generalization we possess concerning plants, was made by one of the greatest of poets, Göethe; and he made it not in spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet; his brilliant imagination, his passion for beauty, and his exquisite conception of form, supplied him with ideas, from which, reasoning deductively, he arrived at conclusions by descent, not by ascent.

But, without dwelling upon this point, we may assert that imagination is of daily use to the physician and to the surgeon. The scientific anatomist from a single bone constructs the skeleton, and "bodies forth the form" of a thing unknown to others before; the painter from a single face harmoniously groups, in all the details of expression, coloring, etc., others about it; the poet from a single incident evolves a consistent life story; the physician must represent to his mind from certain ascertained facts, others which are only half seen or altogether concealed, all uniting in a picture that shall be harmonious; the surgeon, every time his knife dissects the living tissues, reproduces from a few landmarks the very representations that he has studied in the dissecting room, modified by the peculiar conformation of the individual subject, and meeting the emergencies of the special case in hand.

It is possible we might go a step further, asserting that he who is incapable of great imaginative power, who is simply a cold and frigid intellect, forever groveling Gradgrind-like among dead facts, is not capable of taking the highest professional rank.

There is another aspect in which we propose to consider the relations of medicine to intellectual culture. Its study, whether in books, at the bedside, or on the cadaver, is a study of truth. Now truth is food for the intellect;* the mind was made to know, as the eye to see or the ear to hear, and by knowledge it grows and is invigorated. Not only so, but remembering the indissoluble bonds which bind our intellectual and moral natures in the unity of the human soul, truth and virtue are intimately connected—right thinking and right doing, correct knowledge and correct action; while, on the other hand, an intellect befogged with ignorance, beclouded with sophistries, inevitably misguides and corrupts the moral nature. The medical student has offered him a rich body of truths for the nutriment of his mind; the physician, in his daily practical investigations of disease, is a truth-seeker—error, falsehood, will satisfy neither his mind nor his conscience, nor, lowest of all, his interest.

But again. It is not the acquisition of other men's knowledge, but the grasping of the unknown, which imparts the highest pleasures and most develops the mind. New worlds for the ambitious warrior to conquer; new lands for the adventurous mariner to discover; new truths for the philosopher to unfold. The fleet-footed racer, as he speeds to the goal—the swift-winged bird, as he sweeps over us or soars to the clouds—have pleasure in the exercise of God-given power; and so man, in the exercise of his power in the conquest of new fields of knowledge, and in the gathering of truths hitherto unknown. †Did the Almighty,

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* Rev. Dr. Thornwell's Discourses on Truth.

† This passage we find a different rendering of in "*The Prose Writers of Germany.*" In that given above we have followed Sir Wm. Hamilton, *op. cit.*

said Lessing, holding in one hand *Truth,* and in the other *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request *Search after Truth.* "The sciences always studied with the keenest interest are those in a state of progress and uncertainty; absolute certainty and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study." Now it is in just this condition of progress and uncertainty that medicine is found at present; it is, in many respects, uncertain, and we labor for increase of positive knowledge; it is essentially progressive—"the goal of to-day is the starting point of to-morrow." In this progress it is the privilege and duty of all the members of the profession to participate, for there is no period in a physician's history when he can cease to study; the medical student becomes a practitioner, but he is still a student. Jeremy Taylor has drawn a beautiful and striking picture of sympathy, which may be adapted to the mutual contributions of medical men to the increase of medical knowledge: "Two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run upon my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories, and make them radiant like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by union, and confederations of light and joy."

Let it not be imagined that if the practitioner living remote from our great cities does read, think, observe, reflect, study, he can accomplish nothing for the profession at large. Even were this true, the exercise of his own powers, the development and growth of his own mind would be reward enough; but, beside, the influence which such an one exercises upon the professional tone, and upon the professional status with the people, is invaluable. Undoubtedly those who live in our large cities have great advantages for the increase of their knowledge—large libraries and instruments available, hospital opportunities for studying disease, therapeutics and pathological changes; but at the same time, let us remember it is not the place and opportunities that make the man, but his own heroic resolution and indefatigable industry—the hare, conscious of her superior speed, sleeps on the way, while the tortoise slowly, patiently, persistently, and successfully, toils to the goal. "Only a country doctor" has sometimes been sneeringly said of one who was fitted to stand the peer in all that makes the truly noble physician of those whose location and circumstances have been much more favorable to professional culture. It was a *country doctor, who, in his rides through the pleasant lanes of Gloucester, thinking as he went, grasped that truth, and subsequently demonstrated it, which has been the greatest benefit medicine ever conferred upon humanity. Through all the world and through all the ages, the praise of Jenner shall not cease.

We next inquire into the legitimate influence of medicine upon the individual's *moral culture.* The

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**Lancet*, 1861.

promotion of virtue—virtue in the heart and in the life—may be accepted as the evidence and the end of such culture. Virtue, *virtus*, the pith and essence of manhood, we take to include the wise regulation of all the emotions, instincts, appetites, desires, feelings, purposes, *et cetera*, and the general just conduct of the individual life in all its relations to others, to society, and to God. Of course, we do not propose any elaborate ethical investigation, for time would not permit it; but chiefly by illustration to give a hurried sketch, or rather glimpses, of a great truth which should vitalize every medical life. We speak of different manifestations of virtue as virtues, personal, social, christian, *et cetera*. So, too, we specify, among others, temperance, chastity, charity, benevolence, philanthropy, as virtues. Of course, as moralists assert, there is nothing virtuous or vicious in any appetite, desire, instinct, or emotion, or in certain physical acts, in themselves considered; it is the object which evokes them, the purpose in kind, or in degree, which invests them with moral qualities.

Man has been endowed with a physical nature which is subject to certain laws, obedience to which secures in the main the healthful performance of all its functions, while violation of those laws brings its harvest of suffering, pain, *dis*comfort, *dis*ease, organic changes, death—one or all. Nor does the body alone suffer, for our immaterial nature, whose instrument the body is of right, but whose lawless governor or cruel jailor it sometimes becomes, is affected by physical changes; physical disorder is often the expressive of obvious somatic changes, and we look for the *mens sana* only in the *corpore sano.* Now, the physician studies these laws unto which our bodies have been made subject, and knows better than any one else the penalties which attend their transgression. In illustration, let us take the too familiar example of the use of alcoholic liquors. Such use has no moral quality in itself; on the one hand it may destroy, on the other, save life. But the physician has studied alcohol in its composition, its chemical characters, its combinations, its physiologic effects, its pathological results, and its therapeutic uses. We know that in some instances alcohol holds "such a swift enmity with the blood of man," that fat globules take the place of normal elements; that it singles out for its special action that which is the highest in the organization, the brain; that it may smite a man to death within an hour by meningeal hemorrhage, or by pulmonary apoplexy, or that it may make a man utterly insane as the fiercest inmate of Bedlam. Still more, the physician has studied not only acute, but chronic alcoholism,* in its lesions of motility—the trembling hand, the chorea, the epilepsy of drunkards, paresis, tonic spasms; in its lesions of sensibility, various disorders of general sensation, hyperæsthesia of special senses, or else the blunted taste or smell, the disordered eye or ear; the general depravation of organic life, with power so weakened that it soon succumbs to severe acute disorders; the

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*See *Nouveau Dictionnaire*, tome iii, p. 635.

disturbance and perversion of intelligence, the blunting of moral sensibility, hallucinations, delirium, mania; sleep no longer shedding its sweet influence upon the widely-staring and bloodshot eye, the darkness is bright with surrounding flames, and the night is thick with furious fiends, and murder and suicide may be the possible final acts of the horrid history. The physician, scalpel in hand, has searched out upon these sad and loathsome wrecks of humanity the pathological changes which alcohol has produced—in the stomach, inflammation, ulceration, local hypertrophies, and contractions; in the liver, congestion, irritations, fatty degeneration, *et cetera;* in the kidney, various forms of what has been known as Bright's disease—lesions of which, according to Dr. Christison, three-fourths or four-fifths are found in drunkards; in the organs of respiration and of circulation, too, as well as in some other parts of the body, the evidences of this terrible poison may be found. He goes a step further. Studying the laws of hereditary transmission, he finds that the accursed thirst for intoxicating liquors may be the inheritance of the offspring of drunkards; or that such offspring will exhibit the evidences of a feeble vitality, and that they are liable to absolute mental or physical defects.

Now, can the medical man, in view of such a representation—and the picture falls immeasurably below the dread reality, not a tenth part of the terrible details have been presented—ever, in view of his professional studies and observations, be a drunkard? Nay, will he not, both by example and precept, bear earnest witness against a vice which every year sweeps its thousands of victims into dishonored graves?

So, too, in reference to *sensualism*, the living death of whatever is purest and noblest in human nature, the prolific source of physical sufferings, not in the individual alone, but in others; in successive generations, too, illustrating the terrible law of retributive justice which visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, who better knows its legitimate character and consequences than the physician, and who will guard more sedulously against it than he? He, who in the daily exercise of his professional duties, needs a clear eye, a steady hand, an unclouded mind and a calm judgment can not, consistently with his high obligations, suffer himself to be mastered by any instinct, appetite or passion.

Familiar with the degradations and imperfections of human nature, he is likewise familiar with its nobilities—lives sinking in the degradation and darkness, lives struggling up to the infinite light, lives hard, selfish and unsympathetic, lives glowing with generous self-sacrifice and noble devotion—and thus his own soul, with this food for pity, and food for love and admiration, daily is purified and grows more catholic. The responsibilities which are imposed upon him, beget a corresponding degree of moral strength. Health, the greatest blessing of life, without which reputation, place, wealth and power are but mockeries, and honor and life itself are reposed with implicit faith in his hands. Life—who can tell its value, cheaply as men sometimes estimate it? "Ah!" says De Quincey, "what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day; ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, 'One way lies hope, take the other and mourn forever.' How grand a triumph, if even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God and to seek his counsel from HIM!" Ah! what a cheap thing is human life when we see great waves—hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow beings—sweeping on to the fiery edge of battle and falling before it as the grass before the scythe, or the forest before the hurricane. Ah! what a precious thing is human life when we consider its origin, its duties, its destiny. Tell me the worth of the life of father or mother to helpless, friendless offspring; of the philanthropic citizen to society; of husband to wife, or wife to husband? What plummet will sound the depths of human sorrow at losses like these? What calculus compute its measure and weight? Or, take the more familiar case, where an idolized child is smitten with disease, and trembles on the verge of death, is it in human language to tell the anxiety, the tenderness and the power of a mother's love born in the mighty passion of motherhood and nurtured by a thousand cares and assiduities, by dangers already passed and by responsive affection. She would freely give her life to save that of her offspring, her *own God-given* child, for, as one of the most gifted of female poets—and a woman only could have written these lines—has said:

> "He gives what He gives. I appeal
> To all who bear babes! In the hour
> When the vail of the body we feel
> Rent round us, while torments reveal
>   The motherhood's advent in power.
>
> And the babe cries—have all of us known,
> By apocalypse (God being there,
> Full in nature!) the child is our own—
> Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
> Through all changes, all times, everywhere."

And how grand a triumph it is for the physician called to these scenes of human suffering and human peril, when, amid the raving of all around him and the frenzy of the danger, he can calmly confront his situation, wisely and promptly invoke those means which shall result in the restoration to health of one so loved and precious; for worship as devoutly as we may at the shrine of Nature, loyally as we may recognize her autocracy in the recovery from various diseases, every physician will meet with many instances where, but for professional intervention, death is inevitable. And the gratitude of those thus rescued, or of their friends and kindred, is neither myth nor bauble. I know it is the fashion on the part of some to depreciate this kind of currency, and to complain of the conduct of society towards us, and it may be true that many might say, in honest confession,

"God and the doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er both are alike requited,
God's forgotten and the doctor slighted."

If society does treat the medical man harshly and unkindly, is it any worse than medical men treat each other? Many of the worst things ever said of a physician originally came from another physician's tongue; society is often merely the whispering gallery which echoes back these utterances. Were we more charitable towards each other, we would silence half the reproaches which are brought upon the profession. But be this as it may, I firmly believe that the majority of patients are not wanting in gratitude when the physician has proved himself not only skillful but likewise kind and sympathetic; and how that gratitude, whether it be expressed in a simple gift, in words or tears, makes glad our hearts!

In the exercise of a true philanthropy, and in the consciousness of relieving human suffering, some of the best elements of our moral nature are developed. So, too, in the very sorrows, temptations and trials we are called to endure, if we bravely and patiently meet them, our virtue grows steadier, as the tree most exposed to the rude winds gets a tougher fiber and a stronger grasp upon the nurturing earth.

In the study of man himself, we are taught the highest virtue. *One of our own profession has said: "For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perceiving only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial point within us. The mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. The surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, can not persuade me that I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. While I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity within us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands thus much hath not his introduction, or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man." Upon the title page of a work on astronomy, these words were found: "*An undevout astronomer is mad.*"

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*Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici.*

And if that mysterious music of the spheres which the noble old Greek philosopher, centuries ago, heard, now finds such expression from Christian philosophy, looking up to the mighty worlds that mass the sky with miracles of light,

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine!"

how much more reason will we find in our study of man—his body which, "in its dumb dissection, was eloquent to moralists of other days in teaching man's nobility as a living soul," and God's intelligence as a creator; his physical nature with all its various powers and capabilities, and that personal *intelligence* which "spurns the conditions and boundaries" of this present transitory life, to write down in the volumes we study, instead of the unjust reproach of a past age: "*Tres medici duo athei*," these other words: "*An undevout physician is mad!*"

Some writers on mental philosophy have alleged that an exclusive devotion to the study of physical phenomena diverts the mind from a proper appreciation of its own powers and capacities and relations, and leads inevitably to a materialistic philosophy. But the physician is exposed to no such perils, for he must examine, in addition to his other investigations, the phenomena of mind. A knowledge of the laws which govern the human understanding is needful in his daily studies of disease. Let him attempt, for example, to describe, or even to appreciate, the phenomena of hysteria, excluding all reference to the will, to emotion, and to ideation, and how utterly incomplete and imperfect the picture. Such knowledge, too, is valuable in therapeutics in enabling us to communicate our thoughts to others by first securing clearness of conception to ourselves; and still more, permits us to ascend as on a ladder whose foot rests upon the earth, but whose top reaches the empyrean—thus, as said by a *French author, our science is *spiritualized.*

Disease itself, with which the physician is daily brought face to face, has important lessons to the thoughtful mind in reference to man's moral relations. Why this blot upon Nature's fair face? Why these pale faces pleading for strength and life? Why these plaintive cries from sick beds, these groanings and agonies? Why these *Misereres* making discordant creation's harmonies? Is disease the mysterious purpose of the Divine Father of us all, or is it a disturbing element permitted, not commanded? Or, finally, is it a discipline for the higher training and development of man? But no matter whither a reverent speculation may lead us, as physicians we are permitted to rejoice in the fact abundantly proved, that the power of disease is every year weakened, or rather that there is an increased duration of life, "such increase being mainly due to the various important and valuable improvements in medicine and surgery." †"It has been established that the term of human life has not only

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***Philosophie de la Medicine*, per le Docteur T. C. E. Edouard Auber.

†*Studies in Physiology and Medicine*, by Dr. Graves, p. 125.

increased since the time of the Romans, but that it has received a considerable addition even within the last hundred years. So great has been the increase in the mean duration of life, that in the tables which were made sixty or seventy years ago, and which served as the basis of calculations for insurance companies, the duration of life has been found considerably underrated." A lessening of the ravages of disease, a longer and a healthier life for the individual, thus rendering possible a higher culture and larger usefulness for each generation—these are among the blessings which Medicine brings.

Having thus shown, or at least endeavored to show, some of the relations which Medicine, properly pursued in study and practice, bears to our intellectual and moral culture, it remains to speak of its influence upon our æsthetic nature. Truth and Virtue do not exclude Beauty from a just scheme of medical education and life. Time will permit but a few words upon this third topic. A law of the Thebans required her artists to represent the beautiful, and forbade the imitation of the ugly and deformed. How much better the office of the physician who seeks to restore the beauty which the ravages of disease may have destroyed, or of the surgeon whose skill is so often invoked for similar restoration from mechanical or other injuries! No one need fear that the skill of the artist, or even the genius of the poet, will not find congenial work in Medicine. The study of the human form has itself important lessons in beauty; and when we bring its tissues under the field of the microscope, or when we explore the wonderful perfections of its various organs and the harmonies of their associated actions, if we may not, Galen-like, esteem ourselves to be composing a hymn to the Deity, at least we will be obtaining revelations of the beautiful. So, too, in our daily intercourse with our fellow-beings, we will often be witnesses of scenes that not only thrill the soul, but gentle as the calm light of early dawn, or of sunsetting, open up to our vision some of the most beautiful manifestations of human character or conduct. The true physician, working faithfully in his profession, finds himself, day by day, not only growing in intellect and strength of moral nature, but also in purity of affection and in refinement of sensibilities; womanhood, and childhood especially, give us daily lessons in the cultivation of kind and gentle manners, which are the outgrowth of true and active sympathy, in sincerity, and in that "charity" which doth not behave unseemly, and which so beautifully adorns any life. The physician, above all men, is and ought to be a *gentle*-man; and when, as sometimes happens, Calibans come into our profession with coarse speech and rude behavior, which would be offensive in an ox-driver or a scavenger, it is a sad thing for that profession, but a sadder for those sufferers who seek their aid.

Medicine invokes the largest culture of all our powers—the symmetrical development of the entire character. I wish to see, said Dr. Latham, physicians still instituted in the same discipline, and still reared in fellowship and communion with the wisest and best of men, and that not for the sake of what is ornamental merely, and becoming in their character, but because I am persuaded that discipline which renders the mind most capacious of wisdom and most capable of virtue, can hold the torch and light the path to the sublimest discoveries in every science. *It was the same discipline which contributed to form the minds of Newton and of Locke, of Harvey and of Sydenham.*

YOUNG GENTLEMEN: The duty assigned me for this hour has been discharged. Imperfectly, but sincerely and earnestly, I have endeavored to impress some of the great purposes with which you should engage in medicine, and the highest reward which awaits you if you are faithful in duty. "To create life is the attribute of God; to preserve life is the noblest gift man has received from his Creator." O, be worthy this great gift.

Coleridge once said: "The memory of my mother is a religion to me." May not each one of you say: My profession is a religion to me, binding me as if with chains of adamant to the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, so that all these shall blend together in my nature, and mine shall be a higher reach of intellect, holier views of duty, a more loving gentleness, and an ampler charity in feeling, thought, word, and deed—a life growing day by day more noble and generous, and more truly consecrated to *" Christ's work."

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* Dr. Stokes' Address before the British Medical Association, August, 1868.