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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GEORGIA,

MARCH, 1851.

BY CHARLES TODD QUINTARD, M. D.,
OF ROSWELL.

Published by the Faculty.

AUGUSTA, GA.
PRINTED BY JAS. McCAFFERTY.
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Augusta, March 5th, 1851

Dear Sir,—

We take pleasure in returning thanks, in behalf of the Faculty, for your very appropriate Address to the Graduating Class. We earnestly request that you will place it in our hands for publication.

We are, Sir,

Yours, very respectfully,

L. D. FORD,
H. V. M. MILLER. } *Committee.*

Dr. C. T. Quintard, Roswell, Ga.

Roswell, March, 10th, 1851.

Gentlemen,—

Allow me to thank you for the compliment you confer in your communication. If you deem my Address worthy of publication, I cheerfully comply with your request.

Very respectfully,

CHAS. T. QUINTARD.

To Professors H. V. M. Miller, and L. D. Ford, Augusta.

ADDRESS.

By the young, the real business of life is not apt to be appreciated. Unskilled in worldly policy—with hearts yet yearning after the hopes which the imagination has penciled in rainbow hues—with souls untouched and unblighted by the cold, calculating selfishness of mankind—with minds yet expanding beneath the teachings of wisdom, and with joys yet warming into life the enthusiasm of life's early dreams—with balmy gales wafting them over placid waters, which have not yet been swept by the storms of sorrow, remorse and repentance, they cannot see life in all its stern reality. The landscape is lit up with a glow from their own hearts, and away in the distance, they see only the mellow light which tinges the scene with a generous warmth. Alas! that cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, is not discerned. They look back upon the way they have already trodden, and it brings an earnest of a still brighter and happier future.

There are periods in the life of every man, when it becomes him to pause awhile, and considering the transitory nature of surrounding scenes, to ask the solemn and important questions, whither go I? and what is my work? To you, gentlemen graduates, this is such a period. When you began your medical studies, you are presumed to have brought with you all that you had hitherto learned in all the schools of instruction which you had ever frequented, and made it minister to the attainment of a thorough medical education. I do not mean that you were expected to bring the principles of science and philosophy only, but every thing by which your intellectual and moral natures had been cultivated and improved at any period of your lives. Every good principle received from the counsel and example of parents in your earliest years—every laudable habit derived from fortunate association with good men—every maxim of prudence from good books, and if there was a higher source (as I trust there was) to which some of you had looked for the proper motives and ends, and hopes and

destinies of man, and really knew what they were, you should have brought these—brought all that you possessed, and linked it to this, the great business of your lives. If you will take a calm survey of the extent and importance of your work, you will see that you need all the helps you can possibly obtain, in order to its successful prosecution and accomplishment. By it you are not only to live, but to take your station in the world to do good or to do evil, to gain friends or enemies, honor or dishonor, and in which the great accountable talent committed to your trust will be well or ill employed. If you have come thus, with all the energies of your minds—with all the vigor of your understandings—ready to cope with those studies, to which all others were preliminary—you can undoubtedly look back upon your past course with great satisfaction, and if you have secured each preceding step, those which lie before you still, will be easier to overcome; for the knowledge which lies behind is our natural help to that which lies before.

First of all, there should be a proper appreciation of the work a man has to do. He should look into the depths of his own heart and soul, and see reflected there what a German transcendentalist has well called the "Divine Idea of the World" —for which external things and appearances serve only as the vesture. He should see reflected in the depths of his soul, the TRUE, DIVINE, ETERNAL image which was impressed on all true things when God breathed his living spirit into the great soul of the Universe.

So, also, there should be a preparation for the labor that is given us to do, lest we waste our strength in beating the air. If we properly appreciate the business of life, we shall most likely enter upon its duties with energy and determination. We can so prepare for life's trials and pleasures, its duties and hopes—so nearly learn what is required of us to do, as not to be disheartened by the greatness of our work. It is the sense of ineffectual effort, the striving to reconcile ourselves to an ill understood task, stretching before us day after day, that wears out the heart-life of man.

It is for us to pass through life unnoticed and to die unwept, or to leave such footprints on the sands of time as will mark our progress to the silent grave. It is for us to press on amid

discouragements, with the impulses of a high-souled ambition, with fervent faith, with holy hope, or to smother the energies of human thought and conceal the deformity of human depravity. It is for us to elevate our minds and the minds of other men, above the grovelling instincts of mere animal existence, and to enter the arena of nature—not only to remove the mystic veil of speculation, but also in the investigation of true things and wise things, to show how manifold are the works of the Lord—that in wisdom he has made them all. It is for us, too, to wield an influence on society—to make the world better or worse for our sojourn in it. We are not to consider ourselves as isolated beings; the family of man is united—we are all members of one great household; and there is a chord stretched throughout the hearts of the human race that vibrates to the touch of each one. The man that sets a narrow bound to the measure of his existence or of his deeds, will fail in the great objects for which life was given him. The idea of the weakness of his single-handed efforts to influence his fellow men, will paralyze his exertions, and he will consume his days, not in improving his five talents, but in useless regrets that ten were not committed to his trust. Because thought cannot fathom, nor reason analyze Omnipotence itself, he indolently turns aside from the intricacy of Nature's philosophy, thirsts beside the fountain of Wisdom, and sleeps beneath the tree of Knowledge. A man's acts and thoughts are either heaven-born as truth, or as infamous as falsehood, and are to be reckoned in their accomplishment not by the bounds of that sea whose surges sweep the confines of human life—not by the years nor ages of time—for when "the stars of heaven shall fall unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely fruit—when the heavens depart as a scroll when it is rolled together,"—when time shall be lost in eternity—then men may read and know, and feel the influence of their thoughts and deeds.

I would not be understood as advancing the idea, that you, gentlemen, have it in your reach to become very Galens in the healing art,—that you are all to become the Sydenhams, the Velpeaus, the Motts of your age; for these men are the giants, the wonders, which not every age produces; but I do say, and I urge upon you the solemn fact, that you, each and every one,

have a mission to perform on this earth of ours, else you would not have been sent out on the sea of time with the rich freight of immortality. Consider well, consider seriously, the reality of life, and the import of its transactions:

"Life is real!—Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

As we should not hesitate in our work because of the feebleness of our strongest single-handed efforts, so neither should we be discouraged by what appear the magnitude of the achievements of others; on the contrary, we should take encouragement—for

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

Science has not yet nearly explored the mysteries of nature—mind has not yet, and never will, develope all the wonders of creative power; and although there is scarcely an object throughout the realms of created things which lies beyond the reach or scrutiny of the human intellect; yet there are fields which genius and human reason have not so much as glanced at. It is not in the investigation of systems and laws only, nor chiefly, that the intellectual powers are to be exercised—it is rather in analysing the grand simplicity which the phenomena of nature every where present. Take, for instance, that most marvellous law, which, until within a few years, was scarcely dreamed of, much less demonstrated as an unvarying law in the economy of the Divine intelligence—I mean cell development. Then, again, when we consider that in all the changes which are impressed on the material world, there is no new creation of matter—that an atom once created can never be destroyed, and that all the variety of form and feature is the result of a change of place in that which was in the beginning—that,

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away"—

That He who created the world and all that is therein, "calleth for the waters of the sea, and then poureth them out upon the face of the earth"—that the elements of matter are the same now, as when darkness brooded over the unshapen earth.

We cannot consider such truths without being impressed with the exquisite handywork, which, by constantly using over and over the same material, produces such marvellous transformations. Such is the simplicity and unity of design, which God, the maker of all things, has impressed upon his works, that, should our minds break away from their earthy tenements and soar throughout immensity—drawing instruction alike from the vast and the minute—from other spheres and other systems—from the living and the dead, and from the years beyond the flood, they would find in all things the same simplicity. In order to study truly the great gospel of the universe, the mind must learn a degree of submission, without which it seldom arrives at simple reason. It is much easier to dream life away in forming plausible and extravagant theories, than to bend the energies to "know that which before us lies in daily life"—to bend them to a severe, philosophic scrutiny, of truth, abstract and practical, demanding the most unwearied exercise of intellect: but, this submission once learned—submission to the truth and simplicity of the laws established when God said "let there be light and there was light," and poverty has no wants—the wintry tempest no cold—the selfishness of man no heartlessness—the fashions of the world no caprice—sickness no pain—sorrow no blight to the soul, conscious of its power and determined to achieve a triumph—and a triumph, a glorious triumph it does achieve, while it turns from the broken cisterns that hold no water and slacks its soul-thirst at living fountains. It becomes, as Carlyle says, a Prophet, a Priest, and a King. Look at Aristotle—Did he not give laws to the empire of mind, and sway a sceptre whose power was greater in effect and duration than that of any monarch whose brow ever throbbed beneath a diadem.

These things are true, and are to be pondered by all men who are engaged in any department of science; but especially are they true of the student of medical science. The man who enters upon this most difficult branch of human knowledge, should do so with a clear understanding that he is to devote his life, his whole life, to study: he must live a student. The physician can never rest safely on any given amount of knowledge; he can never say, "thus much it is necessary for me to

know, and no more." He must live—I had almost said under whip and spur—and die with his harness on. He must constantly be receiving—and not receiving only, but make strenuous exertions to obtain fresh accessions of knowledge. He can never fold his arms and wait his destiny, content with Napoleon's philosophy, "It is written in heaven." He cannot expect a divine energy to move over his soul and infuse into it a new spirit by which he may acquire new faculties, new modes of thought, and new and enlarged capacities. He has Herculean labors to perform, and if he hesitate he endangers his reward. Like the fabled god, he should be armed with the helmet of Minerva, the sword of Mercury, the bow and arrows of Apollo, the shield of Jupiter and the brazen buskin of Vulcan: Like the fabled god, he should prepare his soul for the issue—be it life or be it death—for he has to brave death himself in his own dominions and descend into the open gulf that leads to his territories.

Not every man who receives the honors of an University—not every man who receives the, now prostituted title of "Doctor"—is fitted for the duties which devolve upon the true physician. The true physician is one who sees in medical science the science of man, and in its art the largest philanthropy of the heart. He must possess a mind of exquisite balance, strongly tinctured with common sense; he should be capable of discriminating between the true and the false; capable of weighing the evidences and analyzing the facts which each day presents for his consideration. He should cultivate that strength of mind which will enable him to separate the probable from the improbable. He should acquire that fortitude of understanding which consists in never allowing what we do know to be disturbed by what we do not know. For all this, he will require the constant exercise of that ingredient, so essential to the character of the true physician—called common sense. Let it not be supposed that this quality is in any way opposed to what is popularly called genius—I mean to that peculiar structure of mind, which is given by nature to an individual—that strength which is sometimes exhibited in an aptitude for a particular study. On the contrary, it is by the union of intellectual freedom with mental power, that the noblest and most perfect

minds are produced. "That is the union which my soul delights to honor," said Wm. Wirt; "unite genius to common sense and I care not what capers it cuts, nor into what apparent dangers it plunges. It may pitch down the cataract of Niagara—or rise on the spray—or laugh among the mimic rainbows—It may spring up with the lark that rings at 'heaven's gate'—or shoot, with meteor blaze, across the wide expanse—or belt the globe in a minuite with Ariel—or thread it through the poles with Captain Symmes—or leap into the crater of a volcano with Empedocles—or dance among the merry streamers of the Aurora Borealis till midnight and then pillow its head on the Southern Cross, and not come down till morning;—so that I distinctly see common sense by its side, I have no fear of any mishap."

Genius and wisdom, independence and prudence, gentleness and decision, should be the characteristics of the physician's mind. The physician should be a gentleman, in every sense of the word. In no profession are the principles of gentlemanliness more indispensable in a general point of view, as well as with reference to professional success, than in that of medicine. He should possess, not the manners only—not the mere externals—not the courtly bearings only;—but these should have their foundation in truth, uprightness and honesty. It is true, some have signalized themselves by their success, who have, in charity, been called "eccentric," "erratic;" but who have been, in reality, so far as manners are concerned, actual bores and clowns. These, however, fail in their noble mission of alleviating suffering in all its details; these wantonly add to the afflictions of their patients, and require a vast amount of skill and knowledge to counterbalance and counteract the effect of their ungentlemanly manners. "I do not know," says a disinterested writer, "that a man can appear in a brighter phase than as a physician, full of knowledge and skill, calm, careful, bold, and with the soothing adjuncts of gentlemanly blandness." (Lieber.)

As the character of the gentleman is distinguished by strict honor, self-possession, forbearance, generous as well as refined feelings and deportment, so must the physician be a man of uncompromising integrity.

Truth is more valued now than among the ancients, who taught that "There is nothing decorous in truth but when it is profitable; yea, sometimes truth is hurtful and lying is profitable to men." (Maximus Tyrius. Diss. 3, p. 29.) In a word, that on many occasions a lie was to be preferred to the truth itself.* I know that the medical profession is supposed to entertain no great veneration for truth, nor to have a very delicate sense of this virtue. But this charge, like many others which are urged against the profession, is the offspring of a superficial view of the facts involved. There are cases occurring in the professional life of a physician, in which it seems right and proper to with-hold the truth; cases in which if he were to utter the truth and the whole truth, it would be followed, no doubt, by consequences the most unfortunate—nay, fatal. On this most delicate and much disputed point we may quote the opinions of those moralists who have considered it in all its bearings: Says Percival, in his Medical Ethics, "To a patient, perhaps the father of a numerous family, or one whose life is of the highest importance to the community, who makes inquiries, which, if faithfully answered, *might* prove fatal to him, it would be a gross and unfeeling wrong to reveal the truth. His right to it is suspended, and even annihilated." Archdeacon Paley delares that "falsehoods are not lies, where the person to whom you speak has no right to know the truth; or, more properly, where little or no inconvenience results from the want of confidence in such cases." The learned President Dwight, in his "System of Theology," says, "That there are persons, who, in certain cases, have not a right to know the truth from us, I readily grant. But it will be difficult to show, that we have a right to utter falsehood to them any more than to others." And yet he adds, "we may *lawfully be silent* in many cases;

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* The following maxims of the most eminent heathen sages, collected by Dr. Whitby, may be found in his note on Eph. iv. 25.

A lie is better than a hurtful truth. (Menander.)

Good is better than truth. (Proelus.)

When telling a lie will be profitable, let it be told. (Darius in Herodotus, lib. iii., c. 62.)

He may lie who knows how to do it—in a suitable time. (Plato apud Stobæum. Serm. 12.

See also, Horn's Introduc. to Crit. Stud. of Scrip., vol. 1.

we may *lawfully conceal the truth.*" But, if there are cases in which professional deception is proper, they are very rare. It is a point which every professional man must settle in his own conscience, after a careful study of that sublime code of ethics, the Holy Scripture. Truth should indeed be the alpha and omega of a physician's acts—the supreme ruling principle in his intercourse with his patients and the world.

There have not been wanting men, who, mistaking the nature and disposition alike of the physician and his pursuits, have not hesitated to lay the charge of atheism and infidelity to the profession. The reasoning of such men is remarkable neither for justice or wisdom: they assume at the outset, that the medical man has no particular sympathy with the sufferings he is called upon to witness—or if he once had a heart to feel another's woe, that it has become callous and hardened by constant contact with the pains and sorrows, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. That he looks upon death as a matter of course—that men live, and, like leaves, have their time to fall. That he attaches no particular importance to the time or manner of a man's death. That death is but the "diverting the course of a little red fluid—the merely lessening the number by one of many millions of fugitive, contemptible creatures," and hence that there results, as a consequence in the physician's mind, a want of regard for immortality veiled in flesh. But, gentlemen, this is false. The study of the mechanism of the human body, does not lower our ideas of the importance of human existence, nor prevent our tracing, link by link, that vast interminable chain, which stretching into eternity, connects the creature with the Creator. Although there are times when the physician is obliged to appear calm or stern and severe, when all around him are melted in tears—times when he is obliged to put from him every show of sympathy, and amidst scenes of sorrow to merge the feelings of the man into those of the physician, and to perform his duty without a sigh, with an unblanched face, with a collected air and an unshrinking hand: yet there is feeling in his breast—intense sympathy—but it vents itself in doing: it is the truest kind of sympathy—a sympathy of action. "While the mere sight of suffering, without any attempt to relieve it, often repeated,

manifestly blunts the sensibilities and hardens the heart; it is on the other hand, the invariable effect of the effort to remove the distresses of our fellow men, to make our sensibilities more deep and tender." (Hooker.) It is the conquest which the physician makes over his nervous susceptibilities that has given rise to the false impressions, that the practice of the healing art necessarily hardens the heart. Who are the promoters of the great benevolent enterprizes of the day? Who originate, and in their self-sacrificing efforts to maintain hospitals, almshouses and asylums, often fall martyrs to the cause of humanity? Are they not physicians?—true heroes, and true martyrs. Nor have there been wanting from the time of "Luke, the beloved physician," to the present day, medical men, who, doubly armed—armed for the cure of the sicknesses of the body and the leprosy of the soul—have carried the Gospel of Peace to the nations sitting in darkness. If, however, we consider the scope of a physician's inquiries, and the nature of the studies to which his attention is directed, on the one hand, and the fallibility of the human mind on the other, we shall cease to be surprised that there are some over whom the sophistry of "science, falsely so called," has exercised an undue influence. The physician's study is man, in every possible relation. He has to study man as a spiritual being and as a mere animal—as a moral being and as a piece of vital machinery—as in the image of God, and as an unreasoning brute: and this involves perplexing questions in theology and moral philosophy. We cease to wonder, then, that in inquiries so imperative, and of such magnitude, that the physician sometimes arrives at conclusions not always in accordance with dogmatical theology or of the popular code of morals; that he has been lenient in his judgments—slow to punish—ready to plead human infirmity in excuse for crime—thrown the shield of professional opinion over the shedder of blood—looked not for uniformity of faith and practice—pleaded for toleration—has been latitudinarian in his principles, and in short has been pronounced a simpleton, a fool, a protector of felons, a heretic, a materialist, an irreligious person, an atheist. (Brit. and For. Rev.) And this skepticism—how has it been combatted? Has it been by a calm, clear and candid investigation into all the truths involved? Not so. Much of it lies

at the door of certain teachers of theology, who, entirely ignorant of physiology, and in some instances of natural philosophy, and unacquainted with the arguments which have led to it, attempt to

> "Prove their doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks."

An infidel, or an atheistical physician, is so marvellous a contradiction of the nature of truth that he becomes a wonder among men, and hence the few such in the profession have been the originators of this grave charge, which is wantonly urged by men of vain conceits who scarcely ever look below the surface of things.

A gentlemanly deportment, dignified carriage, and an attention to those pleasing externals which often open a passage to the heart, should be distinguishing marks of the physician. He should acquire the *fortiter in re*, that he may act, and acting, act truly; but he should by no means neglect the *suaviter in modo*, that he may act gently. A soothing blandness, and quiet, unobtrusive manner in his intercourse with his patients, adds greatly to the physician's power to relieve the sufferings he may not always remove. It endears him to his friends, and gives him a triumph over his foes. There is no station in life—there is no act of a man's life, which is not adorned by an accomplished and polished manner. It at once bears evidence of a well adjusted mind and a decision of character which, though they may exist without it, are seldom wanting where it exists.

As, in the practice of medicine, very much is to be learned by simple observation and attention to phenomena which diseases present, there should be joined to this dignified manner, *a seriousness of mind.* A man should always direct his attention to the present object: if his mind run to and fro'—now in the past, now in the future—now on the state of his patient—now on the prospect of a rise of stocks—now on the political pulse, and now on the sick man's—he will let slip many a lesson more important than any to be found in books. A little mind can be busy in doing everything and nothing at the same moment, and is hurried in doing twenty things at once—whereas, that calm, steady, undissipated attention to one object, which marks the superior genius, accomplishes an immense amount of business, while the former is yet finding out what he has to do.

In the practice of his profession, the physician is obliged to render much service to those who have only the coinage of gratitude to give in return. He is oftener found ministering to the wants of poor houseless poverty, than to the fortunate ones who fare sumptuously—oftener found in the hovel where "virtue dwells with woe," than in the house of the rich man. And what is his reward—Is it not the pearl of gratitude, that drops from the eye?—The prayer, which rises up to the Mercy-seat, fragrant with sincerity? Is it not the joy of doing good—the blessedness of casting that bread on the waters of futurity, which after many days may be found?

A kindly word of consolation, to a man beggared in purse and friends—some of you may not know its value now; but try it—speak it when you meet one—and there are such everywhere—and you will see the eye dimmed with tears—the almost withered heart will throb with a new impulse, and the bosom heave with recollections well nigh forgotten. As a flower—withered, and drooping beneath the hot glare of the noon-day sun, revives as the evening dew distils upon it—and, gathering upon its leaves, nestles down into its very heart, restoring its freshness, its fragrance and its beauty: so to that heart, scorched and burnt, and faint and weary in its struggles with the world, is the dew of sympathy. Try it—for your speech shall distil as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.

This is a pleasure—and it is a great one, that the physician, above others, can appreciate—one with which the stranger intermeddleth not. The poor are, indeed, with us always, and rich are the lessons to be learned in our intercourse with them—lessons which find their application not only in the highways and byways of this world, but in our communion with another and a better. For there *is* such a thing as laying up in store a good foundation against a time to come; and it is thus alluded to in our national code of ethics:

"If a state of probation be intended for moral discipline, there is, assuredly, much in the daily life of a physician to impart this salutary training and to insure continuance in a course of self-denial, and, at the same time, of zealous and methodical efforts for the relief of the suffering and unfortunate, irrespective of rank, or fortune, or fortuitous elevation of any kind."

It is the support and consolation which deeds of disinterested and practical benevolence afford, that enables the physician to bear the heart-aches, caused by ingratitude and malice, which, like birds of evil, hover over his path. It is a support which draws none of its strength from external morality, but it is linked with a high and a pure virtue. His life is one of turmoil and of many hardships, and yet in his mingled cup there are not a few sweet drops. In his intercourse with his patients, he adopts a frank and cheerful demeanor—oftentimes to inspire hope in their hearts—and this is returned with a confidence and cordiality which give zest to the exchange. If, with Sir Thomas Brown, his daily experience teaches him to look upon the world, "not as an inn, but an hospital—and not a place to live in, but to die in," his philosophy teaches him to enjoy the fleeting moments as they fly. If he may not command the sun to stand still in the heavens, he may enjoy the bright rays that fall upon his way.

The young physician has some peculiar annoyances to endure in his outset as a professional man. To his diploma, distance lends a wonderful enchantment. His friends are not apt to be greatly impressed with the honors of the doctorate, and to them he is the inexperienced boy until the reality is forced upon them, that the tender youth has indeed become a scientific and duly qualified physician. I can scarcely imagine a more embarrassing situation, than that of a young physician standing by the bedside of his first patient—I care not what the case may be—however simple, nor however well prepared he may be to treat it—in nine cases out of ten, his imagination will clothe it in all the terrors of the wildest fancy. And here, just at the beginning of his career, lies an ambushed danger. As a matter of course, for the first few years he must blush unseen and waste his fragrance, on the discriminating few. Each year will seem an eternity, and he will feel to the full the heart-sickness of hope deferred. If, during this period, he allows his mind to vegitate, without cultivation, he will settle down into the contemptible character of a routine practitioner—with opium and antimony for the cure of all diseases—with blue pill and cayenne pepper coming in at the death. If he have a vivid imagination, there is danger of his adopting theories—riding "professional hobbies,"

and, not knowing their metal, he is quite likely to take the direction of the beggar on horseback. It is right and proper for a man to theorize; but theory should be based on practice and experience, rather than practice on theory. Theory is almost indispensable to even the work-day practitioner. That activity of mind which never rests satisfied with present attainments, must have objects on which to expend its workings. If it cannot have, at all times, plain mathematical facts, it must seek for nourishment in the creations of fancy. The mind will question the propriety, the adaptedness, and the fitness of things—It will ask why the diamoud is buried far down in the caverns of the earth—the pearl in the depths of the sea—and well is it, that it is so; for this inquiry after the diamonds and pearls of truth—what does it lead to, but to an unveiled view of the wisdom which created and governs the universe. There is, indeed, a mode of theorizing, popular in our day, on the apparent contradictions, rather than on the certainties of scientific investigation. Every day's experience teaches us that some one or more of what we have been accustomed to look upon as irregularities in the laws of the material universe, are only imperfectly disclosed facts—so that if our theories are properly controled, and have truth for their basis, they will, in displaying scientific facts, also illustrate the harmonious rela tions of those facts to the divine nature of the Deity.

The various systems of medicine, or rather, the *sects* in medicine, have originated in a too liberal credulity—a too ready belief in generalizations upon individual facts. These sects have a little that is true with much that is false; and by rendering confusion worse confounded to the uninitiated, manage to bolster up their pretensions. They angle with truisms—and the credulous, swallow not the bait only, but the hook. It is the province of legitimate medicine, to bring to its support, every truth—every fact—every agent found in the universe—so that we are not to reject cold water, because of the folly of Preisnitz—small doses, with the aphorism, *similia, similibus curantur*, because these are rendered ridiculous, by the homœopaths—nor all speculations of the chronothermalists—nor even the vagaries of Thomsonianism. We take all that is good.

Gentlemen Graduates: You have at length reached that period in your lives, when it is proper for you to turn a last, lingering look on youth's bright pathway. Your hearts throb with the pleasures of a well earned honor, and you are looking forward, with trembling expectancy, into the dim, dark, mysterious future—and, I must detain you with a few moments more.

Your diplomas!—What are they—Evidences that you have finished your education? Far from it: they are but licenses for you to apply theory to practice—to study your profession in the great University of the World.

Two young physicians were once conversing in presence of that untiring student, Dr. Rush. One of them said, "When I finished my studies ——" "When you finished your studies," said the doctor, abruptly: "Why, you must be a happy man, to have finished so young—I do not expect to finish mine while I live." So you, gentlemen, must

> "Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
> Towards a higher object."

Learn, by the impulses which now animate your hearts—by what you have already accomplished, to make renewed and more strenuous exertions. Hope has always a to-morrow; and though its to-day may not have fulfilled all the promises of yesterday, its future is none the less bright. Hope is, indeed, immortal in the human breast—it woos us on, while the storms of life howl in the outer world—it receives nourishment from the past, and is strengthened by the achievements of the present. As the flowers of early spring, bloom beneath the faded and mouldy leaves of autumn, so our hopes spring up with fresh vigor under the decaying verdure of by-gone anticipations. Press on! Search for truth—with a manly independence—with a noble self-reliance. Press on, through darkness and disappointment—The tears which you shed to day in bitterness of heart, to-morrow shall glow in the emblem of hope, in heaven. Press on!

> "For it shall make you mighty among men;
> And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
> Ye shall look down on monarchs. * * *
> Press on! for it is god-like to unloose
> The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
> Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
> And, in the very fetters of your flesh
> Mating with pure essences of heaven."

Press on! and amid the world's perversity lay your lines straight. Gather every where of truth—take it wherever it is found; it comes to us, not always in the rushing wind—not always in the howling tempest; but in a still, calm voice—It comes to us—not always in pomp, and show and vain parade—not always clad in purple; but it is sought after and labored for. Work then—you must work for gold—all men work for it; men dig for it all about us; in the shop—in the counting-house—in the office—in the crowded city—in the quiet village; and they dig for the gold that perisheth. Often in the hand, and often in the heart; and once in the heart, it becomes a devil, ruling supremely, and burning in mammon worship, all the gentle charity and nobler feelings as incense on its altar: and this is the evil which the preacher saw under the sun. But you, work, dig for gold; but dig for it in the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vultures eye hath not seen; dig for the pure gold of wisdom—for it cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. Gather up the golden sands, wherever you may find them; not only "along the banks where Pluto rolls his stream of gold," but along the blooming banks of the river of water of life.

Act nobly!—that life, be it longer or shorter, may bear untarnished evidence of your deeds. Always remember, that

"We live in deeds; not years, in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by the heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most; feels the noblest, acts the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest,
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins,
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean and end of all things—God."